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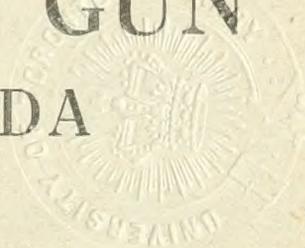


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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA



Volume XV

*June 1913 to May 1914*



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W. J. Taylor, Limited, Publisher

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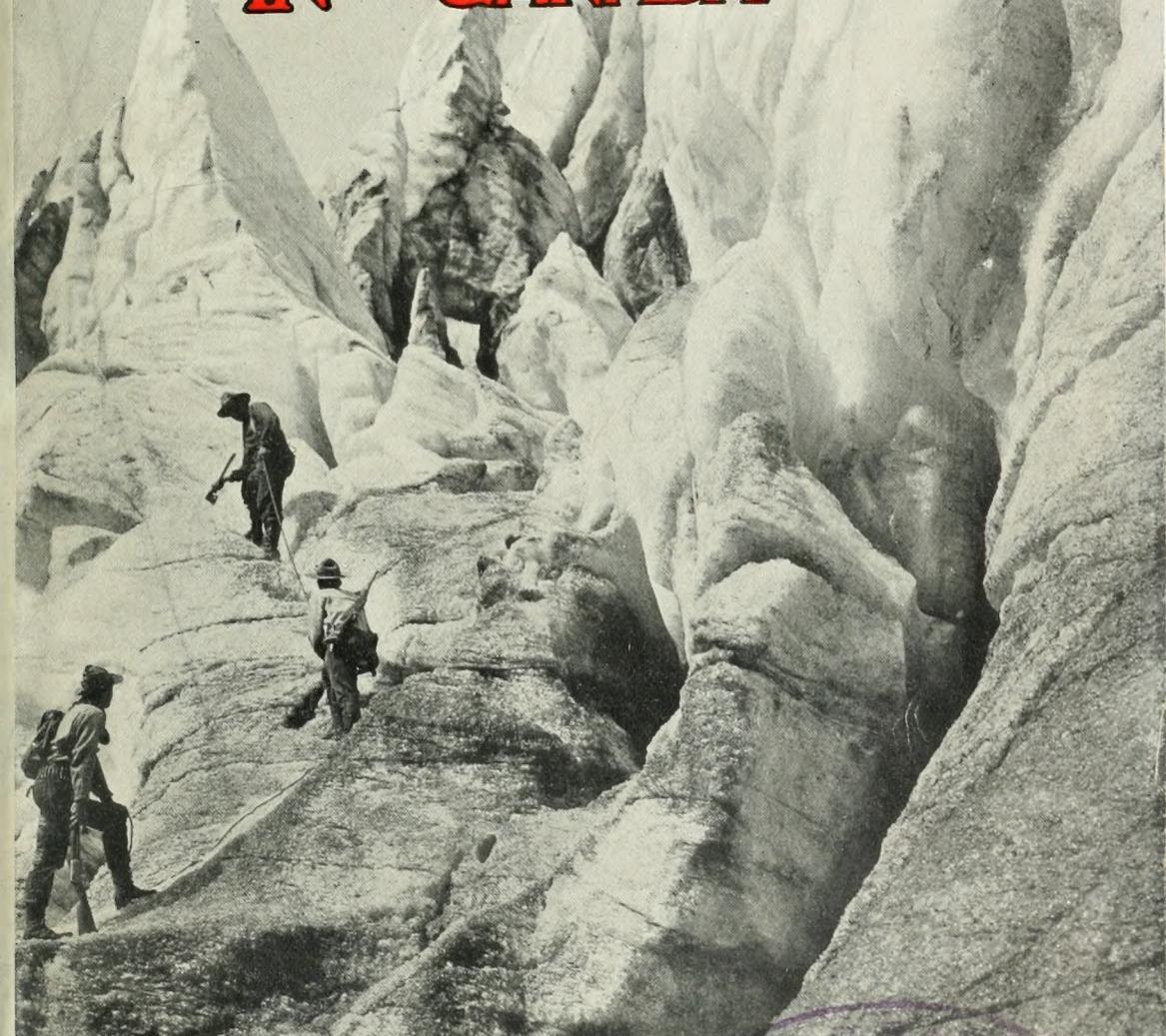
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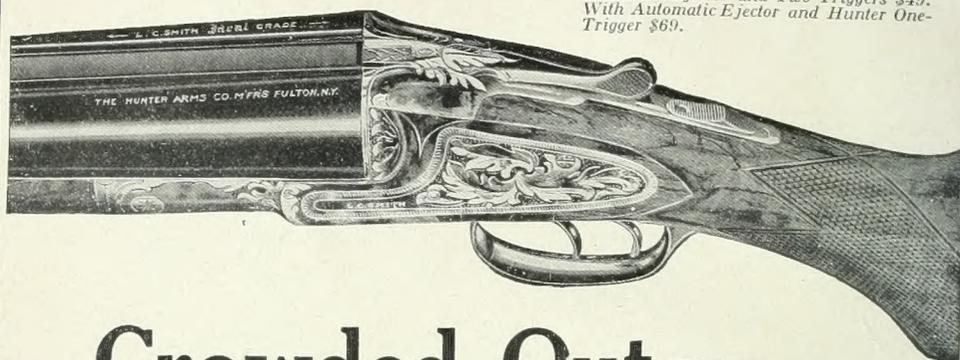
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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

WOODSTOCK, ONT., MAY, 1913

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Site of Novalniġan Camp, Smoke Lake, Algonquin National Park.

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. 15

WOODSTOCK, ONT., JUNE, 1913

No 1

## The Call of the Peace

BY HUGH SAVAGE

**H**EALTH, such as you have never dreamed of; knowledge, which when you return to the sheltered city shall bring strange joy; a sense of really living and overcoming—all these and many more gifts does the nebulous "Peace River country" hold for the seeking.

Does mere travelling have its special attraction for you? Starting from Summit Lake, B. C. half a thousand miles of water, with only one portage of a dozen miles, stretch in front awaiting your pleasure. That will bring you to Peace River Crossing, Alberta, where the Peace takes a turn up north from its hitherto easterly course, and the trail linking up to Edmonton begins. From there you may go on—down to the Arctic if you will, but it is of the part outlined that this article treats. Five hundred miles—and all down stream, with only two rapids worth attention both of which may be run or portaged around. So much for the lover of lake and river. And for him to whom the saddle and pack horse hold out peculiar joy, do not the countless trails that line thy face invite, O prairie and forest of the North?

What do you seek?—"Big game," says one,—and swift the answer comes: "A canoe trip," "Mountain Climbing," "Fishing," "I'd like to have a look at the country."

Ay, ever the wild is calling, calling, and deep in your hearts you are longing to trade the sight of million dollar sky scrapers for the temples not made

by hands; longing for the cadence of the earth old music that stirs the night leaves, that makes the waters sing, that tells you the far off snow peaks are chanting an evensong in the rosy sunset. The Peace in its strength and its beauty can satisfy all these yearnings and more.

It is time that the old proverb concerning our sister of Africa was applied to our own vast mysteriousness of little known lands, labelled on the map as barren and unexplored. "Out of Canada something new is always coming." The Peace River country is but the borderland of the Great Unknown.

You may have crossed the Rockies safely esconced in an observation car; may even have toiled to where the Tete Jaune Cache waited the coming of the new transcontinental lines. Come farther north and the Peace shall bear you on its broad bosom through scenery equally as magnificent—and with equal safety. Perhaps this, is the most wonderful of all the new things you may see in the Peace River land, this mighty stream flowing steadily through the passage it has worn for itself in the mountain barrier we call the Rockies. For forty miles you may take your fill of myriad shaped mountain and descending torrent; for an equal distance swirl down through the foothills. Then may you creep along rocks pitted with pot holes, and gaze in wonder as the great river suddenly narrows up and plunges for thirty



The Peace above Hudson's Hope, B. C.: Where the River Emerges from the Canyon in the Last of the Foothills

miles into a narrow impassible gorge to emerge—refreshed with its ebullition of joy in hill boring,—ready to bear you in security for 500 miles without a break if you so choose.

There are unnamed mountains there awaiting a conqueror. North they run to the circle; south to the Pine Pass, and so on to the land you know—the Yellowhead, the Kicking Horse, the Crow's Nest. Spruce and pine, birch and cottonwood, poplar and willow, they are all there waiting—the old familiar trees, ready to serve you with warmth, or transport, or what you will.

And in their wooded depths, or on craggy height shall you find food and sport. Moose—do you not see that big bull's track round the reedy swamp that lies amid a forest of burned spruce, up whose blackened pillars the peavine leaps like a very sea? Bear—ask the peaks that hide the South Pine's birth. Grizzly and brown and black—they are there. And the great Peace itself shall tell of the August days when the waxen willow berries are gathered by furry shapes upon its banks and slides. Caribou and jumping deer, beaver

and otter, marten and mink and musk rat, mountain sheep and—may be the old grey wolf that loves to wake you in the moonlight.

You would fish the stream? O laughing little Crooked river—I may not call thee by thine Indian name of "Coo ga ga," for I'm not sure of the spelling,—tell us what do the riffles end in?

"You need not there seek the deep pools. A myriad trout will flash beneath your craft along any one of my curves."

True, they are there—speckled and rainbow, Dolly Varden and some whose names are beyond my ken. Answer O Pack river, what of thee? "The same." The Lakes? "The same." Only here our trout are bigger and thy ken again is short, for the trout family is but one in our house."

The Parsnip? Ah! have you forgotten the boat pole that served as fishing rod, the bacon fat that covered the barb, the fish with dorsal fin as high as his body was deep, that takes a man's grip to hold, that one must strip of many colored scales for



Cree Indians at Moberly Lake, B. C.

the pan. The Arctic trout?

"Char and ling, bull trout and brook trout, dory, and white fish, ay, and catfish will I give thee," says the mighty Peace.

Are you a vegetarian? Then camp for a summer 'twixt the Hope of Hudson and Fort St. John. Garden truck you may get at the latter place, or you may grow it yourself. For the



One Year's Work by Three New Settlers (One Family Living Together)



On the Trail: Pack Horse and Outfit North of Fort St. John on Fish Creek.

rest—take that old lard-pail, and go to the bush. The saskatoon is waiting, so too is the cranberry, the raspberry, the blueberry, and all their kind. Herbs shall you tread on, flowers of myriad hue shall make your path an Eden.

But I had forgotten the mere pot hunter. A dog is invaluable, but without him you may pick off prairie chicken and fool hen (willow grouse), the red eared spruce hen, or the scurrying rabbit. Or again, creep down to the bush lined lake shore for ducks, and geese, and it may be—a wild swan.

Alas, one cannot forget the flies. They also are there and their number is legion—mosquito, black fly, sand fly, bull dog, et alia. It is highly probable that you will never get used to them, but it may bring comfort to think that they are worse elsewhere in our fair Dominion. And after all, the flies are offset by the many other things I have attempted to indicate.

Do the frontier folk themselves attract you? Prospector and trapper, servant of "the Company" or free trader, a share of his fire and his grub box awaits you. Each shall give

you of his best in things tangible and speed you on. Who can tell what else they may impart?

Indians. Yes. Going against the sun you shall come to Sicanne, to Beaver and then to Cree, and so to the great half breed settlement round the waters of Lesser Slave Lake. You will read much of the story of the white man's relations with the Indian if your eyes be open.

Canoes and Indians go together. You may get both at Fort George. The long sloping bowed cottonwood canoe is there, or, if you prefer it, so is the handy flat bottomed boat of the country. The Indian may not come all the way, but there are half-breeds and whites who will take on the job.

So you will fight the Fraser forty miles up stream to Giscombe, say farewell to him there, and cross the eight mile portage to where Summit Lake, many bayed and islanded, awaits your paddle strokes. You may not then go wrong, for the water flows but one way, and under many names, you will yet realize that this is the Peace.

Then shall come to you much lore of half forgotten crafts. You will

learn to bake "bannock"—and eat it; learn to see many signs and tracks, and paths through water or bush. But maybe you know of these things already, and so will understand.

I have sketched for you the water route through British Columbia's Peace River land and on to that of Alberta—all downstream, for you will not care to tackle the upstream route, going first to Edmonton, and thence overland to Peace River Crossing. East of the mountains prairie alternates with bush, or rather prairies are dropped into the bush. This is the Peace River country proper. West of the natural dividing line is forest covered land veined with the feeders of the Peace, and set about with mountain ranges. British Columbia is on both sides of the Rockies here, and it is in her territory that the wild still reigns.

From Edmonton or Edson the way is clear—if often boggy underfoot—to Grand Prairie or to the river itself. From either you may wander with packhorse along west to the foothills,

or even cross the range by the Pine Pass, and so on to Stuart Lake, Hazelton and the Coast. Prospect if you will—for land and homes to the east of the Rockies; for metals and minerals in the country to the west of them.

For the already travelled, the Peace river land may hold new experiences; for the uninitiated—granted sufficient grub-stake—a new world of knowledge waits. You may have seen the homesteads rising like scattered matchboxes on a khaki carpet chequered with black brown plough.

That is the story of Manitoba, of Saskatchewan, of Alberta. Three, four, and five hundred miles north of the steel, a new chapter is writing itself in the history of the North West. This has its own interest: but go west again beyond the settlements, and in the wild your campfires shall glow where the tall trees cloak the mystery of the hills among which the waters run. The Northern Lights are dancing: the long trail is waiting. Is the call for you?

## The Home Land

BY S. A. WHITE

Oh would you woo me from my own,  
With laughter's lure and choicest cheer?  
Temptress of other shores and suns —  
The homeland dream is dear.

'Mid Grecian groves, 'mid purple vines,  
The eyes would linger and remain;  
But o'er the deep my heart goes out—  
The homeland path is plain.

'Tis dying day and sunset here  
While softly toll the temple bells,  
Sweet silver tongues, but not the tale  
The homeland twilight tells.

O golden scenes where fancy paused,  
I'll hold you in my mem'ry dear;  
And now one joyous, sad farewell —  
The homeland call is clear.

# The Cruise of the Viking

From St. John, N. B. to New Richmond, P. Q.

BY MARGARET GRANT MACWHIRTER

A voice beside me exclaimed:  
"Isn't she a beauty?"

Turning, I encountered the shining eyes of my wife as she surveyed my taut little vessel. I had taken possession of the "Viking" at the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club and sailed down river to St. John, N. B., where my wife joined me.

"Is she up to your expectations Jack?" my wife asked eagerly.

"Quite so, I believe. Shall we go over her? I have the official register here and we can visit at once."

Slowly we wandered over the beautiful little vessel, examining and admiring as we proceeded.

The "Viking" is only a ten ton auxiliary sloop,—but perfect in every part, having been built at Yarmouth by Butler regardless of cost. The frame is white oak, and the planking is Georgia pine and white cedar, fastened with copper.

Entering the cabin my wife cried aloud in delight at sight of the beautiful carved mahogany and handsome appointments. Hair-cushions, pillows, etc. were covered with silk plush, and the floor carpeted. The cockpit rivalled the cabin in beauty and utility, being finished in the same expensive wood, with similar cushions, and an awning of twenty feet for extension over the cockpit. The wheel is mahogany with the name of the vessel in bronze, and all the steering gear is of bronze. The keel is loaded with 2800 pounds of lead, and the centre-board with 1000 pounds. All the fittings and blocks are of bronze or brass and glittered in the sunshine. The toilet appointments are perfect in design and workmanship—everything being of the best material.

Spars and masts have Haggerty hoist, and the standing rigging is of plow steel with phosphor bronze turned buckles. The sails made by

Wilson and Silsbee of Boston consist of a mainsail, silk topsail, jib, foresail, silk spinnacher, silk baloon jib and a cruising sail. Everything that could insure speed and safety had been done to make "Viking" a first-class boat.

Turning to my companion I said:

"You know Lil that several persons have tried to dissuade me from attempting the trip around to New Richmond. They insist that the sloop is too small. Now my dear it rests with you to say if you will accompany me or not. If anything should occur I should never forgive myself. Do you not think that you had better return by train, while I do my best to take the "Viking" around?"

My wife turned upon me a pair of scornful eyes, while she answered unhesitatingly:

"What do you take me for Jack? If there is danger for me is there not also for you? Do you forget that I come of a race of sea-faring men? Must I remind you that one of my ancestors crossed in the 'Mayflower' another sailed regularly as Captain of his own vessel between the West Indies and New York, while my paternal grandfather was a deep sea captain between England and the United States? In the face of all this you ask me if I am afraid to coast around Nova Scotia to the Bay Chaleur. I am glad that there is an element of danger in it. You don't suppose I would be content to paddle in a dug-out on a mill-pond! No, Jack my man! I came here to join forces with you, and I'll see this thing through."

"Bravo Lil! You're game. I didn't really think you would desert, but it was only fair to give you the chance."



The "Viking"

"And tease me all the rest of my life, and threaten me with court-martial eh? No such thing! When can we start Jack? Won't it be just too delightful to go on a cruise?"

All our arrangements having been completed we left St. John on July 1st, 1911 for Bay de Chaleur, via the Gut of Canso and Northumberland Strait.

On board were the Captain, my wife, myself, and Jimmie our man-of-all-work.

Leaving St. John in a calm, and running all night with the gasoline engine, by day-break the coast of Nova Scotia was in view. In spite of a light breeze of head wind, which sprang up in the morning, as night fell we reached Gulliver's Hole, seven miles from Digby. Four times we tried to enter the harbor, but failed; when finally we succeeded, it was in the teeth of a gale.

The harbour is surrounded by high hills; only a few fishing-huts and farm-houses are found here. The inhabitants treated us kindly during the three days we were detained by wind and fog. So dense was the latter that once when I sent Jimmie ashore for milk, although the distance was only a few yards, I was compelled to shout to him several times in order to enable him to locate the shore.

On another occasion so violent was the wind that everything upon the table was deposited upon the cabin floor, while we ruefully regarded our lost dinner, and cleared up the debris.

Before getting out of the "Hole" on account of low tide the Captain ran upon the rocks. Lowering the sail we started the engine, but she held fast. Seeing our situation three gasoline boats came to our assistance, throwing lines and hauling us afloat.

Anxious to ascertain if the "Viking" had sustained any damage I sought safer anchorage, and remained all night. During that night we experienced one of the heaviest electrical storms I have ever seen. About twelve, p.m. during the heaviest of it, the "Viking" began to touch bottom. Reluctantly we got out of our bunks, hoisted sail and made for deeper water. So incessant was the lightning that we could plainly see the fishermen on the shore, anxiously endeavouring to secure their boats; and the mountains looked weird and unreal in the glare of the light. So heavy was the rain that by the time we reached the cock-pit the captain found two inches of water. After considerable difficulty he succeeded in the dark in removing the plug—becoming thoroughly drenched during the operation.

Next morning we started down the coast. After a short run the wind fell, and we used the engine. Suddenly through my marine glasses I discerned a breakwater ahead, so decided to remain till next morning. I also discovered to my dismay that my pilot was a deep-sea man, unused to coasting. Resolving to secure a safer pilot we ran along with the engine till by evening we came in view of another breakwater at Sandy Cove.

My wife and I walked over the hills till we reached a little village which is associated in my mind with the great number of white cats to be found in it. This village is beautifully situated on the hill-side of St. Mary's Bay. On the opposite side was a lovely lily pond. Journeying along we were picked up by an old farmer who took us to see a man familiar with the coast. This pilot, considering it unnecessary to accompany us gave us particular instructions for going through Petite Passage. Night came on and notwithstanding the information we had received the captain persisted in his course, bringing the vessel into the centre of a "rip" at the Bay of Fundy entrance to the passage. For three minutes it was pretty lively aboard,—everything movable was upside down; then she emerged none the worse for the struggle. I picked up the masts of two schooners, and taking the wheel we presently tied up at the wharf. Had we done otherwise we should surely have been wrecked in the Roaring Bull—the sound of whose angry waters reached us, as though disappointed at our escape.

Resolving to secure a competent man I set out. Without exception all recommendations pointed to Pilot MacKay, an old man who had spent his life-time on the coast. I felt however that I could not part with the captain as he was an all-round man. The following morning we left Tiverton with a good fair wind, through St. Mary's Bay, losing our stay-sail in a squall. Gathering in the remnant we fought a head wind, then the leach of the main-sail gave way. Under a three-reefed mainsail with no

head sail we beat into Yarmouth against wind and tide.

We were only a short time at the wharf when the members of the Yacht Club piloted her to her old home at the Yacht Club Slip. Very affectionately her old owner-Captain Cann regarded the beautiful sloop.

The members of the Club vied with each other in their courteous treatment of us. We were treated right royally. Perhaps few things interested me more than the immense silver cup—one of the "Viking's" trophies. There were also several large photographs of the yacht on exhibition.

We were much struck with the town of Yarmouth. It has snug residences, well-trimmed lawns and beautiful hawthorne hedges, for which literally the town is famous. There is a population of 7000. In the days of "wooden walls" Yarmouth was a busy ship-building centre. At that time more ships were owned in Yarmouth than in any other port of the same size in the world. Although this is now changed it is still interesting as, in addition to being the County town it is the only one of importance in the South-West of Nova Scotia. The D. A. R. Steamers run to Boston daily in summer, and bi-weekly in winter. Large quantities of live lobsters, straw-berries and blue-berries are shipped in their season to Boston. The cultivation of the former fruit is a booming industry in Yarmouth. The D. A. R. cater to the large numbers of Americans who spend their vacation in the land of Evangeline. Amongst others the Markland Hotel on the Peninsula is famous as a tourist resort.

A drive around Yarmouth is something to be remembered, and as several autos were at our disposal we had an opportunity to see the town and surrounding country. North of the town are the three little sheets of water known as the Milton Ponds. In fact the whole country is covered with little lakes, making it quite easy to go from Yarmouth to Digby with only short portages. The harbour is about twenty minutes sail. When



The Crew of the "Viking"

the tide is high it resembles a fiord more than anything else. The whole coast-line is rocky and dangerous to shipping; the Bald-Headed Tusquets are well known, and the "Churn" beyond the Peninsula is another interesting spot.

The town boasts a beautifully equipped Yacht Club, where visitors are always hospitably entertained. The old-time "Jock-Skippers" of Yarmouth were no insignificant feature of the town. They took lumber to Greenock and re-loaded with pig-iron at Ardrossan.

Excepting St. John and Halifax, Yarmouth boasts more autos than any other maritime town. The level country with its magnificent roads and good farms is a continual pleasure. Not soon shall we forget the generous treatment received from the Yarmouthians during the three days we remained there having a few necessary repairs made.

The run to Shelburne with its beautiful harbour was ideal. Once we were clear of Yarmouth we were free of the fogs and tides of the Bay of Fundy, which had hitherto been the worry of our lives. Sudden and thick banks of cloud would descend enveloping us in its humid embrace.

Liverpool was our next stop. I never saw a better lighted town; the houses and hedges are very beautiful. Fishing and farming are the occupations of the inhabitants. Here Jimmie met his first love. Questioned regarding his late hours he had little to say, but ere our departure proof was abundant that our "handy-man" had succumbed to the charms of a fair one. Running into Brooklyn to escape a strong head wind we took the opportunity to secure supplies. We found a number of American vessels from the Banks and the Government Cruiser seeking shelter.

We were glad of a good night's sleep at Margaret's Bay; then everything being apparently propitious we shaped our course for Halifax.

Within sight of Sambro, I found on going to the wench to raise the centre-board that something was jammed. The board broke adrift from the after-end, leaving it suspended by the forward-end, and dragging heavily. Our troubles now began. The wind had increased to a gale, and the condition of the centre-board caused the boat to sway from side to side, making it impossible to keep a straight course. A pilot-boat came within hail, but receiving no sign passed to east of us, purposing to shoot ahead.

Crippled though the "Viking" was she had lost none of her old spirit, and far out-stripped her competitor. We were much interested in our first view of Halifax from the water. Very imposing is the line of fortifications extending on both sides at intervals along the twelve miles of Bedford Harbour.

Next morning having made arrangements for getting into the dry dock for repairs we ran with the motor across the harbour to Dartmouth. Entering the launchways we discovered that the centre-board was touching, preventing us from entering the slip.

Anchored at Dartmouth the Captain found himself facing the serious problem of how to catch the drifting centre-board. He worked incessantly all day and success attended his efforts. At last the board was within its box. Mr. Fraser in charge of the dry dock interested himself in us, doing everything in his power to assist us. He had the blocks so built on the cradle that the "Viking" entered on her bilges without a hitch.

While the repairs were being made my wife and I explored the beautiful gardens and fortifications of the garrison city. Among the new acquaintances we met, we have grateful remembrance of Howard Wentzell, Esq., who entertained us in his beautiful home in Dartmouth.

The last night in dry dock having arrived, we climbed our ladder, fully twenty-five feet to get a night's rest. Alas for our hopes! About midnight a terrific storm of wind and rain came on. The "Viking" began to rock on her pedestal, so fearing she might blow over, we turned out and with lines made her fast. About this time Mr. Fraser arrived, being anxious for the safety of the yacht.

During our stay a motor-boat race was on between New York and Halifax. The foremost boat arrived before the gale; while the others straggled in, leaving one to bleach her bones on Yarmouth rocks. Thinking we had lost enough time, notwithstanding the advice of the Pilot we set out in the face of a storm. Hardly

had we gotten out of Halifax Harbour, when my wife who had hitherto been proof against "mal de mer" succumbed and disappeared. Jimmie also fell a victim to a worse sickness than had attacked him in Liverpool—for having seated himself in the cockpit to repair with palm and needle his rubber sneaker,—he dropped everything without warning, and was seen no more that day.

From Halifax to Beaver harbour we ran before the gale, under a double-reefed main-sail; seeing now the first seas worthy of the name. Before us were evidences of a wreck. Two days later we heard of the loss of the ill-fated coal-steamer "John Irwin," which had gone down leaving a single survivor, who had drifted ashore on a hatch. Although only ten tons the "Viking" ploughed her way through that gale, shipping scarcely a sea and arrived safely in Beaver Harbour, where we found we were preceded by steamers and craft of all kinds. My better half also appeared remarking nonchalantly:

"Isn't it funny how soon you get better when you reach a harbour, where there's no roll?"

At Whitehead we replenished our supplies, making a straight run for Port Hawkesbury on the Gut of Canso. At the narrowest part it seemed as though without difficulty we could have touched the opposite shore with an oar; and yet so deep is it that ocean-liners can pass through.

A little beyond we overtook two tugs with a three-masted schooner in tow, that had been driven ashore at some point on Chedabucto Bay. The run was one of the most delightful we had had since leaving St. John. We had a fine day and a good fair breeze—the only excitement being a couple of brushes with two schooners, which the "Viking" had no difficulty in overhauling and passing. We ran to Port Hastings and thence to Port George, passing an American yacht from the New York Yacht Club with whom greetings were exchanged.

Although the distance from the last light on the Nova Scotia side of the Gut to Cape George is less than

twenty miles, something went wrong with the navigating, for when morning broke we were out of sight of land—lost at sea!

The Pilot, awaking, came to the rescue, and shortly after noon he landed us safely in the harbour at Cape George. During the two days we remained we found it impossible to purchase supplies—the people absolutely refusing remuneration for the milk and fish they gave us. On the run to Pictou we had the first opportunity to use our silk spinnacher. At this town we made new friends among whom were Mr. Hamilton of the Biscuit Works and Mr. Hickman, a designer of the Viper type of racing boat. During the time we were there we had the pleasure of witnessing a trial trip of one of these boats driven by a four cylinder twenty horse power Erd Motor, giving the boat a speed of about twenty-five miles per hour.

Charlottetown was our next objective point which we reached after an uneventful trip; true we overhauled a schooner and noticed that she came to anchor three hours after we did in the Harbour of the Island City. Even the Pilot who had hitherto been something of a recluse accompanied us to a band concert in the square. Charlottetown is a beautiful little city with wide, clean streets and a kind people.

Leaving for Summerside, outside the harbour the wind died away, so we ran with the motor. At dark, off Cape Traverse our propeller struck a lobster-fisherman's buoy and the propeller-shaft snapped off close to the engine, through which the water began to pour. The engine and tank being installed below the cock-pit floor, and it being pitch dark it was unsafe to work with a lantern, so I tried to plug the hole as best I could in the darkness, using a hammer and the first cloth which came to hand which happened to be a dish-towel. While trying to decide what was best to do a breeze sprang up, so putting on all available canvas we were soon on our way once more. The Pilot was at the wheel, while the Captain, Jimmie and I set to work bailing

water to keep the "Viking" afloat. My brave wife not only encouraged our efforts, but joined our force. The wind continued to freshen and by morning we were making record time towards Summerside.

We will not soon forget that night. All through the long hours,—and how slowly they dragged—we continued to bail. Down, up and over in ceaseless routine,—three buckets and a tin-kettle. Backs and arms at last grew weary, aching with the strain, but we dared not desist. Again and again I begged my wife to give up, but she only smiled bravely and refused to quit.

"I promised to see this trip through Jack," she said once, "and I mean to share the rough as well as the smooth," then she bent again to the weary task.

When Sea-Cow Head loomed up we knew we were going to win out. Although we passed a schooner opposite Indian Point light we were too anxious and fatigued to be interested in the chase. We dropped anchor an hour before day-break at the railway wharf in Summerside, but our labours knew no cessation till it was clear enough to find a suitable beaching place.

Taking the kettle from my wife's hand the pilot took her place, while she retired to rest.

Once again in sailing trim we shipped our course for Richibucto, but evening coming on, and the wind being unfavorable we changed our course to reach Buctouche.

First one pilot-boat and then another pursued us to proffer services, but both alike failed of its quarry. Next morning we headed for Richibucto. For ten miles from the outside buoy to O'Leary's wharf, up that narrow channel, the "Viking" beat against wind and tide; it being the first time the fishermen had known a boat, under the same unfavorable circumstances of head wind and falling tide to accomplish what she did. While in Richibucto we had the pleasure of entertaining Commander Newman, of one of the Canadian Cruisers. He offered to give us a tow in the early morning as far as the

Bell buoy. With farewell greetings we parted—he for Shediac, we for Shippegan Gully.

Taking a north-east course we sailed along with a fair wind, which suddenly shifting to the north-west increased to a gale. The pilot was unable to see the compass clearly, on account of the sunshine upon the binnacle. I raised it up by means of a box. Shortly after land disappeared and by noon we were tossing about in a very heavy sea. I had gone over this course so often that I knew by the high seas that we were out of our course, so the pilot and I agreed to bring her around on another tack. I calculated that we should come in view of either North Point, P. E. I., or Richibucto Head. Just before dark, with the glasses I discerned a faint trace of land towards which we steered, hoping to pick up a light. Darkness came on and an unexpected visitor appeared in the shape of a small bird, which flew around the yacht several times, striking against the sails and finally settling on the boom close to the mast. I ran up and caught it and placed it for safety in one of the drawers of the side-board in the cabin. I knew that it was a little, lost land bird, that had been blown out to sea and was too tired to return.

Sighting a red light on the shore, we hailed a schooner which we had overtaken and found that we were in the neighborhood of Tabusintac.

Learning that they were bound for Tracadie we double-reefed our mainsail and trailed the schooner along the coast for about twelve miles;—my one object being to put in the time till day-light, as I had no inclination to risk the treacherous entrance of Shippegan Gully during the night.

The pilot and Jimmie turned in for the night, leaving the captain and me on deck. I was at the wheel. Knowing a buoy marked the sand-bar off Tracadie Gully, and seeing the schooner heave-to and drop anchor, I naturally supposed that she had anchored outside the buoy. As the "Viking" only drew four feet of water with her board raised, I con-

sidered there would be no difficulty in passing between the schooner and the shore. Instead of this the schooner had anchored inside the buoy. We went about one hundred yards beyond the schooner, when the "Viking" piled up high and dry on Tracadie Sandbar. She listed to starboard and the pilot, who was sleeping on the port side rolled out upon the floor. Hurriedly he put his head up, demanding:

"Where have you got her now?"

I told him.

"I thought," said he, "by the sound underneath that you had run her into the woods."

My wife and later Jimmie appeared, so the whole crew were on deck. Fortunately there was no sea; a light breeze was blowing and rising tide. With the motor and a kedge anchor we soon had her afloat. We were only twenty miles from Shippegan Gully and it was no more than two o'clock so we put another reef in our mainsail but delay as we would all too soon Pokemouche light appeared,—only eight miles from the entrance and still daylight two hours away, while a strong wind from the north east was blowing, making a heavy sea. We reefed again, giving us our storm tri-sail and in spite of all our efforts, we arrived at Shippegan Gully before daylight. We made a couple of tacks to put in the time; at last the long looked for sun appeared and we headed the yacht for the gully; anchoring safely a short time later at Shippegan, where we slept till noon.

Taking a survey, I knew by the number of flags flying that a French-Canadian picnic was in course, so dispatching our dinner we put in our day among the merry-makers; as the fun lasted over the following day, we decided to see it through.

Our faithful and competent friend the pilot bade us farewell at Shippegan; he had proved himself invaluable to us and we said good-bye regretfully.

We crossed the Bay of Chaleur to Port Daniel, where we remained two days with Dr. Enright, and talked "Yacht" aboard the "Viking." The

harbour of Port Daniel is very safe and commodious; the scenery is grand, and in places wild—resembling Highland countries; the people are comfortable and hospitable. Historic and legendary associations render this place interesting to many people. I do know that those who once visit this hitherto little out-of-the-way place on Bay de Chaleur usually return—perhaps hopes of some day exhuming the buried treasure of Bebee's Cove haunt their thoughts.

A day's run brought us to Black Cape,—thence to Dalhousie with a small party, where the Captain left for St. John. He had been most useful and obliging and we trust some day to meet him again. Finally Jimmie, the last of our crew was safely dropped at his father's door, and the "Viking" returned to Pritchard's Beach at Black Cape, in the harbour of New Richmond.

I had made everything secure and my wife and I turned at the top of the bank and looked back to where the "Viking" rode proudly at anchor, as though she realized the wonderful achievement she had performed.

My wife turned to me and her face was expressive of deep feeling as she said:

"Jack, we are home safely; although once or twice it seemed doubtful. I shall never forget those weeks or this cruise; it has been almost entirely a season of happiness. I am so glad that I have been permitted to enjoy it."

"My dear! I want to congratulate you,—even when danger stared us in the face you proved that you were a worthy scion of those sea-faring ancestors of whom you spoke so proudly that day in St. John. You're no coward Lil,—and I am proud of you.."

## A Plea for the Old Fellows

The bison population of North America to-day is estimated to be about 3,000 head. This includes the 550 wild buffalo that inhabit the territory of Athabasca, and individual specimens kept in small enclosures in zoological gardens throughout Canada and the United States, as well as those confined in the various Parks in which herds of buffalo are preserved in the United States and Canada. Buffalo Park, in Alberta contains the biggest herd in the world to-day, a count made in June 1912 showing 1,151 head. It is predicted that an increase over and above all losses at the rate of not less than ten per cent. a year may be expected in this herd, which in five years would mean an increase of 136 head a year on the average and if none were sold off, would mean a total buffalo population

in the park at the end of the term of 1,795. This estimate allows for the killing off of some of the old bulls, a course strongly recommended by the superintendent of the park. The buffalo drive from the herd the old males that can no longer hold a place by sheer fighting strength and these old fellows live solitary lives, becoming haters of their kind and developing crankiness and cussedness to an alarming degree.

In connection with an article on the subject contributed to the Toronto Star Weekly by Mr. A. C. Campbell a subscriber writes us to suggest that a friendly bullet in their own park is the most desirable method of saving them from untold trouble and ventures to make a plea to this effect for the "old boys" who cannot speak for themselves.

# Among the Fjords of British Columbia

RY KEITH WRIGHT

**D**ISCIPLINES of rod and gun and lovers of outdoor life generally find many and varied attractions throughout British Columbia but, if there be a more glorious and soul-satisfying experience than a cruise among the Inlets, with which the Coast from Vancouver, northward is deeply indented, then is life indeed worth living. These Inlets or, as they would be called in Norway, Fjords, are very numerous and each has an individuality all its own. They vary in length from one to one hundred miles while some have several arms of twenty or thirty miles each in extent. Generally speaking they wind their way through towering mountain walls. These are often sheer rocky precipices, glacier tipped; others are forest clad slopes and in all cases numerous streams, abounding in trout, are to be found, while in the salt waters of the Inlets themselves, Salmon, Sea Trout and many other game fish are not wanting. Add to this the fact that big game in great variety find their habitat along the shores and you have, not to mention the added joys of sailing and mountain climbing, a Sportsman's Paradise so complete that he is not worthy of the name of "Sportsman" who would ask for more.

To adequately describe all these Inlets would mean the "making of many books" and beyond the powers of this poor pen. Suffice it, if you can imagine yourself in our position on a sunny summer morning aboard a staunch thirty-five foot yacht sailing out of Vancouver Harbor, Northward bound, with weeks of real freedom ahead. Vancouver itself is situated at the lower end of Burrard, the most southerly of the Inlets, a grand sheet of water twenty-five miles in length. Eight miles to the northwest Howe Sound opens up into a glorious thirty mile vision of sea, mountain and island. Being so adjacent to Vancouver the shores are well populated at this season with summer Colonies

and a crew of good fellows find many a hearty welcome along its beaches. The towering white spire of Mount Garibaldi, at the extreme northerly end, is in itself a sight worth going far to see and yet this is only one item amongst multitudinous grandeur.

On we sail up the Gulf of Georgia and, allowing for side trips, the second day finds us at Pender Harbor. This is a small Inlet about four miles deep but its beauties are not to be despised, while its placid waters are often much appreciated after a really good "roll" in the Gulf. Here the fishing starts in earnest and we are hardly in the entrance before tackle of all sorts is being hauled out of the lockers. Then the "Dink" is manned and leaving part of the crew to anchor we go after both sport and supper—we get both and also bring back a fair sized appetite, in fact we would be ashamed to bring one like it to any city table. More fishing and a climb to the top of a near by mountain completes another day except for the regular evening chat over our experiences, and the climb is one of these. To stand on the top of an inland peak and view the panorama of hill and vale is a great experience: but to stand on the top of a Pacific Coast mountain at sunset and looking see eastward range after range of timber clad, snow capped mountains in ever changing hues; while westward the sea and sky are an infinite mass of crimson and gold, beggars description.

Leaving Pender Harbor bright and early we sail up outside Nelson Island to the main entrance of Jervis Inlet keeping on past many tempting spots to anchor at last in a small sandy cove on the north side of the Inlet under the heights of Mount Trowbridge. From here the view up the Inlet is superb. A nice sandy beach invites a dip and in we go—not for the first time during the day however as no one is allowed breakfast on our craft unless he has taken his



Entering Jervis Inlet

morning plunge. Just opposite on Nelson Island is Van Guard Bay, a beauty spot destined to some day be a famous summer resort although as yet it is unmarred by the hand of man.

A short run brings us to St. Vincent Bay where behind Sykes Island, a snug anchorage is found and the bill of fare is varied by a cod or two. To the right an arm of the Inlet turns sharply away, a narrow passage marking the entrance and through this twice a day each way the tide races with a roar that can be heard for miles on a calm evening. This is called the Skookum Chuck, in common with many other swift waters of the coast where the naming is left to the Siwash. At slack tide the passage is easily navigated and a beautiful thirty mile stretch of really good salmon fishing with several streams offering Rainbows<sup>““</sup> and “Dollies” in plenty reward the venture. To the left Hotham Sound swings away northward for seven miles—here is seen a cascade of great beauty apparently pouring over the mountain top and falling in the sunlight like a living stream of spun silver for hundreds of feet.

Passing Hotham Sound Goliath Bay is just around the corner and

here, in Dark Cove, is to be found the snugest anchorage in the Inlet. From this point we pass into Prince of Wales Reach which rounds off to the northward. Now the waterway narrows and the mountain walls close in. One group of peaks, Marlborough Heights, and Mounts Churchill and Spencer rise sharply from the sea in beautiful formation to a height of six thousand, six hundred feet, while opposite are numerous peaks of equal height although not standing so close to the shore line. Nearing the upper end of the Reach Vancouver Bay is found tucked away under the feet of Marlborough Heights. A nice little stream empties itself into the sea here and a few hours spent along its banks with rod and tackle insure some rich sport. The timber is very large but smaller growth is also plentiful and varies in color with here and there great splashes of red and pure white blossoms. The Inlet now swings northwest and then sharply back to northeast and we enter Princess Royal Reach. A twelve mile run brings us to Deserted Bay where the anchor was dropped behind a sandy point and near the mouth of an almost ideal looking river. We soon were in the dinghy on investigation bent, taking the pre-

caution to put out a troll. Inside of five minutes we had hooked a ten pound Salmon, which was later the subject of considerable argument as to its species. Of trout we also caught a number in the sea but a whole day on the river with the fly gave us no results. Probably the river is called "Deserted" with a reason. Just opposite the Bay Mount Frederick William rises six thousand, one hundred and forty-four feet while a splendid view down Princess Royal Reach and up Queens Reach is here obtained. This latter veers off to the north west for twelve miles and there the Inlet ends, some fifty odd miles from the Gulf. At the head is a good beach and two good sized streams. The trout in the latter are plentiful, gamy and toothsome. Exploring one of the streams we came upon a most remarkable canyon about two miles from the sea. The walls are only a few feet apart and half way through the stream suddenly drops a hundred feet or more in one cascade. It is so dark within the canyon even on a bright summer day that photography is next to impossible so that of this beauty spot we have a permanent record only in our memories. On the mountain slopes, in one morning near here, we picked no less than

seven varieties of wild berries and they were so plentiful that after eating our fill—and that was some—we brought back two pails full to the boat for future consumption.

At the head of the Inlet the hills rise very abruptly to a height of seven or eight thousand feet. A peculiar formation of three peaks, each succeeding one larger and higher than the one in front but identical in shape, is a feature of the landscape not soon forgotten. On the East shore of Queens Reach about midway up is a small "z" like narrow channel opening into Princess Louisa Inlet. Through this entrance the tide rushes at the rate of ten miles an hour. In here we went on our way back, gaining access very easily but having an exciting trip on the way out. Princess Louisa is a small Inlet about five miles long but for beauty it is unsurpassable. At the upper end the walls on one side are perpendicular, as smooth as though of cut stone and rise for thousands of feet directly out of the water. The opposite wall is as high but more rounded and water worn. At the end of the Inlet, which is not wide, a series of Plateaux rise in steps of about one thousand feet each, their sides well wooded. Through and over these tumble num-



At Anchor Pender Harbour



River Falls, Princess Louise Inlet

erous streams and one good sized river. All fall directly into the sea the cascades varying in height and volume. From the deck of the yacht over a dozen of these could be counted. The river fall is especially beautiful and at its base the writer experienced some of the most exciting fly-fishing which it has ever been his good fortune to encounter. The Trout are not large but what they lack in size they make up in gameness. From the slopes of one of the mountains climbed the view obtained was beyond description. The river is visible for miles back tumbling down the mountain side in a series of large

sized water falls and I doubt if there is a yard of anything but white water in it from its source, in a clearly seen distant glacier, to the sea.

We were loathe to leave this spot but have promised ourselves another visit. With sail and power we reached the open waters of the Gulf again in about two days, touching at many of the favorite spots on the return journey. After making Pender Harbor again for supplies, our prow was turned northward once more, intent in searching out the beauties of Toba, Malaspina and Bute Inlets—but that is another story



Lunch Time Aboard

BY CANOE AND PORTAGE IN THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS: From LAKE WABATAGONASHENE TO FORT ALBANY AND RETURN By Henry Anton Auer in the July issue of ROD AND GUN.



A B. C. Grizzly Bear

## Black Bear and Grizzly

### Hunting in the Gold Range

BY C. H. DEUTSCHMAN

**I**T was the middle of May and the snow was slowly leaving. The hunting season for bear in British Columbia was approaching, and I was getting anxious to have another crack at them. I always feel that I have missed something if I do not secure at least one bear every Spring. Although bear hunting is conceded to be one of the most difficult kinds of big game hunting I have always liked it best.

There being no slides to hunt on in my part of the country, bear could only be found in the swamps. Accordingly I started out for a swamp, a couple of miles from the cabin where in previous years I had shot a number of bears, to have a look for signs. This cabin was situated on the North Fork of Cherry Creek about 50 miles east of Vernon, B. C. As I had anticipated, I was a little too early and after hunting all over the swamp I gave it up for the day. Three days later I was on my way to the swamp once more. Following a high bench that bordered it I watched for about an hour and at last was

rewarded by seeing what I took to be an immense, brown bear on the far side. Making a detour I slipped down through the alders very quietly, but could not get sight of him. Not wishing to scare the animal I went back to the bench to see if I could locate him. After watching for an hour and not seeing anything I gave it up for the day, but determined to be back again the next day and get that bear or die in the attempt. Next morning found me bright and early hiking out for the swamp. On my way home the previous day I had seen some very fresh signs and I felt quite satisfied I would get a bear the following day. Taking my old stand again, after watching a few minutes I could make out something moving in the alders. I kept my eye on it for a short time and saw that it was a black bear. The hunt was on.

The preceding Autumn a friend of mine from the city had made me a present of an automatic pistol and after trying it on a target I thought it would be about the right thing with which to shoot bear. At any

rate I was anxious to see what effect it would have on a black bear. (I was just the least bit "leery" on trying it on a grizzly for the first time.) After seeing that it was working all right, I crept down through the alders and devil's club until I was within a hundred yards of the black bear. His back was away from me so I waited close to a big cedar tree and when he turned took a good aim for his head, thinking meanwhile that I would fill his head full of bullets before he had time to move out of his tracks. I let go five shots as fast as I could pull the trigger, expecting him to be down and out by that time, but no such luck was to be mine. Instead he started to walk around in a circle, sniffing the air, as I thought, and all

at once started for the thicket on the far side. Grabbing my rifle I knocked him out with a bullet in the neck. After examining him closely I found where a bullet had broken his jaw, another had knocked out some of his teeth and still another had flattened itself out on the side of his head. When I got back to the cabin that night I hung the pistol up on the wall with the rest of the relics. It might be all right for target practice but it sure was no bear gun.

It took me the best part of the next day to flesh and stretch the skin and clean the skull.

The next day I was after the brown bear I had seen the first day. I went direct to where I had left the carcass of the bear and when I got there it



The Skin of the Big Grizzly

was gone. As I looked up I saw a bear going out of sight on my right, so taking two quick shots I brought him down. When I came up to him he was dead with two bullets in his neck. As I turned I saw the brown bear going out of sight, but as I was not prepared to see another bear just then he was gone before I could take aim. I ran over to where I had seen him go into the thicket, but did not get a glimpse of him although I knew he was not very far away. For a short time I could hear him moving about and snorting. I had only got a glimpse of him as he disappeared into the thicket but as I thought it over it began to dawn on me that he was extra large.

I began to skin the bear I had just shot, which was a very large, male, black bear. When I got through I took a look around to see what had become of the carcass of the other bear. In a short time I found it, partly covered with moss and leaves. Being in a hurry to get back to the cabin I did not stop to investigate. Had I done so I would without doubt have noticed that this was not the work of a black bear.

The next morning I started out once more on a quest for the brown bear. After working my way very carefully through the brush I came to where I had left the remains of the bear I had killed the previous day. It was gone. I could see where it had been carried through the brush and, following the trail very cautiously—the brush being very thick, I didn't relish the thought of being attacked where I would not have a fighting chance for my life—and knowing I would have but a very short distance to go before I would come out in an open burn—I pushed ahead. After travelling a short distance I could see out to the edge of the open-

ing and, just as I stopped, the largest grizzly I have ever seen rose up from behind a clump of bush not more than sixty feet directly in front of me. He stood up on his hind feet and let out a couple of roars and a few snorts, beginning to clip his teeth together. This was more than I had been looking for. Evidently this was the bear I had mistaken for a brown bear and it was very evident that he did not intend to give me the right of way. Raising the rifle very slowly I took, I think, the most careful aim I ever took in my life, for the centre of his neck, and fired. The only move he made was to close his mouth. I took another careful aim for the same spot. Just as I pulled the trigger the unfortunate bear opened his mouth and a torrent of blood rushed out and he sank slowly down. I had reloaded and was watching him closely, but could see, by the stream of blood that gushed from his mouth and the appearance of his nostrils, that he was fast dying. In another moment he was down and was dead, without having moved off the spot on which he had fallen. Both my bullets had struck him in the centre of the neck though neither of them had gone through.

His bearship had a beautiful pelt with never a scratch or a rubbed spot. The fur was exceptionally dark and long, and some of his claws were seven inches in length and the color of ivory. His body was as big around as the largest horse I have ever seen. I did not hunt any more bear that Spring.

A few days after I shot the grizzly a party of surveyors came down the creek and found the remains of the bear and when I met them they wanted to know who it was that had skinned the cow they found up the creek.



# The Lure of the Marshes

CHARLES A. SINGLER

A seven mile drive over rough country roads behind a debilitated farm horse, and at all times imminently in danger of being hit in the back of the neck by one of the suit-cases (which were piled mountain high), inclined our party to be rather critical when we finally stepped off the gig. We made up our minds then and there that we had been fleeced; that the rambling farmhouse which had been advertised in the daily paper as a "hotel" was nothing more than a den of thieves, and that we would do well to make the return trip in the shaky old trap behind the warped old nag *at once*.

We decided against this however, and filed into the dining room, ready to criticize anything from the "roast beef and brown gravy" to the mistress of the ranch. It must be confessed that much of our ire died peacefully in the dining room, for the "roast beef and" was enough to tempt the most exacting palate, and the sweet-corn, freshly culled from out-of-doors, could not fail to delight. The host, too, was a genial chap, brimful of stories of big game and bigger fish which had been gathered hereabouts, so with a last nibble at the delightful corn we clattered out of doors bound for the lake, where we would test the accuracy of his tales.

Twilight had already settled when we reached the shores. A mighty chorus of frog voices was ascending to heaven, gnats and mosquitoes were thicker than snow-flakes in the mid-winter of 1912, and besides, there was no boat at hand. Could this far-reaching slough be the vaunted lake of the proprietor, the haunt of the intrepid bass and the voracious pickerel of which he had told so well?

Some of the bitter feeling of the earlier evening returned. Yes, we had been betrayed. The proprietor's tales had all been creatures of his imagination.

Everything indeed suggested a re-

turn trip to the hotel and preparations for an early-morning attack of the weed-beds, but Max is a tireless fisherman and does not cease hostilities with the waning of day. Max is the man who had pointed this place out to us on the map, had guaranteed that it was a fisherman's paradise, and had offered to stand the expense of the trip if failure should result. Was it not to his interest to make good?

Somewhere along that boggy, mosquito-ridden and frog-infested shore, we found a boat and soon were off into the thick rushes. For a long time there was no sound other than the hoarse importunings of the frogs, occasionally mixed with the croak of a bittern suddenly disturbed, and the whisper of three lines which constantly streamed shoreward. Darkness came and Halley's lighted up in the west, more vivid in the blackness of this swamp than we had ever seen it, or ever will. There it was, midway between horizon and zenith; stately, serene. After a while the moon swung into the east, and there was sufficient light with which to do some moonlight fishing.

At this stage Harry decided to disembark, and we let him off at the highest point along the shore. He vanished in a smother of insects, but the dull plump of his bait audible from time to time, convinced us that he had not entirely surrendered.

When Max and I at length reached the hotel, disappointed, we discovered that Harry had not yet returned. Thinking that he had lost his way or met with ill-luck of some description, we borrowed a lantern and started in search, only to become hopelessly entangled ourselves. Soon we gave up the idea of trying to locate Harry, and concerned ourselves with our own futures, which looked dismal enough, as we were forced to penetrate pastures on which grazed cattle of a very doubtful nature. Max is

no bull fighter, and as for me, well, Max has me beat by a good four inches and possibly a hundred pounds.

When we finally did stumble across our hostelry it looked very inviting, and we arrived just in-time to stop Harry, who was sauntering toward the lake, lantern in hand.

So far our trip had brought us nothing but swollen hands and necks together with a full measure of disgust and disappointment. However, we had learned that the lake was full of rice, lily-pads, reeds and hyacinth. If bass cannot be lured from any of these they cannot be lured from anything, unless it be a rotted log, and these were there, too. Therefore, we were hopeful for the morrow.

Max and I shared the same room. It was nothing more than a narrow, corn-strewn attic, for which \$2.00 *per* seemed excessive. There was a small window at the west end of the room, the kind of opening that pigeons are used to whirl through. Everything was hot and odorous, and indicated a bon-fire unless Max were awfully careful with the use of his "Tip-Top."

We found the bed to be a corn-made affair, with a tendency to sag toward the centre. This made it nice for both of us. I have never been a sound sleeper, but there were certain conditions which militated against sleep in this particular instance. First the room was odorous of corn-husks and the stale smell of Max's tobacco; secondly, there was a screech owl just out-side the window that I would have paid any farm-hand two bits for the ringing of his neck, and thirdly, there were other noises. Yes, Max sleeps on his back, and it is regrettably true that he keeps his mouth open—wide. Occasionally he would snap his jaws and emit a gurgling noise, not unlike what I would expect had I put my fingers around his throat and shut off his wind, which I was tempted to do. I think he must have dreamed that he was a black bass, with a No. 8 skinner spoon and a weedless "buck" sticking in his crop. At any rate I watched the moon grow pale as she slid into the

west; I heard the full chorus of birds which comes with the first hint of day. Then Max got rid of that hook, and tried to talk as though he weren't drunk.

Yes, he had slept fine! Never wakened up once! Felt like a pony!

This was all untrue, but even at that he was the first one to be on his way. Three thundering smashes on the door suggested to Harry that it was early morning, that Max was on the road, and that he (Harry) could lie there and doze if he preferred, or if he did not happen to awaken. That is the way Max does business. Several insults were also directed our way before the big fellow quit the shack, but no fishing trip would be quite complete without them.

Sunrise and early spring tempt one to be swift. Harry met me on the stair and soon we were wading through the dew-drenched grass on the way to the lake, where we found everything much the same as the night before. The frogs were still croaking their lamentations and Max was swathed in reeds, feeding out pork rather recklessly. He looked glum, though, and it took no great effort of the imagination to size up things as they were. He had not done any business, that was all.

Two or three hours of vigorous work convinced us that there were no game fish in these waters; still, fishermanlike, we kept steadily at it. Then high noon came with its hopelessness, and from over the moor came the chimes of the dinner bell. That settled it. We ran the barge high on the bank, and saw it no more. Nothing could tempt us back to that vermin-haunted swamp, in which nothing seemed to thrive except leeches and sickly, fungus-covered perch, so after dinner we waited under the rustling cotton-woods for the wind-broken pony of the day before.

The "hotel's" advertisements appear regularly during the summer season. As they are attractively worded, they will continue to lure many enthusiastic anglers to disappointment.

# Nova Scotia Sporting Gossip

BY DR. EDWARD BRECK

THE past year was a fairly successful one for Nova Scotia, with one great exception: the deterioration of the trout-fishing, which is the most important attraction for the foreign sportsman in this Province. For, no matter how much time and money we spend on the preservation of our game (a most worthy object), it remains true that there are twenty or more money-spenders from the States to one who comes for big or small game, especially since we have charged the non-resident the pretty little sum of \$30.—to shoot woodcock and snipe, which is the same as for moose! Of course there is something to say on both sides of a question, and I have no time here to “argufy,” but this law, and the general muddle of laws brought about by the fact that Nova Scotia game is rightly looked after by the Provincial authorities (and therefore well protected), while the poor trout are at the very untender mercies of the Dominion,—all this has led often to unfortunate complications. An amusing though annoying instance occurred last autumn. I took as my companion on a moose-hunt in September a member of the American press who has helped boom the Province for years and has spent many seasons here. He never shoots anything bigger than a low-power .22, but, as our law prevents anybody (non-resident) going into the woods without a game license even as a companion and noncombatant, so to speak, Mr. Howe took out a “Small-Game license,” paying \$15.—for it. Now what were his privileges? Moose, deer and caribou were not for him. Well, never mind; of course the great thing in our woods in fall, especially for the table, is the ruffed grouse (partridge). O no, no! The grouse is protected until October. Well then, woodcock and snipe? O No, they require a \$30 license. The result was that Mr. Howe paid \$15.00

for the privilege of shooting ducks, which in the waters where we were, and in fact in all our inland waters, are very scarce, so far as getting at them is concerned. He got no ducks! Anyhow it is illegal to shoot wild-fowl with a bullet! You may imagine the opinion of Mr. Howe on the Nova Scotia game-law. But the joke of the whole thing is, that in all likelihood, if he had cared to brave the game authorities, he would not have had to pay a cent. He could have taken out a Dominion fishing-license, which gives him the privilege of fishing all open waters, including of course those where I hunted. As he remained over thirty days in the country, the \$5.00 would have been returned to him. Now supposing the Game Commission had hailed him before a court for being in the woods without a license? Could he not point to his fishing-license, representing the majesty of the whole Dominion, as his authority for going where he hanged pleased, especially as he had no gun with him larger than a .22 I think the Province could do nothing against the license issued by the Dominion. This is only one instance of the silly conflict of authority between Province and Dominion.

I said the trouting is getting poorer. I have watched it for twelve years carefully, and it has declined steadily. No wonder, for only about 90,000 fry are ever put into our streams yearly, which is, as any fish-culturist knows, a mere drop in the bucket. Only one hatchery here gives us any trout-fry, though another is now projected, but I fear that it too will occupy itself almost wholly with salmon. Too bad! Never was such a natural country for trout, but always taking out and never putting back can mean but one thing. There will be no real change until the eyes of the Halifax government are opened to the absolute necessity of taking over the administration of our inland fishing,

like other Canadian Provinces who do this successfully.

Our game laws are on the whole excellent, and at present, though the Commission has not enough money to guard the woods properly during the winter (or at any other time), violations of the law are very much more infrequent than in the olden days, when the law was a joke.

The Game Commission can well be proud of one fact, namely, the steady increase of bull moose for the past four or five years, especially since cow-moose were protected. The increase has been about one hundred each year, with no backsliding, truly an excellent sign. However this is a commonplace. Any old hunter in the Province will tell you that in places where moose are now plentiful there were absolutely none twenty years ago.

There are still one or two clauses in the game-law irritating to the non-resident. One is a new one, to the effect that nobody may take any kind of a firearm into the woods unless he holds a game-license. In other words fishing or canoeing parties must go totally unarmed. Now it is the almost universal custom among such visitors to take along a .22 rifle, which means fun at target-shooting, the bagging of porcupines, etc. Occasionally some hog will misuse a .22, and last year one was known to fire at a moose, of course without more than scaring it and wounding it slightly. No doubt there is more or less careless plugging at ducks, and once in a while somebody may make a mistake and hit a rabbit or a partridge, though this will be most seldom. Now in the first place the man who will fire a .22 at a moose will also break the law and take a .22 into the woods anyhow. In other words it is not the weapon but the man who makes the hog. If any partridges are killed their value is more than made up by the killing of the porcupines. As a matter of fact the damage to game by people carrying low-power .22s into the woods is just about nil, but in spite of this the Commission



Dr. Edward Breck Feeds a Cub

has taken it upon itself to annoy the non-resident fisherman and canoeist, and thus tend to make his stay among us shorter, a very near-sighted policy, it seems to me. There is still another annoying law on the books, the one making it obligatory on the hunter to take moose-meat "out of the woods" within a week after killing. In the first place this phrase is nowhere defined. Is a logging-camp in the forest, where the cook welcomes moose-meat with joy, "out of the woods?" Or is the side of a road, isolated but regularly travelled, the same? Or must the meat be taken to a village? No doubt the object is to discourage the wasting of meat. But note how the law often acts. A hard-worked business man with a fortnight's vacation eagerly needed and looked forward to, comes down and goes into the deep woods, two or three days' journey from any settlement, and shoots a moose on the first morning. His vacation is half spoiled by the necessity of leaving his camp in a week or of sending out his guide

with the meat and staying alone, something that few people care to do. Of course nobody likes to have meat spoil in the woods or anywhere else, but there are considerations that are of far greater importance, such, for instance as the vacation of this man. The spoiling of meat, while regrettable, is of little account. Not all of it spoils anyhow. A good woodsman, even if he and his companion eat but little of it, will smoke nearly all the rest. And what is left is eaten by wild animals and is not really spoiled. Furthermore the Province charges this man \$30.00—, a good price, for that meat, plus what the man spends in the country, and why should he not have the right to dispose of the meat in any manner he sees fit, so long as there is no nuisance committed? I must confess that the more I analyze this law the more unjust I find it. I do not think that the policy of petty annoyances can do the Province any good. And, mind you, in both these cases there was no real call for such laws, the alleged damage being more in the imaginations of the law-makers than anywhere else. The "seven days" law has already caused a lot of bickering and annoyance, and I predict that the .22 rifle law will be worse. Since there is now a high-power .22 that kills big game, the law could read "nothing more powerful than .22 low-power," or limit the amount of powder in the cartridge.

The grouse shooting here has been very fine indeed for a few years past, owing to the fact that the open season consists only of the month of October. The present winter has been a mild one, and if we have fairly good weather from now on for the breeding season, it will be hard

to find a better partridge country than Nova Scotia.

And before I leave the subject I wish to correct any impression I may have given in regard to our trout-fishing. It is still wonderfully good in spring and fall; and as for canoe-trips combined with fine trouting, I much doubt that there is any such region in the world, starting, say, from some such place as South Milford, Annapolis Co., from Bear River or Lake Kedgemakoogee. Our forest country is wild and unspoiled.

Your readers will possibly remember a letter I once wrote you on the methods of sport of the great land-owners in Germany, in which I related some experiences of my own. Of late there has been a moving-picture reel shown everywhere (and doubtless in your district also), showing the Emperor William shooting stags. This should be an eye-opener to anybody who fancies that Europeans have the same high standards of sport as we have. You may see the Emperor carefully aiming at a stag apparently not far off in the open. His rifle is supplied with a big telescope and he is resting it in the fork of a small tree! No doubt he hit the stag! In another film you see the big herd of stags run by, not far from the beaters, and in still another the long row of dead beasts. Faugh! It makes one hold his moral nose! And these slaughterers, these killers of herds of semi-tame deer on the Continent and of a thousand brace of game-birds per week in Britain are often held up to us as models. Nay more, they very often criticise the sporting methods of Canadians and Americans. If that is not the height of impudence.

But this will do for the present.



# Fishin'— A Reverie

BY JOHN J. ENMAN

Hurray for fishin'!  
I'm always wishin',  
That I had the time and the fun,  
Which I often had  
When I was a lad,  
When they'd come up the stream on a run.  
I think I still hear  
The talk—as they'd steer  
Our boat on the smooth-running glade,  
As at the right spot  
Our anchor we'd drop  
An' we would sit tight in the shade.  
Gee whizz! what a feelin'  
There'd come o'er me stealin',  
As something would splash up th' brine;  
Oh! the joy of that minute  
When I knew I was "in it,"  
As I felt a tight tug on my line.

Oh, glory! Great Caesar!  
What a size he must be, sir,  
See the rod double up like a bow—  
See him rush wild at random  
Say! how will you land him?  
Now be careful you don't let him go!  
Ah, there now you've got him—  
No! he's making for bottom—  
By George, sir! he is a "whale,"  
See the bubbles he's sendin',  
See th' rod how it's bendin',  
Good-bye, Mr. Trout, if it's frail!

A tug an' a tussle—  
Display o' muscle—  
At last he's surrendered, oh, joy!  
Well, has he? I wonder,  
Not a bit! Well, by thunder!  
This is fun, but that fish does annoy.  
Provokin' ?—keep quiet!  
If you'd stop your blamed riot  
We might get him into the boat—  
Hully Ghee! He's a terror,  
An' that is no error  
He runs around wild as a goat;  
At last, just by inches,  
An' short, sudden pinches,  
The line is wound gradually in;  
He gives a last flounder,  
Great Scott! A five-pounder!  
I told you, old pal, I would win!

Hurray for fishin'!  
 I'm always wishin'  
 That I had th' time an' th' fun,  
 Which I often had  
 When I was a lad,  
 When they'd come up th' stream on a run.  
 Ah, me! Days o' gladness,  
 When I thought naught o' sadness,  
 In dreams I just live 'em again—  
 They knock out my badness,  
 An' chase out my sadness,  
 An' put on my mug th' old grin.  
 Don't tell me o' shootin'  
 O' flyin', or scootin'  
 Along in yer ottermobile—  
 All I ask is a rod  
 An' my old native sod—  
 A rod, an' a line, an' a reel:  
 An' the joy o' that minute  
 When I used to be "in it"  
 Through my veins let me once again feel.

### The McLean Bill Passed

Sportsmen, farmers and lovers of wild bird life in general may well rejoice over the enactment of the McLean Bill for the federal control and protection of migratory game and insectivorous birds, a measure which for the past year has been urged upon Congress by many organizations that are actively engaged in saving American birds. The passage of the measure at this time not only makes for the conservation of bird life generally throughout the Continent but also settles the difference between Long Island and up-state sportsmen over the question of winter and spring wild fowl shooting. Out of the 40,000 bills introduced during the session of Congress which ended March 4th, the sportsmen's and farmers' hope was one of the very few that were snatched from the legislative waste basket.

The law which makes the federal authorities responsible for the protection of all desirable migratory birds, passed as a rider to the agricultural appropriation bill. The substance is practically the same as that of the McLean Bill which unanimously passed the Senate, the only changes being of phraseology in section 2 relating to closed season.

For the benefit of sportsmen and others interested, the following is the bill as passed and signed by President Taft.

"All wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons, and all other migratory game and insectivorous birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanently the entire year within the border of any State or Territory, shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States, and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided therefor:

"The Department of Agriculture is hereby

authorized and directed to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous paragraph by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits, and times and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country, and it shall be unlawful to shoot or by any device kill or seize and capture migratory birds within the protection of this law during said closed seasons, and any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this law for the protection of migratory birds shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined not more than \$100 or imprisonment not more than 90 days, or both, in the discretion of the court.

"The Department of Agriculture, after the preparation of said regulations, shall cause the same to be made public, and shall allow a period of three months in which said regulation may be examined and considered before final adoption, permitting, when deemed proper, public hearings thereon, and after final adoption shall cause the same to be engrossed and submitted to the President of the United States for approval: Provided, however, that nothing herein contained shall be deemed to affect or interfere with the local laws of the States and Territories for the protection of nonmigratory game or other birds resident and breeding within their borders, nor to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this statute.

"There is hereby appropriated, out of the moneys in the Treasury and not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of carrying out these provisions, the sum of \$10,000.00."

# Small Fur Bearers and How to Take Them

By GEORGE J. THIESSEN



A series of articles by a recognized authority on Traps and Trapping and including the following: Introduction; Traps, their uses, etc.; Skunk and Civet Cat; Mink and Weasel; Muskrat; Marten and Fox; Skinning and Stretching Furs; Preparing for Market; etc.

## The Muskrat

### ARTICLE 5

**T**HE muskrat is the only one of the commoner fur bearers that does not eat flesh. Its food consists chiefly of roots, barks, grain, etc. Some of the best decoys are apples, parsnips, carrots, beets and cabbage. Further, unlike most of the other animals, its pelt is not of good quality until late winter and spring. The muskrat is extremely active in the Fall of the year and can easily be trapped. In the colder weather it dens up, so to speak, and does not venture out much when the streams are frozen.

Some pelt hunters imagine that there are two kinds of muskrat, (musquash)—two distinct species—one of which has its den in the sides of the banks of some water and the other which builds its house out of mud and sticks. This is not true. The animals are exactly alike in every respect. Upon observation it will be found that all muskrats, practically speaking, which live on lakes and ponds which are shallow, build houses so that they can be protected from the cold in winter. On the other hand, those animals that live along creeks and rivers where the water is

deep and the current swift—this as a rule means steep banks—invariably have their burrows or the shore. It is not an unusual thing, however, especially in a sluggish river which is shallow, to find muskrat houses, and on large deep lakes the dens are invariably in the banks.

Perhaps it would be interesting for me to digress for a few minutes and ask how many men trap this little animal each year. Most people would be surprised to know that this season in America ten thousand pelt hunters will take its fur, placing millions of skins upon the market. And stranger still is the fact that although they are caught in such large numbers, although civilization has settled nearly all of America, they have not diminished to any alarming extent. The reason for this is obvious when one takes into consideration the abundance of food that corn fields, etc., furnish them. Another factor worthy of consideration is that the mink does not prey upon the rats as much as in former times. There are less of them, and food is more abundant.

The simplest method of taking the musquash is to place traps at the entrances of their dens or at the foot of slides. I advise the use of the smallest traps, so that the leg bones are not snapped when they spring. Let me say right here that of the majority of fur-bearing animals which get away each year, most of them have their legs broken by the traps. Then they do not feel the pain so very much, and twist and jerk until they are free. A large majority of those that get away crawl into some hole and die and are lost to the trapper forever. In a previous article I explained why all traps for aquatic animals should be staked in deep water.

Many times in making a set the water is too deep or not deep enough to cover the trap. In the former case one can often build a foundation for the set out of mud and stones; in the latter a place may be scooped out. I think it is a good plan to have the traps set for the musquash covered with about three inches of water, so that the short delicate front legs are not held but the stronger hind ones. This also lessens the chances of escape.

If one will go along the river, he will undoubtedly find water paths, a few inches deep, between small mud-puddles or ponds. In these are excellent places for traps. They may be set as close as ten yards apart and catch the animals. One must watch his sets very closely when after furs

in these shallow paths, for the reason that there is no chance of drowning the animals after they are caught.

Take a piece of a parsnip and support it on an inclined stick, in shallow water, a few feet from the shore. Under the decoy place one or more traps. This method is one of the most successful when bait is employed.

In the majority of cases parsnips will give the best results as a "draw," for the reason that the pungent odor will attract them from long distances. Apples, too, are very good. In one locality one vegetable will prove best; in another, another. This is easy to explain when one considers that the animals will be attracted best by that food they get the least of. For instance, one could hardly expect to take many rats with corn for bait when there were fields of it near the traps.

Another good set is made by taking a pumpkin and staking it in shallow water; after placing several traps so that the animals cannot nibble the decoy without getting caught.

A clever method of taking the musquash is as follows: Construct a small mound in shallow water, so that the top is about six or seven inches above the water. Hollow out a place in the top for a trap, so that the water will cover the set. No bait of any kind is needed for a set of this kind, as the rats will naturally go on the mound without any "draw" being used.



The Muskrat

Frequently twigs dipped in Oil of Anise or Oil of Rhodium will attract the fur bearers.

Often one sees paths, especially in the early part of the season, which the animals make in going to and from corn fields. Unless one is a very skilful trapper I would not advise him to attempt to conceal his traps in these places.

Many animals are speared each year. These do not command as high a price as those which are trap-

ped. In the spring too many are shot when they are drowned from their dens by the high water.

In the winter, sets may be arranged at flowing tiles which empty into rivers and creeks.

Use steel stretchers or boards fashioned to fit the pelts, for stretching them. Never use a stick stretcher—called the Indian method—because it does not stretch the hides thoroughly and does not give them a uniform shape.

## The Spanish Forks Hunt Club

A Good Time without our Limit

By "RIP"

While reading my January ROD AND GUN I was very much interested in the experiences of the various hunting parties and as our correspondent, "Hank," has left the game and gone into retirement I think it is "up to me," as one of the Spanish Forks Hunt Club of Chapleau, Ont., to contribute a short account to your valued columns though I must confess that I would rather carry a pack or tote a canoe than attempt to write an article.

On the first day of November, 1913, our camp by the Spanish River wakened up to the fact that the old gang were back. The following were members of our party:

Dick, Max, Dan, Bub, the cook, and your humble servant, the writer of this short narrative of our Club's doings.

The first day we put in straightening things out and setting a few traps for mink.

On the following day and for five days succeeding we went through the ordinary routine of hunting, walking, waiting and watching but never a thing did we see bigger than a rabbit or partridge. The latter we found very plentiful and secured quite a number of them. Bub it was who did most of the execution with his .22 Repeater. However, we were not a bit discouraged and had the time of our lives and many a good snack, you may be sure.

The evenings in camp were a perfect dream of enjoyment, being made up as they were of fish stories and talking over the events that had taken place in past seasons on the old camp ground, while the music furnished by Dan and Shep added to our pleasure considerably.

Our cook was the right man in the right place. In addition to his culinary ability he was an old trapper and hunter and could entertain us for hours with his stories of the wilds.

On the sixth day out our luck changed and Rip and Eli bagged two deer which they both

got on the run. Eli was quite tickled with his as it was his first. The signal shot was then fired which brought Max, Dick, Shep and Bub and they helped to lug out the game to camp—a distance of about two miles. We are not as fortunate in this North country as some of our chums in the East who can use a horse for the heavy work of hauling out the game. Nevertheless we enjoy even the hardest part of the hunting and it furnishes us with splen-



Fishing on Poq Lake



Eli, Shep and Pip

did appetites for our meals in camp. Then, too, Shep is a whole team in himself.

The day after securing the two deer we all started out with renewed vigor. When nearing the railroad track we noticed the Governor-General's car en route to Bisco for a big moose hunt, which consequently proved to be a great success. Some one expressed their wonder as to what style of rifle the Duke would use and on enquiry we found he used a Ross rifle the same as Tom's. Tom, be it known, is an ex-member of our club who now hunts in the Pog country with the McKee Edwards bunch. As to the merits of guns, each man thinks he has the best. A .303 Savage is good enough for me.

About three hours after we had separated to our different choice deer spots we had the pleasure of hearing some very quick shooting by one of our members. On investigation we found Dick had shot a big buck. A dandy he was, weighing 315 pounds. (We weighed him on the scales of our local butcher, which scales are always correct).

We had a hard time of it getting this fellow out. The way was nearly all up-hill and through the thickest bush and to make things more pleasant, night came on and we got lost. With the help of birch bark torches and the North star we were finally able to locate ourselves and make our way back to camp.

A few more days in camp and we packed up and took the back trail for home, to live over the pleasant experiences of the camp and plan for a similar outing the following season.

## Fisherman's and Hunter's Luck in British Columbia

BY OSCAR C. BASS

**I**N British Columbia we have a country peculiarly blessed by nature in the varied menu it provides to tickle the sporting palate. The fisherman's luck ranges not from the commonly accepted kind, but from the innocent looking little speckled brook trout to the great tye salmon; the hunter can graduate up from the quaint and plaintive little Bob White quail to the kingly moose, the stately elk and courtier-like caribou, or that cynical, wise-looking old chap, the mountain goat or ram. The striking part about the hunting and sport generally of British Columbia is the fact that nine-tenths of what one kills is not only fit for human food, but is of the choicest kind.

There is very little inducement there for the man who seeks sport for the mere lust of killing, and while we have suffered terribly, and still do suffer considerably from the game hog, yet we have a terror to evil doers in the person of a game Warden who is here, there and everywhere and who has the faculty of telling a very powerful government to leave him alone when it comes to selecting his assistants.

While the lusty big game hunter may look with lofty compassion on the humble pursuer of snipe and quail, and the man who matches his skill and wisdom against the great salmon may smile behind his big 18-foot rod at the little chap with the split bam-

boo and his small beauties, yet there is always too much to do in their respective spheres for these chaps ever to clash as to the particular merits of their choice of sport. I am not here to go into panegyrics on scenery, you have all read of British Columbia scenery and many of you have been through it, but this wealth of scenery impresses the sportsman differently from the artist. We look at a country from the point of view of shelter and protection and food for game, at rivers as fishing territories. For instance, we had in Canada once a great man, Edward Blake, a princely lawyer and a scholar, but colder and more unimpressible than the ice at the North Pole. He became famous for many things, but largely for having described British Columbia as a sea of mountains. I am not certain that that great man ever crossed the continent, but if like many persons he merely took a trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway, he doubtless, while stunned into admiration of the Canadian Rockies, would come to that conclusion. But if he ever left the pampered luxury of a Canadian Pacific train and launched into that sea of mountains, he would have discovered that those mighty frowning peaks shelter under their forbidding brows, broad smiling valleys, beautiful rivers whose music ranges from the mighty volume of a thousand cathedral organs down to the rippling sweetness of the vox humana. He would have found that those valleys are the habitat of animals and birds of wonderful variety, that the rivers and lakes are the dwelling places of the wily Dolly Varden, the beautiful rainbow and a dozen other varieties of game fish, that the forbidding frowning crags are the watch towers and safety places of the mountain sheep and goat. Edward Blake and his kind know nothing of the thrill which sends the blood coursing through the veins of the fisherman as he sees the Dolly Varden or the Rainbow flash their silvered bellies in the sunlight. He had never felt the tenseness of the line or heard the music of the reel as it rang out in re-

sponse to the spendthrift in tackle, in king salmon, and if he had heard of these things he would not have understood them.

But to get down to the brass tacks as we say in camp. From the time you enter British Columbia, assuming that you drop in on us for the 1st of September, and you take a whole year to go over the Province, there is not a single day of that year in which you may not go out with either rifle, rod or gun. Now that is a remarkable state of affairs. Entering from the East, you come into the Kootenays, the home of the moose, wapiti, caribou, mule deer, bear, grouse and among fishing waters of fame. Or you can branch off into that happy hunting ground, the Cassiar country where the game and fish are just as varied. Indeed, owing to judicious preserving and protection, this section, which at one time teeming with moose, was threatened with a complete clean up, has now recovered itself in this respect, and the hunter need not fear disappointment. One hunter, this last season, in two weeks, counted 200 moose. In this section he will find the headwaters of the historic Fraser, Thomson and Columbia, but he has also a countless number of other waterways, lakes, rivers and streams—all offering sport. Assuming you are not a specialist in sport, you can employ every day from the first of September until you leave, according to the time at your disposal, in hunting some special kind of game. But the beauty of it is that unless you are after some specific kind of game, you are not shut out of British Columbia for a single day, from some kind of sport, and that a good class of its kind, throughout the year. For instance, when the animal and game bird shooting is over, you have the ducks for an additional two months, 1st January to 28th February, and then comes the best part of the goose shooting and salmon fishing in tidal waters at the coast before the regular trout season commences. You also have the Spring bear hunting, if you are looking for adventure and are

awaiting until the best trout fishing opens up in the waters and lakes.

We in British Columbia have undertaken to revise the Book of Genesis: We westerners, when anything does not suit us, change it to meet our ideas; so we thought there had been an omission in that part of the Bible. Therefore, we say that after the Lord rested from making the Earth, He looked at British Columbia where He had built everything on a majestic, grand and terrific scale. He said this is both grand and beautiful, but it isn't beautiful alone. He therefore created Vancouver Island, where the mountains are rounded off and made to appear calm yet great; where the forests are mighty and majestic, yet graceful and inviting; where the voices of the rivers as they flow through those giant trees, are modulated and sweetened in tone, where the birds are beautiful and the animals good to look at. It is a country where you bump into the Great Master Mason at every turn, and where there is irresistibly forced upon you on all hands the truth of David's saying that the Fool hath said in his heart "There is no God."

We have in British Columbia a land flowing with milk and honey; its great luxuriant forests, a natural refuge for the game which feeds in its broad valleys; its rivers, all fed directly from the ocean with fish, and the ocean shores themselves teeming with game fish and fowl, and a climate which smiles at and beckons to even the invalid sportsman and makes him ashamed of being idle. A veritable promised land.

Beyond the Wapiti, which are at present protected on Vancouver Island, we have none of what may be styled big game. There is very good hunting for black bear, timber wolves and panther, but there is such an abundance of more congenial and profitable sport among the deer and the birds, and there is such an enormous field of fishing waters offering, both salt and fresh water, that the man who has had a strenuous season after big game in the mountains, but who yet does not care to sit down and

rest, can come to Vancouver Island, which he will reach just about the time the birds are flying strongly, the ducks are passing southward, and the young salmon, grilse, are running well.

I should like to correct a matter which may be of some importance to sportsmen contemplating a trip to British Columbia for the first time. When I picked up the February number of that well-known, and almost invariably reliable sporting Journal, *Field and Stream*, I was surprised to see a very scathing and condemnatory article by Mr. Frothingham. Now it would be as impertinent as it would be unjust to condemn Mr. Frothingham for the views he expressed. The kind of man who goes to the expense and trouble of getting ready for and proceeding to hunt in British Columbia or any other big game country, is generally too broad-gauged a man to be made a target for either abuse or idle denial of his statements, and knowing British Columbia as I do, I should be the last to indulge in condemnation. My very good friend, Mr. F. L. Brown, another American sportsman, made two very arduous trips to British Columbia for fishing and on both occasions met with disappointment, and that, too, on the Cowichan River, the goddess to whom I address my piscatorial prayers. But even that big frame of his is too small for his huge heart and soul. There was never a whimper out of him. He saw others come in with great salmon and lovely trout, while not a nibble did he get. He complimented the successful ones cheerfully and sportily. He understood. He is a fisherman. By that I do not mean to impute any unsportsmanlike principles to Mr. Frothingham; I simply say he was misled, and misinformed. He was unlucky in the class of company he ran against as well as in his quest for game. In all small communities we know there are political soreheads and disgruntled persons whose melancholy pleasure is ascribing all things wrong to the Government. Personally, I am opposed to the present government in British

Columbia, but I am not of that bigoted type who would blame the government if my child catches the measles, my dog gets the mange, or if I can't get game when I go shooting. On the contrary, we should as sportsmen have no politics. When the Game Warden for a district holds me up and searches my pack, I smile, help him in his search, and ask him to take a good cigar if I have one, after he has finished his search. Our motto is "Good Game Laws, Plenty of Them, and Obey Them."

Now Mr. Frothingham was unfortunate enough to bump into the King Bee of Political Soreheads in that district. All through his article he bases his condemnation of the Government on information obtained from this gentleman. Take Point 1: The Chief Game Warden, Mr. Williams. Now, I don't know Mr. Williams's politics, or whether he has any, but I do know that Mr. Williams was appointed by a minister who never considered politics for a minute in his appointments. Captain Tatlow in his lifetime was a grand old sportsman and gentleman.

Captain Tatlow, I happen to know, had considerable trouble in inducing Mr. Williams to take the office, but his trouble has been more than justified, for Mr. Williams has brought order out of chaos, and has done more to protect, preserve and increase the game in British Columbia than anyone outside the Province can imagine.

All governments are notoriously reluctant to spend money in game preservation, and with the average legislature, the Game Act is considered of no importance, if not actually a joke. But Mr. Williams has wrung one improvement after another from the Government.

Point 2: As to the appointment of Game Wardens being confined to local ranchers who are political followers. In this I know for a fact that Mr. Frothingham has been misinformed. In the first place the error of the statement is *ex facie* evident. It would be a very poor sort of ranch-

er who could find the time in British Columbia or elsewhere to act as Game Warden. Now there are only 18 permanent Game Wardens in the whole of British Columbia, so that if the ranchers of B. C. have a corner on the game wardenships, God help B. C. as a ranching country. But Mr. Williams, I happen to know, has strongly and, I believe, successfully fought down any political interference in his appointments, and has aimed at putting in each district strange men, who have no local influence or local bias.

Point 3: He makes it a practice of appointing his wardens from the ranks of trappers, guides and prospectors.

In the district where Mr. Frothingham was, there are 4 wardens:

Nixon, an old guide,

Lewis, trapper and guide,

Ward, trapper,

Avery, a sort of general carpenter, but more given to trapping.

The whole four probably do not own more than three or five acres of land all told.

As to *Ling* being on the protected list, they are not.

Now as to the game in that section, I am credibly informed that in the two weeks' time he was in that district, Mr. Frothingham was shown 30 sheep in one hand; 18 sheep in another and 4 sheep pointed out to him that he failed to observe. There were two goats shown him, and yet he was in the goat country. It may or may not be that there were no desirable heads among these lots, but then the hunter takes that luck.

As to not knowing about the close season for moose, that is largely a sin of omission on the part of any man going to seek particular game in not making enquiries at headquarters in plenty of time beforehand, if one has not been watching the usual channels for such news, or has missed it.

Now, the license fee of \$100 goodness knows is small enough, when one considers the country that is to be administered, and the varied character of the sport offered. A first-class hunter, I have no hesitation in

saying, can in one year in British Columbia secure an assortment of big game trophies, sufficient in number and creditable in appearance to grace the oldest and most historic ancestral hall.

A great lawyer once said that genius is simply perspiration. Success in big game hunting is nothing more or less than perspiration, particularly in British Columbia where nature seems to put forth her best endeavours to protect the game, and where only the man with the brawn,

the endurance and the patience necessary to overcome nature's obstacles, who can do the climbing and the chasing, often on short rations and exposed to serious physical danger, can hope for success.

Next time Mr. Frothingham comes to B.C. if he will write to Mr. Williams, I will guarantee he will escape the unfortunate experience he has had, and will get instead not only some first-class hunting, but some very satisfactory and tangible evidence of it to bring home with him.

## Bear River

S. G. MERRELL

Between broad fields of wheat and corn,  
Bear River westward winds its way;  
'Twas years ago upon its banks,  
That I first saw the light of day;  
And from my birth I loved the stream,  
Its roar was music to my ear,  
I rode its foaming flood in spring,  
Without the shadow of a fear.

Full many a summer day I spent,  
Upon the stream in light canoe;  
And memory, fond, brings back to me,  
The scene in panoramic view;  
I knew each turn the river made,  
For half a hundred miles or more,  
Each wooded bank, each mossy dell,  
The channel's depth from shore to shore.

I knew where wild-fowl made their nests,  
Where crafty foxes had their lair,  
I found the wild bees' golden store,  
And more than once I saw a bear.  
Far up the river, known to few,  
The eagle's bridge might then be seen,  
Where giant oak and walnut grew,  
And locked their arms across the stream.

There, two great eagles built their nest,  
And with contempt for passing foe,  
Oft waked the echoes with a scream,  
That startled browsing deer below;  
When Indian summer's smoky haze  
Was resting lightly on the land,  
Bear River's vale was then ablaze,  
Touched by the Frost King's magic hand.

The towering walnut, as with fears,  
And trembling from an unseen blow,  
Dropped ripened nuts like golden tears,  
Into the amber stream below;  
The maple blushed beside the oak,  
Now dressed in suit of sombre brown,  
And gracefully received the stroke,  
That sent her blood-stained foliage down;

A royal carpet for the earth,  
O'er which the frisking squirrels played,  
While timid partridge whirred aloft,  
When man disturbed the forest glade;  
And if abroad at early morn,  
Some lordly turkey one might hear,  
As forth he led his keen eyed flocks,  
And piped defiance loud and clear.

With stiffened pinions, head thrown back,  
And gorgeous fan expanded wide,  
Perhaps we heard a rifle crack,  
As, with his blood the leaves were dyed;  
The camp-fire smoke curled through the air,  
Then settled softly to the ground,  
While scarlet plums and ripening grapes,  
Perfumed the air for yards around.

Like rubies set in velvet green,  
The sumach glowed along the shore,  
And woodbine clambered like a flame  
To hide the fallen sycamore;  
Along the hills like sentinels,  
All uniformed in gold and grey,  
The grim old hickories seemed to stand  
And watch the passing of the day.

What is that sound like pattering rain,  
Borne to my ears upon the breeze?  
Ah, now I know, once more I hear,  
The beech-nuts dropping from the trees;  
Down sinks the sun, across the sky,  
The after-glow streams from the west,  
All silent, save some night bird's cry,  
Which seems to say, we rest, we rest.

Gone, all the forest, dark and grand,  
All swept away by ruthless men,  
But, in my dreams I sometimes see  
Bear River as I saw it then,  
And when my years have all been told,  
And I can lay life's burden down,  
I hope they'll let me sleep and dream,  
Beside Bear River, soft and brown.

# The Passing of the Salmon

BY C. W. YOUNG

ONE of the first recollections of a boy who spent his early days in the county of Halton, is the catching of a grilse in a tributary of the River Credit. Perhaps it is only a hazy reminiscence, carried for over half a century, and gaining strength as the years roll on till it has the halo of reality about it.

Sometimes it seems impossible that a waif and a stray of the wonderful army of migrant salmon, in following the instinct of its ancestors could have climbed past the dams at Streetsville, Springfield, Norval, and perhaps other obstructions, to find itself in the clear, cold water of the Spring Creek, which, rising a short distance south of Georgetown, meandered joyously for a few miles till it joined the Credit River—a silvery stream, as it lingers in memory, whose waters were a paradise for small trout, and whose wooded banks harbored all kinds of feathered game.

But the small salmon might have been there, and the boy might have caught it, for it was not so long before that, as the old settlers used to tell, that salmon were as plentiful in the Credit as they recently were in some of the more remote streams in British Columbia, where they crowded so densely that, if they did not move, one could cross the river on their backs dry-shod. This, however, is not within the ken of any who are now living, but for one who remembers clearly pigeons which flew in never-ending flocks for hours, and has seen the rookeries with their countless millions, as well as the herds of buffalo on the western prairies, it is easy to conceive of the lavishness of nature in the early days, and to believe that in the forties hired men made a proviso that they should not be compelled to eat salmon more than once a week.

Nowadays, the traveller between Hamilton, and Toronto as he looks out of the window of the fast-flying train, at the muddy water of the Sixteen, the Credit, or the Humber, or later in the day as he journeys down the main line

of the Grand Trunk, and sees the almost dry creeks that empty into Lake Ontario, can hardly believe that they were once clear, limpid streams, of respectable proportions, filling the deep channels cut away in the ages, and that every year the salmon, after their long journey from the Atlantic Ocean and through the lakes and rapids of the St. Lawrence chain, were guided by an unerring instinct back into the very waters from which, as fingerlings they had emerged first into Lake Ontario and thence voyaged for hundreds of miles to the salt water.

Recalling later days on the rivers of Quebec and New Brunswick, one can let his fancy play and see under the over-arching beeches and maples a stretch of crystal water, flowing gently a few inches deep over gravelly bottoms. It is the late autumn, and one rouses coveys of partridges at every turn, sees the lightning whizz of the woodcock, as he jumps from the oozy bed where he has been boring; and as likely as not catches sight of a deer or two scampering away from his drinking place on the river-side; salmon are playing on the gravel, their dorsal fins out of the water, the gravid females slowly depositing their eggs, the lusty males fertilizing the ova and cruising about meanwhile to keep off the intruders.

Nature is kinder here than on the Pacific Coast. There the salmon press on and on to the headwaters, but they never return. Many are stranded on the shores in their mad rush, while millions more perish after their supreme effort, gaunt skeletons of their former selves. Once in a while an Atlantic salmon is belated and spends the winter in fresh water, to be a black, lanky kelt, and a nuisance to the angler, who expects a silvery, fresh-run fish. But most of the Eastern salmon, as the days shorten and the streams begin to freeze over, leave their eggs to be hatched by nature's processes, and are off again to the deep water, where with abundance

of sea food they soon fatten up for another season of reproduction.

Among the musty, old blue books in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, one finds much of interest bearing on the steps that were taken in the middle of the past century to preserve the sea salmon in lake waters.

In their report to Parliament, in 1869, Messrs. Whitcher and Venning, Dominion Fishery Inspectors, say:

"In early times Wilmot's Creek at Newcastle and in fact all the streams and rivers of Ontario running into Lake Ontario were famous for salmon. These noble fish were so plentiful in the early days that men killed them with clubs and pitchforks—women seined them with flannel petticoats—and settlers bought and paid for farms and built houses by the sale of salmon. Their yearly decreasing numbers at length succumbed to the destruction practiced upon them each season from the time of entering the creeks, until nearly the last straggler had been speared, netted or killed. Such is, in short, an epitome of the history of every once-populous water connected with Lake Ontario.

For some reason that cannot now be explained; the creeks east of Toronto were frequented by salmon long after they had ceased to enter the Etobicoke, the Credit and other streams further west. Even yet an occasional one is to be found in its old haunts. At Orono, west of Newcastle, Ont., the late Samuel Wilmot, who may be considered the father of the artificial incubation of food fishes in Canada, was a fishery inspector under the Dominion Government, and had for some time experimented in hatching trout spawn artificially. In 1866 Mr. Wilmot secured by Order-in-Council, the setting apart of Wilmot's or Baldwin's Creek, on the banks of which was his homestead, for the natural and artificial breeding of salmon. How he succeeded can best be told in his own words, taken from the official records:

"Formerly salmon frequented this stream in vast numbers" says Mr. Wilmot. "So abundant was this fish within the memory of the older settlers in the neighborhood, that, small as the creek is, as many as a thousand and

upwards have been taken by torch and spear in one night. So plentiful indeed was the supply, that not only large quantities were preserved by the inhabitants for domestic use, but a large and profitable trade was carried on in both our own cities and in Rochester in the United States. Gradually, as might be expected, the numbers diminished until scarcely a fish could be obtained. Salmon became so scarce as to make it a matter of great difficulty to obtain a sufficient number of parent fish, when operations were begun by me in the fall of 1866. In that year I began as an amateur to carry out the plans I had formed, with the view of replenishing the stream, in the hope of being able by artificial methods of breeding, very materially to add to the numbers of fish hatched in the course of nature."

In the fall of 1866, Mr. Wilmot secured some fifteen salmon, male and female. The undertaking being obnoxious to several people in the vicinity, who considered it an infringement on their rights of poaching, some of the more evil-disposed among them forced an entrance into his building, and destroyed eleven out of fifteen fish, all of which were just ripe for manipulation. "Thus," he says, "the four uninjured fish were the first stock for breeding taken from the creek. From these about fifteen thousand ova were placed in small boxes, which I had arranged in the cellar of my dwelling house, through which streams of spring water were made to run. In about seventy days a large proportion of the ova came into life, and after being carefully watched, and nursed into their parr state, most of them were turned out into the creek, a few being reserved for experiment and observation."

"In the fall of 1867, I procured 25 or 30 salmon in a reception house which I had enlarged and improved upon the former, with the aid and sanction of the Fisheries Department. From these salmon I obtained about 50,000 ova, though many of them unfortunately proved immature. A large number hatched out, and were in due time like their predecessors turned into the stream.

"My operations in the fall of 1868,

being assisted by the Department, were on a larger scale, and will in all probability be attended by greater and more satisfactory results.

"As early as the month of September (1868) nearly a month earlier than any former season, I observed that a grilse (or in other words, a two-year-old salmon) had found its way into the reception house. No such occurrence has taken place within my knowledge for the last 15 or 20 years. In a few days others followed in succession until by the middle of the month of October, 80 or 90 had taken up their quarters in the house provided for them. They continued to come until about 150 grilse were safely housed. This novel sight attracted numbers of visitors. Among the whole of these grilse I found on close and particular examination only three female fish. During the time these grilse remained in the building a large number were observed scattered throughout the Creek below the fish house as far as the Lake, a distance of one and a half miles. On one occasion, with the aid of a light, I counted forty within the distance of half a mile.

"From the brief account of my operations from the beginning, it will be observed that results of a most satisfactory and encouraging character followed.

"First, a large increase in the number of salmon visiting the stream was observable during the fall of 1868. At no former time for a period of 20 years, were so many seen nor so early.

"Secondly, the number of grilse seen last fall was larger than had ever been seen before even by those who have lived in the vicinity of the stream from their childhood. Testimony from fishermen in the neighborhood to the same effect was voluntarily given.

"Some special cause must exist for the sudden appearance of these young salmon, which did not exist for the last 15 or 20 years, and no probable or reasonable cause can be assigned but the one that leads to the supposition that they are part of the product of the first brood which were hatched and set at liberty in the spring of 1867."

Mr. Wilmot was so well satisfied with the result of his experiments that in 1868 he secured the setting apart of Grafton Creek, east of Cobourg, and Duffin Creek, midway between Toronto and Newcastle, for the propagation of salmon, but so far as can be ascertained, no use was made of those streams for that purpose.

Mr. Wilmot reports in 1870 that during the fall of 1869 the number of salmon and grilse that entered Wilmot's Creek was far greater than the most sanguine in their expectations had anticipated.

"The number had increased to such an extent, that upwards of three hundred salmon grilse could be seen at one view in the reception house, (a building 15 by 36) upon that stream. It was filled literally to overflowing. Over and above the fish in the building, it was estimated by many that there were a still greater number in the stream below, (that is, between the reception house and the lake, a distance of about two miles)."

The Newcastle hatchery attracted the attention of the New England States, and in 1870 the place was visited by several of them with a view to taking similar steps to restore the salmon to their own waters, depleted from the same cause as those in Ontario, as well as to purchase ova. During 1871 no less than 33,000 ova were sold to the State of Maine and Connecticut at \$40.00 a thousand, the aggregate sales amounting to \$1320.00 in one year. After making these sales 200,000 living ova remained in the Newcastle hatching troughs. Having hatched the eggs in the winter the young fry were in the early summer distributed in a number of streams emptying into Lake Ontario, as well as into other waters above Niagara Falls. Each year the number of salmon frequenting Wilmot Creek increased, as many as 40 entering the reception house in a single night, and over 100 during the season. The salmon manipulated by Mr. Wilmot were marked, and many were known to return year after year, while not a few bearing the Newcastle mark were taken in nets by fishermen on the Atlantic coast.

During the summer of 1871, Mr. Wilmot was authorized by the Marine and Fisheries Department to make a practical trial to ascertain whether salmon were again frequenting the shores of Lake Ontario, during the spring and summer months, as in former years; and also to learn what may have been the result of breeding, and the proportion afforded them, since operations were commenced here. Some 200 salmon were taken; they were in prime condition, brilliant in color, symmetrically formed, and ranging from 6 to 15 pounds in weight; many of these were placed on the Toronto and Hamilton markets, and brought high prices. In the month of May, 50 cents per pound were received; as the season advanced and supplies arrived from Quebec, the market value became less, the minimum being 15 cents.

"Many years have now (1871) passed since Ontario salmon were known in the Toronto Market, and great pleasure and satisfaction were expressed by the press and the people at again seeing this long-lost luxury reproduced in the country."

In 1872 Mr. Wilmot selected a point near Mount Forest on the Saugeen River, which empties into Lake Huron, for planting young salmon, with the object of carrying out, if possible, the experiment of introducing and acclimatizing salmon in the waters of our great inland fresh water seas. Some of these young salmon evidently found their way into Lake Erie, for many years ago a salmon was caught near Dunnville, Ontario, the first and last ever caught there. A no less interesting experiment was made by introducing into the waters of the Salmon river, which empties into the St. Lawrence on the south side opposite Cornwall a number of young fry, but the pike likely gobbled them up.

In 1873, Hon. P. Mitchell, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, reported:

"Adult salmon, which were undoubtedly the produce of Mr. Wilmot's operations in fish-culture, are now found in nearly all the streams between the Bay of Quinte and the mouth of the Niagara River. Many of these streams were last autumn literally crowded with breeding fish."

Within the past dozen years two or three fish supposed to be salmon were caught at Cornwall and Morrisburg. The only one seen by the writer had already been cut up for food, and the head and tail destroyed, but it was undoubtedly a small Atlantic salmon.

During the past summer, several undoubted salmon, (grilse) of seven or eight pounds weight were killed in the creeks above Brockville and exhibited in the market in that city.

A chance meeting with Mr. Wilmot took me to Newcastle in the late autumn of 1874, at which time the spawning had been completed and in the pond below were some 40 or 50 spent fish, many of which would have weighed 30 or 40 pounds when in good condition. Sluggish, muddy-looking things they were, gashed and scarred from fighting, which they did most savagely, and very different from the bright, silvery, fresh-run fish that had come from the sea a few months previously. When these spent fish were released from the pond, it was necessary, Mr. Wilmot said, to drive them into the lake, otherwise they would linger in the creek from sheer exhaustion, and be killed by neighboring farmers, who had little sympathy with artificial fish production, though they could easily see its benefits. The capture of Atlantic salmon for fish breeding was abandoned about the year 1885, at Newcastle, owing principally to the fact that the cutting down of the woods had reduced the volume of water in the creek to such an extent that the fish could not get up over the shallows, and their instinct told them there was no safe place for them any longer. Mr. Wilmot then instituted the stripping of male and female great lake trout, the fish being taken from gill nets employed by market fishermen. This was done immediately before the close season, about the first week in November. About 1888 or 1889 the same operations were carried on at Meaford on the Georgian Bay, and were afterward transferred to Warton, under the supervision of Mr. Charles Wilmot, son of the late Mr. Samuel Wilmot. The eggs were secured there from pound nets, in the close season, and this plan, while more ex-

pensive, had an advantage over the gill nets in securing better eggs, as if the fish were not ready to spawn they could be placed in ponds to ripen, until they were ready for spawning. Since the establishment of the pioneer hatchery at Newcastle, four different officers have been in charge, namely—Samuel Wilmot, sr., his nephew, A. B. Wilmot, Charles Wilmot, jr., and William Armstrong, who held the position, until recently and to whom the writer is indebted for much information. For the past three years the old plan of securing fish from gill nets in Lake Ontario has been resumed, for reasons that seem sufficient to the powers that be. There are now bred at Newcastle, great lake trout, speckled trout, and small-mouthed black bass. There are ponds for the latter which are bred in the natural way, and the fry deposited were required in September and October.

Since this article was written, decidedly new light on the subject has been shed by the catching of several undoubted grilse or small salmon in the Algonquin Park lakes. A few years ago by arrangement between the Government and the Grand Trunk Railway, some 30,000 Salmon fry, from a hatchery on the Atlantic coast, were placed in these waters. During the past season several fine specimens of this magnificent game fish, weighing between one and three pounds, were taken from the waters of Cache lake and White's lake, and these fish indicated conclusively that the newcomers were entirely at home and thriving splendidly.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the value from a sportsman's point of view, of the acclimation of these

strangers in inland waters, solving, as it does, the question whether salmon salar will prosper if it cannot get to the sea. All that is now required is for the park rangers to catch the grilse in the act of spawning in some of the streams in the late autumn, and a new chapter in natural history will have to be written.

The new importations are undoubtedly real salmon, identical with those of the Atlantic Coast, to catch which anglers with long purses pay fabulous prices for the rivers that empty into the St. Lawrence and the Bay of Chaleurs, or go to almost inaccessible streams on the north shore and the Labrador coast.

The salmon is the king of game fish, and it is a genuine pleasure to be able to record that new and easily-reached waters have been discovered where they will thrive.

The Park grilse is unusually shapely and beautiful, strong of fin and tail, and may be known by its silvery sides and belly, and the mottled black markings along the back and the head. It is one of the most acrobatic of game fishes, takes the fly readily, and leaps from the water frequently when hooked. It can be distinguished from other species in the park by its jumping habit and bright color, and anglers who are so fortunate as to take one of the new fish are invited to report the facts. It is planned to stock other waters of the park with large plantings of these fry during the coming seasons. Certainly there are no better waters on the continent for the carrying out of this interesting experiment in fish culture.

### Attacked by Cougars

Gus Chambers of Cranbrook, B. C. had a very thrilling experience when walking in to his work at the Sash and Door factory from his residence about three miles out of town, when he was attacked by two cougars. With him was his little lad, who generally accompanies him part way, and a collie dog. They heard a cry in the bushes ahead of them which sounded much like that of a child, and before they had gone many paces, the little lad exclaimed, "look dad" and pointed out two cougars coming out of the bushes, making straight for them. One of the beasts jumped at Mr. Chambers, who struck it across the head with a piece of a shovel handle which he

was using as a cane. The animal next sprang at the lad, when the collie dog attacked it and attracted its attention. Father and son kept backing away, as the two animals fought, and the cougars retreated to the bushes. The faithful collie received several bad scratches.

Before continuing his journey to town Mr. Chambers returned to his residence with the lad, who was very badly frightened. Indeed Mr. Chambers admits that he was never more frightened himself, with the exception of the time when he was at the bombardment of Alexandria, in which he took part. He is a retired chief petty officer.

# Fur Farming in Quebec

## An Industry Worthy the Attention of Every Enterprising French-Canadian Farmer

A very interesting publication under the caption "Fur Farming in Quebec", which describes the most approved methods of propagating foxes and other fur bearing animals in captivity has recently been compiled by Mr. E. T. D. Chambers (special officer Fish and Game Branch) under the direction of Hon. C. R. Devlin, Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec.

The writer after noting that the diminishing supply of fur bearing animals is concurrent with a constantly increasing demand for the highest priced and finest qualities of furs refers to the raising in captivity of fur bearing animals as being the only practical proposal yet made for the preservation of valuable species and for meeting the continually increasing demand for the higher qualities of furs. Fur farming is no longer an experiment so far as foxes, mink, skunk and muskrat are concerned. Unless these animals are raised in captivity in considerable numbers they will be unable in the not far distant future to hold their own against the constantly increasing number of trappers and fur dealers.

The Province of Quebec, Mr. Chambers remarks, is more favorably situated for fur farming than any other of the Eastern Provinces, for the most valuable fur-bearing animals can only bring their pelts to the highest state of perfection in the coldest climates. The eminent naturalist, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton referring to this subject in a recent letter says: "This is an industry which interests Canada ultimately more than it does any other part of America, because for the perfection of fur, the animals whether wild or captive must be grown in a cold climate. I can see enormous possibilities for this work. I think that within ten years every enterprising French Canadian farmer

will have a small fur annex in his barnyard and on the waste of the barnyard and the house raise valuable furs, enough to double his income. Of course the old fashioned idea of raising furs on an island or on a huge tract of country fenced in, where the animals are allowed to run loose is utterly abandoned. The only way to do it is in cages with individual attention to each and every animal. This shows it to be particularly suited for the Canadian farmer. The amount of ground needed for such an enterprise is very small."

This magazine has mentioned heretofore among those who have been successful as fur farmers the names of Hon. Chas. Dalton of Tignish, P. E. I. and Mr. James Tuplin and others in Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick.

In Quebec Mr. Chambers states some splendid results in the same line of industry have already been achieved, notably by Mr. Beetz of Piastre Baie on the North Shore; and by Messrs. J. C. Calhoun and Geo. Richmond, at Gaspé. The silver fox ranch of Mr. Beetz at the time Mr. Chambers wrote his booklet was said to be valued at over \$200,000.

A very successful mink farm is being conducted by "La Cie Zootechnique de Labelle, Ltee," on an island in Lac Chaud, Macaza Township, about 115 miles north of Montreal, in Labelle county. The secretary of the Company is Mr. J. M. Marcotte, 61 St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, and the Local Manager is Mr. A. D. Desormeaux of Macaza, P. Q.

Several other Quebec parties are contemplating the establishment of Skunk and Muskrat farms in that Province and there is also some farming of Red Foxes in different parts of Quebec.

It is a question for those without much experience, Mr. Chambers thinks, and who may wish to under-

take the farming of foxes, to consider in the first place whether they should not experiment for one year with Red foxes, even if they had the means of commencing with a pair of Black or Silver foxes costing perhaps from \$7,000 to \$10,000 or over, for the habits, the food, the treatment and all other requirements of the animal are the same whether it be red or black. There is said to be a large profit to be made out of the farming of Red foxes. A good skin is worth \$8.00 to \$9.00 so that when it is considered that a fox may be kept for about a cent a day, it will be seen that it is more profitable to rear these animals than to farm sheep or hogs. At present it is claimed that the richest Black and Silver Fox skins in captivity are raised in Prince Edward Island but Mr. Chambers is enthusiastic in the belief that there is no good reason why his own province should not be the scene of the largest and most important fox ranches in the world. Hundreds of thousands of acres are available for the industry there and it is claimed that the farther north the skins are grown the richer is both the texture and the lustre. The quality of the fur that can be raised in Quebec, in Mr. Chambers' opinion, is only a matter of securing parent stock of superior strain.

The Legislature has provided protection for foxes and other fur bearing animals kept in captivity by adopting at the session, which ended on the 21st of December last, the law proposed by the Hon. C. R. Devlin. In accordance with this law it is made a penal offence for anyone, without the consent of the owner or caretaker of a ranch or enclosure where foxes or other fur bearing animals are kept in captivity for breeding purposes, to approach or enter upon the private grounds of the owner or owners of the animals, within a distance of twenty-five yards from the outer fence or enclosure within which the pens or dens of the animals are located and upon which premises notices forbidding trespassing on the premises are kept posted, so as to be plainly discernible at a distance of not less than twenty-

five yards. A penalty can also be imposed upon any one who passes within the fence of the enclosure where animals are kept for breeding purposes or who breaks over or cuts through these enclosures without the consent of the owner or caretaker. Moreover any dog wandering in the neighborhood of any such enclosure and giving tongue or otherwise terrifying the animals within the enclosure may be killed by the caretaker, unless the dog be muzzled or accompanied by its owner or some one in charge of the dog.

Interesting information is given on the choice of a location, enclosures and equipment, habits and breeding, food, breeding for improved stock, etc. in connection with fur culture. At the conclusion of the booklet Mr. Chambers acknowledges his indebtedness, among others, to R. B. and L. V. Croft, authors of the series of articles on the Culture of Black and Silver Foxes, published in ROD AND GUN in Canada, from March 1912 to January 1913, whose articles dealt somewhat exhaustively with the subjects referred to at the commencement of this paragraph, and which are now being re-issued in booklet form.

Mr. Chambers further devotes some space to Mink Farming, stating that the minks of the Province of Quebec are the darkest colored and most valuable known. Minks, Mr. Chambers asserts, are easily raised in captivity, provided they are given plenty of space and furnished with conditions as nearly as possible resembling those to which they are accustomed in their natural surroundings. The chief difficulty to be encountered is perhaps the procuring of parent stock for which rather high prices are charged. If it can be afforded however, it will pay to procure stock which have been successfully raised in captivity because of the difficulty of taming the captured wild stock, unless taken when quite young. The best time to secure young wild mink is said to be in May or June when they commence to run with their mothers. When the trails of the animals can be found by the side of

the streams at this time of the year it is sometimes possible to track them to their nest in a high bank. The young ones may then be dug out or they may be secured as they leave the hole. At Lac Chaud some sixty mink have been accommodated in an enclosed space of a hundred feet square. The fencing consists of wire netting of about half an inch mesh. This mesh should never exceed an inch or the young mink will be able to escape through it. The enclosure at Lac Chaud is being enlarged to a length of 2,000 feet and a width of 1,500 feet. It is estimated that there will then be accommodation for three thousand mink. The outer enclosure of this mink farm is being made of cement and will be eight feet high. The enclosure at that place includes several rough hillsides in which the mink can make nests, similar to those which they construct in their wild state. A small part of the lake where the island slopes down into it is also included in the preserve, in order to provide the animals with fresh water for drinking and swimming exercises. A large number of small roofed houses have been constructed in the face of various cliffs in the enclosure, to which the animals are fond of resorting, and in which they make nests for their young. The mating season for mink is during the first half of March and the young are born six weeks later. They vary in number from four to six and are born without fur, being blind for the first four or five weeks of their lives. They are quite active and as playful as kittens. Up to the age of three or four months they are fed by the mother on frogs, fish, mice, etc., after which they are left to shift for themselves. The young soon learn to do their own hunting. They do not pair, differing in this respect from foxes. Mink always prefer fresh food; they are fond of fish but should have some occasional varieties of diet and will eat greedily, rabbits, partridges, squirrels, muskrats, mice, bird's eggs and poultry, if they can get them.

Skunk farming is also given some attention in Mr. Chambers' interesting booklet. The demand for the fur

of the skunk, which is usually sold under the name of Alaska Sable, has increased very considerably during the last few years and skunk skins, which not very long ago sold for fifty and seventy-five cents, now bring two dollars or five dollars a piece.

Provided the animal is not alarmed or frightened the offensive odor which has heretofore caused so much repugnance among those who might have wished to undertake skunk farming does not cause any trouble whatever as this scent is only used as a means of defence, when the animal has cause for alarm.

The mating season of this animal is in February and early March and the young are born in the end of April or May. There are usually from four to ten young ones in a litter but occasionally the number is larger. Experience is required before skunk farming can be made profitable and many failures have resulted from a lack of knowledge of their habits and requirements and often from overcrowding the animals or from lack of capital to conduct the enterprise on a sufficiently large and remunerative scale. Experimenting with them in a small way for one season is suggested for those who have had no previous experience. When success has been assured the enclosure and the number of inmates may be enlarged. It has been said that to make a success of this industry one should have at least \$2,500 to start with. One acre of ground will accommodate 100 females and 25 males. The outer enclosure may be of wire with a mesh of not more than one inch and a half for the young animals will escape through a two inch mesh. The wire should be turned in over a couple of feet some distance below the surface of the ground and should be seven feet high and turned in at the top, as in the case of fox farming. If preferred the outer fence or at least its lower portion may be made of cement. It is desirable to enclose either a spring or a portion of a small stream or corner of a lake in the skunk ranch, but the ground should be of a sandy and dry nature, possessed of a gradual slope so that it will drain easily. If the enclosures

are too small the animals will be infested with fleas, ticks, etc. The interior of the enclosures should be divided into compartments. Wire netting may be used for these fences, but they need not be so high as the outer enclosure. The largest compartment will be for the females and there should be a smaller one for the males and another for the young animals after they are able to take care of themselves. In each breeding compartment a number of dens should be made by digging trenches and covering them over at the top. This is preferable to the use of boxes, barrels and pens with board floors. The dens should be deep enough to be frost-proof. Skunk require plenty of food and to have it at regular intervals. A mixed diet is desirable and it should be partly animal and partly vegetable. They will eat almost all kinds of flesh and fish, table scraps, wild berries, ripe fruit and green Indian corn. If near a slaughter-house plenty of offal can be obtained and old worn out horses make good food. It has been claimed that 300 skunk will eat two horses in a week. If the farm is located near a large town or city, hotel and restaurant keepers will generally save table scraps, stale bread, etc., on request, if regularly called for. Farmers will often be glad to have their dead poultry and other stock removed. Unless skunks are well fed they will sometimes eat their own young.

Muskrat, which is extensively sold as Hudson seal, besides being used in the making of fur-lined garments to a great extent is another fur which is greatly in demand. Muskrats are more easily raised and increase rapidly. The breeding habits of the muskrat are different from those of other fur-bearing animals as they have three litters in a season. The first is born in April, and there will be from six to nine young. It is claimed that the female of the first litter will also bear young that season and this accounts for the small rats, or kits, caught during the fall season. It would appear from this that they

should increase very rapidly, but they have many enemies other than man and it is estimated that perhaps one-half of the muskrats born in a season never reach maturity. With the exception of man their greatest enemies are birds of prey such as owls, hawks, buzzards, etc.

Lakes, ponds, etc. that abound in wild rice, flags and lilies, etc. make an ideal home for muskrats as they are fond of the wild rice seed and roots, as well as the roots of flags and lilies, on which they feed when the surface is frozen over. Artichokes should also be started as muskrats are fond of them, and pumpkins, which are so easily grown in this country, make excellent food. Those who expect to raise this fur-bearer should take into consideration that little or no fencing is required on lakes, ponds and creeks if proper food grows there. If the food is not there the prospective raiser should see that it is started at once by sowing wild rice seed and transplanting some flags and lily roots to his muskrat waters. In fact the prospective muskrat raiser should have the food supply well under way before the rats are bought or secured, or they will destroy it.

Mr. Chamber's concluding paragraphs are devoted to the beaver and otter. For such an industry considerable territory would be necessary. The beaver in particular, he says, must be given its natural surroundings with wooded land, where its natural food, poplar, birch, willow and alder are plentiful and a pool on some quiet little stream bordered by a large tract of forest would prove an ideal location. Amid such surroundings the beaver, once established, would thrive and multiply and would require neither food nor attention.

Otter live on terms of familiarity with the beaver and would thrive in the same park or enclosure. It would be necessary to ensure them a constant supply of food by keeping certain ponds well stocked with the fish, frogs, etc. upon which they thrive.

# "Our Vanishing Wild Life"

## A Review of Dr. Hornaday's New Book

"OUR Vanishing Wild Life," a book of warning and appeal by William T. Hornaday, is the first comprehensive work of its kind and will be heartily welcomed by all friends of wild life throughout America. The style of the book is fascinating. It contains facts, but facts that are but little known to the great mass of sportsmen of the present day and these facts are presented in crisp paragraphs and illustrated appropriately. There is not a page but is full of interest and the information to be found in the book, all thoroughly indexed for ready reference, is remarkable. It is a practical treatise on the extermination and preservation of wild life, by a man who is no amateur in the field of wild life protection. His ideas concerning methods of reform are drawn from long and successful experience and there is on the continent of America to-day, probably no man who is rendering more effective service in the cause of wild life conservation than is Dr. Hornaday.

In the preface to his book the author tells us that he has learned many things in the writing of it, among others that our finest species of mammals, birds and fishes are being exterminated "according to law." The mass of evidence collected throughout the United States and Canada has shown him that the existing legal system for the preservation of wild life is fatally defective. In every state of the Union the killable game is being shot to death legally or illegally much more rapidly than it is breeding. The day has passed, says the writer, when it is sufficient to discuss bag limits and different open seasons. The calm and deliberate analysis of existing conditions which has preceded the writing of "Our Vanishing Wild Life" has led the writer, as its printed presentation cannot fail to lead the reader, to the inexorable conclusion that a complete reform in the protection of our wild life is required if we are not to have a gameless continent. The only alternatives, says Dr. Hornaday, are long closed seasons or a gameless continent. Time has necessarily brought about a different code of ethics among the better class of sportsmen. The three millions of gunners to-day can no longer expect or demand the same generous hunting privileges that were right for hunters fifty years ago when game was fifty times as plentiful as it is to-day and there was only one killer for every fifty now in the field.

"Our Vanishing Wild Life," is divided into two parts. The first chapters are devoted to the subject of extermination and include the history of the extermination of species which have become altogether extinct; and a strong plea is made for the preservation of other species which if not immediately protected will soon pass into oblivion. The various means that make for destruction of wild life are dealt with in detail.

Part two is devoted to the subject of preservation and furnishes a practical handbook of useful information for the law-makers.

In the chapters devoted to "Game Preserves and Game Laws in Canada" the author comments on the fact that for a nation with an outfit of provinces as new as are the Canadian provinces the Dominion is already well advanced in the matter of game laws and game preserves and in some respects has set the pace for her Southern neighbors. In New Brunswick, for example, the lordly moose is successfully hunted for sport, not only without being exterminated but actually on a basis that permits its increase in number. In Nova Scotia there is a law in force which successfully prohibits the waste of moose meat, a loss that characterizes moose hunting everywhere else throughout the range of that animal. In Southern Canada the use of automatic shotguns in hunting is prohibited. On the other hand the writer condemns the laws of Canada for not preventing the sale of wild game and the killing of antelope. He thinks that in the matter of game selling a sweeping reform is necessary, that the open seasons are too long and the bag limits too generous to gunners. The bag limit on birds he considers a "farce" by reason of the fact that, as elsewhere, it is impossible to enforce the law save on every tenth man.

Dr. Hornaday believes that so far as *public* moral support for game protection is concerned the prairie and mountain provinces of the Dominion have the best of it. In Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, he remarks, the spirit of the people seems to be mainly correct but leaders are needed in some instances to urge public sentiment into strong action. Why, he asks, should Alberta permit the hunting of prong-horned antelope, when it is so well known that that species is vanishing like a mist before the morning sun? All the provinces that still possess antelope, Prof. Hornaday urges, should immediately pass laws giving that species absolute close seasons for ten years.

He comments with admiration on the foresight and enterprise of Canadians in the creation of National Parks and game preserves for the conservation of forest and wild life. A partial list of the game preserves in the various provinces is given.

Suggestions made for the further preservation of Canadian game include the following:

ALBERTA.—A perpetual close season for antelope, the extension of the close season for duck, the prohibition of the killing of cranes and all shore birds for five years, the reduction of the bag limit on sheep from two to one, the reduction of the bag limit on grouse and ptarmigan.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—A limit of one on grizzly bear, the reduction of the bag limit on big game (which is now five deer,

two elk, two moose, three caribou and three goats).

MANITOBA.—Bag limits for ducks, ruffed grouse, pinnated and other grouse, that will be of some benefit to these species.

NOVA SCOTIA.—The stopping of the wide-open sale of moose meat and all kinds of

feathered game that prevails now during the open season.

SASKATCHEWAN.—The reduction of the bag limit of two moose, two elk, two caribou and two antelope per season to each licensed gunner or sportsman. A close season for antelope for ten years.

## Fish and Fishing in Manitoba

J. D. A. EVANS

THE waterways of Manitoba numerically considered are numerous, additional to which asset, streams and creeks are stocked in profusion with various species, some of these of high esteem in the opinion of men of piscatorial tendency. Let us, as introductory to a brief discussion concerning Manitoba's fish, view the subject from a commercial standpoint.

The fisheries of the great area of water in the Northland, Lake Winnipeg, constitute a figure of much financial value within the marts of various centres in the United States, inasmuch as the white fish are concerned; there are likewise others of the finny tribe which play no minor part; of such, the sturgeon must be enumerated. The qualifications of the first named from a gastronomical aspect, are claimed to be without a competitor upon the continent of North America. In order that an open season for the conduct of this industry may prevail, a period, forty-two days in duration, is authorized by the Federal Government of Canada; the commencement of this strenuous period is usually during the early part of June; the Department of Marine and Fisheries have under their jurisdiction several steam tugs, as preventive measures for infringement of legislation pertaining to the same. That the waters of Lake Winnipeg may not suffer depletion consequent upon the enormous annual catch, a hatchery is under operation at West Selkirk, twenty-five miles from Red River's estuary into the Lake; a similar institution is conducted at Beren's River, situate on the eastern shore of the waterway in question.

And as previously intimated, the white fish is not the sole commercial asset of Lake Winnipeg. A sturgeon fishery upon a large scale is carried on at the island of Black Bear; the caviare dispatched from this lonely isle is no small figurative value, whilst the principal destination of this delicacy, is amongst the epicurean community of several cities of large population; of such New York is a large consumer. During the time of the Ice King's dominion over the lake, the tullabee, a species of the herring, is taken by means of nets stretched beneath the ice; large consignments of this fish are forwarded at frequent intervals to markets south of the International Boundary line.

That the fisherman of the rod and reel may read, and perchance profit, thereby allusion will now be made to the finny tribes amongst which the angler may try his skill. There is the perch, but few Manitoba waters contain this fish, which the writer has met with in Swan Lake, Southern Manitoba only; the claim is made that in the lakes and streams within certain Northern districts of the Province, the perch abundantly thrives. Of lustrous appearance, its body flat, its average length ten inches, the Gold eye is of general distribution; it is gregarious in habit, and the angler who will utilize the grasshopper as the medium of his killing powers, will be rewarded with a well filled basket. The Goldeye is likewise inclined to consider with favour an offering of liver, earthworm, or fresh meat. In the major number of lakes and streams, the sucker will be found, yet will afford no sport to the rod, owing to the strange constructive

features of its mouth, (the name is explanatory.) As a result, the gill net is brought into operation, with this exception, that in the spawning period the fish migrates to the creeks and small streams, from whence it can be secured in enormous quantities by means of the spear. In the majority of instances, the chub will be located as an inhabitant of rivers swift in their tendency. The cunning proclivity of this small but fleshy fish, makes most efficient its capture by the process of a wire snare. Personally, the writer has met with but scant success by the use of any bait; the chub is frequently to be found in the Pembina river.

There is a sprinkling of lakes from which the Bass, black variety, may be obtained, likewise numerous streams; of these the Red and Assiniboine rivers may be mentioned. The Rock Bass will also be found in these waters, and will usually reward the angler with its presence if the hooks of his line are baited with fish cleanings; neither does the Bass despise the offering of a worm. The Catfish, understood to be known as the Northern Salmon in the markets of New York and Chicago, a most erroneous appellation, abounds in lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba; the larger rivers are likewise supplied with this fish, minus of scale, tenacious of life, this latter feature corroborated by the fact that several hours will pass following its removal from the water, ere its career is terminated. The epicurean individual regards the catfish as a veritable delicacy, and piscatorially, the fish is undoubtedly a scavenger busy in that vocation. A stout line of four hooks with heavy sinker, par boiled liver, as bait (the common worm is likewise to its taste) will reward the angler's expenditure of time and money. In the deep waterways, the net is brought into use for the capture of this fish which very frequently attains a length excessive of two feet.

But the "gilt edged" finny habitue of Manitoban waters is the White fish which reaches a degree of perfection in Lake Winnipeg. The an-

gler can likewise provide himself with excellent sport amongst this species in various smaller stretches of water and is strongly recommended the use of a bait, the component parts of which are soft bread and cheese. This will be ascertained by him as a very killing combination.

The Dogfish, in accordance with Indian theory, is a dainty morsel fitting to appease the appetite of a King. Possibly this idea of a fish highly loathsome in appearance may be correct. Rather may its flesh be described as particularly adaptable as an attractive lure for pike of large proportion. The Red, Assiniboine and various other rivers contain the Dogfish, which cannot be enumerated as an adjunct to the family dining table.

The capture of an Eel is announced to have taken place in the Pembina river during the summer of 1912. The specimen obtained is stated to have exceeded two feet, six inches in length. This mud crawling visitor can be presumed to have found its way into Pembina's stream from the Mississippi; possibly, some Manitoban reader of ROD AND GUN in Canada may be able to relate other occurrences of the fish in question; the writer has never previously heard of its appearance. In rivers and streams northward of the Province, the fly fisher will find splendid opportunity to utilize his skill, in an art which features little if any in the piscatorial arena of Manitoba. Canada's fishing law prohibits the use of the scoop net, a remark applicable to the gill and seine likewise; such are, however, permissible under tenure of certain license. And Manitoba is not exempt from this legislation, which until interference of Dominion authority took place, was apparently regarded with contempt, and indeed is yet in various districts of the Province. As an example of such infraction, the Locks of St. Andrew's upon Red River's banks were the veritable haunt of the scoop net fraternity, the operations of whom are now understood to have met its Waterloo.

The angler who may visit Mani-

toba will ascertain that in the City of Winnipeg he can obtain every detail of his equipment at moderate cost. He will likewise find good accommodation in the majority of localities,

but many of the piscatorial community enjoy a few days' sojourn beneath the tent, amidst the sylvan scenery, which surrounds the lakes and streams of this Province.

## Dominion Parks Improvements

Lieutenant Colonel S. Maynard Rogers, until recently in command of the Eighth Infantry brigade, at Ottawa, who has come to Edmonton as superintendent of the Jasper National Park in the Yellowhead Pass, of the Rocky Mountains, will direct the expenditure of \$75,000 for improvements in the public playground. He is widely known among the old-timers of the prairie provinces, being a veteran of the Riel rebellion and of the South African war, a noted big game hunter and a thorough sportsman.

It is announced that the work of building and repairing of trails to scenic points in Jasper park began this spring and it was expected that the laying out of the townsite at Fitzhugh would be undertaken about the same time. The town, which is the first passenger divisional point west of Edmonton, will be beautified, with a view to making it an important mountain resort with summer homes on the banks of the Athabasca and Miette rivers and along the old Jasper trail, which begins in the business centre of Edmonton and runs through the Canadian Rockies to Tete Jaune Cache.

Official announcement is also made in Edmonton that the Canadian government will expend \$300,000 for improvements in the Rocky Mountain Park at Banff and in Glacier and Yoho parks, in the southern part of Alberta, in addition to \$25,000 for the construction of an automobile road from Kananaskis to Banff, \$25,000 for development work at the Buffalo park near Wainwright, and \$15,000 for improvements at the Waterton Lakes park. The work at Banff includes new trails, also a modern bathhouse for which an appropriation was made some time ago.

The work to be undertaken at the Buffalo park, where more than a thousand buffalo, including the Pablo herd from Montana, and elk, deer and antelope, are quartered, consists of new trails and park improvements. The people of the town of Wainwright have started a movement urging the government to move the buffalo elsewhere and throw the park open to settlement as farm land, but the fact that government work is to continue would indicate that the area will be reserved as a public playground.

The protection afforded to the buffalo and other large animals has resulted in making the park a habitat for wild birds and fowl, also small game and made the surrounding country a veritable mecca for sportsmen. This is also true of the other parks in the province of Alberta.

Elk Island Park at Lamont will be improved by roads and drives to the lake and points of interest to the tourist and similar work will be undertaken at the Waterton Lakes park

The principal trails will be connected with the trunk roads the provincial government has completed or under construction. Telephones connected with the government system will be established at convenient points. The budget submitted to the provincial legislature by Hon. Arthur L. Sifton, premier of Alberta, provides for the expenditure this year of \$3,000,000 on public highways and \$2,000,000 on the telephone system.

"Public and private plans now in hand indicate that Jasper park will be converted into one of the most picturesque playgrounds on the North American continent," said J. Frank Walker, a landscape architect, who has travelled extensively in the United States, Canada and abroad. "It is within six hours' ride of Edmonton and has the advantage of adequate train service. It affords a variety of mountain, river and valley scenery not excelled even by the famed Swiss Alps, and as such it is bound to commend itself to the climber, sportsman, canoeist and tourist, besides providing a pleasant spot for the establishment of summer homes for the people of central and northern Alberta.

"I am informed that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway company, whose main line follows the Athabasca river to Fitzhugh, has plans to expend fully \$750,000 on a tourist hotel and a number of chalets in the park. The hotel, to be located at the Miette Hot Springs station, will be modern in every detail. The company will also expend a large amount of money in beautifying the grounds and in building trails and carriage drives to various parts of the park. The roadway from the springs to the Athabasca river will be one of the most picturesque scenic driveways on this continent."

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MONTREAL



## Anniversary Dinners

March 27th and 28th, and April 3rd and 10th were gala days among Alpine Club members in the various sections of the Club.

On March 27th, the Vancouver Island section held its annual dinner at Victoria. The affair, which proved a most delightful one for both members and guests, was held in the private dining-room of the Empress Hotel. Mr. W. W. Foster presided as chairman and toastmaster and among the prominent members of the Club present were the Director, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. S. H. Mitchell, and Mrs. Henshaw of Vancouver. Among the guests were Hon. Dr. Young, Minister of Education, and Mr. J. G. C. Wood, M. P. P. for Alberni. The menu card at this banquet was a work of art and distinctive originality, for which credit is given to Mr. Foster and his artistic collaborator, Mrs. C. P. Napier of Victoria, by whom each card was painted in water colors.

On March 27th also the Winnipeg section held their birthday dinner in the viceregal dining-room of the Royal Alexandra. This was the Winnipeg section's eighth dinner, the first having been eaten on the day of its birth in Winnipeg, seven years before. In the absence of Judge Galt, Vice-President Dr. Bell presided as toastmaster. An announcement was made at the dinner by Mr. R. F. McWilliams, convener of the local committee, that arrangements had been completed for the painting of Mrs. Parker by Miss Adelina Baxter, one of the members of the Alpine Club, as a tribute from the Winnipeg section to the founder of the Club. This painting will be presented to the Club House at Banff. Another announcement made by Mr. McWilliams, was that Mr. Selby Walker had presented to the Club a fully equipped First Aid Case, the same to be named for Dr. Bell who had been both his physician and his

friend. Dr. Bell insisted that this valuable gift bear the donor's name and a member suggested that as compromise the gift be given the name, Walker-Bell. The Warden of St. John's—"Dean Robinson" of Vermilion Camp—made a rarely fine speech and Miss Norrington excelled in a humorous speech in which she referred to Noah's wife as the first woman climber and made amusing sallies all down a long line of noted women in fact and fiction.

On Friday, March 28th, members of the New York section and their friends to the number of twenty-eight, had their annual meeting and dinner at the Aldine Club. Judge Harrington Putnam, President of the American Alpine Club, and Belmont Browne gave brief addresses. Mr. B. S. Comstock was re-elected Chairman of the Section and Miss Mary L. Jobe, Secretary, while the following are the councillors for the current year: Mr. Lewis Delafield, Prof. F. W. Freeborn, Prof. C. H. Parker, Mrs. A. H. MacCarthy, Mr. Howard W. Vernon and Mr. Benjamin Seaver. Interesting lantern slides were shown by Miss Jobe of her trip last summer to Maligne Lake. Prof. Freeborn showed slides of the Club camps for the last six years—Prof. Freeborn is one of two members of the Alpine Club of Canada who have attended every summer camp, the other member being Mr. S. H. Mitchell. Mr. Comstock also contributed to the after dinner entertainment with slides of mountain scenery in Switzerland and India.

On March 28th, the Vancouver section held their annual dinner at the Elysium Hotel. There were twenty-five present, of which ten were guests. Mr. Wheeler was present and gave an account of the Club's work and Mrs. Henshaw proposed the toast to Our Guests

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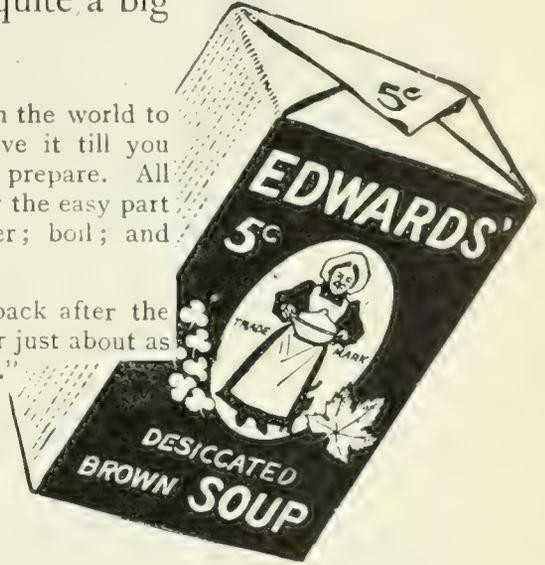
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which was responded to by Mr. Bernard Tweedale. Excellent lantern slides of Strathcona Park were shown by Mr. Wheeler. Mr. Darling also showed some fine slides of Mt. Garibaldi and Mrs. Henshaw slides of some of her beautiful mountain wild flowers.

On April 3rd, over one hundred members of the Calgary branch assembled at the Ritz cafe for their seventh anniversary banquet. Mr. W. W. Foster of Victoria, a correspondent writes, was "as fluent as ever" and the Director "in his most genial mood," while among the members present nearly all had been

climbers at the Club's annual camps and many were the reminiscences exchanged across the table during the excellent repast. Mr. Stanley L. Jones acted as toastmaster.

Capt. Selby Walker, all will be glad to know, was able to attend the banquet of the Calgary section. The members are planning for a monster house-party to open the Club House in June.

On Thursday, April 10th, Mr. Wheeler was the guest of honor at the dinner given by the Toronto section, which was well attended and proved a very enjoyable function.

## The Director's Annual Address

In his address in response to the toast of The Club at the various anniversary dinners Mr. Wheeler congratulated the members upon the splendid standing of the Club on its seventh anniversary. Never, he said, had it been in a more healthy condition or doing better work than now. He thanked the members, one and all, for their loyal support and interest in an organization that has made good from the start on the 27th and 28th of March of the year 1906.

### Membership.

The membership of the Club is as follows: Honorary Members 10, Associate Members 12, Life Active Members 35, Annual Active Members 385, Graduating Members 223, Subscribing Members 41. Making a total of 706 Members.

"If you will consider the vast area of the Dominion over which this membership is spread," said the Director, "and the many outside countries to which it extends, you will see what a powerful machine it is to work good for one of Canada's greatest natural assets, and the careful handling that is required to keep the machine working smoothly."

Membership in the lower grades, of necessity, fluctuates considerably, but all the time there is a steady addition to the active division, which now numbers 420, and is the strength and backbone of the Club, the part that will stick and grow yearly more and more proud of its welfare.

### Club House at Banff.

The Banff Club House, the Summer headquarters of the Club was open from 15th June until 30th September. It has not yet succeeded in paying expenses independently of the Club treasury, but last summer was the most profitable season it has had, both in number of guests and in the length of their visits, 140 registering as paying visitors. Throughout the season, delightful house parties were in evidence, and the nightly gatherings around the huge log fire in the splendid assembly room, accompanied by excellent music, were a most charming feature, conveying to those present, memories of the great fire circle at the annual camps.

An analysis shows that most of the guests were from long distances, and it is interesting in that it points out that the Club House will

not be dependent upon near-by cities for its support, as was thought would be the case.

The Banff Club House is the strongest visible evidence of the Alpine Club of Canada and must be maintained whether it pays or not.

Arrangements have been made for the building of a new dining room to replace the tent house addition heretofore in use. This handsome room is the gift of Mr. Stanley L. Jones of Calgary, in memory of his wife, Alice B. Jones, both original members of the Club.

A concrete retaining wall will also be built along the driveway to the house, two more tent houses added to the "married quarters" and some general renovating done.

With the legacy left by the late Edward Whymper it is proposed to erect a drinking fountain in the main hall, with a continuous flow of pure sulfurized water from the spring in the Club grounds, than which there is no better vitalizing beverage.

In referring to the 1913 camp at Vermilion Pass the Director said:

"The accident to our comrade, Capt. Selby Walker, was the one discord in our happiness, but the fact that he was attended to in camp by our own doctors and nursed by our own nurses, and was with us throughout was a great comfort. I am happy to report that his condition has much improved and that there are now strong hopes for his full recovery. I am sure all will join in the deepest sympathy with Capt. Walker for his long and weary illness and in a keen appreciation of his devotion to the care of the party placed in his charge, which was primarily the cause of his accident; and also in his unflinching sweetness of temper and thoughtfulness for others that showed so clearly while he was prostrated in camp. It is the display of qualities such as these that indicates the splendid moral training and camaraderie of those who dwell with primeval Nature amidst the hills.

### Programme for 1913.

It is proposed to open the Banff Club House on 15th June and to keep it open until the middle of September. The services of Miss Savatard, who looked after the house so ably last summer, have again been secured as Chateleine.



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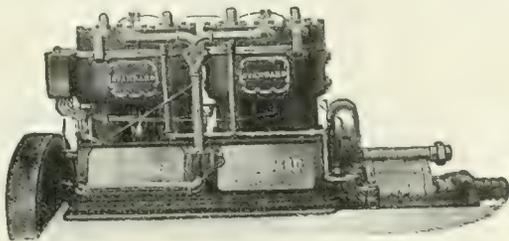
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"We are, this year," announces Mr. Wheeler "inaugurating a new departure—one that speaks for our development and expansion, viz.:—The holding of two large camps at widely distant points."

#### O'Hara Camp.

Owing to the many requests, it has been arranged to hold one camp again in the Lake O'Hara Valley, from the 15th, to the 26th, July.

The main camp here will not be placed on the same spot as in 1909, for the reasons that the site is no longer suitable because the C. P. R. people have built a shelter directly upon the place where the dining canopy stood, and also because the feed for ponies is too limited. Instead, it will be placed from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 miles from Hector directly below Cathedral Mountain on one side and the Victoria Ridge on the other, opposite a huge obelisk of rock known as the Watchtower. Cathedral Mt. will be the main graduating climb. This arrangement will be found very satisfactory as the climbing will begin almost from camp.

In addition, however, a subsidiary camp will be placed at, or near, the McArthur Pass to give access to Mts. Biddle and Oderay, and Park Mt., McArthur Lake and other features in the vicinity.

It is also likely that sleeping tents will be placed on the Club's lot at Lake O'Hara to give access to the Abbot and Opabin Passes and the many peaks surrounding them.

It seems probable that the famous two-day expedition of 1908 and 1909, which entails the crossing of five high passes and the traverse of five large glaciers, will again be arranged.

Hector Station on the C. P. R. will be the base of supplies, but as the main camp will be but a few miles in, it will be unnecessary to make sleeping arrangements there.

The O'Hara Camp will be the graduating camp and is mainly for the purpose of graduation to active membership. Transport will be in charge of Jimmy Simpson—"Sunny Jim" of the Rockies—who has given such splendid service at a number of A. C. C. camps.

#### Mount Robson Camps.

The O'Hara Camp closes on July 26th. Two days afterwards the second camp will open at Robson Pass and will be in force from 28th July until 9th August.

The site is magnificent and the surroundings tremendously spectacular. It is a difficult and strenuous undertaking, but a promise was made to the officials of the Grand Trunk Railway System that in return for financial assistance to the 1911 Expedition to that region a camp would be placed there at the earliest possible moment and it is proposed this year to keep that promise.

During the recent session of the British Columbia Legislature, an act was passed constituting an area of something over 1000 square miles surrounding Mt. Robson a grand scenic park under the title of Mt. Robson Park.

By a coincidence, the Alpine Club surveys of 1911 embrace nearly the whole area of the Park and thus to the Alpine Club belongs the

credit of having made the first topographical map that exists of this new park. These surveys and the resultant topographical map are dealt with in the recently issued Journal.

It would be impossible for the Alpine Club to hold a camp there were it not that the British Columbia Government has decided to build a pony trail from the G. T. P. Railway up the valley of the Grand Fork of the Fraser River to give access to Robson Pass, about fifteen miles distant. The holding of the camp there this summer has been an important factor, doubtless, in the decision to build this trail and it is up to the Alpine Club to send the good tidings of this World's playground forth through the channels of its wide-spread connection. The building of the trail has been offered by the Department of Public Works for B. C., to a member of the Alpine Club—Donald Phillips—one of the two who have as yet stood on the cloud-encircled snows of the very summit of Mt. Robson.

Owing to the strenuous nature of the travel and the present difficulties of access, the attendance at this camp will be limited to fifty. The transport will be in the hands of the Otto boys and also in those of Donald Phillips.

Mr. W. W. Foster, the Deputy Minister of Public Works for British Columbia, has intimated to the Director that he will be present at the Robson Camp as an official representative of his Government, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the attractions of this new Scenic Area and of ascertaining the best methods of its future development. It is also understood that Mr. W. P. Hinton, Mr. R. H. Charlton and Mr. R. C. W. Lett, well known officials of the Grand Trunk Railway System will also be present. The two last named are Associate Members of the Club.

The Director expressed his pleasure at being able to announce that, the Club's old friend and well-wisher, Mr. A. L. Mumm, whose name amongst geographers and mountaineers is one to conjure with, and who has already made three expeditions to this region, has in hand the organization of a party from the English Alpine Club to co-operate with the Canadian Club at this and the O'Hara Camp—a party similar to that of 1909. It is further expected that Capt. J. P. Farrar, a mountaineer of great repute and one of the two Editors of the English Alpine Journal will be present.

It is surmised that Capt. Farrar has designs upon Mt. Robson from the south, while Mumm's ambition is to make an ascent from the East. "It is within the possibilities," said Mr. Wheeler, "that we may this summer behold a race for the summit of Mt. Robson that will only have been eclipsed by the celebrated race for the summit of the Matterhorn by Edward Whymper and Giordano."

The Club has extended to the Alpine Club, England, an invitation to twenty-five of its members to be its guests at the O'Hara and Robson Camps. This number of twenty five will be in addition to the fifty previously stated as the limit for the Robson Camp.

# P. A. for pipe grouches



*"Every pipe's a jimmy pipe if it's packed with P. A."*

Everybody's mighty strong for Prince Albert, because it's tobacco with a smile. Sort of turns on the sunshine—and every time you fire-up a jimmy pipe or roll a cigarette say to yourself, "Old Man, here goes for another joy smoke."

Thousands of men who never smoked a pipe or rolled a cigarette have been "led to it" by P. A., because it's so good, so sweet and fragrant and so fresh.

## PRINCE ALBERT

*the inter-national joy smoke*

is tobacco *without a bite* and it won't parch your throat.

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in the tidy  
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According to Hoyle, that's *going some!* And there's just one way to prove it. You be game enough to buy P. A. in the tidy full 2-oz., red tin. Then you'll know for yourself why Prince Albert is King of 'em all.

There's a lot of ragtime con talk about "just as good as P. A.," "just like P. A." *Get this!* No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert, because the patented process is owned exclusively by the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. P. A. wasn't born twins and has no brothers or sisters. Remember that!

Most Canadian dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy full 2-oz. red tin. If your dealer does not handle it, tell him to order from his jobber. Leading Canadian jobbers are now supplied,

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N.C., U.S.A.



# OUR LETTER BOX

## The Sheldrake Duck a Fish Eater

Editor ROD AND GUN:

In writing you in regard to the game bird called the sheldrake or sawbill duck I have reason to believe that our Government should use every means possible to try and exterminate this variety of duck, along with others such as the grebe, the loon and the coot, but especially would I urge upon them the destruction of the sheldrake duck. I have hunted for many years and have always left this duck alone and I know that most other hunters have done the same for the reason that this species has a very fishy taste. Last year we were camped on the shores of Weller Bay and as other ducks were scarce we fell to shooting the sheldrakes and, while you may scarcely credit it, every bird we examined contained not only a few, but I verily believe, hundreds of small herrings. There was a vast cloud of these ducks harboring in this bay, which is noted for its good fishing, both inside the bay and outside in the lake. This fact would account for the ducks staying there. If these ducks live on fish—and I believe they do almost exclusively, before they come south to our larger lakes—would they not be feeding on our game fish in the north and if allowed to multiply will they not have a tendency, more than any other thing, to lessen our fishing for both game and lake fish?

I do not write this for publication but if there is anything in it that can be used to advantage I shall be pleased to have you make room for it in a corner of your magazine, so that we may get this matter before the Government, who may be moved to investigate and if they find the bird as mischievous as I have represented, may be persuaded to offer a small bounty (enough to pay for ammunition) to try and get rid of them.

Nemo.

Colborne, Ont.

*Ans.* In conversation with a duck hunter of many years' experience who enjoys an annual outing at Long Point, we learn that never (in the opinion of his hunting companion, a resident of the vicinity for many years), were the sawbill ducks as numerous as they were during the season of 1912 at Long Point. While the gentlemen referred to did not examine the sawbills which he secured with the idea of finding out what kind of fish they had a preference for, he did notice and remark upon the fact of their being "some fishermen." Great flocks of them were seen to drive the little fishes shorewards where they fell an easy prey not only to the sawbill fishers but to the gannets who swooped down upon them in great numbers.

The small fishes alarmed by the disturbance created by the ducks seemed frightened into inactivity and fell an easy prey to both gannets and ducks.

## An Opportunity to Make Millions

Editor ROD AND GUN:

I am a light-house keeper at Michipicoten Island, Lake Superior. The Island is about 18 miles long by 6 miles wide and contains over 30 lakes and streams which are abundantly furnished with brook trout and beautiful scenery. The scenery is most picturesque; there are many strange caves on the Island, which abound with rabbits, weasels and muskrats. Some forty years ago there were plenty of fur bearing animals such as beaver, lynx, otter, mink, fishers, bears caribou, marten and red, black cross and silver foxes. About this time the Indians did so much killing of these animals that they became exterminated, leaving only the rabbits, muskrats weasels and foxes. Ten years ago there were plenty of foxes but as there was no law to prevent any one from poisoning foxes men set poison all over the Island and the foxes were also exterminated.

Now, Mr. Editor, can you give me an idea how to get rich men to stock this Island once more. Stocking it would mean millions in ten years. Perhaps the Government would take up the matter as the Island is practically all of it owned by the Government.

Moose and red deer would do well there. The nearest point from the Island to the north shore is about 12 miles. My station on the Island is about half way or in the middle of the Island on the south side, while there is another light house keeper at the extreme east end of the Island, commanding a view of the north shore. We would do anything to keep the game from being destroyed by greedy people.

I have been living on the Island for thirty-two years and if I had the means to-day to restock it I would go right ahead and do so with all kinds of fur-bearing animals. I shall be pleased to furnish information to any person who will interest themselves in the matter.

Chas. Davieaux

Light House Keeper,  
Michipicoten Island,  
Batchewana P. O., Ont.

## Browning and Bluing?

Editor ROD AND GUN:

May I ask through the columns of your magazine the recipe and process of browning and bluing rifle and gun barrels.

I and many of your subscribers have valuable guns and rifles that deserve a coating for their past services, that, their youthful ap-

# “PINNACE”

## NAVY CUT TOBACCO



*As Told by Old Ben—*

“AN’ Nelson? Many’s the time ’e says to me, ‘Give us a pipe o’ PINNACE, Bill, —will yer?’ An’ I says back, ‘Oratio, ’ow can yer be expectin’ for me ter give yer wot I needs to smoke in my own pipe, more especial as yer can get PINNACE now-a-days at any good tobacconist’s, w’en the Quartermaster gives yer shore leave.’ An’ Nelson ’e says, ‘I’ll order the fleet ’ome for shore leave this very day.’ An’ ’e made me show ’im w’ere I’d been a-buyin’ my baccy, an’ bought some PINNACE for ’isse f, ’e did, an’ bloomin’ good smokin’ ’e found it too, as they all says.”

3 Strengths—Mild, Medium and Full. 3 Sizes—2, 4 and 8 oz.

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GET A TIN AND ENJOY IT TO-DAY.**

Made by the B.D.V. People, London, England. F. W. Dimock, Toronto, Direct Representative

pearance may be maintained as well as their old time reputation. If any reader of ROD AND GUN is in possession of such information and is willing to divulge the secret through your columns it will be much appreciated by

Old Time Subscriber

#### A Cross Between Fox and Wolf

Editor ROD AND GUN:

Thinking it might interest some of the readers of ROD AND GUN I am enclosing a print of the skin of what I consider to be a cross between the wolf and the fox. In my long experience of trading I have never seen a similar skin. Neither have any of the oldest Indians to whom I have shown this skin. From nose to tip of tail it measures 4 ft., 8 in., while the breadth of its back is 1 ft., 2 in. It is beautifully marked and while the feet, legs, ears and mane are unmistakably fox other parts such as the head, tail and especially the belly, which is entirely grey, are wolf. I may mention that 7 years ago I traded a coon skin the only one ever seen in these parts. It was killed in a deadfall at the headquarters of the Attawapiscat River, which enters into Hudson's Bay. The Indians had no name for it and it was with difficulty I persuaded them to let me have it. The flesh had already been burnt and the skin was to follow suit as they thought they had caught the "devil."

Charles H. M. Gordon.

Fort Hope, Ont.



#### The Non-Resident Hunter's License.

Editor ROD AND GUN:

I hope you may find space in your magazine for this letter. In regard to the hunting license for non-resident hunters of Canada, I wish to say that I think this is very high. For instance, a person living in the United States may want to go to Ontario to spend a week's vacation and to do a little shooting during, perhaps, three or four days of his vacation. He cannot do it in this Province unless he pays \$50 for his license and in the time he devotes to shooting he may not shoot more than half a dozen pieces of game, that is to say small game such as rabbit, squirrel, pheasant or duck. I think there should be a separate license for small game and large game such as moose, deer, etc.

The average clerk or book-keeper who gets from \$50 to \$75 per month cannot afford to pay \$50 for a license for a few days' shooting. The average hunter does not shoot much game when he is out. I have lived in districts where shooting was very good and large numbers of young men came to shoot every season and as a rule about seven out of every ten went away with very little game. They did not care a great deal whether they killed game or not as long as they could tramp through the woods and enjoy the fresh air but they carried their license just the same as the man who got plenty of game because it did not cost them more than a few dollars. I think the government would fare just as well by not charging so much for licenses, for nearly every man or boy who had a gun would take out a license.

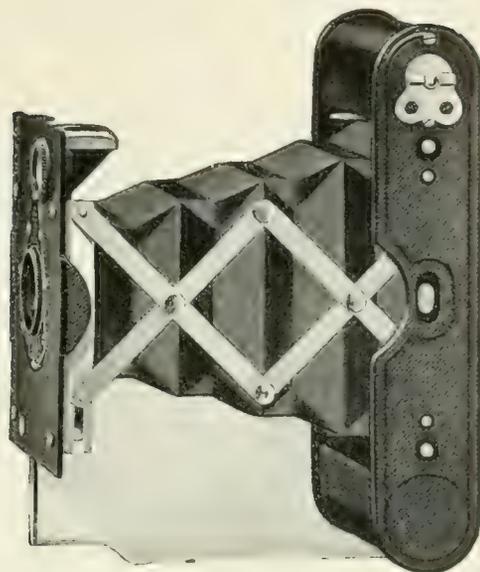
I have visited quite a number of summer resorts in Canada during the last few years, where fishing was very good and I have noticed many American boys spending their vacations there and nearly every one of them carried a fishing permit. Quite a number of the boys did not do any fishing but when asked why they got a fishing permit they replied: "Oh, it only cost \$2.00 so if I want to fish I will have it and if I don't want to fish I am not much out. The case would be similar were the hunting license not so high. I hope we shall have some other person's opinion on this subject.

I would suggest that it might be a good thing if it were arranged so that hotel proprietors or some other person connected with the hotels and lodging houses were permitted to issue a hunting license, particularly in districts where there is shooting.

Thanking you in advance for space in your magazine of which I am a devoted reader.  
Buffalo, N. Y. F. E. T.

Ed. Note.—The fee for a general license which includes all kinds of game in season is \$50.00 and the fee for a non-resident license to hunt ducks and other small game is only \$25.00. While it would be all right for the non-resident if "every man and boy who had a gun would take out a license," what of the disappearing game? While we like to have our neighbors come over and enjoy themselves for a week or two hunting our game the Provincial authorities would probably be disposed to raise the fee still higher were they to come in sufficient numbers to bring about an

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TORONTO

# OUR MEDICINE BAG

One of our sportsmen friends, a duck hunter of experience, called in to have a chat some days ago on ducks and other things. Apropos of the "other things" he related an incident which his punter and guide at Long Point had experienced some time previously. One day while sitting quietly inside the house he was disturbed by a peculiar, chirping sound as of some creature in distress. Upon going outside he described a small bird with wings distended, crouched down in an attitude of terror and apparently quite unable to move. A short distance away he saw the cause of the disturbance—a large snake. Hurrying into the house he returned with his .22 and as the snake, which by this time was within a yard of the frightened bird, raised to spring, he pulled the trigger of his gun and shot his snakeship through the head. A final writhing and the reptile relaxed into a motionless heap.

Almost instantaneously with the collapse of its enemy the plucky little bird revived. The tone of his chirp changed from one of terrified appeal to relieved cheerfulness. In a moment his wings regained their power and he betook himself off.

"Not a case of mesmerism," said our friend "but just a sudden recovery from overwhelming fear."

Another curious incident of this trip was recalled by our conversation. One evening our friend and his companion were standing on the wharf looking down at the water when the latter pointed out what he designated as a "big pollywog."

"Ever see anything like that before?" he asked.

"I certainly never did," was the reply, "Why, that is an alligator."

"Ye-es, assented the first speaker—an alligator or a lizard, to be accurate."

By the light of the lantern and an electric flashlight they were able to observe distinctly the operations of this creature as he emulated the lazy frog who sat with open mouth in anticipation of an unsuspecting and inquisitive fly. Apparently the lizard was exerting no effort to secure his evening repast but he was nevertheless getting the goods.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed our friend at last and then—

"How cheerfully he seems to grin, how gently spreads his paws,

And welcomes little fishes in with gently smiling jaws,"

he warbled softly.

One after another the little fishes were, in some unaccountable manner, being decoyed into the lizard's open mouth. The only satisfactory explanation that occurred to the two onlookers was that the suction of the water

was driving the hapless fishes lizardward. Mr. Lizard was allowed to gorge himself to repletion and afterwards his capture was effected. Upon opening him up it was discovered that he had stowed away in his "internal workins" no less than twenty-one fish. The two fishermen counted them out as they stood on the wharf.

A. N. Washington, J. B. Potter and Ole Siskness, three trappers, were arrested by Provincial Constable Charles Symonds of Fort William, Ont., for unlawful trapping along the P. and D. railway and were fined by Magistrate O'Brien the sum of \$560.00. There is considerable trapping done in this district and these three men in particular seem to have done well. They had in their possession a number of beaver pelts and other skins.

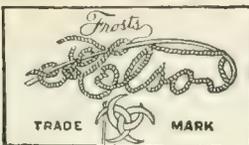
United States officials deposited fifteen million whitefish in Lake Ontario, near Cape Vincent. The fry were deposited near Grenadier Island, the Charity shoals and other shoals adapted to the purpose. Yellow pike will be placed, to the number of several thousands, in the St. Lawrence river, near Alexandra Bay.

A State wide league of sportsmen was formed in Worcester, Mass., on April 13th last for the purpose of uniting all persons who love outdoor recreation, especially with rod and gun and also those who are interested in promoting the same, in an effort to procure more fish and game for Massachusetts. The organization purposes to fight vigorously for constructive and uniform legislation and to oppose with equal vigor all proposed legislation calculated to restrict and hamper unreasonably the pleasures of outdoor recreation with rod and gun. Wm. J. H. Nourse, Worcester, Mass., is President of the organization and John B. Smith, Springfield, Mass., Secretary-Treasurer.

A Lethbridge, Alta., correspondent writes that a salmon weighing 49 lbs. and measuring four feet from nose to tail, and three feet, two inches around the girth, was lately captured at Kilmurry, near Fermay.

A little nine year old girl captured a 10 lb. pickerel near her home at Jeannette's Creek in Kent County, Ont. The fish had apparently gone up a small creek to spawn and when the stream overflowed its banks it was carried into a field, where the child, on her way home from school, discovered it struggling in a pool of water.

# FISHING

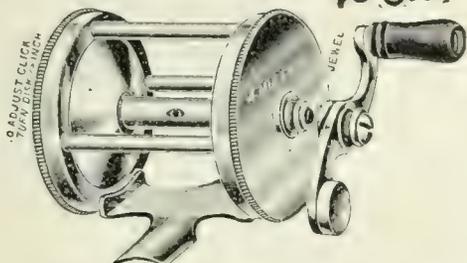


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60 yards, \$4.50	\$5.00
80 " " 5.00	5.50

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(2) 9 to 12 ft. cane built 2 piece "Perfection" Trout or Bass Rod, suction joint agate butt end rings, cork handle with pat. Screw grip, £3.2.6 or \$15.22. 3-8 "Unique" Reel 18|6 or \$4.50. 30 yds. D. T. Tournament line 8|6 or \$2.7. In all \$21.79.

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A western game warden discovered two fishermen killing a large number of fish for market by leading current from an inter-urban railroad down a wire into the water.

Ten two gallon cans containing a consignment of about a million whitefish minnows for Lake Erie were sent by the Dominion Government from the hatchery at Sandwich in April and liberated in the lake to return "after many days" doubtless in the nets of the fishermen. In the same month a million whitefish fry were sent from the Sandwich hatchery and placed in Lake Ontario. Later on a million lake trout were put in the same place.

A novelty seen on the St. Clair River shortly after the violent storms that took place in the latter part of March was a flock of wild swans. It is many years since any of these beautiful birds have been seen on the river, and it is presumed that their visit was due to the storms.

In consummation of the long campaign which had been carried on by the Southern Alberta Wool Growers Association, the Lethbridge Board of Trade and other organizations it was announced some time ago that Lethbridge sheepmen would be allowed to graze their sheep on the Rocky Mountain forest reserves during the summer of 1913.

A story instancing the difficulty of enforcing law and order in the wild lands of the north has to do with the punishment of offenders against the close season regulations for the shooting of moose.

On March 11, Constable Edwards, stationed at White River, Ont., received information that moose were being killed in the north, following which Inspector McCurdy and Police Magistrate Depew went to a place called Hobon, which is at the "end of steel" of the Algoma and Central Railway, a distance of 51 miles north of Obar, the junction with the C. P. R.

Magistrate Depew took his court with him, and after fining two restaurant owners, Nicholas Volosky and Alexander Zeban, \$50 and \$10 respectively, for keeping moose meat in their possession out of season, the police officials tried to make their way home and they found themselves facing the beginning of a snowstorm which lasted ten days. Snow piled up eight feet deep, and completely blocked the Algoma Railway. The only way out was to tramp 51 miles on snowshoes, and on the second day the magistrate collapsed and had to be left in a tent while Inspector McCurdy tramped the remaining 25 miles and sent a dog train out after his comrade.

The Royal Society for the protection of Birds held a meeting in March last at which Lord Curzon, ex-Viceroy of India, presided, and in an address severely scored women for wearing the feathers of birds in their hats and the men who are engaged in the traffic entailing the slaughter of countless numbers of birds.

"What do the admirers of fair women care about women's headgear?" queried the former Viceroy. "What do the men care whether the women adorn their heads with feathers or bristles, as long as they look fetching? It is an appalling traffic, for which London is the distributing centre. At a recent feather sale here 75,000 kingfisher plumes changed hands.

"Men who sell the plumes of aigrettes, ospreys and other rare birds and the women who wear them in their hats should be sent to prison." Lord Curzon declared,

The Stratford Angler's Club met in April and organized and drew up their by-laws for the coming season. Mr. Ed. Chowen was appointed president and Mr. Johnston Harris was elected secretary-treasurer.

The Club have bought a twenty-one year lease of the pond and creek, north of Harrington village, the pond covering about 10 acres. There have been several thousand fish put into the pond in the last two years and prospects for some record catches this summer are bright.

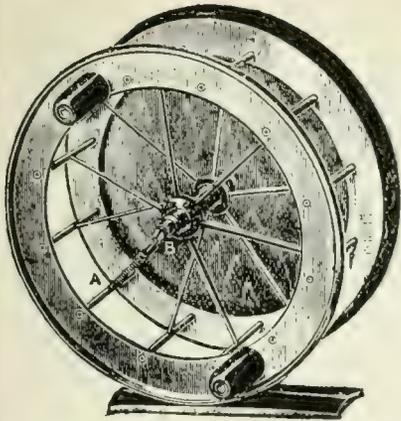
Ten signs are being painted and will be set up on the property as a warning to trespassers. Poachers will be punished to the full extent of the law. The fishing will be limited to 15 days for each member, of which there are twelve, and each guest taken out to the grounds will be counted off as one day against the member. The membership has been limited to twelve members.

The twelve members of the club are: Messrs. B. F. Kastner, Chas Lloyd, Fred J. Scarff, E. J. Chowen, Dr. Nethercott, Clove Myers, J. Harris, G. E. Trow, G. Nornabell, George Ditchfield, Rev. W. T. Gluff and Fred Holman.

The Government of Newfoundland has asked and obtained permission from Mr. E. T. D. Chambers of Quebec City, to reprint for the use of their own people his treatise on the raising of fur-bearing animals in captivity, a review of which appears in this issue.

An order-in-council has been passed rescinding the fishery regulations for British Columbia, passed March 21, 1909, and substituting in lieu thereof:—

"No one shall fish for, catch or kill trout of any kind, including steel head of two pounds in weight undressed or under, from the fifteenth of November in each year, to the twenty-fifth of March following, both days inclusive, except in the waters east of the 120th meridian, where no one shall fish for, catch or kill trout of any kind from the fifteenth of November in each year to the fourth of April following, both days inclusive, provided that closed seasons shall not apply to the Seton and Anderson Lakes, and waters tributary thereto, nor to Dolly Varden trout nor steel head caught in tidal waters by rod and line, or in Okanagan, Kamloops, Chuswap, Arrow and Kootenay lakes, nor to land-locked salmon weighing five pounds undressed, or over. Provided further, that during the



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is with one of our beautiful aluminium back, optional check areil fishing reels. They are perfect in every way and add a hundred per cent. to the pleasure of landing trout or salmon. They are fitted with special brake—for which there is a patent applied for—and they are truly the finest reels on earth and made in sizes for all fishing purposes. So rapidly and smoothly do they run that most people think the motion must be perpetual. These reels are the wonder of the age.

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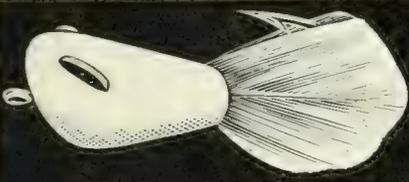
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present year trout fishing west of the eighteenth meridian may begin on the fifteenth of March."

One evening in April last as Mr. John A. McFee of Belleville was walking along Bridge Street, east he was attacked by a large muskrat which made frantic efforts to bite him. This fur bearing little animal was out of its latitude and was probably driven to desperation by hunger. Mr. McFee killed it and has the hide as a trophy of his experience. Mr. A. J. B. Jeffrey of Logan Avenue, Toronto, caught a muskrat about the same time at the corner of Danforth and Moscow avenues, more than a mile from the Don River, which is the nearest water course. The captive was full grown and its pelt was a very fine one. A month previous to this a fox was captured in the Don valley.

The new log cabin camp hotel in Algonquin Park, (see frontispiece in this issue) is located on the easterly shore of Smoke Lake, one of the largest and most picturesque of the park lakes, and is known as "Nominigan Camp." The word is Ojibway for balsam, and is most appropriate, for the region is rich in this aromatic growth. Here, on a point facing the south, and furnishing glorious sunset pictures across the lake to the west, has been built a log-cabin hotel enterprise, similar to those of Maine of world wide fame. There is a large central lodge or meeting-place and in close proximity to it there are a series of individual log cabins, all built of cedar logs with the bark on, chinked with cement and moss and thoroughly in keeping with the natural beauty of their location. The central lodge and the cabins are simply and comfortably furnished and have modern conveniences, with bath rooms and hot and cold water. The large lodge is used for general rendezvous and dining room, and the log cabins furnish privacy for families or parties. This arrangement has proved a real success in many of the best similar resorts of the East.

This camp on Smoke Lake is the first of a series of camps which will be established in the park by the Grand Trunk Railway System under arrangement with the Provincial Government. The high standards set in the new and magnificent Chateau Laurier at Ottawa, owned and operated by the Grand Trunk Railway System, will be maintained, although in very different fashion, in these rustic caravansaries. The rates are exceedingly reasonable, \$14.00 to \$18.00 per week. Write to the Manager "Nominigan Camp" Algonquin Park Station for reservation. Handsome illustrated descriptive literature may be obtained free from Grand Trunk Agents.

The attention of all friends of fish and game is directed to the 1913 Convention of the Canadian Forestry Association which will be held in the City of Winnipeg within the days July 7th to 10th. While subjects discussed will relate primarily to prairie conditions, the preservation and development of the small reserves there, the planting up of sand lands

and farmers' plantations; nevertheless the great subject of forest protection will be fully dealt with. The establishment of game preserves and the protection of game will be important features of the program. A number of leaders in forestry matters have already promised to attend and take part. This is the first time the Convention has ever been held in Winnipeg, and a large attendance is expected not only of farmers and wood users from the prairie provinces, but also of lumber manufacturers from eastern Canada and from British Columbia, and of all interested in game preservation. The Convention is held in the opening days of the Winnipeg Exhibition, and it is believed that being in the first days of the Fair there will be no lack of hotel accommodation. Winnipeg Fair rates will prevail on all the railways from Port Arthur to Calgary and Edmonton, and delegates attending from districts east or west of these points can secure special rates on the certificate plan, of which information will be given by Mr. James Lawler, Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association, Canadian Building, Ottawa.

While groups of five o'clock tea parties were refreshing themselves in a Montreal cafe, and the orchestra was playing softly, a tall, muscular man, who had been sitting quietly taking tea alone, leaped from his seat and with wild gestures began leaping about the room to the imminent danger of the tables.

"He's crazy!" said the startled customers to each other, as they gazed at the man. Women became hysterical, and men started for the telephone to call the police.

The orchestra, which had been playing "The Banks of Bonnie Doon," stopped suddenly. No sooner had they ceased playing than the man concluded his weird dance and sank into his chair breathless but contented and those nearest to him heard him whisper to himself: "Aye, but that was gr-r-and, mon!"

The one-time famous "Jock" MacDonald of Inverness, was again in the limelight. Twenty years ago "Jock" was turnkey in the Inverness jail, and one of the most talked of men in the North of Scotland.

Left alone in charge of a party of Norwegian smugglers he single-handed overcame them when they attempted to escape.

It was not all smooth sailing for "Jock" His coy Highland lassie was fickle and Jock was jilted. So he came to Canada and plunged into the woods, building himself a "bachelor's palace" on the outskirts of the little village of Tacheville, on the Kaministiquia river. For two decades "Jock" was the "eccentric" of the Fort William country. Working at odd jobs—now in a logging camp now fishing, now acting as guide to hunting parties in the "north country", Jock made his living in seclusion and quiet.

The Taunton, Mass. Indoor Rifle Club has fifty-eight rifles among its members and 70% of these rifles are Stevens.

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*Lancet.*

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Ask your dealer to show you any of the above rods. If he doesn't happen to have the one you want in stock, we will supply you. Send for

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# THE TRAP



Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.

## TOURNAMENT DATES

May 24th. The Thousand Islands Gun Club of Gananoque, C. A. Lewis, Sec.—Treas.

May 26th. Blue Rock Shoot for Championship of Essex County at Sandwich, Ont. Jack Pentland, Sec.—Treas., Keystone Gun Club, Windsor, Ont.

June 20th. "Sea Cliffe" Gun Club, Leamington, Ont.

July 1st. Brandon Gun Club, Dr. McDiarmid, Sec.—Treas.

July 23rd-24th. Saskatchewan Indian Gun Club at Ft. Qu'Appelle, Sask.

August 11th to 14th. Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Tournament at Hamilton, D. A. Wilson, 33 Grant Ave., Hamilton, Secretary.

## Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association Tournament.

June 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th. Second Annual Tournament of the Maritime Provinces Trapshooting Association, at St. John, N. B. Wilbur W. Gerow, Sec. St. John, N. B.

The officers of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association, whose Annual Tournament will be held this year from August 11th to August 14th, are planning for the best tournament ever held.

There will be \$1200.00 to \$1500.00 added money, besides valuable trophies and prizes.

Every shooter will shoot at 16 yards in all events except "The Grand Canadian Handicap." Every second event for both days running will have two special money prizes for 1 and 2 high guns, besides division of moneys will be on the Luther Squier Money Back System and will extend down as far as possible. This will insure every shooter getting back his entrance less the price of targets and a share in division of added money.

The following changes will be made in this year's program.

Usually the regular events were at 20 birds. That will be changed to ten events each day of 15 targets.

The eight man Team Championship will be at 25 birds per man instead of 20 birds. The two man team race will be at 25 birds per man instead of 20 birds.

## Berlin Gun Club.

A peculiar feature of the Gun Club shoot at Berlin on March 22nd was the closeness of the scores. Eight nimrod shots at 50 birds and only eight rocks separated the high and the low man. W. Player tallied 35 out of 50 and M. Scully was low with 27.

In the 25 series, E. Dumart landed 10 and W. Witze 8. The scores are:

W. Player	35	50	W. Dumart	30	50
E. E. Bowman	31	50	C. Schilling	29	50
L. Krupp	33	50	M. Scully	27	50
A. Ludwig	32	50	E. Dumart	10	
H. Krupp	31	50	W. Witzel	8	

Seven members of the Berlin Gun Club visited the traps on April 5th, and enjoyed a friendly shoot. The scores were—

M. Scully	17	E. Bowman	11
H. Krupp	14	L. Krupp	11
A. Ludwig	14	T. Boehmer	10

## B. Alles 3

At the regular shoot on April 17th, out of 50 shots the following were the results

A. Hergott	39	W. Player	35
E. Bowman	38	E. F. Seagram	35
W. H. Dumart	36	Geo. Bruce	33

On April 26th the scores were—

Shot		Shot			
At. Broke.		At. Broke			
E. E. Bowman	50	38	A. Hergott	50	31
Geo. Bruce	50	42	A. Ludwig	50	21
W. Dumart	50	35	J. Diekert	25	16
M. Scully	50	34	W. Player	25	17
			T. Boehmer	25	11

## Waterloo Gun Club

The following were the scores made at the Waterloo Gun Club's shoot on March 29th:

Hit Shot at		Hit Shot at			
H. Krupp	19	25	E. E. Bowman	15	25
W. Player	18	25	L. Dechert	15	25
A. Ludwig	17	25	C. Schilling	11	25
M. Scully	17	25	T. Boehmer	13	25

## Doubles.

E. E. Bowman	17	24	W. Player	11	24
M. Scully	14	24	E. Schilling	10	26
A. Ludwig	14	24	A. Dechert	9	24
H. Krupp	12	24	T. Boehmer	7	26

## Waterloo County Gun Club

The Waterloo County Gun Club was organized on April 17th by representatives of the Berlin, Galt, Preston and Hespeler clubs, Waterloo joining with Berlin.

A double schedule was adopted, which makes two shoots in the league necessary every week, and the interstate rules will govern the competition. Shoots to be governed by 8-man scores and 12-man league. The fee per club was fixed at \$8. Elected were President—Elijah Bowman, Berlin; Sec.—Treas.—I. A. Bernhardt; Managing Committee—The above and the captains of each team.

## Galt Gun Club Shoots

The second rifle shoot for the club medal was held on April 5th, at the Galt Rifle and Gun Club's range with a goodly number of nimrods taking part. The possible score was 200 and H. D. Sherwood was high for the day with 169 to his credit. The scores:

E. Clark	153	J. Clark	140
W. Clark	149	H. Teat, Jr.	135
H. Teat, Sr.	166	A. Dunn	148
G. Webster	156	J. Clemens	166
H. Sherwood	169	P. Johnston	128
W. Marshall	158	A. D. Fulton	(out of 100) 71

On the same afternoon a shot gun shoot was held for a fine knife presented to the club for this purpose. Harold Newlands was the winner of the trophy but not until a shoot-off was held. The scores made H. Newlands and W. Fairless tie for the prize, each having a score of 22, but on the shoot-off Mr. Newlands scored. The scores:

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke			
W. Clark	27	18	W. Marshall	25	16
J. Clark	31	19	W. Pickering	35	15
H. Sherwood	27	18	T. Hounam	31	21
A. Dunn	30	15	H. Newlands	34	23
F. Despond	25	17	A. Watson	25	15
H. Teat	30	17	W. Fairless	34	22
E. Clark	27	16	J. Gibson	30	16

On April 12th, some excellent scores were made. W. Clark was high man with 44 out of 50, while Billy Marshall was next with 39. The scores:

W. Marshall	39	W. Pickering	32
F. Despond	28	A. Watson	31
J. Clark	29	H. Sherwood	32
W. Cowan	27	H. Teat	37
W. Clark	11	W. Fairless	35
E. Clark	26	L. Krupp	30
H. Krupp	35	A. Ludridge	33

On April 26th, some creditable scores were made. The scores:

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke			
W. Marshall	100	81	F. Despond	100	70
W. Fairless	50	30	T. Hounam	50	40
W. Hancock	75	45	W. Clark	50	39
E. Clark	100	74	J. Clark	50	33
H. Newlands	50	30	H. Sherwood	25	21

## H. Teat 25 19

At the weekly shoot at the Galt ranges on April 19th, some good scores were registered. Out of 75 chances, E. Clark scored 63 times, while Messrs. A. Smith and H. Sherwood each scored 39 out of a possible 50. The scores were:

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke			
F. Despond	50	36	W. Pickering	75	37
W. Fairless	50	30	W. Marshall	50	37
J. Clark	50	27	W. Clark	50	29
E. Clark	75	63	H. Teat	25	11
T. Hounam	50	35	W. Cowan	50	25

# WINCHESTER

## .22 Caliber



### *Three Models to Select From*

There are three different Winchester .22 Caliber Repeating Rifles, either one of which gives first class satisfaction for target shooting or hunting small game. They are the Model 1903 .22 Automatic; the Model 1890 and the Model 1906. The first, as its name implies, is reloaded by recoil. After its 10-shot magazine is filled and the rifle once loaded, the only effort required to shoot it is to aim and pull the trigger. On account of the ease and novelty of its operation, there is no end of fun shooting this rifle. It's the peer of all .22s. The Models 1890 and 1906 resemble one another very closely, but differ in length and weight. Both are handsome, well-made, fine-shooting, smooth-working guns. The latter is a handy little piece which has no equal in gun value. It has a 20-inch, round barrel, fitted with sporting front and adjustable rear sights. It shoots .22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle Cartridges, which permits the use of light ammunition for target work and heavier cartridges for game shooting. All three of these rifles are Take-Downs, and come apart easily and quickly. They can be packed in a small compass, which makes them just the thing for a fishing, boating, automobiling, or other outing trip.

**WINCHESTER CARTRIDGES.** Whichever one of these rifles you select, use Winchester make of cartridges in it. They develop the possibilities of Winchester and other makes of rifles and revolvers to the fullest degree. Get the kind with the big **W** on the box.

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**W**

H. Sherwood.....50	39	A. Smith.....50	39
A. Watson.....50	24	W. Hancock.....50	24

**Maple Leaf Gun Club of Preston**

At the competition on April 12th, held by the Maple Leaf Gun Club, Preston, the following scores were made, and the highest became the owner of the knife competed for. Out of a possible 25 clay birds, the following points were made: Charles Sacks 17, E. T. Strohkirch 16, E. Brockel 15, R. Tremain 13, H. Langridge 12, A. Near 9, A. W. Spalding 7.

**St. Thomas Won From Dutton**

The eight man team of the St. Thomas Gun Club defeated the Dutton Club on April 2nd, by 78 points for a prize of an article of cut glass to each of the winning team. The scores were at this shoot:

<b>ST. THOMAS</b>			
Geo. Mann.....50	44	C. Axford.....50	44
W. McCance.....50	44	Bob Coffey.....50	43
Geo. McCall.....50	42	J. Coffey.....50	40
N. Burton.....50	40	Wm. Vale.....50	37

**DUTTON**

W. Hollinghead .50	41	C. Doyle.....50	27
A. Parker.....50	28	W. Eustis.....50	24
W. Stevenson.....50	37	R. Coats.....50	34
A. Law.....50	28	S. Lineham.....50	37

The Dutton Club has purchased a new Leggett Blue Rock Trap which has been installed in their new grounds, greatly improving the facilities of the club.

**St. Thomas vs. Ridgetown Shoot**

Friday, April 18th, at the St. Thomas Gun Club grounds a team shoot was held between St. Thomas and Ridgetown shooters, the St. Thomas Club winning. The excellent hat donated by R. Day, the London crack shot, for the high gun was hotly competed for and at the termination of the shoot four men were tied for high gun with forty-eight out of fifty rocks broken. In the shoot-off Geo. S. McCall of St. Thomas, won breaking a possible twenty-five out of twenty-five rocks.

The scores:  
St. Thomas—Chas. Axford 45; A. Johnson 43; Geo. Mannix 48; W. McCance 43; R. Emslie 37; J. Coffey 45; G. McCall 48; J. McPherson 42; Wm. Vale 43; R. Coffey 47; Total—441.

Ridgetown—H. Taylor 48; H. Scane 45; W. Ward 44; P. Spear 35; G. Scane 34; C. Call 43; F. Galbraith 42; J. Donahue 35; G. Lang 44; A. McRitchie 42; Total—412.

On April 24th a second shoot between the two teams took place at Ridgetown, St. Thomas again winning which made Ridgetown defeated by 40 shots.

**London Gun Clubs**

The members of the three London gun clubs had an interesting competition for three trophies, one being donated by each club, and the match being at 150 birds, 50 being shot at at each club grounds.

The scores after two shoots were as follows:

	Shot at				Hit.	
Parker.....	24	24	22	24	100	94
Glover.....	25	18	25	25	100	93
Day.....	23	25	23	22	100	93
Simcox.....	22	25	24	22	100	93
Jordan.....	21	25	24	22	100	92
Johnston.....	23	25	19	25	100	92
Webb.....	20	19	25	25	100	89
Meyers.....	22	25	16	22	100	85
Tapley.....	24	18	..	..	50	42
Heber.....	18	22	..	..	50	40
Davis.....	22	23	..	..	50	45
Nevills.....	20	24	..	..	50	44
J. Waide.....	25	19	..	..	50	44

**Winchester Gun Club**

The Winchester Gun Club held their big Merchandise shoot, which was the last of the winter series, on March 22nd. Over 30 fine prizes were donated by friends of the club and the competition among the shooters was very keen. The Club has had the most successful season in its career and all the "boys" have been most enthusiastic in their efforts to boost the sport of trap-shooting. Those who shot and their scores were as follows:—

Name	Shot at	Hit	Shot at	Hit	
J. Blank.....	50	27	R. Blank.....	50	37
D. Konkle.....	50	36	H. Hunsberry.....	50	38
Ed. Campbell.....	40	25	J. Rittenhouse.....	40	32
E. J. Fisher.....	40	32	A. Wismer.....	40	26
O. Fisher.....	40	17	H. High.....	40	23

M. Honsberger.....40	24	H. Troup.....40	24
E. Honsberger.....40	22	M. Jones.....40	28
W. Merritt.....30	23	H. Newhouse.....30	22
W. Burch.....30	21	T. W. Poole.....30	20
W. Moyer.....30	20	J. Spence.....30	17
H. Wismer.....30	17	J. Chene.....30	14
C. Donbrough.....30	13	C. Oliver.....30	13
F. Ball.....30	12	D. Heckadon.....30	11
R. Houston.....30	10	H. Boulton.....30	10
W. Nicholson.....30	9	W. Troup.....30	10
Al. Awde.....30	8	A. Taylor.....30	8
S. Hodgess.....20	13	J. Jones.....20	10
G. Overholt.....20	10	C. Mason.....20	10
R. Honsberger.....20	11	O. Crowe.....20	9
F. Johnson.....10	4	W. Cation.....10	3

**Chatham Gun Club**

The first shoot of the newly organized Chatham Gun Club was held at the club house at the Fair Grounds on April 18th, when 20 or 25 of the members were present and enjoyed the afternoon's sport.

It is expected that arrangements will be made for a club tournament some time during the summer, when members of other clubs in the district, will be present

The scores in the events were as follows:

First Event—25 Birds.			
C. L. Billing.....	18	Dr. Hassard.....	7
B. Oldershaw.....	13	F. Smith.....	6
J. A. Aitken.....	20	J. W. Paterson.....	11
J. G. Kerr.....	18	W. B. Wells.....	18
W. S. Richards.....	15	Jas. Oldershaw.....	20
T. Baxter.....	14	J. J. Moore.....	20
		Geo. Willard.....	15

Second Event—15 Birds.			
C. L. Billing.....	12	J. W. Aitken.....	10
H. Ryan.....	6	B. Oldershaw.....	11
S. W. G. Jones.....	6	W. B. Wells.....	9
F. Smith.....	6	J. G. Kerr.....	11
J. W. Paterson.....	5	W. S. Richards.....	7
C. L. Billing.....	10	Geo. Willard.....	8
		J. A. Aitken.....	10

Third Event—10 Birds.			
Geo. Willard.....	7	C. L. Billing.....	8
S. W. G. Jones.....	4	B. Oldershaw.....	4
H. Ryan.....	4	F. Dennis.....	4
Geo. Willard.....	7	W. B. Wells.....	6
W. S. Richards.....	6	J. G. Kerr.....	9
F. Smith.....	1	Jas. Oldershaw.....	4

**Hamilton Gun Club**

The final event of the series for the Klein and Binkley championship trophy was shot off at the Hamilton Gun club. President F. W. Watson won out with a total score of 130 out of 150. It was anybody's race up to the last event when the president put on a total of 22, which cinched a well deserved victory. H. Kretchman, who was always close up right through the series, took down the second prize with 126, while H. Marsh, with 124 took the third. E. Harris repeated his last performance in winning the silver spoon given for high handicap score made in this event during the afternoon.

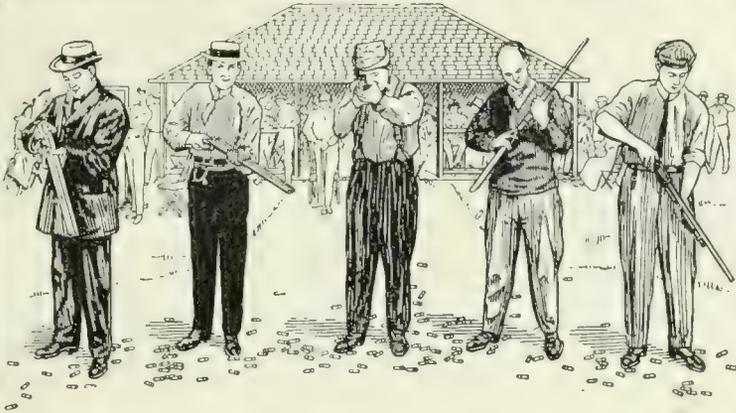
A series was started for the gold medal given by the Royal Distillery and J. A. Armes and H. L. Morris, new members of the club, got off to good starts with 24 each. This tied them for the silver spoon given in this event and on the shoot off the latter won out.

There was an event of doubles, the first one in a long while. The president kept up his winning streak with 11 out of 20, while H. Marsh and Nelson Long tied for second place with 10 each.

H. Kretchman was high for the afternoon with 62 out of 82 and F. Oliver was close with 40 out of 50.

The scores made during the afternoon were:

	K. & B.	R. D.	Shot	At.	Broke.
F. W. Watson.....	130	18	119	84	
H. L. Morris.....	..	24	92	64	
J. R. Snoddy.....	..	14	45	22	
E. Harris.....	113	18	93	63	
A. Bates.....	117	16	70	55	
H. Marsh.....	124	20	105	80	
D. Reid.....	..	17	46	31	
J. Hunter.....	115	18	70	50	
M. Snider.....	121	21	60	46	
J. Bowron.....	..	16	36	25	
H. Kretchman.....	126	..	62	51	
H. Smith.....	..	..	70	55	
A. Parmenter.....	113	16	78	42	
E. H. Sturt.....	120	21	81	57	
W. Dillon.....	..	14	82	58	
F. Oliver.....	..	22	50	40	
J. Crooks.....	..	23	46	33	
N. Long.....	119	15	98	67	
W. Wark.....	..	19	37	24	
C. A. Ross.....	..	14	45	2	
J. Armes.....	..	24	62		



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At the Hamilton Gun Club on April 19th, the second event in the series for the Royal Distillery was shot off and resulted in J. A. Armes keeping the lead with 48. H. L. Morris in second place with 46, and J. Crooks, D. Konkle and W. Wark tied in third place with 40.

Interest is increasing in events of doubles, and it looks as if they will become a regular fixture. In the event carded, F. W. Watson got 15 out of 30 and W. Wark 10 out of 20.

J. A. Armes with 23 won the spoon given for high handicap score, and H. L. Morris with 22 took the other spoon for second place. D. Konkle put up a box of cigars for third place, and he tied with W. Wark for them. On the shoot off the latter won out by one bird.

W. Wark was high for the afternoon with 40 out of 55, while J. Gomph got 58 out of 84, F. W. Watson 48 out of 70 and D. Konkle 55 out of 80.

The scores for the afternoon were:

Shot at.		Broke		Shot at.		Broke	
J. Gomph	84	58	J. Hunter	70	42		
N. Long	56	31	H. L. Morris	107	67		
F. W. Watson	70	48	H. Kretchman	102	62		
W. Wark	55	40	A. D. Bates	45	27		
E. Harris	60	36	I. Smith	72	40		
J. Bowron	46	30	E. H. Sturt	45	28		
A. Parmenter	39	19	C. Syer	50	27		
F. Oliver	50	29	D. Konkle	80	55		
J. A. Armes	62	41	J. Crooks	46	29		

At the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, April 26th, there was a great turnout for the shoot with the Canadian Indians.

The first event was the All Comers against the Indians at fifty birds, and the All Comers won with a score of 836 against 774. The Indians put up three sterling shields in this event, one each for the high guns on each side, and the other for the longest run of both teams. Chief Make-Em-Yell took down one with 43 out of 50, while John Hunter with 47 annexed the other for high guns. Edgar Sturt got the other with a run of 27, while B. Smith and Dr. Wilson gave him a close finish with 26 each.

The second event was a ten men team race for the silk pennant which headed the procession of Indians coming down to the grounds. The Indians have managed to keep this all season, and it would have been a nice addition to the collection of the local club; but fate ruled otherwise. The Indians put up a total of 217 while the other side got 209. The Hamilton Gun Club put up four spoons in this event, one for each side for high guns, and the others for long run each side. Chief Riverdale tied with Home Comfort with 24 for one spoon high gun, and the former took the silver in the end, while Dr. Behm for the opposition with 25 straight cined the other. Home Comfort took the long run for the Chiefs, and E. Sturt and A. Bates tied with 14 each for the long run for the palefaces, but the latter won out on the shoot off.

Chief Talking Water presented the prizes and the remarks that followed showed the good feeling that exists between the organizations. This chief was in a dual position, being president of the Hamilton Gun Club, and being compelled to shoot against his own club, and under the circumstances Vice President Sturt handled the All Comers events.

Dr. Behm and Bert Smith put on the only straight scores in the 25 bird events, and both had good totals for the day. E. Sturt was in great form, having 91 out of 100, besides getting all the long run prizes. Chief Riverdale was as consistent as ever, getting 85 out of 95.

Both traps were worked during the afternoon, and number 2 trap broke up a good many otherwise promising scores, as the birds took a deceptive sweep out of the traps.

The scores made during the afternoon were:

All Comers—		Total for day.	
John Hunter	20	47	100 89
L. H. Stuart	21	45	100 91
A. Bates	23	44	95 83
M. I. Jones	18	41	105 84
N. Long	22	43	100 89
W. Wark	18	41	95 75
J. W. Barnes	18	44	95 79
Dr. Wilson	20	43	95 76
Dr. Behm	25	42	95 80
Bert Smith	21	45	95 84

Jas. Crooks	34	75	50
E. Harris	41	105	89
H. L. Morris	41	95	76
C. Brigger	34	60	43
H. Kretchman	40	100	74
J. Cline	35	80	58
R. F. Ollman	33	70	48

W. Dillon	32	80	54
M. Reardon	37	70	52
M. Rasberry	37	70	53
D. Konkle	37	60	46

	836		
H. Marshall	24	60	52
P. Lang	20	20	11
J. Bowron	20	45	35
A. Parmenter	19	45	33
J. Armes	15	70	42
Dr. Green	19	70	48
C. Syer	20	25	16
F. Oliver	20	45	33
J. R. Snody	20	50	24

Indian Chiefs—			
Young Eagle	23	39	95 76
Woolsley	21	39	95 73
Talking Water	22	12	95 79
Home Comfort	24	36	95 74
Wagon Maker	22	39	95 81
King Pin	18	39	95 73
Short Wing	22	42	95 81
Iron Face	20	39	105 83
You Em See	21	40	95 77
Riverdale	24	42	95 85

Patricia	33	70	46
Woodchuck	35	70	40
Sign Maker	28	70	50
Olympic	28	70	42
Buckette	37	70	49
Make 'Em Yell	43	70	55
Poundmaker	34	70	49
Tiny	36	60	10
Lay 'Em Out	32	70	44
Dom Cart	37	75	60
Put 'Em Straight	33	60	12

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The third event of the series for the Royal Distillery May gold medal was shot off on Saturday afternoon, and it resulted in H. L. Morris assuming the lead with a total of 65. H. Marsh and W. Wark are now tied in second place with 63 each. J. A. Armes who was in the lead for the first two events had an off day and dropped into third place.

E. Harris won the spoon for high handicap score, with 25, while A. Bates, W. Dillon and Nelson Long tied in second place for the other spoon and the latter won the toss.

In an event of doubles, H. L. Morris put on an exceptionally good score, getting 28 out of 32, and Nelson Long went one better with 18 out of 20.

E. H. Sturt had the best total for the afternoon with 43 out of 45, and A. Bates was right close with 33 out of 35.

The scores were:		S. A. Br.	
Nelson Long	54	106	92
H. L. Morris	65	129	99
J. Gomph	55	63	49
E. Harris	38	74	60
W. Dillon	39	72	63
J. Bowron	36	48	37
J. R. Snoddy	18	130	75
E. H. Sturt	38	45	43
G. Stroud	80	67	
J. A. Armes	62	72	32
W. Wark	63	37	33
A. Bates	33	35	33
W. P. Thompson	50	29	
H. Barnard	63	91	68
H. Marsh	35	20	
W. Brock	35	20	

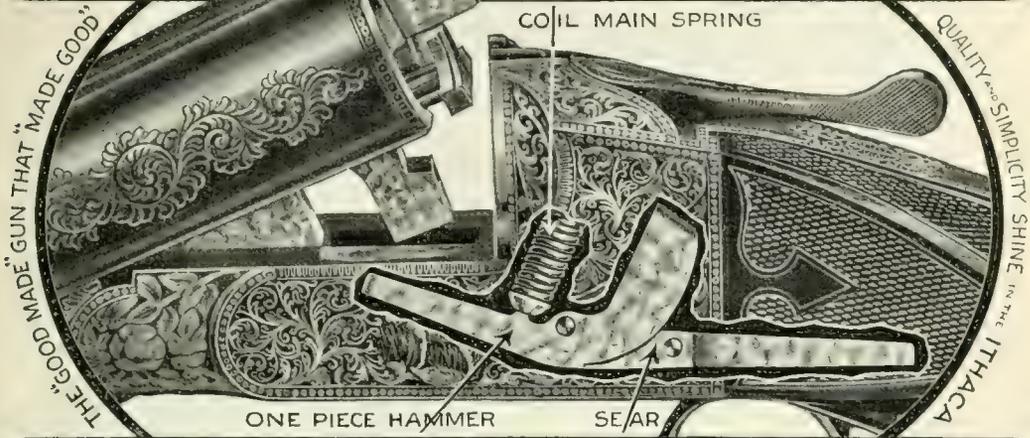
**Peterborough Gun Club's Annual Meeting**

The annual meeting of the Peterborough Gun Club was held on April 10th. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

- President—L. Hall.
- Vice-President—W. M. Lang.
- Captain—H. Cook.
- Sec-Treas.—C. Wood.

Mr. C. E. McGaw was elected Hon. member. The secretary reported the club's finances in good condition, with a substantial balance on hand, after an expenditure of about sixty dollars for automatic trap and attachments last season. A number of prizes have been contributed, to be competed for during the coming summer, including two silver cups, presented by C. E. McGaw Esq., Toronto; one leather gun case by the Nobels Explosives Company; one game bag, by the Peterborough Hardware Company; one Thermos lunch set, by the Kingan Hardware Company; and

# Ithaca Guns



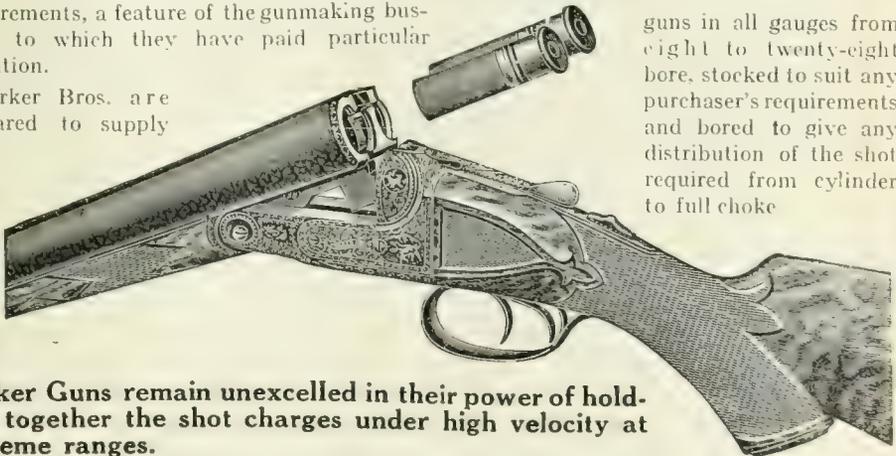
¶ The U. S. Government buys Ithaca Guns for Navy Officers—Uncle Sam always buys the best. ¶ Look at the locks—you can see they are simple—they talk for themselves. ¶ Hammer one piece, no toggles or stirrups attached—no cocking levers, bars or push rods—gun cocks direct from toe of hammer—coil main spring guaranteed forever. ¶ Hammer falls less than half an inch in 1/625 of a second—timed at Cornell University—fastest lock ever invented. ¶ Stocks dove tailed into frame to prevent splitting and spreading—not cut away for hammers or lock plates. ¶ We furnish small bore guns in light weights as they should be—28 gauge 4¼ to 5¼ lbs.—20 gauge 5¼ to 5¾ lbs.—16 gauge 5¾ to 6½ lbs. ¶ Beautiful catalog FREE—describes 16 grades guns—\$17.75 net to \$400, list. **ITHACA GUN COMPANY, BOX 13, ITHACA, N. Y.**

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guns in all gauges from eight to twenty-eight bore, stocked to suit any purchaser's requirements and bored to give any distribution of the shot required from cylinder to full choke



Parker Guns remain unexcelled in their power of holding together the shot charges under high velocity at extreme ranges.

**PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.** N. Y. Salesrooms, 32 Warren St.

**A. W. duBRAY, Resident Agent, Box 102, San Francisco, Cal.**

one hundred loaded shells, by the Club. These prizes will be competed for during the months of May, June, July and August. Each member entering the competition must shoot at 200 birds during the season. Regular shoots are to be held the first, third and fourth Thursdays in each month. Every member competing must shoot at 50 birds per month, 25 on each of two of the three regular days. The competition will end with the last shoot in August, when the prizes will be distributed.

The first regular shoot of the Peterborough Gun Club was held on May 1st.

The following are the scores at 25 birds each:

H. Routley.....21	J. Loucks.....17
R. Tivey.....17	C. Wood.....17
H. Cook.....15	A. Ackerman.....14
C. James.....11	W. Lang.....7
	C. Lech.....3

At a practice shoot on April 17th, the following were the scores at 25 birds each:

H. Cook.....13	C. Wood.....19
J. Loucks.....18	W. Lang.....17
J. D. Collins.....13	C. Mills.....13
G. H. Dinsdale.....12	C. B. Adair.....11
L. Hall.....11	A. Ackerman.....9
J. Brightman.....9	C. James.....9
S. Bugg.....6	E. B. Boswell.....2

**Belleville Gun Club**

The Belleville Club held the fourth of a series of championship shoots on March 28th, Mr. Harry Day winning the silver spoon. The scores were:—

H. Day.....20	M. Sprague.....19
A. Mott.....16	J. Woodley.....16
W. Andrews.....15	E. B. Harris.....15
J. Thompson.....13	A. Jones.....12
	R. Stafford.....10

Eight members of the Belleville Gun Club on April 11th, participated in the 5th series of the championship event of trap shooting. Mr. M. Sprague with the highest score, won the spoon. The contestants and the scores were as follows:

M. Sprague.....21	G. N. Bennett.....19
E. Turley.....17	H. Day.....16
E. B. Harris.....15	A. Mott.....11
W. J. Andrews.....11	R. Stafford.....11

The fourth shoot in the Molsons Bank series took place on April 18th, at the traps, the following scores being made:—

M. Sprague.....19	Mr. Fletcher, Napanee.....15
E. Turley.....16	A. Jones.....15
G. Boulter.....14	Mr. David.....12
R. Stafford.....6	Mr. Harrison.....12

The spoon was won by Mr. Turley, Mr. Sprague being under a handicap.

On Friday, April 25th, Mr. Mark Sprague shot highest in the last shoot of the Gun Club championship and won the spoon. His total score was nine above any other competitor for the four best scores and consequently he captured the gold medal. The results were, Sprague 22; Bennett 20; Mott 20; Harris 19; Turley 18; Jones 18.

**St. Hubert Gun Club**

A variable wind from right to left and a variable light against a difficult background made very high scores difficult at the St. Hubert Gun Club shoot on Saturday, April 12th. Ted White was high man, making 45 out of 50 in the regular shoot and 49 out of 50 in the extra, a total of 94 out of 100, which was some shooting under the conditions. The scores in the regular event were as follows:

E. G. White (pro.) 45,	G. B. Greene 41,	B. Beattie 43,	Sutton (pro.) 43,	Dr. Smith 42,	W. Cameron 41,	G. Abbott 41,	E. R. McNeill 40,	J. B. Bunn 37,	F. Heney 36,	G. Easdale 35
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Extras, 50 birds—E. G. White 49, G. B. Greene 42, Sutton 40, F. Heney 38.

Extras, 25 birds—B. Beattie 23, Dr. Smith 23, G. Abbott 20, G. Easdale 19, E. R. McNeill 13.

**MONTREAL DOINGS**

**Riverside Gun Club.**

There was a very good attendance of shooters at the traps on March 22nd, some of the Ottawa gunners having stopped over from Good Friday.

The day was good for shooting and the scores, which follow, were a great improvement over the previous ones.

No. 1 Practice, 25 Birds.

Name	Score	Name	Score
Dr. Wilson.....	23	Westlake.....	22

Lewis.....	22	Reid.....	22
Beattie.....	21	Hare.....	21
Redman.....	20	Thompson.....	20
Inglis.....	20	Murray.....	18
Boucher.....	18	Watson.....	16
Scott.....	16	Brown.....	16

No. 2, Prof. Cal H. Corey Prize. Hcap, 30 Birds..

Name	Hcap	Final	Yards	Hcap	Final
Lewis.....	17	28	Boucher.....	16	27
Redman.....	18	25	Westlake.....	18	25
Dr. Wilson.....	18	24	Barrow.....	16	24
Reid.....	15	24	G. Jones.....	16	23
Brown.....	16	22	Watson.....	16	22

No. 3, Watson Trophy, For Green Shots, Handicap, 30 Birds

Name	Hcap	Score	Yards	Hcap	Score
Whittall.....	10	19	McKeough.....	18	18
Bingham.....	14	17	J. Wilson.....	12	17
G. Jones.....	14	16	Tominy.....	12	16
Reid.....	18	15	Lankford.....	12	12

Furnise.....15 10

No. 4 Ewing Trophy, 25 Birds.

Name	Hcap	Score	Yards	Hcap	Score
Dr. Wilson.....	18	23	Westlake.....	18	22
J. Wilson.....	12	20	Lewis.....	18	19
Inglis.....	16	19	G. Jones.....	16	19
Reid.....	15	18	Redman.....	18	18
Murray.....	16	17	Watson.....	16	17
Hare.....	16	17	Whittall.....	10	13
Furnie.....	15	11	Barrow.....	16	10

**Lewis Took Ewing Cup**

There was a very good attendance of the members at the Riverside traps on April 5th, the chief attraction being the Ewing trophy—a handsome cup. This trophy had been in competition for the previous six weeks, the best four shots (scores) out of the six to count. The finish was very close and interesting, Lewis winning by one bird over Reid who, although being one of the youngest shooters in the club, shot remarkably well. Only two events were shot off, Westlake winning one and Lewis the other.

**PRACTICE MATCH—25 BIRDS.**

Westlake, 23; Dr. Wilson, Maher, 22; Inglis, Lewis, Boucher, Galbraith, Gordon, Murray, 20; Redman, 20; Dr. Fisk, Dale, Rowan, Reid, 18; Lawson, Ruel, Jones, 16; Harrison, 14.

**EWING CUP HANDICAP—100 BIRDS.**

(25 Each Saturday.)

	Yds	Hdcp	Score	Yds	Hdcp	Score
Lewis.....	17	79	Reid.....	15	78	
Dr. Wilson.....	18	78	Westlake.....	18	76	
Inglis.....	17	75	Murray.....	17	72	
J. Wilson.....	12	72	G. Jones.....	16	71	
Boucher.....	16	69	Furniss.....	16	64	
Whittall.....	14	62	Gordon.....	15	61	
Rupert.....	16	61	Verdun.....	15	54	

A "spoon" shoot was also held but not completed.

Some very good scores were made at the traps on Saturday, April 14th. Three spoons were shot for and were won by Murray, Reid and Lewis—all with good scores.

The scores:

**Club Practice—25 Birds**

Lewis.....	23	Reid.....	21
Murray.....	21	Wood.....	20
Wilson.....	18	Gordon.....	18
Inglis.....	18	Ruel.....	18
Whittall.....	18	Rowan.....	17
Watson.....	17	Jones.....	17

Lankford.....17

**Spoon Shoot—25 Birds.**

Name	H'cap	Score	Name	H'cap	Score
Lewis.....	18	21	Inglis.....	17	21
Reid.....	16	21	Maher.....	17	21
Rainville.....	18	20	Galbraith.....	16	20
Dr. Fiske.....	16	18	Hare.....	16	18
Westlake.....	18	17	Dale.....	16	17
Murray.....	17	17	Wood.....	16	17

**Tie Off.**

Lewis.....	22	Maher.....	21
Reid.....	18	Inglis.....	18

**Spoon Shoot—25 Birds—Handicap**

Name	Yds	H'cap	Score	Name	Yds	H'cap	Score
Murray.....	17	21	G. Jones.....	16	21		
Dr. Fiske.....	16	20	Maher.....	17	20		



### *What They Say About the Remington-UMC .22*

**Y**OU are going to buy a .22 cal. rifle—repeater or single shot. The advice of three out of every four crack rifle shots would be “By all means, buy a Remington.”

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Find the alert dealer—talk with him—ask his salesman behind the counter what people say about Remington-UMC arms and ammunition.

He carries these rifles—and the Remington-UMC .22 metallics you ought to have—shorts, long and long rifle—black, smokeless or Lesmok (semi-smokeless) powders.

**Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.**

**Windsor,**

**Ontario.**

Whittall	12	19	Lewis	17	19
Westlake	18	18	Reid	16	18
Wood	16	18	Rainville	18	18
Hare	16	18	Watson	16	17
Inglis	18	16	Dale	16	16
Lankford	16	16	Rowan	16	16
			Galbraith	16	16

**Tie Off.**

Murray	22	G. Jones	18
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**Spoon Shoot—20 Birds—Handicap**

Name	Yds	H'cap	Score	Name	Yds	H'cap	Score
Reid	16	17	17	Mahe	17	17	17
Wilson	12	16	16	Rainville	18	16	16
Ruel	17	16	16	Whittall	12	16	16
Lankford	12	16	16	Lewis	18	15	15
Wood	16	15	15	Galbraith	16	15	15
Murray	16	15	15	Dr. Fiske	16	15	15
Dale	16	14	14	G. Jones	16	14	14
				Rowan	16	14	14

**Tie Off—10 Birds**

Reid	10	Mahe	8
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The Riverside Gun Club held their last shoot on the old grounds on April 19th, when the Mahe trophy was contested for and won by George Jones, one of the club's youngest members. This event was the headliner of the afternoon, much interest being taken in the cup, which was donated by James Mahe. The victory was a popular one, the score being 13 out of a possible 50. He also won a silver spoon. A special shoot was organized for the benefit of the School for Cripples, the proceeds, \$13 being turned over to the tag committee. Two other spoon events, which were both won by Dr. Wilson, and a practice match, completed the afternoon's sport.

The scores:

Practice Match, 25 birds—Higginson (a new member), 25; Dr. Wilson, 23; Reid-Redman-Mahe, 20; Murray, 19; Inglis-Westlake-Boucher, 18; Radford, 17; Dr. Fisk, 16; Whittall-Lewis, 15.

Spoon shoot, 25 birds—Dr. Wilson, 23; Reid, 20; Mahe-Murray, 18; Redman, 17; Westlake-Kay, 15; Higginson, 13.

Spoon shoot, 25 birds—Dr. Wilson-Morris (professional), 22; Redman, 20; Westlake-Mahe-Reid, 18; Murray-Boucher, 17; Whittall-Radford, 16; Lewis-Dr. Fiske-Inglis-Higginson, 15; Fuller, 14.

Mahe Trophy, handicap, 50 birds, the individual championship of the Riverside Gun Club—G. Jones, 43; Dr. Wilson-Lewis-Morris (professional)-Higginson, 40; Ruel-Kenyon-Keough-Murray, 39; Redman-Reid, 38; Mahe-Inglis, 35; Boucher, 33; Westlake-Strachan-Redford, 31; Dr. Fiske, 23; J. Wilson, 22; Lankford and Boa did not finish.

**The Lachine Gun Club Formed.**

The Trap Shooters at Lachine were called together on Wednesday evening, April 2nd, for the purpose of forming a gun club.

The Lachine Gun Club was the name unanimously chosen. The following gentlemen were elected officers:

Robert Lucas, Hon. President, Stewart Torrance, Captain; W. S. Johnson, President; W. B. Boucher, Vice-President; W. C. Wurtele, A. Y. Paxton, Karl Woodward, Directors; S. G. Torrance, Secy-Treas. On Apr. 26th, the Club held its opening shoot. Two events were on the programme, a shoot for the silver cup, given by Mr. Reid, of the Bank of Montreal for the highest score made in three out of four Saturday afternoon shoots. The other event was for a silver spoon, one of which will be given every week to the best shot. The new club house, with traps has been erected on the latest approved plan. Following are the scores:

Reid Cup, Handicap, 25 Birds.					
	H'dcp	Score	H'dcp	Score	
Howard	0	23	Mahe	5	22
Parker	6	22	Boucher	2	21
Reid	2	21	Lyall	4	18
Lucas	3	17	Oliver	6	16
Wurtele	1	14	Robertson	1	15
Watson	4	13	Bell	4	13
			Strathy	2	11

**Spoon Shoot, Handicap, 25 Birds**

Howard	23	Mahe	20
Robertson	19	Reid	18
Boucher	18	Parker	18
Watson	17	Lyall	15
Lucas	15	Oliver	12
		Bell	10

**TORONTO DOINGS.**

**National Club Shoots.**

The National Gun Club held the last of the programme shoots on Saturday, March 29th. Mr. J. Harrison won in A class with 17 out of 20, and Mr. C. Moore in B. class with 13 out of 20.

In the high average shoot, Mr. J. Lawson won with 85 out of 120 in A Class; Mr. C. L. Brooker won in B Class. He broke 69 out of 100.

The scores:

Shot at Broke		Shot at, Broke			
Ward	100	86	Sternberg	100	47
G. Thompson	100	58	Brunswick	75	58
J. Lawson	55	46	F. Mathews	80	52
Gladstone	40	29	J. Harrison	25	19
E. C. Coath	40	30	A. Curran	40	23
C. Moore	30	18	Stauffer	40	24
H. Usher	30	21	McKeand, sr.	20	11
J. Dean	25	13	C. Beare	20	12
"Shorty"					
McKeand	20	12	Richardson	15	8

The National Gun Club held their shield and practice shoot on April 5th. The high wind made good scores impossible. J. Lawson won in the shield shoot, with 13 out of 25.

The club had a good turnout of shooters on Wednesday. Every trapshooter is cordially invited to the Wednesday afternoon shoots. They start at 2.30 o'clock, and are open to all. The scores:

Shot at Broke		Shot at, Broke			
A. Ward	185	144	T. Johnson	100	83
Bellman	60	38	Fowler	60	26
Linden	10	4	R. Beare	85	61
J. Lawson	75	46	E. C. Coath	45	28
G. Wallace	35	15	Brunswick	45	33
H. Usher	10	4	J. Dean	35	20
C. B. Harrison	25	21	Gray	25	15
			Gladstone	35	20

The National Gun Club, Queen's Wharf, held a practice and prize shoot on Saturday, April 12th.

Brunswick won in the Spoon shoot. He broke 19 out of 25, and his handicap was 19 yards.

Shot at Broke		Shot at, Broke			
A. Ward	100	70	R. Beare	100	40
J. Harrison	35	16	—Brunswick	70	57
C. B. Harrison	70	40	J. Stauffer	55	44
C. Moore	45	33	A. Curran	50	33
—Gladstone	25	18	McKeand, sr.	50	18
—Cameron	25	11	E. C. Coath	25	18
C. Mouguel	25	23	J. Harrison	50	42
			Geo. Wallace	25	18

Scores at a later shoot were:

	—Singles—	—Doubles—		
	Shot at	Brk	Shot at	Brk
P. J. Boothe	70	60	..	..
Jas. Boothe	35	22	..	..
A. M. Bond	60	47	..	..
W. A. Bucke	35	25	..	..
Cook	35	18	..	..
W. H. Cutler	85	63	..	..
A. E. Craig	35	26	..	..
C. Davis	60	50	..	..
Dunk	100	91	..	..
Dutchy	70	49	..	..
F. I. Fox	60	51	30	10
Francis	35	33	10	7
F. Hooley	80	62	..	..
M. A. Kennedy	60	38	..	..
W. Joselin	105	99	20	13
Long	25	21	30	27
Montizambert	45	31	..	..
Morwood	10	8	..	..
Murphy	35	21	..	..
Prescott	30	18	..	..
H. M. Shepherd	70	56	10	4
J. A. Shaw	60	56	..	..
J. G. Shaw	60	56	..	..
Saylor	60	33	..	..
W. Seager	70	55	..	..
S. S. Thompson	60	41	30	17
A. Taylor	60	56	20	12
C. S. Watson	35	16	..	..

**Balmy Beach Gun Club Shoots**

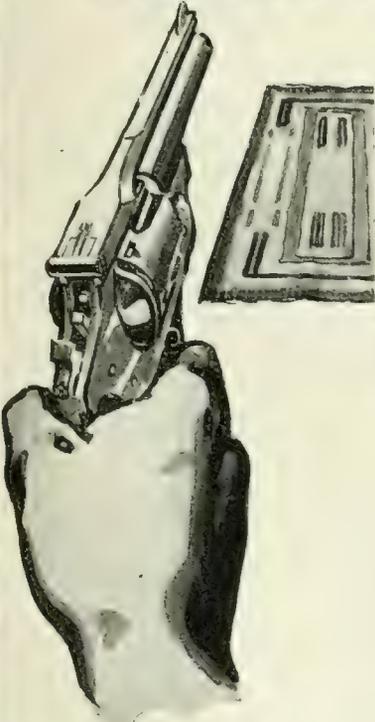
At the Balmy Beach Gun Club Shoot held on March 29th, there was a special competition for a deer's head presented by J. A. and J. G. Shaw for a 50-bird shoot, a pair of mounted horns being also given for the long run. This made a very interesting match, as P. J. Boothe and F. I. Fox tied no less than four times. On the fifth 25, being the third shoot-off, Boothe won by two birds. Hooley won the long run with 35. The scores were:



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Bay City, Mich.

Shot at Killed		Shot at Killed	
A. M. Bond...	60 35	P. J. Boothe...	145 135
Jim Boothe...	70 49	N. B. Capes...	120 81
Cutler...	85 76	Craig...	60 50
Dutchy...	70 57	Fox...	145 29
Francis...	45 41	Hirons, sr...	45 38
Hodgson...	25 19	Hoocy...	80 67
Joselin...	120 110	Montizambert...	60 35
Saylor...	45 28	J. A. Shaw...	60 51
J. G. Shaw...	60 48	Sheppard...	70 55
A. Taylor...	60 46	Thompson...	85 59
Watson...	70 47	Wells, sr...	60 44
Wells, jr...	50 17	Wallace...	35 13
Seager...	70 56		

At the regular Saturday shoot, Cutler and Hodgson tied for the spoon with straight scores of 25, Cutler winning on the shoot-off. The names and scores were:

Name	Singles		Doubles	
	Shot at.	Killed	Shot at.	Killed
P. J. Boothe	45	41		
James Boothe	45	28		
A. M. Bond	25	20	10	1
A. E. Craig	35	27		
W. H. Cutler	70	65		
C. Crews	50	43		
Draper	45	35		
L. J. Hillard	60	53	26	18
F. Hoocy	90	80		
Hirons, sr.	50	42		
W. S. Hare	60	49	24	15
T. H. Hodgson	60	54		
W. Joselin	115	99	42	25
F. W. Lyonde	25	22		
Montizambert	55	28	10	1
J. E. Murphy	25	14		
W. Seager	60	54		
J. A. Shaw	35	33		
J. G. Shaw	35	32		
Tomlin	55	31		
H. Trimble	35	26		
A. Sheppard	80	59	22	9
C. S. Watson	60	49	10	4
J. R. Wells	60	51		

The Club held their usual weekly shoot Saturday, April 12th. A special prize of a leather gun case was competed for in a match of 50 targets. The honors of the day were divided by the Shaw brothers—J. A. winning the gun case and J. G. winning the spoon.

At the weekly shoot on April 19th, Montizambert won the spoon with a straight 25. The scores were:

Name	Singles		Doubles	
	Shot at.	Killed	Shot at.	Killed
Alexander	100	60		
Bourdis	35	18		
Boothe, P. J.	55	48		
Boothe Jas.	35	17		
Craig	45	25		
Cutler	80	64		
Dutchy	95	74		
Cook	35	17	10	5
Fox	110	82	60	37
Francis	45	36		
Joselin	125	99	46	31
Kaiser	52	34		
Montizambert	45	44		
Murphy	35	18		
Seager	65	49		
Shaw, J. A.	45	34		
Shaw, J. G.	35	24		
Thompson	60	47	60	33
Watson	55	38		
Wells, Jr.	40	15		

On April 26th, Montizambert won the spoon with 24. The scores were:

Name	Singles		Double	
	Shot at.	Killed	Shot at.	Killed
Cutler	75	51		
Fox	70	60	50	31
Francis	35	29	10	8
Hoocy	95	70	40	27
Joselin	70	62	30	22
Montizambert	50	43		
Pearsall	25	19		
Shaw, J. G.	30	41		
Seager	85	67	20	15
Thompson	50	43	35	19
Watson	60	43	25	8
Wells	65	35	10	3
Dutchy	95	65	20	12

**Stanley Gun Club**

At the Stanley Gun Club a large gathering of crack shots took place in a very interesting match for the

which was put up by Mr. Ely at 100 targets. Mr. Ely made a keen fight to retain it, and succeeded with a score of 97. The scores:—Ely 97; Vivian 93; Fenton 92; Dunk 91; Lundy 91; Stevens 87; Springer 87; Ingham 83; Hogarth 82; Wakefield 79; G. Scheibe 78; Albert 78; F. Schiebe 78; Norman 76; Ward 73:

In the regular event the scores were as follows:—

Name	Shot at	Broke	Name	Shot at	Broke
Lundy	130	117	Ward	130	96
Wakefield	125	101	Vivian	120	110
Norman	120	90	Stevens	115	99
Ingham	115	92	Ely	110	107
Dunk	110	101	Fenton	110	100
Hogarth	110	92	Albert	110	85
Springer	100	87	F. Schiebe	100	78
G. Scheibe	100	78	Douglas	70	54
Beattie	60	46	Winter	60	44
Jennings	50	45	Sockett	35	26
Nurse	30	16	Goldring	25	17
Devins	25	16	Edkins	25	16
Dewey	25	16	Jovin	20	9

The Stanley Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot on the club grounds on April 5th. The scores:

Name	Shot at	Broke	Name	Shot at	Broke
Winter	135	98	Van Vlack	135	74
Norman	115	100	Ward	95	75
Vivian	90	75	Jennings	85	73
Ingham	85	64	Springer	80	68
Sawden	80	57	Alberts	75	54
Douglas	75	46	Dewey	75	46
Buchanan	60	48	Nurse	60	38
Hogarth	50	40	Edkins	50	35
Black	50	31	Tomlin	50	23
McMacken	40	22			

The members of the Club had a very enjoyable time on April 19th. Mr. G. M. Dunk was present, and gave a very good account of himself, breaking 77 out of 85. The following are the scores:—

Name	Shot at	Broke	Name	Shot at	Broke
Stevens	125	104	Van Vlack	125	92
Jennings	90	80	Sawden	90	71
Dunk	85	77	Norman	85	65
Jordon	80	46	Springer	75	70
Hogarth	75	64	Ingham	75	59
Ward	75	48	Goldring	50	39
Marr	50	38	Watson	50	28

**Eaton A. A. Gun Club.**

At the annual meeting of the Eaton A. A. Gun Club the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. president, Uncle John Beattie; president, Mr. Geo. Beattie; vice-president, Mr. F. Carpenter; secretary, Mr. T. P. Douglas; treasurer, Mr. Jos Cook; field captains, Mr. E. S. Williams and Mr. Geo. Wolfe; handicap committee, Messrs. S. Blake, A. Wolfe, A. McCrea and J. Lewis; prize committee, Messrs. V. Dennis, J. H. Whinton and W. A. Anderson; team captains, Messrs. W. J. Bowman and R. Pibbs.

The first shoot of the season was held on Thursday evening, April 24th, and every following Thursday during the season a shoot is to be held.

**Creek Side Club Scores.**

The Spring Season for the Creek Side Gun Club closed April 26th, when the contests for the two leather gun cases for first and second class shooters were won by Mr. William S. Edwards and Mr. Eli Elliot, respectively.

At one time during the afternoon Mr. Edwards and Mr. Edward Brown, field captain, were tie, but Mr. Brown lost two birds in his last ten and Mr. Edwards lost one. Mr. Elliot won his case by a margin of about seven birds.

Some of the scores made Saturday were:

Name	Shot at	Broke	Name	Shot at	Broke
Wm. Edwards	57	53	Ed. Elliot	50	42
H. W. Coeoy	60	45	A. Edwards	52	43
C. Dinwoody	35	30	E. Brown	15	38
Eli Elliot	49	39	J. Edwards	38	22
F. Spiller	53	38			

**Dartmouth, N. S. Gun Club.**

An ideal shooting day, the first real spring day of the 1913 season greeted the trap shooters of the district for the Good Friday shoot of the Dartmouth ROD AND GUN Club and as a result one of the best shoots ever held there took place. Thirty-four shooters took part, eighteen shooting through the entire program. About 5000 targets were thrown and good scores were plentiful. The regular program was 160 targets, and contrary to custom the two events of doubles were included in the aggregate which spoilt some otherwise good scores. On singles, Andy Edwards tied with Boa, 114x120 but

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TRANSCONA, MAN.

AND  
**LONDON,**  
**ENGLAND.**

The trade was represented by J. S. Boa of Dom. Cartridge Co., and Court Thompson of Rem., U. M. C.

Name	Shot	Broke	Shot	Broke
J. S. Boa, Pro.	160	149	J.A. McLaughlin	160 135
A. Edwards	160	133	F. G. Neal	160 133
J. T. Egan	160	129	A. M. Stuart	160 128
G. E. McInnes	160	122	L. H. Beganson	160 122
T. C. Gue	160	121	H. D. Pryor	160 121
C. S. Carr	160	113	G. C. McLellan	160 112
V. T. Williams	160	111	T. H. Grant	160 100
L. F. Hill	150	116	R. Hendry	140 99
C. E. Harris	140	92	C. Thompson	P.130 108
Dr. Starratt	120	91	J. D. Learment	120 76
Mrs. Boa	110	72	A. G. Cardwell	95 60
A. L. Nichols	85	59	J. H. Greene	65 55

### Maritime Provinces Trapshooting Association Tournament.

The second annual tournament of the Maritime Provinces Trapshooting Association will be held at St. John, N. B., on June 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th, under the auspices of the St. John Club, of which Mr. W. W. Gerow is secretary. The tournament is open to all members affiliated with Maritime Provinces Trapshooting Association, professionals and others may shoot for targets only. The interstate Trapshooting Rules, revised 1903, will be used. The money division will be according to the Rose System at the ratio of 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. The management have made all arrangements possible to provide a successful four days' tournament, and a good time is expected.

### Brandon Gun Club.

At the opening shoot of the Brandon Gun Club on April 18th, the following scores resulted:

T. N. Williamson	23	S. Laughton	22
D. E. Clement	20	W. Crozier	20
J. B. Sutherland	18	W. Schwartz	17
A. H. Bartlett	14	A. Suffman	14
W. I. Elder	14	T. E. Corness	13
C. A. Fitzpatrick	11	D. Beaubier	10

### The Alberta Gun Club.

At the twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Alberta Gun Club of Lethbridge, Alta., the following officers were elected:

President—V. E. Greene.  
 Secretary-Treasurer—Ernest O. Stickley, 304 Sixth Avenue A. south, Lethbridge.  
 Field Captains—A. B. Stafford, Jas. Glenister, E. Marks.  
 Directors—K. D. Johnson, J. C. Livingstone, A. King and T. Yuell.  
 Patrons—Dr. J. S. Stewart, M.P.P.; E. Adams, Mayor W. D. L. Hardie.

It was decided to offer a \$25 prize for the highest percentage of ten practice shoots; also a prize to the new members of 1913 who are novices, each practice shoot of a box of shells and a belt for the best scores.

The latter prize is to promote more interest to gun men who have not shot over traps before, and to keep their interest for the whole season, as experiences of past seasons show that the new trap shooter becomes discouraged by not making the same scores as the man who has been shooting for years.

The Alberta Gun Club held their first shoot of the season on March 21st, at the traps, the weather conditions being ideal with the exception of it being a little cold. Nine guns were out, the scores being as follows with possibles in each shoot of twenty-five.

Name	1st	2nd	Total
K. D. Johnson	19	20	39
A. B. Stafford	16	18	34
E. O. Stickley	15	19	34
C. Wolfenden	14	19	33
T. Yuell	16	16	32
V. E. Green	16	11	30
J. Stromant	11	15	29
J. Glenister	11	16	27
E. Marks	15	8	23

On April 5th, the scores were:

Shot at, Broke	Shot at, Broke
E. A. Jacques...75 62	V. E. Green...75 61
J. Glenister...75 43	A. B. Stafford...50 42
S. B. Card...50 32	E. O. Stickley...50 31
H. Andrews...50 24	E. Marks...50 20
P. Ashcroft...25 8	W. A. Adam...10 4

### The Pincher Creek Gun Club.

This club held their annual meeting in March and elected the following officers for 1913.

President—Rich. Harris.

Secretary—W. H. Upton.

Treasurer—C. W. Bacon.

Captain—Jas. Dapper.

Scorer—H. J. Perrier.

The Club has upward of fifty members and have installed a new Ideal Leggett Trap.

The Calgary Brewing Co. of Calgary donated a handsome Silver Cup for the championship of the club. The Stephens Paint Co., a Gun Case and the Dupont Powder Co., a Sterling Watch Box. "Everything points to the best season we have had so far and last year was a dandy," says the secretary. Shooting for the Cup started April 15th and ends Sept. 15th.

### Saskatoon Gun Club Organized.

At a meeting held at Saskatoon early in April a gun club was organized, with the following officers:—Hon. presidents, Hon. A. P. McNab and Mayor Harrison; president, S. T. Kempthorne; vice-president, O. L. Lemery; secretary, S. E. Fawcett; treasurer, R. E. Dennison; field captain, A. E. Hursell; chaplain, Rev. A. W. McIntosh.

### Lacombe Gun Club.

At the annual meeting of the Lacombe Club the following officers were elected:

President—A. Belcher.

Field Captain—C. S. Collier.

Sec.-Treas.—L. G. Beatty.

Building Inspector—R. B. Miller.

Plans for a club house were submitted by Vickers-Garland Lumber Co., which will cost \$130.

### Northern Club Gun Club of Edmonton

The Northern Club Gun club of Edmonton, Alta., has been making preparations for the banner season in its history. The club has beautifully situated grounds on the south bank of the picturesque Saskatchewan river, where a series of traps will be maintained by a competent caretaker. These officers were elected at the second annual meeting:

President—Edward L. Kost.

Vice-President—Garnet C. Morris.

Secretary-treasurer—G. Max Cowderoy.

Field Captain—Harry Grabs.

Executive Committee—J. E. Tysoe, E. J. Telfer and C. J. Kirk.

"Trap shooters in Edmonton, which is the most northerly city of the 60,000 class on the continent, have numerous natural advantages over their brethren in other parts of the country," said Secretary Cowderoy. "We have from 16 to 18 hours of sunshine daily during the season, a clear atmosphere and no driving winds. All this is conducive to good scores, provided the man behind the trigger draws the true bead."

"We have shooting practically the year round. There was not a trace of snow at our New Year's day shoot this year and at no time since the organization of the club has there been more than a foot of snow on the ground."

### Revelstoke Gun Club.

A. J. Macdonell, secretary of the club writes that a very nice circuit is being arranged for the summer as follows:

Nelson—July, 9-10.

Proctor—11-12.

Revelstoke—14-15.

Armstrong—16-17.

Vernon—18-19.

Kamloops—21-22.

These shoots will also be Registered and will all add from 75c to \$1.00 per Target and will throw not less than 150 Targets a day.

Following are the scores of an April weekly shoot:

Name	Shot at, Broke	Name	Shot at, Broke
W. Foote	50 37	J. G. Barber	50 37
W. A. Sturdy	62 48	A. J. Macdonell	62 54

Macdonell won the Dupont Medal with Sturdy second.

For the week of April 30th, W. Foote won the Dupont Medal. The following were the scores:

Shot at, Broke	Shot at, Broke
W. A. Sturdy...50 42	A. J. Macdonell...50 47
W. A. Foote...50 41	J. G. Barber...50 39
A. McRae...50 34	

This was Mr. McRae's first appearance for seven years.

### Regina Gun Club.

Officers of the Regina Gun Club for 1913 are: Pres., A. D. Millar; Vice-Pres., W. M. VanValkenburg; Sec'y-Treas., W. C. Jones; Executive, M. W. Sharon E. T. B. Hill, K. W. Ross.

Last year this club had a membership of 60. This year they expect to have 100. They are installing

# "3 Grizzlies in under 1 Minute

3 Black Bear  
2 Cariboo

4 Grizzlies  
2 Moose

2 Goat



Feb. 10, 1913—Writing to tell you how pleased I am with the .280 Ross. Last season in Cassiar, B.C., I went after 13 head and bagged the lot, at ranges varying from 60 to 500 yards in 27 shots. My bag consisted of 3 Black Bear, 4 Grizzlies, 2 Goat, 2 Cariboo, 2 Moose. In my estimation **there is no rifle to compare with the "Ross .280."**

The balance is perfect, the action fast and smooth while the flatness of trajectory quite does away with the judging of distances.

I shot a goat at over 500 yards with exactly same sight that I take at 100 yards. The 3 grizzlies were killed in under one minute. Cluny C. Luke, Alberni, B.C. (*Extract letter to Ross Rifle Co.*)

\$55.00 The "Ross" 280 High Velocity is now retailed at \$55.00 and the Ross .280 Ammunition, with copper tube expanding bullet, patented, specially adapted for it, at \$7.50 per 100.

Get one NOW for your next trip. If your dealer cannot show one write for illustrated catalogue.

## ROSS RIFLE COMPANY

QUEBEC, CANADA

house is 24 ft. x 12 ft., the trap houses of concrete. The club are using a McCrea and an Auto Angle trap.

On April 13th a very successful shoot was held, although the main attraction which had been billed for then was not staged. This was the fifty bird event which could not be put on owing to the non arrival of the clay pigeons.

The scores:  
Shot at 25.

Harvey.....	20	English.....	18
Van Valkenburg.....	24	Hill.....	17
Sharon.....	22	Jones.....	24
Arnold.....	20	Millar.....	22
Graves.....	18	Myers.....	19
Flowers.....	23	Stokes.....	17
Barr.....	16	Gordon.....	23
Milligan.....	21	Adams.....	19

#### Saskatchewan Indian Gun Club.

At a meeting held some time ago the Saskatchewan Indian Gun Club was duly organized. The object of this organization is to unite the Trap Shooters of the Province in one strong Provincial Club, which will have control of the annual Provincial shoot where all championship honors for the Province will be contested.

Each Gun Club (Indian Tribe) is requested to elect their chief who will sit on the Council of Chiefs which is the governing body of the organization.

As one chief is allowed for each club the small club is as well represented as the larger city clubs.

The Chiefs (so far elected) C. C. Plummer, Elfros J. C. Callacott, Yorkton; F. A. Dunk, Fort Qu'Appelle;

M. W. Sharon, Regina; and F. W. Nicholson, Swift Current, have decided on holding a two day shoot at Fort Qu'Appelle, July 23rd and 24th, when the first annual meeting will be held and a place chosen for the 1914 shoot.

Every trap shooter who is a good fellow and a good sport is asked to boost for the Indian Club.

Good hotels, good boating, good fishing and a good time is looked for at Fort Qu'Appelle, "the prettiest spot in Saskatchewan," July 23rd and 24th.

#### Fort Garry Gun Club.

The shareholders of the Fort Garry Gun Club of Winnipeg held their annual meeting on Monday evening, April 14 at the Industrial Bureau, which was very well attended. In the absence of the secretary-treasurer, E. E. Cowdrich, President Wye read the financial report for the year, 1912, which showed that the club enjoyed a most successful year.

It was decided at the meeting to offer to the Brandon Club the Manitoba championship cup to be shot for at their tournament on July 1. This championship has always been shot for at the Fort Garry club, usually on July 1.

The following directors were chosen for the coming year: J. McLeod Holiday, J. H. Wye, C. M. Scott, E. H. Houghton, P. J. Cartwell, D. D. Nimmons, F. G. Simpson, Dr. Weagant, R. W. Paterson—from which C. M. Scott was elected president; R. J. Cantwell, vice-president; R. W. Patterson, secretary-treasurer; and Fred Yates, field captain.

When planning for the summer holidays it is well to provide against the onslaughts of black flies and mosquitoes which may, on occasion, turn an ideal holiday into a time of torment. For the purpose of circumventing these insect pests a "Sting Proof" Mosquito Veil cannot be surpassed. This veil has a horse hair window which enables one to see clearly through, and as many fishermen like to enjoy smoking while fishing, it is arranged with self-closing valve for pipe, cigars, etc. If you cannot buy "Sting Proof" Mosquito Veils in your own town write direct to Otto T. E. Veit & Co., 64 Wellington St. W., Toronto, Ontario, mentioning this notice in ROD and GUN.

The publication is well written and the map that accompanies same gives one a good idea of the 2,500,000 acres that are found within the Park Boundaries. Copy may be had free on application to General Advertising Department, Grand Trunk Railway, System, Montreal.

A landing net that swings from the fisherman's coat or basket strap, leaving both his hands free, is being sold by a number of Canadian dealers. This net is called the "Barnes" Landing Net and is manufactured by Carlos G. Young, 320 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. The net is very light and its aluminum frame folds in half. It is claimed to be the only folding frame on the market.

A most interesting and well printed publication has just been issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System, dealing with the attractions of the well-known Algonquin National Park of Ontario, and copies may be had from any of their City Ticket Offices.

The territory dealt with is a thoroughly universal vacation one combining high altitude, (2000 ft.) pure air, unspoiled forest, beautiful lakes, splendid fishing, much wild game, hotel or camp life, in close touch with civilization or entirely apart from it, and satisfying alike to novice and veteran.

Included in this publication is a description of the "Nominigan Camp" situated on Smoke Lake, the centre of one of the finest fishing grounds in Canada, and which will be open for the first time this year with accommodation for 60 people. This idea of a log cabin camp is an innovation in Canada but one that has become most popular and attractive to a large number of summer playground seekers in the Rangeley Lakes, Maine. Good hotel accommodation is offered at the "Highland Inn" and the rates are most reasonable.

"Fishing and Hunting" an illustrated pamphlet just issued for 1913 by the Intercolonial Railway will be mailed free to all who write to the General Passenger Dept., Moncton, N. B. It is an interesting booklet which gives in tabulated and concise form the very information that sportsmen require concerning the sporting possibilities of Eastern Canada., and the booklet is full of information concerning guides, accommodation, etc., Through trains carry the angler and hunter of big game to stations from which it is but a brief journey to where fish and big game abound.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, Conn. have issued a little booklet giving the various systems of dividing purses at tournaments and the Trap Shooting Rules of the Interstate Association. A copy will be sent to trapshooters on request if mention is made of this notice in ROD and GUN.

JULY, 1913

FIFTEEN CENTS

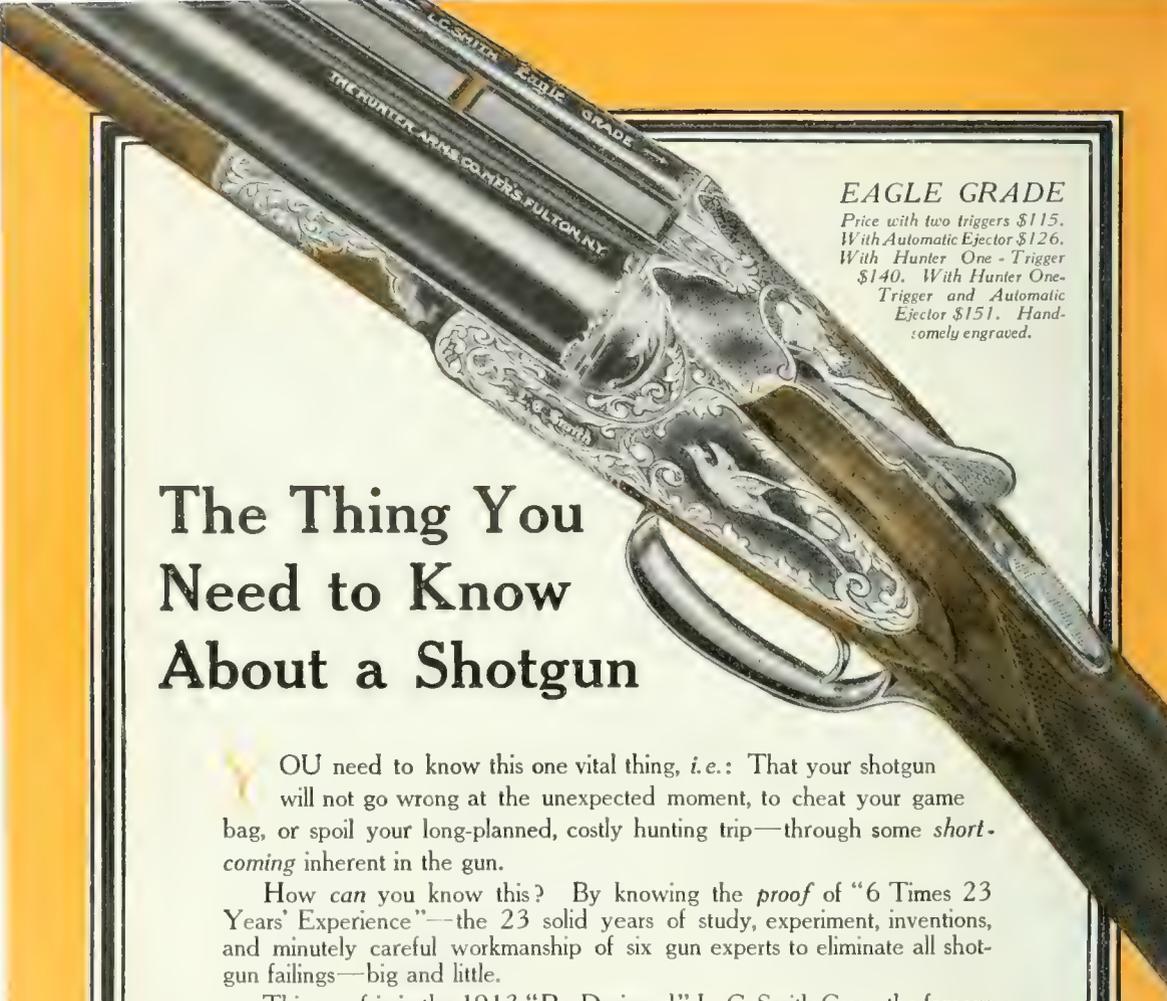
# ROD AND GUN

IN • CANADA



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JUL 19 1913  
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Call on your dealer *today*. If he doesn't keep Smith Guns, then *don't fail to write us* for new Smith Gun Book, full of valuable information and showing colored plates of handsome Smith Guns from \$25 to \$1000 net. Write a post card for it *now*—before you lay aside this magazine.

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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

WOODSTOCK, ONT., JULY, 1913

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Mr. A. L. Eastcott and Mr. W. H. Edwards, Pembroke, with Two Beauties Caught near Pembroke, Ont. Before Breakfast

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. 15

WOODSTOCK, ONT., JULY, 1913

No 2

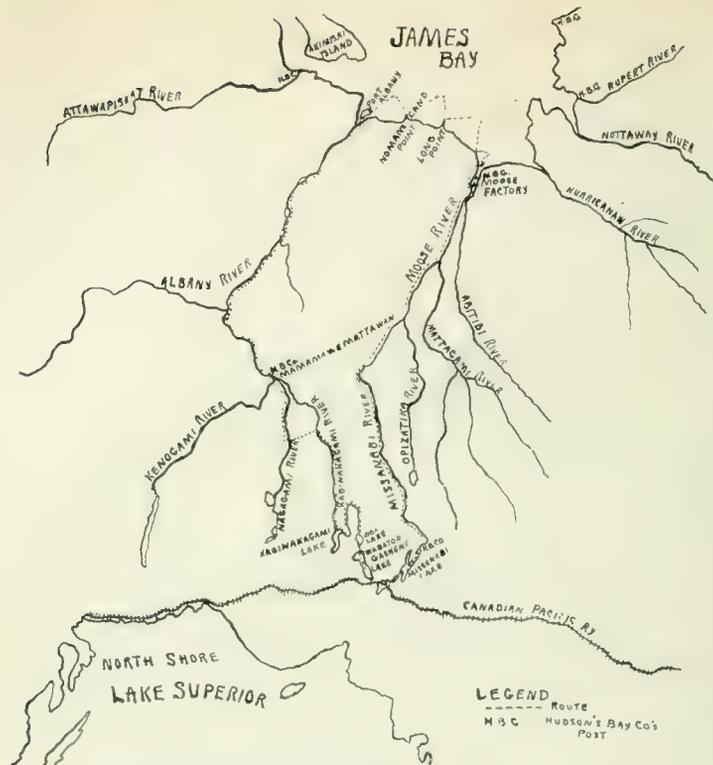
## By Canoe and Portage in the Northern Wilderness

From Lake Wabatongashene to Fort Albany and Return

HENRY ANTON AUER

CIVILIZATION in North America may truthfully be said to be bounded on the north by the railroads that stretch across the Canadian Domain, for beyond the bands of girdling steel lies a little known, untravelled wilderness, more primeval and absolute than the interior of Africa. No hardy pioneer has ventured within this domain to clear the land and reclaim a home from the forest, no lumber men have yet found it profitable to cut out the dense but comparatively small trees that cover the territory, and even the Indian denizens live a nomadic existence dwelling not even in bands or at definite villages, but living in separate families, constantly moving their wigwams according to the exigencies of the hunting and trapping. The only oasis in this desert of dense forestation dwindling toward the Arctic wastes are the few trading Posts of the Hudson's Bay Company scattered at intervals of hundreds of miles apart. So absolute is the wilderness in its primeval condition and so dense the forestation of interlaced evergreens that it is impossible for Indian or whiteman to penetrate its depths for appreciable distances except by using the water trails of lakes and rivers whereon to embark canoes.

One is at a loss to account for the inner reasoning and motive which leads civilized men accustomed to most of life's comforts and many of her luxuries to deliberately discard all the resources which modern life provides for comfort and ease, and, plunging into the wilderness undertake for pleasure, a lengthy expedition through the northern wastes and solitudes where one's life is at once reduced to the lowest term of the primitive, where dangers of rapids and tempest must be successfully met every day and many times a day, and where all the forces of nature combine to make such an undertaking one of hardship and hazard. Perchance the spirit of some savage ancestor calls across the centuries and, beneath the conventions and habits of today there lingers a subtle something that thrills to the Call of the Wild and finds joy in conquering the desolate places where only the Indian roams. Whatever be the analysis, it is a fact that there is something within most red blooded men that glories in the open places beyond the range of the whiteman's habitations, that joys in meeting the dangers and obstacles which the silent places present to delay and destroy and exults in overcoming and



Map of the Territory Through Which the Trip was Taken.

beating the wilderness at its own game.

In the spring of 1912, the writer met at Cambridge, Mass., three Harvard University men, Harry C. Byng, of London, England, Charles Fry of Philadelphia, and Oliver Wolcott of Boston to plan a summer expedition by canoes through this untravelled waste to Fort Albany on the East coast of James Bay, the lower arm of Hudson's Bay. Maps of the rivers purposed to be traversed were procured, which showed in a general way the river courses, but which were in practice startlingly incorrect in detail as to distance and direction and dangerous guides in navigating canoes, by reason of the falls and rapids impossible of navigation, and which were not even noted by the geographers.

The greatest problem presented by a lengthy journey to the north is that of guides, as it is impossible for a whiteman to traverse hundreds of

miles of unknown rivers and lakes without the assistance of Indian canoemen, and probably this is ordinarily the most difficult of solution, for without proper guides your plans come to naught and your expedition results in failure if not disaster. But the same plans carried out with the aid of competent Indian guides make wilderness travel not only possible but enjoyable. Much has been said as to the Crees and Ojibways of the North being great travellers, but this is true only in a modified sense, for while a Northern Indian is familiar with a square stretch of territory about 300 miles or less on each side and within this district he knows every foot of the waterways, yet it is almost impossible to get an Indian to leave his known district to venture into a country and upon waters new to him. The writer knows of several parties desiring to make lengthy summer expeditions having to abandon their plans simply because the

Indians could not be hired to venture upon unknown waters; but this problem however was easy of solution for our expedition. For a number of years the writer has been using as guides, probably the most accomplished canoe-men among the northern tribes, and during these journeys, the Indians in question have become bound to the writer by ties of personal friendship impossible from a mere hire and salary basis; so that, when it was proposed to take the long water trail northward, while there was not much enthusiasm over the prospect and many protests were made that the country was unknown, yet the Indian decision was "you say we go, we go." Jimmie Fletcher, Albert Fletcher, Cephas Sheshegun, and Jimmie Chum, all full blood Cree Indians, formerly living on Hudson's Bay, but now dwelling in the country 150 miles north of Lake Superior agreed to meet the party at Missanabie on the Canadian Pacific Railway in the latter part of June.

To the uninitiated the question of outfit is invariably a perplexing one, and at the same time one concerning which he will make many mistakes that will cause him annoyance and positive discomfort after he plunges into the north. For example the item of tents would seem simple considering that tent makers, since the days of Omar Khay-yam, have flourished everywhere; but the tent must be waterproof and there are only about four waterproof tents made in the country, and of those, three are comparatively heavy and are treated with an oily preparation which adds to the initial weight besides rendering them exceedingly inflammable, but the fourth tent maker produces a tent that weighs one-half the others and is equally effective in insuring a dry shelter in a heavy downpour. The novice also does not know that there is but one concern that makes a large pack sack that does not tear out under the strains of portaging with heavy loads. Equally important is to know the kind and quantity of pro-



Left to Right: Oliver Wolcott, Boston; Harry A. Auer, Cleveland; Charles Fry, Philadelphia; Harry C. Byng, London, Eng.



Rapids on Kabinakagami River.

visions to be taken, for on the portages all that you take with you must be transported on your backs and the backs of your guides, so it is important not to have an over supply of provisions and even more important to have enough to last until you reach a Hudson's Bay post, where you may replenish, for between starting point and Hudson's Bay post you have no hope for anything edible except game. The writer's experience for many years in canoe journeys made the solution of these questions merely a matter of writing letters ordering the outfit, though he confesses to many mistakes in past years resulting in leaky tents, torn out pack sacks, insufficient provisions, to say nothing of the wrong kind of provisions or too much of the right kind which swamp a canoe in the rapids and break a man's back on the portage.

At 7 a.m. on June 27th, 1912, the party consisting of Wolcott, Fry, Byng and the writer with the four Indian guides loaded the two twenty

foot, specially made Peterborough Canoes, at Loch Alsh siding on the Canadian Pacific Railway, with fifteen hundred pounds of provisions in water proof duffle bags, to say nothing of tents, cooking utensils, and personal equipment of blankets, clothing, etc., in pack sacks, and embarked upon Lake Wabatoncashene for the long journey to Fort Albany. There is something about open water canoeing through a large lake that places it in a class by itself: in the first place there is the utter lack of personality in a lake, which we find in river travel; it has no voice of its own, it does not babble in its joy, and has no rapid places, nor quiet pools and often its monotonous grandeur presses upon the voyageur with disquieting insistence; one also misses the white water of the river, which is the canoeman's chief joy, but in this respect the lake makes up all deficiencies when in a tempestuous mood, for in navigating its storm tossed extent the canoeman is put upon his mettle to the limit of his skill in making a

safe passage; nor are there any eddies or pools where he may pause for a breath in relaxation, but he must meet each wave as it comes to him and no sooner is the hissing problem past than another rises to overwhelm him if he lack resourcefulness.

No sooner had we left the protection of the mountain girl shore of Wabatongashene than we began to get a favoring wind, so the tarpaulins were gotten out and made into sails, and under the power of an increasing south west breeze we raced through the white caps toward the north end of the lake. The course in threading the many arms and inlands was exceedingly bewildering and impossible to discern without the aid of our guides who were familiar with the direction, but our Indians easily made out our course and stopping one hour for dinner en route we made the northern end of the lake, thirty miles from our starting point by one thirty in the afternoon, and began our three mile portage to Oba Lake across the Height of Land, from which the

waters flow north to Hudson's Bay. Most Height of Land portages are low and flat and this one was no exception to the rule. All the afternoon we toiled in the hot sun with canoes and provisions, and pack sacks across this stretch of three miles making three trips each way in order to get all of our equipment to the shore of Oba Lake; but at six o'clock this was accomplished and after supper the canoes were again loaded and, with sails set, we cruised comfortably down the lake amid the deepening purple shadows of the northern twilight, and made camp five miles from the portage.

Fortunately in lake travel the days of quiet and calm are more numerous than those of storm and tempest and on such a morning we embarked upon an untroubled sea to cover the remaining distance on Oba Lake which in its peaceful mood offers a mystic pose. The silence is intense, there is no movement in the picture, the mountains rising from the shores seem such finalities as to call for no



On Portage, Kabinakagami River.



Sailing on Wabatongashene Lake.

comment or discussion; it is a study in majestic repose. I have never known an Indian to talk while travelling a lake; on the river he is a sociable being full of information as to the river and its peculiarities, but when he comes upon the quiet of the lake, the silence of the hills wraps itself close about him closing his lips; in this way does the Great Mother Nature sound responsive chords in her children.

Paddling to the end of the lake we came to its outlet, Oba River flowing northward and travelled downstream. The river is narrow and except for three falls around which we portaged and three rapids which we navigated in canoes, it is dead water without current. There are trout in the rapids, but we only took a few as the water was too high for good fly fishing. Seventy miles north of Oba Lake the river doubles on its course and flows south through twenty miles of swamp known as muskeg where it is impossible to go ashore. It was on this stretch that we met three moose at close range, but having enough provisions we did nothing to disturb them but continued our paddling and came to the end of the river which flows into the easterly arm of Kabinakagami Lake from which, by a mile

portage over the beautiful Pine Portage, we saved fifteen miles paddling and reached the northwesterly arm of Lake Kabinakagami near the river of the same name through which the lake waters find outlet northward.

The pests of northern travel in July and August are the black flies by day, and the mosquitoes by night, and they are real pests for those who are not fortified, but the prepared need give them only little thought. When travelling by canoe the black flies do not annoy, but as soon as you go ashore they encompass you by millions, but a head net worn over your hat and gloves on your hands and the right brand of fly dope make their persistent efforts to annoy of no avail and at sunset they obligingly take leave until the next day. But as they depart they leave a hurry call for the invertebrate tigers of the north, the mosquitoes who with their battle songs come in clouds of millions upon millions. There is just one way to live and retain one's sanity when thus attacked; smudges, fly dope and like measures are painfully futile, swearing helps a little but accomplishes nothing by way of abating the pests, but, if you are sane and experienced, you have had provided a tent of fine cheese cloth within your sleeping tent,

only the sides and ends of the cheese cloth tent are twenty-four inches longer than the outside shelter. Having erected your tent you turn the twenty-four inches of cheese cloth tent inward towards the centre of the tent and weight it with paddles, poles, guns and pack sacks so it lies snugly on the ground; then your blankets are disposed so as to overlap the cheese cloth edges and before retiring you light your acetylene lamp and have a hunt to exterminate all mosquitoes within the cheese cloth fortification; this is not difficult and takes but little time, and the result far surpasses your fondest dream, for the night singers may come in hundreds of millions entirely covering your shelter, but you will sleep unharmed if you have exercised care in turning under your excess cheese cloth. A little carelessness however puts to naught all your efforts and good intentions, and you may pay the penalty. One night on Kabinakagami Lake we were careless in not having the excess cheese cloth weighted flat against the earth, with the result that several thousand of the persistent pests crept in under the edges. In spite of our fly dope, gloves, hats, head nets and hunting coats, and wrapping close in our blankets, we were so chewed and bitten that we

resembled inmates of a smallpox hospital; but after that one experience we did not relax our care in disposing our cheese cloth tent, and were not troubled by another penetration of our defenses, but lived in peace and comfort in the presence of our enemies.

The Kabinakagami River is the most continuously tempestuous and dangerous river the writer has ever traversed in many years of wilderness canoe journeys. Starting at its source in the lake of the same name and tearing its mad course through dense and unbroken forest of spruce, cedar and pine it presents one vast stretch of rapids most of which can be run in canoes at a hazard, but interrupted by many chutes and falls around which one must portage canoes and duffle. "Not every moon sees a canoe man born" is the translation of an Ojibway proverb, but our Cree Indians were certainly the best men in white water I have ever seen, quick, keen, and careful, recognizing at once the possibility or the impossibility of a particular stretch of white water, taking the one with a headlong rush, and avoiding the other by making a portage. The writer is convinced that no form of sport presents such sustained and continuous thrills as that of running rapids; it is the



Mamamaweemattawan, Hudson Bay Post.



Indian Family at Mamamaweemattawan

thrill of taking a wall on a thoroughbred hunter with the pack in full cry ahead, only with the difference that it lasts longer, is more dangerous and its success rests entirely with the canoeman and not at all on his craft, and the Kabinakagami River travel is one continuous round of thrills.

On approaching a dangerous rapids the bowsman and steersman stand up in the canoe and scan the white water ahead and pick the course after which all who paddle accept the bowsman's actions and movements as final and conclusive, for he is the pilot and the only function of the paddlers is to keep the canoe on whatever course the bowsman takes. Many times have I seen a bowsman throw the bow into a course that headed straight on to a sunken rock in a heavy chute, but you keep the faith, say a prayer, and keep the canoe headed as the pilot has willed, until within five feet of the danger the pilot using his paddle as a lever with one stroke throws the bow two feet to the side of the rock and as you twist the canoe in response to his indication you leap through in safety between rocks, in the only course you

could possibly take. Having selected the course, the bowsman kneels with his paddle thrust forward, but not paddling, the steersman sits high in the end merely steering for the moment and the paddlers amidship kneel and paddle slowly as the canoe comes into the draw of the current at the top of the chute. But when the white water is reached every one paddles, as the canoe must be running faster than the rapids in order to steer it at all. Once into the leaping cauldron, the noise is deafening; you dodge one rock that is exposed to find another just hidden below the surface to be avoided, you run sideways slanting across the torrent, shipping water the whole course, to make the only opening in the line of rocks stretched across the flood, and with an instantaneous turn, leap through the opening; one false stroke, an instant's hesitation and the least that happens is a broken canoe and a party separated from civilization by hundreds of miles of impenetrable forest, while the worst that may happen is to take the "long trail where there are no moccasin prints returning." For two

hundred and fifty miles we fought our way for four days in the early part of July making sixteen portages around rapids and falls. The last of which not noted on the maps is beautiful Twin Falls seventy-five feet high consisting of a chute at the top and a sheer drop at the end.

The portages on this river are the varying lengths from two miles to 200 yards and the going was slow by reason of our necessarily numerous bags of provisions and in the heat of the July sun we were dripping wet from the effort of taking across our one hundred and thirty pound sacks. I say one hundred and thirty pounds, but that is not the measure of the guides' loads. I helped to load up Sheshegun for a portage and having assisted him to a load of two hundred and fifty pounds he said "I take more till the strap he break." Having followed the Kabinakagami for more than two hundred miles and seen it change from a stream seventy-five feet wide to a river one-half a mile across, we were now forced to abandon it on account of a hundred miles of rapids which we could not run in canoes, and by a portage twenty miles due west we came to the Nagagami River flowing north, paralleling and eventually joining the Kabinakagami.

For those who venture into the Silent Places perhaps the thoughts that linger longest are the associa-

tions that cluster about the camp fire. After travelling from seven o'clock in the morning until seven at night, whether running a rapids, straining under the loads on a portage, or paddling in dead water, it is always with a sense of relaxation and pleasure that one comes ashore to make camp. The process may be made tedious if one permits himself to make too many unnecessary motions, but if he be a true woodsman it takes only fifteen minutes to select and clear a level place, pitch the tent, gather and spread the balsam boughs upon the ground for the bed and unpack blankets. While this is being done two of the guides have cut down trees for firewood and the kettle is boiling. One never experiences the intense at home feeling quite so completely as when that feeling of repose and peace is induced merely by a canvas shelter in the midst of the wilderness, lighted by the gleam of a rousing friendship fire, beside which you smoke your pipe, and contemplate your companions with deep, but unspoken satisfaction and live over again in thought the thrilling incidents of the day's travel upon the water, and smile at the backward look at a particularly hot and back breaking portage; and as the circle of light from the friendship fire contracts about the dying flame you are drawn closer to your companions until the night chill calls you to your blankets spread upon the aromatic balsam.

To Be Continued





The Lady Evelyn.

## The Call of the Strenuous Life

C. H. HOOPER

**W**HAT a fiasco the winter of 1912-13 was. One never succeeded in getting the real feeling of it at all. With continual thaws and rain, soft south winds and warm sunshine, with only occasionally a touch of the old familiar cold and snow, we did not sink into that state of thorough harmony with winter pursuits which helps one to view with equanimity, if not with actual pleasure, the prospect of five months of Canadian winter.

Just as we were anticipating a couple of weeks of ice-making weather, and were getting to enjoy the keen frost-fingers on our faces, up would go the temperature and down would come the rain, or else the sun would suddenly blaze out of a cloudless sky, a warm wind fan us from the south, and all the cocks commence heralding the approach of Spring.

There is something about puddles in the street, with the ripples blowing across them that is indissolubly connected with Spring.

In the middle of January I saw acres of the Ottawa River, which should have been covered with two feet of ice, wide open—the placid little wavelets gently lapping the edges and, with their old familiar music instantly conjuring up visions of the summer. On January the twenty-fifth I saw boys playing marbles out of doors in Hull.

How can one enjoy such a winter, and take a delight in sports which should necessitate thick clothing and violent exercise to just keep warm? It is manifestly unfair to supply us with the stage properties of one season, and to expect us to use only imagination to consider it another.

It didn't look like winter, didn't act like winter, didn't feel like winter, and, as a matter of fact wasn't winter—just a prolonged practical joke, suggesting a New-England spring more than anything else.

How often did we, of the out-of-door army, disguised with vain attempts to snowshoe, ski, skate, to—

boggan—to merely get cold, in fact—anticipate with eagerness the distant opening of the summer. When the sun grew hot and poured on the bare hill-sides making them steam on the southern slopes, and the first whiff of wet earth assailed the nostrils—then, in a flash, we were paddling in the northland. Muskoka, Temagami, Algonquin Park, and a thousand other less known places came to mind. Sloppy streets, raw winds and a general unpleasantness, with the probability of its continuance for months to come were all forgotten. Then we fingered a rod and reel, turned over a canoe or looked at some photos and were instantly oblivious of the unsatisfying present, and voyaging blithely in the ever pleasant future.

The rosy future, like the mellow past, is always pleasant. Only the unfeeling present, with its downright realities plagues us with petty annoyances.

Of course all our future plans are based on past experiences. We think so, and say so pretty frequently. In spite of this, it is safe to say that this summer will see not a few of us in places and in situations where we vowed many times never to be again.

We will toil over certain portages and thread certain obscure waterways where we swore, not so long ago, that nothing would ever take us again. These places no longer appear uninviting. That's the peculiar property of memory—we pass an exhausting, harassing day, plagued by flies, scorched by the sun, "we grunt and sweat under a weary load" over windfalls, and flounder through "sloughs of despond." We state emphatically many times that day that nothing in Heaven or Earth or in the waters under the Earth will tempt us there again. We keep on saying so at intervals all day, and try to think out new and more forcible ways of stating our feelings. At night we compare notes and vie with each other in painting picturesque visions of the people we hate, doing what we have done—forever. Then comes the evening nip, the feed, the pipe. We begin to remember the amusing episodes of the day,—the humor of them was not so palpable at the time. We poke fun at each other—finally turning in under the impression that the whole thing was a joke—a rough practical joke of course, and not to be repeated at any price. In six months we are looking fondly back to that day, ex-



Typical Northland Scenery: Gull Lake.



Away Into Matagamasingue.

patiating on how we enjoyed it, forgetting all the hardships and the inward questions which *would* arise in our minds "Is this fun? I haven't got to do this? Why did I come?"—questions which we would not let slip our teeth for worlds—and only longing for an opportunity to go straight back and do the whole thing over again.

That is memory's little way. Yet we remember the unpleasant places plainly enough, only,—they are no longer unpleasant. We could hardly forget some of them. The portages seem to stand out most prominently. Think of any canoe trip. Does it not seem to consist of a series of carries—all perfectly clear—separated by vague stretches, presumably of straight paddling.

How many have packed the newly filled bags over the boulders from Obabika to Round Lake and not cursed every separate stone on that vile portage? How many have tramped the four miles from the Sturgeon River to get to Florence Lake and not wished himself dead? In Algonquin Park, has anyone ever yet really enjoyed the "five miles" on the Pele-wawa from Cedar to Catfish Lake? Who has gone into the Park from South River and relished the Portage

from Mary Jane to Round Lake? Has anyone ever floundered from jumping Cariboo to Twin Lakes in Temagami and not sighed for the legs of a moose to cover the west end of that mile and a half? Does anyone forget the carry from Anima Nipissing to Bay Lake? Have the glories of that *via dolorosa* from Barton to Parson's Lake yet been properly sung? Have you climbed the "Golden Stairs" on the Lady Evelyn on a hot day with a too heavy pack and muttered—anything but your prayers? Have you passed east from Cross Lake to Mann through those execrable cedar swamps? "If on a pedestrian tour" mildly observed one of my companions once in this place—"why carry a canoe along?" a remark which frequently occurs to me when staggering along with a mountain of luggage to save that bugbear—a second trip back—the sweat smarting in my eyes, and the top bag coming off with monotonous regularity over every cursed windfall.

And, though I know every stick and stone on those carries, have climbed every fallen tree, and floundered in every bog hole until ready to give up the ghost, I would cheerfully go the whole round again tomorrow.

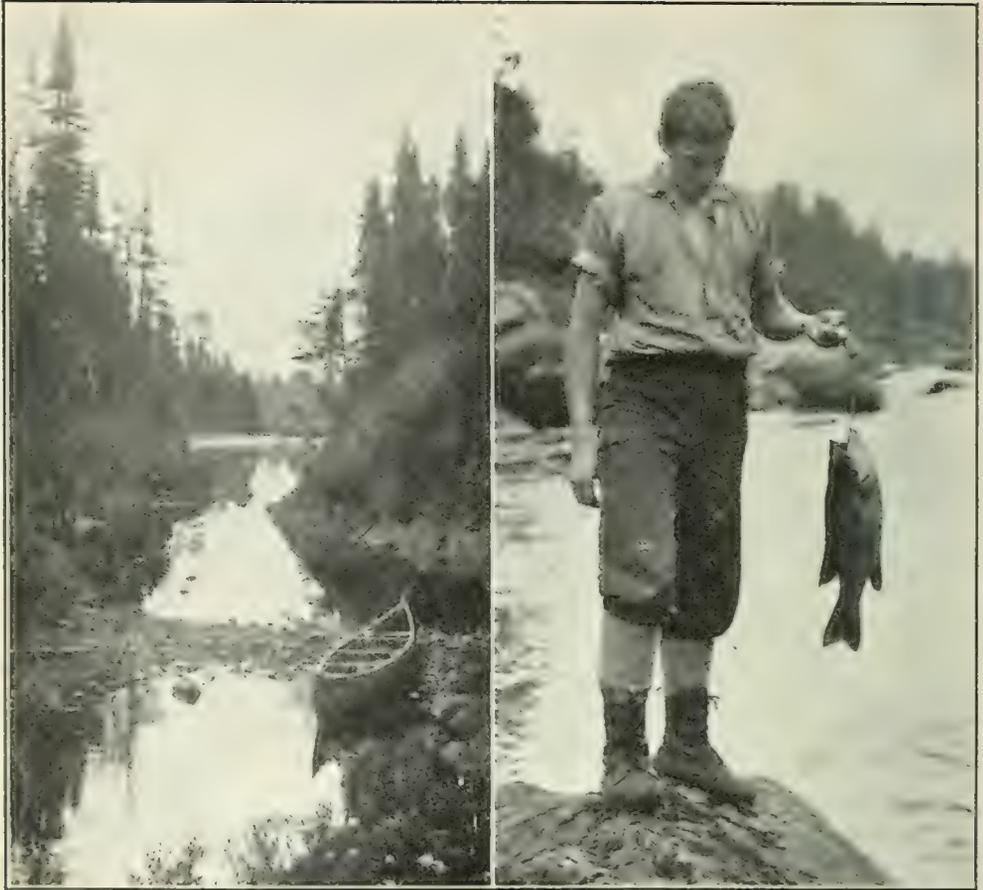
Three of us got into the west branch of the Upper Wahnipitae once, by mistake. We didn't know what it was, but finding that no one had been down it before, we determined to explore it to its mouth in the lake. We started cheerfully enough with two days' provisions—leaving our cache on Chinikoochichi. We averaged a hundred obstructions a day—drift-wood jams, windfalls across the stream, falls, flat rapids and beaver dams. We didn't get a hundred yards of clear paddling on the whole river, but we were determined to see it to the bitter end. It poured rain the whole of the first day, but we toiled on, wading, climbing, dragging the canoe over half submerged logs and beaver dams, cutting portages, for there were none before us. We camped in a black alder and cedar swamp—there was nothing else to choose—with a smashed canoe and the repair kit at the cache behind us. Supper consisted of two slices of bacon and a handful of hard tack crumbs per man, and tea. We didn't know how long we would be on the job and were taking no chances of a Hubbard-like ending. The next day I patched the canoe with bacon rind—grudging the fat left adhering to it. We proceeded. From sunrise to dark

we toiled on, the way getting steadily worse. We cursed everything including ourselves for being fools, but none of us dreamed of turning back. On the evening of the third day—one long to be remembered, for the strain was beginning to tell—we ran into the Upper Wahnipitae. Turning down this we soon reached the lake, which, taking advantage of a dead calm, we crossed, and camped at the abandoned gold mine at the north-west corner. We had no grub now, had toiled harder than ever, and still had a long day of lakes and portages north to our cache on Chinikoochichi. Next day the heavy sea on that dangerous lake Wahnipitae rendered the crossing of the night before utterly impossible—we blessed our foresight, and by dark were stuffing ourselves with bacon and bannock at our cache.

It doesn't sound very enjoyable does it? Yet we would do it again, a little more leisurely and with more grub, whenever the opportunity arrives. There are lots of us like that—we don't quite see just where the fascination in this sort of thing lies, and couldn't explain why we do it, but it does attract us. We go, we "spend and are spent," and we go back again for more.



Ranger's Shack, Wilson Lake, Temagami.



A "Lift Over" Only

"Some Bass": Sucker Gut Lake, Temagami.

Then there's the demon of speed that assails everyone. That fierce desire to reel off the miles and see how much country one can put between camps, that longing to see what is round the next point, and the next, and so on, comes and goes, and is just as likely to take possession of one on the first day of a trip as on the last. One is paddling along some day thinking of nothing in particular, least of all of making a record. The wind is behind perhaps and giving the canoe a nice little boost along; about noon one realizes that it is a good long journey to last night's camp and the desire to see how far one could go in a day takes sudden and complete possession of one.

Then the fun begins—the loading and unloading at the portages is done

in double quick time, small delays incident to the packs being carried sometimes by one—sometimes by another—are cut out. Every man has his job and sticks to it; conversation languishes; the paddles rise and fall sturdily; the canoe drives steadily forward; pipes are pocketed; second wind is gained; a sort of stern resolve takes possession of all to drive along stopping for no man. This sort of thing soon begins to tell, and a great distance is put behind the canoe before four o'clock. As the evening shadows lengthen and the usual time for camping arrives everyone is possessed with but one idea—to drive on until dark. The arms are not a bit tired; the muscles seem to work now as smoothly as if oiled; breath comes in deep easy inflations;

one feels as if this might be kept up forever. The grateful cool of the evening gives one renewed vigor. Finally, as dark warns one to stop, the proposed place is reached, the canoe driven at racing speed right up to the landing in response to a "Give it to her boys" from the steersman, and we pile out and laugh in each other's faces at the foolishness that made us cover two days' journey in one.

I have paddled with a fifteen year old boy, in a ten foot birch-bark from Kioshkoqui to Cache Lake in four days, from Doherty (west of the Sturgeon in Temagami) to Obabika in an easy day, from Lady Evelyn (with a big load) to MacPherson Lake in a day, from Bear Island to Wilson Lake in a short day, from Wasaksenogama to Twin Lakes in a

long and strenuous day. I came down from the Maple Lakes to Kioshkoqui last summer at two in the morning on a forced march without light of any kind. There are five portages en route—never used—besides the usual sprinkling of beaver dams, rocks, windfalls and rapids. We got through without mishap and at day-break were gorging ourselves at the camp—having had nothing since breakfast on the previous day

I shall not travel at night again—at least that is what we all said on that occasion—but, still,—well we enjoyed the novel experience a good deal, jumped many a deer at close quarters, and ran into some beaver. We didn't want to be caught out without blankets or grub and knew that if we just kept on plugging steadily, barring accidents, we would



The Golden Stairs, Lady Evelyn River



Young Loons Captured on Cross Lake  
Temagami.

eventually get in O. K. One doesn't LOOK for these little episodes in the woods, but they come in the best of regulated camps. The speed mania leaves one as suddenly and mysteriously as it comes. The hardest traveller that I have ever been with, a giant of 228 pounds, whose carrying and paddling limit has never yet been reached, and who delighted to hold a watch over one on the portages, could loaf about a camp, when the spirit seized him, worse than the laziest hobo, yet he holds the record for the shortest trip to the "Bay" and back. The hardships of travelling in out-of-the-way places is greatly lessened by meeting others in worse plight than oneself. Companions in misery are very comforting; strangers in far worse straits are a positive joy. One's self respect is saved by finding bigger fools than oneself.

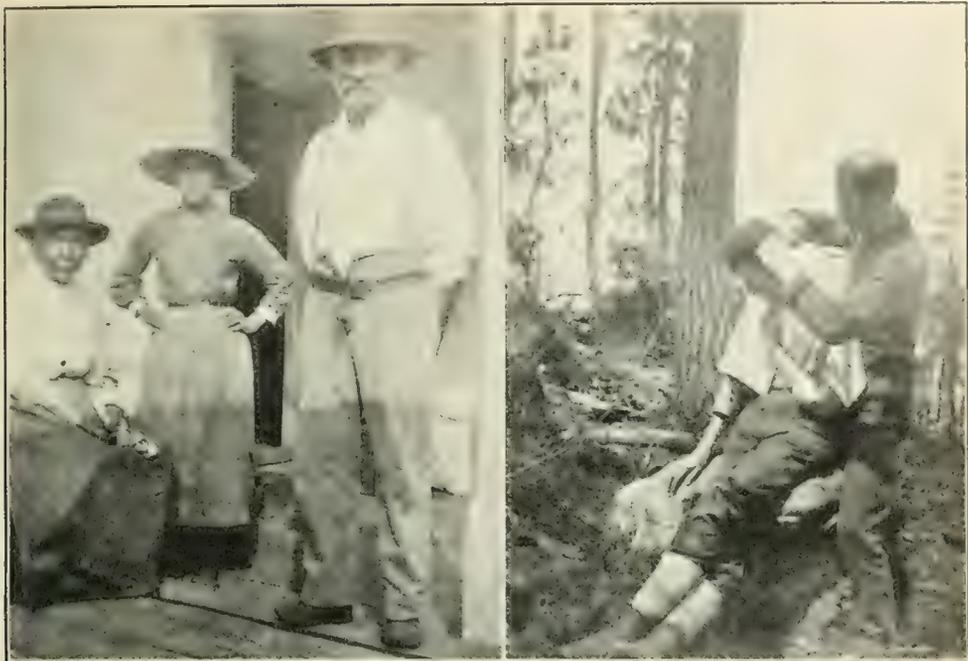
At MacPherson Lake on the Lady Evelyn River I met a learned professor from a University in the States paddling anxiously about in front of his tent examining every nearby lily-leaf on the surface. He was looking for a pan-cake which his wife had foolishly thrown away the night before. We camped near them and heard their tale of woe.

It appeared that he was to write an article entitled "The Professional Man in the Woods"—showing that mind is the only requisite to overcome matter. Dispensing with guides (who had usually towed him about) he had brought his wife and two children, aged 7 and 9 respectively, in a specially constructed 19 foot by 36 inches canoe. He had toiled for days with mountains of outfit—including folding chairs and table and a tent which required hours to pitch. The three falls and the "Golden Stairs" had taken all the "matter" out of him—only the "mind" remained. He was quite out of grub having loaded up with "dehydrated" vegetables and such rubbish instead of pork and flour. He was now sitting down resignedly to wait for help. We had intended going to Florence Lake and out by the

Sturgeon, but had to turn back and help him out. We buckled to and rushed his house-furnishings down the Lady Evelyn faster than they had ever moved before—depositing him finally safe in Temagami, where he had left a "tin" motor boat at the Sharp Rock Portage.

A travelling passenger agent for the Grand Trunk roused me at sun-rise one morning in my camp on the north-west arm of Temagami—where I had stopped en route for Bear Island. He and his companion—a waitress from the Lady Evelyn hotel had started out the night before from the hotel in a boat to fish. Passing through that narrow gap close to the hotel they had soon become lost and had rowed all night until my tent had appeared at sunrise. They were very much scared, particularly the man, and told me that they had kept close to the shores all night and broken off little cedar twigs as they went along (the twigs were in the boat to bear witness) so that the "search party" could track them the next day. That they had never been more than fifteen minutes from the hotel seemed to surprise them a good deal. Then came the embarrassing question of how to get back without being perceived. They were both apparently very anxious to create as little sensation as possible. I never saw such modest people. One would *almost* have thought that accident had figured very little in the episode—still they would hardly have come to my camp in that case. Alas for their hopes of returning unobserved: when I delivered them at the hotel, every solitary guest and employeewas on the wharf staring *hard*. I rushed them to the landing and then fled—refusing almost tearful entreaties to leave them my name and address. "Mister," were the last words that floated to me across the water (an expression that he had fired at me at the rate of once a minute since he had landed at my camp) "Mister, you don't know what a God-send you are to me."

Three years later I was told this story by the proprietor of the Lady



The Famous "Ignace and Susanne", Indians of Manitou Lake, With Their Niece

"Torture": Camp Barbering

Evelyn, then proprietor of the Highland Inn, "and to this day" he concluded "we don't know who that camper was who brought them in."

As I passed one day I saw two greenhorns at Kewaydin Camp carefully packing their stuff, for a trip, into their canoe. When the job was finished they discovered that the paddles had been packed at the bottom of the canoe.

On Herridge Lake I overtook two others with a guide, who actually pushed off from the portage and then discovered their paddles standing against a tree where they had left them.

Harry Woods came to me at Bear Island one fine morning and borrowed my second canoe, a fifteen foot, canvas covered Chestnut. It was a little ticklish, but had carried me for two seasons without mishap of any kind. He rented it to a party who was taking a trip to Cross Lake. The "party" got in safely and then the guide with the blankets, tent, and grocery-box, full of grub, between. Before they had got four feet from

the wharf, the guide was floundering about trying to salvage the plunder, and the "party" was swimming desperately for his life, in exactly four feet of calm water.

It would fill books to relate all the curious little episodes of forest travel that fall to one's lot. The fire rangers alone are as interesting a study in character as can be met anywhere. Who has gone to Wasaxsenogama, Herridge, Wilson Lakes and up the South Totopiga River and not noticed the almost too easy portage trails? They are clear of windfalls, freshly blazed, and actually provided with a little sort of landing at each end. This is—or rather was—MacKenzie's district. The log shacks on Wasak and on Wilson are of his building. He is always busy, always improving things, the most restless man on the staff. His partners—usually fat young men—don't like him a bit. Too much work for them. Moreover he is a photographer, doing all his own work in these shacks, and turning out really creditable post-cards on the premises. He is con-

scientious too—"getting after" those campers who light big fires, and actually photographing the fires to produce as evidence in the event of trouble. Perhaps he dictates a little too arbitrarily to campers as to where they shall or shall not camp, and he does occasionally stick up notices to this effect—a practice not in vogue among the other rangers.

On Island Lake, a beautiful point, the pick of the lake, which had been used for years, bore such a label warning campers not to camp there any more. I blessed that label for it reserved for me the best place when several other parties were putting up with less favoured localities. I lost no time in pitching for the night, and was watched enviously by my neighbors. I knew MacKenzie, and recognized his handiwork.

West of Cross Lake—to Mann Lake, through the cedar swamps the trails are execrable (or they were when I was there). This was the district of Tom White, who hated canoes, paddling, carrying, and in fact all known forms of work. He went through his district once that summer with his partner, Stewart, a student from Queens, and if accounts are true, it nearly killed him. For the most part he sat in the abandoned mine house on the island in Cross Lake and read his Bible.

Stewart, on the other hand, had been up at Stull lake the year before but was too strenuous, or rather too nomadic, for a fire ranger. He had spent most of his time in long delightful canoe trips clean outside the Park, and was never at home when wanted. To keep an eye on his little failings, the authorities, the next year had planted him down on Cross Lake, four hours from Bear Island, with old Tom White as an anchor. There I found him fretting his heart out and talking with a longing regret of the good days of last year "away up the Sturgeon, and away from the cursed campers." Poor chap I fully sympathized with him as he wistfully watched me passing out of sight going just where the fancy of the moment directed me, while he had to stick to

that wretched island—throwing stones into the lake for amusement.

There were two boys, rangers on Lady Evelyn that year, whom I met at the little falls from Suokergut (alas there is a fall there no longer since the dam was put in at Metawabika). They were very callow. I saw them getting lunch at this place. Putting the frying pan on a big fire, they started fishing. When the pan and contents were blazing merrily, I mildly suggested a removal. They informed me that it improved the flavour of the fish to let them burn a little, and seemed to think that this was part of the "liberty and license" of the woods. And they actually ate the resulting charred mess. Of course the rangers near headquarters are the green ones. The old mossbacks are sent to the outlying districts—they can take care of themselves.

On Doherty Lake I met such an old timer, who chummed with a young dental student. They lived in a tent and cooked over an open fire and the old fellow made the very best shanty bread that I ever tasted in my life.

One can paddle now from Round Lake right into the Obabika River without a portage and there are rangers now on both Wasak and on Rawson Lake. Those on the latter have been moved from that fearful mosquito hole on the Sturgeon above the Upper Goose Falls. I don't like camping near rangers be they ever so pleasant. It destroys the chief charm of solitude—the knowledge that there is no one within many miles of one's camp.

One summer I spent two weeks of my holidays in Chinicoochichi and its environments and saw not a human being for fourteen days. One could not do that now with rangers as close as Rawson Lake. We saw bears at close quarters, one a little too close and much too anxious about her cub. We photographed them, as also moose, deer and beaver. The place was a solitude given up to the wild creatures only then. It will be no more. West of this is the "lake where the wolves howl all night," as an Indian

described it to me once. There are rangers on it too now.

But all these reminiscences, the result of gazing at puddles in the streets in winter, can give no real idea of the "wide and gaudy freedom of the woods" to those who have never "been there."

It is not the big trips, the wonders of nature, the huge catches, that go to fill the cup of perfect happiness. It is rather the little things, so much more significant, the mere animal pleasures derived from physical exertion amid perfect surroundings, and

the resulting satisfaction in having performed daily something difficult, something that required "sand"; the robust health, the tranquil sleep, the vigorous appetite, the nightly renewal of vitality generously expended by day, the gradual readjustment of the system to a natural and rational form of living, until, as Wordsworth puts it, "We recognize a grandeur in the beatings of the heart." These are the true joys of the open air—these the prompt response of the primitive in us to the call of Mother Nature.

## Fishing in the Kootenays, British Columbia

A. S. FITZGERALD

"SWAPPING lies," that's what we were doing. The scene was the parlor of an orchard homestead in the Creston Valley, one of British Columbia's beauty spots. Sparsely furnished it was as most homes in the making, with bare necessities such as a table and a few chairs, two double-barreled shot-guns, a Winchester Automatic and a bundle of rods, together with a few tradesmen's calendars which broke the monotony of the four walls, while the nakedness of the two windows was only partly relieved by green blinds. Over a portion of the floor lay a strip of linoleum showing signs of constant use with rough-shod boots to the almost complete obliteration in spots of its artistic pattern. In one corner of the room stood an airtight heating stove harking defiance at the blizzard raging in all its force outside.

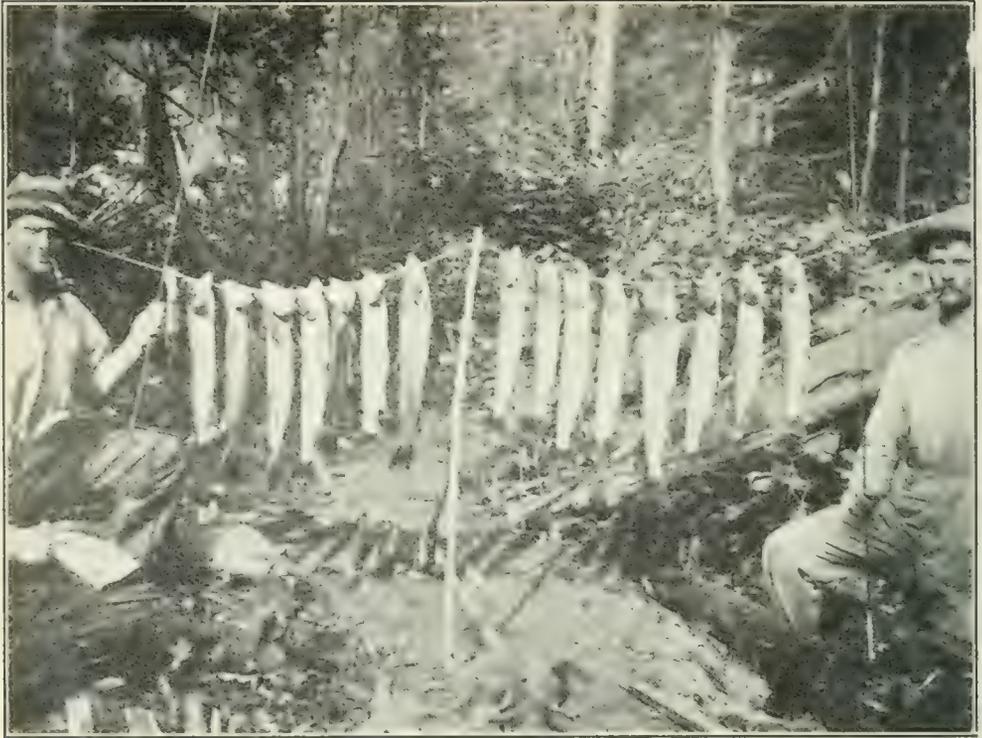
Seated around the stove five of us, all fruit growers in the Creston Valley, smoked and talked, the conversation drifting unchecked from one subject to another and including fishing trips, camping, and expeditions to the tall timbers in search of bear and deer. The subject of rifles was of course discussed, each one expatiating

on the utility of the one to which he had been most accustomed. One man spoke strongly in favor of the rifle that will hit a penny every time at one hundred yards. At the time of writing my memory fails or the name of the maker of that gun might be of some interest. Perhaps a good substitute would be a letter of introduction to the man behind it.

After hearing how two of the party were kept busy the previous August on a two day trip, one with a rod and the other with a gaff, landing salmon trout weighing up to eight pounds from the big pool up Summit Creek, it was suggested that we should make a trip there again next summer.

"It's twenty miles from the ranch on a good trail," said S. and I can pack all that four of us would want for a week on one of the mules. After discussing the kind of tackle to equip ourselves with for such fish it was agreed that four of us should make the trip the following August.

Six months later F—, D—, and myself found ourselves driving across the Creston Flats, five miles of absolutely flat meadow land, through which like two huge snakes the waters of the Goat and Kootenay Rivers



An Afternoon's Catch

continue to wend their way to Kootenay Lake. Both these rivers had to be crossed, the first by bridge but the second by ferry. This latter river, 300 yards wide, is fringed on either bank with a belt of cotton-wood and poplar trees whose lower mud-stained branches plainly show its high water mark and even then, at low water, it was several hundreds of feet deep in places. Few who tumble into it can hope to escape from the cruel clutches of its under-currents.

As our diminutive craft glides lazily across we have ample time to take in the scene before us: a vast stretch of water in the foreground, broken only by an occasional log rolling lazily along with the current, a sign of active logging operations somewhere on the upper reaches. Now and then the fringe of trees seems broken. A few cattle are grazing near the water's edge and above high water level are a "tepee" and a few log buildings, probably the home of some old Indian warrior who,

could he speak English, would tell of his younger days when fighting was play and hunting his only means of existence. The fringe of trees continues beyond with a purple background of a branch of the Purcell Mountains in the far distance. As we approach the opposite bank a kingfisher darts before us. A V of ducks cross over in search of an evening feeding ground and away over our heads the "honk, honk" of the geese can plainly be heard.

Another two and a half miles and we left the meadow land behind us and soon began to climb the hill to where we were to spend the night.

Armed to the teeth with fly rods, gaffs, landing nets and, in fact, all the necessary equipment a whaling outfit in the north sea wouldn't want, we were greeted in real Irish fashion by S—and his father at their ranch. Well, the d—! Is it the fishing that you're come for? Come on in, don't stand out there in the hot sun. It's

enough to singe the bristles on the old hog's back. Come on in.

Some of us slept in the hay loft that night and, in spite of it being one of the most comfortable beds we could wish for, we managed to have the mules ready to start for our fishing ground, twenty miles distant, by 7 a.m. The trail for the first six miles, was not of the best, following as it did, along the base of the hills, which rise abruptly from the meadow land, leading us sometimes through marsh, sometimes through acres of splendid hay up to our waists, now and then climbing the hill to avoid an impassable slough or ledge of rock below until we reached the point where Summit Creek leaves the hills and enters the flats, becoming in contrast to its upper reaches, deep and sluggish, winding its way to the big Kootenay.

Fording the creek on a gravel bar where the water was at the most only knee-deep, we struck a well worn trail kept in condition by constant

use by pack trains to and from the rich mining districts of Bayonne and Sheep Creek. Following the trail, which kept for the most part along the creek bank, we passed a number of likely looking pools for trout but the big fish alone were what we were after.

The country on each side of us had been burnt over and the hills sloped away from either bank of the creek, open except for a scattering of blackened stumps. A frame-work of giant trees, white and leafless, stood out like bony skeletons against the green of young birch and maple which had established themselves since the fire. About thirteen miles up this tributary we decided to make our camp, so after relieving the mules of their loads and satisfying the inner man, we put our tackle together and went to the pool about two hundred yards above us.

The pool was not large, an ordinary cast would reach the opposite bank



The Start From the Ranch



Our Camp

from almost any point. The water above sliding in strong, green sheets round and over smooth, giant boulders, broke into whitened foam as it fell through a narrow canyon into the pool below.

At first nothing was astir. Then S. hooked a trout weighing about two pounds and though this was the smallest fish we took out of the pool he fought better than any of the others. The pool seemed too small for him for round and round he went, every now and then leaping out of the water, shivering and kicking to free himself at every attempt to get the net under him. Another frantic dash for the deep, black holes of the pool, the strain increases alarmingly, there is a moment of suspense and then—what has happened? An attempt to make sure that the line has not fouled a rock was answered by a huge salmon-trout rising near the surface with the trout in his jaws, but he let go the moment he saw us on the bank, leaving the trout easy to

land, floating on his back without a kick left in him.

From now on the pool seemed alive with fish and several weighing from three and a half pounds to five pounds each had been landed. Projecting from under a rock about three feet below the surface in a small eddy, what appeared to be the tail of a large fish flapped lazily from side to side. A well directed cast with a live minnow and the object moved; a head with huge upturned eyes appeared beyond, only to return in a moment to his former position. Another cast was made at a tempting distance. The minnow had scarcely touched the water when followed by a mighty rush, the waters heaved and then there was a splash and a lightning dash across the pool as the barbs buried themselves in his mouth. Rushing round and across in his maddened fury each time he sought refuge in the deepest and blackest parts, each dash becoming feebler and feebler until, reeled in for the last time,

he gave a final kick as he felt the gaff in his gills. A fine specimen he was, turning the scales at seven and a half pounds. By six o'clock that evening we had twenty-one fish, weighing about ninety pounds, and we all agreed to give the pool a rest and next day to fish the main creek for trout.

Though we had with us a strip of canvas to form a shelter in case of bad weather that night we slept without it. A little before daybreak next morning I woke up to find a huge porcupine, weighing probably thirty-five pounds, chewing something at the foot of a tree and close to the heads of the others who were still asleep. Afterwards I discovered that my camera strap must have proved very appetizing to him, for he had only left me about eighteen inches of its original length of four or five feet. As I moved he climbed slowly up the tree and sat on a branch about six feet from the ground and immediately above those sleeping below. I woke one of them and pointed up the tree. Don't ask me what he said, but you would never believe how quickly a man CAN get out of bed.

The next two days were spent on the main creek where the trout gave us splendid sport.

After two more visits to the big pool we decided to retrace our steps to Creston having now all the fish we wanted to pack down.

Loading one mule with salted fish and the other with our blankets, etc., we hit down the trail, doing the twenty miles to the ranch in five and a quarter hours, getting there in comfortable time for supper. From our point of vantage here on the hill we had a grand panorama before us, for it is the early morning and the late evenings, when the sun is not lighting up the landscape with one huge incandescent glare, that the Kootenay looks most beautiful. Evening drops down on her long purple waters; a long silver band of mist rises below us while Creston in the distance throbs yet under the rays of the setting sun. In the far distance and up the valley in Idaho a tinge of red on the highest peaks as the evening falls, stands out above the deep, purple hills below.

## A New Western Book

"Trails, Trappers and Tenderfeet in Western Canada" by Stanley Washburn is the title of a new book descriptive of journeys via pack-horse train into the new territory that is now being opened up by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. In his introduction the writer apologizes for adding another volume to the already somewhat numerous collection of camp-fire, wilderness and "roughing it" stories that have appeared during the last few years. His own experience of life on the trail, however, extending over a period of fifteen years led him to desire to embody in permanent form his impressions of the country in its primeval state before it became accessible to tens of thousands from the rear end of an observation train. The author further adds: "If the general public read and approve my book I shall be pleased but even if they do not, yet there are a few trapper and prospector friends scattered through the wilderness who will read these pages by their camp-fires, and if they alone

approve, then am I satisfied and my labour shall be counted not in vain."

The "general reader" can scarcely fail, if he has any love for the out-of-doors, to follow the author with interest along the miles of trail that lead him far from the haunts of men through strange wildernesses, along rushing torrents and among distant peaks, to join him in fancy around the friendly camp-fire and to become better acquainted with those companions of the trail whom he delineates as "Nature's noblemen."

The journeyings include expeditions to the Yellowhead Pass, an exploration toward the head of the Fraser River, a trip along the trail from Yellowhead Lake to Tete Jaune Cache, a voyage down the Fraser River, a 350 mile canoe trip down the Fraser from the Cache to Fort George, etc. The book, which is published by the Musson Book Co., Toronto, contains 80 illustrations from photographs by the author and makes a very interesting addition to the growing literature of the West.



Camp at Timber Line: "We Heard the Twigs Snapping"

## A Trip From Vancouver Island to Prince Rupert

P. E. BUCKE

**I**N the late Autumn of 1912 Gerald and I made up our minds to take a run up north from Vancouver as far as Prince Rupert, but as there is no convenience along the coast for making repairs, and the trip is somewhat rough and stormy at that season, we thought it best before making the final dash to proceed to Esquimalt on Vancouver Island, dry dock the Flying Scud and make any necessary repairs to hull and machinery before starting on our perilous voyage. This delayed us for a week but gave us an opportunity to see something of the city of Victoria, which is really a very pretty place. It has fine Parliament buildings and an imposing Canadian Pacific Railway hotel. It is well for tourists going West from Ontario and other points East, to get tickets right through to Victoria on Vancouver Island as the charge is the same as to the city of Vancouver on the mainland,

and the eighty mile trip across the Strait of Georgia by the fine steamers provided, is a most enjoyable one. At times the lovely islands and narrow channels seem to block all progress, but a sharp turn of the helm drives the steamer into open water again. Arriving at the island we took a walk round as it was some years since I had been there. I was glad to see that the Victoria people had improved their city since my last visit. The town seems bright and gay; the Carnegie Library, which at the time of my last visit had been completed for some time, but which was notwithstanding destitute of reading matter, had been stocked with books, and many other improvements were noted.

After having passed a few pleasant days on shore with old friends we returned to Vancouver, laid in supplies of fishing tackle, guns, ammunition and provisions and made a start for

up country. Although it was getting late in the season we made a good run to Nanoose Bay. Here we landed and taking our guns pushed along the shore to the head of the bay, where there is quite a depression and swamp. It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon when we approached this spot. The banks were thickly wooded with fir and cedar trees along the high land, which came down almost to the water's edge. The big trees sheltered the marsh and made the air calm and cool. All kinds of water fowl were coming in thick and fast. We pelted the poor birds in a terrible manner until it began to get quite dusk. I hardly know how many we secured but I am afraid many were left in the marsh in the dark. Amongst the birds gathered up were several geese, some snipe, plover, and quite a variety of ducks.

Nanoose Bay is twelve miles from Nanaimo. Near its entrance there is quite a large factory for the manufacture of explosives for which there is great demand for blasting rocks and blowing out stumps, and in some instances splitting big trees too large to get to the mills or to the water's edge. There are also two large saw-mills convenient to tide water where ships can load timber right off the saws.

Next day we dipped into Deep Bay which is a mile and a half long, the shore being a narrow strip of well wooded land between it and the main channel. While we were there a fog set in so we tied up and let go the "hank." On going up the Bay along the water's edge the fog thickened. We found the place swarming with ducks. The thick weather for some reason seemed to keep the birds close along the shore. Gerald and I planted ourselves several hundred yards apart under the shelter of the fir trees. At first Gerald had all the shooting but later on the birds came down to my part of the bay. When we came to compare notes we found there were quite a variety of ducks but the greatest number killed were mallards and butter-balls. Gerald had a new hammerless gun, which he

claimed he could not get accustomed to, but the way he "let her off" did not show any evidence of lack of skill in the use of his unaccustomed weapon. The locking and unlocking of the safety arrangement seemed to bother him so that at times he was afraid he would lose the combination and he remarked that having no hammers put him in mind of "dogs without ears."

No one can imagine the beauty of the trip up the coast from Vancouver to Prince Rupert. It is more in evidence when taken in the leisurely way we employed, running into shelter in the evening and getting up steam next day or the day after. The everlasting hurry which is so significant of modern life is the bane of one's existence when off for a holiday and a good time.

The passage along the land is mostly through charming, well wooded islands, some of the larger ones having high, snow-capped mountains which make a lovely contrast with the dark green foliage of the cedars. Then there are rocks of various hues with lichens and ferns interspersed. Many of the island passages we passed through were quite narrow straits with rocks and cliffs rising several thousand feet. These seemed at times as if they might topple over into our frail craft. We passed the Canadian Pacific Railway tug, Nanoose, hauling a barge with four hundred tons of rolled steel material for the bridge over the Skeena River at Hazelton, that new and beautifully situated town one hundred and seventy-five miles from Prince Rupert on the Grand Trunk Pacific, at which point I was told the road intended to make the first divisional point, with shops and offices. This town was established many years ago as a Hudson's Bay post being at the head of navigation on the Skeena River, and is surrounded with mineral lands of various kinds. Copper, silver, lead are here in evidence but what is probably more valuable than any of these is the large area of anthracite coal beds lying to the north, which I was told



A Rocky Mountain Goat

produce quite a superior article to the hard coal mines contiguous to Banff on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The climate, which to say the least is damp on the coast, is here more moderate, so that good crops may be grown without fear of an over-plus of rain or drought.

After a call at Union Bay for coal we reckoned we would reach Prince Rupert in four days if we did not idle too much along the road. Of course we anchored or tied up every night. The distance from Vancouver to Prince Rupert is four hundred and sixty-four miles. The water all the way up was dotted with geese and ducks but the good "bags" we made the first couple of days out, precluded the necessity of replenishing our larder.

Of all the fish that are caught on the Pacific coast the Black Cod is the most esteemed. They take the bait (herring) best during the dark months of winter, and as the days had materially shortened we took an occasional turn at them. Speckled trout, halibut and salmon are all put on one side as food fish when Black Cod can be had. They live on the bottom in deep water. They give little amusement in the catching, the fun comes

in when they are put on the table to be eaten.

While we were in Prince Rupert the herrings were coming into the harbor to beat the band, not in shoals but in masses. I noticed a gasoline launch with eight men in her who went out at 10 A.M. and returned at about 5 P.M. Every cast of the seine brought in an average of eight tons of fish. These men had two twenty foot scows in attendance for storing the catch. When these scows were filled they were towed to the fish wharf where the herrings were cleaned, weighed and salted down. They were then shipped direct to Vancouver for transportation to eastern points in Canada and to the Orient. It was a marvellous sight this fish catching in bulk. These herrings are rather a short, chubby fish of good size, but much fatter than the Atlantic specimens. I should suppose they would be most excellent for drying and smoking.

I have travelled and read a good deal about fish but so far as I know the shores of British Columbia, its thousands of inlets and islands, rivers and lakes, together with the expansive waters of the Pacific Ocean, appear to hold the palm for quality and

quantity of the finny tribe over every other part of the globe. The supply seems to be apparently inexhaustible though it is stated that the Americans by not obeying the fishery laws, in times past (perhaps there were no fishery laws to obey) have pretty well cleaned out the sturgeon in Vancouver waters, and it is complained that salmon are getting slack in the Fraser River district, but there are hundreds of other streams and bays and thousands of square miles of halibut and cod banks which extend at the bottom of the ocean a long way above Alaska and almost as far out to sea as the islands of Japan.

The fishermen and fish dealers have for the past twenty or thirty years tried to persuade buyers and eaters of fish both in Eastern Canada and the United States that those caught in the Pacific waters have not the flavor of the Atlantic article, but in my opinion this is not the case. Possibly the Atlantic fishermen may fear the competition of those of the Pacific coast when the industry becomes fully developed in that part of the Dominion. I was told by a high railway official in Vancouver that salmon and halibut were being shipped from that point to Boston and then reshipped to Chicago and other large towns in the middle States as Atlantic fish! The railway men are not grumbling as the longer the haul the more dollars they get for the freight, but some morning some smart Aleck will wake up and "bust" this bubble.

When the gap is filled on the Grand Trunk Pacific, which will give direct communication by rail from the upper coast to the prairie provinces, Ontario and Europe, fish trains with refrigerator cars will be a big feature in the freight business from the East.

On our way back we had a good deal of bad weather, wind, hail and snow, but the sun at times was very bright and the sky blue. One never thinks of the bad weather as soon as a fine day comes for then all the disagreeable ones that may have preceded it are forgotten and everyone says: "Is not this a lovely climate?"

As a rule the climate along the coast of the main land of British Columbia, and especially of Vancouver Island, puts one in mind of the mild airs of Devon and Dorset in England, with the exception that there is much more sunshine here than there, especially during the summer months. Here figs, laurels, azaleas, rhododendrons and the Japan double blossomed cherry all flourish out of doors, while the heather and brooms are most conspicuous..

On the return voyage we ran into Princess Royal Island. This is one of the largest along the coast, and lies three hundred miles north of Vancouver. Surf Island lies close to it. It is very likely Rod and Gun readers will hear more of this vicinity before the year is many months older, as it is becoming celebrated for its beautiful white marble in which is found imbedded rich deposits of gold. While we were there arrangements were being made to get in stamps and machinery; the race for gold was just beginning

The mild winter climate along the coast will make mining pleasant and easy all the year round. There need be no thawing out dumps and sluices as in the cold and pitiless north but it will be necessary to build ample sheds, or rather, roofs, to protect the machinery and labourers from the rain. There will be no difficulty in this matter as ample timber grows adjacent to this district and any amount of water power can be had for saw-mills or for running electric plants. The latter will probably be used as it can be turned to so many useful accounts.

The mineral wealth of British Columbia will throw the riches of Aladdin into the shade and instead of the Genii whose power was almighty, electricity, which can be had everywhere from the mountain streams fed by the glaciers, will take the place of these eastern monstrocities.

Having a tent and light sheet iron stove with us we landed and made a sort of camp at Princess Royal near the beach in a secluded spot with the

intention of stretching our legs and, also, doing some exploring.

The second evening of our stay we had made a big fire of drift wood, and were smoking our pipes, when Gerald suddenly exclaimed:

"Did you hear that noise?"

"Noise, nothing," said I, "we are one hundred miles from anywhere; you must be getting batty."

But sure enough in a little while we began to hear the twigs snapping, Gerald suggested it might be a bear a cougar or some kind of deer, so we reached for our firearms and sat silently awaiting developments. We did not have to wait long for presently a rather wild looking man presented himself and asked us what we were doing on his island. We made some sort of an apology and asked him to come and have something to eat as we were just going to supper. This he gladly consented to do, waiving at the same time all discussion as to the ownership of the island. We found him a man of education and culture, well read on many subjects, At last, without much pressing, he gave us the history of his life.

He had been a doctor in a Western town in Ontario but his life had been wrecked by the drink habit. Being filled with remorse and a desire to be rid of the fiend that so persistently clung to him, he made up his mind to make for the West. From what I could learn, in a fit of despair or D. T's he had jumped overboard from some craft going up the coast in the dark. The cold water had given him a shock and being close to the shore he struck out and saved himself. The craving for drink had pursued him on several occasions but as this was a "dry" island these attacks became weaker and weaker until at last they had quite passed away. As he had no money he begged of us to take him aboard and return him to civilization, which we readily agreed to do.

On the way down he entertained with several professional yarns, some humorous, others grave and sad. If your readers will pardon me I will relate one of rather a mixed nature:

"In the year 1909 I was practising in a Western Ontario town. An eminent physician there, a very reticent old duck, had a patient who had a very peculiar and uncommon disease. Several of the doctors in the town were anxious to ascertain what was the matter with the man, but the more we spied and poked around the closer the old saw-bones kept, until at last the patient died—not an uncommon thing, by the way. My friend, Dr. Swanson, a bit of a boon companion, came over to my office and put up this proposition:—'Old man, John Smith' (we will call him that for the purposes of this story) 'is going to be buried to-morrow, say we do the bone-yard act and take him up and have a thorough examination of his interior and exterior organs.'

"All right," said I. 'I will be with you at 9.30 or ten P. M. with a horse and cutter that has a wide seat big enough for three.'

"I should remark that on the road about half way out to the 'digout' which was a good three miles from town, there is situated a nice little hotel, used by the boys in summer who go up the road on their wheels for 'soft drinks.' This hotel has a high post standing near the front door and on this post is suspended what I presume is the coat of arms and the motto of the proprietor. There was no crest, but the supporters were the general public, so that the Garter King at Arms had evidently given the proprietor of the Shebeen Shack a good standing in the Heralds College.

"The coat of arms was made to represent a straw beeskip with some insects flying around supposed to be bees. The motto ran thus:—

'Within this hive we're all alive,  
Good whiskey makes us funny,  
If you are dry, come in and try  
The flavor of our honey.'

"On the way out we passed this suburban cottage. On reaching the tomb we made good our catch and having taken with us an old overcoat and a slouched hat, we arrayed the old gentleman, placed him in the

cutter between us and "hiked" for home.

"The night was cold and we had had a hard time, so we concluded to disregard our previous good resolution made on the way out, not to stop at the hotel, and pulled up. We slipped the reins into the hand of the 'corpus' and finding the bar still open, treated ourselves, then one another, duplicating etc., the process many times over, until I regret to say we were both rather more than less obfuscated. There happened to be a bit of a wag of an hostler connected with the establishment who had his eye on the horse the sleigh and the 'stiff.' He made several comments on the position of the man holding the reins and as he received no reply to any of them he finally went out to make an examination, and at last discovered our project. What did he do but take out the body and put it into a stall in the stable and when he found we were coming out of the house he was all ready for us and having pulled on the overcoat and hat, got into the rig and was holding the reins in the crook of his finger. My friend took the reins and drove on muttering something about the hand being warm. I was jammed against the 'body' so by the time the horse had

started on a pretty good jog I said:

"'By Jove, he is warm.'

"Imagination our astonishment when the corpse responded, 'If you had been three days in Hell, as I have, you would be warm too.'

"What with the drink and the fright, I fell over one side of the sleigh and my friend over the other. The hostler drove the horse to the livery stable and left us to sober up and get home as best we could. What became of the body we never knew but presume the man on watch at the cemetery replaced it next morning early lest he would get the sack for his inattention."

Many people go on these outing trips for what they can shoot or catch but the free air and a genial companion, together with the joys of seeing nature in all its silence and grandeur is all the compensation I require. Nevertheless coming down we brought home a couple of deer—which were very plentiful—and enough duck, snipe and grouse to last us for the rest of the winter. These we hung up in the shed to use as required.

We were back in town again in a little over two weeks, having had a glorious and successful outing.

## An Exploring Trip Down the Mackenzie River

James K. Cornwall of Edmonton, member of the provincial parliament for Peace River, will conduct a party of writers, artists and moving picture photographers down the Mackenzie river, in the hinterland of Alberta, to the fringe of the Arctic circle to show the life of the Indian, fur trapper, traders and settlers and the development of the country. The Esanay company will send two machines and an operator. The party leave Edmonton on July 1, and return about the end of the year.

Among others the party will include Mr. Cornwall, who has passed a quarter century in the northland; Charles Russell, the Indian artist of Montana; Emerson Hough, author and special writer; P. K. Miller, scientist, and George Fraser, chronologist.

The route is from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing by rail, along the Athabasca river stream to the Mackenzie river by way of Lesser Slave and Great Slave Lakes, down the Mackenzie to Porcupine, to the Yukon, visiting Dawson and Whitehorse and going thence to Herschell's Island.

"The resources of the north country are unlimited," Mr. Cornwall said, "but they are not known to any extent as yet and until they are exploited the country will not be settled and tapped by railways as it should be. This we hope to do by a series of moving picture films, magazine articles and photographs and paintings. As I am no longer actively identified with politics, I am able to give my time to this big undertaking."

The explorers, travelling in scows, skiffs and steamers, will visit the numerous trading posts in the north and it is probable that several photo-plays will be worked out by the real pioneers of the country, also taking scenes in the Yukon.

Mr. Cornwall, who is financing the project, is the head of the Northern Trading Company, which operates a line of boats on northern waters. He has been over thousands of miles of the virgin territory, and is known among the dwellers of the north as far as any white man has yet penetrated the interior.

# An Adventure in Bay Chaleur County, P. Q.

MARGARET GRANT MACWHIRTER

THE forests of the Bay Chaleur country abound with moose, caribou, occasional deer and bears. These big animals (the first three protected by law) roam at will through the forests, during the summer months. Once in a while a stray moose will surprise the inhabitants with an unexpected visit,—jumping fences and crossing fields at his own sweet will; escaping into the woods when pursued by the eager and law-forgetting farmer's boy.

Though slowly, the days pass surely, bringing the "Open Season" when the huge denizens of the forest are lawful prey again. Many stories are related by hunters of local fame, regarding their experiences with the large wild animals it is their ambition to secure. Sometimes they are obtained with little trouble; at others the enraged animal brought to bay will show fight, the hunters becoming the hunted. It is often with a genuine sigh of relief that the nearly exhausted sportsman at last sees his adversary brought to the ground.

The Bonaventure River flows through the Province of Quebec into the Bay of Chaleur, about forty miles from its entrance. The forests through which it flows abound in game; being therefore a favorite resort of the sportsman.

Among others, Albert Burton of New Richmond, accompanied by an Indian, Baptiste Noel set out from the settlement on Bonaventure River at five o'clock in the morning, carrying only rifles. They walked ten miles arriving in the early afternoon at Roy's Camp where they received dinner, blankets and advice.

Proceeding on their way they reached Allan's Lake where they decided to spend the night. Their camp was rude and rustic, consisting simply of branches spread upon the ground, near the edge of the lake. Although they gave the moose-call with birch-bark horns at intervals all night, only the hooting of owls and the quack of ducks broke the silence; while the hunters nearly froze, and in the morning everything was covered with frost.

Later, they again set out, loaded with blankets, food for two days, and two bear-traps, Baptiste leading the way.

Reaching Loon Lake they camped, set their traps and called for moose. Early in the morning their hearts were gladdened with an answer to their call.

Hearing the response they grasped their rifles. Dimly they could see a dark object dancing in the shadow of the trees. The Indian essayed to call again, but the moose charged the hunters. They fired at random, as it was too dark to take aim. Albert fired

first, striking the moose in the head. Then came the Indian's turn, but the ball missed its mark, and as his rifle was single-fire, he was out of the fight for the time.

The bullet-wound and the noise of the shooting only enraged the moose, who continued to approach rapidly. On he came "fast and furious." Catching sight of the men he came on with greater speed than before. Albert experienced a feeling of awe as he saw the mighty beast coming towards him, evidently intent upon battle. He had to act and that speedily; so ball followed ball from the faithful Winchester. The cartridges were becoming scarce in the magazine while nearer came the infuriated moose. At the fifth shot the animal staggered back, then into the air high and terrible reared the moose in his death agony,—a moment thus, then he fell almost at the hunter's feet,—dead. The mighty heart was cleft in twain. Only one shot remained in the magazine of the rifle. The Indian owned afterwards that he was prepared to run; while the white man declared that he had no thought of flight; he meant to shoot while a bullet remained.

The antlers were massive,—three feet in length, with a spread of thirty inches and twelve points, while each blade was six inches wide.

The satisfied hunters built a huge bon-fire and turned in. Retracing their steps to Roy's Camp, Burton and the Indian went their several ways.



Albert Burton

# The Call of the Range

E. A. BRININSTOOL

Nothin' but man-made canyons  
    Of mortar an' steel an' brick!  
Nary a stretch of open—  
    Gosh! but it makes me sick!  
Nothin' but roar an' jostle;  
    Only th' pace that kills!  
Gimme th' ol' line cabin,  
    Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Nary a soft breeze croonin';  
    Nothin' but air that's foul,  
Smoky an' black an' grimy,  
    An' street kyars that moan an' growl.  
Oh, fer a desert sunrise,  
    An' bird-songs that chirps an' trills,  
An' th' bunkhouse boys a-callin'  
    Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Rivers of ce-ment pavement!  
    Oceans of mac-a-dam!  
Nothin' but rush an' bustle;  
    Hurry an' push an' jam!  
Wish't I wuz with th' cattle,  
    Back whar' th' ki-yote shrills,  
There in th' Lord's big Open,  
    Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Nobody seems t' see me,  
    Even when starin' hard;  
Off'n my range, I reck'n;  
    Off'n my bed-ground, pard!  
Hanged ef I hain't nigh smothered!  
    Cain't ketch a breath that fills!  
Oh, fer them coolin' breezes  
    Back in th' sagebrush hills!

Trompin' yer brick-built 'royos,  
    Dreamin' of home, sweet home!  
Thinkin' of ol' range pardners,  
    Back whar' I used t' roam.  
Somethin' down hyar that's callin—  
    Callin' in tones that thrills:  
"Come—to yer wide, free ranges,  
    Back in th' sagebrush hills!"

# Small Fur Bearers and How to Take Them

By GEORGE J. THIESSEN



A series of articles by a recognized authority on Traps and Trapping and including the following: Introduction; Traps, their uses, etc.; Skunk and Civet Cat; Mink and Weasel; Muskrat; Marten and Fox; Skinning and Stretching Furs; Preparing for Market; etc.

## Miscellaneous Information

### ARTICLE 6

**N**EVER take a dog over your trap line. The reason for this is obvious when one considers that the keen scented fur bearers such as the mink, fox, wolf, etc., can smell it for days. Frequently, this causes them to migrate.

In killing the smaller fur bearers it is well, in most cases, to employ a smooth club. Strike the animal a stunning blow, but do not smash the skull if it can be helped. In killing such animals as the mink and marten, I always stun them first and then crush in their ribs with my hands. By so doing, no blood clots are left on the furs.

Animals which have prime coat of fur early in the season, begin to shed early also in spring. After March, even in the North, the skunk and civet cat begin to get of poor quality.

Frozen meat is not an attractive decoy unless the animals are hungry, as a rule.

The mink, raccoon, muskrat, and weasel, are taken in greatest numbers on warm, foggy nights. The wolf, however, is most active on cold, blustery nights.

Of the cased furs, those of the marten and weasel ought to be stretched hair side out. Some dealers prefer to receive fine northern mink that way too.

Brown weasels—those not prime—have no market at all. Stained ones do not bring good prices.

As a general thing, most pelt hunters find the chains of their traps too short. To remedy this employ pieces of flexible wire about three feet long. They will prove mighty handy.

The beginner usually stakes his traps; the professional very rarely.

Never cure furs over a fire or in the sun. Have them in a dry shady place where there is plenty of fresh air. On the smaller skins do not use salt nor any other preparation. In skins which are to be mounted, such as the bear, etc., the trapper often uses salt in the ears, etc., to preserve them until the hide reaches the tannery.

When the season is over, traps should be oiled and put away. A piece of fat pork or melted grease is excellent for this purpose. Do not use axle grease or machine oil.

Never ship to a dealer that you know nothing about. In this magazine there are several dealers who advertise that are reliable and will pay you as much money for your catch as you can get anywhere.

Do not ship green furs. Many times they spoil in transit and arrive worthless. Then the sender thinks the dealer is trying to steal his shipment by offering low prices. The truth of the matter is that in most cases the dealer is usually losing money, for he wants to retain the patronage of the shipper.

Crows and hawks are practically worthless for bait.

Poison for wolves and foxes may be prepared as follows: Mix powdered strychnine—I advise powdered because it works quicker than the crystallized—with a little vermilion, powdered sugar and baking soda. Then make a hash of meat and lard, and add the poison. Scatter this along trails, and one will find his quarry a few feet from where it ate the hash.

The vermilion is to color the poison so that it will mix with the meat without being detected; the powdered sugar and baking soda to kill the taste.

I, myself, do not favor poisoning game, for the reason that one frequently kills valuable animals and fails to get them.

To keep traps from freezing to the ground, place them on a piece of paper or on a dried leaf.

There is no duty on raw furs shipped from Canada to the United States.

Always notify a dealer by mail just what you have shipped him.

Large packages ought to be sent by express, never by freight. Small ones go best by mail.

NOTE:—In the United States the Parcel Post permits the sending of large bundles through the mails, at a very low rate.

Do not box your hides. Sew them in a burlap sack. Be sure your name and address is both inside and out.

## A First of July Fishing Trip

ARTHUR GEORGE

ON the last day of June it was decided that the first of July should be utilized for a fishing trip by Messrs. Edwards, Eastcott and Harrison and on the afternoon of the same day a motor boat was called in requisition which carried the party of three from Pembroke, to a certain island opposite Petawawa where a comfortable summer cottage was at their disposal. Having placed the launch in the boathouse, lighted the fire, prepared and finally disposed of the evening meal, there was nothing left to do but to discuss the most desirable localities in which to begin the general slaughter of fish on the morrow, at an hour which gradually grew smaller as stories of the size and quantity of bygone catches in the different places successively suggested as suitable for the before breakfast fish on the following day, were discussed. When this important matter had been finally settled it had grown pretty late and all turned in until three o'clock, at which hour it was decided, with the usual evening optimism, to begin the work of the day. At four the next morning Edwards awoke and announced the disagreeable fact by a yell which would have startled anything into consciousness that was not too dead to skin. Eastcott made some derogatory re-

marks regarding Edwards' vocal powers, general character and sanity but rolled out. Harrison, on the contrary, devoted his mind and language to the things he would do to the other two if any undue demonstrations were made with either himself or his blankets. He also explained with great force that he would get up at no such unholy hour for any man, beast, or fish that ever drew the breath of life and that Eastcott and Edwards and the fish might all disport themselves together in the bottom of the river for all he cared. Impressed by his fervour the other two hastily dressed and left him in peace with voluminous instructions regarding breakfast. The bait and skiff were in readiness and in a very few minutes the pair, now thoroughly awake, had covered the distance between the island and the point at which it had been decided on the previous evening to drop anchor. It was then the fun started. The pickerel were biting fast, and varied by an occasional pike and bass some twenty odd fish lay in the bottom of the boat, before the hands of the fishermen's watches pointed to seven, the hour at which it had been decided to return. Having caught all the fish they wanted their attention turned to sundry swirls which had been observed in

the water during the morning at a distance of about seventy-five feet down stream, and to the jumping of the pickerel at this point. After due consideration it was concluded that some large pike were breakfasting in the neighborhood and that it would be fun to see what they would do with a pickerel if they caught him. With the idea of gratifying their laudable curiosity they selected a couple of trawls as the only things they had with hook capacity enough for the purpose, attached a couple of pickerel of about a pound and a half each and allowed them to drift down stream with the current. Hardly had Eastcott's fish reached the spot at which the commotion had been observed when there was a swirl and a reef at the line, which brought him excitedly to his feet. At first it was thought that the pickerel had only been seized by the middle and that the pike would soon let go, but it soon developed that the pound and a half bait had been taken head first and that two of the three hooks had found a firm hold. Edwards began to reel in his line, with the intention of assisting his friend, when a violent strike

made his reel sing a tune in unison with that of Eastcott's and then the fun did begin. This way and that went the fish, controlled as far as possible by their now anxious captors who experienced narrow escapes of fouling every minute, now with the anchor rope, now with one another and that both fish were eventually played to a finish and actually brought to net without mishap appears little short of a miracle; yet that such was the case the accompanying photograph places beyond dispute. The island and cottage were reached by seven o'clock and the blissful pair of fishermen became even more jubilant as they rubbed what he had missed into their mutual friend, Harrison, who had breakfast all ready, and who, like the good fellow he is, rejoiced with them over their success. The close of the day was quite as successful as the forecasts of the previous night had predicted, and July 1st, 1912 will remain a red letter day in the calendars of the three for years to come. The manner in which the two largest fish were secured is well worthy of record.

## Where Protection Fails to Protect

### A Discussion of the Evils Arising from the Non-Enforcement of the Ontario and Quebec Interprovincial Fish and Game Laws

E. R. LAFLECHE

SOME years ago certain sportsmen of the Southern part of the Province of Ontario were of the opinion that it would be a great protection to the game and fish if the residents of the Province of Quebec, who usually spent each year a few weeks hunting or fishing in Ontario, were compelled to pay for this privilege, and in order to give weight to their claim they gave for reason, that besides protecting the game and fish, the Province of Ontario would derive a large revenue from the numerous licenses which would be issued to the Quebec sportsmen. The result was, that the law was framed and passed, but, for some reasons it remained a dead law. However after many years of peaceful slumber it took a *strawman* to revive it.

One Fall, a prominent sportsman of Montreal accompanied a party of Ontario deer hunters. One of the drivers who took the party into the woods found that there was a Montreal man in the party, and on his return informed the Game-Warden of his place who up to that time had never acted, although he was thoroughly aware of the poaching of his neighbors as well as that of the informer himself. This Warden thought it would be a very smart affair to have this Montreal gentleman fined for hunting without the interprovincial license, and guided by the informer he drove to the hunter's camp and arrested the man. This gentleman was

finned and the expenses amounted to over one hundred dollars, besides marring the pleasure of his outing. Naturally this sportsman, who was a guest at that hunting party, was not well pleased. The result was that soon after this affair the Province of Quebec followed Ontario, and since 1906 persons domiciled in Ontario must also pay for a license to hunt or fish in Quebec.

This was a very hard knock on the numerous sportsmen of Ontario belonging to incorporated Clubs leasing game and fish reserves in the Province of Quebec. Besides the annual rent the Clubs pay for their respective territory to the Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries at Quebec and the salary to their caretakers, each member who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec must pay each year, if he wish to visit the Club's reserve, \$10.00 for the right to hunt or \$5.00 for the privilege of fishing.

This interprovincial license is not at all popular either in Ontario or in Quebec, and it is considered to be an injustice, although it is very seldom enforced. The fact is that practically no residents of the Province of Quebec pay any more for hunting licenses in Ontario than those domiciled in Ontario. It is well known that ever since this interprovincial law was framed, there are each fall many sportsmen domiciled in Quebec, who hunt or fish in Ontario, and in fact more at

present than formerly, who only purchase a \$2.00 license if they have a deer, but if they have none they need no license. Many hunting parties purchase their license from either the Railway Agent, or some hotel keeper of the place where they hunt, and the more licenses issued the more commission. It is therefore easy to surmise exactly what good this interprovincial law between Ontario and Quebec does toward the protection of the game and fish and the amount of revenue derived from its source. For every sharp Game-Warden it is the writer's opinion that there are very many who do not care as long as they can protect their friends and draw their salaries.

In the Province of Quebec, this interprovincial license scheme is played a little differently on the Ontario sportsmen, and more especially on the members of the Clubs composed of Ontario residents, as these gentlemen generally travel, a number of them together, and as they have to stop at many points on their way in and out, it soon becomes known who they are, and where they are domiciled.

The district Game-Warden where these sportsmen have their reserve, will never inspect their camp during the hunt, nor will he meet them at any of their stopping points, which of course he has a perfect right to do, but being a good fellow, he has much respect for certain Clubs to which some prominent gentlemen of his own place belong and he is aware that it would not pay him to monkey with these Clubs so he keeps away, but when he has a notion that certain Clubs are all composed of members domiciled in Ontario, he will then request some officers of the Province of Quebec Association for the Protection of Game and Fish to meet these gentlemen on their return at some stopping point and have the hunters show up their license.

"These District Game-Wardens act like hounds. When a hound takes a notion to slaughter sheep, he will not kill those of his master, nor any in the vicinity, of his abode, but will go many miles away, often as far as the next township. Once there, he will always secure the aid of some curs to do the killing. He reasons that being a stranger, by using others he has a chance to share in the spoils without being found out himself."

The effect of this scheme is that Clubs who have their headquarters in the Province of Quebec can hunt and fish all they please without bothering themselves at all about the interprovincial license. If they have any deer to bring home, they will then purchase a one-dollar-license and ship the deer to their butcher or to whomever they wish. This state of affairs in which the Quebec district Game Wardens make fish of one, and meat of another, has a very prejudicial effect on Clubs that are composed entirely of Ontario residents. These must pay the full interprovincial license or run a good risk of being nabbed, while Ontario sportsmen belonging to the Quebec Clubs have nothing at all to fear. The whole affair is just a *good game of spite and graft*, and after so many years of the existence of this interprovincial law and its poor

success, there are at the present time no valuable reasons why certain sportsmen of two sister Provinces situated such as are Quebec and Ontario, should still insist on the maintenance of such a restrictive law as to compel a person domiciled in one Province to pay \$25.00 to hunt, or \$10.00 to fish in the other during the two short weeks which he can possibly afford to leave his business, and I strongly believe that the sooner reciprocity is established between the sister Provinces of Quebec and Ontario to hunt or fish without a license the better it will be for all concerned.

It is queer to note that mostly all the game and fish laws are framed on the suggestion of some city sportsman, and that the city men are the very ones who always "get it on the neck." Here are facts: In order to protect the deer, the law allows one deer at present in Ontario, and two in Quebec to each hunter. No hunting or fishing allowed on Sunday, nor between sun down and sun up during open seasons, etc. If a Game Warden meets a stranger afield with a gun on Sunday he will confiscate the gun, and the game also, if any, and besides prosecute the man provided the *stranger has no friends with a pull*, but if he has, the gun and game will soon be returned to him, and he can afterwards hunt or fish on Sunday without fear, as Mr. Game Warden knows that this gentleman is "O. K." because he is a friend of the prominent Mr. Smith of that place, the man with the wire pull. How much does the Sunday prohibition, to hunt, or fish, and the law to kill one deer in Ontario, and two in Quebec, affect the people living in the country? How many are there in the North settlements of either Ontario or Quebec who obey or even respect any clause of the Fish and Game laws. In my opinion there are not very many. After many years of experience in the woods I have as yet to meet the settler living in a game belt who can handle a rifle, who only kills each year, the number of deer allowed. Ask any one of these men how many they kill, and they will tell you, they slaughter all they can, and it is a matter of common knowledge, that the very time they hunt the most is on Sunday. The Game Warden of the place is very frequently aware of this, but he will not act. Instead he will often take a hand at the game himself, but should a city-man be met by this Game Warden, it would then be much different, the Warden would soon show his hand, and remove the gun and game, if any, from the city-man and besides have him fined—unless the city-man happens to be a relative or a friend of the prominent Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones of that place.

Here is a sample of the good effect and usefulness of certain Game Wardens, and there are a lot of the same stamp. A sportsman of the city in which I live, who had four days of holidays coming to him, decided to spend them duck hunting. After reaching the place, it started to rain and bad weather continued until Sunday. This was the first fair day since he had put up his tent and it was also the last of his outing. He naturally took occasion of it to survey the grounds. After a walk of a few miles as he was proceeding

along a small path, he saw a partridge which he killed and soon after secured another. Being satisfied with the brace he had, he then made his way to camp. Ten minutes later he met a hunter coming his way. This man had had no luck and seeing a nice brace of partridges he could not resist to show his hand. He thereupon informed the city sportsman that he was a Game Warden and that he was by duty compelled to arrest him and besides confiscate his gun and game for hunting on Sunday. This incident cost the sportsman \$20.00. Now there is no doubt in the writer's mind that had the Game Warden seen the birds first, he would have bagged them himself, regardless of Sunday, and if the City man had offered him a dollar for the brace the Warden would doubtless have sold them, and none would have been the wiser, as the Game Warden would not in this case have boasted of his title.

While hunting in Quebec last fall I took a Sunday on which the balance of the party were staying in camp to visit a creek on which I had located a beaver family the previous season in order to see the progress of their work. On arrival at the place I was not much surprised to find that the beavers had vanished and to note also the poachers' work in the dam. On my return I cut across the hills and came to a place where some beech trees had been spared by the spring frost, and while examining how hard the bears had worked to chew some limbs before throwing them down in order to secure the nuts, I caught a glimmering of two men moving wolf-fashion towards me ("No animal can travel more silently than a wolf when in search of prey, and none can attack so suddenly and unexpectedly, the only living thing which can be well compared to him is the still-hunter.") As soon as I noticed them I kept quiet and watched them coming along. They had nearly reached where I stood when a shot was heard to my right below the hill. The two still hunters at once separated and carefully watched in case the deer would come their way, but as it was a false alarm they again came together. I then spoke to them and after some parley, I found that they were a party of seven, hunting together, and that they were all to meet at the foot of the next hill. So I went with them and saw the whole gang. Every man had either a gun or a rifle, and I found that they were all living in that section of the country. They informed me that they had not yet secured a deer, although they had fired at three which were running away, but that the previous Sunday they had killed five. Their method of procedure was first to surround a hill and station men at the likely place where the deer would pass. Then one or two would go to the top and chase the deer towards the others. They claimed that when the first snow comes they have great luck hunting this way, and often make a big killing in a day. One of them told me that a few days before he had killed four deer in a few minutes in a small turnip field which he had expressly cultivated for this very purpose, and that so far himself and another whom he pointed out to me had already killed eleven

deer in the same field. When I pointed out that they were trespassing on our leased ground, they answered, (and it is always the same story when any of these fellows are cornered) that they were looking for timber for the lumber firm who owns the limit.

It would be very interesting to get a true statement through ROD AND GUN of the annual amounts received by the Province of Ontario for interprovincial licenses issued to persons domiciled in the Province of Quebec since this law was framed; also the exact amounts which the Province of Quebec has derived from the same source in Ontario since the year 1906. If I am well informed the revenue for the Province of Ontario for licenses duly issued to persons domiciled in the Province of Quebec to either hunt or fish has been, and is still practically "nil" but that the revenue for the Province of Quebec for licenses sold to persons domiciled in Ontario amounts annually only to some hundred dollars, and which is all derived from members belonging to incorporated Fish and Game Clubs leasing reserves in Quebec, as other persons in Ontario pay nothing.

Out of one hundred and seventy odd Fish and Game Clubs who lease reserves in the Province of Quebec, there are over fifty clubs which are for the greater part composed of Ontario residents. Out of this number there are several clubs which have their headquarters in the Province of Quebec, but whose membership is over two thirds composed of persons domiciled in Ontario. These are the privileged clubs which keep the district Game Wardens at bay. After having considered the pros and cons it is found that unless in the future the Game Wardens of Ontario are more wide awake than they have been up to the present time, and unless they can see their way clear to enforce hereafter the interprovincial non-resident Fish and Game license law, that it is most urgent that some immediate steps be taken to amend this law both in Ontario and Quebec, and the sooner this is acted upon the better it will be for all concerned, as at the present time for one man who pays for a non-resident license there are ninety-nine others who do not pay a cent. It is well also to note the following fact, that the non-domiciled members of incorporated clubs leasing fish and game territory in Quebec have not the right to invite a guest to accompany them at their Club, even if the man is sick and has never handled a gun or fish pole, unless he purchase a \$25.00 license, but any person, whether sick or not, who can handle both the rod and gun, can put up at any hotel in the north and fish and hunt all he pleases without paying a cent for a license providing he boards at Mr. Jones' or at Mr. Smith's and if he secures any deer he can ship them to his butcher or to any person with a one dollar license, which he can often purchase from the said Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith. Can anyone show what good results are obtainable with such a one sided law? A law which only serves to promote the spite and graft of a certain class of men should at once be cancelled, and I submit that either the present game law be strictly and thoroughly

enforced in both Provinces irrespective of the prominent Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones, or that it be abolished, and I am of the opinion that I express here the views of all sportsmen who have taken an interest in this matter, and who have read carefully the annual reports of the Game and Fisheries departments of both Ontario and Quebec since this interprovincial non-domiciled license has been framed.

If anyone will look up the statement of revenue derived from the Game and Fisheries during the year ended the 31st of October 1909 (page 91 of the annual report of the Department of Game and Fisheries for the Province of Ontario), he will find that the total revenue for deer licenses issued for the year 1908 amounts to one hundred and seventy-seven dollars and seventy-five cents (\$177.75) and for the year 1909 to two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and fifty cents (\$238.50) making the grand total of four hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-five cents (\$416.25) for two years which shows that outside of the city sportsmen there are not very many hunters in Ontario who purchase deer licenses and that the revenue from this source does not compare at all with the annual reports we read in the press, stating that the Express Companies have carried thousands of deer and that the Toronto market and others in Ontario cities are glutted with venison. It is well known that fully one third of the City sportsmen who purchase their deer license before going to the woods do not secure their limit of deer.

I have read with much interest Mr. A. Kelly Evans' report on the Game and Fisheries of the Province of Ontario, which has cost the sum of three thousand two hundred and eighty-six dollars (\$3,286.00). (See page 481 Public Accounts year 1909-10.) In this report Mr. Evans has suggested and strongly recommended many improvements in the Fish and Game laws. How many of his recommendations have been acted upon? As far as I could ascertain the first and only one that has been duly acted upon was to limit the number of deer to one for each hunter, instead of two, and this with the aim to protect the deer which according to his report were vanishing. He also speaks in strong terms about the well known gang of poachers in Ontario, who have been getting rich ever since the prohibition on beavers have been framed and who make a specialty of killing annually all the deer and moose they can get. Has anything been done yet to check these men? I am ashamed to state that not even one cent has so far been spent to stop their depredations. Has the Game Warden in the district where these poachers are living ever made an effort to round them up? No, and there is very little fear that he will ever do so. Has the Department of Game and Fisheries who has often been informed of the actions and depredations of these men, ever sent some officers to look up these poachers? No, and the reason given for this neglect is that given there are no funds.

There is a pack of well known poachers living along the Grand Trunk Railway, Parry Sound Branch, who have been killing

beavers, deer and moose, and fishing with nets for the last fifteen years. Every conductor on that division knows them well, and every storekeeper in that section knows them also. Fifteen years ago they were poor, now they have many thousand dollars in the bank and are still at their favorite game of trapping and trading in beaver skins and killing annually hundreds of deer, turning the skins into mitts and moccasins, and feeding venison to their pigs and numerous dogs, when sportsmen are limited to one deer each "on account of their vanishing" for which privilege they must purchase a two dollar license, while the poachers pay nothing to slaughter the year round and this with the full knowledge of those whose business it is to see that the game and fish laws are duly and thoroughly enforced. As I have already said sportsmen make the laws and are the very ones who always receive the full value of them "on the neck." This is certainly a shame and I must say that it takes sportsmen to allow such a state of affairs to exist.

It is very gratifying to read in the last annual report of the Superintendent of Game and Fisheries for the Province of Ontario, that the moose and deer are increasing rapidly. It is well however to note that this increase of the game has been going on very fast on paper. Twelve years ago it was reported that there were over three thousand moose in the Algonquin Park alone. At the present time they ought to be so numerous as to tumble over one another, and it is wonderful that the price of beef has not as yet been cut down. It is well also, to consider how many moose the hunters secured during the last season. I have met mostly all the C. P. R., G. T. R. and Canadian Northern trains that returned with hunters last Fall, and I did not see more than a half-dozen moose heads, and not a single one with a good set of antlers. Perhaps all the good heads are secured by the Southern and Western sportsmen or it may be that all the big moose remain in the Park.

Are all the sportsmen of Ontario satisfied with the present system of protection which the fish and game are receiving? Are they going to sit still and listen to reports that deer and moose are increasing rapidly, when the wolves and poachers are so numerous? If any one is now laboring under the impression that the wolves are scarce, let him take a ten days' trip and survey the lakes in the Algonquin Park or elsewhere in Northern Ontario in the month of March and judge for himself, (I have been there lately, and know whereof I write,) or he may look up the Public Accounts Reports for the past years 1909 to 1912 and satisfy himself that the Park Rangers do not derive a big revenue from wolf bounties and that the number of wolves killed by each, and even all the rangers together, does not compare very well with the revenue received by other men wolfing outside of the Park.

How can the moose be increasing rapidly, when it is a matter of common knowledge that the wolves are steadily increasing at an alarming rate, and that as soon as a moose or a pair of young ones show themselves in

the vicinity of any of the settlements in New Ontario or elsewhere in the Province, there are sixty rifles ready to welcome them with bullets and settle their fate at once? Right here, the question of horns does not affect the shooting, as the heads and legs are buried and the hides sunk in some remote stream for use later on.

Are the northern sportsmen going to sit still and leave it all to some southern gentlemen to frame up the fish and game laws to suit themselves, and are they going to depend entirely on their neighbors to handle this important matter? Assuredly there are enough real sportsmen in the eastern and northern divisions of Ontario who can very well afford to take a more active part in the framing up and enforcing of such laws that the modern poachers of Ontario and Quebec, and those who stand in with them, will have no side doors or loop holes of escape, and so that they may not be in a position to laugh at the sportsmen, as has been possible in the past, and as they are still doing.

Failure to enforce the law is accountable for this distressful situation in fish and game protection. There are laws today on the statute book which require only the addition of very few clauses to completely close all the dodging doors to the poachers and their interested friends, and which would then adequately protect game and fish if enforced. Not being enforced, a great howl goes up, for new laws, more laws; always new laws. This is a poor mania. Some work tooth and nail to get by hook or by crook new regulations passed and then after congratulations, the subject is dismissed from their mind with a dinner, laudations and triumphant songs. Satisfied with having got another new law on record, its practicability or its enforcement is apparently of slight concern. By and by

another new law is hatched and strongly urged as a sure remedy for the ills arising through non-enforcement of the one passed before and so it goes, for the law means nothing, unless there is some one near by to insist on its respect. Game and Fish protection can be successful in so far only as the people are in sympathy with it, and that sympathy will be lost by unfair measures. It should therefore be the endeavor of all the friends of the cause to arouse that interest and to enlist that sympathy, and not to antagonize it as certain protective associations for the fish and game are now doing in despatching their officers to meet sportsmen returning from their respective reserves to see if they have their license, instead of having these officers look up the pot hunters and other poachers who they are well aware supply their own city market with fish and game in and out of season. Such action is not likely to accomplish much in making converts among the folks that are interested solely in the merits of the question, apart from individual prejudice, spite, graft or advertising. By enlisting the sympathetic co-operation of the sportsmen, by the appointment of active wardens who will not only relieve a poor lumber jack of his small bag of prohibited furs, but who will prosecute the poachers and dealers with the same zeal irrespective of friends or politics, by these things only can present conditions be improved. It is useless to prohibit fishing with nets in the land locked waters and streams, when all the dealers and peddlers in these districts are allowed to sell fish nets of all sizes and descriptions. No license should be given to the cold storage houses, hotels, and dealers to keep game out of season, instead of the year round as at present, and until this is done may the sportsmen hope to check extermination.

## British Columbia has Herds of Wild Horses

More than three thousand wild horses, in herds of from 30 to 100, are roaming over the hills and valleys in the interior of British Columbia, according to a report brought to Edmonton by James Bradley, who, with Gustav Rielmand, a veteran prospector and miner known throughout the bonanza gold camps, returned some time ago from an extended exploration tour of the coast province.

"Indians and white prospectors and pack train freighters value these untamed animals more than the high bred horses," said Mr. Bradley. "They are the progeny of horses turned loose on the trail by discouraged or dying men during the famous gold rush in the Cariboo country. Thousands of the veriest 'tenderfeet' stampeded to the new fields in the early '60s. Most of them were incompetent, and, in fact, utterly helpless in that wild country, and the horses either broke away or were abandoned when the fortune-hunters gave up the long trail.

"The horses made their feeding grounds in the vicinity of Barkerville for several years

afterward and their offspring wandered northward as the bands increased. They make trails on the mountains and timbered country much after the fashion of buffalo in the early days and deer at present.

"The Indians and freighters, working in the timbered districts, catch them with snares, such as are used for lynx. In most cases the animals are easily broken and they are better for the rough country than high grade horses on account of their stamina and sureness of foot on the mountain trails. We lost horses from our train from time to time and replaced them with wild animals."

"We had no particular hardships on our trip," said Mr. Bradley. "There was nothing out of the usual which men travelling in wild country are forced to endure, but we never saw a white man and very few Indians, after we left Tete Jaune Cache west of Edmonton, last June. From there we went along the Little Smoky river, making temporary camps at intervals. We returned with five pack horses."

# "Banjo"

BILL RIVERSIDE

ON hearing that Banjo was for sale, my brother and I drove a distance of about twenty-five miles to see him. We were pleased with the appearance of the dog as soon as our eyes lighted on him. He was one of those long-legged, short-bodied hounds, active and swift as a collie. When we asked the owner to put a price on him he immediately wanted to know where we lived. On learning the distance we had come he answered,

"Ten dollars."

This was a much lower figure than we had expected and the deal was closed forthwith. We afterwards learned that the fellow had a scale of prices for the dog, based on the distance prospective buyers came to inspect him,—after the manner of railroad tickets,—and that he had been realizing quite a revenue from actual sales, the repetition of which was made possible by the fact that Banjo usually appeared at home after about five days' absence following the date of sale, except in those rare instances when he was kept chained up for a longer period.

We brought our dog home in a deep box and, after keeping him chained for ten days or so, took him mink hunting. All went well until evening when he struck across the country in a westerly direction, paying no attention to our entreaties and coaxing calls. He returned to us, however, after an absence of only three days and seemed much pleased with the reception accorded him. Evidently he had tried to find his way back to his old home and had failed. At this time Banjo was about three years old and he subsequently proved to be one of the best fox, 'coon and mink dogs ever owned in that county. He was fast enough to run foxes in quickly and wise enough to hunt and tree 'coons without getting mixed up with skunks and cats.

After we had had Banjo for about two years and had come to look upon him as one of the household, he gave us a great shock one evening by coming home with one of his front feet off. The sad expression of dismay and pain depicted in his face as he looked up at us went to our very hearts. He whined aloud with pain as he tried to lie down by the fire.

"You must shoot the poor fellow, in the morning," said father. "He will only suffer and die in the end. Even if he did recover he would never be of any use again."

As father repeated his injunction the poor dog hobbled to the door and whined to get out. We expected he would go to his comfortable house but to our surprise when we looked the next morning Banjo was not there nor could we find any trace of him. The next day we learned that he had been caught in a wolf trap which a trapper down the river had set for 'coon and it was this that had caused him the loss of his foot. When we could find no trace of him we all felt guilty for having allowed the dog to leave the house the previous night. Why had we not bathed his feet and tried in some way to relieve his misery? We hunted in every hole and corner about the place, beneath the old driving-shed and under the straw-stack, where we expected he had crawled in and died, but Banjo was nowhere to be found.

At dinner that day mother suddenly said:

"Boys, perhaps Banjo went over to Nigger Handy's."

"Why did we not think of that before?" exclaimed my brother and I at the same time. "That's just where he has gone."

"I want a bottle of Handy's cough mixture," continued mother, "so you may run over there this evening for the medicine and see if Banjo is really there."

That evening we took a short cut across the fields. Following the cow path along the edge of the woods to the creek we turned to the right and followed the hemlock ridge for about a mile to where it sloped down to the cedar swamp. Here we came upon a little clearing of about half an acre, in which stood Nigger Handy's cabin.

"Come in chillun," invited a hollow voice, after we had knocked upon the door of the cabin. Handy seemed to have anticipated our coming and to know who we were before we had opened the door. He always called us "chillun," although we were almost grown men.

Banjo was there sure enough, stretched out in the corner with his foot bound up. On seeing us he tattooed a hearty welcome with his tail on the floor. Handy had also two dogs of his own and several cats, besides a pet ground-hog. All were lying about in various attitudes before the big, blazing fire-place. In the midst of them all sat Handy in his great, bulging, home-made willow chair, basking in the radiant light and warmth of the fire.

Handy raised his own tobacco and what with the smell of home-grown tobacco, the odor of cooking 'coon in the bake-kettle, the dogs, cats, and other aromas native to a negro shanty the place was not conducive to pleasant dreams—not to dreams of white hyacinths, myrrh and frankincense at any rate.

However we were made welcome as we had often been before and were soon enjoying Handy's stories and jokes. We could see he was inwardly pleased with himself because of his goodness to Banjo and we were not slow in commending him for his kind offices on behalf of the dog. Everybody knew how kind Handy always was to both man and beast.

Handy, and Mandy, his wife, had settled there in the woods during the American war. They had been slaves in the South and had escaped to Canada. Although Handy possessed some force of character Mandy was of finer clay than he. In fact she could read and had many admirable quali-

ties, together with a prodigious fund of fairy tales and ghost stories, no doubt the product of the days of slavery. She was much respected in the neighborhood and "Black Mandy," as she was called, was usually sent for where there was sickness. She made a skillful nurse while receiving but little for her services. She used the leaves, barks and roots of the forest to make her medicine from and Mandy's "Wild Turnip Cough Cure," "Boneset and Balsam Ointment," and many other curatives supposed to possess great virtue, were the talk of the neighborhood. Mandy, however had died some years previous to the time of this story and Handy was now alone. He made a living by trapping and gathering Ginseng, Gold Thread, Sarsaparilla, Sassafras and other medicinal barks, roots and herbs and it might be said that he lived well. His food consisted mainly of potatoes, usually made appetizing by the addition of trout from the near by creek, varied at times by squirrels, partridge, 'coon and ground hog, in the hunting of which Banjo had often taken part. Hence the affinity between Handy and him.

As we sat by the fire that evening Handy told us about the death of his wife, Mandy. He had acted as nurse, doctor, grave digger, chief mourner and pall bearer. Although Mandy had nursed for so many years in that neighborhood no one came to nurse her when she fell sick. Handy, alone, it was who smoothed her pillow and closed her eyes and buried her at sundown beneath the big cedar at the back of the cabin.

It would be interesting, had I the space, to give Handy's funeral oration at his wife's grave, as repeated to us in detail that night.

We asked him about his religion.

"Chillun, I has no 'ligion."

"Well, we asked, do you believe there is a Heaven and a Hell, Handy?"

"Why suah, chillun. I'se in Heaven now, don't hab to die."

"Yes," we said, "but how about the hereafter?"

"Now, see heah, chillun. 'Taint no good argifyin' 'cause we'se neber gwine ter gree on dat las' p'int what you frow out. Ma old 'oman, Mandy, done could read and spell powerful and she p'intedly say:

"Handy you must wrestle wif de angel in prayer no mo." You must wrestle wif yourself. In de midst of life we am in debt and we sure am 'bleeged ter pay. An' we done go axe de Lord to forgive us our debts. Debts am Hell, chillun. An we has no business in dar."

Handy then went on at some length to explain the many good qualities of his late partner, after which we all lapsed into silence, watching the big fire leap and flutter and flare. The silence was finally broken by Handy singing in his weird, tremulous voice, "Gone am de days when my heart was young and gay, etc."

On our way home that night my brother and I hummed Handy's song, reviewed his philosophy and re-told his stories and although forty elusive years have passed since then I still occasionally in my dreams see and hear old Nigger Handy.

Banjo recovered more quickly than we had expected and we had him home in about three weeks. He was no use for fox hunting after his accident but proved as good as ever on 'coon, and we used him for this purpose for a number of years until my brother and I left home for the West.

On returning for a visit several years later I found Banjo still alive although old, stupid and worthless. Mother had kept him because of old associations. He had then become much addicted to dreaming and would get agitated when he attempted to sleep by the fire. He seemed to fancy he was running foxes once more or hunting 'coons and sometimes barked aloud. On one occasion, as it was nearing Christmas time he had an unusually exciting dream. He jump-

ed up from near the kitchen stove and got outside as quickly as possible. Father told us the old dog had not gone farther than the barn for two years but he did that day. We could see his tracks plainly in the fresh snow, and they led out towards the woods. Out of curiosity I followed him. After reaching the woods he had lain down in several places as though tired out but had gone on again a little later. He crossed the creek at the big jam and from there made straight for the elm swamp and, to my surprise, went to the old hollow elm tree. This was the very tree we had cut down for 'coons many years before and was now crumbling in decay. I could see Banjo had been in the hollow of the old tree but had changed his mind and had gone on again. I still followed and he seemed to be striking for Nigger Handy's shanty. This made my pursuit all the more interesting, knowing as I did that Handy had been dead for about two years. There was no doubt but that was where he was heading for and as his tracks drew me nearer the place I wondered if the old cabin would still be standing. The surroundings had so grown up with second growth trees that I did not see the shanty until within a few rods of it. It was with a feeling of sadness that I looked upon the old place again. Only a portion of the roof remained on it. Forlorn and forsaken it appeared surrounded as it was by a thicket of dead Mulleins, Burdock and brambles. On reaching the broken down open door I looked in upon a picture of desolation. The table was still nailed to the wall; above it were the wooden hooks where the long single barrel gun had been wont to rest. On the floor there was a pitiable litter of rusty tins, legless stools, rags and broken dishes. In the midst of it all lay old Banjo curled up—dead. He had gone in his last dream with Nigger Handy.



# Notes on Foxes and Other Fur Bearers

A joint stock company, for the purpose of starting a fur farm has been organized at Exeter, Ont. The territory purchased by the company is to be stocked with muskrat, skunk and mink and later on it is intended to include the breeding of foxes in the industry

On the Dalton ranch at Tignish, N. B., a litter of silver black foxes, the first reported for the season of 1913, appeared on March 20th and on the Smith Company's ranch at Montague, P. E. I. another litter appeared on Good Friday. On Good Friday also a litter arrived on the ranch of Henry Smith of Tyrone. Long before they were born they were sold at prices ranging from \$8,000 to \$12,000 per pair. Up to March 21st there were sold options on 350 pairs at an average price of \$10,000 per pair and there were enquiries for at least 350 more pairs, 100 of which could be placed from Charlottetown at \$12,000 per pair.

An Edmonton fur company is said to have paid more than \$10,000 for eleven fox skins this Spring. A recent shipment included one pure black fox skin, valued at \$1,500 and three handsome pelts, traced with silver, said to be worth \$2,500. They were caught in the Peace River country where the trappers are making efforts to take the animals alive, realizing that they bring more money for breeding purposes than for their skins alone.

It is likely that a fox breeding farm will be established on the outskirts of Edmonton this year.

Six black foxes were captured by Calvin Graves of Hancock, Me., and his two sons on a Sunday afternoon in May. The capture was one of the richest ever made in Maine and broke the record for recent years. Mr. Graves and his sons ran into the nest entirely by accident and surprised the mother and her five progeny, three of whom were females and two males. They were successful in bagging the whole of them. The fur of the mother fox was in fairly good condition and that of the pups in excellent shape. The young foxes it was estimated, were at the time of their capture about two months old, and were the size of a half grown cat.

After catching a beautiful silver grey fox, Mr. Thomas Christie, who lives two miles east of Indian River, Ont., placed it in a cage, but apparently not securely enough, for the morning after when he went out to look at his newly acquired pet, he found that the animal had escaped during the night. Mr. Christie had traps set for ground hogs and on going to see if he had caught any, found the fox. He was quite elated at his catch but much chagrined when he found that the wily reynard had made good his escape.

Mr. John W. McGowan of Tweed, Ont., is a new fox farmer, starting in the business this

Spring, with seven sharp looking little foxes. Mr. McGowan has started out with red foxes but expects to add a few blacks and silver greys later on.

It is expected that a couple of valuable silver foxes will be on exhibition at the River side Park zoo at Guelph this summer. A local man who deals in wild animals has purchased two, and has offered them to the Street Railway Company for the summer, for exhibition purposes.

A new black Fox company was organized at Moncton, N. B. in April last, the headquarters of the company to be at Melrose, N. B. Arrangements had previously been made to stock the ranch and purchase foxes from the Oulton Stock Co., of Westmorland County.

The Salisbury Black Fox Co. were able to secure a fine tract of 100 acres of land on the southern side of the Peticodiac River, about half a mile from the village of Salisbury, which is the head office of the company, for their fox farming operations.

Wm. Clark, a resident of the Bulkley valley, B. C., captured a silver fox a short time ago, and is now looking for a mate with the intention of starting a silver fox ranch.

One million dollars is the annual estimated output of furs in the Province of Alberta, according to J. L. Cote, member of the Provincial Parliament, for Athabasca, who in a speech in favor of the government's budget for 1913 said that the fur trade is divided as follows: muskrats, \$100,000; beaver, \$200,000; silver foxes, \$51,000; martens, \$100,000; minks, \$46,000; miscellaneous, \$200,000. "Most of this money," continued Mr. Cote, finds its way into the channels of trade in payment for foodstuffs and supplies for the hunters and trappers. The government is interested in the development of the fur industry and it is doing everything possible to assist those who are engaged in it.

"Contrary to the general belief, the fur bearing animals in the remote districts of the province are not decreasing very much, if at all, but are simply receding before civilization; the animals being driven farther north. The catches of the last few years and of this season indicated that furs were yet plentiful in the hinterland of Alberta.

"Besides the large number of valuable skins, eight silver foxes were bought in the Athabasca district last year for shipment to eastern fox farms."

Mr. Cote believes that the people of Alberta should be encouraged to undertake this class of farming and develop an industry that will mean big returns for the province each year.

# Fishing off the Coast of Newfoundland

## Davidson's Catch at Indian Tickle

FRANK HEYWOOD

ANY account of the geography and products of that portion of the Dominion of Canada known as the Maritime Provinces, which omits generous mention of the fisheries, would be about as complete as the story of Noah and the ark, with the ark eliminated. The fisheries of Newfoundland and Labrador also are immense; they eclipse all other fisheries in America and possibly elsewhere. The herring, cod and mackerel for half the Western hemisphere, come from these waters. The fishermen are a bluff, hardy, adventurous lot, ready for any service on the rough seas and even ready to tackle any hardship, however severe and threatening. Some of the fishermen's yarns told by themselves in their snug little cabins are strange and thrilling enough to belong to the class of dark sea romances. There are also stories of brighter hue, of the fortunate voyages and record catches of fish. One of the latter was related to me by an old salt—a successful and well-to-do fisherman who lived on one of the many islands off the Newfoundland coast. It was not his own experience, but that of a comrade not now living, named Davidson, John Davidson, who was proprietor of a large plant for the catching, curing and canning of herring, salmon and cod. His vessels plied regularly up the great river to Montreal, and his brand of tinned fish were known all over the Dominion of Canada, and were famous wherever known. This big catch is still known as Davidson's Catch at Indian Tickle.

John Davidson had just purchased a new seine at St. John's. It was a big one, and cost a bit of money; it was said to be one of the largest nets of the kind in the Belle Isle Straits; along its foot line, a double twisted rope, were sinkers of lead every few feet. On the head line were wooden floats

a yard or two apart. It had never been wet, and on the first day of the impending campaign at Indian Tickle it lay in the dory, a solid load of twine, sinking that hard working little vessel down to the gunwale. From the deck of the schooner, to whom the dory was the handmaid, John had marked a school of herring and watched them enter the harbor. The fishing boat now lay anchored outside while the dory was sent to place the seine. Right across the deep water channel the net was set, moored firmly at each end, a clear three-quarters of a mile. Out on the surface John eyed the floaters strung out while the leaded foot line lay on the bottom.

"If this big school ever strikes, them floaters wont never hold her," he said. "They'll drag the head-line down and half the school'll swim out over the top slick as grease."

So John hoisted sail and made back to the island where he loaded up the schooner with empty herring barrels, and having taken on all the vessel could wallow under, put back to Indian Tickle. The net was still in position, the school not having yet made up their mind to move out into the harbor. The men immediately got to work and attached a herring barrel to the head or surface line of the net at intervals of a yard or more. That done John looked at the strange sight of three-quarters of a mile of herring barrels floating on the water and chuckled quietly to himself.

"Now let 'em come, as many and as soon as ever they please. We're ready for 'em.

They waited and rested them at the mouth of Indian Tickle for three long days. On the third day the school moved. The lookout at the mast head saw the school coming. From the extreme end of the bay for half its length the water was broken, as

the topmost fish of the crowded school splashed up the surface. Rapidly this broken water drew nearer, and in ten minutes after the mass was seen to be moving the vanguard of herring struck the net.

The force of the impact of this enormous body of swiftly moving fish made the seine strain and twist at its moorings; but it was a hand made net of the best Scotch twine, and now in the water for the first time.

It was equal to the task. It held.

"She's good for it and more," said John. "Praise be to them herrin' barrels," piously responded the mate.

The whole mass, many millions, possibly, had piled up against the net, and found their exit to the open ocean effectually closed.

"Herrin' is mighty cunnin' fish; they know when they're up against a stone wall without bein' told," remarked the observing mate to himself. They are also philosophical, as was shown by the fact that the entire school turned square about and returned to the harbor of Indian Tickle.

If there ever has been any doubt about fishermen of the gulf of St. Lawrence indulging in good, straight, fluent and powerful swearing, it could have been settled in two minutes, by the voluntary testimony of John and his crew at that time and place. They certainly did swear in an alarming manner. But swearing, however picturesque or original, would not make that school of herring venture out of the harbor again. The fishing schooner lay there a week. There was nothing doing. The school un-animously refused to move a fin.

John grew very impatient. Very much so, indeed. There were a number of smaller seines on board, and his other schooner arriving about this juncture from the island after the trip to Montreal, the two crews were put to work inside the harbor, with the smaller nets.

The school was located at the first haul and the boats and crews worked steadily all the day. In the morning they commenced again at daybreak and continued until sundown. The yield of the nets was miraculous.

There was not a minute's intermission in the activities, except for lunch and not much for that. The big seine was left moored across the mouth of the harbor.

"Say, Indian Tickle's a bonny place to load up," said John Davidson. Nobody felt drawn to oppose this proposition, so it stood unchallenged.

The third day saw several boats belonging to fishermen and settlers in the neighborhood hard at work. Inside of a week there were twenty boats of various sizes loading up with herring. Before the end of the second week there were sixty, and that number increased to an even hundred before that school showed any signs of giving out. The boats varied in capacity from ten to forty barrels and some of them loaded up every day. At the end of six weeks John Davidson's two schooners were weighted down to their gunwales, estimated as equal to carrying 1800 barrels, but this load far exceeded that limit.

At last the day came when the boats could carry no more and John gave the order to hoist the big seine which had done such yeoman service.

Leaning on the tiller in the sunshine, lazily smoking, "There's nae use denyin'," he remarked confidentially to the Straits of Belle Isle, and incidentally to the North Atlantic Ocean around him,— "There's no use o' denyin' that Indian Tickle is a bonny place for herrin'—*at some seasons.*

As intimated the Maritime Provinces are really the mainstay of the fishing industry to-day and when it comes to lobsters Canada possesses more extensive and more valuable fisheries than any other country in the world. This may be surprising to many well informed people. It is claimed upon good authority that approximately 50,000,000 lobsters are taken from the coastal waters of Canada every year. During the fishing season, which extends from April 27th to June 30th, some 10,000 to 11,000 men are engaged in actual fishing and 8,000 people are employed in over 650 canneries.

The canning industry began in Canada in 1869 in which year 61,000 one pound cans were put up. By 1881 the maximum pack in the history of the business was reached when over 17,000,000 pounds were canned. Since that time a steady decline has been observed.

In 1898 the production was about 10,000,000 pounds. In addition to the canned lobsters there is an extensive business done in live lobsters. There is a very active demand for these wherever they can be shipped, in cold storage. From 100,000 to 120,000 hundred weight are annually shipped by Canadian fishermen along the coast of the eastern townships. Prince Edward Island oysters and lobsters are the finest in the world. The Malpeque are what they call up

there "wild oysters," in contradistinction to those cultivated in beds further south. Indiscriminate harvesting of these superior bivalves has caused a scarcity of them and now legal restrictions are placed upon the oyster business, which it is believed will be beneficial to all concerned.

I do not know whether all the big fish stories that ever were, originated in the Maritime Provinces or not, but there is something so very breezy and unctuous in the manner of the coast fishermen and so appealing to one's sense of the sublime, that no matter how big the story may have grown to be by long telling you have just got to morally throw doubt to the winds and criticism to the waves and take it in, "hook, bait and sinker."

## Halibut and Herring

The halibut of British Columbia have an enviable reputation, for they are less overgrown and of finer texture than the Icelandic and North Sea fish; a length of five to six feet and weight of 250 pounds is exceptional for the British Columbia halibut. The waters between Queen Charlotte Islands and the mainland, especially off Rose Spit, and off the west shore of Banks Island, were at one time veritably overcrowded with halibut.

Very large fish were often taken then, some weighing 150 pounds, but the general weight now is only from 20 to 60 pounds. The halibut are scattered all over the strait, but regular migrations have been noticed, and where the waters of Dixon entrance meet the currents, moving from the south through Hecate Strait, and food appears abundant, the fish congregate in large numbers.

The method of fishing with steamers and schooners is practically the same as on the eastern coast and, with few exceptions, halibut men are easterners who formerly, when the fish were plentiful, operated out of Boston and Gloucester.

From the middle of September to the middle of March is the principal fishing period, but in May and early June many large halibut move into inshore shallows, especially on the east side of Graham Island.

It is generally agreed that the British Columbian halibut banks have seriously deteriorated during the last few years, and it is essential that measures be adopted to save the supply from exhaustion—a fate that has

befallen the banks of western and northern Europe and the Atlantic shores of Canada.

The superabundance of herring on the coast of British Columbia has been recognized from early times, but, as the local demand was insignificant, no herring fishery can be said to have existed, until about thirty years ago. At intervals, and in a desultory way, various parties engaged in the herring industry, and quantities were converted into oil and guano. Within the last ten years, however, the value of this fishery resource has been realized.

Herring occur all along the coast as far as Alaska, though in sheltered areas, like the waters near Nanaimo, Ucluelet, Barkley Sound, Virago Sound and Queen Charlotte Islands, the schools appear to form solid phalanxes. At Nanaimo, they are plentiful from early in November to the New year, vast schools appearing in February, while even as late as June immense quantities have been seen moving out in the Strait of Georgia.

There are many methods of putting up herring, but the greatest demand is for the salted article in pickle, and there is no reason why the Province should not put up as large a pack of the best herring as Scotland, which produces annually 250,000 to 350,000 tons, valued, when pickled and ready for market, at no less than \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000.

While the fisheries of Nanaimo are still in their infancy, the possibilities of the herring industry are large, and, if properly conserved and exploited, will become a valuable source of revenue.



As indicative of the wide spread character of the membership of the Alpine Club of Canada it is interesting to note the following dispersion of members:

In Canada: British Columbia, 26 towns; Alberta, 35; Saskatchewan, 12; Manitoba, 5; Ontario, 14; Quebec, 1; Nova Scotia, 2. The total number of Canadian towns represented is 95. In the United States 20 States and 40 towns contribute members to this Club while the number of towns in England, Scotland and Ireland where members of the Canadian mountaineering club are to be found are 25, 2 and 1 respectively. In addition the list of membership includes residents of Australia, Brazil, India, Newfoundland, South Africa, Sicily and Austria.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred upon Prof. A. P. Coleman of Toronto University, the President of the Alpine Club of Canada, by Queens University, Kingston.

A number of excellent lantern slides made from photographs taken by Mr. P. L. Tait of Toronto at the Sherbrooke Lake Camp and the Vermilion Pass camp were shown before the members of the Toronto Camera Club in April last. Among the Toronto Alpine Club members who enjoyed the slides and Mr. Tait's talk on a Vacation in the Rockies were the President of the Club, Dr. A. P. Coleman, and Prof. C. B. Sissons, the local secretary.

Among the items of interest in Mr. Wheeler's address to the various sections of the Club was the announcement that the Club had leased a two acre lot on the south shore of Lake O'Hara from the Dominion Government. The lot is in the shadow of Mt. Yukness and commands a lovely view. A hut consisting of living room, kitchen, and ladies' dormitory will be built upon it, also men's tent houses and every season some competent persons will be in charge. This is

a step in the direction of further suggestions which Mr. Wheeler made in the way of making the mountains accessible to people of moderate means. These suggestions embodied the idea of the erection of chalets by the federal and provincial governments in remote places which could be reached by long trails kept in repair by the government.

A very enthusiastic party of Winnipeg members met the Director on his way East in April last, having a cheery word from him over a cup of tea. Later the meeting was called to order by the chairman, Mr. Justice Galt. Immediately Mr. Wheeler launched forth into such an alluring recital of the club's summer programme at Lake O'Hara and Mount Robson that the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds.

At a later meeting of the Winnipeg section, which has been very active during the past year, Dr. F. C. Bell showed a series of slides which had been kindly loaned by Mr. Chapman of Victoria. Many interesting pictures of the Club were thrown upon the screen, four different camps being represented: Lake O'Hara, Consolation Lake, Sherbrooke Lake and Vermilion Pass. Members present sought to identify mountains and climbers shown on rock or meadow, snowslope or pass or at the various annual meetings which always take place during camp.

The Vancouver section has been having some very fine outings. Miss DeBeck writes of one on which ten members stayed at the Capilano Hotel all night and left the following morning at 5.15, climbing Crown mountain. Coming down they had an almost perfect slide of nearly a thousand feet. Five of the party thought it so very fine that they went up and did it again. The going up took forty minutes and the coming down only two, and the very thought of it makes all us unfortunate dwellers of the plains green with envy, but—there's a good time coming at the camps of 1913.



With the Alpine Club at Vermilion Pass, August 1912



*Courtesy Grand Trunk Pacific Railway*

**Emperor Falls, Grand Fork River, Canadian Rockies**

In the splendid account which Mr. Wheeler has written for the 1912 Canadian Alpine Journal of his expedition to Jasper Park, Yellowhead Pass and Mt. Robson, in 1911, occurs the following short description of Emperor Falls.

"Just by camp the river enters a narrow rock canyon and careers wildly down a steep incline in a number of cascades and falls, making a great showing of white water. There are five leaps in half a mile, varying from ten to fifty feet. A line of cliffs now extends part way across the valley, and over this the river makes a grand spectacular leap

of 145 feet to the rock floor below. Sixty feet from the crest the entire volume of water strikes a ledge and bounds outward for thirty feet in a splendid rocket. The feeling conveyed is one of immense majesty and power, and the name, 'The Emperor's Falls,' suggested itself as symbolical of such traits. The rocket might be known as 'The Emperor's Leap' and the rush of white water through the canyon above as 'The Royal Raceway.'"

Major C. H. Mitchell, one of our Toronto members, was recently appointed one of the Governors of Toronto University.

## The Club House

The Club House at Banff, which opened on June 14th, will be open until September and accommodation is provided for thirty. Provided there is a vacancy Active and Associate members are accorded the privilege of putting up one or two friends for a period not exceeding one week. A letter from such member to the Secretary-Treasurer will be sufficient introduction.

Each tent-house accommodates two and is provided with two cots, mattresses, toilet arrangements and chairs. Occupants should bring their own camp bedding and toilet articles, such as soap, towels, etc. Those who cannot conveniently bring camp bedding may obtain two pair of blankets, one "comfortable" and a pillow at the Club House for a charge of twenty-five cents per day. Guests may bring linen sheets and pillow slips if desired.

No trunks are allowed in the tent houses. Special quarters will be provided for them, where space will be allotted.

Camp meals similar to those at the Annual Camps will be served at regular hours in the dining-room.

The Club House is two miles from the railway station. A special livery will be operated in connection therewith. All parties arriving by day trains will be met provided they give sufficient previous notice of the train by which they will arrive at Banff to the Secretary-Treasurer, whose address is The Club House, Banff. Parties arriving by night trains must go to the hotels. Baggage will be carried to and from the Club House.

The rate charged Honorary, Active and Associate members is \$2.00 per day.

The rate for members' guests and for Graduating and Subscribing members will be \$3.00 per day.

Every person driven to or from the railway station and the Club House will be charged 50 cents each way. A charge of 25 cents each way will be made for every piece of baggage carried to or from the Club House.

# You just pop

a packet of Edwards' Soup into a pot of water, let it boil for thirty minutes and you have a grand, hot, nourishing, home-made soup (as good as any soup you could get in town), all ready and waiting for you to begin.

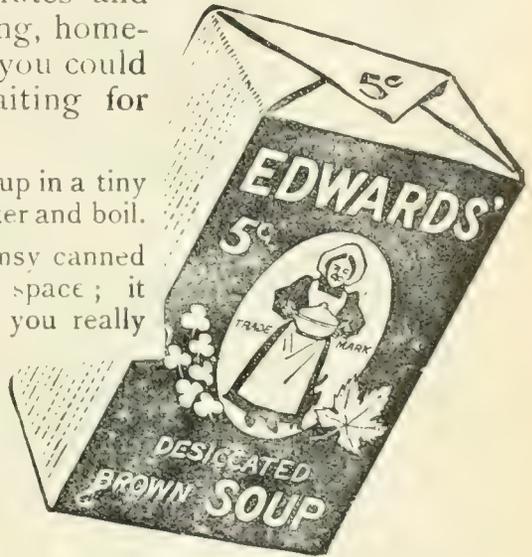
Edwards' Soup is a big bowl of good soup in a tiny little packet—you only need to add water and boil.

Edwards' Soup is far better than a clumsy canned soup—it doesn't take up so much space; it doesn't get in your way, except when you really want it. Take some with you.

W. G. PATRICK & CO., Limited, TORONTO  
Representatives for the Province of Ontario

**5c. per packet.**

*Edwards' Desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups. "Get some before you go."*



## Clark's Camp Delicacies

VARY YOUR DIET



when in camp or on hunting trips. There is nothing easier. CLARK'S have the assortment you need.

Beef Steak and Onions, Irish Stew, Boneless Chicken, Pig's Feet, English Brawn, Jellied Veal, Cambridge Sausage, Tongues and Potted Meats in tins or glass, Soups in all varieties, Etc.



AND DON'T FORGET

## Clark's Pork and Beans

W. CLARK,

:::

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MONTREAL

The Secretary-Treasurer will be in control at the Banff Club House, and will have full authority to enforce all rules. All rules and regulations will be posted conspicuously.

The Club library will be at the Club House. There will also be found a number of good maps and beautiful

photographs of the Canadian Rockies.

A fine Assembly room, thirty feet square, a comfortable library and smoking-room, a cheery log fire and a good piano will make the evenings pass pleasantly for those socially inclined.

## Eighth Annual Camp

### Lake O'Hara Camp

#### OBJECTS

The camp is for the purpose of enabling members of the Club to meet in the mountain regions of Canada, and Graduating members to receive the assistance of the Club in qualifying for Active membership.

#### CAMP

The Camp will be known as "Cathedral Mountain Camp."

#### DATE

The Camp will be open on Tuesday, July 15th, and close on Friday, July 25th.

#### RAILWAY STATION

Visitors going to the Camp will leave the train at Hector Station, situated about half way between Laggan and Field on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

There will be no sleeping accommodation available at Hector, and on this account, it will be necessary to arrive by the earlier day trains, in order to reach the main Camp comfortably before dark. The Camp will be three and a half miles from Hector Station, and connected with it by a good pony trail. Two hours allowance for this walk should be ample.

#### TRANSPORTATION

Hector is reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This Railway in conjunction with other Canadian railways has given visitors to the Camp a one-way-fare return rate. The rate applies only in Canada.

#### WHO MAY ATTEND

Accommodation will be prepared for two hundred persons and applications therefor will be registered in the order in which they are received by the Secretary-Treasurer, due allowance being made for distance.

Except as hereinafter provided, the Camp is open to Club members only. All members belonging to Honorary, Associate, Active and Graduating grades may make application for accommodation.

Duly accredited representatives of literary and scientific bodies, of standard magazines, and professional photographers will be given the same rates as Active members.

Active and Associate members are privileged to bring their wives or husbands, but they will not be entitled to Active and Associate membership rates.

Graduating members, before coming to Camp to make their qualifying climb, should consult their family physician as to their physical ability. The Camp Committee will assume no responsibility in this connection.

#### CHARGES

Active and Associate members, and those placed in the same category with regard to rates, will be charged two dollars (\$2.00) per day while at Camp. This does not include transportation or hotel expenses.

Graduating members who qualify for Active membership will be charged at the above rate. All others will be charged three dollars (\$3.00) per day.

For transportation of baggage between Castle Station and the Camp, one dollar (\$1.00) per lot, each way, will be charged.

A limited number of saddle ponies will be available from the railway, to and from the Camp. The charge will be three dollars (\$3.00) each way.

#### BAGGAGE

All baggage for the Camp must be packed in dunnage-bags, war sacks, or soft bundles. Boxes and suitcases will not be accepted for transportation.

No person attending will be allowed more than forty pounds (40 lbs.). A double charge will be made for

each lot of baggage in excess of this amount. Baggage for Camp will be weighed. Heavy baggage can be left in storage at the Hector Base Camp, but a rate of ten cents per day will be charged for each piece.

No baggage will be received for delivery at the Camp unless securely labelled with a proper tag inscribed clearly with the owner's name and the words "Alpine Club of Canada, Hector Station." Labels for the return journey can be had from the Secretary at the Camp.

Facilities will be provided at Hector Base Camp for visitors to change to their Camp clothes.

#### OUTFIT

Members are recommended to come supplied with snow glasses and drinking cups; only a limited supply will be on hand at the Camp.

Climbers should come with the soles of their boots well set with nails. Swiss edge-nails can be had at the Camp and boots will be nailed by the Swiss Guides present on the payment of a small fee.

Swiss edge-nails are too large for Ladies' boots. The ordinary Hungarian nails purchasable at any hardware store are most suitable.

No lady climbing who wears skirts or bloomers will be allowed to take a place on a rope, as these have been found a distinct source of danger to the party making the climb. Knickerbockers, with puttees or gaiters, and sweater, have been found serviceable and safe. Skirts are fashionable round the Camp fire.

#### CLIMBS AND EXPEDITIONS

The Main Camp will be pitched at an altitude of 5,700 feet above the sea level, three and a half miles from Hector Station, at the head of the large, park-like meadow in which lies the Narao Lakes.

At this point a huge gravel wash descends in two channels from between Mt. Victoria and Pope's Peak, isolating a great obelisk of rock, known as the "Watch Tower." Immediately to the west rise the rock ledges and cliff glaciers of Cathedral Mountain.

From the Main Camp, in addition to Cathedral Mountain (10,454 ft.) the following climbs may be made: Cathedral Crags (10,073 ft.); traverse of Victoria Ridge, including the ascent of Mt. Victoria (11,355 ft.); the Watch Tower (8,000 ft.), at the end of an isolated spur directly east of and close to Camp, from which may be had a most magnificent and comprehensive view of an endless array of snow-clad giants; Pope's Peak (10,200 ft.); the peak forming the north portal of Lake O'Hara Valley (9,547 ft.).

#### GRADUATING CLIMB

Any glacier-hung peak that fills the necessary qualification will be accepted as a Graduating climb. Cathedral Mountain (10,451 ft.) has been selected as the most suitable and easiest of access.

#### CAMP AT McARTHUR PASS

A subsidiary camp will be placed at tree-line on McArthur Pass (7250 ft.) and parties will be sent to it daily from the Main Camp.

From this camp the following peaks may be climbed: Mt. Biddle (10,876 ft.); Mt. Odaray (10,165 ft.); Park Mountain (9,671 ft.).

In a hanging valley, directly below Mt. Biddle, lies Lake McArthur, a typical glacial lake of exquisite cerulean blue. At the south end of a glacier from an amphitheatre of the mountain buries its nose in the waters of the lake and sends miniature icebergs floating to and fro on its placid surface.

#### CAMP ON LAKE O'HARA

The Dominion Government has leased to the Alpine Club of Canada a two-acre lot on the south shore of the lake (6664 ft.). Sleeping tents will be placed here to serve as a base from which to make climbs and expeditions in the immediate vicinity.

# SWEET CAPORAL



## CIGARETTES

"THE PUREST FORM  
IN WHICH TOBACCO  
CAN BE SMOKED."

*Lancet.*

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## EVAPORATED CREAM

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# Club Cocktails



Are scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors, and are further improved by aging in wood. They appeal especially to the sportsman, as they are always ready and so easily served. They can be cooled by laying the bottle in a spring hole or exposing to the cold air. What is more appreciated than a delicious cocktail as a prelude to your dinner after a day's fishing or shooting? You can have it by buying the "Club Cocktails"

† Most popular kinds: Manhattan (whiskey base), Martini (gin base). For sale by all reputable dealers.

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LIMITED

**Hamilton, Ontario**

The following peaks may be climbed: Mt. Hungabee (11,447 ft.); Mt. Victoria (11,355 ft.); Mt. Lefroy (11,220 ft.); Mt. Huber, (11,041 ft.); Mt. Ringrose; Glacier Dome; Mt. Yukness (9,342 ft.); Wiwaxy Peaks (8,863 ft.) and Mt. Schaffer (8,824 ft.).

Expeditions may be made as follows: West, the series of hanging valleys, enclosing glacial lakelets, rising above Lake O'Hara, step by step, and culminating in Lake Oeesa (Ice Lake, 7,398 ft.); to the Left is Abbot Pass (3,588 ft.), leading to the Death Trap and Lake Louise; to the right lies Yukness Pass leading to Opabin Glacier.

South, is the series of hanging valleys dotted by small lakes, leading to Opabin Pass (8,150 ft.) and a mile beyond the Pass, to the Eagle's Eyrie, an isolated rock tower rising from the glaciated bed of Prospectors Valley.

Other features of interest are the Bridal Veil Falls at the head of Lake O'Hara and the Crystal Cave in the precipitous terminal wall of Opabin Valley.

#### SPECIAL TWO-DAY EXPEDITION

The two-day expedition of Paradise Valley Camp (1907) and Lake O'Hara Camp (1909) will, by request, be repeated. It may be made in either direction: From Lake O'Hara north, via Abbot Pass, or south, via Opabin Pass.

This famous expedition crosses the Abbot, Mitre, Sentinel, or Wastach, Wenkemhna and Opabin Passes; leads through the defile of the Death Trap, between Mts. Victoria and Lefroy; traverses the Victoria, Lefroy, Mitre, Horseshoe, Wenkemhna and Opabin Glaciers; and makes a complete circuit around Mts. Lefroy and Hungabee, embracing twenty miles of the most spectacular Alpine scenery of the southern Canadian Rockies.

One night will be spent at a camp in Paradise Valley from which a visit may be made to the "Giants Stairs," where the glacial torrent from the Horseshoe Glacier cascades over a rock stairway of gigantic proportions.

#### OTHER EXPEDITIONS

Four other expeditions may be mentioned: (1) The valley lying between Mts. Cathedral and Odaray, leading to Duchesnay Pass (8,739 ft.), and beyond that by Dennis Pass (7,403 ft.) to Mt. Stephen House at the Village of Field. (2) It is also possible to reach Lake Louise Chalet via the Abbot Pass, Victoria Glacier and the Lake.

## Mount Robson Camp

#### OBJECTS

The Camp is for the purpose of enabling members to meet in the mountain regions of Canada and by their explorations and climbs to acquire a full knowledge of such regions and bring them to public notice.

#### CAMP

The Camp shall be known as "Robson Pass Camp." The work done from it will be on both sides of the Main Divide of the Canadian Rockies, in the Province of British Columbia and in the Province of Alberta.

#### DATE

The Camp will be open on Monday, July 28th and close on Saturday, August 9th.

#### RAILWAY STATION

"Robson", on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, is the nearest station point. This stopping place is at present little more than a siding, and it is understood that a station is not yet in operation.

The Camp at Robson Pass will be fifteen miles distant. A pony trail from the station ground to the Pass, constructed by the British Columbia Government should be completed in time to be of service for the Camp.

#### TRANSPORTATION

Robson can be reached by the Grand Trunk Pacific direct from Winnipeg or by the Canadian Pacific via Calgary to Edmonton, and then by Grand Trunk, Pacific to Robson.

The two railways have agreed to give visitors to the Robson Camp a one-way-fare return rate, plus \$6.25, when going via Calgary to Edmonton. The rate applies only in Canada.

The site of this year's Camp places within reach a greater number of climbs and a greater variety of Alpine scenic splendours than any other spot in this section of the Rockies. From Mt. Hungabee, the Chieftain, radiate five magnificent glacial valleys, like the spokes of a great wheel, and all five are traversed at their heads by the two-day expedition described above. It will be found to portray an enchanted realm where magic inspires the brush, the camera and the pen.

#### ORDERS

Each day's programme will be posted on the Camp's Order Board the previous afternoon, and entries for expeditions and climbs will be received thereafter. Implicit obedience to Camp Regulations and guide's instructions is absolutely imperative.

No member attending will be allowed to leave the Camp without reporting to and obtaining permission from the Officer of the Day. This rule is necessary to insure the safety of those out on climbs and expeditions as thereby the Camp authorities know the whereabouts of each member, in case of a non-return, and foolhardiness is kept in check.

#### CAMP COMMITTEE

The Director of the Club will be in charge of the Camp and will be Chairman of the Committee appointed to attend the various requirements of the Camp.

#### CAMP FIRE

A special committee will be appointed to provide for entertainment around the Camp Fire. It is suggested, however, that each section from which a number of members come should provide one special night's entertainment; as, for instance, a Toronto night, a Winnipeg night, a Calgary night, a Vancouver night, a Victoria night, a New York night, and a London, England, night.

#### ANNUAL MEETING

In accordance with Clause 15 of the Constitution the Annual Meeting of the Club will be held during the Camp, for the presentation of Reports of the past year's work and such other business as may be brought before it.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE

Address all correspondence with full particulars for reply, to S. H. MITCHELL, Secretary-Treasurer, The Club House, Banff, Alberta.

Members attending Robson Camp are strongly advised to be at Edmonton in time to leave by the 9.30 p.m. train of Saturday, July 26th, for which special arrangements will be made. On reaching Robson Station, they will at once be taken care of by the Camp officials.

The entire party will leave for the Camp at the Pass early on the morning of July 28th, and after that the management cannot guarantee any set time for taking visitors to or from the Camp, although it is likely that a packer with horses will return to Robson station ground every third day.

#### WHO MAY ATTEND

Accommodation will be prepared for one hundred persons. This limit will permit of seventy-five applications from members of the Alpine Club of Canada.

No applications from Graduating members will be considered.

Applications for accommodation will be registered in the order in which they are received by the Secretary Treasurer, due allowance being made for distance. As the limit is final, you are advised to lose no time in registering your application.

Duly accredited representatives of literary and scientific bodies, of standard magazines and professional photographers will, for the purposes of the Camp, be treated on the basis of Active members.

Should an applicant be deterred from filing the place reserved for such applicant, the Secretary-Treasurer should be promptly notified, so that the opportunity may become available for the next applicant outside the limit. This is a proper thing to do.

#### CHARGES

The party will leave Robson station ground for Rob



*FULL MOON. 32 H.P. Standard. Winner of the Pacific International Race.*

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The factor of safety in your marine engine is your protection. It is your margin of safety—the margin that can't be too large.

Every boatman appreciates this factor in

## THE STANDARD ENGINE

The STANDARD owner's complete confidence in his engine is felt by every one on board. The quiet feeling of security gives that happy abandon which makes for the delight of a STANDARD cruise. The mechanical reasons for it are forgotten.

This confidence is worth money to the Party-boat owner.

It brings him passengers again and again.

It is worth money to the Freight-boat owner, for it brings him full cargoes with low insurance rates.

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You should use unusual care in buying because of conditions in the marine engine field this spring. You should buy for the future as well as for the present. Bear in mind the established value which your used STANDARD Engine always has. Satisfy yourself that the STANDARD engine costs less money for a given speed in your boat.

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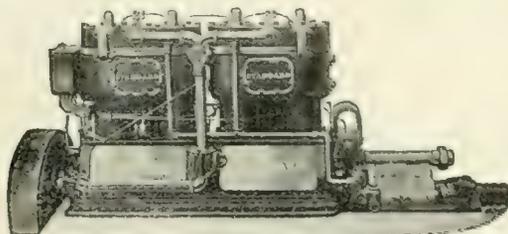
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son Pass Camp on the morning of July 28th, and at the close of the Camp on August 9th, will leave for Robson station ground on the morning of August 10th.

For the fourteen days during which members will be in care of the Camp officials a lump charge of Forty-five Dollars (\$45.00) will be made. There will be no reduction for a shorter period.

The above charge will include transportation of baggage to and from the Camp.

#### BAGGAGE

All baggage for the Camp must be packed in dunnage bags, war-sacks or soft bundles. Boxes and suitcases will not be accepted for transportation.

No person attending will be allowed more than forty pounds (40 lbs.) of baggage.

Baggage will be weighed, and no one person's baggage exceeding the allowance will be accepted.

Each piece of baggage for delivery at the Camp must be securely labelled with a proper tag inscribed clearly with the owner's name and the words: "ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA, ROBSON STATION."

Labels for the return journey can be obtained at the Camp.

Before starting, weigh your baggage.

#### ALPINE CLUB, ENGLAND

An invitation has been extended to members of the Alpine Club, England, to the number of twenty-five to be guests of the Alpine Club of Canada, at its Camp at Robson Pass.

A number have signified their intention of being present.

This collaboration by the Mother Alpine Club with the Alpine Club of Canada in the official opening of the new Mt. Robson Park will, it is felt, be much appreciated by all our members.

#### CLIMBS AND EXPEDITIONS

The main Camp will be pitched almost at the summit of Robson Pass at an altitude of 5530 ft. above sea level.

Directly across the valley, rising in steep precipices, is the black mass of Rearguard (9000 ft.), an outlier of Mt. Robson. Immediately above it, to the south, is the snow-crowned Helmet (11,160 ft.), and across a snow col the towering north-east perpendicular walls of Robson (13,068 ft.), far too steep for snow to lie. If one is lucky and the crest of the massif is not wrapped in cloud, the giant cornices from its knife-like edge may be seen reaching out into space.

Directly southwest of Camp, a quarter of a mile away, is Berg Lake, a glorious turquoise blue sheet of water, one and a half miles long by half a mile wide. The Tumbling Glacier falls 5000 ft. from between the Helmet and the main mass of Robson, and buries its nose in the blue waters. So steep is the ice-fall that on a sunny day an incessant noise, like cannonading, is heard as the great blocks of ice break off, and rattling down the slope, plunge with a mighty splash into the lake, sending up columns of water twenty to thirty feet high and dotting the surface with icebergs. This process will be in full view from the Camp.

East is the Robson Glacier, also a quarter of a mile distant. It is five miles long from its source in the Robson Amphitheatre, and will provide excellent and safe ice tramping for the greater part of its length. At intervals broken ice-falls show magnificent groups of seracs.

The Robson Amphitheatre is a wonder. It is one of the finest snow cirques in the Main Range, and will furnish endless interest and occupation for the camera in its grotesque configurations and varied snow formations piled up and shaped in every conceivable form.

Mt. Resplendent (11,173 ft.), at the head of the cirque, is a grand snow climb. Lynx Mt. (10,471 ft.) will provide excellent rock work and will be a first ascent. The Helmet (11,160 ft.) will also be a first ascent.

Ptarmigan Peak (9320 ft.) is an easy ascent for a magnificent panoramic view of the Robson Glacier and Cirque in detail, and of a vast area of snowfields, ice-falls, towering peaks, timbered valleys and silver streams in every direction.

Below Ptarmigan and Lynx Mts. lies Showbird Pass leading to Reef Neve, drained north by Coleman Glacier and south by the Reef Glaciers. Here is a field of brand new exploration; for little is known of it except as seen from the surrounding heights.

At the head of Robson Cirque a snow pass (9700 ft.) leads to the little Fork River. The pass has never yet been crossed to the Little Fork, although members of the Alpine Club, England, have stood upon it. More exploration.

Directly behind the Camp and rising immediately

from it is Mumm Peak (9740 ft.), a good climb and a glorious view-point.

Again west, across the Valley of a Thousand Falls, is Whitehorn (11,101 ft.), never yet officially climbed, although our Club guide, Konrad Kain, claims to have stood alone on its summit. Between Mumm Peak and Whitehorn lies a ridge of peaks, all providing first ascents.

The above enumerated peaks are but a few of the more prominent that, unclimbed as yet, rise in every direction, all sending down glaciers still unknown and unnamed.

The fifteen mile tramp from Robson Station to the Main Camp will be a wonder: Primeval forest, an emerald lake (Lake Kinney), a glacial delta; then the Valley of a Thousand Falls, where leaping water is seen in every direction, while three major falls (the White Falls, the Falls of the Pool and the Emperor Falls) cap the climax; and between is an exhibit of broken white water, hurtling down the intervening steep with such tremendous impetus that one ceases to wonder at the marvellous force that lies hidden in this element of Nature when seen placidly reflecting a snowy mountain in its mirror-like surface.

#### SMOKY RIVER CAMP

Across the Robson Pass is Lake Adolphus, another gem of glorious blue fringed with forest green.

Six miles down the Smoky River, in Alberta, a subsidiary camp will be set, near the junction of Calumet Creek. From this camp will be explored the valley of Mural Glacier, surrounded by a number of unclimbed peaks.

Mural Glacier presents, midway across its flow, a wall of ice 400 ft. high. The broken fragments of ice forced over this wall litter the level surface below. On the lower levels are a fine collection of glacier-tables and sand-cones.

#### MOOSE PASS CAMP

A third camp will be placed at tree-line near the Moose Pass (6700 ft.). From this will be explored the wonderful collection of glaciers at the sides and head of Calumet Creek, some eight or ten in number. Several are wildly broken and will provide good work for the camera. There are here also many good climbs.

#### FLORA

At the head of Calumet Creek and along its sides are wide stretches of alp-lands, literally covered with the bloom of many brilliant alpine flowers. In the open burnt timber along the shore of Berg Lake, and on the higher slopes above it, the flora is simply magnificent. It would seem that the further north you go and the shorter the season, the more profuse, perfect of form and brilliant of color the flowers become.

#### MAMMALS

The wild goat abounds, caribou roam the alplands, grizzly and brown bear frequent the valleys, the sharp whistle of the marmot resounds from crag to crag, the Little Chief hares and ground squirrel skip from rock to rock and ptarmigan call shrilly, the wild, weird note fitting perfectly with the eerie surroundings, whose only other sounds are the thunder of the avalanche, the crash of the rock slide and the roar of the leaping waterfall.

#### NOTES

It is impossible in so small a space to give an adequate description. All is new, grand and wonderful. So little has been written and pictured of it, and that only on the line of travel, that the coming Camp presents an opportunity that may never occur again and certainly not at the present low cost.

Unfortunately, the management cannot guarantee the weather, and Robson is a mountain with a climate all its own. The time selected, however, is when the weather should be at its best. Given that, and the Camp of your life is ahead of you.

Look in your copy of the 1912 Canadian Alpine Journal for a map of the region. If you want a map for mounting, send 50 cts. and one will be mailed to you.

The special number of the 1912 Canadian Alpine Journal deals with the mammals, birds and flora of Mt. Robson Park. It contains the map referred to. A copy will be sent on receipt of one dollar.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE

The Director of the Club will be in charge of the Camp.

Address all correspondence, with full particulars for reply, to S. H. MITCHELL, Secretary-Treasurer, The Club House, Banff, Alberta.



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## Railway Rates to O'Hara and Robson Camps, 1913

Each member attending must have a **Standard Railway Convention Certificate**. Get this from the ticket agent when purchasing your ticket. Without it you cannot obtain a **Free Return Ticket**.

The certificate must be filled in and signed by Director of the Club, A. O. Wheeler, or by the Secretary-Treasurer, S. H. Mitchell, at the Camp.

On surrender of the certificate thus signed to the ticket agent at the designation of your ticket, not later than August 31st, 1913, a ticket will be issued free to the original starting point.

### EAST OF PORT ARTHUR.

(A.) The following arrangements apply for persons going **direct** to either of the above camps, viz.:

1. **Fare**—One-way first-class tickets, with Standard Railway Convention Certificates, to be sold at lowest one-way first-class fare plus 25 cents.

### 2. DATES OF SALES AND DESTINATIONS.

**Lake O'Hara Camp:** Tickets to be sold and certificates issued from June 25th to July 10th, inclusive, to the following destinations: Banff, Castle, Laggan, Hector, Field, Glacier, Revelstoke and Sicamous Jct., as desired by passenger.

**Robson Pass Camp:** Tickets to be sold and certificates issued from July 7th to 23rd, inclusive, to Mt. Robson.

3. **Return Trip**—Certificates must be filled in and signed at destination by the Director, A. O. Wheeler, or Secretary-Treasurer, S. H. Mitchell, and on surrender of same to ticket agent at destination not later than August 31st, 1913, tickets will be issued back to original starting point as follows

(a) If route to destination has been via all-rail route, ticket to return via same route will be issued free.

(b) If route to destination has been via all-rail route, ticket to return via Lake route will be sold on payment of \$9.00.

(c) If route to destination has been via Lake route, ticket to return via all-rail route will be sold on payment of \$4.00.

(d) If route to destination has been via Lake route, ticket to return via the same route will be sold on payment of \$13.00.

### 4. Going and Returning Transit Limits—

Tickets to be limited as follows:

Account Lake O'Hara Camp:—

Going July 25th; Returning September 15th, 1913.

Account Robson Pass Camp:—

Going August 9th; Returning September 15th, 1913.

5. **Stop-overs**—Will be allowed going and returning at any station, Port Arthur, Ont., and West, within the transit limits specified above.

(B.) The following arrangements apply for persons attending **both** Camps, viz.:

1. **Fare**—One way first-class tickets, with Standard Railway Convention Certificates, to be sold at lowest one-way first-class fare plus 25 cents.

2. **Dates of Sale**—Tickets to be sold and certificates issued from June 25th to July 10th, inclusive to the following destinations: Banff, Castle, Laggan, Hector, Field, Glacier, Revelstoke and Sicamous Junction, as desired by passengers.

3. **Return Trip via Edmonton en route to Mount Robson**—Certificates must be filled in and signed at destination by A. O. Wheeler, or S. H. Mitchell, and on surrender of same to ticket agent at destination not later than July 31st, 1913, tickets will be issued back to original starting point via Edmonton, as follows:

(a) If route to destination has been via all-rail route ticket to return via Edmonton will be issued at \$6.25.

(b) If route to destination has been via all-rail route, ticket to return via Edmonton and Lake route will be sold on payment of \$15.25.

(c) If route to destination has been via Lake route, ticket to return via Edmonton and all-rail route will be sold on payment of \$10.25.

(d) If route to destination has been via Lake route, ticket to return via Edmonton and Lake route will be sold on payment of \$19.25.

Passengers will repurchase from Edmonton to Mount Robson at one fare for the round trip on the certificate plan.

### 4. Going and Returning Transit Limits—

Tickets to be limited as follows:

Going:—July 25th, 1913.

Returning:—September 15th, 1913.

5. **Stop-overs**—Will be allowed, going and returning, at any station, Port Arthur, Ont., and West, within the transit limits specified above.

### WEST OF PORT ARTHUR.

#### O'Hara Camp.

Tickets will be sold to Banff, Castle, Laggan, Hector, Field, Glacier, Revelstoke and Sicamous Junction at lowest one-way first-class fare, and a Standard Railway Convention Certificate will be given to each purchaser.

Tickets will be on sale from July 1st to 16th, inclusive and certificates will be honored up to August 31st, 1913. Tickets issued in exchange for certificates will be limited to September 5th, 1913.

Stop-overs will be permitted at all points between Banff and Sicamous Junction, and also at Calgary.

#### ROBSON CAMP.

Tickets will be sold to Edmonton from July 24th to August 9th, inclusive, at lowest one-way, first-class fare, and Standard Railway Convention Certificates given to each purchaser.

Certificates will be honored up to August 31st, 1913, tickets issued in exchange for certificates being limited to September 5th, 1913.

### PARTIES DESIRING TO ATTEND BOTH CAMPS

Parties purchasing tickets for O'Hara Camp between July 1st and 16th will have certificates honored up to August 31st, and tickets issued in exchange for certificates will be limited to September 5th.

All tickets reading through Calgary will be good to stop over at Calgary, and side trip tickets can be purchased on certificate plan from Calgary to Edmonton at \$6.25 each.

Passengers from west of Calgary who desire to attend both camps will require to purchase locally to O'Hara Camp, and repurchase to Edmonton on the certificate plan, between the dates July 24th and August 9th, inclusive.

Passengers will then repurchase from Edmonton, to Mt. Robson on the certificate plan.

The one-way fare from Edmonton to Mt. Robson is \$10.35.

**Note Carefully**—Tickets must be purchased within the dates of sale specified above for each camp.

No certificate will be honored after August 31st.

Starting point must be reached on return journey:

West of Port Arthur by September 5th.

East of Port Arthur by September 15th.

Should the foregoing not be clear, ask your ticket agent; also ask about summer rates. You may find them cheaper and less restricted than the above.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

There is only one train a day to Mount Robson. Members attending the camp who do not arrive at Edmonton in time to take the 9.30 p.m. night train on Saturday, July 26th, for which special arrangements will be made, must take chances of reaching the camp.

# Williams'

PATENTED  
**Holder-Top  
 Shaving  
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Have you used Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick? If not, you have missed the acme of shaving stick perfection.

The Holder-Top Stick produces the abundant and soothing lather that characterizes all of Williams' shaving preparations.

The nickered holder, in which one end of the stick is fastened, enables you to hold the stick easily and firmly from first to last, and your fingers need never touch the soap.

## SPECIAL OFFER

### Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps. A single sample of either of the above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

### Four forms of the same good quality:

- Williams' Shaving Stick  
 (in the Hinged-cover Nickered Box)
- Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick
- Williams' Shaving Powder  
 (in the Hinged-cover Nickered Box)
- Williams' Shaving Cream (in Tubes)

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.  
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After shaving use  
 Williams' Talc Powder

# OUR LETTER BOX

## A Boquet.

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

I have just split a \$2.00 bill in half. The milkman took \$1.00 for 12 quarts of milk of doubtful quality and to square myself on the deal I send you the other \$1.00 for 12 issues of ROD AND GUN which in the past has always proven the best dollar's worth I can get.

A. E. L.

Moosomin, Sask.

## The "Blow Horn."

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

I have been a reader of your magazine for some years. I am now out on our homestead on Crooked River, Sask., and am pleased to say there is plenty of big game in this vicinity. Moose, deer, bear and all kinds of small game abound. This is a scrub and bush country. I got a moose, myself, last Fall. Having read in your magazine of the blow horn I thought I would like to try one so have sent for a horn. I would be glad if some sportsman would give me some information as to the use of the horn in calling moose.

W. Pickering.

Crooked River, Sask.

## The Wandering Cat.

*Editor*, ROD AND GUN:—

This is a subject which has been curling my hair for some time and as I have seen no article on the wandering C-A-T in the ROD AND GUN magazine I think it is up to me to express my opinion on the same.

In the first place, I think all house cats found wandering at large should be classed as noxious animals and shot on sight. We are told by the reports of the Board of Game Commissioners that only fifteen per cent. of the game killed is taken by the hunter. This leaves a balance of seventy-five or eighty per cent. to be taken by other agencies such as noxious animals, birds of prey and the wandering cat, for the latter furnishes his or her percentage I can testify from personal experience and observation. I could describe many instances in which the cat comes in for his share of the game. I have known him to destroy partridge and quail and most all hunters I presume have had an experience which has taught them that he will not even pass a full grown rabbit.

Well do I remember feeding a covey of quail that I was trying to bring through the winter. To my surprise I found on visiting their feeding ground that their number was decreasing. This I could tell by their tracks in the snow. On looking into the matter I found on going over the ground a few days

later the tracks of a cat. It had snowed the night before and on the morning I speak of was still snowing a little. The morning was ideal for locating the cat. I had with me a collie that was on the job. I kept her behind until I saw that the cat had started to move a little faster. Apparently she had business in another part of the swamp. Then I thought it time for the collie to take the hunt off my hands and to the dog I said, "Go!" Did she go? To say she was off like a shot is putting it mildly. She fairly flew and I was not kept waiting long till I heard the call that meant the pursued had been treed. That cat killed no more game. It was like locking the barn after the horse is stolen, however, for I took his back tracks and guess what I found? Twenty-eight wings of quail under a brush pile against a large log. I thought of saying something about that cat but perhaps it is better left unsaid.

I can personally quote instances where the cat stays in the woods or swamps in hollow logs during the Summer months and in Winter retreats to some barn. During the mild nights he goes out in quest of game. In an issue of a sporting magazine some time ago I saw a reference made to setting traps that were large enough to hold stray cats. The writer stated it was a shame that a cat should be caught in a trap and never return home again and so, possibly, break some poor little mistress's heart. All right, so far as it goes. He then goes on to say that the trappers should use smaller traps and save the cats. What think? I am reminded of the man who goes to church on the Sabbath and only swears on week days. Do you suppose that little mistress's cat was hunting mice or rats in the house or barn when it was caught in the trapper's trap?

How about our dogs? If they are caught running game out of season they are shot, while the cat's game goes merrily on, whether it is a bird in the bush or game on the ground—the whole year round. We have heard of instances where cats have been the means of carrying diseases from one place to another. I hear some one saying: "Our cat never goes away from home." So much the better. That is the place for pussy.

Just across the way from where I was boarding last summer the neighbor missed a number of chickens from time to time. It was thought that the guilty one was a mink or, perhaps, a skunk. I had my doubts as to the identity of the chicken thief, however. One morning the mistress of the house remarked that more chickens were disappearing. Nothing further was said but that evening I set my fox trap and before retiring I heard the mistress of the house call out that there was something going on outside. Going out to where the trap was



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TORONTO

set near the chicken coop what do you suppose I found? A skunk? Not a bit of it. A cat! After that there were no more birds taken.

I spend a good deal of my time on the road and find cats nearly everywhere on the roadside or in the fields and usually I see from two to half a dozen half starved looking creatures of the feline tribe at some of the farm houses.

One more paragraph! The sweetest strain in "I'm Going Home to Die no More," is as nothing compared to the harmonious melody furnished by a stray feline on the back kitchen roof under the window of one's sleeping apartment. I could continue to give facts concerning the depredations of the wandering cat but I do not wish to take up too much space. Brother sportsmen, let's hear from you. Please do not press my toes too hard as I wish to come again.

J. A. Almas,

Folden's Corners, Ont.

### THE WORLD'S LARGEST TUNA

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:—

Please state in the next issue of your most estimable magazine what was the weight of the largest tuna ever caught, by whom it was caught, where it was caught and when it was caught.

Please describe the method of landing such huge monsters of the deep and also the rules, if any, that members belonging to the Tuna Club of Nova Scotia are compelled to follow. Thanking you, I beg to remain,

A constant reader,

South Porcupine, Ont.

Ans. The world's largest Tuna with light tackle was caught by Mr. J. K. L. Ross of Montreal on the 28th of August, 1911, at Fader's Cove, St. Anne's Bay, C. B. It weighed 680 pounds. A description of the capture of this fish is given in the October 1911 issue of ROD AND GUN, page 594. There is no Tuna Club of Nova Scotia, the sport there being of recent origin.

### FROM A FLY FISHERMAN

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:—

After reading the article on Fly Fishing in the April ROD AND GUN I beg to make a few remarks. Having been a fly fisherman for many years and handled all kinds of rods, both long and short, cane-built and greenheart, I have come to the conclusion that a rod 11 ft. long is the best for general trout fishing. At present I am using a 10 ft. cane-built rod and can make long casts with it. I have landed many large trout and small salmon on this and similar rods. Mr. Hodgson, who contributes the article on Fly Fishing to the April number, seems to prefer the longer rods, but I am afraid the novice who goes fly fishing for the first time with a 14 ft. rod will soon get disheartened as it is the work of a modern Hercules to whip the streams all day long with such a weapon.

In April I had a short vacation on the east coast of Vancouver Island. A friend kindly supplied me with rod, line, etc., and I went to the river to try my hand with the steel-heads,

which were then plentiful in the rivers. The rod was a 10 ft. 6 in. greenheart, the line was waterproof and 50 yards long. I used ground worms for bait. Soon after making the first cast I hooked a big one and after a fight that lasted 45 minutes my friend netted him for me and he proved to be a 9¼ lb. steelhead and a male fish. In the course of the next few days I was lucky enough to land three more, each weighing a little over 6 lbs. A longer rod might have killed the fish in shorter time, but would not have been so pleasant to use.

Mr. Hodgson goes on to say that four flies are enough for any angler's outfit. Again I beg to disagree with him. In my opinion a trout can distinguish color either on the surface or under the water as readily as a man can on land. A little incident happened last summer which illustrates the capabilities of a trout. I was fishing at the mouth of a small creek which empties into one of the lakes on Vancouver Island. I could see several nice trout lying in about four feet of water and apparently not feeding. I tried several flies, both floating and sunk, including mallard and claret, grouse and yellow and a large cock-winged dun, without hooking a fish, although one or more trout would follow up the sunk fly at nearly every cast. The friend who was with me suggested trying a black fly, so I put on a Zulu and in quick succession I landed three fish, each one weighing about 1½ lbs. Evidently these fish were able to distinguish between a black and another color fly. I should like to know the opinion of other anglers on this subject.

Yours truly,

"Waltonian."

Vancouver Island, B. C.

### FLY NOTES

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:—

I sometimes wonder whether a person would have as good sport by using only one of the first-class patterns of salmon flies as he would by making frequent changes. Last season I discussed this question when travelling on the I. C. R. with a gentleman from Philadelphia who was on his way home after fishing the Grand Cascapedia in company with his father (a fine gentleman of over 80 years of age). He said that his father had come to the conclusion, after fishing for salmon for a great many years, that one good fly was all that was necessary and that he found that he hooked and landed quite as many fish as the other anglers on the river who made frequent changes. I think he said he generally used the "Jock Scott" solely, and that, instead of wasting time in changing he went on fishing and by this means saved a lot of time and trouble. There may be something in this but I have found, on several occasions where I knew salmon were in a pool that would not rise at the fly I was using, that I got a rise almost at once on changing my fly for one of an entirely different pattern. I have not had the opportunity of fishing for salmon for a sufficient length of time during any one season to enable me to arrive at a definite conclusion on this point, but I am in hopes that I may be able to do so some day, and if I am,

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**175 miles west of Ottawa.**

**Altitude 2,000 feet above sea level.**

**Good hotel Accommodation.**

## The New Camp Hotel "Camp Nominigan"

being inaugurated this season, will prove attractive. This sort of camp is new to the "Highlands of Ontario." It consists of log cabins constructed in groups in the heart of the wilds comfortably furnished with modern conveniences, such as baths—hot and cold water always available.

Handsomely illustrated folder free on application to, J. D. McDonald, Merchants Loan & Trust Bldg. Chicago, Ill.; F. P. Dwyer, 290 Broadway, New York; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto; E. H. Boynton, 256 Washington St., Boston; A. B. Chown, 507 Park Bldg., Pittsburg, and H. M. Morgan, 285 Main St., Buffalo.

**G. T. BELL**

Passenger Traffic Manager  
MONTREAL

**H. G. ELLIOTT**

General Passenger Agent  
MONTREAL

I will give your readers the benefit of my opinion on the subject, which may or may not be correct. So far as my experience goes, I would not care to venture on a salmon fishing trip with only one pattern in my fly book, and I think very few salmon anglers would do so, unless they knew fish were exceedingly plentiful and the water in good condition.

For my part I always carry a large stock of flies of different patterns when fishing for salmon, trout or bass, and although I usually find that I do not require to use many patterns, I feel a sort of satisfaction in knowing they are available in case I want to make a change. The "Jock Scott" is as every salmon angler knows, one of the best flies made, yet I would not care to use it exclusively. There are other patterns that I feel sure would take better at times in some waters and under certain conditions. I would not even dispense with all of my own patterns for the "Jock Scott." This may seem to be saying too much. I simply wish to convey the impression, however, that I prefer to fish with my own patterns, as by doing so, I enjoy the sport more and at the same time I find them sufficiently killing for my purpose. I am not usually anxious to catch many fish.

It would be interesting to hear what other salmon anglers have to say in regard to the use of one pattern of salmon fly. Perhaps they will be good enough to give us the benefit of their experiences or ideas through your valuable magazine?

Walter Greaves.

Ottawa, Ont.

#### INTERESTED IN BREEDING 'COONS

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

Have received my first copies of your magazine and they are O. K. I would like to see some letters from 'coon farmers. I am interested in breeding same, etc. I have a few 'coons and would be pleased to contribute an article myself if some one will start the ball rolling. Trusting we shall receive through your columns some information concerning this subject from some of your readers who are also interested.

C. H. Taylor.

Chapman, Westmorland Co., N. B.

#### THE BEST SHOOTING TRIP OF HIS LIFE

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

It may interest you or your readers to know that I had the best shooting trip of my life last October in New Brunswick. I went into the woods for a month but during the first eleven days in camp I "filled the license." I believe this was a record for the year and it

cannot be put down to anything but an exceptional country and beginner's luck, this being my first chance of going to New Brunswick. The third day out I got my moose, the fourth day I got a fine buck and an exact match as regards antlers on the eighth day. My caribou I shot on the tenth day and I secured a magnificent black bear on the eleventh day.

I had splendid guides and a cook who should be in the Ritz Hotel here, he is wasted in the woods. The camps were almost too comfortable and the feeding inclined to make one think more of meals than sport.

If any one would like to have the address of my guide or have further particulars as to how to get to this sportsman's dream, I shall be very pleased to answer any letter that may be addressed to me, by a brother sportsman, to the address below.

Yours very truly,

C. F. Lane.

250 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal.

#### SASKATCHEWAN GAME LICENSES

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

I beg to offer you a list of game licenses sold in the Province of Saskatchewan for the season 1912.

Resident Bird Game Licenses.....	10,214
Resident Big Game Licenses.....	1,755
Non-resident Bird Game Licenses, (6 day).....	29
Non-resident Big Game Licenses, (season).....	16
Taxidermist Licenses.....	15
Permits to export game.....	37

One very important change has been made in our game laws for 1913. The open season for ducks and geese, formerly opened on September 1st and the open season for prairie chicken, grouse and partridge opened on October 1st. Now ducks, geese, chicken and partridge all open on the same date, September 15th giving us six weeks' grouse shooting instead of a month, as before, and making the duck and geese season two weeks later.

Reports from all parts of the Province indicate that grouse and partridge wintered well and are very plentiful. Wild geese have been flying north for the last two weeks and ducks are on open water (April 19th). While at the gun club yesterday afternoon a flock of 18 or 20 wild geese flew over the club-house within easy rifle range.

Yours sincerely,

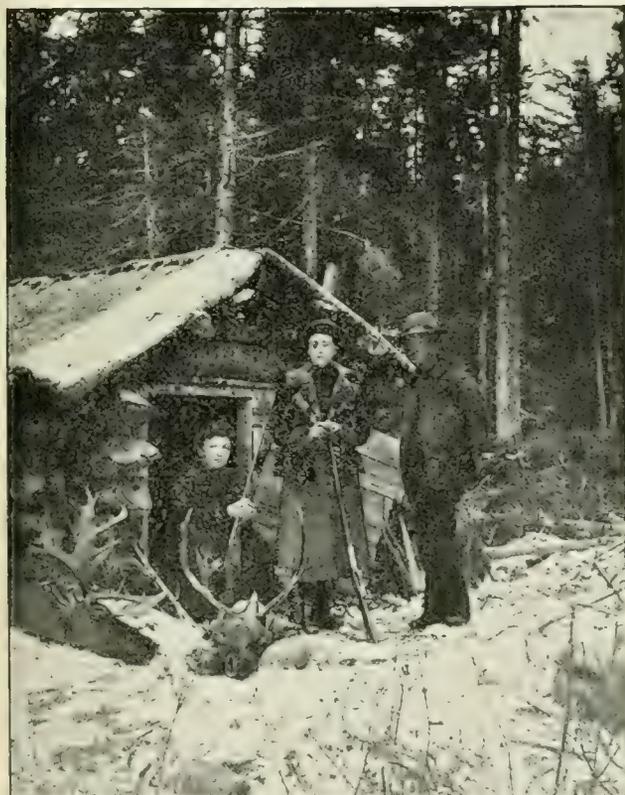
W. M. VanValkenburg,

Sec'y Saskatchewan Game Protective Association.  
Regina, Sask.



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## OUR MEDICINE BAG

The Government has decided to restock with fish the smaller lakes of Manitoba, particularly in the southern part of the province.

Formerly these lakes were filled with fish so that farmers and settlers had an assured supply, but in recent years, through over fishing and for other reasons the fish have disappeared.

Owing to shallowness of the water only certain varieties can be maintained, bass and pickerel succeeding best.

Owing to a difficulty in taking the fry a long distance a supply will likely be secured from the North Dakota hatchery this year, but the feasibility of having a hatchery in Manitoba will be considered.

A herd of buffalo purchased from Mr. B. G. Veeder of New York State arrived at Bobcaygeon, Ont., by car and were taken out to the Boyd Company farm. Mr. Boyd has been raising buffalo for more than twenty years and has obtained some magnificent robes from cross-breeds of various varieties.

Edward Bisbes of Devizes, Middlesex county, Ont., shot a wild goose near his home in March. He believed that it was flying to nest in the Arctic regions, and observing it in the afternoon he secured a muzzle-loading shotgun that had been in the family for years, and was able to bring the bird down with one shot.

During the winter of 1912-1913 a number of portages in Algonquin Park were cleared, slash from lumbering operations was removed and a great deal of debris that would add to the danger of fire was taken away entirely. This is in harmony with the regulations of the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines which make it obligatory for every lumberman to clear away all debris and slash when operations are completed. Further work along this line making for forest conservation will be carried out.

To be the proud possessor of a real, live "teddy bear" about three weeks old, and about as high as an ordinary child's doll when standing upright, was the distinction claimed by a man in Athabasca, Alta., Mr. Oran Mills, station agent for the Canadian Northern Railway Company in that place. The specimen was caught early in April by Ed. Blair, about forty miles from town on the Lac la Biche trail. Mr. Blair and his companions had rather an exciting time with old

Mrs. Bruin but succeeded in getting away unscathed. A few weeks after his capture the bear was reported as adapting itself splendidly to its new surroundings.

In April last Fish and Game Overseer, George Toner, got after a party of American trappers near Jones Creek and scattered them, seizing their traps, and between the Crossoner light and the foot of Grindstone Island grappled four night lines, measuring about two miles in length, with 2,000 hooks. The lines also contained fourteen fine sturgeon.

A bird of a species seldom seen in that part of the country was found by a Galt citizen in May last. The bird was found maimed on the C. P. R. tracks just west of the city and it was surmised that it must have been struck while in flight, by a fast moving train. The bird, which died shortly after being brought into the city, had plumage of a brownish green, a red bill with a red extension up the front of the head and green legs with long claws. Its weight was about that of a carrier pigeon and the shape of its body was something similar. A local authority classified the bird as a Florida Gallinule, a common summer resident in some parts of Canada, breeding in suitable places throughout Southern Ontario. Near Hamilton it is said to be quite common.

Following their new Winchester Model 1912 20 gauge Hammerless Repeating shotgun the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven Conn. have brought out the Trap and Pigeon grade guns of this model. The Trap grade has a selected, fancy walnut stock and forearm, oil finished and nicely checked and the barrel has a handsome matted rib. The stock is hand made and can be furnished to any dimensions desired. The Pigeon grade gun is similar to the Trap in specifications but in addition the frame is elaborately engraved and considerable hand work put upon the whole gun. These guns have 25 inch barrels, chambered for 2½ inch shell and are ideal for use in the field for men, women or youths. As all metal parts are made of nickel steel, the guns are exceedingly light and strong.

A Brantford despatch says that a new trout hatchery, the first experiment of its kind in the province, will be established in Mount Pleasant. A building for this purpose will be erected at a cost of \$3,000. Thus far black bass have been hatched with great success at Mount Pleasant. The initial experiment in the hatching of trout will be watched with

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great interest throughout the province. A building is necessary with fresh running water for the care of the spawn. In several states great success has attended the work, and it is expected that from Mount Pleasant many streams already nearly depleted of game fish will again be made the sportsman's paradise they were years ago. Mr. J. T. Edwards will have charge of the important addition to the Mount Pleasant hatchery.

John Batchelder of Vernon, B. C., was successful in trapping a splendid specimen of a cougar in Bull Mountain canyon. The animal, a female, measuring 6 feet, 9 inches from tip to tip, on being approached, showed fight and had to be shot. This made the second cougar trapped by Mr. Batchelder this year. It is not an easy matter to trap a cougar as they prefer to kill their own game and will seldom touch bait. Mr. Batchelder who only traps in his spare time was very successful this season, his catch consisting of 180 muskrats, 3 otters, 1 coyote, 2 bay lynx, 2 Canadian lynx, 1 mink and 2 cougars.

A large force of game constables were kept busy enforcing the fishing laws in the vicinity of Ogdensburg after the rivers opened.

The law allows gaffing for soft fish like suckers and mullet, but forbids catching hard fish like pike and pickerel before May 1, and then only by still fishing and trolling.

The constables were very active in enforcing the laws, and many arrests were made and fines from \$10 to \$25 paid by several of the fish pirates.

In response to an application made to the fisheries department at Ottawa to have some salmon fry placed in Lyndhurst and Singleton lakes, (Leeds Co., Ont.), A. W. McLeod, fishing officer of the Newcastle hatchery, arrived with fourteen large cans of fish and deposited them in the above lakes. The fish were in splendid condition after their train journey. This restocking of the Lyndhurst waters will be quite an addition to the well-known "Red Horse" salmon waters.

With the opening of the trout season members of the Dorchester Club, composed of many Londoners, were on their way to the Club house armed with fishing tackle and great expectations. There aren't many spots where trout can be found in the vicinity of London, complains a local scribe. Delaware and Danfield streams have some and sometimes a wise man takes a trip and comes back with a nice catch without telling anyone. But the powers that be make no attempt to restock the stream with trout, as they do in New York State where close to some of the large cities there are streams that are restocked every year, and there is good fishing for everyone. There are hundreds of streams in this vicinity, the Londoner goes on to say, that could be stocked and protected for a few years.

The nine-year old son of John Collins, river road, Harwich, Ont., has by one catch

established himself as one of the best fishermen in the County. While fishing one afternoon in April he succeeded in hooking an immense catfish. After an exciting struggle between the two the young lad finally hauled his prize up on the bank, and placing his knee upon it, drew out the hook, and inserted a willow branch through the gills. After that he dragged it to the house, a short distance away. The denizen of the deep was found to tip the scales at 18 pounds.

It is easily the largest catfish so far recorded along the river this year, although hundreds have been enjoying the sport, some of them quite expert. Young Collins handles the throw-line with the skill of an old-timer and has made other good catches this season.

A monster mud-turtle was discovered recently near Perth Road, Kingston, by George Compton, while he was examining his traps. On the shell of the turtle was carved the date 1857, and a name which was difficult to decipher, but which looked like either Belleville or Brockville. The incident has been the cause of much speculation among the residents. Both Belleville and Brockville are about fifty miles from where the discovery was made, and people are wondering if it took fifty-six years to make the trip.

After carving his name and the date 1913 on the shell, Mr. Compton allowed the creature its liberty.

Over \$3,000.00 was paid out for the spring catch of muskrat and mink by Lindsay, Ont., fur dealers to trappers this spring. The most of the trapping was done in Scugog River and Pigeon River.

A report from Galt, Ont. says that while fishing behind a Water street residence in that town a young man caught a big carp and the finny creature put up such a fight that it pulled the angler into the stream and got away. No light is thrown on the subject of what became of the young man but it is presumed that he was rescued.

The farmers of central eastern Alberta are making a strong and effective raid on gophers. Four years ago this summer the great prairie fire swept this part of the country, and left nothing for the gopher, so he emigrated to foreign fields. But as soon as the fields were green again the pest returned. They came in small numbers at first but increased with surprising rapidity, so that last year the farmer began to feel the effects of it. An appeal from the farmers was endorsed by the municipal councillors, who passed an act to furnish gopher poison to the farmers free of charge. The act proved most effective.

Two more years like last year and the gopher would harvest the crop instead of the farmer. Councillor Selvin Gulleckson alone has distributed enough poison to kill many thousands of gophers. To the north, south east and west the councillors are instructed to carry on a strenuous fight.



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The problem of how to save, from destruction by muskrat, roads running through marshland has been solved by a road engineer on the simple principle of building into the road better nests for the muskrats than they can build themselves. The engineer tried many expedients to prevent the muskrats from tunneling into his roadways, for the tunnels thus caused made heavy traffic to break through the roadbed and necessitate expensive repairs; but for a time he was unsuccessful. Then he tried the plan of building blind drains with six-inch pipe, six or seven feet into the road, with a T at the inner end, both arms blocked up by stone, and an entrance at the marsh end on a level with the surface of the water. These were provided every fifty or one hundred feet through marshland, and promptly all the muskrats adopted the new homes.

Amendments to the provincial game act of British Columbia, adopted at the last session of the Legislature, provide that "it shall be unlawful for any person to use or to have in his possession a pump or a repeating shotgun of any kind with a magazine capable of holding more than one cartridge, or any automatic shotgun of any kind. Any such automatic, pump or repeating shotgun unlawfully found in the possession of any person may be seized and confiscated by any game warden, constable or peace officer."

It shall also be unlawful "for any resident of the province to hunt for, take, or kill any animal or bird, or to carry firearms of any description, or airguns or traps or other devices for the purpose of capturing any animal or bird, without first taking out a license in that behalf".

Licenses shall be in the form of a badge the carrying fee being as follows: "For badge and ordinary license to carry firearms and and hunt birds and deer, \$2.50; for badge and a general license to carry firearms and hunt birds and animals, \$5; for badge and special license to carry firearms and trap, \$10". Prospectors holding free miner's certificates, during the open season; farmers hunting on the land on which they reside and members of the Canadian Militia and visitors at clay pigeon competitions are exempted from the foregoing regulations.

During the last hunting season in the fine field shooting state of Minnesota, there might have been seen the unique spectacle of a be-goggled setter working with perfect sureness and flushing steadily for the hunter who followed. This dog, so one of the sporting papers relates, once the first in all field trials, had of late blundered badly, falling into ditches and even wandering into trees and her master decided that she must be suffering from a peculiar astigmatism. As to the means by which the correct lenses were discovered, the paper is silent, but now when the hunter takes out his gun, the dog's spectacles (their lenses

protected by protruding rims of metal) are adjusted and the two set off together for the quail fields to hunt there with renewed delight.

Captain Simon Brown, a unique Canadian fisherman, living at Wilson Beach, N. B., has followed line and trawl fishing for more than three-quarters of a century and is yet engaged in this trying work at the age of eighty-five years.

Mr. T. H. Stagg, owner of the Boundary Line Ranch, south of Lethbridge and 35 miles east of the Canadian Rockies, spent an exciting night in a shack surrounded by mountain lions. He was sitting in his room reading one evening in February when he heard footsteps in the creaking snow approaching his house from the southwest. The noise sounded like the trampling of horses and Mr. Stagg thought it must be a band of prairie horses coming to seek shelter. For this reason he did not get up nor open the door. After tramping around the house twice something struck the window and to his utter surprise when he turned to see what it was that had caused the impact, he beheld the muzzle of a mountain lion or cougar pressed against the glass. Mr. Stagg looked the animal straight in the eye as he had heard it was good to do when closely quartered with a wild animal. The animal then jumped down while Mr. Stagg reached for his gun and quickly loaded it. He then kept turning from one window to the other according to the sound made by the footsteps of the two animals, his intention being to shoot as soon as he should hear the glass of either window break. For nearly an hour he stood thus. Finally the lions went away and Mr. Stagg decided to retire. Fearing that the lions might return and that if the light was put out it might not be possible for him to see to take good aim in case it became necessary to shoot, Mr. Stagg pulled down the blinds, turned the lamp low and lay down. He was unable to sleep however, and began to think that if it were necessary for him to go outside it would be well to be prepared against the cold. Accordingly he started to dress himself but had only started to do so when he heard the animals returning. This time they were more desperate than before, they prowled around the house, rearing upon its corners and gnashing their teeth. Each time they reared against the corners the house would shake. Then they would paw the door and one threw himself against the window with great force but must have struck the centre of the window frame, otherwise it would have come through. Mr. Stagg stood for another hour and a half with raised gun, momentarily expecting that the fight would go on. At midnight they left and Mr. Stagg spent the intervening hours till morning in the attic. The following morning he measured their tracks, which were eight inches in the snow. From the footprints on the ground to where the cougar or lion prints were left on the window measured seven feet, five inches.

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# THE TRAP



Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.

## TOURNAMENT DATES.

June 28, 30, and July 1st.—Canadian Indian Tournament, Niagara-on-the-Lake. W. T. Ely, High Scribe, King and Sherbourne Sts., Toronto.  
July 1st.—Brandon Gun Club, Dr. McDiarmid, Sec.-Treas.  
July 23rd-24th.—Saskatchewan Indian Gun Club at Ft. Qu'Appelle, Sask. F. A. Dunk, Fort Qu'Appelle.  
August 11th to 14th.—Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Tournament at Hamilton, D. A. Wilson, 48 Holton Ave., S., Hamilton, Sec.

### St. Hubert Gun Club.

With a score of 43 out of 50 Mr. V. V. Rogers won the silver spoon in a weekly meet at the St. Hubert's Gun Club, on May 17th. In view of the prevailing conditions, a high wind and cloudy sky, the score was very good. Mr. E. G. White made 49 out of 50. The scores are:—

	25	25	50	Extras
E. G. White, pro.....	24	25	49	22-25
V. V. Rogers.....	22	21	43	21-25
B. Beattie.....	20	22	42	20-25
Dr. G. G. Smith.....	21	21	42	
W. L. Cameron.....	20	21	41	24-25
W. Williams.....	19	21	40	
B. Bunn.....	18	22	40	23-25
W. C. Little.....	18	18	36	22-25
J. Chatillon.....	12	21	33	
A. Moore.....	14	16	30	17-25
G. B. Greene.....	16	14	30	18-25

### Lachine Gun Club.

The first shoot on the club's new grounds was held on May 5th.

Messrs. Watson and Boa, of the Dominion Cart-ridge Company, came out to renew their acquaintance with old friends, also to meet new members. Mr. Boa gave a very clever exhibition of shooting, and was very kind in showing the new men the latest tricks of the game.

Two events were on the programme—the Silver Cup given by Mr. Reid of the Bank of Montreal and another event for a silver spoon.

The scores were as follows:

Second shoot for Reid Cup, Du Pont handicap, 25 birds.

	Hcp.	Score	Hcp.	Score	
[Boa.....	0.	23	Boucher.....	2	12
Parker.....	3	20	Mahar.....	4	19
Lucas.....	5	18	Howard.....	5	18
Galbraith.....	5	18	S. Torrance.....	5	18
Johnson.....	8	14	Oliver.....	8	13
Reid.....	8	13	B. Watson.....	8	13
Seager.....	8	12	Bell.....	8	12
Strathy.....	8	11	R. M. Watson.....	8	11
			Fraser.....	8	5

[Professional

### Spoon Shoot, 25 Birds.

	Score	Score	
Lucas.....	24	Mahar.....	23
Boa.....	23	Galbraith.....	21
Bell.....	19	Reid.....	18
Boucher.....	17	Johnson.....	14
Seager.....	14	B. Watson.....	12
Oliver.....	11	Howard.....	10
		Fraser.....	10

[Professional.

At the following week's shoot two events were contested, the third shoot for the Reid Cup and a spoon shoot. Following are the scores:

	Handicap	Score	Handicap	Score	
Lucas.....	2	22	Boucher.....	4	21
Howard.....	8	21	Reid.....	6	19
White.....	4	19	Coughtry.....	6	19
Parker.....	8	18	Maher.....	4	18
Galbraith.....	6	17	Watson.....	8	14
			Fraser.....	8	13

Spoon shoot, 25 birds—Reid, 21; Boucher, 20; Lucas, 19; Howard, Galbraith, 16; White, 15; Cough-

try, Parker, Bell, 14; Johnson, Wurtle, Watson, 13; Fraser, Oliver, 10.

The following are the results of the Club's week-end shoot on May 17th.

Reid Cup, Final, 25 birds, Handicap.

	Handicap	Score	Handicap	Score	
Lucas.....	2	23	Boucher.....	1	22
Lewis.....	2	23	Johnson.....	6	23
Parker.....	3	23	Kenyon.....	4	23
Reid.....	3	23	Dey.....	4	17
Galbraith.....	8	19	Paxton.....	8	14
Torrance.....	8	14	Strathy.....	8	14
Boyer.....	8	14	Inglis.....	8	12

Total of best three scores out of four—Lucas 68; Boucher, 68; Tie-off, 25 birds—Lucas, 19; Boucher 18.

Spoon shoot, 25 birds—Kenyon, Boucher, 22; Reid, Dey, Lucas, Galbraith, 19; Lewis, Maher, F. Wurtle, Clark, 18; Johnson, Howard, Strathy, 16; Inglis, 14; Parker, H. Wurtle, 13; Oliver, 10; Tie-off, 10 birds—Kenyon, 8; Boucher, 7.

Victoria Day at the Lachine Gun Club was celebrated with a double programme of events, three shoots being held in the morning and three in the afternoon. The summary:

Spoon shoot, 15 birds, open.

Howard 13, Boucher 12, Lewis 11, Lucas 11, Wurtle 11, Kenyon 10.

Du Pont Fob [silver], 25 birds, Open.

Galbraith 23, Lewis 22, Lucas 21, Johnson, Boucher, Kenyon, Bell, 20, Howard 18, Wurtle 16, Pascou 13, Torrance, Johnson, 10.

Lucas Cup, 25 birds.

To be shot for in a series of 6 shoots, 25 birds each series, first two series to be held on Victoria Day, one series to be held every succeeding Saturday, rain or shine; best 4 scores out of 6 to take the cup, at least 15 birds to be shot at previous to the cup, at the option of the shooter.

Novices and new beginners in this series received a handicap, thereby shooting at more than 25 birds.

Lewis, Dr. Wilson, Redman, 22; Galbraith, 20; Boucher, Kenyon, 19; Wurtle, 18; Howard 15.

Spoon shoot, 15 Birds, Open.

Dr. Wilson, Lewis, 13; Lucas 12, Dedman, Kenyon, Goodwin, 11; Parker, Boucher, Wurtle, 10.

In the tie-off Dr. Wilson obtained 14 and Lucas 13. Du Pont Fob [silver], 25 Birds.

Open.

Dr. Wilson 23; Dedman, Lewis, Parker, 22; Kenyon, 21; Howard, 20; Johnson, 13; Wurtle 22; Boucher, Dey, Goodwin, 21; Galbraith, Lucas, 20; Woodward, 19; Bell, 17.

Lucas Cup, 25 Birds.

Derman, Dr. Wilson, 23; Lewis, 21; Kenyon, Howard, Galbraith, Lucas, 20; Boucher, 19; Wurtle, 18.

Lewis trophy [handsome silver berry spoon in case], for the highest running score during the day, barring merchandise.

Dr. Wilson, 19.

Howard Cup.

1, Lucas; 2, Lewis; 3, Kenyon.

Merchandise Events.—1, Galbraith, [shooting coat]; 2, Dr. Wilson, [10 lbs. tea]; 3, Lewis, [gold piece]; 4, Kenyon, [leather cartridge box]; 5, Howard, [hunting knife in case]; 6, Lucas [briar wood pipe].

### Kingston Gun Club.

F. J. Todd won the shoot off for the Kingston Gun Club trophy in April last against W. Blake by a score of 17 to 13.

At the Gun Club shoot held on Wednesday, April 16th, at the traps at Kingston Junction, a short practice shoot opened the afternoon's sport and was followed by the spoon shoot which was won by E. Webster, who scored 21 out of a possible 25. F. J. Todd, 11; N. Pappas, 15. A. Glover, 12; W. Blake, 14; G. Laturney, 15. E. Webster, 21.



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**Tweed Gun Club at Perth.**

A strong representation from Tweed Gun Club went down to Perth, Tuesday afternoon, May 6th, to have a friendly contest with the boys of that town. The following ten represented the Tweed club in the shooting—Capt. E. Cronkwright, C. Brunskill, L. Barry, M. Potts, F. Arthur, C. E. Brien, D. C. Payne, W. Beatty, W. Turcott, F. J. Nalfe.

The shoot resulted in a victory for Perth, the score being 121 to 105.

**Peterborough Gun Club.**

The regular shoot of the Peterborough Gun Club was held on May 15th. Owing to a strong east wind blowing at the time, very poor scores were made as follows, at 25 birds each:

C. Mills.....14	R. Tivey.....13
C. Wood.....12	C. James.....10
C. B. Adair.....9	J. Brightman.....1
S. Rush.....2	A. Ackerman.....1

On May 22nd the scores were:

J. Loucks.....20	C. Mills.....19
H. Cook.....18	L. Hall.....16
C. James.....16	H. Routley.....16
W. Lang.....13	J. Smith.....10
	C. Adair.....10

**Balmy Beach Gun Club.**

The Balmy Beach Gun Club held their usual weekly shoot on May 12th. Seager won the spoon with 24.

The scores:

Name	Shot at	Killed	Name	Shot at	Killed
Alexander.....	65	44	P. J. Boothe.....	45	40
Jas. Boothe.....	35	22	Cutler.....	115	81
Dutchy.....	70	52	Fox.....	115	86
Francis.....	35	30	Gill.....	10	4
Joselin.....	120	99	Lyonde.....	25	21
Murphy.....	30	17	Montizambert.....	55	42
Saylor.....	70	38	J. A. Shaw.....	35	26
J. G. Shaw.....	35	26	Seager.....	35	47
Rosenthal.....	30	33	Watson.....	45	34

At the shoot on May 20th, Fox won the first prize for the day's shoot with 19 out of 50, also the prize for doubles, with 19 out of 20. Joselin won high average prize for the year's shooting, with an average of 85 per cent. The scores:

—Singles—		—Doubles—	
Shot at.	Kill.	Shot at.	Kill.
Annis.....	55 30	..	..
Bond.....	60 55	..	..
P. J. Boothe.....	60 54	10	3
Jas. Boothe.....	60 48	..	..
E. Brown.....	35 23	10	7
Craig.....	70 51	..	..
Cutler.....	60 53	10	8
"Dutchy".....	60 44	10	6
Fox.....	60 58	20	19
Francis.....	30 45	..	..
Hill.....	20 10	..	..
Joselin.....	85 79	10	9
Montizambert.....	60 50	10	6
O. E. McGaw.....	60 44	10	6
Pearsall.....	35 20	..	..
Seager.....	60 52	10	5
Sheppard.....	60 45	10	4
J. G. Shaw.....	60 55	20	16
Saylor.....	70 50	..	..
Taylor.....	85 74	10	8
Ten Eyck.....	70 55	10	7
Trimble.....	60 48	..	..
Watson.....	60 48	10	4
Alexander.....	80 57	..	..

**Downsview Rifle Shoot.**

The Downsview off-hand Rifle Club held a very successful meet May 24th. A beautiful silver cup presented by the Club was won for the first time by Mr. G. F. Caruthers. The cup must be won three times for permanent possession.

**Winchester Gun Club.**

The first of the series of matinee shoots, to continue throughout the summer on the first Saturday in each month, was held by the Winchester Gun Club on May 3rd. The weather conditions were ideal for the afternoon's sport and the scores made by the large crowd of shooters were high. The scores:

Name	Shot at.	Hit	Name	Shot at	Hit
H. W. Hunsberry	50	48	Dr. Beam.....	50	46
J. Rittenhouse.....	50	46	O. Fisher.....	50	47
E. Fisher.....	50	44	Mr. Powell.....	50	44

A. High.....	50	39	Dr. McLean.....	50	36
F. Ball.....	50	36	H. Boulton.....	40	31
M. Jones.....	40	31	J. Spense.....	30	28
W. Moyer.....	30	26	K. McIntee.....	30	23
E. Campbell.....	30	20	M. Wickes.....	20	12
A. Rubel.....	20	12	A. Bishop.....	20	10

**Hamilton Gun Club.**

At the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, May 17th, the fourth event for the Royal Distillery gold medal was shot off, and H. L. Morris still retained the lead with a total of 90. W. Wark and W. Dillon tied in second place with 84, while D. Konkle and E. Harris were right close, with 83 each.

There were two spoons given for first and second high handicap scores, and W. Dillon, D. Konkle, E. Harris and H. L. Morris tied with 25 each. On the draw off the first two mentioned took the silver.

D. Reid had the best all round total for the day, with 63 out of 70. Nelson Long got 52 out of 61, and F. W. Watson 71 out of 85. The scores were:

	R. D. Shot at.	Total	Broke
F. W. Watson.....	77	85	71
H. L. Morris.....	90	87	72
Nelson Long.....	75	61	52
E. Harris.....	83	65	54
J. A. Armes.....	80	52	34
J. Bowron.....	80	53	41
E. H. Sturt.....	81	75	66
D. Konkle.....	83	70	52
H. Marshall.....	81	52	40
W. Wark.....	84	47	36
D. Reid.....	—	70	63
W. Dillon.....	84	83	67
C. A. Ross.....	—	75	40
G. Hore.....	—	20	14
F. Oliver.....	73	70	42
A. Parmenter.....	—	56	32
J. W. Nairn.....	—	50	29
F. Potruff.....	—	25	19
S. House.....	—	25	12
J. Wright.....	—	35	15
J. Cline.....	—	50	39

**Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Tournament.**

The Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Tournament to be held at Hamilton from August 11th to 14th inclusive is open to Canadian amateurs who are members of an affiliated Gun Club or who have paid individual affiliation fees. The shoot will be held at the Hamilton Gun Club Park where shooting conditions are ideal. The background is absolutely clear and faces on Hamilton Bay. Programs may be secured from the Secretary, D. A. Wilson, 43 Holton Ave., S., Hamilton. Low fares can be secured on all railroads on account of the Tournament being held during the week of the Hamilton Centennial Celebration.

**Waterloo County Gun Club League Shoots.**

On Saturday, May 3rd, twelve members of the Berlin Gun Club journeyed to Galt to compete in the opening contest of the County Gun Club league. The Galt Gunners came out ahead by 36 points. The first eight highest scores count. The Berlin gunners got 127 out of a possible 200 and Galt captured 163. The Club enjoyed a good afternoon's shoot.

GALT.					
	Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke	
W. Marshall.....	25	25	A. Watson.....	25	21
H. Sherwood.....	25	20	W. Hancock.....	25	20
T. Hounan.....	25	20	E. Clarke.....	25	19
H. New.....	25	19	F. Despond.....	25	19
H. Tait.....	25	18	W. Clarke.....	25	16
W. Serviss.....	25	16	J. Clarke.....	25	15

BERLIN					
	Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke	
A. Ludwig.....	25	21	E. E. Bowman.....	25	18
F. Palmer.....	25	16	E. Beam.....	25	16
E. F. Seagram.....	25	14	Geo. Bruce.....	25	14
A. Hergott.....	25	13	W. Player.....	25	13
W. H. Dumart.....	25	12	M. Scully.....	25	10
			L. Krupp.....	25	9

On May 10th, the members of the Galt Gun Club in the Waterloo County Gun Club League held their second shoot at Hespeler. The Galt shooters trimmed the crack Hespeler marksmen by 22 shots. The following was the score of the shoot at Hespeler:

Galt—					
	Shot at.	Broke	Shot at.	Broke	
W. Marshall.....	21	21	W. Clark.....	21	21
H. Sherwood.....	19	19	E. Clark.....	20	20
T. Hounan.....	16	16	H. Teat.....	11	11

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MONTREAL

W. Hancock.....	17	A. Watson.....	17
W. Fairless.....	16	F. Knowles.....	10
Hespeler—			
I. Liersch.....	16	R. Johnston.....	15
J. McClelland.....	12	G. Sachs.....	18
G. Fligg.....	20	H. Sachs.....	3
V. Washburn.....	11	R. Forbes.....	15
J. Wayer.....	19	E. Burnett.....	17
H. Orfka.....	11	J. Clark.....	20

The County League match between Berlin and Preston Gun Clubs, shot off in Berlin on Saturday afternoon May 10th, resulted in the former winning by 17 birds.

The following scores were made out of a possible 25:

**BERLIN.**

O. H. Vogt.....	20
A. Hergot.....	19
H. A. Oliver.....	19
A. Ludwig.....	18
Geo. Bruce.....	17
F. Palmer.....	16
E. Seagram.....	14
E. E. Bowman.....	14

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**PRESTON.**

W. Pickering.....	18
Chas. Sachs.....	17
A. Langridge.....	16
L. Pittinson.....	15
H. Weber.....	15
E. Broekel.....	13
E. Strohkirch.....	13
A. Near.....	—

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On Saturday afternoon, May 17th, Hespeler shot off at the Galt ranges and the Galt Club won out by a score of 162 to 141. The score of the match is as follows:

Hespeler—	
Geo. Sachs.....	23
G. Fligg.....	22
E. Burnett.....	18
J. McClelland.....	9
V. Washburn.....	16
C. Hopkins.....	13
J. Liersch.....	16
H. Sachs.....	16
J. Wayer.....	13
A. Musser.....	17

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Galt—	
W. Marshall.....	21
H. Sherwood.....	17
T. Hounan.....	22
F. Despond.....	16
W. Hancock.....	21
W. Fairless.....	17
W. Clark.....	20
E. Clark.....	21
J. Clark.....	20
H. Newland.....	17
A. Watson.....	20
H. Teat.....	19
J. Gibson.....	15

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There was some good shooting at the Galt Gun Club's tournament on May 24th, and all the events passed off very smoothly. H. W. Hunsberry, of Jordan, was the high man of the day with 137 out of 155, while M. Raspberry of Hamilton, was second with 136. Billy Marshall, the local crack, had the next high score with 131. The following are the scores made:

	Shot at	Broke
W. Clark, Galt.....	155	130
E. Clark, Galt.....	155	119
T. Hounan.....	155	124
H. W. Hunsberry, Jordan.....	155	137
A. H. Heckadon, Jordan.....	155	99
H. W. Sherwood, Galt.....	155	128
W. Marshall, Galt.....	155	131
J. H. Rittenhouse, Vineland.....	155	117
D. Konkle, Beamsville.....	155	111
A. J. Oliver, Galt.....	155	120
W. Hancock, Galt.....	155	114
A. Watson, Galt.....	155	101
H. Teat Jr.....	155	108
F. Despond, Galt.....	155	62
J. Clark, Galt.....	155	117
W. Pickering, Galt.....	155	90
M. Raspberry, Hamilton.....	155	136
W. Fairless, Hamilton.....	120	81
G. Sachs, Hespeler.....	105	78
A. E. Dunn, Galt.....	110	67
J. Gibson, Galt.....	75	56
S. R. Sheldon, Galt.....	45	26
A. K. Spotton, Galt.....	45	20
R. Lunn, Galt.....	20	8
M. Honsberger, Jordan.....	20	16
A. K. Wismer, Jordan.....	20	5
P. Johnston, Galt.....	20	12

J. E. Fulton, Galt.....	20	7
H. Ableson, Galt.....	20	2
F. Knowles, Galt.....	20	8

**Pastime Gun Club.**

The Pastime Gun Club (Stratford, Ont.) Victoria Day tourney passed off splendidly, there being a good attendance of gunners and some close scoring both in the singles and the team events.

Three professional gunners competed, one of them, F. M. Fay, of the Stephens Arms Co., being high gun with 144 birds. The conclusion of this event found R. Day, of London, and J. Jennings, of Toronto, tied for high average, with 142 each. The shoot off resulted Day 24, Jennings 23, the London gun thus winning the coveted honor, a fine silver cup valued at \$15 and first money; Jennings won second money; N. Long of Hamilton, third; K. C. Turnbull, Stratford, fourth; and A. W. Fisher, Stratford, fifth.

The scores in the 150 bird event were as follows:

F. M. Fay, (Stephens Arms Co.).....	144
Ed. White (Dupont Powder Co.).....	143
J. E. Jennings, Toronto.....	142
R. Day, London.....	142
N. Long, Hamilton.....	140
K. C. Turnbull, Stratford.....	139
A. W. Fisher, Stratford.....	133
B. Glover, London.....	132
W. Boles, Stratford.....	129
J. P. Aitchison, Stratford.....	128
J. Vance, Tillsonburg.....	128
W. Manders, Tillsonburg.....	127
S. G. Vance, Ingersoll.....	126
W. Pow, Tillsonburg.....	124
T. Taylor, Tillsonburg.....	123
W. Miller, Stratford.....	121
E. Tullson, Tillsonburg.....	119
T. Savage, Stratford.....	112
Mr. Watson, (Dominion Cartridge Co.).....	112
J. Payne, Tillsonburg.....	110
A. N. Hare, Tillsonburg.....	106
R. Jordan, London, (shot at 75).....	59
R. Leach, Tillsonburg, (shot at 15).....	9

**LONDON TEAM WON.**

The 50 bird event for teams of two men was also closely contested, five teams shooting. The handsome cut glass bowls were won by Messrs. Day and Glover, of London, with 47 birds, (25 and 22). Turnbull and Fisher, Stratford, broke 46 birds (21 and 25); Pow and Ed Vance, Tillsonburg, had a like total (23 and 23) Manders and J. Vance, Tillsonburg, scored 44 (22 and 22), and Boles and Aitchison, Stratford, broke 43 (21 and 22).

**Tournament at Chatham.**

On May 8th, the Riverside Gun Club held their second annual tournament under ideal weather conditions and most excellent management on the part of the officers of the club. The ladies made the affair more pleasant by their attendance and also earned the unanimous good-will of the visiting shooters, by providing an excellent luncheon. Rowland Day, of London, carried off the shooting honors of the day by winning the high average with the splendid score of 169 out of 175. He had an unfinished run of 86. Wes. Hart of Dresden, was second with a score of 163 and won the Dupont gold scarf pin for his good work.

Scores:		Total	Total
E. G. White.....	164	H. Taylor.....	150
R. Day.....	169	S. Vance.....	161
W. Hart.....	163	J. H. Stover.....	134
W. F. Stotts.....	144	W. Thorold.....	157
H. Scane.....	148	A. O'Mara.....	152
C. Scance.....	131	S. Webb.....	124
W. G. Pow.....	147	J. A. Aikens.....	156
J. McWilliam.....	151	H. Smith.....	136
F. Dolsen.....	153	Capt Soutar.....	159
W. Dolsen.....	132	H. O'Loane.....	111
O. Gill.....	148	Maunix.....	111
Sheul.....	148	W. Gill.....	139
G. Crow.....	160	McNeil.....	150
R. Coffey.....	160	D. Smith.....	157
Galbraith.....	158	Coltart.....	157
J. Hueston.....	158	J. Coffey.....	144
McGill.....	158	Fulton.....	144
W. A. Ad.....	158	Stranks.....	144
Hurtford.....	158	Williams.....	144
Axford.....	158		

**Cobalt Gun Club.**

After the seventh shoot for the Stephens trophy the standing was: Lloyd 166, Wallace 154, McAdam 152 and Coleman 150.

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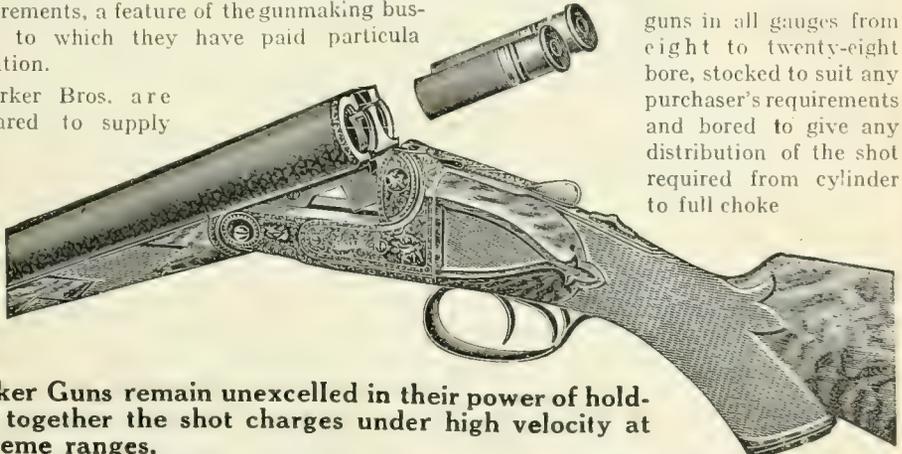
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The final shoot for this trophy was held May 14th. The competition was shot under the added target system and C. H. Lloyd was the final winner with score of 191 out of 200. H. Wallace won the special prize of a box of cigars, presented by C. D. Morrison, for having the highest number of runners up:

H. Wallace.....175	R. L. Mac Adam.....176
T. R. Coleman.....173	W. Peterman.....156
*C. D. Morrison.....110	*Sanderson.....47
*M. B. R. Gordon.....25	

\*Did not finish.  
Members of the Cobalt Gun Club held a practice shoot at the traps on May 16th when the following hit out of 25 birds shot at:

McGraw.....18	Coleman.....18
Wallace.....17	McAdam.....17
Lloyd.....16	Berry.....2
	Ginsburg.....2

**Fort Garry Gun Club Shoots.**

At the regular Club shoot of the Fort Garry Gun Club held on Friday, May 2nd, some excellent scores were made, considering this was the first of the season. The Club will shoot every Tuesday and Friday evening until the end of August, commencing at 5.30. A second new trap has been installed which will provide the members with lots of shooting and cause fewer delays. The following club scores were made at Friday evening's shoot:

Mackay, 25; Yates, 24; Wye, 24; Walker, 22; Simpson, 21; Houghton, 21; Morgan, 21; Patterson, 20; Haines, 18; Beliveau, 18; Scott, 16; Pachard, 15; Smith, 14; Muirhead, 14; Holiday, 13; McQueen, 13; Dingle, 12; Connelly, 9; Louers, 8; Cottingham, 8; Pace, 8; Putnam, 7; Spurgeon, 6; Laird, 5.
--

On Friday, May 9th, the scores were:

H. Beliveau.....25	R. J. Mackay.....21
Thos. Brodie.....22	J. H. Wye.....22
W. H. Sutton.....22	Geo. Kelly.....22
F. G. Simpson.....21	E. H. Houghton.....21
W. Carr.....20	A. Walker.....20
M. Morris.....20	J. McEwan.....20
R. W. Patterson.....20	F. Yates.....20
O. Smith.....19	J. Armitage.....19
J. R. Dingle.....18	W. Muirhead.....18
C. M. Scott.....17	J. M. Cromwell.....17
J. McL. Holiday.....17	D. Laird.....16
F. Carscadden.....15	G. V. Dingle.....14
A. Lake.....14	F. McFadden.....13
W. Osborne.....12	A. Mosenenthal.....10
	R. H. Cottingham.....5

On Tuesday evening, May 13th the scores were:

Fred Yates.....24	R. J. Mackay.....23
Thos. Brodie.....24	F. G. Simpson.....21
Geo. Kelly.....22	E. H. Houghton.....22
O. Smith.....22	W. Carr.....21
W. Sutton.....21	J. McEwan.....20
A. Walker.....20	W. Osborne.....19
H. Leaman.....19	P. Locke.....18
J. McLeod Holiday.....17	J. H. Wye.....17
R. W. Patterson.....14	R. H. Cottingham.....12

On Friday evening May 16th the following were the scores:

Dr. Cadham.....25	F. G. Simpson.....21
R. J. Mackay.....23	Thos. Brodie.....23
R. W. Patterson.....23	H. Beliveau.....22
M. Morris.....21	Fred Yates.....21
R. H. Cottingham.....20	A. Walker.....20
A. J. Loveridge.....20	J. H. G. Armitage.....19
J. Cadham.....19	J. McLeod Holiday.....19
J. McEwan.....18	C. M. Scott.....17
D. Laird.....17	A. Lake.....17
E. H. Johnnot.....16	O. Smith.....16
W. Osborne.....16	

On Tuesday evening May 20th, the following were the scores.

Thos. Brodie.....24	J. H. Wye.....21
C. Plummer.....21	J. McLeod Holiday.....23
Geo. Beattie.....23	A. Walker.....22
Fred Yates.....22	Geo. Kelly.....21
Joe. Cadham.....21	O. Smith.....19
R. Patterson.....19	J. McEwan.....18
E. H. Houghton.....18	J. R. Single.....17
M. Conrad.....17	G. V. Dingle.....15
D. Laird.....15	W. Osborne.....15
J. H. Schofield.....14	Dr. Laidlaw.....5

**Medicine Hat Gun Club.**

The Medicine Hat Gun Club held a shoot at the club grounds on May 14th with a good attendance of members. P. Elder made the highest mark, breaking 39 bluecocks out of 50 shot at. Shoots are held every

Wednesday evening and on Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

The scores were:

P. Elder.....50	39	W. J. Lait.....50	38
W. Craft.....50	37	S. T. Fawcett.....50	36
A. W. Gleeves.....50	35	A. K. Grimmer.....50	33
A. McKellan.....50	30		

The usual weekly shoot of the Medicine Hat Gun Club was held at the club's grounds on Saturday after noon, May 17th, and the following scores were made:

<b>Shot At. Broke</b>		<b>Shot At. Broke</b>	
Kenrick.....50	41	Gleeves.....50	39
Grimmer.....50	39	Lait.....75	53
Craft.....50	35	Elder.....50	33
Fawcett.....50	32	Ribble.....50	23

**Shoot at Lethbridge.**

A practice shoot was held on April 26th, at the local traps, and considering the high wind that was blowing, good scores were made. The following is a list of shooters and scores:

	25	25	25
A. B. Stafford.....17	19	J. Glenister.....13	18
V. E. Green.....17	13	E. O. Stickley.....11	18
T. E. Yuill.....10	13	Dr. Stewart.....10	13
		B. Magrath.....9	12

At Lethbridge on May 10th the Alberta Gun Club held a practice shoot when the following scores were made:

A. B. Stafford.....17	21	16	54
Jas. Glenister.....14	16	14	44
J. Welsh.....12	13	..	25
A. S. King.....12	14	..	26
T. E. Yuill.....16	15	12	43

On May 14th at a club practice shoot the following were the scores:

<b>Name</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>Score</b>
V. E. Green.....22	21	24	43
H. Pilling.....14	24	38	
Jas. Glenister.....15	14	29	
F. Ashcroft.....13	11	21	
T. Yuill.....10	16	29	
A. King.....12	15	27	
E. O. Stickley.....17	17	12	
G. H. Muir.....12	—	10	
E. Marks.....12	—	10	
J. McDonald.....13	—	13	
Mrs. Green.....13	—	13	

**Greater Edmonton Gun Club.**

At a shoot of the Greater Edmonton Gun Club on May 10th the following scores resulted:

P. E. Bowen 24; J. Pollard, 21; H. J. Laird, 21; Capt. Robinson, 21; D. McAfee, 21; W. O. Chanpaugh, 21; E. W. McBain, 20; G. Speers, 19; Dr. Archibald, 18; A. Garbe, 17; J. M. McAfee, 17; Dr. McNally, 17; H. L. Wilson, 17; S. Walter, 15; W. H. McMahon, 14; J. M. Hunter, 14; E. McNeil, 14. R. H. Stewart, 14;

**Pincher Creek Gun Club.**

The Pincher Creek Gun Club is now going strong with about 40 members and holds keenly contested shoots each week.

They are at present shooting for a handsome cup donated by the Calgary Brewing & Malting Co and each week sees some lively contests.

The following are the scores:

April 30.					
<b>Name</b>	<b>Shot At.</b>	<b>Broke</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Shot At</b>	<b>Broke</b>
R. Harris.....25	17	E. C. Fowler.....50	33		
A. C. Kemmis.....50	26	Dr. Connor.....25	4		
W. H. Upton.....25	16	W. McRoberts.....25	13		
T. Williamson.....50	33	T. Neuman.....25	21		
D. Thomson.....25	15	C. W. Bacon.....25	6		
		R. MacLeod.....25	6		

May 7.					
<b>Name</b>	<b>Shot At</b>	<b>Broke</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Shot At</b>	<b>Broke</b>
T. Williamson.....25	19	T. Neuman.....25	19		
W. McRoberts.....25	19	R. Harris.....25	21		
Dr. Turcot.....25	18	Dr. Connor.....25	17		
W. H. Upton.....25	21	C. Bacon.....25	11		
		R. McLeod.....25	18		

**Revelstoke Gun Club.**

At the weekly shoot of Revelstoke Gun Club May 15th the following were the scores:

<b>Shot At. Broke</b>		<b>Shot At. Broke</b>	
W. A. Sturdy.....50	41	W. Foote.....50	45
C. E. Jones.....50	42	Frank Smith.....50	42

Foote won the Dupont Medal for the week.



The Latest Important Event  
in Ammunition Circles is  
*Canadian-Made Remington-UMC.*

**W**HEN you buy Remington-UMC ammunition from your dealer this season, you will get the product of our new Canadian factory at Windsor, Ontario.

The plan of establishing a Remington-UMC factory in the Dominion is not a new one with us.

We have seen the preference for Remington-UMC grow and spread into every part of Canada. And not with the user, the sportsman, only—but with the representative dealer, because no dealer can escape being judged by the reliability of the ammunition he carries.

Right here, in this matter of *reliability*, is the secret of the Remington-UMC success, in the Dominion as in the States, and indeed all over the world.

Remington-UMC is the most costly ammunition sold in Canada: and we have yet to find the keen sportsman who balks at paying the price, or the alert dealer who is afraid to ask it.

Your first acquaintance with Dominion-made Remington-UMC will probably be shot shells—Arrow and Nitro Club (*smokeless*) and New Club (*black powder*).

We begin shipping this fresh stock from Windsor on July 1st. Your dealer will have it—or can get it. Ask him about it.

**Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.**

Windsor

Ontario

Macdonnell was out but could not shoot on account of a sprained wrist.

Mr. A. J. Macdonnell has received from the Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal and Vancouver a beautiful Gold Medal in recognition of his Long Run of 129 made at Armstrong, B. C. with their ammunition. On one side is engraved "Presented to A. J. Macdonnell by the Dominion Cartridge Co.", with the Company's crest. On the other side is "In recognition of his Long Run of 129 at Armstrong, August 29th 1912." The D. C. Co. were not aware of the fact that Mr. Macdonnell used their ammunition when he made the run, but when they learned of it they lost no time in forwarding him the Medal.

At the weekly shoot of the Revelstoke Gun Club on May 28th, the scores were;

Name	Shot at	Score	Name	Shot at	Score
W. A. Sturly	75	65	W. A. Foote	75	63
J. G. Barber	75	63	A. L. Macdonnell	75	65

Foote won the Dupont Medal.

**Vernon Gun Club.**

The members of the Vernon Gun Club were given a remarkable exhibition of what can be done with a gun when C. Minck, of Vancouver, the winner of a long list of championships, who is agent for the Dominion Cartridge Co., gave an exhibition at the traps.

After breaking forty-eight out of fifty birds with a strong wind blowing, Mr. Minck gave a demonstration of the way they hunt "rail-birds" where he came from. The bird, he explained, had a habit of running along the ground instead of rising, and, as no sportsman will blow a running bird to pieces, they had a practice of firing behind them, thus making the birds rise and then killing them on the wing. Though Mr. Minck appreciated the incredulity of the crowd, he showed how it was done with an old tomato can. Placing this on the ground from about five yards he put a charge of shot into the ground just in front of it, and when it was hurling through the air, helped it along with three charges of shot. He also threw a can into the air and hit it three times before it touched the ground.

Perhaps the neatest thing that he did was to throw up a cartridge and then shoot off the brass. He threw three birds at once and smashed them in the air. With his gun not up, he had two birds thrown behind his back and, turning, broke them both.

Mr. Minck gave an interesting little lecture on the merits of the cartridges put out by his company, which has recently presented the club with handsome trophies, to be contested for by the members.

**Thousand Island Gun Club.**

The Fourth Annual Tournament of the Thousand Island Gun Club, held at Gananoque, Ont., on Saturday May 24th, excelled all previous affairs of this nature, and from start to finish was an unequalled success.

Three McRae automatic traps were used for the occasion, one being devoted entirely to the merchandise event, the other two being kept for the main event and the squad shoot. A total of seven thousand birds were thrown. Thirty-five shooters took part, and thirty shot the whole main programme, with following results:—

Name	Shot at	Score	Name	Shot at	Score
J. C. Holland.....	150	135	J. R. O'Connor.....	150	136
Jno. Morley.....	150	117	Geo. Mason.....	150	125
W. R. Patrick.....	150	138	G. M. Dunk.....	150	133
F. W. Watson.....	150	124	P. J. Booth.....	150	121
E. P. Wright.....	150	130	C. A. Lewis.....	150	131
Sid Griffin.....	150	134	F. A. Willis.....	150	131
R. Fulloch.....	150	125	S. Meggs.....	150	112
R. Brasie.....	150	113	B. Beattie.....	150	140
J. B. Harkin.....	150	131	R. A. Sibbitt.....	150	123
W. F. Stevens.....	150	110	V. V. Rogers.....	150	119
E. Turley.....	150	121	A. Ratrays.....	150	124
Abbott.....	150	131	W. Slaney.....	150	122
			W. J. Corby.....	150	118
			J. Frateski.....	150	128
C. H. Summonds	150	124	G. Meaghar.....	150	105
J. H. Evans.....	150	119	M. Sprague.....	150	124
W. H. Hamilton	30	23	D. W. Taylor.....	60	47
			A. Bam.....	60	31

The squad shoot between 5-man teams from Ogdensburg, Ottawa and Teams 1 and 2 of the local club, proved a close and exciting contest, and the result showed excellent shooting for all participants. Twenty-five birds per man were shot at in this event, and ended with a difference of only two birds between Ogdensburg, Ottawa and Gananoque No. 1 Team, Gananoque No. 2 also making a very respectable showing. In this event—

Ogdensburg scored... 111

Gananoque No. 1.....	110
Ottawa.....	109
Gananoque No. 2.....	93

The Merchandise event proved a winner, and the Trap beat out all hands, the best shooters present trying time after time, and failed to reach the desired possible, and at 5.30 p.m. the Committee closed the entries, although many still desired to make a further trial. The scores at this time stood:—

- Three men—Beattie, Frateski and Sprague—with 24 out of 25.
- Seven men—Abbott, Griffin, Willis, Rattray, O'Connor, Patrick, Sibbitt—with 23 out of 25.
- Six men—Howland, Lewis, Wright, Evans, Rogers, Harkin—with 22 out of 25.
- Four men—Stevens, Corby, Tullock, Brown—with 2. out of 25.
- Two men—Mason, Watson—with 20 out of 25.
- Five men—Hamilton, Jackson, Simmonds, Brasse, Booth—with 19 out of 25.
- Two men—Taylor, Turley—with 18 out of 25.
- One man—Morley—with 17 out of 23.
- One man—Meggs—with 15 out of 25.
- One man—Matthews—with 11 out of 25.
- One man—Slaney—with 9 out of 25.

The men tied for first place in this event shot off the tie, Beatty, of Ottawa, winning out, leaving Sprague of Belleville, and Frateski, of Ogdensburg, again tied. These gentlemen shot this off, Frateski, winning. Those scoring 23 then drew for choice of balance of prizes; then those scoring 22 did likewise, and so on until the prizes were exhausted.

Mr. Watson T. Hamilton, President of the Dominion Trap Shooters' Association, was present, and did much by act and suggestion to help keep things going along pleasantly.

Ogdensburg headed the visiting list with seven shooters; Ottawa next, with six; and one man each from Hamilton, Belleville, Cobourg, Frankford, Toronto and Prescott, and two from Gouverneur. Many more shooters from these places sent regrets that they could not separate themselves from their business to attend.

**Fort Garry Gun Club Tournament**

The Fort Garry Gun Club held their annual Victoria Tournament, Saturday, May 24th. There was an excellent turnout of members. In spite of the strong wind some good scores were made. Geo. Beattie won the City Championship with the excellent score of 48 out of 50. "Chummy" Plumber of Elfros, Sask., shot high amateur for the day scoring 94 per cent. He was not eligible for the City Championship.

Below are the scores made for the day's shoot.

**Amateurs Scores May 24th.**

Event	1	2	3	4	5	6
<b>Birds Shot at</b>	20	20	20	50	20	20
C. Plummer.....	20	18	18	44	19	19
Dr. Cadham.....	18	19	18	42	15	19
Geo. Beattie.....	—	17	18	48	18	20
W. Carr.....	17	17	17	19	17	16
J. H. Wye.....	16	18	15	46	16	19
R. Patterson.....	19	15	17	41	15	17
E. H. Houghton.....	18	17	12	45	15	16
Geo. Kelly.....	16	14	19	42	12	16
Fred Yates.....	16	17	13	38	16	16
H. Beliveau.....	13	15	16	35	13	15
W. Osborne.....	15	15	8	11	17	15
A. J. Loveridge.....	13	17	12	30	14	13
C. H. Leaman.....	12	13	15	31	12	12
Black.....	13	13	11	39	16	16
A. Walker.....	14	17	16	40	—	—
J. McL. Holiday.....	14	12	13	33	16	15
Ford Thompson.....	12	15	15	35	—	—
J. McEwan.....	17	6	8	25	10	—
W. Pace.....	14	16	17	38	13	—
H. W. Robinson.....	18	13	13	41	—	—
P. Cantwell.....	—	15	12	35	—	—
C. M. Scott.....	—	15	19	39	—	—
O. Smith.....	—	—	14	40	14	—

**Professional Scores, May 24th.**

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6
<b>Shot at</b>	20	20	20	50	20	20
T. Brodie.....	19	19	18	45	19	20

# Bisley Team Leaving

Once again our Canadian Team with their "Ross Rifles" will soon be battling for the championship of the Empire.

The "Ross" has never yet failed to back up the skill of those who use it and doubtless the "Canuck" Team will again give a good account of itself.

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# ROSS RIFLE COMPANY

QUEBEC, CANADA

R. J. MacKay.....	17	17	20	48	19	19	L. Dorsett.....	20	J. Munro.....	20
F. J. Simpson.....	19	19	17	47	17	19	R. Patterson.....	20	Dr. Glasgow.....	20
J. Cadham.....	18	17	15	46	18	19	O. Smith.....	20	J. H. Wye.....	9
W. H. Sutton.....	17	15	17	40	18	18	E. Howard.....	19	C. H. Cottingham.....	18
E. H. Johannot.....	14	13	13	33	13	17	E. H. Houghton.....	18	D. Laird.....	16
On Tuesday evening, May 27th the scores were:							J. McLeod Holiday.....	14	A. Lake.....	14
A. Walker.....	24	W. Carr.....	24				Dr. Laidlaw.....	12	Dr. Laidlaw.....	12
C. M. Scott.....	22	F. G. Simpson.....	22				G. V. Dingle.....	10	Mosenthal.....	10
W. Osborne.....	22	Fred Yates.....	22						H. Connelly.....	9
J. R. Dingle.....	21	J. Cadham.....	20						D. Dingle.....	8



## TRADE NOTES



Wilson's Fluted Wobbler, which is advertised in this publication, has been selected by one of the leading American authorities on angling as the first bait among all the many designs made. This is a red and white surface bait that is most erratic in its movements darting sideways and diving towards the bottom when drawn through the water, but promptly returning to the surface when the strain upon the line ceases.

Sportsmen who do a lot of shooting and want a repeater of greater power than a .22 caliber but object to the high cost of centre fire ammunition, will do well to enquire as to the new .25 caliber rim fire repeating rifle which The Marlin Firearms Co. are just about to place on the market. The .25 rim fire cartridge has been used for years in various single-shot rifles and has surprising accuracy for game and target shooting. This ammunition is cheap and can be shot all day long at a trifling expense. The new rifle is the well known Model .27 repeater adapted for the .25 rim fire cartridge, and provides an arm which is claimed to be just as efficient as the .25-20 for rabbits, woodchucks, crows, hawks, foxes and geese, and the ammunition only costs about half as much as the .25-20 cartridges. Full information will be sent by the Marlin Firearms Co., 67 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn. to any of our readers who will mention ROD AND GUN in Canada.

"Where to Fish" is the title of an attractively illustrated little booklet issued by the Passenger Department of the Canadian Northern Railway. In concise form, but with careful attention to all necessary detail, this booklet gives information as to the fishing that is to be enjoyed in the various lakes, rivers and streams that are along the line of the Canadian Northern in Ontario and Quebec. In every case particulars as to the accommodation that is to be secured in the vicinity, with the rates charged, etc. are clearly stated. The Ontario and Quebec fishing regulations are cited and other useful information included. A couple of pages give particulars of the game that is found so plentifully along Canadian Northern lines.

Mr. Woolfolk Henderson, shooting his Lefever Gun, won High General Average at the registered tournament at Pitcairn, Pa., May 6th, in a field of one hundred shooters. The Lefever Arms Co. will send free to any reader of ROD AND GUN one of their beautiful art catalogues.

For small bird shooting, partridge, woodcock, squirrel and rabbit shooting the J. Stevens Arms Co. are offering a new 44 Gauge Shotgun. This is a light 4 lb. model that will use .44 X.L. or 44. W.C.F. shot cartridges as well as .44 "Game Getter" ball cartridges. It is recommended to boys and ladies as well as to the experienced sportsman. Taxidermists, naturalists and specimen hunters will find this .44 gauge gun embodies their various requirements.

The Dominion Cartridge Company has secured the services of Lieutenant Frank H. Morris as a demonstrator of their products. Lieutenant Morris is an old Bowmanville boy. He inherits his fondness for firearms from his father who represented Canada at Wimbledon in 1888. In 1904 Lieutenant Morris joined the Bowmanville Rifle Team and a year later became a member of the 46th Regiment, qualifying five successive years for the Canadian Bisley Team and winning four King's Badges. During this period he shot on Canada's Empire Team in England making the highest score, a run of 23 bulls, which has never been equalled in this match. In the same year Lieutenant Morris made 37 consecutive bulls at 200 yards in a six inch bull. Shooting as a member of the Palma Trophy Team in Ottawa last Fall he helped his mates beat all the world's records, and, with Sergeant Russell of Ottawa, beat every other pair on the range by five points.

He has won the City of Toronto Medal twice, the All Comers Aggregate and the Militia Aggregate in Toronto, the Dominion Silver Medal in Ottawa, and Walker & Sons special match. At Bisley he also won the Grand Aggregate and the Rapid Firing Championship of the British Empire. He secured a St. George Cross after shooting off a tie with two others.



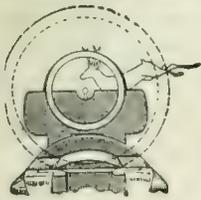
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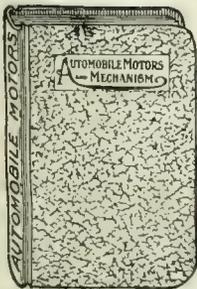
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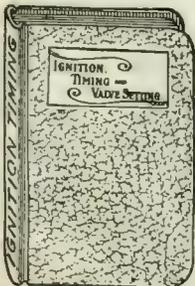
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**W. J. TAYLOR, Limited** Woodstock, Ont.

Two Quebec men, one Montrealer and one from Levis, P. Q., have formed a syndicate with headquarters at Levis and have secured a farm in the vicinity for carrying on the industry of fox breeding.

Nearly 800 muskrat furs were taken by Bobcaygeon trappers during the past season, not including those taken by Indians.

Chief Game Warden A. Bryan-Williams, of Vancouver, B. C., has reported to the Attorney-General's Department that, owing to the season for beaver being open last year and the number of pelts placed on the market very large, it was deemed advisable to declare another close season until November 15 next. An exception was however, made in favor of the Indians on the Stikine, Laird and Peace Rivers. While it was as well to be on the safe side, it appears that the number of beaver trapped last season was by no means larger than the supply warranted. Numerous complaints have been received of damage done by beaver to farm lands. In some cases, these have been found upon investigation to have been simply excuses of those who wished to trap, but in a majority of instances, the complaints were found well founded, and trapping permits were accordingly issued, the invariable condition being that one-third of the price realized from the sale of the pelts should go to the Government. As the Provincial stock of beaver is now larger than necessary, it is intended that trapping shall be again allowed when the present order-in-council expires, on November 15 next.

Mr. James Davis writes from Port Elgin, N. B., that Mr. Tuttle Taylor of Port Elgin purchased a litter of nine young red foxes in May, all of which are well and lively. The price paid was \$20 a piece. A number of fox dens have been found this Spring. People seem to be after them and an occasional patch and black is among them.

At the last session of the Prince Edward Island Legislature, of the many bills assented to, 32 were for incorporation of fox companies.

Several thousand dollars were paid out by Lindsay, Ont., dealers for muskrat hides after the close of the muskrat season this Spring. The law permits of muskrats being taken up to May 1st. From that date until the 1st of December these little animals are permitted to go hither and thither without fear of molestation, in Ontario. After the sun becomes warm the little animals sit on logs and banks taking sun baths and the fur becomes a tawny color and is almost useless. Among the catches secured by trappers disposing of their muskrat hides at Lindsay were some mink, coon and weasel.

"The business of raising silver foxes on P. E. I. appears to be steady," writes Mr. J. Walter Jones, who during the latter part of 1912 conducted an investigation into fur farming in Canada for the Commission of

Conservation, under date of April 9th, "and the optimism of the breeders is as great as ever with well bred foxes for September delivery at \$12,000 and difficult to secure at that. The blue fox is being sold in large numbers for September delivery. They are bringing \$1,000 per pair and will probably advance if those imported last year bring forth young successfully. The skunk, owing to the sharp advance in skunk fur will be ranched and stock is in demand. Black ones would bring \$50 a pair if from northern districts. Ranch bred mink will be \$100 a pair this summer or higher."

There are now a great number of our readers interested in the black fox industry, who will soon be requiring their netting. Brace, McKay & Co., Ltd., Summerside, P. E. I. (whose advt. appears in this issue) is the firm referred to on Page 26 of "Fur Farming in Canada" by J. Walter Jones, recently published and distributed free by the Commission of Conservation. For years this firm has been gathering ideas from the most particular and most successful ranchmen in P. E. Island where this great money making industry has been so pronounced. For some thousands of rolls they have had a large English manufacturer procure a special wire of much higher quality than what is made up under the maker's regular stock brand. This firm guarantees both quality and price.

For the summer cottage, so situated as to be out of range of either gas or electric lighting facilities, the problem of convenient and satisfactory lighting has been solved by the "Angle Lamp." The quality of the light given by this lamp, while possessing the power of electricity or gas, is steady and restful to the eyes and in addition is said to be more economical than either gas or electricity.



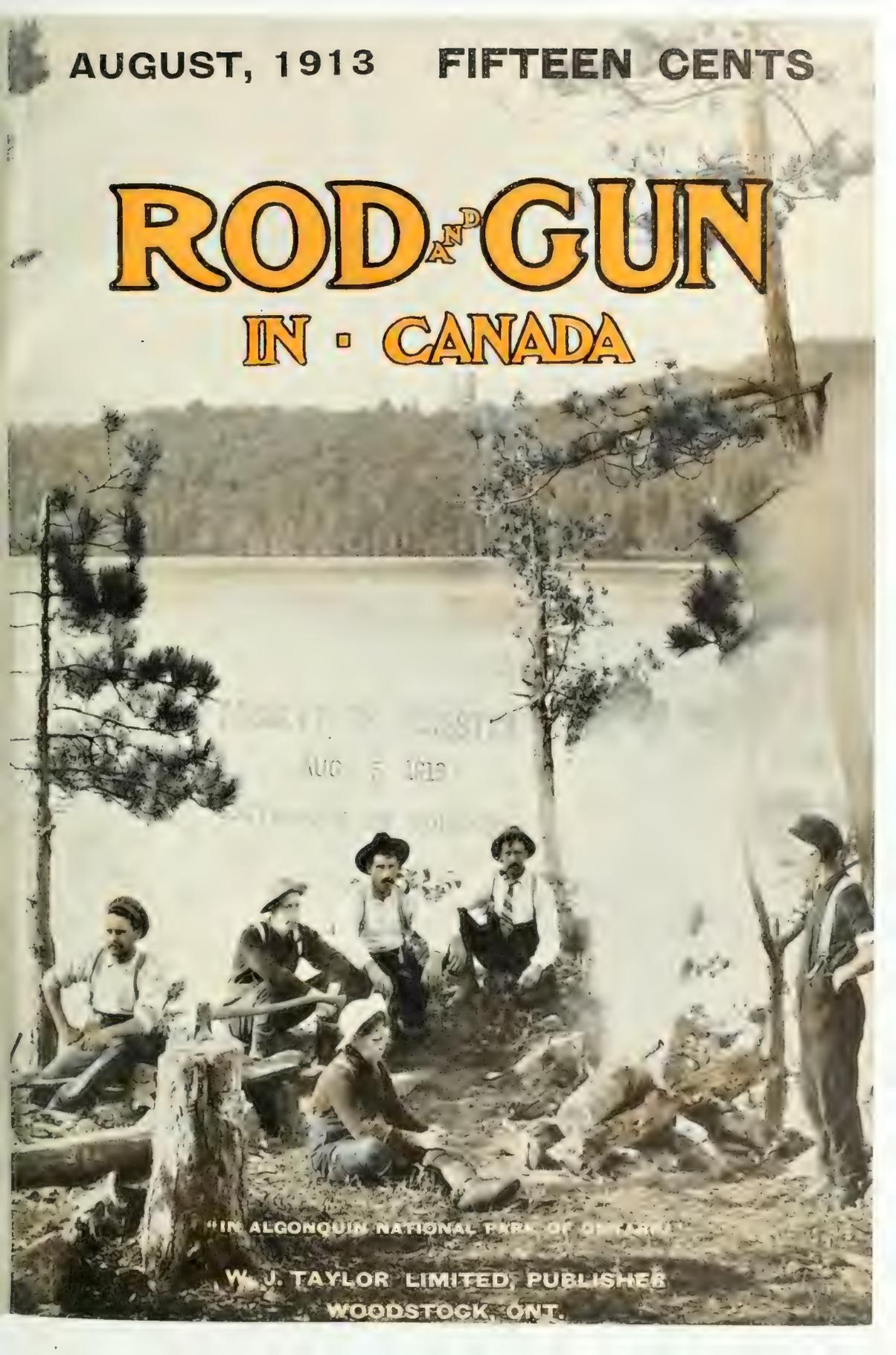
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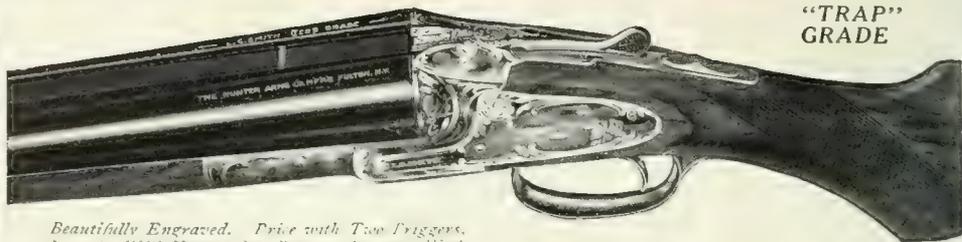
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WOODSTOCK, ONT., AUGUST, 1913

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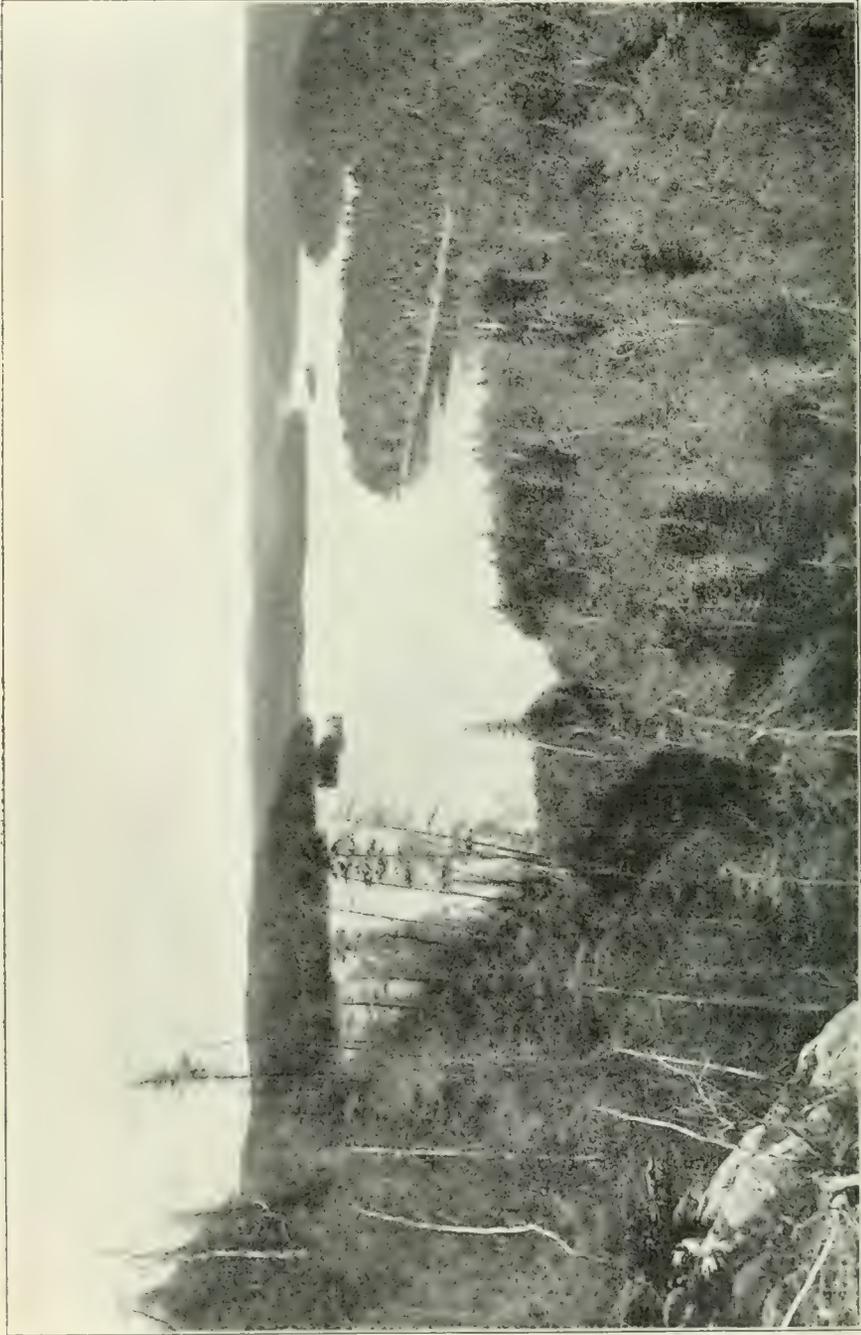
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**Cache Lake, Algonquin National Park of Ontario**

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

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No. 3

## By Canoe and Portage in the Northern Wilderness

From Lake Wabatoncashene to Fort Albany and Return

HENRY ANTON AUER

Starting down the Nagagami River our guides were upon unknown waters but their canoemanship was such that one would never have guessed they were travelling it for the first time. The water is as clear as crystal and for a hundred miles the current is swift and the river boils between cliffs forty feet high forming a gorge of varying width; where it narrows the water is swift and deep but usually unbroken by rocks, but where it is wide there it leaps and plunges along the rocks until finally it has by receiving the flow of tributary streams become a deep river one-half mile in width. Four days after embarking upon the Nagagami we came to the forks where the Kabinakagami, the Nagagami, and the Kenogami Rivers unite to form the northerly stretch of the Kenogami River. Here five hundred miles from our starting point upon a bluff seventy feet above the combined waters is the dreariest Hudson's Bay Company's post the writer has ever seen, known by the name Mamamaweemattwan. It consists of a small one room house used for the trader and his family, and one small dwelling house for the trader flanked by numerous Indian summer wigwams, and, as if to compensate for the utter desolation and

dreariness of the place with its background of evergreen trees nature has entirely surrounded it by thickets of massed wild roses in full bloom perfuming the air. Here we found about thirty Indians spending their inter hunting season resting and making new bark canoes, besides twelve Indians from Fort Albany who had brought in the winter supplies. Never has the writer seen an aboriginal crowd more obviously pleased to greet the traveller than the Indians in this out of the way post; they presented us with fresh moose meat, they assisted us in preparing the tribal baking oven, the children came with bows and arrows to entertain us with their workmanship, their elders visited our camp manifesting interest in our guns and equipment, and in many ways evidenced their pleasure in having us about. In the afternoon we organized athletic games and tests of strength into which young and old entered with eagerness and for two hours the fun and laughter and the spirit of the games ran high, and after the tugs of war and pole vaulting were finished one of our number did some special feats on an improvised parallel bar. The Indians tried to duplicate the tricks upon the bar but succeeded only in tumbling about on the ground; finally one old boy, a



Chief of Fort Albany Cree, (A Fine Old Chap, Keen, Clean and Kindly)

wrinkled kindly faced man of about seventy, named Nokomis, came forward to attempt all the feats of skill upon the bar, and when he plowed up the earth with his fall so far from being discouraged his resolve to succeed led him to try and try again. The last we saw of the old sport was the following morning as he stood in front of his braves waving his hands and shouting the Indian bou-jou of parting and wishing us a safe journey.

Three miles down stream we overtook the twelve Albany Indians who had left several hours ahead of us in their thirty foot river boat propelled by eighteen foot oars and much resembling an ancient Greek war galley. After an hour's paddling we espied a moose feeding at the edge of the water and delegated Wolcott to get some fresh meat: while the writer's canoe lagged behind Wolcott's canoe was shoved rapidly but silently ahead, the canoemen not risking taking the paddles from the water until within a hundred yards of the moose, when

one shot beautifully placed through the shoulder dropped the animal in his tracks. The skinning was only a matter of twenty minutes and after taking all we wished we erected a pole on the bank beside the carcass and attached a large piece of birch to the pole, with the message in Cree that we were leaving the moose for our friends, the Albany Indians, travelling behind us. The banks of the Kenogami are high clay cliffs densely wooded but with stunted evergreens and for several days we travelled rapidly down the widening course aided by a steady four mile an hour current and came upon the final stretch of our northward trail, the Majestic Albany River a mile wide at this point flowing in from the south west. For years the Albany has been the travelled water trail between Fort Albany on the Bay and Lake Joseph, Lac Seul and Lake Winnipeg on the west, so we were once more upon water which had known the white man's canoes.



Conjuring Rapids, Missanable River

The next morning dawned grey and dismal with a driving rain and a marrow chilling wind out of the north west and with this unpleasing prospect we hugged the fire and purposed staying in camp for a day's rest, but by eleven o'clock the wind had become a gale so we decided to brave the rain and cruise down stream. Bidding farewell to the Kenogami, which had gathered the waters of the Oba, the Kabinakagami and the Nagagami and delivered them to swell the current of the Albany, we hoisted our tarpaulin sails for only a moment, as the gale careened our trail craft over, but our guides went ashore and cut four inch spruce poles and placing the canoes parallel with five feet space between them, we lashed the poles to the thwarts across the bows and sterns thus forming a catamaran which could not be overturned, and again spreading both sails to their limit we dashed down stream putting distance behind us at the rate of ten miles an hour. About two p. m. our mast three inches in diameter broke in the gale and we had an interesting few minutes until we could get down our second sail, but the mast was easily replaced and we continued to race down stream. The Albany River country is most desolate, the banks are high cliffs, the river wide and with a five mile current and for the most part deep. The forestation is not dense and the trees such as they are seem small and stunted suggesting the barren lands to the north. The upper waters while swift are easy of navigation but within one hundred miles of Fort Albany there are some very heavy and dangerous rapids which we foolishly but successfully hazarded while running catamaran. For four days the north west gale held and in spite of the cold rain we catamaraned our way northeast, until in the evening we sailed into Fort Albany our most northern point, having travelled nine hundred and fifty miles from our starting point, the last three hundred miles, so we were told at Albany, in four days.

Fort Albany is located on the bluff of Albany Island on the East coast of Hudson's Bay, and as we approached it from the east the buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company and one mile of Indian wigwams stretching out along the cliff presented a gala ap-



From Top to Bottom: Skinning Moose; Indian Camp, Fort Albany; Thunder Falls, Missanabic River; Out of Sight of Land on James Bay



Indian Camp, Fort Albany

pearance, while seven hundred Indians lined the high ground to witness our coming which was quite an event. Mr. Donald Gillies the Hudson's Bay Company's factor, a kindly and courteous Scotchman, welcomed us to the post and inundated us with his hospitality. Fort Albany is over two hundred years old, there is a factor's house much resembling a colonial farm house with its heavy beams and rafters; a trading house or store and a large ware-house where the supplies and furs are stored; a carpenter shop and blacksmith's shop with several other buildings for the housing of the Company's bookkeepers and assistants complete the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment. But the Oblate Fathers have a mission church at this point, and the Grey Nuns of Ontario conduct a mission school where they are devotedly and cheerfully engaged in carrying on a helpful work among the Indian children. The Church of England also maintains a mission church at this point and the Revillon Freres have within the last ten years established a trading post to compete with the Hudson's Bay Company for the Fur trade.

The high plateau about the Hudson's Bay Company was crowded with picturesque Indian wigwams, for the summer time is playtime for the forest children. In June the Ojibways from the west, the Crees from Attawapiskat, and Winisk from the north and the hunter from Akimiski Island and the Eskimos from the Twin Islands come into Albany with their canoes laden with the furs from their winter hunting besides bringing their families and Eskimo dogs, and here they remain living a life of ease and quiet fun until August when they scatter to the four winds to journey to their winter hunting grounds. A great variety of furs are brought into this post during the trading season; last year a number of thousand mink, otter, fisher, red fox, cross fox, and marten, to say nothing of the white Arctic fox, the silver fox and the most expensive of all furs, the black fox found their way into the store house of the Hudson's Bay Company while Revillon Freres' trading post reported an extensive trade. On making a call upon Mr Grasset, the manager of Revillon Freres' post at Albany we were much interested in three live silver fox pups which he had in a pen

and which he was carefully feeding with the anticipation that in December, each fox would be worth from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars in the New York or Paris market. The effect of the competition for the fur trade between the Hudson's Bay Company and Revillon Freres has been to raise the prices paid to the aboriginal trappers without particularly increasing their comforts; instead of making his own good birch canoe, the Indian will buy a canoe made in the Hudson's Bay Company's ship carpenter shop, after the Peterborough model; he will also purchase a Winchester or Savage rifle, which he never cleans, with the result that in two years it is useless. The Indian philosophy of life is summed up in the words "tomorrow comes never, and today is the only time there is." One of the many pleasing incidents of our stay at Albany was to see the Cree Chief of the Albany Indians with forty little Indian children gathered in a school teaching them to write the Indian sign language and sing the native songs.

The Indians are a happy jovial set, very friendly to the stranger, anxious and willing to help him in any way possible. Their national pastime

seems to be the dance which is rather worth while to observe. The dance is usually held in the carpenter's shop or some building of the Hudson's Bay Company and hither at nine o'clock come young men and maidens, old men and women, the latter bringing their nursing babies, in their arms or strapped upon their backs. Some lusty youth begins to vigorously but rhythmically pound a tom-tom and after a while some half-breed produces a strident violin and violin and tom-tom together produce SOLE stirring noises. One by one the dancers and spectators stray into the smoky, dimly lighted room disposing themselves on the window sills, squatting on the floor, or sitting on a bench, until the place is crowded, then the couples arrange themselves in quartettes and the moccasined feet patter and stamp to the rhythmic monotony of violin and tom-tom. We protest upon the dances of our own country lasting until the wee small hours, but that is not a circumstance to the terpsichorean efforts of these nature children as they continue their gyrations until four o'clock in the morning when all respectable white people are rolled in blankets. At Fort Albany the problem faced us as to a route re-



Indian Camp, Fort Albany



Moose Factory Showing Factor's House, Trading House and Accountant's House

turning to the railroad and our down stream course was at once out of question as too much time would be consumed in slow poling, tracking and paddling against the heavy current and rapids on the rivers we had traversed. Some idea of the labor and tediousness of such travel may be derived from a statement made the writer by Mr. Iserhoff, the factor from Martin's Falls, who told us that it took him only five days with his twelve Indians to come down the four hundred mile stretch of the Albany River from Martin's Falls to Fort Albany, but that on the return upstream, travelling sixteen hours a day, it would take at least twenty-five days to return to his post. But one course therefore remained to us and that was to sail our canoes out into the bay and cruise south two hundred and fifty miles to Moose Factory, the Hudson's Bay Company's post at the end of the bay.

Canoe travel on the Bay is mostly a matter of mathematics beginning with the problem that between Albany and Moose Factory is the most desolate, dreary, uninhabited coast

on the continent with low flat mud marshes extending from two to five miles inland before one comes to solid dry ground, and only five places on the entire coast where it is possible to go ashore to camp, and then only if you reach those points at flood tide, for at ebb tide the water line is from five to eight miles out in the bay with a soft oozy stretch between; therefore you must make one of the few camping places before nightfall and you must make it at flood tide, a nice problem for canoe navigation on a sub Arctic sea with variable winds and waves to complicate the solution. Filling our water kegs with fresh water and taking along in the canoes a supply of firewood we bade farewell to Mr. Gillies and stood out to sea sailing before a fair north west breeze. Eight miles out we grated upon a bar, but after waiting fifteen minutes the incoming tide permitted us to continue our course southeast heading straight into the distance with only a grey tossing sea and leaden sky for horizon. The waves were frothy but rolled nicely giving us no trouble and the wind was not

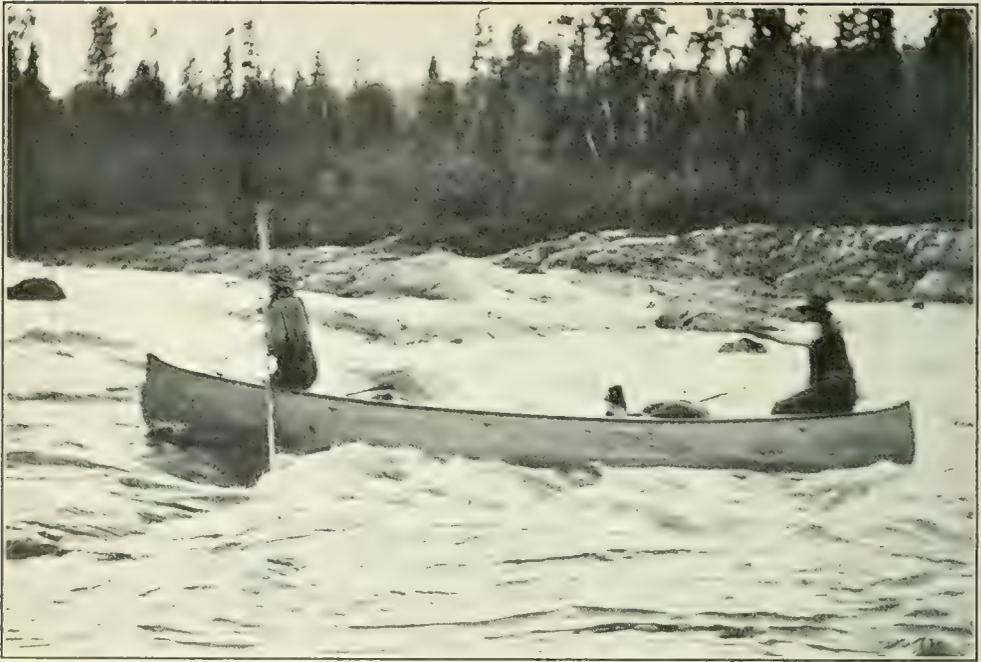
too high for good sailing so we made excellent time. Fifteen miles off shore in the late afternoon we picked out Nomansland Point fifty-five miles from Albany our first camping place whither we arrived at flood tide, and camped at the highest sand on the point twelve inches above flood tide. While the kettle was boiling two of the Indians went into the marsh for ducks. Sheshegun took the shot gun, while Albert said "me not take gun, me take paddle." In half an hour Sheshegun returned trailing his gun and looking a bit sheepish bringing two mallards, and a few minutes later Albert came out of the marsh, his face wrinkled with grins, his paddle across his shoulder, bringing twelve young mallards and black ducks. His willing explanation was "I see it dose young duck in marsh and I beat him in head with paddle, I bring these, but many I beat with paddle lose himself in water." Teal, pintail, yellow legs and all sorts of shore birds flew about the marsh in clouds, but the geese were not flying and remained in the willows beyond the marsh where they breed and where the mosquitoes and deer flies are so thick that the Devil himself would not venture.

Four o'clock the following morning we broke camp to take the flood tide which must be reckoned with in leaving as well as in arriving at one of the few camping places. With a strong westerly breeze we headed out into the bay so as not to be stranded by an ebbing tide and shaped our course southeast. The wind was very strong but steady, the waves were high, but the sailing was one hundred per cent. and we put distance behind us at a satisfying rate as we made for Long Point beyond the horizon line. En voyage we met about twenty white whales on which we indulged in futile target practice as they came to the surface spouting jets of water. Reaching Long Point at five-thirty o'clock at the psychological moment, with reference to the tide, we went into camp for the night and again made the marsh yield young mallards and black ducks and about four dozen shore birds.

At four-thirty o'clock on our third day out from Albany we embarked to the accompaniment of a dull leaden sky with grey, low flying clouds as tattered streamers before a heavy cold north wind and headed our course seaward towards a thick bank of fog rising from the field of floating



Eskimo Dogs, Moose Factory



Poling up Missanabie River

ice. Our hot tea and greasy salt pork and beans cooked in fat failed to warm us and the chilling wind penetrated our woolen underwear, hunting shirts, sweaters and duxback coats as the shore line dwindled behind us. Eighteen miles out the wind shifted and came stronger out of the north east sweeping across the ice fields and making us more miserably cold. The rising gale necessitated reefing some of our sail but even with the area reduced we could not entirely avoid the heavy surges of breaking waves and flying spray that swept across the canoes. Words cannot even feebly shadow forth the gloomy picture presented as we looked at our companion canoe, a solitary sail on a desolate sea, a monotone of grey clouds and grey storm toned sea with a refrigerated atmosphere. At noon we came to a bar of rocks and sea weed exposed by the tide, and bringing out our wood just succeeded in boiling our water for tea before the tide flooded the rocky base, when we were again driven to our little craft and continued rapidly before the northeaster, to reach shore weary and worn

at five o'clock. The great danger in sailing a canoe in the open sea with a strong wind, in addition to capsizing, is the tendency of the sail to pull the bow down into the sea when you swamp in an instant and the man who holds the sheet must be alert and ready every moment to let go the sheet to relieve the downward plunge at the bow. A night's rest on the sand bar and starting at five o'clock in the morning, we sailed a sun lit sea for twenty miles before a crisp fresh breeze and in the best of spirits cruised seven miles up Moose River to the Hudson's Bay Company's post, known as Moose Factory and landed on the Island at nine a.m.

Moose Factory is the Hudson's Bay Company's district headquarters for the lower part of the Bay and much resembles a country cross roads village with the Factor's house and trading store at one end of the lane along which are the chief accountant's house, the big warehouse, the blacksmith's shop, ships carpenter's shop, saw mill, besides houses for the various artisans about the post. Mr. Mowat, the factor, is a cordial friend-

ly man, and we found his guests Mr. MacKenzie, the factor from Lake Abitibi and Dr. Davies, a physician, bound for a year's isolation among the Eskimo in Ungava, delightful people to meet. Moose Factory has been a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company since the seventeenth century and most interesting are the journals of a hundred years ago, written in the clear precise script of the past, chronicling the daily life at this outpost. Of special interest to the writer were the accounts during the eighteenth century of when England and France were at war and during the war of Independence, when the settlement was continuously on the lookout for French ships of war coming through Hudson's straits and cruising down the Bay, and concerned about raiding parties from the South coming down the Abitibi River from Montreal. Many references are made about "mounting the great guns," "making Beds & Quoins for our great Guns," "hauling out stockades" until finally the suspense is ended by an entry August 23, 1783 when the Post Manager M. J. Donald "learned that Peace was concluded between Great Britain and America and that Michili-

mackinac, was surrendered up to the Americans on the 26th July last and that the Americans are an Independent State. Quebec and Montreal (he heard) were still held by the English."

One hears much talk at Moose Factory about the coming of the railroad to the Bay, and this dream constantly haunts their waking hours. But one remembers that there is nothing on the Bay to furnish a basis for commerce, and the only point in building a railway would be to connect with ships and thus furnish a shorter route to Europe for grain. But when one reflects that Hudson's Straits is not clear of ice until about the first of August and in September the Arctic ice again blocks the straits it would hardly seem probable that this plan would ever be carried out as a short outlet for grain considering the grain will not reach the Bay until navigation through its only outlet is either impossible or at best very hazardous.

After three days of rest and relaxation we filled our provision bags at the Hudson's Bay Company's trading rooms and waving farewell to our acquaintances began our five hundred mile journey up the Moose and Mis-sanabie rivers back to the Canadian



Rest in Quiet Water After Poling up Moose River

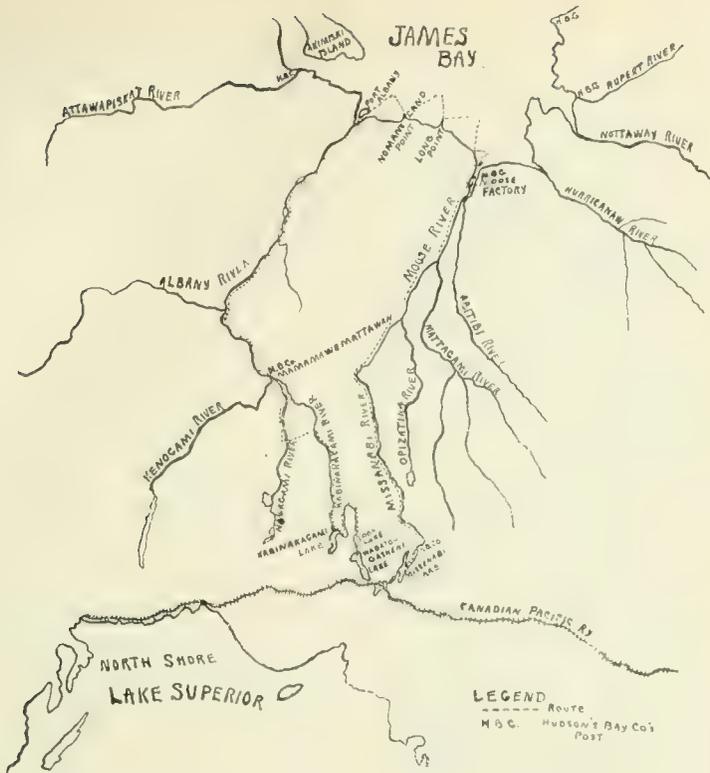
Pacific Railway north of Lake Superior. Moose River is composed of the waters of four large streams, The Abitibi, the Mattagami, the Opizatika, and the Missanabie all rising over a large area draining the Height of Land and receiving many contributions from small streams over the hundreds of miles of their courses as they flow north, and up stream travel is both variable as to method and slow as to progress. The lower Moose river is three miles wide with a current of about four miles an hour, though more rapid in stretches. Where the water was shallow enough we poled up stream, using spruce poles shod with iron to shove the canoe against the current; where the river was too deep to pole and the current too swift for paddling, we attached a hundred and fifty feet of rope to our canoes and with one man in the craft to steer the rest of us walked along the shore throwing our weight on the ropes pulling the canoes up stream; this is called tracking; sometimes in a heavy rapids some of the party poled while some were on the track line; only occasionally did we find

water with current sufficiently slack to permit paddling. One day with a good north east gale we relaxed our efforts and took great joy in beating the river at its own game as we hoisted full sail and cruised up stream against current and ran before the wind up miles of white water of rapids. In this way by poling, paddling, tracking and rarely sailing, from morning till night day after day we fought our way southward past the mouth of the muddy Abitibi, past the Mattagami, and the in flow of the Opizatika, past the deserted post at Brunswick until two hundred and fifty miles up stream we came to our first portage known as Long Portage where are the beautiful Thunder Falls of the Missanabie, eighty feet high.

Resting one day at Long Portage we renewed our up hill fight. Beginning with Mad Rapids, in order to lighten canoes in the shallow white water so as to permit the Indians to pole up, we took to the water and walked one and a half miles up the rapids floundering in holes and slipping on the slimy rocks making slow



Split Rock Falls, Missanabie River



Map of the Territory Through Which the Trip was Taken

progress, then more poling, interrupted by a mile portage at Conjur-ing Rapids, where in the long ago was situated Conjurer's House Post now burned down; then another walk of two miles amid the white water of swearing rapids, occasioned by the fact that the river was too shallow to pole up on canoes and the forest too dense to walk along the shores.

Above Conjur-ing Rapids we did no more tracking as the current was hardly perceptible, but there were many rapids where backs were bent as we leaned upon the poles, and many falls and portages where we had to carry our outfit and as the cool August days passed by with them we left in the rear Kettle Falls, Rock Island Falls, Split Portage, Little Beaver and Big Beaver Falls, Devils Falls Half Breed Falls, Sugar Loaf Falls, St. Pauls Falls, and came at last to the beautiful Split Rock Falls where the Missanabie plunges between high rock cliffs of old rose and grey. After making Greenhill and Flat Rock Por-

tages we came to ten miles of muskeg, the same muskeg we had traversed on the Oba to the west two months previously. Forty miles above the muskeg we came to the source of the Missanabie river, in Brunswick or Missanabie Lake thirty-five miles in length. Traversing this lake in the morning we made a hundred yard portage into Crooked Lake, covered its twelve miles under sail and crossed the Height of Land Portage one hundred yards in length, low and swampy and sailed down Dog Lake ten miles to the water tower station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, ten miles from our starting point at Loch Alsh siding. The Call of the Wilderness had been answered; for more than two months we had fought our way in tempest and sunshine, through cataract and mirrowing dead water, upon river, lake, and sub Arctic sea, with a tent for shelter, and the good vitalizing earth strewn with balsam boughs for a bed. The Red Gods of the Wilderness had smiled upon the

white Brothers; the hard work and exertion had developed strong tissue, the clean fresh air of the silent places and the clean, strong life of the Wilderness had oxygenated the blood; the close contact with the Great Mother Nature in her light and deeper musings had with her larger view driven out all pettiness which modern life and convention are apt to engender. The "journey had been joy;"

even its hardships, its discomforts and perils faded into insignificance beside its great compensations and it was with deep and almost sullen regret that we heard the harsh grating of the canoe upon the gravel at the end; but who can number the days of remembrance? Deep calls unto deep and already the Mother is calling us across the distance to the Silent Places of the Wilderness.

## Where Shall We Go Duck Shooting in 1913 and 1914?

BONNYCASTLE DALE

**S**INCE I last had the honor of writing for *ROD AND GUN* I have had the great pleasure of visiting many of the most celebrated breeding and shooting grounds of our wide Dominion. Therefore the question I put as the title for this story of travel and adventure is by no means an idle one, for to tell the truth, after six years of almost steady travelling, I do not know just where to go myself. However I will tell you of all the best places.

Starting at the far western side of the continent the finest sport is to be had where the rivers debouch into the tidal estuaries. I got my first sport in the big state of Washington, at the entrance of the many mouthed Skagit into the salt water of Puget Sound. Here the work was different from any we had met.

Our shooting box, a rough shack of Douglas fir, lay on the flooded flats of a dyke edged slough. Great fir posts had been driven in, and huge earth banks had been thrown up, to keep out the hungry sea. Through the flat ran many a deep fork of the slough, and outside the dyke, to the east, ran one of the ten mouths of the Skagit River. When a heavy wind was blowing on the Sound it was most excellent sport to lie on the sheltered side of the dyke and watch the pin-

tails and mallards streaming in. The swaying, windswept birds would come for my corner of the dyke in a fairly direct line. Just before they got in shot they would tower a bit and cross overhead with a wavering flight, bucking the heavy So'easter. One morning, when the flight was good, I lay watching a pair of mating mallards that had gone overhead without my usual salute. They set their wings and alighted in one of the sloughs between me and the bunkhouse. Splashing my way carefully—by the way we all wear hipboots here and rumor has it that the natives are webfooted, for, for three months in spring and three months in fall all this country is a squeazy sloppy mess—I slowly crept up to the deep slough where the mallards were. "Whizz, flap, flap!" Up they got within a few feet of me and—"splash, splash!" down they went again at the "tack, tack" of the right and left. There is little credit to be taken when birds flare within ten feet of one. Now began some of the prettiest shooting I have ever had. All one had to do was "squash, squash" along, ankle deep in rich slough muck, following the bending, turning course of the muddy five yard wide slough. Up, with nerve racking noise and speed, cinnamon teal would flirt, the rufous

breasts shining in the mist sprinkled air. Chestnut headed widgeon drakes would rise like great pigeons from the ground right beneath one's feet. Many were the excellent holes I punctured the air with until I learned to wait until they got to twenty-five yards.

There was spring shooting there, and I did not greatly blame them. The wildfowl and ducks that lived on the sea were uneatable at all times of the year. Think of sitting and letting the big wellfed bluebills stream past your gun on a bright October day without pulling a trigger. What was the use? All the ducks were eating ellgrass; it grows on the tidelats and is full of iodine. Two weeks later mallard and bluebill, merganser and even some buffleheads were feeding on the tens of thousands of bodies of decaying salmon that crowd the rivers every November and December for note that all Pacific salmon (so called) die at about four years old after their first and only spawning. ☐

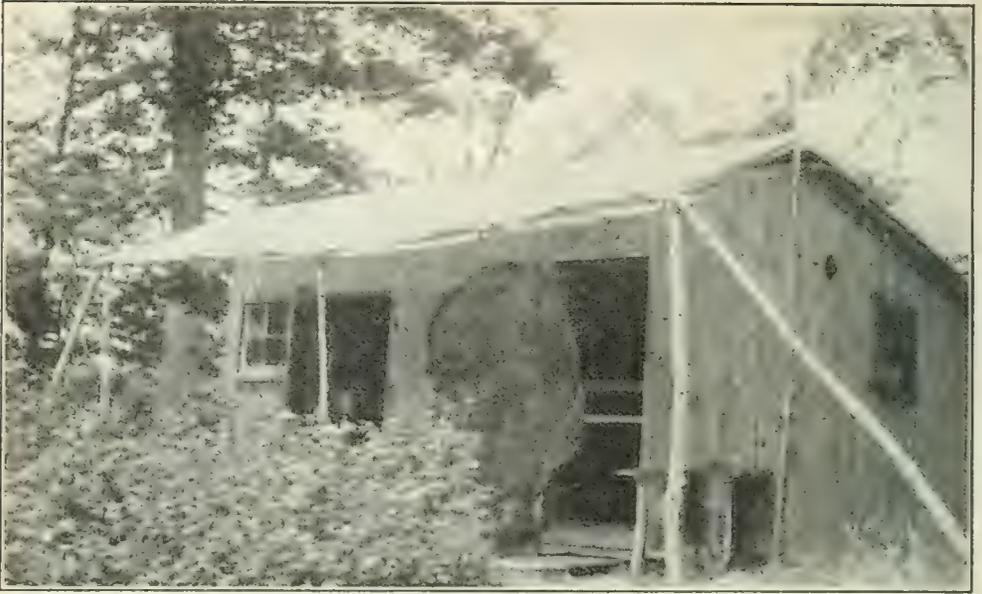
For the next few years my gun woke the echoes in many a lonely inlet and fiord in British Columbia. The grouse and quail and pheasants were excellent eating, so were some of the wildfowl until about October 20th.

It is a wonderful experience to sit on one of those surf formed spits when a great wind is raising tremendous seas outside and watch the hosts of wildfowl streaming in for shelter. We have sat for hours under a steady stream of whistling wings and only occasionally fired a shot. If widgeon came over, or brant, or bufflehead we tried to drop them into the calm water inside the spit. But mallards and bluebills, and often in their ranks redheads and canvas back too, for they alas! will also eat of the disintegrating salmon, passed over without a salute. Brant was our greatest glory. They came over the spit at good speed, high up, wavering and rising and falling like a flock of pigeons, and calling "car-rup, car-rup" in clearest tones. They never saw us among the piles of wreckage and debris thrown up by old Ocean. We used either number ones or a

twenty-two special. It is a great moment when these small swiftly flying geese are within range, and if we are



40½ lbs. of Mascalonge Caught in 1½ Hours:  
The Spoils



Ducking Shack: See Lion Skin on Door

shooting at all well, we see the big bodies come hurtling down and hear the resounding whack when they hit—mercifully quite dead—for there are few wounded birds when you use these heavy 22's.

Still, after all the wild beauty of the oceanside shooting, after the nerve wracking wading and jumping of the birds in the sloughs, after the good flight shooting on prairie bottoms there is nothing like the old familiar scenes of Ontario and its wild rice and wild celery fed birds. The old home marshes, the well known rivers and lakes are truly a magnet but—pardon my asking you a question fellow duckhunters—WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH THE LAWS?

When I left Ontario for the West there was very fair duckshooting over decoys and in the wild rice beds. Then we did not dare to put out a hide in open water. Then the feeding flocks of bluebill, redhead and canvasbacks, widgeon and whistler and bufflehead, fed on the wild celery beds in the centre of nearly every bay and often to within a few hundred yards of the shore, for here the celery grew most luxuriantly. Now I find

hides everywhere in the open water within two hundred yards of the shore. This is according to the letter of the law. We have now good game wardens and wrong laws. When I left the case was reversed.

In Ontario, with rod and camera, notebook and gun, we have proved the following:

The Ontario fish have increased in numbers and decreased in size in the six years of my absence. The black bass, especially are smaller. The more sluggish big mouth seems to be averaging as large as ever, especially as none but the Indians know how and where to fish for it at all times. The mascalonge seems to have held its own in numbers, but it averages smaller. The law compels us to return less than a twenty-four inch fish, not a bad law that. But if they succeed in getting such a law as the one advocated—to fish for the mascalonge only with rod and line and not with hand line—they will automatically cut off all the old settlers, the average fisherman about these lakes, and leave it for the city men who alone fish for these heavy fish with rod and line. I wish these rod and line advocates would follow our daily

work here and try to combine many another bit of outdoor work with trolling. I have daily, for nearly all my life, watched the mascalonge fishing in these Ontario lakes each summer; and I tell you that the average man comes back with one fish, or no fish as the result of the average day's work with a trolling line. No don't sit in comfortable chairs around a committee table and propose class laws, for if there is any fish harder to work for and to catch, with a rod and line trolling, without a guide, than the mascalonge personally I do not know it and I have been obliged to catch mostly all of the different varieties of fish of this continent for my Natural history work.

In the trolling that we did last summer, both from our canoes and from our small launch, we only three times exceeded two fish and only once did we exceed four. We had seven mascalonge on the line within about one hour and a half. After we had landed five, weighing forty and a half pounds, and lost two, we gave up, as we had caught more than we needed.

There is a land of promise yet fellow sportsmen. There is a railroad building northwards from Toronto,

that within its length of about three hundred and fifty miles, passes through or leads close to the greatest shooting and breeding grounds in Eastern America. All the way up to Cochrane on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario lies a great game and fish country, but it is from there on to James Bay that the huge, flat low, swampy lands are met. Just the country that on the far western Pacific Coast breeds the huge flocks that annually migrate down the Coast. Here in these muskegs and swamps Nature has established a preserve which it would be well for Ontario and Manitoba to conserve. All along the Albany, the southern border of Patricia, all inwards easterly from the Moose river, all above the northern limits of the clay belt in Thunder Bay, Algoma and Temiskaming Districts lies our heritage. Here breed most of all the wildfowl that migrate along the Atlantic Coast and come down over the lakes and rivers of Southern Ontario. Here is the country to direct your duck-shooting parties to. Luckily we have a government in Ontario that will not sell huge tracts of lands for private preserves, so the general public will always have a chance to shoot



Hunter Unloading Canoe after a Fair Day's Shoot

the ever diminishing breeds of wild fowl.

Many are the excuses for this dying out of the webfooted ones. Look at the sea lion skin on our shanty door. From time immemorial this great fish-feeding mammal has lived in the waters of the Pacific. Yet a man that annually caught hundreds of thousands of salmon in his commercial undertakings said to me, "Glad you got that big male, you don't know how many salmon a sea lion kills in a year." Another man I met, one that has been duckshooting all his life annually kills every hawk that he can "because they eat the ducks." There are not, however, more than two, or perhaps three, of the hawks,

out of twelve to fifteen varieties, that ever kill a duck, but all the others do kill the rats and mice and the various sparrows that are so fatal to wild ducks' eggs.

Watch out for the Indians and the settlers that steal the ducks' eggs. Keep the Spring season closed. Make preserves of the vast northern wastes. Change the law so that HIDES CANNOT BE BUILT IN OPEN WATER and go north for your annual duckshooting until you locate the right place, and although there are not more than half as many ducks in Ontario as there were six years ago, we may all have a bit of sport in 1913 and 1914.

## Beautiful Bay of Islands

LACEY AMY

SOME day Newfoundland will be discovered. Not many years hence her hundreds of dainty harbours tucked away so thickly that they leave room only for the capes, her wonderful wooded hills, her picturesquely winding streams, her stretches of mingled lake and river and mountain will be "just around the corner" to the summer tourist with his few weeks' rest to secure. But no nook or corner of that varied island will reveal anything to make one forget Bay of Islands, the beauty spot of Newfoundland. Thousands pass it each year on the Reid-Newfoundland Railway, to test the attractions of St. John's, to view the scenic delights of the south coast, to wind in and out of the vast bays of the east coast, to whip the streams of the interior for salmon or trout; but the glance they obtained of Bay of Islands is sure to bring them back before they board the boat at Port-Aux-Basques, however rugged or enticing the scenery elsewhere, or however eager the big fish. Then they feel they have seen Newfoundland.

You can't miss seeing it if you use the railway; you won't miss visiting it once you have seen it. With wisdom the Reid people have arranged their train service so that the Bay provides one of the many attractions of the trip overland. Eight hours later going west you reach the boat in the night; a day afterwards going east the train draws up tired in St. John's. A boat of the company starts from here on its run up the west coast to Battle Harbour, across the Straits of Belle Isle, and five days later unloads its passengers here from the circle of the island. Four passenger boats attend to the demands of the Bay. Even the Newfoundlander recognizes the merits of the spot.

The first time I saw it Bay of Islands was dimmed under the overhanging clouds of an uncertain summer rain; but as we glided down the hills on the narrow gauge-railway, and wound in and out of the curves along the shore, I determined to have a more intimate acquaintance at the first opportunity. When next the train emerged suddenly from the gorges of the Humber River and drew



"There is a Highway that Wanders Along the Heights"

up at the station the rainstorm was anything but uncertain; but nothing less dense than an ocean fog could hide the beauties around. My two arrivals had been timed for rain, but those occasions had provided almost all the moisture from above the Bay had had all summer.

Bay of Islands is not a village, nor is it a bay in the ordinary sense. The body of water that passes under the name stretches up into Newfoundland from the Gulf of St. Lawrence for thirty miles, turning and twisting, and opening into other bays, and receiving the waters of a score of streams and rivers in its length. Along its steeply sloping sides up from the smaller bays nestle villages at every mile, with names that tell of hasty selection without thought of the future. Within a half dozen miles at the head of the Bay, are Humbermouth, Shotto, Corner Brook, Birchy Cove, and Curling, and across the water lie Summersides, Irish-town, and other clusters of houses that have had no official christening as yet. There can be nothing more enchanting than the view from any spot on the hills with the varied coloring of green trees and grey rocks, broken here and there with the white houses and dark roofs irregularly splashed down the hill-sides to the water's edge. Add to it a fairyland of rippling water, with many a fishing

boat tacking to get in or out, a few gasoline launches and maybe a steamer—even photographs fail in description.

There is a highway that wanders along the heights on the south side of the Bay, a road that cost little to build and grows green in the summer from lack of use—a modest little by-way that has not yet learned its own riches, for it playfully ducks away behind the trees at unexpected moments as if to show that it is not overproud of what it has to offer. Later it comes out boldly on the edge of a cliff, where the railway is too far down to see and the ripples on the water are lost. And here it stays until the eye almost wearies in its travels, and distinct impressions merge into general worship. Then the path suddenly squeezes between huge rocks broken from the hills above and lying here but in rest for the further trip to the beach below. Up and up it goes to the very top of things, to saunter leisurely down again to the level of the water. Here a river flows into the Bay, and a sawmill aqueduct crosses overhead, showering a steady, neglected stream of water on the heads of travellers. Again it clambers upward with wild haste to where the rugged rockiness is almost fearful, and the raspberry bushes hang in red clusters over the stones that have lain long enough to be overgrown.

A slate quarry obtrudes itself, a deserted building now, surrounded with broken piles of reddish slate. And the road expresses its disapproval by turning aside from it and then hastening away to scenes it likes. Birchy Cove, the largest of the settlements bursts into view, and the road, forgetting all else, makes as straight for it as the hills will allow, rising and falling, but creeping gradually down to the lower level, now sinking out of sight of the village and then bursting in triumph into the sheen of the white houses. Some day an admirer will attempt to lift that road and place it near a large city for a new type of sideshow. I could do nothing more than point a camera at it.

It is perhaps unjust to think of Bay of Islands as merely the outlet for the Humber River, but a paddle up that stream or a walk up the railway inclines one to that opinion. The Humber is Newfoundland's most noted river, which may be guide-booky, but is nevertheless true. The fisherman is sure to try it some place in its long career. The caribou hunter may outfit at its mouth and follow its shores for many a mile before striking further into the interior. Along its course the summer tourists have decided to select their place of stay for the holidays. And the Humber repays for these little attentions in the

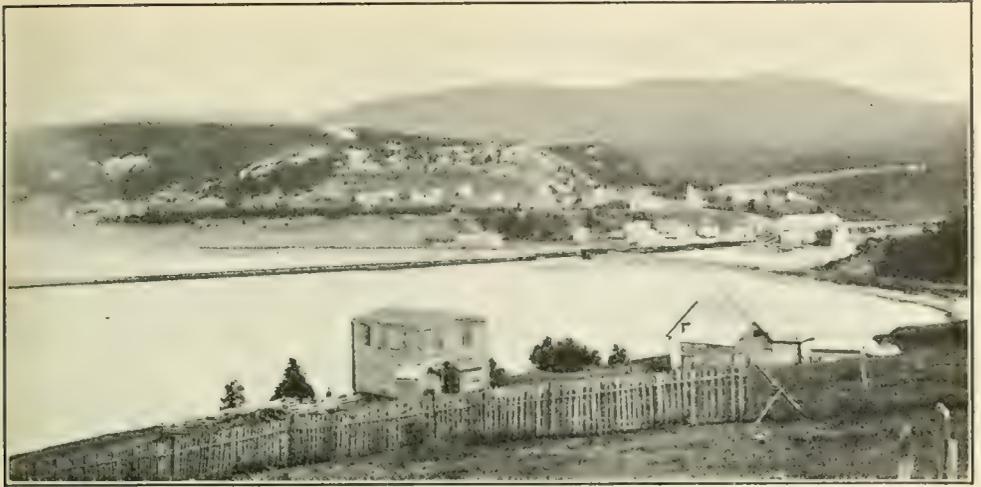
game it provides and the scenery it makes. Only a couple of miles above its mouth the rock rises in a precipitous wall, called Breakfast Rock, for what reason I was not interested in discovering. Thereafter for miles it is a succession of qualities of grandeur and effect.

To me, walking along the railway during a shower, the splendor of the scene was only enhanced by a startling rainbow that appeared between me and the dark green of the mountain across the river but five hundred yards away. The colors of that rainbow were so distinct that a companion who had never heard the order of rainbow colors was able to call them off with almost perfect accuracy. I sat down on the bank to watch in silent admiration. A tiny rabbit wandered out from the hillside behind me and stood beside the rails in stony quietness looking me over with doubts as to my place in the scene. Then it fell to nibbling, and even when the rainbow disappeared and I rose with wet clothes, the rabbit seemed to have made up its mind that there was nothing to fear, and for fifty yards we walked along together. That I consider one of the hours of my life.

A satisfactory hotel caters to the tourist and the sportsman. Seeking this hostelry on the way across I had thought "Bay of Islands" was suffi-



"A River Flows into the Bay"



“A Sawmill Aqueduct Crosses Overhead”

cient designation to show where I would alight. But as we passed down the Humber the conductor came to ask where I was going to stay at Bay of Islands. “Fisher’s Hotel” was specific. “Bay of Islands” might be any one of a half dozen places. And at “Fisher’s Hotel” he let me off. From the hotel verandahs a sweep of water and mountain opens up in every direction, each one of which would be sufficient reason for any ordinary summer hotel. With a gasoline launch at hand, fishing boats for small amounts, guides and canoes that offer variety interminable, salmon up the river and caribou a few miles inland, mountains to clamber over and indefinite paths to follow with sure reward—with everything so convenient that Bay of Islands seems selfish to hold so much, there is room, as far as occupation and enjoyment is concerned, for all the tourist traffic of Newfoundland all the time.

Each mound is worth a day’s visit. Standing on the top of a rise, waiting with patience for the rain to pass that prevented a picture of that upon which I gazed, a group of boys came to me and looked questioningly at the visitor who was content to sit and look, regardless of the rain that trickled from the front of his cap and turned a grey coat to a dull drab.

“Was yu’ looking for anything, Mister?” one enquired at last.

“I guess I have what I was looking for,” I answered with rather ridiculous ambiguity.

They glanced enquiringly at each other. The rain withheld a moment and I drew out my camera. Immediately they ranged themselves with many sharp tussles for the foreground. But it was not people I wanted; at Bay of Islands nothing counts but the scene—nature in prolific grandeur. It would have made no difference to that beautiful corner of Newfoundland had there been no more of life and motion than the waving foliage, the flickering light on the water, the gurgling, tiny cataracts of the innumerable springs, the nerveless passing of the wind-neglected fisher-boats, the swoop of a hungry sea gull. Man was an incident taking advantage of things, and inconsistently it brought resentment. No wonder the slate quarry had dropped back to sleep! Fitting enough was it that the grass had grown over the road to reveal Nature’s persistent reclamation.

But Bay of Islands is not satisfied with itself. A city longs for the quiet of the park and country fields; a village for the noise of the factory and the disturbance of the shunting engine. So it is with Bay of Islands. There is a weekly newspaper, carrying one local advertisement and the remainder from St. John’s merchants

four hundred miles away. The only editorial in the issue I saw was devoted to a jubilation over the fact that a fishing firm had decided to establish there. The editor expressed his delight that at last industry was to smile on this beauty spot of nature (not his description), and that after many disappointments Bay of Islands was to appear in the directory. There was no note of praise for what nature had done, no thankfulness for what mankind longs for the world over, no desire to give credit for what was—simply a keen glory in the prospect of more hustle, more men who would never look at the hills and the trees and the rocks, more of the odor that attaches itself to a fish flake.

Where this paper was published—in which of the little hamlets it came to life—I could not discover. It was simply headed "Bay of Islands." But at Humbermouth is a less formal paper, one less interested in the establishment of industries. The girl who handles the ticker through which pass all messages, cable or telegraph, edits a paper in longhand, a large book in which she enters day by day

for the benefit of the uninformed world the events of worldwide moment that come in over the wires. It is the least consistent newspaper in existence. It varies in size, in circulation, in ink, and Roosevelt himself could not more simplify the spelling; for the words, like "yesty" for "yesterday," are taken down as they come over the wires.

Down the Bay a little steamer makes a round delivering the mail twice a week, one trip at the hamlets at one side of the river and the next on the other side. It winds in and out among the islands at the mouth, always keeping well in from the big ocean beyond and satisfying the easy going fishermen with its weekly service. Only the more ambitious villages further up the river, closer to civilization and blessed (or cursed) with a mail each way every day, are dissatisfied with conditions. May Bay of Islands never get its industries, is the grateful wish of one who has walked its mountain road, paddled its river, and watched the hills fading away into the gloom of fog and rain and evening darkness.

## Angling

CLOA A. PARKER-FULLER

Armed with fishing tackle, and a brier pipe

Dreamed a man in sylvan dell, near mountain brook;

Angling for a wary fish—perchance a trout,

Watching for a bite upon his baited hook.

Armed with luncheon basket, and a novel new,

Tripped a maid through forest path, anear this stream,

Dreaming of her prince, to charm away her heart,

Blest with beauty -eyes that flashed a merry gleam.

Maid forgot her dream-man, and the tale of love;

Man forgot his baited hook—his pipe went out;

Maiden caught a man alive, that summer day;

Angler caught a maiden fair—but ne'er a trout.

# In Southern British Columbia

## A Trip to Fish Lake

A. D. KEAN

ONE day, about the last of April, 1912, I was waiting in the blacksmith-shop for the shoes to be placed upon my Pinto saddle mare.

Hebe Bennett, the floorman, asked: "Why are you so all-fired anxious to have that plug shod? You've just caught her off the range, her hoofs are long too."

"Well," said I, "You have been over that trail to Fish Lake often enough yourself to know that a cay-use can't go far over those rocks without shoes."

"By Golly! I'd forgot; it's almost the first of May. I might've knowed that was where you was a-headin' for. But you won't get 'em this time, you're too late, the ice went out over two weeks ago."

"Aw, come off," said I, "The reason you try to think that way is because you're not going. Don't you remember that guy from Greenwood that packed the fish out in two brandy kegs last year?"

"Yes, but we got in after the run and came out with nothing."

"All right," I said, "I'm goin' again any how. You'd better come along Hebe, we might get enough to eat at least."

"No, I won't, it's too rotten a trip for a few measley trout."

Next day I made up the pack, which consisted mostly of hay and oats. The hay was bulky so I divided it into three bundles of two flakes each which I wired together, using baled wheat hay. This with 30 lbs. of oats would be sufficient for the two nights I should remain at the lake.

May first dawned somewhat cloudy with a slight southerly wind.

I put on the pack, threw the diamond-hitch over it and hit the trail up Rock Creek.



Fish Lake lies about twenty miles north-westerly from the town of Rock Creek, B. C., (which is at the confluence of the "old Rock Creek" of placer fame, and Kettle River) and near the summit between the Okanagan and Kettle Rivers. It is a place seldom frequented except by a few "old timers," and then only at a time when fishing is supposed to be good.

Many a tale could be told of the "big catches" made from the creek at the foot of the lake, and a great many more of the disappointments caused by the non-appearance of the finny horde that inhabit its waters so erratically.

The road at the top of the hill above the river is confined to a lane for several miles. Large farms lie to right and left. The farmers were putting in the seed, wheat and oats. In a large field to my right, a man was harrowing towards the road. I was in hopes that he would prove to be a certain friend of mine. Coming on a bit farther I saw that it was. Old George promptly left the team and came down to the fence.

"Hey! that's pretty good looking stock for this time of year. Where are you off to? Fish Lake, eh? Wish it were day after tomorrow, I'd like to go 'long."

"Well," I said, "I was just going to ask you, but I expect to stay two days, may be you can come up?"

"I'll try anyway," said he, "and if I don't you'll know the reason. But say! where did you get that pack-horse? He makes me think of old times. You don't have to lead him?"

I told him that the little old roan had been packed through the Peace River with a Geological Survey outfit and was wisdom itself on the trail.

The old horse would stop to nibble the green grass along the road until about so far behind, then, up he would come with a rush and clatter. If the trail was bad he would be right close all the time.

George slowly turned to his harrowing. I knew how he felt for he was one of the boys that had camped and freighted in the early days, also

could appreciate the feeling of a belly-full of fresh fried trout. However, he is one of those men who help to make the world go round. I respect him immensely and value his company.

The road is one of the best in the province through here so we racked right along, passing the tree where the lone highway-man held up the "old McKinney stage," and where the freighter was killed in the runaway smash-up at the foot of Jolly-Jack hill. Here at the creek of the same name I stopped for lunch.

Leaving the road we took up the creek bottom. This is the beginning of the real trail and we found boggy ground and mud-holes galore.

Next the bench was reached. This is but a rock-strewn Jack-pine-covered stretch of country which at this time was well nigh impassable owing to the many wind-falls. These we went around or cut through. Sometimes the horses could jump places. Here the old pack horse's experience served him well. He took things just as they came without the least hesitation.

The Pinto was only a colt and extremely awkward, having to be tied whenever there was any chopping.

About three o'clock we came into the opening at the head of the lake. All was calm. I went down to where the boat was kept. It was missing. This meant another four miles of the roughest trail yet encountered. If I wished to reach the fishing grounds at the outlet before dark, there was no time to lose.

We made the best time possible now through the alder-brush that rings the lake's western shore, forded the two creeks, little short of torrents, nearly drowning the Pinto in one of them.

I reached the camping ground at about dusk, and after unpacking the horses built a fire, put on some rice with lots of water, then hiked for the creek.

Near the creek I cut a slim tam-arack pole about 10 feet long, and three quarters of an inch at the butt and to this I attached about three feet of good line, placing a number seven

snell hook with a piece of fresh beef for bait, as I proceeded to walk out upon the drift-logs at the creek head and peer into the water.

Though nearly dark, I knew that if the trout were running I could see them for the bottom was clear white sand. Sure enough there were a few to be seen. All were heading down stream, showing that the run was on. If just started, the males would bite ravenously until the spawn became plentiful when they would cease to look at anything else. This thing is what made the place so uncertain. To catch them legally, one had to use bait that was not prohibited. For these reasons Fish Lake will never become depleted.

I caught seven in about as many seconds as it requires to do the trick when they take the hook as fast as it can be rebaited and thrown in.

Whe-ee, think of it! Trout for supper! I devoured the seven in short order for I was thoroughly hungry and in addition had dreamed of just such a feed for many months. How sorry I felt for Hebe and George, and how I wished they were there as I gazed languidly at the camp-fire.

The next morning I was out at daylight, a can full of ready prepared bait in my pocket, and armed with a sack to carry fish in and a short-handled landing-net.

Now, I wish to say right here that I came to the lake to catch fish if they were biting, so I shall ask you to excuse my lack of sportsmanlike methods in equipment and system of handling these fish, for I am telling you the truth when I say that I just yanked them out as fast as they hit the hook and that was "*some fast*."

By noon I had over 40 lbs., all nice ones, averaging about one half pound each. Of course I lost a great many in the brush and roots as well as throwing back all under eight inches.

I intended salting the ones I kept and the way they were biting it would be an easy matter, I saw, to obtain all that could possibly be attended to properly.

Quitting about four o'clock I made for camp, ate lunch and then pro-



Fool Hen in the Jack Pines

ceeded immediately to the care of the catch.

I cut each fish down the back and sprinkled it lightly with fine salt, next placing the fish closely in a box brought for the purpose. This I placed where nothing could reach it; then made ready for more fishing on the morrow.

The following day about noon, the biting began to slacken up, and by evening it had almost ceased. I considered the amount already caught sufficient so was just as well pleased to desist.

Next morning I went out of curiosity to see them spawn. There were literally thousands of them darting about over the sandy bottom. The females, easily discernable by their lighter color, were depositing the eggs with a peculiar side-flip, covering them with an almost simultaneous motion of the tail. The males were continually nosing about among the females, who darted away at their approach. Occasionally a male would discover a deposit of spawn, then

suddenly swoop down with rapid undulating movement, and scoop it up. Sometimes two or more males would spy the same deposit, then race for it, riling the swift water by their impact.

I watched them until tired of such tame sport, then ascending the left bank, proceeded to camp by the old Prospector's trail that came up from the West Fork of Kettle River. This trail converged with others from Camp McKinney, Okanagan and Rock Creek, at the old camp.

From here the view is magnificent, commanding scenes of untouched forests of fir, tamarack, jack-pine and cedar, that extend from the lake shore to the summits of mountains that rise ragged and high on all sides.

The lake itself is some three and a half miles long and about one mile wide at places. Several unnamed creeks come tumbling and roaring into it. The outlet at the northern extremity forms Conklin Creek which flows north-easterly into Kettle River. The altitude is about 5,000 feet.

After taking snapshots of the catch and other scenes, I began to notice a change in the atmosphere. Clouds

formed to the southward and the storm that had been threatening seemed preparing to break. The wind rose and ruffled the calm surface of the lake into short white-capped wavelets. The trees around the old camp swayed and sighed. An old dry stub leaning against a big fir, screech, screeched.

Squirrels and birds were hushed, the horses pawed and tramped about showing signs of restlessness.

Fearing the wind might fell new trees across the trail, I decided to break camp and depart. Did you ever notice how the breaking up of a camp makes one feel? Particularly if it has been the scene of good fortune. You pull up the tent-pegs and kick out the fire with a certain knowledge that no matter when you return the circumstances will be altered. Who can tell how or upon what occasion he will see the place again?

My journey homeward was without event. The trip will long remain to remind me of a most successful and pleasant outing, besides furnishing myself and friends with the nucleus of many a delightful repast.

## Exaggeration

J. R. McCREA

It's strange how stories grow in size, strange how they multiply,  
Strange how the truth perverted is, strange how some men will lie.  
We'd read the tales of fishermen, yarns of their rods and spoons,  
But until now we'd only heard the *truth* concerning 'coons.

We heard they'd had an old time hunt down at O'Shaughnessy's,  
And tumbled 'coons like ninepins down from out the tops of trees.  
So great the slaughter there that day, or so at least 'twas said,  
Each had a 'coon coat for his back, and 'coon skins for his bed.

'Coon skins were tacked along the wall, 'coon skins were on the door,  
The very roof was thatched with skins, and carpeted the floor,  
They piled them up within the barn, stacked up like bales of hay,  
And when the cattle sought repose, 'twas on 'coon skins they lay.

'How many 'coons had gone the way to which all flesh is heir,  
We questioned if they'd even left one 'coon within its lair,  
At first we envied, then condemned, then wonder filled each mind,  
And finally we determined that their make of gun we'd find.

For, reasoned we, this make of gun such accuracy has shown  
That ere another day has passed one of that kind we'll own.  
Discussion proved of no avail, each had its devotee,  
It warmer grew till some one cried, "Here comes O'Shaughnessy."

"How many 'coons is it you ask?" his blue eyes full of fun,  
"There wasn't coons at all you see, I only saw the one.  
I'd cut some wood down in the bush, and ran across his tracks,  
I trailed him till he climbed a tree, and shot him with the axe."

# Certain Manitoban Duck Grounds

J. D. A. EVANS

THE open season for the duck hunter of Manitoba in the year 1912, from its general characteristics, was ideal, despite the to-day recognized fact that within some districts of the Prairie Province, localities, a decade ago veritable haunts for the myriads of water fowl, there has occurred a deficiency inasmuch as a numerical point of view is concerned. Within the districts in which this diminution is noted it cannot be regarded in the light of amazement, when the immense number of "guns" which annually have visited these waterways, is taken into consideration.

As example, within once famous duck haunts of Southern Manitoba, the season of the year above mentioned was by no means marked by the great size of the "bags" obtained. It is not so very long ago that sportsmen from the City of Winnipeg were usually inclined to relate with an expression of pride, the extraordinary quantity of duck, in particular the mallard, it was possible to obtain at certain feeding grounds; yet, it is apparent, that from the small number of guns who have visited these localities within recent years, there are other places where apparently birds are more numerous and easier to obtain. In some seasons within the past two decades, few indeed of the best known Winnipeg shots have failed to enjoy a few days at Swan Lake, of the Pembina Chainlet of waterways, which until a few years ago, received recognition as one of the ideal "grounds" of Manitoba. Sportsmen have now apparently deserted this lake betwixt the sylvan hillsides.

That the duck are not in such prolific numbers on Swan Lake as formerly is now open to criticism; a marked falling off has taken place, and a primary, possibly the sole factor of this diminution, is perchance the presence of the Indian population

of a reserve upon the northern bank of the Lake.

At a distance of five miles along Pembina's river from Swan Lake, is Grassy Marsh, it was usually conceded that a first class day's shooting was on the tapis for the visitor to this waterway, that is, under certain conditions which meant that there was plenty of water. In a season when a scarcity of such existed, it was almost an impossible proposition to reach the weed patches and rice grass, whilst myriads of birds could be observed. And, from its snipe aspect, it was difficult to excel Grassy Marsh. It was not unusual, (there are Winnipeg sportsmen who can attest this), for four hundred and fifty birds to have proved the result of an ordinary day's bag; but conditions for both duck and snipe have changed at Grassy Marsh during the past few years. At Rock Lake, which is separated by fourteen miles of Pembina river from Swan Lake, there are excellent feeding grounds, which are located at the river's entrance into that body of water, likewise its exit. These provide extremely good flight shooting, and up to the present, these ideal spots have not been overdone by an invasion of guns. In the season of 1912, conditions at Rock Lake were superb, birds were never before as plentiful, yet for some unknown reason, few sportsmen include this place amongst their lists of first class Manitoban duck haunts. Westward of Rock Lake are two miniature lakelets, Lorne and Louise; these are every season well populated by the feathered tribe, a remark also applicable to Pelican Lake; there are likewise small waterways in these vicinities which will well reward the sportsman's visit. For shooting which rarely deviates in quality, the large sheet of water in the Deloraine district of Southern Manitoba, and known as Whitewater, is deserving of special mention. The evening

flight is magnificent, and despite the numerous guns which annually visit Whitewater, duck appear in prolific array as of yore, additional to which, the hillsides of Turtle Mountain closely adjacent, are a veritable paradise for the man who includes the goose hunt in his itinerary.

The districts adjacent to the City of Winnipeg and the duck question, must now be brought into the limelight. From a personal knowledge of these, the writer is in a position to make allusion to one particular sheet of water, northward of the city, which marsh within the past twelve years was an El Dorado for the Winnipeg sportsman. Conditions have however changed, few if any duck were observable last season, and this may be attributed to one cause, which is that the regulations provided for the observance of a closed period, are not regarded in the slightest degree. From knowledge and observa-

tion, the writer is able without hesitation to remark, that from the first arrival of duck in the spring, there is absolutely no attention given to the statutes provided for prevention of shooting at this season; to the contrary, the population of this and adjoining districts are continuously on the quest for the birds.

The estuary of Red River is a famous ground; the first day of each September witnesses a greater influx of sportsmen than its preceding date. Northward up on Lake Winnipeg's waters, are Utopias for the sportsman, and in many portions of Manitoba, the quack of the mallard will be heard.

The writer has only alluded to the places at which he has personally used the gun, and in summing up these duck grounds, will for a prolific supply of birds, award the first prize of merit to Rock Lake.

## A Hunting Trip to Pocologan River, Charlotte County, N. B.

J. EDWIN CONNORS

AT daybreak one fine September morning in 1912 Charles Elliott, his son Earl and Martin Bradford, hunting and fishing mates of mine, called at my place and asked me to hurry and get my gun and ammunition and camping outfit ready as the team had arrived which was to take us to camp, where we were to spend a week trying our luck at moose and deer hunting. In a short time we were all loaded on the team, which was driven by Mr. Harry Traynor, and were off for Pocologan. We reached Mr. Traynor's—Mr. Traynor is the fine old game warden of Pocologan—at just twelve o'clock. After having dinner and securing our hunting licenses we mounted the old wagon once more and were off for camp. About four o'clock we ar-

rived at "Camp Comfort" and after a lunch Harry fed his horses and was off, leaving Charles, Mart, Earl and me in high hopes of securing a moose or deer.

It seemed to me a very good evening on which to call for moose. Accordingly I started out. Crossing a small stream called Dead Water, that runs into the Pocologan River, we got in very good position near the brook to try a call on the old birch bark. Before I had time to call, however, to my surprise I saw a fine little black and white animal with tail erect stalking along the bank. Charlie saw him at the same time, and as he was in a better position than I to get a good view of the animal, he called out to me to give him a wide berth as his name was Mr.



Camp Comfort

Skunk and he had a better calibre than our .303 Ross. After Mr. Skunk had taken himself off we gave a call and, to our surprise, got an answer from across the river right away, which was followed by another answer. As it was getting dusk, however, and as it was our first evening out we made up our minds to let Mr. Moose stay there until morning when we would have a better chance to see what kind of a head he had. Having located our moose we returned to camp, where we were pleased to find that Mart had a good supper waiting for us. Supper over and our pipes lit we talked over our plans for the following day. It was decided that Earl, Charlie's son, was to go with me. After a bear story or two we fell into a deep slumber. Once or twice during the night I was wakened by the Hoo-hoo-hoo of an owl. Morning came and after a good breakfast Earl and I set out for the calling ground that his father and I had been to the evening before. Creeping along quietly we made the place and got ready for a call. We were entirely hidden but had an excellent view of the plain on the North side of Dead Water brook. I gave a call but there was no answer. I gave another call. There was a low answer this time that came from away across the brook

on the side of a hardwood ridge. I called a few times and the moose came along finely. Suddenly I saw him break through the edge of the wood on the other side of the brook. He trotted along till he came to the brook then he seemed to think it not wise to cross over so he went up a little further and plunged in and trotted right up to within fifteen paces of where we were hidden. This was Earl's first experience at moose hunting and he tried hard to induce me to shoot. The moose was looking fair at us but I saw that he had only a medium sized head and decided to let him go for the present. We both stood up where he could get a good view of us, and thereupon he made off back to the hardwood ridges again at the speed of a runaway locomotive. When he got back into the birch ridge we could hear him for miles breaking the bushes and roaring. Apparently he was mad at not finding the female moose and at having been fooled by our old birch bark. Had his head been large enough he would certainly have heard the bark of our Ross Rifle.

The sun was now getting fairly well up in the sky and we decided to go to camp and hear the news from Charlie and Mart. We found that they had not got any game and con-

sidered ourselves lucky to have had such a fine sight of the monarch of the forest.

After dinner and a long drag at the corn cob, Mart went down to the river to cast a fly or two for the speckled beauties. Meanwhile, Earl took his shotgun and went up on the hardwood ridges to look for partridge, while Charlie and I put in a very good time at putting more tarred paper on the camp and getting in wood for the night.

At about four o'clock Charlie and I started out again for a call at Hagerly's rock but when we got part way there we feared that darkness might overtake us before we could get to a good place to call from so Charles went away down to the flowage on little Pocologan and I went over close to the main river and started to call. I heard no answer but had not been calling long when I saw a black back in the little birch and raspberry bushes. I did not shoot because I did not see any head. Then the back disappeared. I called again and the black back reappeared. Still I could see neither head nor horns. Pretty soon it disappeared once more. I then decided to crawl closer and investigate. When I got over to where I supposed it was it was gone but to my surprise I saw Mr. Bruin's track. I regretted in it having hesitated to kill a calf moose I had lost a shot at Bruin. As it was nearly dark by this time I decided to go out on the old logging road and make for the camp. When I got there I found that Mart had returned with a good string of speckled beauties and Earl with a bag of partridges while Charles and I had nothing but the recollection of the bear we did not get. We decided from the signs and works of the bear that it was no slouch that had come to my call. Evidently he had come with the intention of tackling the moose that he supposed was calling. Fried trout and fried partridge specially prepared by our celebrated camp cook, Mart, furnished a splendid repast.

Next morning was clear and cold with a little frost in the air. Charles and I left the camp and struck out across Dead Water brook on the north side. Getting in the small birch we made ready to call. I gave a call toward the hardwood ridges and pretty soon there came floating along on the morning air that familiar grunt which I knew meant a moose. There followed another call and another grunt, this time a little closer. We waited a while and the grunting continued. It was not long before I spied the moose coming through the birches on the other side of the brook and then I muffled my horn and began to call very low to the ground. Mr. Moose came down to the brook but did not care to go across just there so he followed the brook up until he was within about two hundred yards of the place where we were. Suddenly he put his head up and looked up on the hill back of us, then turned to run back into the woods. Charlie stood up. Bang! went his rifle. Then I put the good Ross rifle up to my shoulder and Bang it went. Bang! Bang! twice again and down went our moose. We ran down toward him and found ourselves at the edge of the brook, which was very deep at this point, and my friend, Charlie, was going to put his hunting knife in his teeth and swim across but I persuaded him to come with me up stream where we got across on a big log. When we reached our quarry he was stone dead with every bullet we had fired in him. He had a fine spread of horns. We dressed him and started off towards Shaw Lake to see if we could still hunt another moose as we both had a license to shoot. We travelled about two miles and then came across our cook and Earl. Mart had a bag of partridges and Earl a good back load of black ducks and partridges.

On finding that Mart and Earl had not been on the hill to the north of where we had been calling and had shot our first moose, we decided to go back to the place where we had first called that morning and when we got there we found where there had been

a very large moose that morning coming from the direction that the moose we called was looking, when he started to run back to the woods. Having located another moose we took the trail back to the camp to find that our cook had not as yet put in his appearance. Charles set to work to make some nice biscuits to go with the fried bacon and beans but the biscuit was heavy, due to the fact, Charles said, that the wood was no good. Whatever the reason for the failure, the biscuits would have made suitable bullets with which to shoot elephants and we saw to it that they were cremated before Mart came on the scene.

Mart and Earl got back with the news that they had seen two fine deer but as the former had not got his Mauzer in working order in time all he got was a good look at them. Leaving us to get the wood in for the night Mart started off across the plain to have a call for the moose we had located. When he came back to supper he reported that he had him up within a hundred yards but he would not come out of the bush so there was "nothing doing" that night.

Next morning we were up bright and early and as Mart was getting breakfast ready Charles and I went up on the rock behind the camp to have a look over the country. Along on the river we could see flock after flock of black ducks also other species of ducks. At some distance, across the river, we could see the famous eagle's nest on the top of an old dead pine, towering above all the other trees, an old land mark in that vicinity.

After breakfast, Earl started on a nine mile tramp to Mr. Traynor's for the team to take the moose out. Mart remained in camp fixing up the fishing lines and Charles and I started out to have a stroll, while waiting for the team. We crossed the plain and then the Dead Water Brook till we came to the bank of Pocologan river and there out on the sand bar was a large cow, wading in the water. We

watched her for about ten minutes. How I wished I had brought my camera along so that I might have had a snap-shot!

We returned to camp shortly before dinner time to find that my father had arrived at camp for his annual hunting trip, my Aunt having driven him out with our horse to camp. In the meantime Mr. Harry Traynor and Earl had arrived with their truck team to haul the moose out. My Aunt made herself right at home in our camp in the wilds of Pocologan and started in at once to prepare the dinner, to which we sat down in due course. Moose heart was the principal dish and a fine dinner it was.

After dinner Harry got the horses and some chains and we started to haul the moose out to where we could conveniently load him on the wagon. The horses were very nervous when they saw the moose but we got the chains around the moose horns after a while and Mr. Moose went out to the camp at pretty nearly as high a rate of speed as he had gone when he had attempted to run away from us when we were shooting.

Arrived at the camp we loaded up. Earl went out with the lady in the light wagon. Mart stayed behind with father and Charles and I lumbered along with the truck team. After supper at Mr. Traynor's we continued our journey to Black's Harbour, which we reached quite a bit after dark. We were fairly well tired out but had returned with better health and increased vigor, feeling much better for our outing at the famous hunting grounds on the Pocologan.

If the reader should ever want to plan a good outing in New Brunswick, one on which he may secure moose, deer, bear, partridge, woodcock and ducks of various kinds as well as the finest speckled beauties, let him not forget to give our game warden, Mr. Howard C. Traynor, Pocologan, N. B., a call. To secure the use of "Camp Comfort" address the writer at Black's Harbour, New Brunswick.

# Bascom Buys a 'Coon Hound

GEORGE J. THIESSEN

THE little gathering about the stove were strangely quiet. To tell the truth, they were tired of one another, having sat, for the most part, throughout the entire day. They had swapped stories, talked politics and played checkers until now nearly five o'clock, they were ready to go home for supper, to return later in the evening. Hank Peters, Dennis Curran, Shonk Weatherly and the groceryman—Sandy Dean—were all old settlers, but Henry Bascom was comparatively speaking, a stranger. He had arrived from the East with his wife but a month before, for a visit with an aunt who lived in Hickory Grove.

"Well, boys," said Sandy, "I dunno—"

The door opened and in walked a grizzled old man with something on his arm, followed by a long, lean hound. At once they—that is with the exception of Bascom—recognized him.

"Hello, Coon Skin Bill," one shouted. "What you got there?"

The man chuckled. "What've I got," he echoed, with a jerk of his head. "Why I've got the best looking bunch o' hides that Ponto ever treed in his life. And that's saying some too," he added, glancing at the tan and black dog which wagged its tail at the mention of his name.

"So you have! So you have!" Dennis exploded, feeling the soft fur. "Where did you get 'em?"

The hunter eyed him with a crafty look. "Out'n a hollow Cotton-wood, on the Ridge. Ponto got the trail along Skunk Slough, and run the whole bunch of varmints up a tree. Say you'd ought to see that dog—"

"What you want for 'em, Bill?" the storekeeper interrupted figuring all the while on a piece of wrapping paper which lay on the counter. "I reckon they be worth eight dollars."

"I reckon they be too," the owner whistled through his nose. "Any

time five large hides like these don't bring fifteen, I'll chaw nails for a week. Why—"

"Give you ten."

"Nope."

Dean figured some more, examined the pelts minutely, and deliberately lighted his pipe. "Bill," he said, "I'll give you twelve dollars for the lot and that'll be the very last cent I'll pay. I got to stretch 'em and nail 'em—"

"Gimme thirteen."

"No—twelve is my price and—"

"But—"

"Take it or leave it,"—with finality.

"Fork over the cash," grunted the hunter, after due deliberation. "You always did get the best o' me every time."

And without more ado he laid the raccoon pelts on a box and waited for his money.

Henry Bascom was a quiet spectator of the deal. After the two had clinched the bargain, he went forward and struck up a conversation with the man who had sold the furs.

"Some hound, you got there," he commented, by way of introduction, eyeing the canine which slunk further into the corner behind his master.

"Best in the world," was the unblushing reply. "Why once a feller from New York State came down here hunting, an' afore a week was over offered me a hundred dollars for 'im. But no, says I to myself, no one is going to take Ponto away from here. If it was somebody what lived in this neighborhood like you, it'd be different, especially since I'm needin' money powerful—"

The Easterner was flattered. "Would you sell him to me?" he asked.

"Well"—and the grizzled old trapper closed one eye—"that depends on what ye offered. Ponto's a—"

"What do you want?"

Coon Skin Bill bit off a chew of tobacco, rolled it around in his teeth, and surveyed the coil of rope which lay at his feet. "I'll let you have 'im," he wheezed under his breath so that the others might not hear "for fifteen dollars—and it's a bargain."

"I got you," Henry said, producing his bill book.

So the deal was made.

With a piece of borrowed fish line Bascom led the hound home, and unbeknown to his wife, tied it in the barn. That night he dreamed of the sport he would have, and the skins he would sell. Surely, the investment was a good one.

The next morning the usual number met at the store again. It was a typical spring day, and the snow melted and flowed slowly away in tiny rivulets down the country road. It was ideal weather for hunting, and Henry's heart beat fast as he thought of his dog.

"Mornin'," Shock Weatherly called.

"Good morning," Bascom smiled at him.

"When you going try your houn'?"

"When? Oh, some of these days"—with a wink.

And then they began to discuss the same things they had on the day before, varying the monotony of the afternoon with games of checkers and seven-up. Before they knew it almost, Hank glanced at his watch and announced that the hands pointed to five. Mechanically they arose from their seats and shambled towards the door, as one man. A fine mist was falling, and as soon as he had stepped from the store, Bascom sensed that it would be a fine night to try out his dog. To further his belief Curran, with a look at the sky announced:

' Good weather for 'coon boys. I'll bet Lane's woods are full of 'em."

And the timber that he referred to lay but a scarce half mile from the place where Henry stayed, on the outskirts of the little settlement.

Nine o'clock came. Sneaking out of the house after the res had retired, Bascom, with axe in hand,

slunk toward the barn. The clouds had lifted a little and through the naked limbs of the trees he could see the moon quarter full, rising pale and beautiful. All excited, he untied Ponto and led him forth. When but a hundred yards from the barn, he unfastened the leash. With its nose to the ground the dog trotted forward a few rods, sniffed the air once or twice, and broke for the woods, baying. His owner followed on the run.

The hound soon disappeared. But the man could hear it as it circled among the trees. Once he fell, hitting the axe against his shins, but picked himself up and went forward again. And then to his right, he knew that the game was treed. Breathless, he burst through the bushes and saw his dog. Almost at the same time he noticed that they were almost in town, near a little cottage which nestled, dark and silent, at the very edge of the settlement. But the dog claimed his attention, with frantic barks, at the foot of a scrub oak, and he went to it. There among the branches he saw what he was looking for—the eye of an animal glaring at him.

For a moment, Henry was undecided what to do. Then he commenced to throw clubs at the thing in the tree, but he soon discovered he could not dislodge it that way. At the same time he realized he must climb so removing his coat, hat and shoes, he, with much puffing and blowing, shinned up the trunk and soon found himself perched on a limb, within a few yards of the game.

"Shoo!" he shouted waving one hand.

The fiery spots never wavered Bascom crawled closer.

"Shoo!" he cried again.

And then straight at him the animal came. The hunter raised both arms to ward it off, lost his hold—and fell. He struck on his back on the soft snow. The scratching, biting thing on his chest sank its claws deep into his tender flesh to brace itself for the attack of the hound.

"It's a catamount," Henry moaned, without opening his eyes. "Save me Save me!"

Then something happened. "I'll save you, you old reprobate," a shrill voice sounded in his ear accompanied by a whack and a howl

from Ponto. "What do you mean by trying to kill old Tom? I've a notion—"

But Bascom had anticipated what she intended to do. He jumped to his feet and slunk off into the woods, followed by the dog at his heels.

## A Trip Through a Noted Game Country---Western Alberta

L. B. MILLER

SUNNY Alberta has long been notable for its abundance of fish and game and in the following paragraphs the writer will endeavor to describe the trip that two hardy young men took through the little known country bordering the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains.

In the latter part of May, in the year 1905, two venturesome young men of Lacombe, Alta., Charles Raymond and Fred Stevens, took a pack outfit and started due west from Lacombe bound for the Rockies, to spend a few weeks' vacation on the trail and in the mountains. They crossed the Saskatchewan river at the Rocky Mountain House and followed up this splendid stream a few miles, then struck across the country to the Baptiste river. Their route led through a wild and timbered country. Poplar, jack-pine and spruce were encountered and on all sides there were abundant signs of wild animals. One day two fine large moose crossed in front of the pack train and after pausing to glance curiously at it trotted off through the woods.

At times the horses would throw up their heads and snort with fright and listening, the boys could hear some large animal crashing away through the brush.

From the Baptiste river the two men travelled across to the Brazeau river and followed up this stream to the mountains.

While travelling through this part of the country they saw two fine elk. Partridge and chickens were seen in countless numbers and along the streams ducks and geese were very plentiful.

The banks of the Brazeau are very rugged and steep and travelling up the river was very difficult owing to the heavy brush and fallen timber that lined the way. The magnificent scenery and the view of mountains and valley, however, more than repaid the travellers for any hardships they encountered.

Clear, icy cold streams came rushing down the mountains to join the stream that flowed at the mountains' base and this in turn joined the mighty Saskatchewan and passed on to Hudson's Bay.

It was while following one of these mountain streams that the travellers spied two large grizzly bears on the side of the mountain. Stevens was armed with a 30.30 while Raymond carried a Colt's revolver. Stevens slipped out of the saddle and going up to a large tree fired at one of the bears. It gave a roar of pain and fell. The other bear started to run and Stevens fired twice but though it fell both times it was able to regain its feet and disappeared, not to be seen again. In the meantime bear number one had revived, and catching sight of the horses, came charging down through the brush towards them. Stevens fired again and then discovering that his gun was empty, yelled to his companion to get him some cartridges from one of the packs. Now these cartridges were packed on one of the meanest of the horses, and when Raymond reached him this horse was so frightened at sight of the bear that he allowed himself to be tied up to a tree while the cartridges were removed from his pack. Stevens loaded his gun and began to pour lead into the infuriated bear, which continued to rush towards them tearing and smashing everything in its path. Eight shots, at least, struck it before it reached the creek that separated it from the two men. Into the creek it plunged, and the boys began to feel very serious when they saw that it was apparently not to be stopped by lead. The bear, however, was growing weak and by the time it reached the other side of the stream and attempted to climb out it was unable to do so. Stevens took the Colt's revolver and fired a few shots into its breast and after a considerable time, for its vitality was great, the bear gave up the struggle. With the aid of the horses the animal was hauled out of the stream and the two men proceeded to skin it. It was all one of them could do to load the skin upon a horse. On his return to Lacombe Raymond sold the skin for forty dollars.

Shortly after this Raymond got a very bad scare. The men had encamped on the bank of a stream that was reached by a path cut deep into the bank, along which was a fallen

log. One night Raymond started out after a pail of water. His nerves had not quite recovered from the adventure with the bear and just as his head came on a level with the log a huge porcupine clambered upon it. Raymond at once thought the animal was a bear and was ready to pounce upon him. The yell he emitted would have made a Sioux Indian envious.

From the Brazeau river the men crossed over the mountains to the headquarters of the Saskatchewan river and here they saw another large grizzly but as the gun was packed they did not get a shot at it. Crossing another pass they struck the headwaters of the Athabasca river and followed down the stream.

In one place a large mountain had split in two and slid down into the canyon. So great was the force with which it had fallen that a great mass of it had been forced half way up the other side of the canyon making it necessary for the river to cut a new channel through the rocks and debris at the bottom.

Below this was a natural salt lick to which hundreds of wild goats came to satisfy their craving for salt. Farther down the men came to some falls, the first of which had a drop of forty feet and the second a drop of about eighty-five feet.

Following down to the mouth of the Miette river they found here some of the finest trout fishing they had ever experienced. They next crossed the divide between British Columbia and Alberta, going over the Yellowhead Pass but as their stock of provisions was getting low they turned back to the Miette river and followed it down to the Athabasca river, where they met a party of timber surveyors with whom Stevens joined forces for the summer while Raymond after a great many more adventures reached Edmonton and finally Lacombe where he is now engaged in business.

Stevens, however, succumbed to the lure of the wild and all his summers are spent among the mountains.

## Trolling With a Doctor

NORMAN BROOKES

CHESTERFIELD and I were encamped for a summer on a splendid chain of lakes and streams skirted by the new transcontinental line of the C. N. R., then under construction. Apart from the employees of the company there were no human beings within thirty miles and the country was wild and rough and just what we considered an ideal camping ground. Though fish abounded in these lakes they were not biting, a fact which occasioned no end of disgruntled remarks throughout the whole line of construction camps. In this pork and bean district fresh meat was rare and fish were never left to rot. Large supplies of macaroni greatly allayed the discontent of the 'bo-hunks,' but the more pampered tastes of the engineers sadly missed the appetizing effect of fresh food and the young doctor, who had lately arrived, was frequently applied to for an appetizer.

This doctor we found a very agreeable companion, so one day when his professional duties were not pressing we persuaded him to accompany us to a lake some distance from the right of way, where in our wanderings we had found the fish always willing to bite in spite of the weather and other unsatisfactory conditions.

Leaving camp at an early hour we paddled to where a small stream, madly racing down from the uplands a mile or more inland, found rest in the wide expanse of water we had crossed.

Here we had to portage and it fell to me to take the canoe. With the sound of tumbling waters breaking through the bushes now and then, we followed an old lumber road, pleas-

ant forest vistas and pretty sylvan dells opening towards us as we mused along. Ere long dewy pearls had dissolved from off the leaves and our clothes were wringing wet. At last, when I thought that like Atlas I had the whole world on my back, we came to a leaky dam beyond which the water was deep and still. I slid the canoe in among the water lilies and we took our seats with sighs of satisfaction. A few bends in the stream above separated us from the little lake whose loneliness and unmarred loveliness made us feel we had outstripped the onward march of civilization. But just then, jarring painfully upon our senses, came the notes of heavy blasting, report following report in quick succession, and seeming strangely at variance with the peaceful scene.

We floated out on the rippling surface as the rising sun began to cast long shadows from the high, rocky shore opposite us. There was deep water, and as we had formerly proved, the best of trolling so Chesterfield paddled over to it from his seat on the stern deck while the doctor and I with our backs against the thwart arranged our tackle.

"Now," cried he, as we launched our trolls, archer spinners with big fat minnows, "Let's see you catch a fish." For he was good-naturedly dubious of our boasted ability to catch them almost at will.

"Well, give them a chance to get wise to our being here," I returned, "and they'll soon be fighting for the bait."

The fish however needed a good deal of waking up that morning and the doctor frequently took the opportunity to rally me on my want of luck. Under his railery I grew

inwardly exasperated and was thoroughly disgusted with those fish for misbehaving just when we wanted to show what good anglers we were. Presently he was telling a story about his freshmen days at Queen's, how a classmate who would persist in wearing a moustache to the annoyance of the sophomores, woke up one morning with a clean upper lip. The story was humorous as he told it and I had a respite from his bantering.

Then, O boys! I felt the unmistakable plucking of a fish on the line. The thought flashed through my mind that now was the time to get back at this doctor who had presumed to doubt our prowess? His back was towards me and we were both facing Chesterfield. Warning the latter not to let Doc. know what was happening, I began very cautiously to play my fish. At the same time I roused myself from my wonted taciturnity and began to relate a story which had been recalled to my mind by the doctor's anecdote, and which I thought would prove sufficiently entertaining to divert his attention.

"There was a young idiot in our freshman year afflicted with the same insane desire, I began—and then the line burned through my fingers as the fish darted away. Nevertheless, the story must go on so I continued:

"We ourselves decided he should remove his cherished appendage as we were of the opinion that such untraditional conduct on the part of one of its members reflected disgrace on the whole year." (At this point the fish was frantically trying to measure the length of my line and I had much ado to stick to my text without betraying my excitement. Once my heart sank and I feared I was telling the story in vain for the trout gave a sudden jerk, the line slackened and remained loose for some time. Then, suddenly, I felt a tug and the story telling grew easier. Chesterfield came nobly to the rescue by filling in an occasional inopportune pause with some laughing comment.) "The young gentleman resisted all our threats and cajoleries until some one hit upon the plan of posting a sign in his room, like those seen in stores before Christmas; 'Only five more shopping days before Christmas.' Next day the number is reduced to four and so on. In this case the first sign notified the offending freshman that if in ten days he did not get rid of his moustache, the objectionable labial ornament, or rather disfigurement, would be forcibly removed under conditions very humiliating to his dignity. Every morning the number of days were reduced until but three or four remained. The uncertainty of the fate which awaited him and the mystery with which this plan was carried out got on his nerves." (The struggles of the fish grew weaker.) "He complained to the Head of the year. The Head was gravely concerned and promised to see what he could do. However, no sooner was the sympathetic Head left alone than he turned to his desk with a merry twinkle in his eye and produced from a drawer therein a

sign for the next day upon which he had been busily engaged when his victim knocked."

This was as far as I got. Chesterfield and I laughed excitedly and the doctor joined in heartily. He did not see the trout dragging alongside with its mouth wide open and the white of its belly showing. He did not notice Chesterfield grab the gaff, but he heard a sudden splash and saw a fine four pounder flopped down in front of him.

"Oh, you beggars!" he cried, and then—well, our laughter rivalled the loon's for wildness.

About five minutes later I had another bite. This time the fish came unresistingly except for a few feeble jerks. The doctor, grown suspicious, felt my line and when he found it slack thought I was pulling off another joke. I hauled in carelessly thinking I must have hooked a shiner, when suddenly Chesterfield, who was watching with gaff-hook ready for the fish to appear, warned me in a tense voice to keep the line tight. At the same time he resumed paddling and brought the canoe around so that the fish would be to windward and we would not drift over it. While we were turning I caught a glimpse of the reason for these precautionary measures. Down in the shadowy depths a large, grey trout made huge by refraction, was gently undulating at the end of my line. Whether he was securely hooked or not we could not see. Any moment he might come to life and with a powerful whisk of his tail break loose. But he didn't. He came alongside with apparent docility and only when the gaff caught him neatly from the water did he make a mighty splash. He was the largest one we got all summer and weighed fifteen pounds. He made excellent steaks, and let me say right here that in my opinion the reason why people prefer small fish for eating is because they fail to catch large ones.

Before lunch I had all the luck. My next catch proved it impossible to judge the size of a grey trout by the fight it puts up. This one though weighing not more than two and one half pounds gave us the hardest struggle of the day. One more fish brought us to the far end of the lake and a good landing place. The threatening appearance of the clouds caused us to hurry through our lunch and afterwards we spent an uncomfortable hour despite our lighted pipes, beneath the upturned canoe, while rain and hail poured down relentlessly.

Before the last drops of the receding storm had fallen we were at it again. Five o'clock saw us headed for the portage with eleven more trout, six of which bore witness to the doctor's skill. As we rounded the bend in the river which shut off our last glimpse of the lake, we heard a loon far out on the water presaging a windy day for the morrow with peal on peal of melancholy laughter. The stars were glimmering in the water as we paddled up to camp a room distant shanty the strains of an accordion came floating to us on the evening breeze.

# Raising Gold Fish

## Lucrative Sport

DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A. B., M. A., M. D.

**I**N New York a new infant industry has been flourishing for the last year—the raising of rare and splendid goldfish in back yards. Not the ordinary five-for-a-quarter variety of red and copperish glass-bowl-and-a-tumbler-of-water type of goldfish, but a royal breed of flaming sunset fish that was first bred in far-away China and which, because of its gorgeous dress and rarity, has long commanded high prices from fish-lovers whose piscatorial affection does not take the form of feeding on the finny tribe.

One breeder of back-yard goldfish was recently reported to have cleared \$120 a year from his little fish farm, and that, too, although he devoted to his experiment only such time as he could spare before and after office hours. The man knew a great deal about fish pets, but he applied it in the rearing of fish different from the birdstore, glass-bowl variety—handsome fish with silken tails, bulging eyes and colors of the rainbow. Of his new hobby he said:

“One of the cleanest, most intensely interesting and least troublesome hobbies a person can have is the keeping of pet goldfish. Once you have experienced the pleasure and interest that attaches to having a pair of these handsome creatures, you have found a hobby that will endure. And if you would have big returns for your outlay of time and money, try your hand at raising these pets for the market.”

This expert last summer successfully raised over 20,000 baby Chinese and Indian and Japanese goldfish in his back yard. In doing so he used every vessel that would contain water, from dishpans to discarded concrete washtubs and olive casks.

Five hundred years ago, instead of the dull-eyed mild little goldfish that nowadays amuse children in their semi-somnolent glides around the interior of glass bowls and tanks, fierce, wonderful and beautiful types of goldfish were first bred. Until five years ago these fish remained in China; but at that time the Philadelphia Aquarium Society imported some rare specimens by way of Ger-

many. This variety is known as the veiltailed dragon-eyed goldfish.

As much as one hundred dollars, or even \$2800 has been realized by the sale of perfect specimens of this fish, and inasmuch as there are scarcely more than a score of grown specimens in America these are virtually priceless. In the last year, however, several thousand young were bred, and the price of these has fallen, to about five dollars each. Few of them, however, have seen the interior of bird and fish stories as yet.

The color scheme of these fish is very beautiful. They have few or no scales and the scattered scales here and there appear like spangles of gold on a ground of blue, purple, crimson, orange, white and pearl. Only one fish in 5,000,000 hatched is regarded as perfect.

The change in styles of goldfish in recent years are numerous. There are the old-fashioned fantail and the fringe-tail and the telescope yet, but these are greatly changed. Now the eyes on the dragon-eyed Chinese Veiltails are over an inch in circumference, and the bodies are like eggs or rubber balls, with long sweeping tails—each tail separate and distinct, and two, three and sometimes four to a fish. Some of these tails are turned upward; others are turned straight ahead; and some are elliptical, like two parentheses on their sides.

Then there are the lettered dragon-eyes, on which there seem to be written Chinese words in black or scarlet or pearl bodies, and tiger dragon-eyes, with stripes of orange and black like the tiger. Then again there are the Calico fish, which have great blotches and stripes of all colors, like a piece of old-fashioned calico or a crazy quilt. There are the Dolphin-Owls, with great staring eyes like owls and long dolphin-shaped bodies and tails. There is also the Oranda Shishigashira, or Lion-hearted Fringetail, which has only this year been successfully bred in America, and which grows a hood and a long mane like a lion from its second year onward. These fish, the only grown pair of which, fully developed, are now in Philadelphia, cost \$1000.





Kedgemakooge Rod and Gun Club-house

## A Fishing Trip to Kedgemakooge, N. S.

M. E. GRAHAM

**A**BOUT three o'clock on a glorious Spring afternoon, we left Annapolis Royal, N. S., for Kedgemakooge Rod and Gun Club. After a pleasant automobile ride of thirty miles we arrived at Jacques Landing, where we were joined by our good friend and guide, "John Lewis," also "Edward" who was waiting for us with the motor boat to convey us to our destination.

After a half mile sail along a winding stream, we suddenly emerge into Lake Kedgemakooge; at the entrance of which, situated on a picturesque knoll, is the Kedgemakooge Club House, where you are always certain of a cordial welcome and hearty hand-

shake from the genial matron and manager.

In this secluded spot we find ourselves with all the conveniences of an up-to-date hotel,—while for those who wish to live the real "life primeval" there have been built a number of log cabins in various parts of the woods: giving one a chance to select for himself in this home of fish and game, an abode beside a rushing river, or one situated in a remote part of the forest where one fancies the fairies dance in the sunbeams which flash between the murmuring pines and hemlocks. These cabins are very comfortable but we decided to make the Club House our headquarters, so after a good supper and a

talk over the prospects of the morrow, we retired for the night.

Bright and early next morning found us up, and by eight o'clock we were on our way to Little River. This is one of the smaller rivers which empties into Lake Kedgemakooge, to the mouth of which we were towed by the motor boat. We were then transferred to our canoes and a few strokes of the paddle brought us to Trout Stump, which derives its name from the top of an old tree rising out of the water. Here we made our first cast and in a short time landed some splendid fish, on a Parmacheene Belle and Royal Coachman. We continued fishing up stream several miles, then went ashore and enjoyed a dinner in a way that only a meal in the woods can be appreciated.

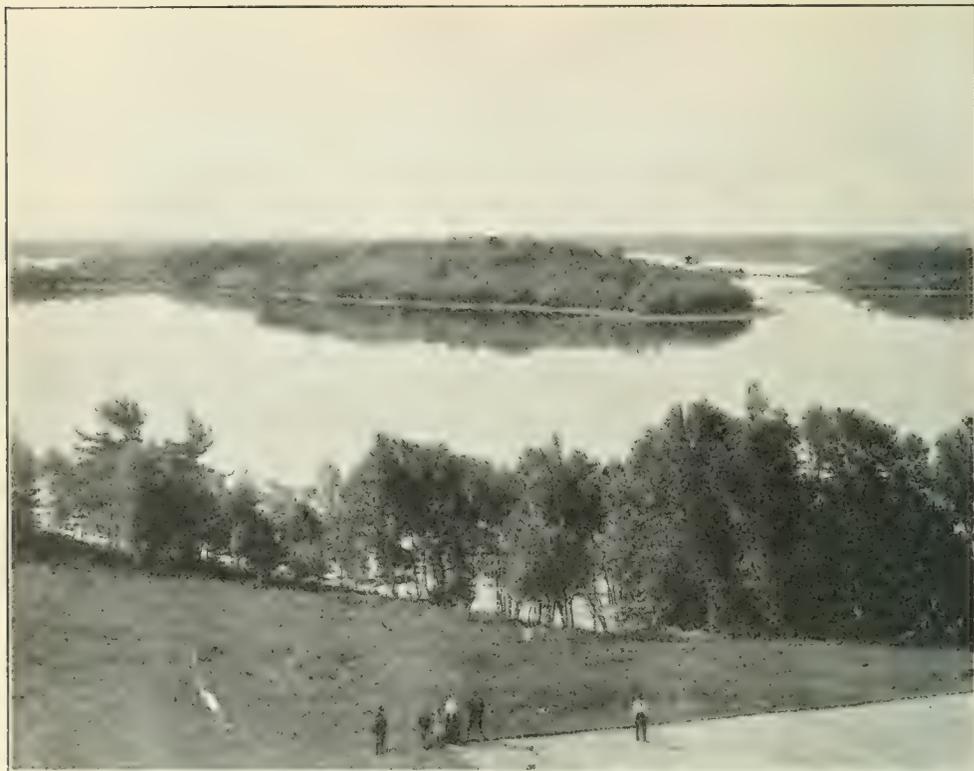
Apart from fishing, this day proved very interesting in many other ways. On our way up the river, we discovered several inhabited beaver

houses and in coming down the lake that afternoon, while turning a sharp point on George's Island, a cow moose with two calves about one week old, was coming down to the river to drink, but when she discovered that this secluded spot had been invaded she gave one startled glance, then beat a hasty retreat, closely followed by her young. We then returned to the Club house for the night.

Next morning, with a fresh supply of food we started for the "Old Reliable Eel Weir," On our way down, we took a shot at a loon, but as the first aim was too low and loons are not in the least desirous of acting as targets, he disappeared, to make the next rise at a safe distance. The exhilaration of sitting in a boat, with the spray breaking over the bow and gazing across the glistening water, viewing on all sides heavily wooded banks, reflecting their different colored foliage in the waters below,—



Two of the Many Comfortable Cabins on Club-House Point



View from Club-house Verandah: part of Tennis Court in Foreground

made a lasting impression and one that even time will not erase. We do not need the eye of an artist to appreciate these beauties of nature.

On arrival at Eel Weir, we found plenty of fish rising and apparently eager for the fray, which proved to be the case, as at my second cast there was a sudden splash and a two pounder came half out of the water, then disappeared with the "Silver Doctor." He was certainly gamy, at times taking the full line and keeping things interesting until he was safely landed. This luck continued until we had our limit of speckled beauties lying in the bottom of the canoe. It was nothing unusual to have two two-pounders on the cast simultaneously.

This being a favorite spot we decided to camp here for the night, to be on hand for the early morning fishing. After pitching tents, gathering fir boughs for our beds and pitch pine knots for our fire, we were drawn

by the aroma of boiling coffee to a very appetizing and well earned meal, which meanwhile was being prepared by "John." Supper consisted of boiled potatoes, fried trout, bacon, cookies, bread, jam and coffee. After washing the dishes by the side of the lake, we sat around the crackling camp fire, a fire as only pitch pine knots can make, and while enjoying a deep "whiff of the Weed" listened to John, who had lived fifty-five years within one mile of this lake,— relate tales of his boyhood days, before the sportsman had discovered Kedgemakooge and when the winters set in earlier. With the first safe ice, he and his brother would bring a barrel, on their sled to the Eel Weir, where they would break a hole in the ice and in a few hours fill the barrel with large trout which they would take home and salt down, thus supplying themselves with their winter's fish. It was around these camp fires too, we learned that this lake takes



Mouth of Little River



The Home of the Gamy Fellows

its name from a beautiful Indian maid called, "Princess Kedgemakoooge," who now sleeps beneath the sod, in front of the Club House, within fifty feet of the magnificent lake which bears her name. It is said by her descendents that one winter's day while she was sitting by her wigwam door she saw in the distance the dark forms of a hostile tribe approaching on the ice from the opposite side of the lake. She instantly gave the alarm and realizing that their tribe was the weaker of the two, fled to the woods. The attacking tribe finding the wigwams deserted, returned to their own country, but not without looting the wigwams of their winter's supply of food. When Kedgemakoooge's tribe saw the enemy retreating, they returned to their homes, to find nothing to eat. This was a serious matter but her two brothers, being good hunters, immediately started out and in a couple of days returned with enough deer

and moose meat, which when dried supplied them with nourishment for the remainder of the winter.

The only sound to break the silence of the night is the weird hoot of a loon, the bark of a fox, the splash of a muskrat in the water or a belated hare returning with hurried footsteps to his home path.

The distance between dusk and slumberland is not far when one is sleeping on fir boughs, with a clear star studded sky for a covering; therefore we were refreshed and up with the sun and within two hours landed;—2—2½ lbs., 3—2 lbs., 3—1½ lbs., 4—1 lb., and a number of smaller trout.

The following morning which was our last, we had less than one hour to fish but in that time landed;—2—2½ lbs., 2—2¼ lbs., 3—1 lb.

Anyone wishing excellent sport amid unsurpassed scenery if in doubt as to where he may find it, can be convinced by visiting Kedgemakoooge.

## A Talk About Guns

### Some Information For Amateurs

FOREST H. CONOVER

**T**HE subject relating to the performance of shot guns and their relative loads may be said, if based on experience and scientific tests, to be at least intelligible to the average amateur.

The many conditions touching the line of events and circumstances with degrees of light, heat and cold, as well as moisture, vary to a minimum. Certain results and, therefore, performance on a given day outside where the inclemency of the elements are subjected to a test may not in a manner be conducive to the enclosure of a shooting range. Thus, the targeting of a gun in the enclosed gallery may, or may not, give the proper results. Personally I knew of an experience parallel with the above where the gun was of course made by

the manufacturer and fully guaranteed both in construction and perfect patterns. At the testing enclosure the same gun targeted in the open gave quite a divided pattern showing a wild and patchy target. Of course wind currents to any extent are most objectionable for perfect results. While sportsmen generally have in a manner been quick to avail themselves of the 12 bore and the unquestionable little 20 there are still a few lingering in the background apparently, as it were, dying hard over the old time 10 gauge.

It may truly be said of the 10 gauge that it was designed for the times of its period of life in the days of a multitude of game, when the country abounded in resources of a never failing supply of animal and wild fowl life.

Gun makers in those days gave way to capacity in large bore guns and for a period of time gave little thought to the smaller gauges, but as time sped on and with it the nitro compounds and their advantages over the black explosives came to be demonstrated, the brains of inventive gun makers were apparently in a semi state of the initiative of the smaller bore guns.

Years of experience together with the presentiment of changes in the near future revealed to the gunmakers the coming demand for the smaller bore gun.

There remains little credit for the 10 bore. In fact the writer has failed to find it in the element of the 12 gauge. The capacity of the 10 bore would bespeak proportionately to its credit over the 12, but to a minimum the velocity of its load is lost regarding the shot pellets as compared to the 12 and smaller gauges. The large bore gun gives its proportionate shot load greater friction in the passing out of the barrel as well as to the air resistance.

The rule is reversed in the powder load in a manner, as small bores increase breach pressure to many tons both in small bore shot guns and rifles as well.

In the flight of a 10 bore shot charge of average pellets, say No. 6, there is also greater air displacement to the ounce of shot than that of the 12 gauge and as a consequence a larger stringing of the loads with a greater diverging of the outside pellets that are lacking in penetration, and away from the killing circle.

There is of course a proportionate amount of capacity of the 10 over the 12 and smaller bores, considering an extreme load, when using only large shot, say from No. 1 down to B. B. This is evident from the greater shock of the mass or 1-8 ounce more over the 12 gauges; 1 1-8 proportionate loads goes to show and demonstrate that the 10 gauge 1¼ load has no beneficial advantage over the 12 gauge 1 1-8. To sum it up again, the 10 gauge with the added heft of 1½ to 2 pounds, over the 12, is a handicap in getting into line quickly on game.

About twenty-six years ago the writer was using a 10 bore, 10 pound gun for duck shooting and during the term of the 10 bore period used two first class, well made, modern, full choke guns for those days of wild fowling and since using the 12 gauge I fail to record one instance of the 10 gauge's supremacy over the modern 12 bore. I may say with candor I fully maintain the old 10 bore's popularity, to a degree, came from impressions of its larger capacity. The gigantic outlines were impressive to amateurs as possessing more than additional strength over the 12 gauge.

The large Elephant guns made for the largest game in the world are weaklings compared with some of the small bore light rifles of modern manufacture in execution.

The shooting to be done, or in other words range of execution on game may determine the choke of the gun. Cylinder bores make as a rule patchy and wild patterns and lose their velocity on account of the diverging of the pellets. Barrels of this bore are more in order for covert shooting and short range in thickets. The full choke gun demands greater skill in the alignment and is of course more conducive to greater execution.

The 10 bore shot gun has passed the meridian line of its once popular existence. Its life career as a sporting arm has passed out into memory, as the binder has supplanted the cradle, and the gun manufacturers have only an occasional call for anything larger than the 12 gauge. There are no redeeming features to recall the ancient large bore gun. The recreation that accompanies the sporting arm demands a fowling piece proportionate with the tide of the times and the receding game of the country is lacking in numbers for even the small bore gun.

More attention should be given to the sanctuaries for game and its conservation in our country and the United States and less to the capacities of the exterminators; unless to diminish them.

For the benefit of the amateur readers of *ROD AND GUN* I give here-

DISTANCE  
40 YARDSL. C. SMITH 12 GAUGE GUN  
(Full Choke, 30 inch Barrels).

POWDER LOAD		No. Pell	No. Card	P	C	P	C	P	C	P	C
SMOKELESS.											
No. 1.	3½; 1½ oz; 7.	3 4	18 16	3 7	22 20	3.5	17	5	21	4.25	19.
No. 2.	3½; 1½ oz; 7.	5 13	22 20	3 3	22 20	9	21	3	21	6	21.
No. 3.	3½; 1½ oz; 7.	1 4	28 24	1 3	26 24	2.5	26	2	25	2.25	25.5
No. 4.	3½; 1¼ oz; 7.	2 5	22 14	1 4	24 22	3.5	18	2.5	23	3	20.5
No.1.	3½; 1¼ oz; 7.	2 3	22 22	6 8	18 16	2.5	21	7	17	475	19.
SMOKELESS		CHARLES DAILY GUN (10 Bore. Full Choke.)									
No. 3.	3½; 1¼ oz; 7.	1 1	30 20	2 5	18 16	1	25	3.5	17	2.25	21.
No. 3.	4; 1¼ oz; 7.	1 4	24 20	3 4	28 24	2.5	22	3.5	26	3	24.

in a table of tests made with a 12 gauge L. C. Smith and a 10 bore Charles Daily gun made in my shooting range in May 1911. These tests were made for penetration only, with a card rack with slots 3-8 of an inch apart with 3½ inches clear card surface. The cards in thickness measured 32 in number to the inch of dense firm board and the distance 40 yards from the gun's muzzle. There were four different kinds of smokeless powder used. Three were bulk and one dense. No. 7 chilled shot in every case was used and counted. The bulk smokeless for the 12 gauge was 3½ drachms and for the 10 bore 3½ and 4 drachms. The 10 bore load was 1¼ ounce shot No. 7 and the 12 gauge 1 1-8 same size shot.

In the lower line of the 12 gauge, test submits 1¼ ounce with the 3½ drachms load as a comparison, showing the penetration of the ½ drachm extra powder over the 3½ in a 10 bore.

The reader will readily note the combined average and at once realize the power of the 12 gauge gun and load as well.

The No. 3 smokeless distanced any of its competitors in penetration, in

No.3 column giving 25.5 average over the 10 bore's 24 with the additional ½ drachm powder and the 3½ load from the 10 bore gave an average of 21 cards. Again the patterns from the 12 gauge were higher with the standard load than the 10 B. likewise. So it is clearly demonstrated that the 12 gauge is capable of its excellent conduct in any company as well as the varying conditions of its loads.

There was practically no difference in recoil between the 10 bore, 4 drachm load and the 12 gauge 3½ load and 1¼ ounce. The 3½ drachm load in column 5 with 1¼ ounce shot gave 8030 pounds pressure with velocity 878 feet per second, 60 feet from gun's muzzle.

The 20 bore develops with 2¼ drachm bulk smokeless and 7-8 ounce shot, 10,506 pounds pressure.

Small bores develop higher pressures than larger bores.

Dominion Cartridge Company's 2¾ inch Imperial shells were used throughout the test that registered exceptional uniformity of strength and primer force.

This article has been written for the amateur readers of ROD AND

GUN who are desirous of knowing the comparative difference between the 10 and 12 bore gun. A minute and detailed description of what

might be said on the subject would consume a great amount of time and space and possibly meet with disfavor among the modern sportsmen.

## A 'Coon Hunt

### The Story of a Remarkable Outing

R. MORRIS RAYMONT

BEING fond of all kinds of hunting, and especially of hunting raccoon, better known as 'coon, and being a constant reader of *ROD AND GUN*, it has occurred to me that some of your subscribers may care to hear of an experience which I had some time ago. This was a 'coon hunt which old 'coon hunters say is the greatest run known in Lorain county.

A friend of mine had lost his dog and had come to me to ask if I would not go into partnership with him in another.

We tried three or four dogs before we were successful in securing a good one. The dog which we finally decided on was born and trained in Ohio and would only run 'coon and opossum.

One Saturday night about 12.30 p.m., "Zip" our climber, called at the house and wanted us to take our dog out. We consented to go and while we were getting ready Zip went to the barn and we soon heard the dog Major's joyous barking, for he seemed to realize what was up as soon as he saw the lantern.

We started for the hunting grounds, about four and a half miles from Elyria, and arrived there. While unhitching the horse to leave in the barn of a friendly farmer, I took Major's collar off and he at once made a bee line for the woods.

We had barely started for the woods when we heard Major's voice. Bill said:

"Well, boys, that's a 'coon."

"By the way he's running it," answered Zip, "it wont be long be-

fore we shall hear the old boy barking up."

Zip, however, was wrong for it happened to be a river 'coon. It made straight for the river and crossed.

"We are going to have some trouble in crossing," complained I, "the river is deep for a considerable distance."

Presently, however, we heard Major crossing the river again. This he did three or four times before hitting the big woods at Grafton, some three miles from where he struck.

"What's that? Why he's doubled back and is making for the river again."

Immediately he struck the river he dashed across, tore through a stone quarry and made straight for Banks' woods—these woods are named after the banks of the quarry. There the coon treed. Major barked up as usual, then circled.

"Why, he has struck it off again!"

Sure enough there flew Mister Coon. He had gone up and jumped off.

By this time Major was running a low line fence, every once in a while leaping over, in order to get the scent. All we could hear was his bellow on every jump. By this time my partner—who is inclined to stoutness—was in an almost breathless condition. Just then, however, happening to strike his foot against a log, he went crashing to the ground in a heap and simultaneously his breath returned in one grand burst of eloquence!!!

To return to our story: On we went from Youngleberry's to Bennett's woods, from Bennett's to

Squire's—about three miles from our starting point. Here the coon went south again.

"Guess he must be running a deer," said I to Bill, but of course there are no deer around this part of the country.

It was now daylight and it surely did seem peculiar to be 'coon hunting in daylight. Suddenly we all stopped.

"Hark! Listen! He's up, boys."

We could hear Major's voice barking up. We waited. Next we heard the dog circling the tree to see if the 'coon had jumped off. Evidently he had not, for back came Major to the tree keeping up a steady bark. On arriving at the tree we found it to be an immense elm and a den.

"I'll get him if I have to chop the tree down," exclaimed Zip.

By this time the owner of the farm had appeared on the scene, wondering what all the commotion could be about. Little did he dream that anyone would be running a 'coon until 9.15 Sunday morning.

"Think you can make it?" said Bill to Zip.

"You bet I can," was the ready response.

Having put on his climbers up he went without even a safety belt. When about twenty-five feet up Zip found a hole and there, not six feet down, was Mister 'Coon and a mighty big Mr 'Coon at that. Out he rushed and up the tree he went into a hollow limb.

"Guess I'll need the rope now, boys," called Zip.

By this time a neighboring farmer hearing the excitement, came over to see the fun.

Up went Zip again and tying himself securely to the limb above he walked out on the hollow limb and

began chopping. He chopped in two places without success but in the third hole I saw him catch Mr. 'Coon by the hind leg—he had a good pair of heavy leather gloves on—pull him out and throw him to the ground.

Major was waiting directly he dropped and then the fight began. There were two shepherd dogs belonging to the farmers who tried to get in the fight too but they were in the way as they were afraid of the 'coon. Major waited his opportunity, then jumped in, caught the 'coon by the neck and held him to the ground until dead, but not until there had been a good fight.

We laid the coon' on a log. Major walked up and licked it all over. Presently the shepherd dog wished to have a lick also and this caused another fight. We succeeded in parting the combatants after a short chewing match had ensued. The 'coon when weighed tipped the scales at 22½ pounds.

Major is half fox-hound and half blood hound and one of the kindest and most intelligent dogs a person would wish to meet. (He's my friend, boys, and not for sale).

We were at this time some distance from where we had left our rig, so we gave the farmer's son a couple of dollars to take us back.

Perhaps some other writer will relate the story of his experience in 'coon hunting. I am sure there is many a hunter who would have liked to have been with us on this run? It was the greatest I ever experienced and I have seen a good many.

Three nights afterwards we went out and struck and treed in twenty minutes. We found four 'coon up so shot the old one and one young one, leaving the other two for another trip.

# Annual Report of the Chief Game Guardian for the Province of Alberta

THE report of the Chief Game Guardian of Alberta, which is contained in the recent report of the Department of Agriculture, contains much that is of interest.

The demand for licenses to hunt big game is increasing year by year, the revenue from this source for the year 1911 amounting to \$7,284.50 more than the expenditure for the same period. Under the license system, in connection with which a commission for issuing licenses is allowed, game guardians have become more interested in game preservation. This, with an increase in the number of guardians, has resulted in the better enforcement and observance of the provisions of the Act from year to year. The public, too, are beginning to realize the necessity for game protection and the interest they take in this matter has a tendency to simplify the enforcement of the Act in the localities where this interest is manifested. The punishment of those who continually disregard the provisions of the Game Act has also a salutary effect in discouraging other would-be law-breakers.

From reports received the wild *buffalo*, whose range is in the country near the northern boundary of the province, do not appear to be decreasing in numbers; the most authentic reports estimate the number of these animals at four hundred. The Dominion Government, it is understood, have engaged two men to look after these animals and kill the timber wolves which in past years have been preying on the calves and the old animals. It is believed that the animals range frequently in the Mackenzie district to the south of Fort Simpson and west and north of Fort Smith, which is on the line dividing Alberta and Mackenzie.

*Elk* are increasing, it is reported, under the protection given them and under ordinary conditions, with favorable seasons, should show an increase in numbers when the season opens in 1915.

*Moose, Deer and Caribou* do not show any apparent decrease in numbers; if anything they are increasing and will continue to increase, it is expected, under the additional protection given them by prohibiting the killing of females and animals under one year of age. In many districts black-tailed deer were seen in 1911 for the first time in many years.

*Mountain sheep and Mountain goat* are increasing from year to year and are now reasonably plentiful. The establishing of preserves in the mountains has provided breeding grounds for these as well as other wild animals. This, together with the appointing of game

guardians in the national parks, has resulted in the better protection of all wild animals in the mountains. In some sections the Indians still make their annual slaughter, but the establishing of parks has reduced the territory in which they have been allowed to operate. One sportsman reported having obtained his limit of mountain sheep in one day, being successful in obtaining two fine rams.

Conditions are reported as being unfavorable for *antelope*. Their range is being rapidly settled by homesteaders, consequently the territory over which they have formerly roamed is becoming reduced in size and will eventually be entirely settled, thereby crowding the antelope out of existence unless a reserve be established. The establishment of such a reserve is most strongly to be recommended and the Game Guardian suggests as a suitable locality along the Red Deer River, somewhere in the neighborhood of range 10, west of the 4th meridian. There is a large stretch of rough country which will never be fit for anything but range purposes, which if fenced off would be an ideal place for antelope. A further recommendation is made to the effect that provision be made for the feeding of these animals in winter, as the loss from severe weather, deep snow and restriction of range, has a tendency to reduce their numbers to a great extent each year. The efforts of the Dominion Government to preserve these animals in their present parks have apparently been successful, which would appear to be a good reason for the establishment of a park such as that above specified.

*Ducks* unfortunately are decreasing in numbers although to the casual observer they may seem to be yet very plentiful. Those who have been in the province for many years and who have kept in touch with such matters, however, realize that their numbers have become reduced and it is feared that unless some means of propagating them is discovered they will within a short time become exceedingly scarce. The suggestion is made that encouragement be given to farmers who are in a position to establish a duck farm and raise these birds in captivity.

*Prairie Chicken* (sharp-tailed grouse) are reported as plentiful over practically the whole of the province but especially in the timbered and brush country. It is a matter of regret however that in some sections shooting commenced in the month of September instead of waiting for the opening of the season on the 1st of October.

*Partridge* (ruffed grouse) are also plentiful.

*Hungarian Partridge* are reported as doing nicely and increasing in numbers. These

birds were imported from Europe by the sportsmen of the southern part of the province and placed in various districts. Apparently they are spreading yearly over an ever-increasing territory.

Of the fur-bearing animals, *beaver* are said to be increasing in numbers and are reported

from some districts as becoming considerable of a nuisance by damming rivers and creeks and cutting down timber in sections which are sparsely treed.

*Mink, fisher and martin* and many other fur-bearing animals are again becoming plentiful.

## Sixth Annual Report of the Game and Fisheries Department of Ontario

THE Sixth Annual Report of the Game and Fisheries Department of Ontario, for the twelve months ending 31st October, 1912, contains much interesting data in connection with the carrying out of the game and fisheries regulations of the Province.

In submitting his report Superintendent Tinsley comments upon the game of the Province as follows:

Moose are reported in those portions of the Province suitable for them, as showing a satisfactory increase while deer are reported to be as abundant as in past years, except in the vicinity of some of the older settlements.

In many localities the season for ducks was very satisfactory though in waters contiguous to cities and towns they have been scarce, for several reasons chief of which is the large increase in the number of motor boats that are constantly on the move and the destruction of duck food by deleterious waste matter from manufacturers being allowed to pollute the water in their vicinity.

Ruffed grouse were not so abundant as the preceding year, which was doubtless due in a large measure to the cold weather during the nesting season.

It was considered advisable to have a close season for quail which have decreased by reason of improved farming which has meant the substituting of wire fences for the rail and pine stump ones, and the consequent destruction of both food and cover for the quail, which have been compelled to nest in grass fields and meadows, where the eggs and sitting birds are frequently destroyed by mowing machines.

Those beautiful birds, the pheasants, being ground feeders are compelled to stay and feed in the vicinity of farm houses during the winter months, which results in their becoming semi-domesticated. They thus become an easy prey to hunters and cannot be expected to become a prominent feature of our game supply. It was found necessary to again prohibit the shooting of them in the Province.

Regarding fur-bearing animals, beaver are reported to be increasing and many complaints have reached the Department of

damage to roads and grass lands by flooding from dams erected by them. Investigation proved that the damage was, to some extent, due to the unprecedented wet spring and summer.

Isolated complaints were received of the destruction of fish by otter though so far as the Superintendent was able to learn they did not exist in sufficient numbers to be a menace to fish.

Muskrat, mink and the coarser fur-bearing animals are reported not to be decreasing to any appreciable extent.

The Bass ponds at Mount Pleasant have reached such a proportion that the question of hatching bass in large quantities is now possible under favorable conditions. The past season was a most successful one, considering the difficulties that had to be overcome and the next season, it is expected, barring accidents, the output of the ponds should be very great indeed and the most important of inland waters of the Province should receive an adequate supply.

The sale of angling permits was not so great this year as last owing, doubtless, to the cold and wet summer though the present craze for motoring, it is suggested, has diverted to a considerable extent the tourist traffic from their former haunts.

There was added to the present patrol service during 1912 an additional gasoline boat which chiefly patrolled the waters of Lake St. Clair, Detroit River and the Western portion of Lake Erie. This service was reported as being most satisfactory, preventing to a great extent infractions of the Act, which occur so frequently in the vicinity of the International Boundary Line. The crews of all the patrol boats gave satisfaction to the Department and showed a willingness at all times to comply with their instructions.

The Superintendent regrets the fact that there is no apparent intention of those having the authority to establish and enforce the much needed close seasons for fish in the whole Province. This, he continues, is regrettable when the increased number of requests received from the authorities of the various states south of Great Lakes, and also from the

Federal Government of the United States for permission to take spawn from the Canadian side of the lakes, which is not procurable in their own waters, is considered. It is reasonable to presume that the same unwise course, if continued on this side of the lakes, will produce the same unfortunate results and then the problem will be where spawn can be procured. With increased population and consequent increased demand for fish, says the Superintendent, it is difficult to understand the object of this policy, which, if persisted in, will eventually result in practical extermination.

Following Mr. Tinsley's report are the reports of the Game and Fish Inspectors, Messrs. Wm. Holden and Alfred Hunter.

Mr. Holden suggests that a limit as to the size of blue pickerel, herring and perch, be established and recommends a ten inch limit. He further suggests that as yellow pickerel (dore), one of our most valuable fish, are becoming scarcer, in most of our waters, that the close season for them be begun earlier.

Fur-bearing animals being the property of the Province, just as the fish are, the suggestion is made that trappers be required to pay a fee of, say, \$5.00. The suggestion is also made to license fur buyers as well, with a view to preventing the illegal handling of fur, by keeping a check on the business done.

An increase in the wolf bounty from \$15.00 to \$20.00 or \$25.00 was recommended.

Mr. Hunter recommends that the season for partridge begin on November 1st, the same as deer, and end on November 15th. He also recommends that duck hunters be limited to 100 ducks during the season and that the sale of wild ducks be prohibited.

Detailed reports are furnished by the various Game and Fisheries Wardens regarding conditions in their respective districts while the balance of the issue is devoted to reports of the Special Game and Fishery Overseers; reports of the work performed by the patrol boats employed by the Department; statistics giving the number of fishermen, tonnage and value of tugs and vessels and boats; the quantity and value of all fishing material and fixtures employed in the fishing industry during 1911; the quantities and value of fish caught in the various districts; a statement giving the number of fry distributed in the waters of the Province by the Federal Government from Dominion Hatcheries; the waters stocked from 1901 to 1912 with the number and kinds of fish planted in each; a statement of the revenue received during the year ended October 31st, 1912, and a list of overseers and wardens employed. Those interested in these matters should procure a copy of the Report and read for themselves.

# A Little Nova Scotia Outing

## Our Midnight Visitor

R. D. McDONALD

THE summer of 1912 should pass into history as the summerless summer, or the year without a summer, or at least the year without fishing, for many a good Nova Scotian fishing trip was spoiled by the wet weather, which goes to prove once more that "the best laid schemes of mice and men," etc. Almost every trip I planned that summer was spoiled by the rain.

The last trip was arranged by Mr. H. S. Boss and myself. Every commercial traveller between Vancouver and Cape Breton knows H. S. Boss and that portion of the brotherhood who ply the rod for the speckled tribe know that H. S. is second to none in fly fishing, even though he does seldom go fishing without breaking his rod three or four times. Of course the other fellow is always to blame

for this catastrophe, or perchance the fish jumped at the wrong time, or the boat was drifting in the wrong direction. There are many things that may be held accountable when a good fishing rod in the hands of an expert is converted into kindling wood. However, let that pass.

The morning of the 18th of September, 1912, found us on the road to Fountain Lake with our tackle and other articles necessary for a good trip snugly stowed away—a portion of the "necessities" being carefully placed where the right hand could find them without the left hand knowing what was going on.

The morning was fine and everything augured well. A flock of crows that passed through the air added a certain charm to the outing and the rabbit kept to his burrow and did not

show himself—everybody knows that if a rabbit crosses one's track on a fishing trip that the fish will refuse to bite that day.

We got to the lake late in the afternoon and went to camp where we put everything in order for the night. The camp is half a mile from the lake and when we had things straightened up we went down to the lake, and started fishing, staying out until nearly dark. On our return to the camp we realized that we were without light. Fortunately there was plenty of wood and a fairly good stove, its only drawback being that it would not draw at all through its natural channel, the stove-pipe, but persisted in emitting smoke through the covers, which were nearly half gone. This was all very annoying to H. S. but he is never stuck for a shift. He soon found a piece of dry pine which he skilfully split into long, thin slivers that made a very good substitute for a taper. I was pressed into service as a candle stick, a task that became very irksome, for just as I would be wafting into dreamland I would hear Boss's voice piping out:

"Hold this sliver, Rory, will you, till I fix this blame thing under me?"

When the thing would be fixed, for the time being, and sleep would again be closing my heavy eyelids, I would be startled out of my doze with—

"Hold this Sliver, Rory, till I fix this stick under my head."

These commands and others of a similar nature were not conducive to peaceful slumber and at last I told Boss in language more forcible than polite to keep still and leave me alone. It was useless however and after a time I coaxed him to go out and give a call, as I thought there might possibly be a moose in the vicinity of the camp and Boss is a practical caller as well as an expert fisherman. He could not be induced to respond however to my suggestion.

Ten minutes or so passed when I heard a sound that Webster could not have spelled, notwithstanding his known ability as a maker of dictionaries. The sound was a long drawn

moan. I asked Boss if he had heard it.

"Was that you?" he asked.

"No," I answered, whereupon my companion jumped up and proceeded to bar the door of the shack with the remark,—

"No wildcat is going to get his supper off my old bones."

The night passed and morning dawned, an ideal morning for fishing. We were successful that day in getting all the fish we wanted, notwithstanding the fact that Boss broke his rod three or four times.

We were surprised to find out the following day that a moose had come to our camp the night before and, standing within ten yards of us, had made the ghostly moan which we had attributed to a wildcat and which had caused us to securely bar the door of our shack.



A 16 lb. Mascalonge Caught in Sparrow Lake, Muskoka, by Mrs. J. G. Pickering, Toronto

# Go on

your next hunting or fishing expedition with a good supply of Edwards' Desiccated Soup.

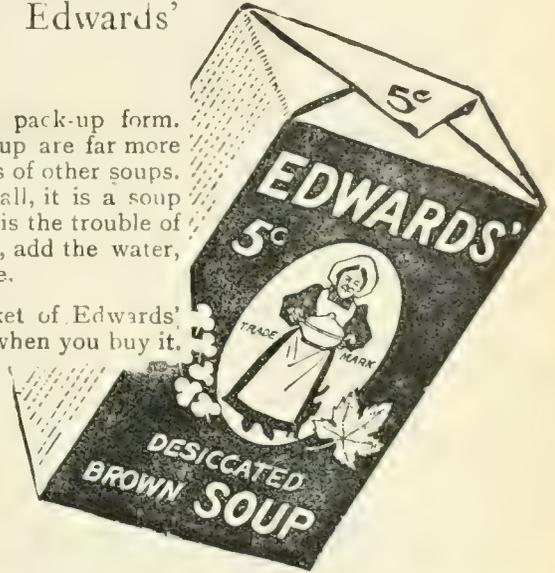
Edwards' Soup is a home-made soup in pack-up form. The handy little packets of Edwards' Soup are far more convenient to carry than the clumsy cans of other soups. Although a packet of Edwards' is so small, it is a soup complete—the only thing that is left out is the trouble of preparation. Just put a packet into a pot, add the water, boil for half an hour and—the soup is made.

And no matter how long you keep a packet of Edwards' Soup—it is as good when you want it, as when you buy it. "Take some with you."

W. G. PATRICK & Co. Limited TORONTO  
Representatives for the Province of Ontario

**5c. per packet.**

*Edwards' Desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best of and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups. "Get some before you go."*



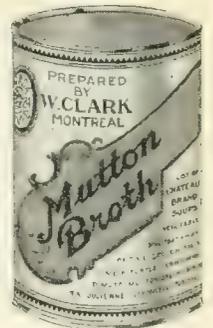
## Clark's Camp Delicacies

VARY YOUR DIET



when in camp or on hunting trips. There is nothing easier. CLARK'S have the assortment you need.

Beef Steak and Onions, Irish Stew, Boneless Chicken, Pig's Feet, English Brawn, Jellied Veal, Cambridge Sausage, Tongues and Potted Meats in tins or glass, Soups in all varieties, Etc.



AND DON'T FORGET

## Clark's Pork and Beans

W. CLARK,

::

::

MONTREAL

# OUR LETTER BOX

## A Request for a Black Fly Oil

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

Having been a reader of ROD AND GUN for the last five years I remember having seen a recipe for a black fly oil about four years ago but have lost it. Will you kindly send me a recipe that is warranted to be good and oblige,

W. G. Mimms,

Toronto, Ont.

## A Satisfactory Fly Repellent

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

I enclose herewith prescription for "Fly Repellent" which may be of interest to you. The prescription was given to me by Mr. C. Price Green of the Canadian Northern Ry., and is as follows:

Bisulphate of Carbon.....	¼ oz.
Permanganate of Potash....	½ oz.
Stockholm Tar.....	2 oz.
Oil of Cedar.....	½ oz.
Citronella.....	½ oz.
Carbolic Acid.....	¼ oz.
Oil of Tar.....	¼ oz.

This looks very bad on paper but it is not as bad as it looks. The permanganate is a fine antiseptic and deodorizer, and as a matter of fact the preparation is rather pleasant than otherwise. There is, however, no doubt about it keeping off the flies.

R. L. Fairbairn.

Toronto, Ont.

## Wanted: A Moose Call

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

You will find enclosed \$4.00 for my own and three new subscriptions. I am well pleased to get ROD AND GUN. The gun is my part as I have hunted from my old home in Lanark county, Ontario, along the north shore of Lake Superior, in Wisconsin, in Manitoba and in Moose Mountains, Saskatchewan. This last season I hunted in township 50, north of Prince Albert, Sask. and got my limit, two moose, without any moose call. Could you tell me where I could get one of these calls. I should like to try one next fall. I may write you of my trip next season, just a farmer's letter, giving my ideas of what the game laws out West should be.

Wishing ROD AND GUN success, I remain,

An old hunter,

Israel Blakley.

Sintaluta, Sask.

## "Can't Live Without It."

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

The June copy of ROD AND GUN has not arrived here yet. Somebody who is fond of good reading has evidently cribbed it. We can't live without it so kindly send us another copy and oblige.

Yours sincerely,  
N. P. Leach.

Pasadena, Cal.

## Newfoundland Salmon in Anticipation

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

I've just received the following:

"Robinson Head, Newfoundland, June 10th. Prospects for fishing good. Can accommodate you leaving on 16th. You shall meet good fishing. Will meet you at the depot on arrival Tuesday. Good fishing now. Try and get six dirty orange flies."

Does this sound good to you? It means salmon, that is if I can find orange flies dirty enough. I have plenty of everything else covered with dirt from long disuse but nothing orange. If those Newfoundland salmon were only good "cubists" or color blind, I wouldn't be obliged to look for the six.

However, I shall present them with my entire collection seriatim next week and let you know the result.

I have just read Dr. Breck's article in your June number and I would like to direct his readers contemplating a trout fishing trip, to Halifax county where there has been no "deterioration of the trout fishing," at all. In fact this has been a better fishing season than many years heretofore, the fish being larger, gamier, and more plentiful, and th<sup>er</sup>e in localities which have never been artificially stocked.

H. M. Rosenburg.

Halifax, N. B.

## A Rabbit's Leg From the Yukon

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

While going over my line of rabbit snares to secure some rabbits for the silver foxes and martens I am looking after, I noticed that a rabbit I had caught in one of the snares had apparently a broken leg but on examining it I found that the leg had been broken in the centre of what is known—in horses—as the canon bone. Strange to say the bone had healed and grown together firmly. I enclose it herewith, having removed the flesh. I have caught nearly every kind of live wild animal but this is the first time I have seen an animal who had its leg broken in that place and then

# CANADA FIRST EVAPORATED CREAM



Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa, Bulletin No. 208 shows Canada First Evaporated Cream to be the richest on the market. Manufactured and guaranteed by British subjects.

**Aylmer Condensed Milk Company, Ltd.**

AYLMER, ONT.



## WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT à la Quina du Pérou A BIG BRACING TONIC

"Pure wines increase the appetite and tend to fill the veins with pure, healthy blood."  
Dr. Robert Druill.

### MEAL TIME

will mean hungry time to you if, half an hour before eating, you drink a generous wineglass of

### WILSON'S

#### Invalids' Port Wine

(à la Quina du Perou)

It's a delicious-tasting natural appetizer and tonic that coaxes the jaded digestive organs over-tired with too much hurry and worry.

Indicated in all anaemic and febrile conditions—doctors know!

ASK YOUR DOCTOR  
BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

## Club Cocktails



Are scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors, and are further improved by aging in wood. They appeal especially to the sportsman, as they are always ready and so easily served. They can be cooled by laying the bottle in a spring hole or exposing to the cold air. What is more appreciated than a delicious cocktail as a prelude to your dinner after a day's fishing or shooting? You can have it by buying the "Club Cocktails"

† Most popular kinds: Manhattan (whiskey base), Martini (gin base). For sale by all reputable dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sole Proprietors:

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HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON



## "Star Brand" Ham and Bacon

have been on the market for over fifty years and are known from Atlantic to Pacific for their uniform excellent quality.

If your grocer does not keep these in his stock, write us direct.

Made under Government Inspection

**F. W. Fearman Co.**  
LIMITED

Hamilton, Ontario

healed up without the aid of splints or other attention. I have snared as many as a hundred rabbits in a day and have tended some hundred snares and expect to raise rabbits in the near future to provide food for fur bearing animals that are being raised in captivity.

Isaac Purdy.

Dawson, Y. T.

### A Game Pie: Un Roti Sans Pareil

Editor ROD AND GUN:

Here is the recipe for a game pie, claimed to be the highest achievement in cookery, and furnished by the great gastronomic artist, De La Reyneiere, who is said to have produced the dish before a dozen dinner guests whom we may suppose were the most distinguished gourmets of their day.

"Stuff a fine large olive with capers and filets d'auchois; then place the olive inside the body of a fig picker, from which you cut the head and feet, then enclose the fig picker in the body of a dressed ortolan; then insert the ortolan in the body of a fat lark from which you remove the principal bones; then cover the lark with a thin coating of lard, and put it into the body of a thrush; which having also been dissected is stuffed inside a fat and juicy quail, which you should cover with a vine leaf, and insert in the body of a lap-

wing; this being boned and trussed is inserted in the body of a golden plover, which in turn is larded and thrust into the body of a young woodcock; having rolled this in cracker crumbs place it in the body of a neatly prepared teal; this put into the body of a guinea hen, which secrete in the body of a grey duck, which enclose in the body of a young fowl; this result to be concealed in the body of a large and carefully selected wild pheasant which entomb in the body of a young and fat goose; this insert in the body of a fine hen turkey, which finally is enclosed in the body of an outarde, or a fine swan as a substitute. The interstices left in this marvellous combination are filled with force meat and a savoury stuffing of chestnuts. Having thus prepared the subject place it in a large pot, add water, onions, cloves, carrots, chopped ham, celery, parsley and thyme and several slices of salt pork, pepper, salt, fine spices, coriander seeds and one or two sprigs of garlic. Place a well fitting cover over this pot and seal it hermetically with a strip of paste or clay; place it on a slow fire, where the heat will be uniform and let it remain twenty-four hours. Serve it on a very hot large platter with baked potatoes, spinach, plain bread and beakers of Rhine wine, followed by champagne frappe and there you are!

Frank Heywood.

## OUR MEDICINE BAG

The C. P. R. Steamer Monmouth, which recently left Liverpool, took with it two packs of foxhounds and a couple of deer. One pack of foxhounds had been drawn from the North Staffordshire Hunt Club, for Ottawa, and the other pack was going forward to Winnipeg. Two lion cubs were also sent some time later to Canada from Dublin.

The Newfoundland seal catch for 1913 which closed on May 5th is reported to have been a good average for the number of ships engaged. The season opened with very unfavorable prospects. One of the ships became wrecked at the outset and another had an accident which caused her to return to St. John's. Notwithstanding that this made her three weeks behind the others she succeeded in making a kill of 6,500 old seals, equal to twice that number of young. At the outset most of the ships missed the seal herds and were hunting them for a week before they succeeded in locating the ice floes on which they were then assembled. In spite however of all setbacks the total catch this year amounted to almost 270,000 pelts, being 100,000 in excess of last year's kill for about the

same number of ships. Among 3,500 men engaged in the business only two deaths occurred, both from natural causes. The industry is one of great peril and accidents not unexpected.

The Hamilton Centennial Industrial Exposition is being held on August 11th to 16th to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Hamilton as a village, prior to which it was known as "The Head of the Lakes," and also to celebrate the hundred years of peace. There are to be innumerable entertainments, a full programme having been arranged for each day, among which may be mentioned one afternoon for sailing, one afternoon for rowing, and two afternoons for motor boat races, which will consist of the following:

Friday, August 15th:

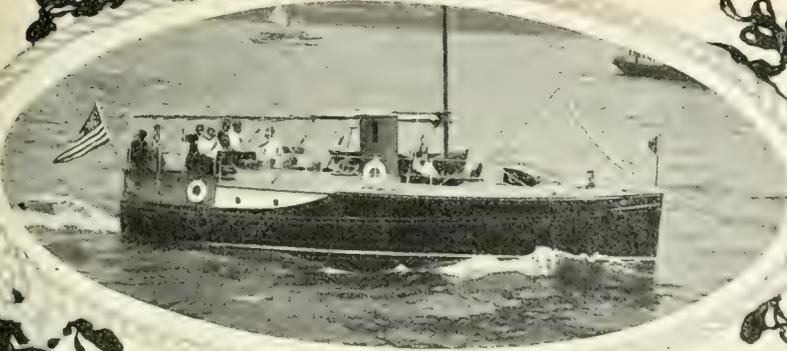
1st Race, 3 p.m., Free-for-All.

2nd Race, 4.15 p.m., 5 mile Handicap, open to one and two cylinder engines.

3rd Race, 5.30 p.m., Bang-and-Go-Back.

Saturday, August 16th:

1st Race, 3 p.m., 10 miles, for displacement boats, open.



*Dream, 40 ft. cruiser. Twice winner of Bermuda Race. 16 H.P. Standard.  
C. L. Lugen (Owner)*

## Efficiency and Endurance Again Win

The "Dream" against new competition again wins Bermuda Ocean Race Cup and \$1000.00 cash prize for her owner.

In this competitive test of engines

## THE STANDARD ENGINE

as usual prevails.

The same 16 H.P. engine which drove this 40' boat to victory last year outclasses all new comers this year. This is RELIABILITY; this is ENDURANCE; could any more striking proof be had.

Each year it would seem impossible for greater proof to be given. Each year however, greater proof is given. You **must** be convinced of the STANDARD Engine's value.

The cost of the STANDARD which drives the 9-ton "Dream" over 9 miles per hour; the cost of fuel per mile; the cost of oil per mile; the cost of upkeep; prove it the cheapest engine for you.

Learn what these STANDARD values will be in **your** boat.

Order at once for quick shipment so that you can have a STANDARD in your boat this season

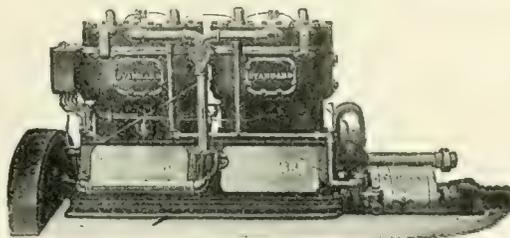
Back of the STANDARD guarantee is the

STANDARD MOTOR CONSTRUCTION COMPANY,

190 Whiton St., Jersey City, N.J.

### Exclusive Features

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Governor Control  
Virgin Lubrication  
Operative Ignition



Canadian Representatives

—  
British Columbia — The  
Vancouver Machinery  
Depot, Ltd., Vancouver.

Quebec — Shea Sales Co.  
Montreal

2nd Race, 3.45 p.m., 20 mile Free-for-All.  
3rd Race, 5 p.m., 20 mile Handicap, International Motor Boat Race, open to boats making 15 miles and over

All races will be over a triangular course, 5 miles around the triangle. It is the intention that the signal for the return in the Bang-and Go-Back race will be given when the fastest boat has completed the five miles.

The Royal Hamilton Yacht Club and the Centennial Aquatic Committee are working together on the races, and visiting motor boats and yachts will be welcome at the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club.

The Committee in charge of the races are:

Mr. H. B. Greening

Mr. D. P. Brown

Mr. W. G. Smart, Chairman; Rear-Commodore R. H. Y. C.

For some time the need of steps being taken to increase and conserve the fish of Charleston Lake has been recognized, but no definite action was taken until a few days ago, when at a meeting held in the office of J. P. Lamb and Son an association was formed. The following officers were elected.

Hon. Pres.—Hon. W. T. White, J. R. Dargavel, M.P.P., and A. E. Donovan, M. P. P.

Pres.—J. H. Sexton, M. A.

Vice-Pres.—Joseph Thompson.

Sec'y-Treas.—L. Glenn Earl.

Executive—W. G. Parish, John Watson, E. C. Tribute, S. C. A. Lamb.

One of the first matters to receive attention is the installation of a fish way at the outlet. On invitation, Mr. Jas. S. Hurst, Dominion Inspector of Fisheries, Belleville, visited the lake recently, and under the pilotage of Mr. S. C. A. Lamb, went to the outlet and inspected the dam. He found below the dam a large number of bass apparently anxious to go up higher and was informed by the caretaker of the dam that this is the normal condition. The massing of fish at this point the inspector regarded as constituting a great temptation to fish pirates. He said he had never visited a point more sorely in need of a fishway, and he will strongly impress upon the department at Ottawa the importance of installing this improvement at once.

Mr. Hurst was greatly impressed with the beauty of the lake and said he had not found its equal in the province.

Correspondence has been had with Mr. Kelly Evans, Provincial Secretary of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association, who has promised to come and address a meeting, at which the local association will be fully organized and by-laws adopted.

The Curtiss Aeroplane Company and the Burgess Company and Curtis are being supplied with Jeffreys Marine Glue which is highly recommended for waterproofing canvas coverings of flying boats. It not only waterproofs and preserves the canvas but attaches it to the wood, and with a coat of paint once a year will last as long as the boat. Messrs. L. W. Ferdinand and Co., 201 South St., Boston, Mass. are the sole agents and im-

porters for the different brands of Jeffreys Glue and will be pleased to answer any enquiries in regard to material and furnish samples of any grades.

Winner of the championship of a country extending through many degrees of latitude is E. B. Allan of Port Elgin N. B. who captured the title when he broke 342 clay birds out of a possible 400, using a Remington pump gun and Nitro Club speed shells at the Maritime Province Amateur Trapshooting Tournament held in St. John, N. B., on June 3-5. At this meet E. G. White, who also shot a Remington pump gun led the professionals scoring 371 out of a possible 400.

This Spring Henry Ford, the well known manufacturer of automobiles, imported 500 song birds from England which were given their liberty on Mr. Ford's farm near Detroit, Mich. Included among the birds were larks, linnets, brilliant yellow-hammers, thrushes, green finches, bull finches, jays, chaffinches, and red polls. Mr. Ford is an ardent lover of bird life and has a splendid bird refuge some distance from Detroit where a vast number of these feathered creatures are protected and cared for.

Every spring thousands of migrating birds are dashed to death on the lighthouses that surround the British coasts.

A Dutch naturalist has invented a contrivance to prevent this destruction, and experiments are being made with it at the lighthouses at St. Catherine's, on the coast of the Isle of Wight, and the Caskets, in the English Channel. Both of these are on the principal migration route, and annually account for the loss of great numbers of birds.

The naturalist takes the view that the birds are not stunned or killed by the impact with the lantern, but are attracted to the light, and keep circling about it until they perish. He accordingly has devised a series of resting-places, which fit on the lantern itself.

Experiments already conducted show the value of this invention, in one instance reducing the mortality from thousands of birds nightly to a hundred during the whole migration period.

Those sportsmen who are at a loss to decide where to go for their next fall hunting trip would do well to read the very entertaining booklet recently issued by the Intercolonial Railway which is entitled "Hunting in New Brunswick." This book presents, in graphically written story form, the experiences of a satisfied hunter who filled his limit days before the expiry of his hunting trip, and had besides, a right good time among the forests and hills of New Brunswick, which offers some of the finest territory for big game hunting to be had in the Maritime Provinces, or in the whole of Canada. Interesting information is also given as to methods of big game hunting, the best places to go, guides, outfitting, etc., and some splendid illustrations add to the attractive



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Every step in film development becomes simple, easy, understandable with a

## KODAK FILM TANK

No dark-room, no tediously acquired skill—and better results than were possible by the old methods. It's an important link in the Kodak System of "Photography with the bother left out."

*The Experience is in the Tank*

*Our little booklet, "Tank Development," free at your dealers or by mail*

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,

TORONTO

appearance of this booklet, which may be obtained free on application to the Advertising Dept., I. C. R., Moncton, N. B., if mention is made of this notice in ROD AND GUN.

Dewey Wilson of Sherman Road, Elgin, N. B., had a narrow escape from being killed by a vicious moose. Wilson, who is about fifteen years old, was hunting cows with his dog and when travelling through some small bushes he heard his dog bark, he went to see what was the cause, thinking that it might be the cows. To his surprise, he was met by a large bull moose, which made for him and as there were no large trees near he quickly climbed a small poplar bush and in so doing barely escaped the angry moose. The moose roared and bellowed at the foot of the tree and when the dog set upon it, and bit the moose's heels it struck out viciously and kicked the dog. Meantime Wilson was very uncomfortable as he was only about two feet above the moose's head and had to balance himself for fear the tree, which was a small one, would break. For about half an hour the moose kept him a prisoner, then it went away and Wilson came down and continued on his journey after the cows.

While walking through the woods in Albert County about five miles from Moncton, N. B., two young boys, named Hayward and Constable came across a dead tree which had quite a large hole in it, and which had evidently been dug out by some animal. Their curiosity being aroused, they went closer to the tree and on further inspection found two small animals which they brought out and placed in a bag and brought them to the city. They were two wild cats.

The youthful hunters were quite elated over their prize and when asked if they wanted to sell them, they stated that they were not for sale, but they intended to keep them and would go back to the woods in the summer and try to trap their parents.

The animals were just about the size of an ordinary kitten, only they had very big claws, and were apparently not over five days old. They were a dark mottled color.

Mr. Henry Lawrence of Edmonton, Alta., writes that he had some good shooting in his neighborhood last Fall, having had partridge for dinner nearly every day during October. In the Spring of 1913 ducks seemed plentiful in the vicinity of the city, quite a few having been seen by Mr. Lawrence within city limits, which augers well for the Fall shooting.

High up in the Cascade mountains, 275 miles west of Spokane, far from any habitation of humans, was fought a battle to the death between a trapped lynx and a band of coyotes. A. Anderson, a hunter and trapper who knows his Cascades like a book, had set one of his most powerful traps far up in the mountains in the hope of catching a large lynx he knew to be in the neighborhood. Four days later he returned and found mute evidence of a deadly fight. The trap had done its duty well, for it still held the foot and part

of the hide of the big lynx. Scattered about in the snow were bits of gray fur and patches of frozen blood, indicating that the trapped and cornered lynx had given the coyotes a fierce battle. The snow had been trampled by many feet, convincing the trapper that the coyotes had rallied in numbers to the attack. Whether the lynx, handicapped as he was, had killed any of his foes could not be ascertained. If he had the bodies had been devoured. Anderson found enough of the lynx left to exhibit to the county auditor and to secure the \$5 bounty. The pelt was chewed so badly as to be worthless.

"The balance of nature is so upset in this district, (Dryden, Ont)" writes Mr. A. E. de Hurst in a recent issue of the Canadian Forestry Journal, "that where there should be thousands of grouse, there are only dozens. The natural increase is barely sufficient to keep pace with their destruction by their various four-footed foes, without counting the pot hunters." Mr. de Hurst bespeaks for the Canadian Forestry Association the hearty backing of all true Canadians in any scheme the Association may undertake for the conservation of forest areas and in the course of an article on the necessity of safeguarding the farms of the northern district of Ontario from fire, remarks that one point that should not be overlooked in this important question is the birds which are destroyed in quantities during their breeding time by the forest fires that are so frequent in districts.

A Branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association was recently formed at Athens, Ont., with Mr. L. Glenn Earl as secretary.

The question of the value of artificial hatcheries in preserving the fisheries resources of the Great Lakes is one that is very much to the front at the present time. Although considerable work of this character is now being done by the Dominion Government at Point Edward, Sandwich and elsewhere, there is room for much further effort in this respect and at the last session of the House Mr. Oliver Wilcox, member for North Essex, placed upon the order paper of the House of Commons a resolution in favor of an extension of the hatcheries system on the Great Lakes. The question is one to which the Canadian Government is likely to give special attention, probably at next session of Parliament, as it would undoubtedly have done this session had there not been such a pressure of business that had to take first place.

Mackerel are plentiful on the Nova Scotia coast and on June 6th what was said to be the largest quantity in three years was secured east of Halifax. The schooner Edith Adele came in to Halifax with 9,000. The Rising Sun came next with 7,000, while other schooners made special hauls. At Canso Captain McKenzie was high liner with 15,000, Julia Opp had 8,000 and the Ella May also fared well. Thirty-five Gloucester schooners

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being inaugurated this season, will prove attractive. This sort of camp is new to the "Highlands of Ontario." It consists of log cabins constructed in groups in the heart of the wilds comfortably furnished with modern conveniences, such as baths—hot and cold water always available.

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were also out after mackerel. One of them, the Mary T. Fallon, had stocked 14,000 when she had to run into port to land a sick seaman.

A shipment consisting of 25,000 grey or lake salmon was sent from the Newcastle hatchery to Twin Lake, near New Liskeard, Ont. in May last. Mr. A. M. McKenzie who was in charge of the shipment said that they would grow to the weight of from two to three pounds in two years and when full grown would weigh about 12 pounds.

Mr. Drappo of Cobalt obtained two bears within two days on the Wabi Creek between Moose Lake and George Lake. The first bear was the largest and weighed about 500 pounds. The pelts of both were in good condition considering the time of year (May).

Where the wild duck nests, in the long grass along the historic Hillman creek, writes a London, Ont. correspondent there comes a story that is of interest to students of natural history. Standing in his shanty door, Jack Tyne, a veteran fisherman, noticed a duck leave her nest very suddenly, as though disturbed by a creeping or crawling creature of some sort. He at once investigated, and there, coiled around the nest, which contained eight eggs, was a huge spotted snake, known locally as the "wamper," which are found in large numbers along the sandy wastes of the east beach of Point Pelee. Mr. Tyne secured a stout club and dispatched the reptile, which measured over six feet. The question arises, did the snake take possession for the purpose of devouring the eggs or hatching the young? Several cases of a similar nature have been reported by marsh residents.

Messrs. Robson and Lee, fishermen of Leamington, Ont., are reported to have caught a record herring in one of their hauls, the fish weighing 11½ pounds. A few days previous another fisherman caught one of the same species which weighed six pounds. The fish were distinctly herring, with the exception of the mouth, which showed a little of the whitefish.

Mrs. Marshall of Kingston, Ont., was fishing off the Waterwork's dock when she landed a pike weighing 8 lbs, and 27 inches in length.

It is seldom that game is so plentiful in the vicinity of Ottawa that deer are found swimming in the Ottawa River. Such seems to have been the case however in June last when a resident of Gatineau Point saw a deer run out from a bush near Gilmour and Hughson's mills and take to the water, swimming out into the current. He immediately enlisted the services of a boat, and armed with a stick, proceeded to intercept the animal. It seems that he hit it on the head with the stick and was successful in bringing his prey to the bank.

Two carloads of live, black bass were shipped from Port Dover, Ont., to Northern

points by authority of the Ontario Government in May last.

Bears were plentiful in the vicinity of Cranbrook, B. C. this Spring. Two fine specimens of grizzlies and a black bear were secured by Messrs. Wm. Rankin, Bull River and G. Longpre of Kingsgate. The grizzly skins were pronounced by the Cranbrook taxidermist to be the finest ever received there.

A cat owned by A. J. Carter of Kingsville Ont., after losing seven of her litter of eight kittens, adopted a young red fox, the surviving one of three born at Mr. Carter's. The kitten and the adopted member of the family when last heard of were getting along amicably and enjoying many a good frolic together.

Bert Girardin, a one-armed hunter and trapper of Point Pelee, claimed the record muskrat of the season which closed on May 1st last. After the pelt was taken from the animal the carcass weighed six pounds. This same hunter told of coming across the trail of a "mossback" turtle, which, when measured had a spread of over 16 inches. He also reported that crows were robbing the nests of English pheasants placed there a few years ago by members of the Game Protective Association of South Essex.

While on a trip to Algonquin Park in May last Dr. Skinner of Guelph caught among other "good ones" a grey trout which measured 33 inches and weighed 17 lbs. He has had the specimen mounted.

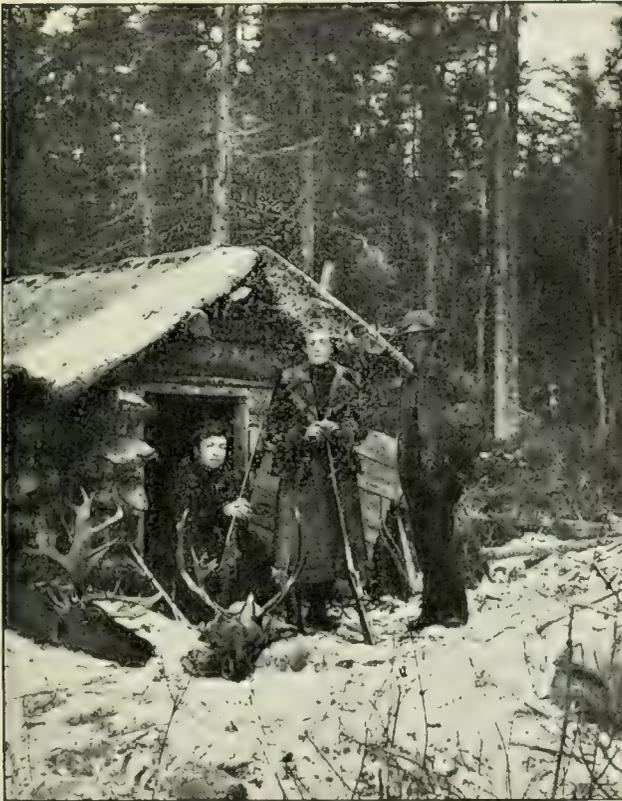
This Spring a consignment of black bass were transferred to Silver Lake near Port Dover. There were some splendid specimens in the lot which will prove of great future value if the sluggish and hungry carp do not destroy the spaw, as some interested in the Lake suggest may happen if steps are not taken to rid the lake of the carp.

A Haliburton county man, Mr. Wesley Bacon of Furnace Falls, climbed up a tree and caught a fine young bear, which he took home with him and adopted for the time being. The young Teddy seemed quite pleased with his new surroundings.

Mud, Clear, Bass and Sasaginaga lakes in the vicinity of Cobalt have been stocked with black bass fry. Application for speckled trout was made to the Ontario department through R. T. Shillington, M.L.A. but the department being unable to handle this fish advised the board to apply through Hon. Frank Cochrane in the Dominion House. Mr. Shillington however made arrangements whereby a quantity of black bass fry, which was being sent north by the government, would be taken off at Cobalt and placed in the lakes. The speckled trout fry will be delivered later from one of the Dominion Government fisheries.

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The unique series of log cabins with main lodge that has been erected during the past year by the Grand Trunk System on Smoke Lake in the Algonquin National Park of Ontario, has been completed and opened for guests on June 25th. Mr. H. R. Charlton, General Advertising Agent of the Grand Trunk System recently returned from the District and is enthusiastic over this new feature inaugurated in a Canadian Summer Resort District for the first time.

The camp is built entirely of cedar logs has accommodation in the several cabins and the main lodge for 70 people; is plainly but most comfortably furnished—bathrooms in each cabin, with hot and cold water and is situated in the centre of one of the finest fishing districts in America.

The camp will be run in connection with the "Highland Inn" the Grand Trunk Hotel, seven miles distant and guests will be able to reach their destination from Algonquin Park Station, either by carriage or canoe.

Indications point to a large increase in traffic to the Algonquin Park this year and it behooves those who desire to secure accommodation, to write to the Manager of the Highland Inn, either for rooms at the hotel or the camp at an early date, addressing him at Algonquin Park Station, Ont.

The altitude of the territory is 2,000 feet above the sea level.

Eleven live beavers from Algonquin Park were received this Spring at the Riverdale Park Zoo, Toronto. Beavers being so plentiful at Algonquin Park as to require thinning out the Government sold them to Toronto at \$30 a pair. Toronto sent six of the beavers to Dublin in exchange for two lion cubs valued at \$500. The Dublin Zoo is noted for the fine lions it raises.

A year old doe was captured by men working at Haileybury shipyards and adopted as a pet by the men. The deer came down over the hill to Lake Temiscaming and then struck off into the lake worried by several dogs. Men went out in a row-boat and managed to capture the animal which was brought to shore. It is seldom that red deer are caught in the north country, says a Haileyburyian, as they do not care to venture too far from the lower parts of the district of Nipissing and while deer have been seen in and around Haileybury for several years, they are by no means common.

During the month of May the district game wardens and members of the R.N.W.M.P., carrying out instructions from headquarters, kept a sharp lookout for infractions of the game laws in the vicinity of Oxbow, Maple Creek and other districts in Saskatchewan, where beaver are found. Their alertness resulted in several convictions being reported. In one case, a farmer from Frobisher was found to have three beaver pelts in his possession, which had been taken without permit. In the other case, G. Yager, a fur buyer for a Brandon firm, was smartly captured just as he boarded the train with a parcel of

four skins. He is said to have boasted that the game guardians would never catch him, and after recovering from the surprise of being apprehended was the first to congratulate the district game warden upon his prowess. In both cases the defendants were fined \$50.00 and costs.

It seems folly for farmers to trap and dispose of beaver skins illegally when the department is willing to grant a permit upon certain conditions if the beaver are found to be troublesome and doing damage to property. Skins taken under permit are sold by the department and fetch a much better price than that given by travelling fur buyers. As a case in point, one dealer that only paid \$2.00 each for three beaver pelts is cited, whereas the market price for good skins at that time was \$7.00 to \$10.00 per pelt. F. Bradshaw is the acting Chief Game Guardian and will furnish particulars to anyone interested.

The captain of the life-saving station at Point Pelee, Ont., while picking a few morels, which grew in profusion in the vicinity of the station, in order to give the members of the crew a treat, came across a large blue serpent coiled at the butt of a dead oak. The reptile was dispatched and measured seven feet.

The record flight of a homing pigeon from Rio Janeiro Brazil is reported by Stephen Krupa of Jeannette, Pa. Last April Krupa shipped "Sunny Jim" and two other racing pigeons to a Rio Janeiro fancier who liberated them in the public square of that city on May 8th. "Sunny Jim" put in an appearance at Jeannette on June 24th last after forty-eight days' flight. Krupa declares that a pigeon never before 'homed' from a point below the Equator. On several occasions continental and American fanciers have shipped homing pigeons, he says, to distant points in Africa and South America, but no bird heretofore has been able to make its way through the Equatorial regions on account of the extreme heat. The air line distance from Rio Janeiro to the city of Jeannette is said to be about 4,200 miles, nearly half of the distance being over water.

A perfect specimen of okapi, the only one in the western hemisphere, has been exposed to view in the National Museum. The okapi is the latest discovery in the animal kingdom, in which scientists believed discovery had been exhausted. The strange animal was found by Sir Harry Johnston, the British Governor of Uganda, in the African Congo region, and was purchased for the museum in London. The price paid for the specimen is not given, but it is understood to have been heavy.

The animal is a peculiar looking specimen. With a frame somewhat like that of a horse, it sports zebra stripes, has the ears of the mule and an elongated neck like that of a giraffe.

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# Notes On Foxes and Other Fur Bearers

It is reported that a great fur farm may be established at Banff in Canada's great national park. A Prince Edward Island firm has come forward with the idea, which has received the consideration of the park authorities. The plan is to make the farm attractive as well as remunerative. The animals will be housed in the most approved cages and under the most sanitary conditions. They will be of easy access by the hundreds of tourists that daily visit the national park during the summer season, it is promised. The animals that the eastern company propose to stock the farm with are beaver, mink, muskrat, 'coon, buffalo, sable, bear, leopard and caracul. The animals when they have reached the right age for their furs will be killed and their pelts secured.

Alexander Loolett of Edmonton, and J. Boucher of Toronto, representing the Great West Fur Company, are making their annual trip to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave lake to carry supplies to the various outposts between Athabasca Landing and the hinterland. They expect to return early in September with last season's fur catch. The entire trip, covering fully 2,000 miles, will be made in scows, manned by Indian and 'breed pilots. It is reported that the fur season was highly successful, the catch including a half dozen prized fox pelts. Loolett, who was born at Fort Chipewyan and educated in the Edmonton schools, knows the north country, having been interpreter at various posts during the last 17 years. Boucher is taking the place of E. Brown, who formerly made the trip for the company.

Eighteen hundred dollars is the amount C. A. Kirkling, a fur hunter in the hinterland of Alberta, received for a pure black fox skin. The catch was made north of the 55th parallel. Kirkling was formerly a resident of Lethbridge, Alta.

G. B. Davis, explorer for J. H. Akins, Dominion land surveyor, who returned some time ago with his party of 20 men from a point 450 miles north of Edmonton, where they had been running base lines, said that the country abounds with fur-bearing animals, including bear, beaver, marten and fox. There are few white settlers in the district. Davis, who has been in the north six years, said he has worked for periods of four and five months without seeing a white person outside of the members of the party.

Ernest B. Fleming, who was stationed in northern Alberta for six years as representative of the Hudson's Bay Company, said in the course of an interview in Edmonton some time ago that while the fur industry in the north is not dying out, there are some trappers who have no consideration for those who come after them.

"Naturally," he said, "the animals are being driven farther north. Civilization is creeping toward them and their haunts are rapidly being settled on by farmers. To show how swift this has been I might mention that when I first saw Athabasca Landing there were only 13 houses; freight was hauled in by trail from Edmonton, from 175 to 200 teams being employed in freighting the stuff to the Landing, whence it was shipped to various parts of the north.

"During the last few months there have been remarkable changes. Now the freight is hauled in by trains and we have passenger service from Edmonton to the Landing every second day. Athabasca has now a population of 2,000, and a transient population of about 5,000. Hundreds of thousands of tons of freight are, at the Landing awaiting shipment to the north.

"All along the waterways of the Peace River small towns are springing up and there are now ten ships, some capable of carrying 150 tons of freight and 300 passengers. A new industry has been opened up and tons of white fish are now shipped from Athabasca to the towns on the prairies. Lesser Slave lake teems with the finest quality of white fish and hitherto there was no way of marketing the catch. In the opinion of many old-timers there, it would take years to deplete the stock of fish in the lake and this is an industry that should yield a handsome profit.

"In the north the Hudson's Bay Company continues to barter and trade with the redskins and trappers and last year's catch of fur has been estimated at millions of dollars. The silver fox continues to be the most valuable pelt but on the smaller animals there is always a good profit and the ferts are kept busy all the year round. The furs are trailed south to the Landing, and shipped direct to London, England. It may not be generally known but none of the fur taken by the Hudson's Bay Company is placed on the local markets, all being shipped to London."

Announcement is made in Edmonton that the governor and committee of the Hudson's Bay Company have granted the request of R. H. Hall, fur trade commissioner, for retirement and superannuation, terminating his services on May 31. Hall joined the company in 1872 and served in various points in British Columbia until 1891, when he was promoted to the post of general manager of the territory. He was sent to Saskatchewan in 1901, remaining nine years, when he was promoted to the position of fur trade commissioner with headquarters in Winnipeg.

Ontario fox farms are to be found at Wyoming, Thamesville, Bothwell, Dutton, St. Catharines, Grand Valley, Middleville, Arnprior, Ballinafad, Strathroy and on Silver Island, near Port Arthur.

# “WHERE TO FISH”



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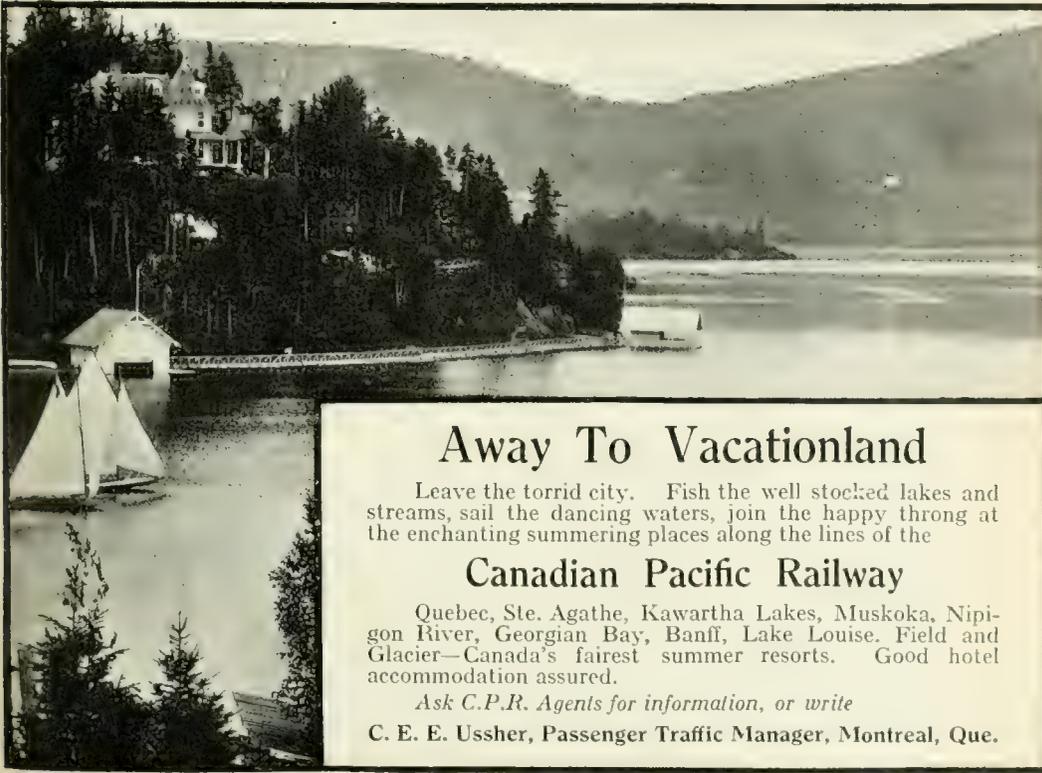
Think of the northern part of Algonquin National Park with its hundreds of lakes, teeming with fish.

Or think of the virgin territory north of Lake Superior that rivals the famous Nipigon waters for trout fishing.

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To fully answer the question, “Where to Fish”? a splendid little brochure has been issued by the Passenger Dept. Write for free copy.

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C. E. E. Ussher, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.

Mr. Sam Lucas of Wyoming writes us that he has raised a great number of skunks and that his experience goes to prove that they are easy to raise. Mr. Lucas advises he has raised large families—as many as eight in number—in small places with 5 x 3 foot sleeping places, and a space behind the sleeping places 18 inches by 3 feet, though it is better to provide larger quarters as the animals become too fat in the small ones. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton visited Mr. Lucas' ranch and weighed one of his skunks which tipped the scales at 10½ pounds. This is a little fat for breeding purposes, Mr. Lucas says. "I always take the males from the females before they have their young," writes Mr. Lucas. "They mate from the first of March until May. They only breed once a year, that is to say our skunks do though the Southern skunks breed twice a year, in May and in August. Both Northern and Southern skunks breed from one year old and on until they are eight and nine years old and they may breed older than that but my experience does not extend farther than nine years.

"Their food comprises fresh meats, such as liver heads and other cheap parts of animals to be obtained in slaughter houses, chickens or old hens too aged to be desirable for human food, carcasses of rabbits or other animals kept on the general farm or trapped in the woods, fish, frogs and grubs. I have fed mine nearly all summer on bread and sweet milk and a very little meat. The female should be fed well when raising young or she may devour them".

"Killing the animals for their fur should be done in September. Keep the best black for breeding.

"The musk glands should be removed when the skunks are three weeks old, when they are out and walking around. I have done it when a month old and so far I have never had any die from the operation."

Mr. Ed. Inglehart, near Dutton, Ont., has a number of skunk in a small enclosure and John Downham, Strathroy, Blake Vanatter, Ballinafad, Sam. Lucas, Wyoming, all specialize in live wild animals.

The London Fur Sales take place quarterly in October, January, March and June. In conjunction with the lesser sales at Paris, Berlin and Leipsic they regulate the prices the world over.

Messrs. Kennedy Bros. of Tofield, Alta., have a ranch in Prince Edward Island and intend to establish another ranch in Alberta.

Messrs. Kennedy state that the large shipments of the early summer which were made from Alberta where the foxes are procured from trappers who dig them out of their holes while the young are still in the nest, has had the effect of lowering prices somewhat, but they expect that the market for the best specimens will be good for some time to come.

They have secured four acres of land in the Tofield district and will stock it with ten

pairs of good black foxes. J. D. Kennedy stated that while the foxes now being produced in Prince Edward Island were better furred than the wild foxes caught in Alberta, that was the result of breeding and careful selection. He thought Alberta was just as well suited to the successful raising of foxes as was Prince Edward Island, and he expected to see the breeding of foxes a considerable business in Alberta.

During May and June more live foxes were shipped through Saskatoon, Sask. than for many years. Over \$100,000 worth of live foxes were shipped from the northwest to the east via Saskatoon inside of one month, says a despatch from that place.

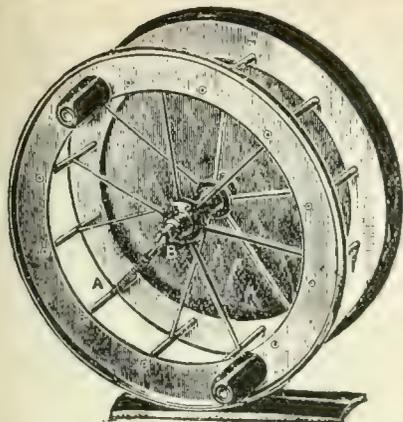
Mr. Geo. Borrowman, son of Thomas L. Borrowman of Wyoming made a trip to Edmonton in June last where he made a big deal with a black fox dealer who trades directly with the Indians in the far north land.

Out of 69 specimens two were selected, which Mr. Borrowman bought and brought home. These were sold later to a Prince Edward Island man for the sum of \$10,000, and shipped to that province.

Mr. Robt. Bond, of Macaulay, whose farm is but a few miles from Parry Sound, Ont., shot a big silver grey wolf, which measured six feet three inches from nose to tip of tail. It is surprising that such a large wolf would be so close to town, but Mr. Bond believed it to be one of a large pack that had been destroying sheep in that neighborhood.

The amendment to the clause in the new tariff bill prohibiting the importation of wild birds' plumage for milliners' use before the United States Senate provides that the feather trade shall have the right to import the feathers of all birds killed as "game" for food, and all birds killed because they are pests. Prof. Hornaday in commenting on this points out that in case this amendment prevails and is finally enacted into law it will mean that 2,342 species of birds, a list of which has been prepared by him, will be left subject to slaughter by the head-hunters of the feather trade.

The DuPont Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., has opened a school for the purpose of promoting trap shooting among women and following the development of interest among women in this sport has organized a separate club to be known as the Nemours Gun Club. Women officers were appointed and shoots are held every Wednesday afternoon at the DuPont Gun Club grounds. The upper balcony of the club-house is fitted up with comfortable chairs for visitors and both prospective members and spectators are invited to attend. Prizes and money amounting to about \$150 have made it possible for the management to award three merchandise prizes each week to the shooters making the highest scores in their respective classes.



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# Lake Temagami and Its Islands

Although from time to time Rod and Gun has contained much information relative to the Temagami region the articles containing same have been more or less scattered throughout various issues. For the benefit of those who may contemplate a visit to this delightful National Park we present herewith something more in the nature of a condensed summary believing that such cannot fail to be of interest and value.

In 1894 the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines had an accurate survey made of the shore line and all the islands in Lake Temagami. It was found that there were 1257 islands in the lake, some of which are mere islets containing less than one tenth of an acre. The largest island in the lake is Temagami Island containing 1326 acres. The next in size is Bear Island, containing 710 acres and High Rock Island, containing 500 acres.

The lake has a shore line of 450 miles, an extreme length from north to south of 35 miles and from east to west of 20 miles. The shore line is very irregular, indented with many small and large bays. The lake is entirely within the limits of the Temagami Forest Reserve, the land along the shore including the islands being covered with a virgin forest chiefly pine, spruce, balsam and poplar. Up to the present time no timber has been cut on the islands or along the shore of said lake. It is all in the Crown.

In 1905 regulations were made whereby the islands in said lake could be leased for a term of twenty-one years, the annual rental to be \$20.00 for islands containing half an acre or any smaller area and \$3.00 for every acre or fraction of an acre additional.

The islands in the lake are nearly all well wooded with pine and other timber. The

shores are not very rugged and suitable camping grounds or building sites are to be found on nearly every island. There are very few places in Ontario where as much virgin pine can be seen as around the shores of this lake in a few days paddling.

The Temagami Steamboat and Hotel Company who operate three hotels, three outfitting stores and a fleet of six steamboats, has made this unspoiled wilderness accessible to everyone. For those who wish to rough it there is the canoe, the tent and the unexplored wilderness. For those who prefer not to rough it there are the hotels and permanent camps.

The hotel Ronnoco is situated at Temagami Station and furnishes accommodation for 100 guests. Fifteen miles down the Northwest Arm lies Temagami Inn with accommodation for 100 guests also, and seventeen miles farther on from Temagami Inn is the Lady Evelyn Hotel, the largest and finest of the chain. Here the visitor will find all the comforts of the best city hotel.

On Island 1147, the Keewaydin Club of the city of New York, have their head quarters and six buildings and tents for the boys. From there the boys are taken on canoe trips throughout the Forest Reserve in parties of eight or ten with one of the staff as instructor and Indian guides. This camp has been in existence for the last ten years. It has over 200 boys and employs from 25 to 30 guides.

From Lake Temagami canoe trips are taken north into Diamond or Lady Evelyn Lake, a lake almost as beautiful in many respects as Temagami. The fishing in both these lakes is excellent.

Mr. A. L. Cochrane of Upper Canada College has also a summer camp for Upper Canada College Boys on island 758.

## Alpine Club Notes

Miss L. A. DeBeck, secretary of the Vancouver section of the Club and an enthusiastic climber, writes entertainingly of the good times some of their members have been having. "We have about twenty mountains here within a day and a half's travel from Vancouver," she says, "but it does not seem enough. We have climbed them all several times and most of them from several different sides. We are sorry that more of the Alpine Club members cannot come here and climb with us, that is the ones who love the mountains for climbing's sake, and if you hear of any of them coming to the coast please tell them that we shall be proud to take them up our mountains and show them what we in Vancouver have to be thankful for."

Miss DeBeck encloses a list of climbs for 1913 starting with May 24th and ending with September 7th. If the schedule is adhered to eleven of these climbs will have taken place before this issue of ROD AND GUN is ready for mailing. Subsequent ones for which arrangements will be made include the ascent of

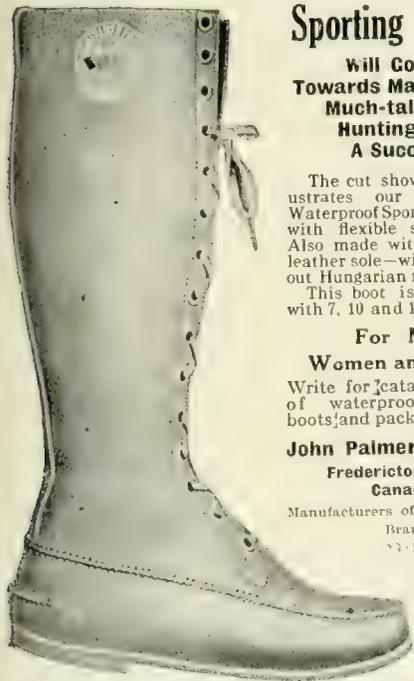
Mt. Baker (Aug. 9 and 10), The Lions (Aug. 16 and 17), White Mountain and Cathedral (Aug. 23 and 24), Mt. Garibaldi (Aug. 30, 31 and Sept. 1), the peak north of Mt. Seymour (Sept. 6 and 7).

The Fernie Alpine Club, whose membership is steadily increasing, held its first annual meeting on June 11th, 1913 and decided to arrange a camp to be held the second or third week in August. The camp is open to all friends and well wishers of the Alpine Club and promises a splendid holiday in the heart of the mountains.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. Pres., Mr. H. M. Whimster; Pres., Dr. Harold Anderson; Sec. Treas., Mr. H. Liphardt; Executive, Miss Hogan, Miss Mott, Mrs. Harold Anderson, Messrs. Francis White, Norman Suddaby, Harold White, Willis Ross.

Fernie members of the Alpine Club of Canada expect to climb the Crows Nest during the summer.

# Palmer's Moose Head Brand Sporting Boots



**Will Go Far  
Towards Making That  
Much-talked-of  
Hunting Trip  
A Success**

The cut shown here illustrates our Knee-High Waterproof Sporting Boot—with flexible sewed sole. Also made with full sole leather sole—with or without Hungarian nails.

This boot is also made with 7, 10 and 14 inch legs.

**For Men  
Women and Boys**

Write for catalogue "R", of waterproof sporting boots and packs.

**John Palmer Co., Ltd.  
Fredericton, N.B.  
Canada**

Manufacturers of Moose Head Brand Waterproof Footwear

# "Bristol" Bait Rods

Man alive, get into a boat this summer and fish 'em. That's a vacation for you—full of thrills and health. He "strikes"; the fight is on—whirr! psst! biff!—he's a demon to "land."

You'll appreciate a rod that will stand the "gaff." The "BRISTOL" No. 11 will do it. It is an 8½ ft. steel bait rod that has given satisfaction to some users for 20 years. Another "beauty" is No. 34 adjustable telescopic bait rod that measures 9 ft. in action and comes down to 33 in. For muscalonge and deep sea fishing "BRISTOL" Nos. 21 and 22 will delight you

All "BRISTOLS" are guaranteed three years. If your dealer can't supply you, write us. Send for new

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32 Horton Street

Bristol, Conn.



## Specially Appointed Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers To His Majesty King George V.

**PRICES OF TWO  
USEFUL TROUT  
OUTFITS**

(1) 9 to 12 ft. cane built Trout or Bass Rod, 3 piece, 2 tops, pat. lockfast joints, cork handle, improved fittings, agate butt and end rings—£4.19.0 or \$24.11. 3-8 contracted "Perfect" Reel with Agate Line Guard £2; or \$9.74. Double Taper "Corona" Line 35 yards, 15|- or \$3.65. In all \$37.50.

(2) 9 to 12 ft. cane built 2 piece "Perfection" Trout or Bass Rod, suction joint agate butt end rings, cork handle with pat. Screw grip, £3.2.6 or \$15.22. 3-8 "Unique" Reel 18/6 or \$4.50. 30 yds. D. T. Tournament line 8/6 or \$2.7. In all \$21.79.

SEND CASH COVERING ORDER, BALANCE CAN BE ADJUSTED.

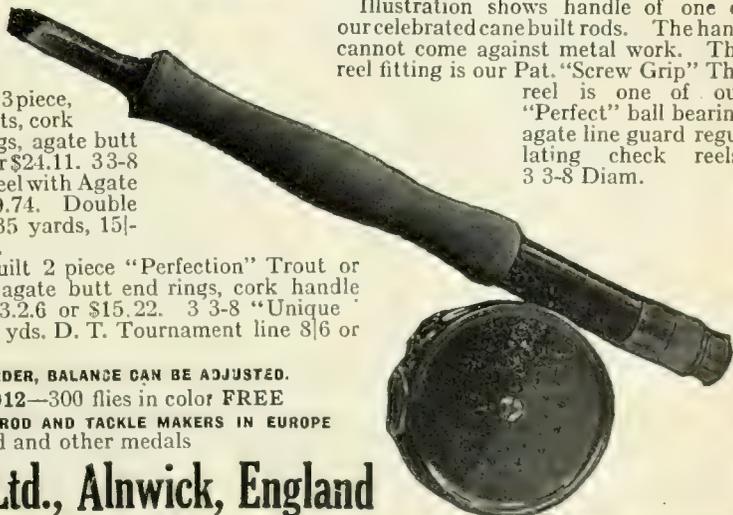
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Illustration shows handle of one of our celebrated cane built rods. The hand cannot come against metal work. The reel fitting is our Pat. "Screw Grip" The reel is one of our "Perfect" ball bearing agate line guard regulating check reels, 3 3-8 Diam.





# THE TRAP



Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.

## TOURNAMENT DATES.

July 23rd-24th.—Saskatchewan Indian Gun Club at Ft. Qu'Appelle, Sask. F. A. Dunk, Fort Qu'Appelle.  
August 11th to 14th.—Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Tournament at Hamilton, D. A. Wilson, 48 Holton Ave., S., Hamilton, Sec.  
September 10th-11th.—Tilsonburg Registered Tournament. S. G. Vance, Sec'y., Tilsonburg, Ont.

## Second Annual Maritime Province Trap Shooting Association Tournament, St. John, N. B.

The First Money back Tournament in the Maritime Provinces was held on June 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th. The weather was fine throughout the shoot. About forty-five shooters were present, the scores given including only those who shot throughout a whole day or the three days' regular events.

Seven professionals were present, as follows:

E. G. White, Dupont Co., who won High Average Professional Cup; J. S. Boa, Dominion Cartridge Co., 2nd High Average; W. B. Darter, Marlin Arms Mfg. Co.; F. M. Fay, J. Stevens Arms Co.; P. E. Osborne, Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; W. Andrews, Remington U. M. C. Co.; W. S. Hare, Nobel's Explosives Ltd.

Next year's tournament will be held in Amherst, N. S. which is more centrally located and will probably bring out a larger crowd.

\$150 surplus money was divided among the high guns.

There were 43 Prizes on the Miss and Out trap, quite a number of those taking part winning two or more, according to amount of shooting done and scores.

### St. John Gun Club.

	Total Shot at	Total Score
E. B. Allen, Port Elgin, N. B., High Average for three days. Won Silver Cup Championship, Maritime Provinces.....	400	342
Angus McArthur, Picton, N. S., 2nd High Avg. 3 days. Won Silver Cup for this.....	400	330
R. B. H. Davison, Amherst, N. S., 3rd High Avg. 3 days.....	400	325
E. B. Allen, Port Elgin, won Magee Silver Cup for High Score in First Event, First Day.....	15	15
E. B. Allen, Port Elgin, High Average 1st Day. Silver Cup.....	150	135
J. T. Egan, Halifax, N. S., 2nd High Avg. 1st day. Silver Cup.....	150	127
F. J. Shreve, St. John, N. B., highest Avg., 2nd day. Silver Cup.....	150	128
R. B. H. Davison, Amherst, N. S., 2nd High Avg., 2nd day. Silver Cup.....	150	128
Shot at Broke		
Ties were shot off, Shreve winning 20 15		
Davison..... 20 15		
J. A. McLauchlan, Halifax, N. S., High Avg., 3rd day. Silver Cup.....	100	92
John Gillis, St. John, N. S., High Avg., 3rd day. Silver Cup.....	100	83
R. B. H. Davison, Amherst, N. S., won Long Run Cup, 42 straight.		
Col. J. L. McAvity, St. John, N. B., won 2nd Long Run Cup, 25 straight.		
2 Man Team.—Dominion Cartridge Co. Shield.		
Won by Port Elgin Gun Club.		
E. B. Allen and Fred Magee.		
3 Man Team.—Silver Cup.		
Won by Port Elgin Gun Club.		
E. B. Allen, Fred Magee, C. B. Copp.		
5 Man Team.—Silver Cup.		
T. J. Egan, T. C. B. Gue, J. A. McLauchlan, H. D. Romans, S. E. McInnis.		
R. B. H. Davison, Amherst, N. S., won \$15 in gold for longest run on Miss and Out Merchandise Shoot, breaking 23 straight.		

## Preliminary Day (June 2nd)

	Total Shot at	Total Score
W. J. Donkin.....	100	52
J. A. McLauchlan.....	100	80
W. E. Baxter.....	100	57
T. C. B. Gue.....	80	66
T. J. Allen, 4 events.....	100	42
H. D. Romans.....	100	63
R. B. H. Davison.....	100	74
G. E. McInnis.....	100	72
C. B. Copp.....	100	80
A. A. Barker.....	100	72
E. G. White, Prof.....	100	88
J. S. Boa.....	100	83
W. B. Darter, Prof.....	100	85
P. E. Osborne, Prof.....	100	83
J. W. Andrews, Prof.....	100	65
A. Wallace, Prof.....	100	73
J. S. Neill.....	100	49
F. J. Shreve.....	100	70
F. Magee.....	100	83
E. B. Allen.....	100	86
Angus McArthur.....	100	90
J. H. Hickman.....	100	73
J. T. Egan.....	100	82
Col. J. L. McAvity.....	100	77
H. Dickson.....	100	63
J. Lacheur.....	100	62

Angus McArthur, New Glasgow, N. S., won the Commercial Travellers' Cup to be defended annually. Only prize given for this day.

Handicaps, both distance and targets were based on scores made this day. Hoops for Special Events only, W. W. Gerow.

## Scores Made by Amateurs, June 3, 4, 5.

	Total Shot at	Total Broke
John S. Boa.....	400	359
Arthur Wallace.....	400	304
Angus McArthur.....	400	330
R. B. H. Davison.....	450	325
Col. J. L. McAvity.....	400	301
E. G. White, Professional.....	400	371
P. E. Osborne, Prof.....	450	348
W. B. Darter, Prof.....	400	354
F. M. Fay.....	400	328
J. T. Egan.....	400	319
T. C. B. Gue.....	400	278
G. E. McInnis.....	400	276
J. A. McLauchlan.....	400	310
H. D. Romans.....	400	275
Fred Magee.....	400	315
E. B. Allen.....	400	342
C. B. Copp.....	400	319
J. D. Hickman.....	450	307
A. A. Barker.....	400	245
F. J. Shreve.....	400	320
T. Q. Dowling.....	150	87
H. Dickson.....	400	299
John Gillis.....	250	206
W. E. Baxter.....	370	213
W. F. Donkin.....	400	233
W. Andrews, Professional.....	400	327
J. H. Douglas.....	250	111
J. S. Neill.....	150	56
E. Thompson.....	150	97
Le Lacheur.....	340	230

## Dupont Added Target Handicap for Ithaca Gun on Last Day's Scores

Scores opposite name, actual targets broken. Small figures below actual targets broken are handicaps added, 18 was scratch. No Handicap to make more than 20. Handicap changed according to birds broken in preceding event. Douglas and McLauchlan tied. Douglas won in shoot off not needing Handicap.

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Arthur Wallace.....	15	15	17	13	18	
Handicap.....	4	3	3	1	2	
	19	18	20	14	20	91



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*THE MARK OF SHELLS AND CARTRIDGES  
OF KNOWN REPUTATION AND QUALITY*

When you buy loaded shells or cartridges you want them to be sure-fire and accurate, and to have the proper speed and penetration--qualities which are all essential for good shooting. There is nothing in the appearance of a shell or a cartridge that indicates whether it does or does not possess these qualities, for the elements that make them cannot be seen. Therefore when buying you have to rely upon reputation.

**WINCHESTER**

*Loaded Shells and Cartridges*

enjoy the highest reputation the world over for quality and reliability. When you buy, if you will insist upon having Winchester make you can feel confident of getting loaded shells and cartridges which are sure to give the fullest measure of shooting satisfaction.

All Winchester Loaded Shells and Cartridges are made at the works of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A., under the same skillful management and by the same up-to-date and careful system of manufacture which have made Winchester Rifles the best and most generally used sporting arms in the world.

Winchester - the **W** brand of loaded shells and cartridges may cost a few cents more over the counter, but any difference in price is more than made up by their superior quality and general dependability. When you go to your dealer's, do not ask for "some" shells or cartridges, but specify Winchester make. The results will repay you. They are

**MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS  
WINCHESTER GUNS. SOLD EVERYWHERE**

Ang. McArthur...18	13	18	19	15	C.B. Copp.....16	12	16	17	19
	2	0	0	0	Hdcp.	2	4	2	1
	20	13	20	19	15	18	14	20	19
R.B.H. Davison...15	13	16	15	20	J. D. Hickman.....17	16	15	17	15
Hdcp.	2	3	4	2	Hdcp.	3	1	2	1
	17	16	20	17	20	17	17	20	16
J.L. McAvity.....14	7	15	13	14	A. A. Barker.....7	5	7	15	14
	3	4	5	3	Hdcp.	9	9	5	3
	17	11	20	16	14	16	14	16	20
J. T. Egan.....12	13	16	16	18	F. J. Shreve.....17	16	14	16	13
Hdcp.	2	6	4	2	Hdcp.	2	1	2	4
	14	19	20	18	19	17	16	20	15
T. C. B. Gue.....17	15	17	15	18	H. Dickson.....17	19	18	12	16
Hdcp.	1	1	3	1	Hdcp.	2	1	0	4
	18	16	20	16	19	20	18	12	20
G. E. McInnis.....19	16	12	13	18	W. E. Baxter.....12	11	11	11	11
Hdcp.	1	0	2	6	Hdcp.	6	7	7	7
	20	16	14	19	18	17	18	18	18
J.A. McLauchlan.19	17	19	20	17	John Gillis.....18	17	16	15	17
Hdcp.	1	0	1	0	Hdcp.	2	0	1	2
	20	17	20	20	20	17	17	17	20
H. D. Romans...16	18	16	13	18	W. F. Donkin...14	9	17	13	17
Hdcp.	2	2	0	2	Hdcp.	4	4	3	1
	18	20	16	15	18	13	20	14	20
Fred Magee.....19	13	19	13	17	J. H. Douglas.....10	11	13	12	15
Hdcp.	1	0	1	0	Hdcp.	8	8	7	5
	20	13	20	13	18	19	20	17	20
E. B. Allen.....16	13	17	19	18	J. LeLacheur.....17	15	14	16	13
Hdcp.	0	2	3	1	Hdcp.	2	1	3	4
	16	15	20	20	19	16	17	20	15

SPECIAL EVENTS THROUGHOUT THREE DAYS, JUNE 3, 4, 5.

	Marlin Gun			McGaw Cup		Remington Gun Event		
	Hdcp.	Shot at	Broke	Shot at	Broke	Hdcp.	Shot at	Broke
J. S. Boa, Prof.....	22 yds	25	21	30	20	22 yds	25	19
P. E. Osborne, Prof...	22	25	21	30	23	25	25	20
E. G. White, Prof.....	22	25	22	30	22	25	25	24
W. B. Darton, Prof....	22	25	30	30	21	25	25	21
F. M. Fay, Prof.....	22	25	31	30	22	25	17	20
A. Wallace.....	20	25	19	30	17	20	25	18
A. McArthur.....	20	25	19	30	20	20	25	21
R. B. H. Davison.....	20	25	17	30	21	20	25	20
J. L. McAvity.....	20	25	16	30	19	20	25	15
J. T. Egan.....	20	25	16	30	21	20	25	16
J. A. McLauchlan.....	20	25	16	30	22	20	25	18
F. Magee.....	20	25	19	30	18	20	25	18
E. B. Allen.....	20	25	16	30	19	20	25	20
C. B. Copp.....	20	25	19	30	20	25	20	22
G. E. McInnis.....	18	25	18	30	16	25	22	11
H. D. Romans.....	18	25	11	30	5	18	25	11
W. W. Gerow.....	18	25	11	30	15	20	25	20
F. J. Shreve.....	18	25	16	30	15	20	25	20
J. Gillis.....	18	25	17	30	15	18	25	16
J. W. Andrews, Prof...	18	25	22	30	15	16	25	16
J. LeLacheur.....	18	25	12	30	11	16	25	15
A. A. Parker.....	16	25	19	30	16	25	25	12
T. Q. Dowling.....	16	25	30	30	18	16	25	18
H. Dickson.....	16	25	20	30	15	16	25	14
W. E. Baxter.....	16	25	17	30	14	16	25	15
W. J. Donkin.....	16	25	13	30	16	25	25	12
J. H. Douglas.....	16	25	15	30	20	25	25	19
Dr. J. Lee Day.....	16	25	21	30	16	25	25	18
J. H. Hickman, Jr.....	18	25	15	30	16	25	25	13
E. Thompson.....	16	25	16	30				
T. C. B. Gue.....	16	25	16	30				
G. M. Barker.....								

Marlin Gun Event. Special Handicap (Distance) June 3rd. (end of day). Won by J. H. Hickman of Dorchester, N. B. Score 21 out of 25.

McGaw Cup, donated by High Chief "Tiny" of the Canadian Indians. O. E. McGaw of Toronto, to win to own. Won by J. A. McLauchlan, 22 out of 30. 15 pair doubles for McGaw Cup. Shot for June 3rd. Special Event

Remington Gun Event 25 Singles. Distance Hdcp. June 4th. Won by G. E. McInnis, Halifax, N. S. Score 22 out of 25.

SPECIAL EVENTS, JUNE 4th and 5th.

	June 4th.			June 5th.					
	Halifax Hotel Cup			McAvity Cup					
	Hdcp.	Shot at	Broke	Hdcp.	Singles Shot at	Broke	Shot at	Doubles Broke	Total
J. S. Boa, Prof.....	22	40	31	20	30	27	20	13	40
E. G. White, Prof.....	22	40	34						
P. E. Osborne Prof.....	22	40	33						
F. M. Fay.....	22	40	22						
R. B. H. Davison.....	20	40	32	20	30	25	20	15	1st 40.
Col. J. L. McAvity.....	20	40	31	20	30	21	20	11	35
A. McArthur.....	20	40	33	20	30	25	20	10	35
J. T. Egan.....	20	40	30	20	30	21	20	8	32
Fred Magee.....	20	40	24	20	30	21	20	11	32
E. B. Allen.....	20	40	37	20	30	22	20	11	33
C. B. Copp.....	20	40	31	20	30	25	20	10	35
F. J. Shreve.....	20	40	29	20	30	23	20	12	35
A. Wallace.....	20	40	27	20	30	20	20	5	25

# Dominion Ammunition

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## Canadian Made for Canadian Sportsmen Who Win

At the Sea Cliffe Gun Club Tournament June 20th., Mr. Forest H. Conover of Leamington, Ontario, using exclusively Dominion Ammunition, made the score of 97½%, winning high average over all, and writes the following unsolicited praise of Dominion loads:—

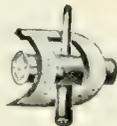
“The excellence of your brands should attract, without demonstration, all Canadian Trapshooters and Sportsmen. I have given the standard loads of nearly all manufacturers a good test and find from experience, your trap and game loads equal to the best, and as a consequence, am satisfied to use Dominion Loads. The same has my fullest confidence.

(Signed) FOREST H. CONOVER

In the same shoot, W. Hart of Dresden, Ont., tied for second high average, scoring 165x175.

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YOU WILL FIND THE




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ON EVERY BOX

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## Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited

MONTREAL

J. H. Hickman, Jr.....	20	40	27						
J. A. McLaughlan.....	18	40	31	20	30	23	20	12 2nd	35
H. D. Romans.....	18	40	27	18	30	21	20	4	25
H. Dickson.....	18	40	29						
T. C. B. Gue.....	16	40	34						
John Gillis.....	16	40	29						
W. E. Baxter.....	16	40	25						
J. H. Douglas.....	16	40	33						
G. E. McInnis.....				20	30	21	20	12	33
W. J. Donkin.....				16	30	23	20	8	31

Halifax Hotel Cup. Donated by Manager Halifax Hotel, Halifax, N. S. 10 Singles Distance Hdep Winner  
 E. B. Allen, Port Elgin, N. B. 2 wins to own. Score 37 out of 40.  
 McAvity Cup, presented by T. McAvity & Sons Ltd., St. John, N. B. 1st Prize, Perpetual Trophy. 2nd Prize, Shield presented by A. Massie, St. John, N. B. Winner owns. Event 30 singles and 10 pair doubles. Cup won by R. B. H. Davison, Amherst, N. S. Score 40 1/2 Shield won by J. A. McLaughlan in the shoot off.

**Montreal Gun Club.**

The Montreal Gun Club defended the F. P. Aylwin cup from the St. Hubert Gun Club of Ottawa in a shoot at the Lachine Club on June 14th, the Montreal gunmen winning by 10 points. The cup was presented to the St. Hubert Club by F. P. Aylwin, Esq., and was won by the Montrealers last Good Friday. Much interest was taken in this event, and the scores were evened up towards the last, the Montreal club winning by 198 to 188. The fine weather drew out a large crowd including many ladies. Following are the results:

Montreal.		St. Hubert.	
Lewis.....	20 Lucas.....	17	
Boucher.....	21 Reed.....	21	
Westlake.....	17 Lyall.....	20	
Maher.....	19 Kenyon.....	18	
Redman.....	22 Hutchison.....	23	
		<hr/>	
		198	
Corby.....	14 Sibbitt.....	21	
Rogers.....	18 McNeill.....	15	
Heney.....	16 Williams.....	20	
Esdaile.....	19 Viau.....	23	
Abbott.....	21 Beattie.....	21	

188

**Spoon and Sweepstake Event.**

Boucher.....	24 Lucas.....	22
Beattie.....	22 Westlake.....	21
Lewis.....	21 Hutchison.....	21
Maher.....	20 Rogers.....	20
Abbott.....	20 Heney.....	20
Corby.....	20 Kenyon.....	19
Reed.....	19 Esdaile.....	18
Redman.....	17 Lyall.....	17
Reed.....	17 Sibbitt.....	16
Howard.....	14 Williams.....	12
Johnson.....	12 Ingalls.....	12
Shoot for Lucas Cup, 25 Birds..		
Kenyon.....	22 Lewis.....	22
Tolhurst.....	22 Lucas.....	23
Coughtry.....	23 Boucher.....	21
Reed.....	20 Howard.....	19
Clarke.....	18 Torrance.....	18
Woodworth.....	18 Strathy.....	17

**St. Hubert Gun Club.**

Owing to the good weather there was a large attendance for the weekly shoot of St. Hubert's Gun Club on May 24th. Several of the best shots were at Gananoque, and the members were delighted to learn that Mr. Blyth, their captain had won the high average prize and also that for the merchandise class: viz, \$20. He shot in splendid form. The St. Hubert scores were as follows:

J. E. Brown.....	23	23-46
W. Cameron.....	21	24-45
A. W. Throop.....	24	21-45
Dr. Smith.....	21	23-43
W. C. Little.....	19	21-40
Cecil Bethune.....	19	20-39
A. M. Deschenes.....	18	14-32
G. Mulhall.....	7	14-21

The scores on May 31st were quite above the average, Mr. G. B. Greene won the spoon with a score of 45 out of 50. E. G. White was high man with 47 out of 50. The members and scores follow:

E. G. White (pro).....	25	25	50	Extras
G. B. Greene.....	23	24	47	—
W. Corby.....	22	23	45	23
S. E. Sangster.....	23	21	44	16-18
T. G. Smith.....	22	22	44	17
B. Beattie.....	20	22	42	22
J. B. Harkin.....	23	19	42	22
	20	20	40	—

F. A. Heney.....	18	21	39	—
G. Easdale.....	20	19	39	21-23
C. Bethune.....	20	19	39	—
W. L. Cameron.....	20	18	38	19
V. V. Rogers.....	11	21	35	21
W. C. Little.....	19	14	33	20
A. Moore.....	16	17	33	12

On Tuesday, June 3rd, Mr. G. B. Greene won the shoot at St. Hubert's with 45 out of 50. E. G. White was high man with 47. The scores.

E. G. White, pro.....	25	25	50	Extras
G. B. Greene.....	22	23	45	23
W. Corby.....	22	21	44	16-18
S. E. Sangster.....	22	22	44	17
T. G. Smith.....	20	22	42	22
B. Beattie.....	23	19	42	22
J. B. Harkin.....	20	20	40	—
F. A. Heney.....	18	21	30	—
G. Easdale.....	20	19	39	21-23
C. Bethune.....	20	19	39	—
W. L. Cameron.....	20	18	38	19
V. V. Rogers.....	11	21	35	21
W. C. Little.....	19	11	33	20
A. Moore.....	16	17	33	12

**Kingston Gun Club**

The Kingston gun club had a shoot on Wednesday afternoon, May 28th. Two events were pulled off. In the first one out of a possible 25 points the following scores were made: Laturney 15, Mott (of Belleville) 21, Storey 10, Pappas 14, Webster 16.

The second event was 15 points and the following scores were made: Mott 12, Laturney 9, Storey 8, Pappas 12, Webster 11.

**Belleville Gun Club.**

The Belleville Gun Club on May 30th resumed their Friday afternoon shoots the following scores being made—

M. Sprague.....	19	R. Stafford.....	19
A. Mott.....	19	J. Thompson.....	18
W. Hart.....	17	W. Andrews.....	15
		H. Howey.....	11

**Peterborough Gun Club at Campbellford**

The Peterborough Gun Club were in Campbellford on May 29th competing in a friendly shoot with the Campbellford Club. A new automatic trap was recently installed and the weather being perfect, a splendid afternoon's sport was enjoyed by all, Campbellford winning the match by eleven birds. Following are the scores at 25 birds each:

CAMPBELLFORD			
G. Dunwoodie.....	19	J. Irwin.....	19
E. Curvin.....	18	C. Neill.....	17
F. C. Bonycastle.....	15	I. A. Humphries.....	15
M. West.....	14	H. Chamberlain.....	13
D. W. Douglas.....	13	W. J. Dossce.....	12
A. Sutherland.....	10	T. Varco.....	8
Total.....			173

**PETERBOROUGH.**

H. Routley.....	19	C. Mills.....	17
J. Brightman.....	15	H. Cook.....	15
L. Hall.....	15	C. Wood.....	15
C. James.....	14	J. Loucks.....	11
C. B. Adair.....	13	R. Tivey.....	12
J. Smith.....	10	J. C. Birmingham.....	3
Total.....			162

**A SWEEPSTAKE.**

After the match a 10 bird sweepstake was shot off there being 20 entries, divided into five prizes, the Peterborough members taking four out of five.

Considerable sport was afforded in shooting off the ties, H. Cook and C. Wood having to shoot about 20 shots to decide 2nd prize, finally resulting as follows:

# Ithaca 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> Lb. 16 Bore



- ¶ We furnish light weight guns
- ¶ Here is a little "peach"—a 16 bore as light as other factories make 20's.
- ¶ If you have "shyed" at a 20 because it did not carry a big enough load—here is a gun that will carry a larger load, yet it's light.
- ¶ There is no use carrying around extra weight when a featherweight will do the business.
- ¶ You can travel farther, finish fresher, get into action quicker, kill your game nearer to you and come home feeling as frisky as a kitten.
- ¶ We can furnish the 20 gauge from 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> to 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> pounds—the 28 gauge from 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> to 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> pounds
- ¶ Send for beautiful catalog FREE—describe 18 grades guns \$17.75 net to \$400 list.

**ITHACA GUN COMPANY, BOX 13 ITHACA, N. Y.**

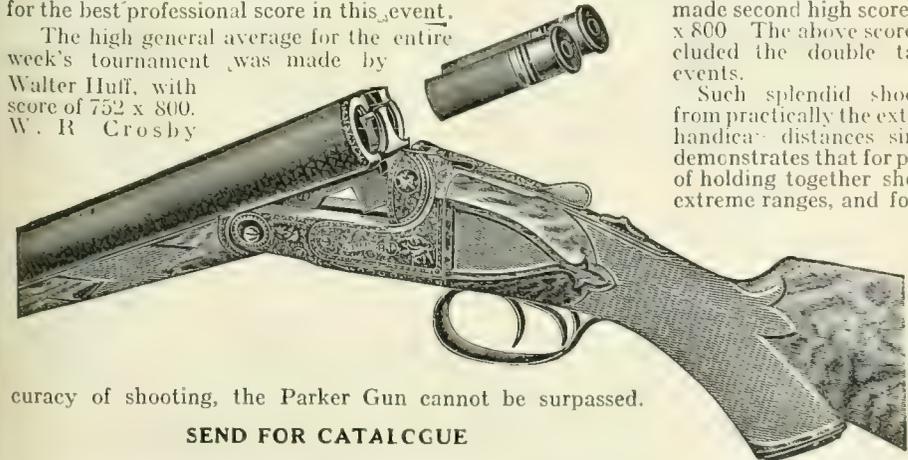
**T**HE "Old Reliable" Parker Gun, at Dayton, Ohio., June 17-21, gave a wonderful demonstration of its unsurpassed shooting powers.

In the G. A. H., Arthur Killam, at 20 yds., made a score of 96 x 100. W. R. Crosby at 22 yds., made a similar score, and Walter Huff, at 21 yds., scored 97 x 100. Mr. Huff's score was high in the professional class, and won for him the special money prize and medal offered for the best professional score in this event.

The high general average for the entire week's tournament was made by Walter Huff, with score of 752 x 800. W. R. Crosby

made second high score, 749 x 800. The above scores included the double target events.

Such splendid shooting from practically the extreme handicap distances simply demonstrates that for power of holding together shot at extreme ranges, and for ac-



curacy of shooting, the Parker Gun cannot be surpassed.

**SEND FOR CATALOGUE**

**PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn. N. Y. Salesrooms, 32 Warren St.**

First, J. Loucks; 2nd, H. Cook; 3rd, C. Wood; 4th C. Neill; 5th, C. Mills.

The Peterborough Gun Club held their regular shoot on June 5th, with a fairly good attendance. Following are the scores at 25 birds each:—

C. Mills.....	17	H. Routley.....	17
C. Wood.....	18	C. Adair.....	13
H. Cook.....	14	R. Tivey.....	13
C. James.....	12	J. Loucks.....	12
J. Brightman.....	11	L. Hall.....	12
W. Lang.....	9		

After the regular shoot a few birds sweepstake was shot off as follows:

H. Cook.....	8	L. Hall.....	8
C. Mills.....	8	R. Tivey.....	5
C. Wood.....	5	C. James.....	4
W. Lang.....	4	J. Loucks.....	4

Shooting off the ties—1st, H. Cook, 2nd, C. Mills; 3rd, L. Hall.

**Hamilton Gun Club**

There was some good shooting done at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, May 31st, when the fifth event of the series for the Royal Distillery trophy was shot off. H. L. Morris maintained the lead with a total of 114, (E. Harris and D. Konkle being tied in second place with 107 each with several of the members close up to them.)

E. Sturt, J. A. Armes and A. Parmenter tied for the two spoons given for the high handicap score in the medal event with 25 each and on the shoot off the first two won out.

In the event of doubles H. L. Morris and E. Sturt got 18 out of 20 each, while F. W. Watson and D. Reid got 15 each.

E. Sturt had the best total for the afternoon with 84 out of 90. H. L. Morris got 96 out of 105. John Hunter put on a consistent score of 41 out of 45.

The totals for the afternoon were:

J. A. Arms.....	105	77	59
J. Gompf.....	99	76	64
J. W. Nairn.....		45	32
E. Harris.....	107	72	64
W. Dillon.....	106	47	37
J. Hunter.....		45	41
H. L. Morris.....	114	105	96
J. Cline.....		45	40
Court Thomsson.....		70	63
F. W. Watson.....	99	45	39
E. Young.....		45	23
E. Sturt.....	106	90	84
D. Reid.....		70	58
J. Bowron.....	101	63	53
A. Parmenter.....		75	57
D. Konkle.....	107	50	39
J. B. Snoddy.....		50	33
F. Potruff.....		25	19
F. Edmonds.....		25	14
H. Boyd.....		20	11

**Winchester Gun Club**

The second shoot of the summer series of the Winchester Gun Club was held on Saturday, June 7th, at Jordan Station. The attendance of club members was large and, considering the high wind which blew in the face of the shooters, the scores were good. These shoots will be continued throughout the summer on the first Saturday in each month and shooters from other Clubs are cordially invited to attend. Those who shot and their scores were as follows:

Name.....	Shot At.	Hit.
J. Rittenhouse.....	80	68
A. Heckadon.....	60	43
F. Ball.....	60	42
A. High.....	60	39
A. K. Wismer.....	60	38
H. W. Hunsberry.....	50	48
W. Caskey.....	50	47
E. J. Fisher.....	50	45
E. Culp.....	50	37
O. Fisher.....	50	37
J. Spence.....	50	22
H. Boulton.....	40	23
S. Hodges.....	40	32
P. Hodges.....	40	22
D. Konkle.....	40	30
M. Wickens.....	30	18
A. Bishop.....	30	17
J. Wills.....	10	5

**Waterloo County League Shoot**

The Galt Gun Club team in the Waterloo County League did some sensational shooting at the Berlin Club's ranges May 31st, where they shot off a league game and won by 178 to 160. The scores made by Galt

were probably the best recorded in the series, there being not one of the team with a score below 20. W. Marshall, who has become an expert with the gun, made a perfect score, getting 25 out of a possible 25, while Harold Newlands was a close runner up with 24. W. Clark and Watson were tied for third with 23 each. The following were the scores:

Galt.....	Berlin.....		
W. Marshall.....	25	Beam.....	19
H. Newlands.....	24	Player.....	19
W. Clark.....	23	Ludridge.....	22
H. D. Sherwood.....	22	Oliver.....	21
J. Clark.....	20	Hergott.....	21
Watson.....	23	H. Krupp.....	20
Hancock.....	21	Bowman.....	20
Fairless.....	20	Bruce.....	18

178

160

The fifth shoot in the Waterloo County Gun Club League was held at Galt on Saturday afternoon, June 7th, when the Preston team competed against the Galt team. The Galtonians were victors by a score of 162 to 126. The shooting of Tom Hounam of the Galt team was the feature of the match. He made a possible score of 25. Following are the scores.

**Galt.**

	Shot at.	Broke.
W. Marshall.....	25	21
W. Clark.....	25	23
E. Clark.....	25	15
T. Hounam.....	25	25
H. Teat.....	25	16
H. Newland.....	25	17
W. Hancock.....	25	13
A. Watson.....	25	21
W. Fairless.....	25	20
J. Clark.....	25	19
F. Knowles.....	25	6

**Preston.**

	Shot at.	Broke.
C. Sachs.....	25	13
H. Hall.....	25	17
A. Langridge.....	25	18
L. Pattinson.....	25	15
E. Stocker.....	25	13
W. Pickering.....	25	18
A. Near.....	25	11
H. Weber.....	25	14
E. Brockell.....	25	15
G. Langridge.....	25	16
W. Cowan.....	30	13

**Port Stanley Gun Club**

The final shoot for the gun case donated to the Port Stanley Gun Club was shot off on June 10th between A. Glover and L. Carey, at 50 targets, Glover winning by 2.

N. E. Burton, of the St. Thomas Gun Club was tie with A. Oliver of the Port Stanley club for the Panama hat donated by McCance, to the Port Stanley club. This tie was also shot off at 30 targets and was won by Mr. Burton with a margin of 7.

**Chatham Gun Club**

On Friday, May 23rd, the following scores were made in two events at the Chatham Gun Club:

First event, Wells trophy, 25 birds.	
F. Smith.....	12
W. B. Wells.....	16
G. Willard.....	13
J. A. Aitken.....	20
H. Bragg.....	14
T. Glassford.....	11
A. Jahnke.....	10
J. W. Aitken.....	19
T. Baxter.....	14
Second event, 25 birds.	
H. Bragg.....	19
G. Willard.....	17
W. B. Wells.....	19
J. A. Aitken.....	21
T. Baxter.....	20
A. Jahnke.....	11
F. Smith.....	9

The third match in the Wells trophy competition was held at Chatham on June 13th. J. A. Aitken and Harry Smith each succeeding in scoring 24 out of a possible 25.

The following scores were made:

F. Smith.....	17	68
Willard.....	18	72
Baxter.....	19	76
Bragg.....	19	73
Wells.....	19	86
Aitken J. W.....	17	78
Nichol.....	20	86
D. Smith.....	19	77
Paulucci.....	21	88
Gray.....	75	60



## SHOT SHELLS

**Y**OU can't dictate to a bird where he is to flush up or what angle he is to take. But this you can do. Put more speed into your shot—take a shorter lead on your bird—shoot the speed shells—Remington-UMC steel lined Arrow and Nitro Club.

With these speed shells, you cut down the guess work—get your bird with the center of your load.

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## Bisley Made "ROSS" Rifles Famous

and now the performance on the field of the 280 "Ross" (known as the High Velocity) using the Ross 280 Sporting Cartridge with copper tube expanding bullet (patented) are creating quite a sensation among big game hunters.

The Ross Sporting Rifles have the absolute accuracy of the famous Ross target barrels, and their very quick and reliable action, strong breech, and good finish, make them favorites wherever shown. If you are in the market for a rifle, it will pay you to look up the nearest Ross dealer—or write direct for illustrated price list which is sent post free on application.

### ROSS RIFLE COMPANY

QUEBEC

CANADA

The new Western Automatic Trap and Hamilton targets were used and were pronounced a perfect combination.

Mr. Geo M. Dunk of the Dominion Cartridge Co., and Herbert Taylor of Ridgeway composed the very capable office staff while F. H. Conover and Dr. R. D. Sloane pulled the wires of the management without a hitch and were kept busy catering to the wants of the contestants.

It is the intention of the club to hold a two day shoot next season registered with the Interstate Association.

**Porcupine Gun Club Organized**

At a meeting held at Porcupine on June 9th it was decided to organize a Gun Club. The following officers were elected: Pres., M. Walsh; Sec-Treas., Wm. Thornton; Official Scorer, C. D. Lount.

Eleven members joined the club that evening and several more signified their intention of doing so before next meeting. It was decided to hold the contests every Saturday afternoon under the name of the Porcupine Gun Club.

**Fort Garry Gun Club**

The following scores were made at the regular shoot of the Fort Garry gun club on Tuesday evening, May 27th: A. Walker 24, W. Carr 24, C. M. Scott 22, F. G. Simpson 22, W. Osborne 22, Fred Yates 22, J. R. Pringle 21, J. Cadham 20, L. Dorsett 20, J. Munro 20, R. Patterson 20, Dr. Glasgow 20, O. Smith 20, J. H. Wye 19, E. Howard 19, C. H. Cottingham 18, E. H. Houghton 18, D. Laird 16, J. McLeod Holiday 14, A. Lake 14, Dr. Laidlaw 12, Mosenenthal 10, G. V. Dingle 10, H. Connelly 9, D. Dingle 8.

On Friday, May 30th the scores were:

R. J. Mackay.....	25	F. G. Simpson.....	24
F. Yates.....	24	A. Walker.....	23
E. H. Houghton.....	23	O. Smith.....	23
W. Carr.....	22	Geo. Kelly.....	22
H. Bellevue.....	20	R. Patterson.....	20
J. Mc L. Holiday.....	20	Dr. Glasgow.....	19
W. Osborne.....	19	M. Putnam.....	18
J. R. Dingle.....	17	H. J. Wye.....	17
A. Leaman.....	17	C. H. Cottingham.....	17
F. Carscadden.....	17	D. Laird.....	14
Dr. Laidlaw.....	13	D. Dingle.....	13
H. Conley.....	13	A. Mosenenthal.....	9
J. A. Richardson.....	8	J. Crichton.....	5

The scores on June 3rd

R. J. McKay.....	25	Geo. Beattie.....	25
F. G. Simpson.....	24	F. Yates.....	23
Dr. Cadham.....	23	R. W. Patterson.....	23
W. H. Sutton.....	22	E. H. Houghton.....	22
R. H. Cottingham.....	22	W. E. Carr.....	21
Geo. Kelly.....	21	A. J. Loveridge.....	19
W. Osborne.....	19	J. R. Dingle.....	18
C. M. Scott.....	18	J. Mc L. Holiday.....	18
M. Putnam.....	17	Dr. Laidlaw.....	15
H. Conley.....	15	D. Laird.....	15
E. C. Frank.....	15	D. Dingle.....	8

On June 6th the scores were:

F. G. Simpson.....	24	R. J. Mackay.....	24
W. H. Sutton.....	24	Fred Yates.....	23
Joe Cadham.....	22	T. Brodie.....	22
W. E. Carr.....	20	Dr. Glasgow.....	19
E. H. Houghton.....	18	H. Conley.....	18
J. Mc L. Holiday.....	18	W. McCutcheon.....	18
C. M. Scott.....	17	R. Patterson.....	17
W. Dodge.....	17	A. Lake.....	17
M. Putnam.....	16	C. H. Cottingham.....	16
A. J. Loveridge.....	16	P. Brown.....	13
W. Armstrong.....	13	Dr. Laidlaw.....	11
E. Spafford.....	11	Staples.....	9

On June 13th the scores were:

R. J. McKay.....	24	W. E. Carr.....	23
A. Walker.....	23	J. McRoberts.....	23
R. H. Cottingham.....	22	Dr. Cadham.....	22
Fred Yates.....	22	O. Smith.....	21
W. Anderson.....	21	R. Patterson.....	17
W. Osborne.....	17	A. Lake.....	17
R. Maniker.....	14	P. Locke.....	14
		Dr. Laidlaw.....	10

**McDermott of Brandon, Manitoba Champion**

Dr. McDermott, of Brandon is the Manitoba champion at the traps for the year 1913, having won the title at the twenty-first annual tournament of the Portage la Prairie gun club on June 17th, which was the most successful in the history of the club and which was attended by shooters from all parts of the province.

As a result of the shoot Dr. McDermott, of Brandon, won the championship honor with 41 out of 50 birds, while Lawton Sutherland and Clements also of Brandon

led for second honors. In the team shoot, Fort Garry No 2 Winnipeg, was the winner, with a score of 77; Fort Garry No. 1 and Brandon No. 1 tied for second place with a score of 73; Brandon winning on the shoot off.

In the miss and out event F. Bailey of Portage, was the winner, with Beattie of Winnipeg, amateur.

Walker, of Winnipeg was the high amateur for the day while Mackay, of Brandon, was the high professional.

**Lethbridge Gun Club**

A practice shoot was held at the gun club traps on May 17th and the following scores were made:

James Glenister.....	20	V. E. Green.....	21
E. O. Stickleley.....	21	P. Ashcroft.....	14

On May 31st, the scores were:

		<b>Broke Shot at</b>	
A. B. Stafford.....	47	50	
T. Yuell.....	51	75	
J. Glenister.....	28	50	
J. H. Welsh.....	38	50	
E. Marks.....	16	25	
J. H. Muir.....	37	50	
H. Pilling.....	54	75	
E. O. Stickleley.....	41	50	
A. L. Peffer.....	22	50	
V. E. Green.....	50	75	
J. Getts.....	15	25	
Mrs. Green.....	12	25	

On June 4th the scores at a practice shoot were:

A. B. Stafford, 42 out of 50
H. Pilling, 37 out of 50
G. H. Muir, 37 out of 50
J. A. Macdonald, 14 out of 25
E. O. Stickleley, 19 out of 25
B. Magrath, 14 out of 25

A practice shoot was held at the gun club on Saturday evening, June 7th and the following scores were made:

V. E. Green.....	21	out of 25
J. H. Welch.....	40	out of 50
P. Ashcroft.....	24	out of 50
B. Magrath.....	24	out of 50
J. Glenister.....	16	out of 25
E. Marks.....	20	out of 25
E. O. Stickleley.....	3	out of 50
C. F. Smith.....	29	out of 50
E. H. Olwin.....	20	out of 50
G. H. Muir.....	19	out of 25
J. A. McDonald.....	10	out of 25
A. Bell.....	13	out of 25

In the Stevens trophy, a gold watch fob valued at \$20.00, the standing of the shooters on June 7th, was as follows:

J. H. Welch.....	33	86	119
E. O. Stickleley.....	14	102	116
A. B. Stafford.....	5	110	115
V. E. Green.....	14	101	115
T. E. Yuill.....	33	81	114
P. Ashcroft.....	48	65	113
J. Glenister.....	28	83	111
G. H. Muir.....	28	74	102
H. Pilling.....	7	89	96

**Banff Gun Club's First Shoot**

Through the enterprise of its leading gunmen, Banff now has a gun club and judging from their first shoot, held on June 7th, east of Tunnel Mountain, they will have to be reckoned with in the near future. The personnel of the club is made up of Ex-Commissioner S. J. Clarke, of Calgary, (now Superintendent of the park); Norman K. Luxton, J. I. Brewster, Iorine C. Orr, W. S. Painter, H. Wright, Tom Wilson and P. A. Moore. The latter is president.

Brewster and Luxton shot Wright and Painter, each man having twenty-five birds sprung for him, Luxton carrying away the honors with nineteen killed. Brewster seven, Wright seven and Painter one. The official scorer was Frederick Conger of the Canadian Press association. Mr. Clarke, as honorary president, tried his luck, so 10 days were sprung for him and they all broke as they fell on the rocky ground.

**Revelstoke Gun Club at Sicamous**

Following are scores of the shoot held at Sicamous on June 3rd:

Event 1 Dominion Cartridge Co. Trophy 25 Targets and Sweepstakes, no added Money.

Events 2-3-4 & 5 10 Targets, \$10 added to Sweepstakes.

Name	25	10	10	10	Total	Broke
A. J. Macdonell.....	38	9	8	9	8	56
W. A. Sturdy.....	19	10	8	8	9	54
L. B. Sturdy.....	18	8	8	9	9	52
W. A. Foote.....	21	8	7	9	7	52

# Marlin

12 gauge Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

THE handsomest and best designed pump gun in the world! **Hammerless**—Solid Steel Breech (inside as well as out). **Solid Top**—a thick steel wall of protection between your head and the cartridge; keeps out rain, snow, dirt, leaves, twigs and sand. **Side Ejection** (away from your face and eyes.) **Matted Barrel**—A great convenience in quick sighting. **Press-Button Cartridge Release**—to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine without working through action.

Grade "A"  
\$22.60

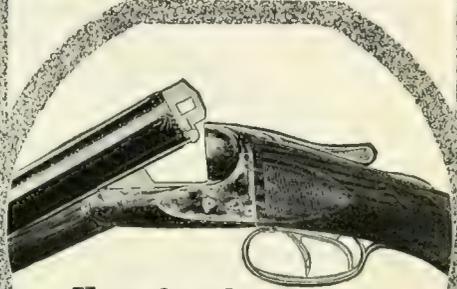
**Double Extractors**—they pull any shell. **Take-Down Feature**—for convenient carrying and cleaning. **Trigger and Hammer Safety**—a double guard against accidental firing. The Solid Steel Breech (not a shell of wood) shows the superior design. The receiver is absolutely solid steel at the rear as well as on top.

The *Marlin* is the safest breech-loading shotgun ever built.

Ask your dealer—or send us three stamps postage for new big catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.  
67 Willow Street  
New Haven, Conn.

# FOX GUN



Fox-Sterlingworth  
**\$25**

(\$35 in Canada, duty included)

The FOX-STERLING-WORTH is "The Finest Gun in the World" at the price. It isn't fancy—it's a *good* gun. It will suit the real sportsman and will prove as faithful as a gun ten times its cost.

It is backed by the Fox Certificate of inspection (attached to every Fox) which guarantees it to be absolutely free from all defects of workmanship.

## Handle this Gun at your Dealers

Balance it—throw it up to your shoulder—test it to the limit. You will find that it shoots just as our Inspector's Certificate (attached to the gun) says it will shoot.

If your dealer cannot accommodate you, write us, giving his name and we will send catalog of all our guns and "20 Reasons Why" the FOX is superior to all guns made.

The A. H. FOX GUN CO.  
4688 North Eighteenth Street  
PHILADELPHIA

J. G. Barber.....	24	7	10	8	7	56
R. Upper.....	16					16
G. Little.....	16	6	6	5	7	40
C. Little.....						10 and out

Barber won the D. C. Co's. beautiful Gun Case with the good score of 24x25 dropping his last target. Credit is given Mr. R. Upper, Secretary, for the excellent arrangements for the shoot.

At the weekly shoot of the Revelstoke Gun Club held June 18th the scores were:

Name	Shot at	Broke
W. A. Foote.....	50	45
A. J. Macdonnell.....	50	47
W. A. Sturdy.....	50	44
J. G. Barber.....	50	44
C. E. Shields.....	50	43
Jas. E. Wright.....	25	22

**Vernon Trap Shooting Club**

At the first tournament of the Vernon Trap Shooting Club held in May last the following were the scores:

Vernon Team.			
Name	Hdcp.	Shot at	Broke
J. Hamilton.....	0	25	24
R. T. Meyer.....	9	25	23
E. Spencer.....	0	25	18
Jas. McMartin.....	3	25	20
N. Lishman.....	0	25	21
Ted O'Keefe.....	0	25	16
J. Noble.....	0	25	20
	6	Total....	142

**Belgian Team.**

Name	Hdcp.	Shot at	Broke
Herry Baron.....	5	25	20
P. V. Verhaegen.....	10	25	19
C. L. Bott.....	10	25	18
J. Cools.....	10	25	23
F. Scholte.....	10	25	21
W. Allan Scott.....	10	25	24
J. Van Stoppen.....	10	25	17
	65	Total....	142

The regular day for trophy shoots is every Wednesday afternoon, starting about 4.30 p.m.

With reference to the Sea Cliffe Tournament held on June 20th, a subscriber, E. E. Hartford, writes us as follows:

"I wish to write a few words in commendation of Messrs. Conover and Sloane whose untiring efforts made it possible for the Sea Cliffe Gun Club of Leamington to hold its first annual tournament on June 20th last. The tournament took place on the beautiful grounds of the Club's president, Mr. Forest H. Conover, for many years the well known shooting representative of the Dupont Powder Co. The location could not have been excelled, the back-ground being the blue waters of Lake Erie, while a row of large, spreading maple and willow trees furnished shade for those in attendance; both shooters and spectators were provided with seats under the trees from where they could watch "the sport alluring." There was a place for everything and everything in its place. Everything went along with mechanical precision and harmony. Even the clouds that were distributing much needed rain in the country adjacent, refused to mar the occasion by shedding any rain on the tournament grounds. Mr. Conover knows the needs of the shooters, likewise how to manage a tournament and in Dr. Sloane he has an able assistant, one who was untiring in his efforts to keep things moving along without a hitch. Mr. Conover and Dr. Sloane are both gentlemen and understand how to make a shoot successful. Those who did not attend were the losers. It is to be hoped the Sea Cliffe Tournament will be an annual event."

**BRANDON TOURNAMENT.**

"The biggest gun club meet ever held in the western provinces" took place at Brandon, Man., on July 1st. Seventy-five competitors took part and close on 1,900 rounds of ammunition was fired. Firing commenced in the morning and continued incessantly until it was too dark to see.

The honor of the day fell to the lot of G. D. McKay, of Indian Head, who carried off the \$175 gun prize. The contest was very keen. In the first event no less than four tied with forty-eight out of a possible fifty. The championship for Manitoba was a hard struggle, but G. H. Griffen, of Virden, just managed to get home with forty-eight out of a possible fifty, while W. Carr and R. Corrigan, of Winnipeg, and H. O. McDiarmid of Brandon, ran very close and all tied for second place.

Winnipeg beat Brandon by only three points for the team championship. The scores were not so large

owing to the fact that darkness set in before the teams could all shoot. The respective teams were represented by:

Winnipeg—Cadham, Osborne, Corrigan, and Carr. Total score, 81 out of a possible 100.  
Brandon—H. O. McDiarmid, W. Swartz, D. E. Clement and J. S. Laughton. Total, 78 out of a possible 100.

**Revelstoke Gun Club.**

At the weekly shoot of the Revelstoke Gun Club held June 25th the scores were:

Name	25	25	25	Total—Broke
W. A. Foote.....	22	21	19	75—62
W. A. Sturdy.....	22	22	22	75—66
A. McRae.....	21			25—21
A. J. Macdonnell.....	21	24	25	75—70
T. Brodie.....	24	25	24	75—73

W. A. Foote as usual won the Dupont Medal.

On July 2nd the scores were:

Name	21	22	Total
A. J. Macdonnell.....	21	22	43
W. A. Foote.....	20	22	42
J. A. Barber.....	21	18	39
W. A. Sturdy.....	25	24	49
A. McRae.....	22		22

McRae and Sturdy tied for the Dupont Medal.

**Waterloo County League Shoot.**

The Galt Gun Club team in the Waterloo County league on Saturday, June 21st, won its seventh straight match by defeating Berlin at the local ranges by 38 shots. Billy Marshall and H. Sherwood were high men, each having scored 23 points out of 25. The scores:

**Galt.**

W. Marshall.....	23	W. Clark.....	19
H. Sherwood.....	23	E. Clark.....	17
T. Hounam.....	16	H. Teat.....	11
A. Watson.....	21	W. Hancock.....	20
H. Newlands.....	20	J. Clark.....	19
W. Fairless.....	21	F. Despond.....	15

Total..... 166

**Berlin.**

E. Bowman.....	16	W. Dumart.....	11
E. Beam.....	18	L. Krupp.....	15
W. Player.....	13	A. J. Oliver.....	18
G. Bruce.....	18	F. Palmer.....	13
A. Hergott.....	17		

Total..... 128

This Club won its eighth straight victory in the Waterloo County Gun Club League on Saturday afternoon, June 28th, defeating Hespeler on their own ranges by ten points. W. Marshall was high man with twenty-three, while three other Galt nimrods, A. Watson, J. Gibson and H. Newland, were next, each with 22 to their credit. J. Wayper, the crack Hespeler shot, was high man for his club with 22.

The scores:

**Galt.]**

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke	
W. Marshall.....	25 23	W. Clark.....	25 19
H. Sherwood.....	25 15	E. Clark.....	25 21
T. Hounam.....	25 17	H. Teat.....	25 20
A. Watson.....	25 22	W. Hancock.....	25 19
H. Newland.....	25 22	J. Clark.....	25 17
W. Fairless.....	25 21	J. Gibson.....	25 22
		F. Despond.....	25 11

170

**Hespeler.**

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke	
J. Liersch.....	25 19	R. Johnston.....	25 20
R. Forbes.....	25 19	G. Fligg.....	25 22
E. Burnett.....	25 13	H. Sachs.....	25 15
J. Wayper.....	25 22	H. Fligg.....	25 18
G. Sachs.....	25 20	F. Bridamaz.....	25 20
A. Musser.....	25 13	L. Krupp.....	25 16

106

**Galt.**

A friendly shoot was held on Saturday afternoon June 31st, between the Galt Gun Club and the Berlin Club resulting in a win for Galt by a score of 162 to 136.

The scores:			
W. Marshall.....	23	H. Sherwood.....	23
A. Watson.....	21	Mr. Hancock.....	20
A. Newlands.....	20	W. Clark.....	19
Mr. Clark.....	19	E. Clark.....	7

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# The Canadian Indians' Eighth Annual Tournament

S. E. SANGSTER (CANUCK)

5 THE BEST EVER—Such was the unanimous expression of opinion. The Canadian Indian Organization has developed into more or less of what might be termed a large FAMILY AFFAIR—for the great majority of the attending shooters, both Indians and the ordinary shooters, have met each year on these historic commons of Niagara-on-the-Lake and have grown to know one another intimately—so that the annual gathering of the tribe is looked forward to with keen anticipation by many, when friends made in past years may once more be met and the glad hand extended. The Canadian Indians do things up properly, and the high class of their program and the rather large promises contained therein were fully lived up to.

A large number were on hand for the Preliminary Practice Events on Saturday afternoon, June 28th. The entry of Monday, the first day of regular events saw an entry of 15 squads—75 shooters, while Tuesday, July 1st, went up to 16 squads—80 clear-eyed, smooth-skinned, iron-nerved men competing in the gentle art of slamming chilled No. 7½ shot after the elusive aerosaucers.

The best shooting ever pulled off at any Tournament in Canada was undoubtedly done here; due to perfect weather conditions (outside of the intense, humid heat), the shooting was, as a whole, exceptionally high. Our own Joe. Jennings (Chief Riverdale) fresh from the Grand American Handicap, was high amateur on each day, June 30th and July 1st, and for both days, with the almost marvellous totals of 148x150 each day, a loss of

only 4 birds (*count them*) in 300, giving a percentage of over 98.6%. Jennings shot consistently throughout. Of the "wads only" representatives our Ted. White was high with 148x150 and 145x150—a total of 293x300, being 97.6%. Look over the full individual scores and note the high scores—it was terrific.

No less than four Dupont trophies were won—Amateurs Kelsey—long run of 126; G. L. Vivian and A. W. Millington with 113 each, and Tom Marshall, (pro.) with 134 straight, unfinished. Beattie of Ottawa almost qualified, dropping his 100th bird after smothering the other 99.

## DETAILED SCORES:

Name.	First Day	Second Day
Squad 1.		
J. G. Dey.....	143x150.	141x150.
*G. Hassam.....	113.	122.
J. Ebberts.....	142.	139.
M. Sprague.....	129.	131.
S. E. Sangster.....	95 (x120)	129.
Squad 2.		
W. T. Ely.....	145.	147.
E. Sturt.....	137.	138.
T. E. Houghton.....	141.	144.
G. M. Dunk.....	127.	133.
*W. Fenton.....	132.	130.
Squad 3.		
*T. Marshall.....	143.	148.
G. L. Vivian.....	143.	143.
"Stevens.".....	138.	140.



Chief Ting and Some of his Warriors in a Hurry



Three Corkers—From Left: J. S. Boa, H. D. Bates and H. Kirkover

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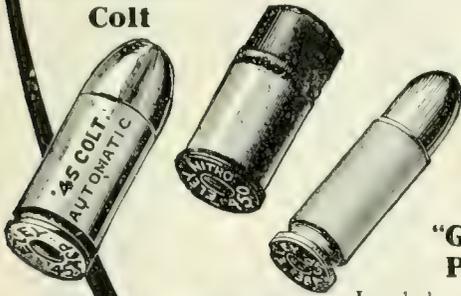
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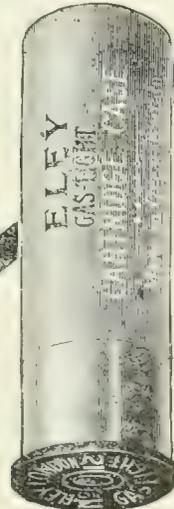
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Pegamoid**

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Absolutely  
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(Canada) LTD.**  
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Agent: J. G. T. Cleghorn, Winnipeg.

P. Wakefield.....	128.	130.
E. J. Marsh.....	128.	126.
Squad 4.		
O. E. McGaw.....	123.	—
A. E. Millington.....	145.	146.
W. Joslin.....	142.	137.
C. D. TenEyck.....	125-	134.
W. Fox.....	133.	135.
Squad 5.		
P. J. Boothe.....	128.	134.
D. A. Vogt.....	116.	131.
A. E. Craig.....	106.	103.
A. J. Oliver.....	117.	133.
F. D. Palmer.....	98.	122.
Squad 6.		
*J. S. Boa.....	146.	148.
JOS. JENNINGS.....	148.	148.
H. D. Bates.....	146.	141.
H. D. Kirkover.....	141.	128.
*S. Glover.....	144.	144.

Squad 11.		
A. S. Woodruff.....	112.	—
H. Harrison.....	129.	134.
R. Patterson.....	131.	—
T. Bennett.....	134.	—
Dr. Ten Eyck.....	134.	141.
Squad 12.		
Dr. Jordan.....	121.	128.
A. Wolfe.....	117.	121.
F. A. Parker.....	131.	124.
K. C. Turnbull.....	139.	140.
A. W. Fisher.....	135.	123.
Squad 13.		
F. Hogarth.....	124.	129.
T. Sawden.....	108.	125.
E. Brown.....	119.	129.
L. Lowe.....	112.	110.
S. W. Tilson.....	121.	130.
Squad 14.		
J. McKenzie.....	121.	120.



Left to Right: Chief Shortwing Looking Thoughtful; Chief Riverdale (Jennings) H. A. 98670; Chief Long Talk (T. Marshall) a Big Favorite; W. Fenton—One of the "Good Indians."

Squad 7.		
R. A. Sibbitt.....	128.	124.
B. Beattie.....	146.	143.
*E. G. WHITE.....	148.	145.
R. Day.....	141.	136.
*C. Thomson.....	141.	132.
Squad 8.		
E. F. Springer.....	138.	139.
F. S. Wright.....	143.	146.
T. D. Kelsey.....	143.	143.
P. D. Segar.....	100.	130.
D. J. Munroe.....	125.	131.
Squad 9.		
Fay.....	137.	138.
S. G. Vance.....	140.	142.
W. S. Pow.....	131.	126.
Jas. Vance.....	135.	141.
F. W. Watson.....	138.	131.
Squad 10.		
Jas. Payne.....	128.	127.
R. F. VanVlack.....	121.	131.
Jos. Cadham.....	115.	—
Dr. Jerauld.....	132.	—
Maj. Singer.....	126.	142.

A. Jones.....	109.	—
W. Carruthers.....	—	114 (x135)
*Hare.....	111.	112.
H. W. Hoocy.....	—	109.
Squad 15.		
W. Vail.....	—	137.
A. K. Wismer.....	—	98.
J. Harrison.....	—	129.
G. Wallace.....	—	113.
J. Monkman.....	—	121.
Squad 16.		
T. Lawson.....	—	123.
Hunsberry.....	—	141.
J. Townson.....	—	118.

A very handsome shield trophy was given the high gun in each of the twenty events during the two days; these were won by the following:—  
 First Day Event Shield Winners—Jos. Jennings; A. E. Millington; W. F. Wright; Geo. Vivian; W. T. Ely; B. Beattie; H. D. Bates; J. G. Dey; Jno. Ebberts; Dr. Ten Eyck.  
 Second Day—T. Houghton; S. G. Vance; W. R. Fenton; Maj. Singer; E. Sturt; Jas. Vance; W. Hunsberry; G. Hogarth; C. D. TenEyck; W. Fox.



Scene at Grand American Handicap

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Dayton, Ohio, June 17-20, 1913

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#### American Handicap

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### National Amateur

#### and Professional Championships

Highest Scores Made with Du Pont Smokeless Powders.

### The Preliminary Handicap

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### The Consolation Handicap

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Joe Jennings broke 296 x 300, also long run 129 straight, at Niagara-on-the-Lake. Several runs of over 100 straight.

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**A Galaxy of Good Shots: James and S. G. Vance, R. Dey, Fay (Pro.) and Watson (sitting right), the latter, winner of the Butt Trophy**

**Some of the Ladies: From Left: Mrs. R. Days, Mrs. S. E. Sangster and Mrs. R. A. Sibbitt. Men—Sibbitt and Sprague**

The Indians offered a Consolation Cup for the First Day and a second cup for the Second Day, open to those who had not won a trophy in the regular events. The Millington Cup (Consolation) won by Kelsey. The McGaw Cup (Consolation) won by W. Fox. The Ewing Cup—for highest straight—won by T. D. Kelsey with 126 straight.

Dupont Trophy Winners—Amateurs—T. D. Kelsey, (126), G. L. Vivian and A. E. Millington with 113 straight each; T. Marshall (Pro) with 134, unfinished.

Open Doubles (10 prs) for Chief Paper Maker's Cup—won by H. Bates with straight 20x20.

Indian Doubles (10 prs.) for Chief Wolsey's Cup—won by J. Jennings (Chief Riverdale)

Indian Tribe Shoot—1st (McGaw Cup) won by W. T. Ely (Chief Young Eagle)

2nd. (Marsh Cup) won by Chief Wolsey.

The BUTT (King Edward) Trophy (50 birds, handicaps) Won by F. W. Watson with 49x50, from 18 yard mark.

The QUEEN'S ROYAL HOTEL Cup for Five-Man Teams was won by the Stanleys after a very close race with the Tilsonburg Team; the Stanley team ran 122x125, with Tilsonburg a close second with 120x125.

The TORONTO Cup for High Average, won by Jos' Jennings, with 148x150 and 148x150, —98.6%.

Chief Young Eagle was again in good form and picked up a good share of the trophies.

Walter Ewing (Chief Long Horn Buffalo) was a much missed Indian; family illness detained him.

The ladies' favorite, Chief Long Talk (Tom, Marshall), of the American Indians—the man who put the **nois-(e)** in Illinois—was as aptly clever in handing out remarks with the trophies as usual.

Everybody—**EVERYBODY**—(get it)—had a good time and everything went off smoothly. The Hotel Management looked after, the shooters' bodily wants as capably as usual.

**"THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING"**—the Indian Tournament is hardly over before attention is directed towards the big D. C. T. S. Assn. Tournament at Hamilton—August 11th-14th. Every indication points to this being the biggest and best yet and the donation and prize lists are worth looking over.

High Chief Tiny—otherwise known as "Bubbles" and "Oscar"—found the heat hard and the second day his shooting shoulder was all in. The High Chief is some Indian and a real Good Fellow.

The shooting among the "wads only" representatives was, like that of the amateurs, exceptionally high. White Boa, Glover, Marshall and Thomson were all hitting their form. Hassam of the BLACK SHELL Company was off color.

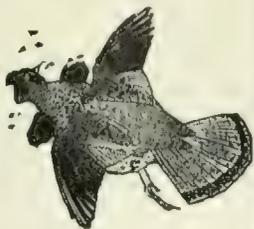


**Millington and Ely (Chief Shawginosh and Chief Young Eagle): Two of the Best Hero Saucer & Smashers in Canada**

**J. G. Dey of Syracuse Getting Photographed**

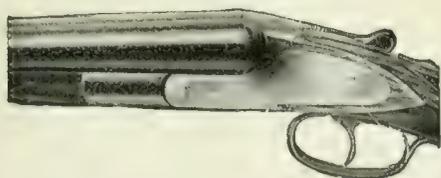


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To the trade only

This was the first appearance of the new Canadian-made REMINGTON—U. M. C. shells and they were hot favorites amongst the shooters. Some of the high scores were made with the Arrow and Nitro Club shells.

Jennings, high amateur, shot Dominion shells; Dunk had a big smile at their win of High Average.

B. Beattie (Chief Rideau) almost came in for a Dupont Trophy, running straight 99 and dropping his 100th target—a climbing left angle.

Chiefs Sign Maker and Short Wing very kindly treated the ladies to strawberries and cherries from their fruit-farm outside of Niagara. It was appreciated.

Mr. J. G. Dey (otherwise known as "Jimmy"), T. D. Kelsey, F. W. Wright, John Ebberts, were among the American shooters present; all shot well and each took home some of the scalps.

In all, some 29,000 acrosaucers were thrown during the two days of the Regular Program—June 30th and July 1st; the Western McCrea Automatic traps and the Canadian Blackbirds were fully up to expectations and, so far as trapping and traps and birds went, things went without a hitch.

It was a quick get-away Tuesday night—but everybody promised to be "among those present" at the Dominion Meet in August.

At the Canadian Indian Tournament, J. E. Jennings of Toronto broke all previous Canadian Amateur records, 148 out of 150 first day, 148 out of 150 on the second day and made a long run of 129 straight. Mr. Jennings used Dominion Shells, made and loaded by the Dominion Cartridge Co.

#### Chatham Gun Club

The fourth match for the Wells Trophy was shot off at the Chatham Gun Club grounds on Friday, June 27th. D. Smith made the high score for the day with 25 straight. This match completed the first hundred birds. J. A. Aitken had high average with 97 and Smith was second with 95. The scores were:

	25 birds	Shot at	Killed
Smith, H.....	22	35	32
Billing.....	16	35	26
Paulucci.....	18	25	18
Nichol.....	21	35	28
Gray.....	12	35	18
Wells.....	17	35	26
Smith, D.....	25	35	34
J. W. Aitken.....	21	25	21
J. A. Aitken.....	24	35	34

At a shoot held on July 11th, the match being for the Wells Trophy, the following were the scores:

	25 birds	Killed
F. Smith.....	22	20
H. Smith.....	23	23
Gray.....	12	12
Bragg.....	19	19
Baxter.....	21	21
Taylor.....	20	20
Wells.....	19	19
Billings.....	15	15
Nichol.....	22	22
J. A. Aitken.....	22	22
Paterson.....	20	20
Primran.....	19	19

#### Peterborough Gun Club

The third regular shoot of the Peterborough Gun Club for the month of June, was held on the 26th, with the following scores at 25 birds each:

C. Mills.....	18	J. Loucks.....	17
H. Routley.....	16	J. Brightman.....	15
C. James.....	15	C. Wood.....	10
L. Hall.....	9	W. Lang.....	7

#### Galt Rifle and Gun Club

The members of the Galt Rifle and Gun Club had a big day's shooting on July 1st, there being no less than three matches.

In a gun shoot the following scores were made:

	Shot at	Broke
W. Marshall.....	125	111
W. Clark.....	125	109
E. Clark.....	100	72
H. Sherwood.....	45	35
W. Pickering.....	100	63
W. Pennock.....	60	25
J. Moore.....	25	8
J. Fulton.....	25	13

The third rifle shoot for the club medal was also held.

#### Cobalt—Haileybury Shoots

High scores featured the shoot between Cobalt and Haileybury teams at the Haileybury gun club grounds on June 25th.

C. H. Lloyd, shooting in the second string, made the possible, breaking 25 straight, the first time, this feat had been accomplished since the installation of the new trap at the grounds. He made a total score of 43 birds, breaking only 18 on the first round. Herb Wallace, of Cobalt, with a 45 score was high for the visitors, the genial Cobalt Alderman breaking 23 and 22 in the two rounds.

For the locals Art Throop and W. A. Gordon tied for high honors with 45 each. Gordon broke 22 and 23 in the respective shoots while Throop starting the first with a 21 score broke 24 in the last race.

Haileybury's total for the six-man shoot was 230, a record for the north country, while Cobalt were but four points behind with 226. At the preceding shoot, the Cobalt team won by a margin of four points, making it a tie on the round.

The scores were:

HAILEYBURY			
W. A. Gordon.....	22	23	45
Art Throop.....	21	24	45
C. H. Henrotin.....	18	19	37
A. R. Webster.....	17	18	35
W. E. Dunnett.....	16	19	35
N. R. Geren.....	17	16	33
	111	119	230
COBALT			
Herb Wallace.....	23	22	45
C. H. Lloyd.....	18	25	43
R. L. McAdam.....	19	21	40
S. McGraw.....	16	21	37
S. Code.....	16	15	31
Tom. Coleman.....	14	16	30
	106	120	226

#### Campbellford Gun Club

On Friday, July 18th 1913, fifteen members of the Campbellford Gun Club motored to Peterboro for the return match with the Peterboro club. Some good scores were made at 25 birds, Campbellford winning by 19.

Mr. O. E. McGaw presented 3 boxes of cigars for High Guns, the winners being C. Wood of Peterboro and G. N. Dinwoodie, C. Neill and E. Curvin of Campbellford each broke 22. In shooting off C. Wood was 1st, Dinwoodie 2nd and Neill 3rd.

After the match a 10 Bird sweepstakes was shot off for 4 prizes as follows: W. H. Hart 1st, M. West 2nd, C. Neill 3rd and J. Foucks 4th.

Following are the scores at the 25 birds:

PETERBORO			
C. Wood.....	22	C. Mills.....	21
H. Cook.....	21	O. E. McGaw.....	17
F. Hall.....	17	F. Foucks.....	16
C. Adair.....	16	J. Brightman.....	15
E. McGaw.....	15	C. Adair.....	14
G. James.....	13	R. Tivey.....	10
J. Smith.....	8	H. Elmhurst.....	7
		W. Lang.....	7

Total..... 219

CAMPBELLFORD			
G. N. Dinwoodie.....	22	C. Neill.....	22
E. Curvin.....	22	F. C. Bonnycastle.....	21
W. H. Hart.....	20	M. West.....	17
A. Connors.....	17	L. A. Humphries.....	16
Jas. Irwin.....	15	Dr. Free.....	11
A. Sutherland.....	12	D. E. Tait.....	10
J. A. Anderson.....	10	Dr. Bonnycastle.....	10
		T. Varcoe.....	10

Total..... 238

Majority for Campbellford 19.

#### Sporting Meet of the Annapolis N. S. Guides

The annual sports of the Annapolis Co. Guides' Association of Nova Scotia took place on the 25th of July, and proved as much of a success as its predecessors. A detailed notice will appear in "ROD AND GUN" later. One of the new features was a "canoe-wrestling match," in which two men in bathing-suits, each in a canoe without paddle or pole, sought to upset their opponents. The Nova Scotia guides are patriotic, and the ammunition of the Dominion Cartridge Company was used in the rifle-match.

SEPTEMBER, 1913 FIFTEEN CENTS

# ROD AND GUN

## IN CANADA

FACULTY OF FORESTRY

OCT 1 1913

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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# ROD and GUN in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, September, 1913

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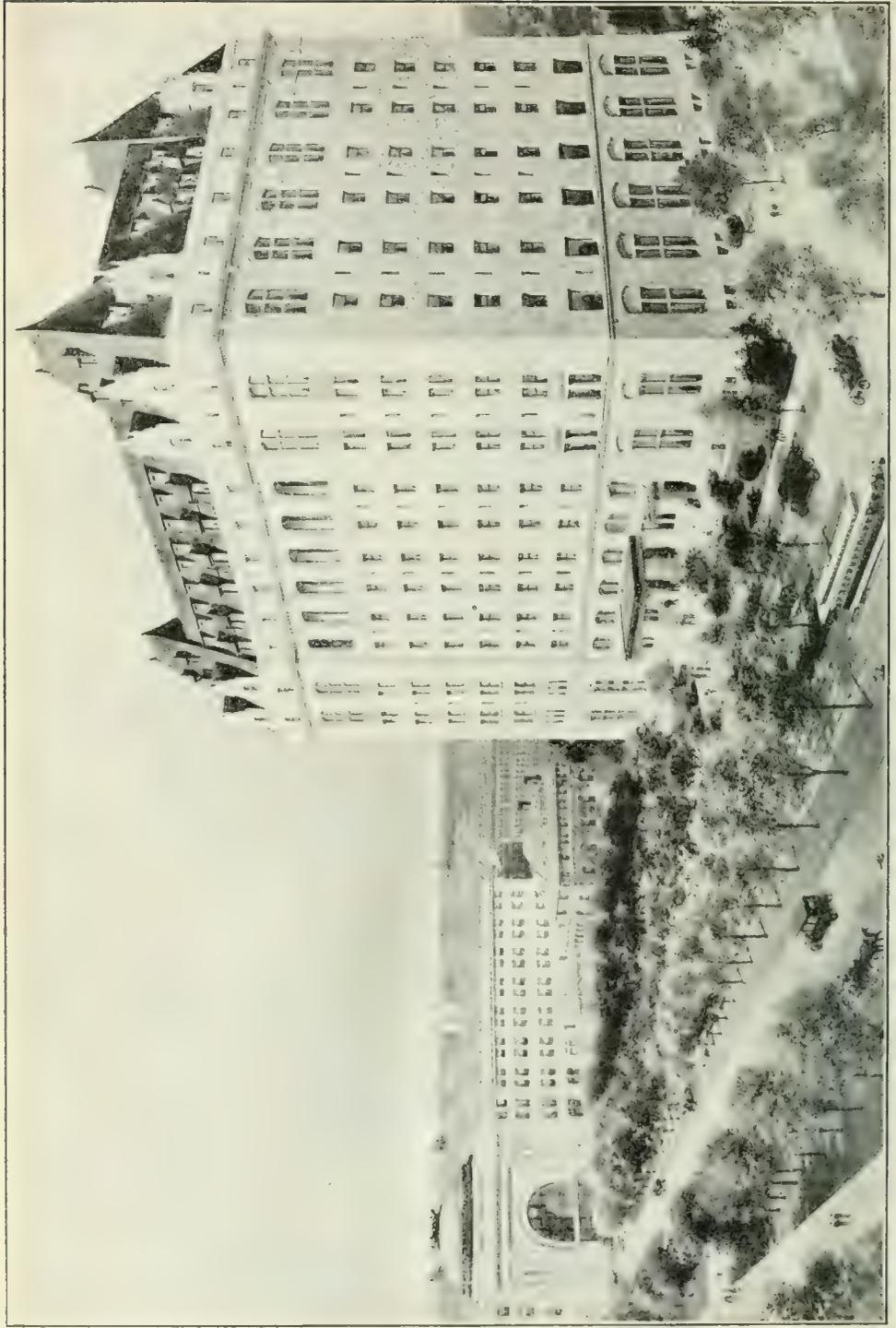
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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

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No. 4

## The American Scaup on the Pacific Coast

BONNYCASTLE DALE

**T**HIS really handsome wild duck commonly called the blue bill, is not as well fleshed on these western shores as we have found it in the centre of the continent. Here it feeds from necessity on the sea grasses. The edible algae are coarser than the similar families found in fresh water. In dissection we find the stomachs of the bluebills filled with a thin fronded grass, the bulb of which closely resembles the wild celery, but the bulb is coarse to the taste and bears a strong garlic-like flavor. It is also much larger than the celery. When this is not obtainable the ducks feed upon dulse, Irish moss, green laver—

and we are sorry to say—fish. Into nearly all of the larger harbors of the coast fresh water rivers debouch. Here we find great flocks of the bluebills greedily feeding on all manner of small fishes. Did the list end here we would be satisfied, but alas! they eat of the remains of the spawning salmon, thus they are, during the late fall months in those localities, totally unfit for the table. At all other times of the year the bird, on the salt water, ranks low as an edible bird. This is not the case where they are taken in fresh water. We have killed them in the Northwestern and Central Provinces of Canada, in the Western and



Bluebills—Duck and Drake

Bluebills Flying



Fritz Retrieving the Ducks  
Redhead Drake

Middle States, and the interior of the States that abut on the Atlantic Ocean, and especially where wild rice or wild celery was to be found, these birds were most excellent eating.

On the Pacific Coast we find the migration of this bird to be totally

different from its annual Northern and Southern flight over the centre of the continent. Here the bluebills settle in the first harbor that offers good food and shelter on their way south from their breeding grounds. Arriving early in October or late in September they remain in the one place until April and May, each successive flight playing a great game of leapfrog, passing over the harbours already filled with the southward flying host, and settling in the first likely unused place.

All over the middle of the continent the bluebills begin to arrive late in September, and after feeding for a few days or weeks on these prolific lakes and rivers, they take up their flight and their place is taken by the birds that have been driven out of the most northern feeding places by the ice. All authorities agree that in both the Spring and Fall migrations up and down the centre of the continent the bluebills closely follow the isotherm of 35 degrees. Here we find them remaining in much colder temperature.

Great Slave Lake is one of the principal breeding grounds of this wild duck, but civilization is fast creeping northwards. I understand the late Canadian Government granted fishing rights to a large company for this lake, so there will soon be more than Indians collecting huge basketfuls of the eggs of the many varieties of wild ducks that nest there. From Northern Dakota, all through British Columbia, through Athabaska and Mackenzie—those two great unopened territories—clear up to Kotzebue Sound in Alaska these wild ducks have been found nesting. It is absolutely impossible to calculate the immense host that every Fall leave these Northern wilds—but in my experience of thirty years in the field—this breed, aye and every other one, is less thickly represented in the many shooting grounds.

Blackhead, broadbill, bluebill, scaup, grey-back, raft-duck we have heard it called by the guides in many widely separated waters, but everywhere its habits are the same; it is

easily decoyed on its first arrival, but later, when it has "rafted"—or flocked it ignores the decoys with an anger kindling persistency.

We have found the nest of the blue-bill as far south as Lake Ontario—since Spring shooting has been abolished. The absence of gunners in the marshes in the Spring will go far to make up for the emigration into the northern breeding grounds. At the time of writing twenty-two States and Provinces and territories of the United States and Canada prohibit Spring shooting. Let the good work go on until the impoverished birds are Spring protected from one end of the continent to the other. In some places bills have been passed to prohibit automatic guns and in nearly all the States and Provinces the bag is limited. Twenty-five is enough for any man for one day's bag.

We find on consulting European authorities that the bluebill is well represented all over Europe and Asia, so it is indeed a world wide bird.

In our Nature study work we have been fortunate in obtaining many pictures of the handsome birds. See the pair that sunned themselves within a few feet of our concealed camera on a Canadian Lake. All along the shores that bright April day my Indian guide and I found them in thousands on the water; and in many scattered lines along the pebbles and winter lodged weed drift on the shores. In one place we found many of them feeding on the fish spawn in the shallows, so secreting a camera in a thick bunch of willows we hid away on the top of the bank overlooking the lake. Soon the curving flight and silky rustling of the wings, the gentle splash as they alight with breasts held well towards the wind, told of the bluebills' return. Then we watched them swim in under the drowned land trees and "puckabrush"—and while the big brown hand next to mine trembled with excitement and the great black eyes flashed out from the dry ferns alongside, I pressed the bulb and the swift current of air through the long rubber tube discharged the camera, and we



Wild Duck Shooting

secured the picture of four drake bluebills.

Later on the Indian built me a "hide" beside that lonely lake, a hide that mounted two cameras as a fort mounts guns, and from the passing flocks we took a picture of five excited drakes closely persuing a modestly clad brown duck—she did not choose her mate while we watched but each and all of them dipped under the moment she dived or took to wing the instant of her flight, closely fol-

lowing her every movement. Many a time she drove off her too ardent lovers, but soon she would select one and then she and her new mate would turn on the four discarded ones and drive them off. They in turn would seek the female with least attendant lovers and the old comedy would be again repeated.

Later in the year, when the gun had a little replaced the camera, we took toll of the passing bluebills as they circled to our decoys, and to try the speed of my new camera—and my own speed as well—I pictured a blue-bill I had shot ere it reached the water.

## Duck Chatter

Being Some Practical Advice, Gained From "Been-there Experience on Marsh and in Blind, Together With a Few Reminiscences of Days Gone By

S. E. SANGSTER (CANUCK)



**T**HERE are somewhere about 20 true varieties of the duck species either breeding in Ontario or visiting the waters of that Province en route south on their autumn migration. Methods vary locally in hunting and shooting the same species, while the open water work is vastly different in many of its features from the marsh program.

Let us first state, as an admitted axiom, that there are two distinct features in the duck question, in so far as the sportsman is concerned. There is, first, duck *hunting* and then follows duck *shooting*; needless to point out, the first factor is essential

before any large degree of success in the shooting can result. In short, if one expects to kill a big limit of birds, he must first—at this day of thousands of guns afield and scattered birds, (yearly showing thinned ranks)—learn from experience the way to *hunt* duck.

We were camped on a twisting stream that stretched past our tent and wound on out through the waving rice to the lake, a mile away. A veritable *water-farm* of almost two thousand acres of rice fifteen years ago many, many thousand husky black duck, teal and wood-duck homed therein and reared their sum-



Big Pond—A Favorite Spot for Duck to Feed In—200 yards in the Rice  
A Twisting Stream Stretched Through the Waving Rice to the Lake

mer broods. Today only a small, a very small remnant of this horde remains, and these are unbelievably cunning in their wariness. "See yonder, Kid,"—Jonathan remarks,— "that bunch of blacks coming in for the night. That's where the big raft have fed all week. If we get an east wind tomorrow, it will be some shooting; without it, they will draw in wide and scatter." The sun was dropping over the woods to the west, and standing up in the little "duck-boat" I could see a cloud of black duck as they circled and on set scimitar-wings pitched to the big pools 200 yards in the rice. "Big Pond," as it was known locally, was for many years a favorite spot for the duck to feed and, with an east wind, they pitched on certain days (*if only*

*we could fore-tell those days!*) in a steady flight. Prospects that evening pointed to the longed-for *easter*—the sun sank in a golden murky haze and the trees whispered in that damp manner that forecasts a change to wet weather. Old Jonathan was almost a prophet when it came to "duck talk" and much that I have learned of the game came originally from his teaching. Away to an early start next morning, predictions were found correct, for a stiff east gale drove the rain in my face as I sat in the bow. The morning star gleamed like an immense jewel in the eastern sky and behind our camp a couple of old roosters told their flock of wives: that 'twas the commencement of another day. As we shoved through the swamp of thick rice-stems, every

moment a single or small raft of duck would take to wing with a startled quack; as we neared the big pond the noise was terrific.

The sky lightened slowly as we waited a hundred yards away; "now let us get in there and get things fixed" whispered old Jonathan, when we could see a little ahead. "Mind, not a shot, nor any more disturbance than you can help." I was fairly trembling with keen excitement, time and again we jumped duck—from singles to a dozen within a few feet and how my trigger-finger itched to swing on them. But, ah no! one such fatal error and the sport would be badly crimped if not entirely spoiled. "Never,"—my old friend remarked, as we cleared the rice and slipped into the black water of the pond,—“never, Boy, shoot, no matter what opportunity is offered, at your feeding birds; they will be back again ere long and in bunches. You'll have all you can handle shortly.”

Quietly but rapidly the decoys were rafted, eighteen of as perfect models of cedar imitations as ever swam to their short strings (made by Jonathan and cut to a model of his own, resultant from many hours of watching the live birds feeding.) In a straight string he placed them, "kitter-katter" as it were, across the pond, using short strings for the water was not over a foot in depth. Ten minutes passed, as we slipped back to the sheltering rice and fastened the woven grass blind around the boat. "Swish," a big drake swung down and splashed into the water ten yards from the decoys; "splash,—splash"—two duck birds were with him. "Steady, Son" came a whisper. "Kneel up and take them as they jump." A flash upward, an instant's poise eight feet up and away they darted. "Ping,—ping,—ping"—snapped the little 20 gauge. "I've got the drake down John. I exclaim.

—"Yes",—he replied,—and one of the ducks too; 'twas very neatly done." A pause as I slipped in fresh shells—then a whisper "Down, Boy here is a flock—mark north"—and I

saw through the blind's close-worn stems a raft of eight or nine big ducks as they swung in from the north and headed the gale,—sailing as the decoys came into view. John steadied the little boat (he always left his gun in camp when out with me) and the little repeater snapped five times in quick succession; pretty work,—three big birds belly up and a fourth swimming with a smashed wing—a final shot turned her over to flap two yellow legs towards the sky. And so on it went; always coming in from out toward the foam-crested lake,—the birds swung now north, now south, only to circle to the decoys and head up-wind; for three hours the sport went on—until we picked up, gathering 35 birds, including black, mallard, blue-winged teal and three wood-duck." "Four days from now, they will be back as thick as ever, if not disturbed," said my guide—and, incidentally, I may remark he was right—they were, but that is another story.

In decoy shooting on open water for redhead, scaup or whistlers, the first requisite is a suitable outfit. A 15 foot duck-boat, cedar clinker built, decked in some 4 or 4½ feet at the bow, 2½ feet at stern and 4 inches of decking on the sides, with a 2 or 2½ inch combing, has proven the ideal craft for small lake shooting; it will carry a big load, that can be stowed under the decks; will row and paddle fast; ride a heavy sea, and is easily hidden in a blind. Next comes the question of decoys. Take it from me—and all who have 'been there' know I am right—do not invest in a flock of hollow 'coys; get a good model of cedar, *solid*—they don't weigh much and they will stand hard usage for years. For mid-season shooting, a flock is required of at least 25 birds; sometimes you will find that fifty, even 70, decoys can be used to advantage. The predominant species should represent the scaups and red-head, with a few whistlers on the outer edge, and often a pair or so of little widgeon, sometimes called "butter-balls," round out the flock.

Now comes the question of "hunting"—for in fall-duck shooting in October and early November, 'tis only rarely anything worth while can be had from flight shooting. Cruise your waters, keep on the move until you find it—but find it before you quit; namely where the birds are feeding. The late duck raft quickly to their feeding beds, especially on the wild celery areas. If left alone, the birds invariably feed inshore in a few days' time—and until they do, there is no use in going after them—for, while an illegal act in Ontario and in many of the States to build a blind outside a limit distance from shore or ricebeds, it is very rare that this procedure proves efficacious anyway in decoy shooting. With the scaup species, a day's feeding will often make them feel at home

close inshore, and two or three days will make the redhead quite as contented. The redhead are one of the hardest duck to decoy away from their feeding ground—but once on them, they cannot easily be driven off and will repeatedly return to decoys after being shot at. By saying *decoy to their feeding bed*, I do not mean running out your flock 100 yards inshore from them; it means waiting until the raft is itself inshore where they can be gotten at and running the decoys *immediately* on their feeding waters. Your blind will vary according to local conditions, ranging from willow bushes built in the form of an oblong or V-shaped, to the best of all blinds, where one has a marsh background, that of dead grass bound closely together and fastened around your little craft on two cross pieces.



Mixed Bag

Memory calls up a day under such conditions some years ago. The writer, with two companions, was camped some five miles from the nearest village the lake was some ten miles straight-away, ere it flung to the east, and ranged from a mile to almost two miles in width. A whole week had been spent with but desultory shooting, and the outing drew near its close. On Sunday, sail was run up on our little 3 Rater and a cruise made in search of the desired feeding beds—for that the birds were feeding somewhere was certain. Four miles further down the lake, a big bay,—rice-edged,—disclosed itself to our view, and with the glasses a picture came to the eye of several hundred redhead and scaup rafted immediately off the rice beds. An immediate return was made to camp, without approaching nearer, and duffle, shells and decoys were sorted and made ready for the morrow. And on that morrow! Ah, 'tis one of the *red-letter* days in our shooting records with just two of us in her, the little boat loaded almost to the gunwales with decoys and outfit, slipped silently away an hour ere dawn and quietly rippled its path far down to that big bay. The *pr-r-r-up* of the scaup could be clearly heard long before we neared the beds and, just as the eastern sky lightened under a heavy bank of clouds, we pointed in.

A few scattered bunches took heavily to wing, then finally, as we slipped down on them, several hundred duck jumped together and silently disappeared out in the gloom. A hurry up trip was made for some willow bushes inshore and a blind hastily erected. A dirty *easter* commenced to whip down on us—and owing to the fact that we were on the west shore, made conditions hard. The blind went by the board, and when the first birds swung back, we discovered we were some sixty yards south of their main bed. Up and at it again—the rain, which had now commenced, beating on our faces—a second blind, re-enforced by poles and rice from our stock in the boat, was run up and the whole

flock of over sixty wooden decoys put out in a V-shape, with a nice open channel running through them almost immediately in front of the boat. And how those birds did sweep back—now in pairs and threes—now a single—and more often a raft of from seven to 15 or more. Redhead surrounded the blind at times, the wind driving them behind us, as they swung up to circle into the decoys. All the time it grew colder—the rain changed to stinging snow and the wind heaved the open waters into whitecaps. Despite the hardships encountered, the sport was fast and steady. “Mark north”—“mark south”—“look out in front”—“right behind”—whispers constantly floated from the ‘Doc’ or the writer. The gun the Doctor used got clogged and refused to function repeatedly—but the little double did its full share, and at times both performed as their makers promised. At odd times a black or a pair would circle too close, and one old mallard drake crumpled high overhead, as both guns pelted him with lead. Up to noon we kept at it—when the whole raft of some 200 birds returned together and then left for parts unknown. It was all over and cramped limbs were stretched on the bogs inshore and a lunch eaten, washed down with hot coffee from the thermos; with a boatfull of decoys and 42 duck, a hard paddled warmed us long ere camp was reached. Such days are not forgotten and live long in memory, making worth while the long months of office confinement—but they were growing fewer and farther between of late. Incidentally, this day demonstrated that, *on feeding ground*, direction of wind does not figure as a vital factor; although, undoubtedly, with a west wind that on the occasion cited would have been on our backs, many more birds would have offered frontal shots.

My experience has been that different localities have frequently peculiarities entirely local; for instance, a certain shooting ground on the St. Lawrence invariably offers the best shooting on days when a heavy sea

wind drives the birds down the channels among the rice. Again, in a certain immense basin, known as Waschman's Bay, in Ontario's Highlands, some days many hundreds of black duck may be found quietly feeding all day among the lily-strewed ponds, while again for three or four days at a stretch not more than a dozen birds come in; the reason I have never been able to determine, save that this territory is many miles in extent,—a series of bogs and ponds,—and the birds appear to move from one point to another without reason, so far as humanely ascertainable.

Some scatter gun followers would rather shoot black and mallard in the marshes and ponds than any other species; others travel many miles for redhead, while still others are only after canvasbacks (getting rare

in Eastern and Central Canada). But, no matter what birds are sought, the sport holds a peculiar glamour all its own—and draws red-blooded sportsmen from their beds in the cold, chilling hours before dawn, to eat a hurry-up breakfast, labor miles at times through wet marsh and over darkened waters, to sit cramped in the blind while the duck hurtle in on the red-letter days—or refuse to decoy on the other occasions. Assuredly it is one of the most strenuous forms of shotgun sport—much harder physically than field shooting on either upland or woods—but it is worth while, and, besides yielding pleasure many times repaying the effort demanded it serves to sweep clean the cobwebs of modern turmoil from the worn-out, tired brain of the business man of the 20th Century.

## Four Species of Grouse Found in Northern Ontario



The photograph of which the above is a reproduction depicts a group of the different species of grouse obtainable on the Nagagami River, Northern Ontario, and was sent to Rod and Gun by Mr. A. D. Murray of Res. 28 "D", Transcontinental Railway, Mileage 25, or 40 miles west of Hearst. These were all shot within a mile of his camp and within a few days. They comprise Prairie Chicken, Spruce or Black Partridge, Ptarmigan or Snow Partridge and Birch Partridge or Ruffed Grouse.



"Neil"

## Shooting Over a Dog

"SENEX"

**T**HE true sportsman past middle age who in the days gone by may have been fond of big game shooting and now finds himself no longer able to undertake the arduous work it involves may yet enjoy a milder form of sport in the pursuit of small winged game. This generally can be obtained nearer home and without undergoing the hardships the other entails. In this country if one is fortunate enough to know the districts where partridge, snipe, or woodcock are to be found he can with the assistance of a good dog, pointer, or setter preferred, spend a week or longer in the autumn with much pleasure and benefit to his health. October is the best month and a good dog is an indispensable requisite for the sport in the highest sense. I prefer an English setter not that they are any better performers than a pointer but they stand cold better owing to the heavier coat, which to a critical eye is a beauty in itself. Besides they are generally more affectionate and devoted to their master. They are easily controlled if their early education has been attended to.

In addition to these traits they have a gentle and dignified manner and bearing which is unsurpassed in the dog world. These qualities make them most agreeable companions. They may safely be treated as one of the family and allowed the run of the house where the admiration they inspire is less only to that bestowed upon them while at work showing their pace and dash in the field.

"The more one sees of dogs

The less one thinks of men."

With a well trained setter (the length of pedigree need not count) on a fine day in October, the ground comfortably moist, what is more enjoyable than a tramp through the haunts of the mysterious woodcock? These birds,—second to none on the game list,—are frequently found close to the haunts of man, often within a few minutes' walk of a farm house, where possibly the sportsman may find comfortable quarters for a few days. They seem to have a particular liking for young birch and alder covers which fringe the pasture fields of a deserted farm. They will also be found during the day on sunny hill-

side; where the cover is suitable, adjacent to the feeding ground in some rich moist meadow. At dusk they may be heard and seen as they wing their way to their nocturnal feasts. The flight seems spontaneous and by standing near a good feeding ground one may see birds darting in from all directions. It is supposed they spend the night there returning to their day haunts at dawn. In the late Fall, only the most insatiable gourmards are to be found in these places after sunrise. From experience I should say that for every 'cock found in the feeding ground three or four will be flushed in higher and drier covers reached by the sun and which are usually more open, where both the sportsman and his dog get a better chance of showing what they can accomplish in the way of making a bag. To the higher type of sportsman I think the work of his well-trained dog furnishes more real enjoyment than does the shooting of the game. I have seen dogs who when approaching a cover usually good for a bird or two, do so with a stealthy cat-like tread long before they have winded game. Such dogs also seem to know instinctively a good cover when they see it and nothing will induce them to go through one of which they do not approve, unless instead of waiting outside for a shot their master accompanies them taking what trouble that may involve, usually to find not a bird in it and that the dog is right. The latter, meanwhile by look and action plainly says, "I told you so." It is not unusual for 'cock to lie very close letting the dog get within ten feet or less. Where the ground is pretty bare I have seen the woodcock on the ground with the dog pointing within a few feet. In thick cover the sportsman has frequently to get too close up to the dog in order to see and get a shot at the wily longbill as he rises to the tune of his own well known whistle. The English woodcock is about a half larger than the bird of this country and is very highly prized. An authentic story is told of a shooting party where a guest shot two woodcock at

one shot. This so delighted the host that he arranged in line all the other guests, gamekeepers and beaters, and had them doff their hats to the lucky sportsman as he walked down the line.

While the readers of *ROD AND GUN*—many of whom I assume live in Ontario—may have but little interest in woodcock shooting owing to the scarcity in the province of this once plentiful game-bird, they can by going to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick find it in numbers sufficient to satisfy any true sportsman. The distance is a drawback, about 30 hours by rail. The Intercolonial Railway runs a "Hunters" Excursion in October, return ticket at single fare. A non-resident requires a license costing \$10 for small game in New Brunswick and \$15 for Nova Scotia.

"So here's a toast to Philohela Minor, the gamest game bird of our Nova Scotia wilds! May he long remain with us and may his shrill whistle be heard and graceful brown form be seen in our alder thickets for many years to come; may he linger long in the land and be a joy to coming generations of our sportsmen—the gamest game bird of our North American Continent."

Next in order may be put the snipe (Wilson's). This frequenter of the marsh usually has a strong attraction for the shooter of small game. A well trained spaniel which can be kept within range does very well for this kind of shooting but after all the pointer or setter is generally preferred. The birds may be scarce, and a rather wide ranging dog who will find birds and is staunch on point is of much use especially on the higher ground. On wet bog shooting down wind with dog working in front brings many a wild bird within range as they invariably fly up wind.

Snipe are found the world over. Being migratory they mostly breed farther north though some nests are found in every province of the Dominion. The best shooting is to be had from about the 20th of September to the same date in October, though in some localities where frost comes late

they stay into the first week of November. The snipe is an erratic bird in more ways than one. In their haunts they may be plentiful one day, and not a bird to be found there on the next. Sometimes they lie close, at others every bird will rise out of range and every sportsman knows their erratic zigzag flight. Lucky is he who can kill three out of five shots, but that is one of the fascinations of the sport.

Of partridge (the ruffed grouse) little need be said as every sportsman and farmer's boy knows him. This bird is hard to get at and shoot in a sportsmanlike way. The habit of feeding chiefly on the ground and yet not "squatting" as snipe and woodcock do when danger threatens, and also the habit of lighting on trees makes them an easy mark for the sneaking pot hunter. As a result in settled districts the birds are so scarce that frequent "close years" are necessary to prevent extermination. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia where there is much less cleared land than in Ontario, the partridge is frequently found when hunting for woodcock in small second growth covers, and occasionally is flushed from the dog's point when a woodcock

was expected. Happy the sportsman if he has the luck to bag him under such circumstances. The extra weight of the bird and the satisfaction of shooting him in cover afford a feeling of pleasant content. Two or three partridge are a welcome addition to the day's bag of six or eight woodcock, to say nothing of the envy the sight of such a bag creates when exhibited to the less lucky and perhaps lazy sportsman whose shooting is so much heard of when sitting round the stove after the season is over.

At the beginning of this article appears a cut of a typical English setter ("Nell"). It shows a well built dog, with plenty of bone, excellent coat, and above all a dog that possesses good hunting sense. She was an excellent performer on woodcock and partridge, would retrieve from land or water and was shot over for ten years. "Nell" has gone to her reward and now her daughter reigns in her stead.

"Given a fine October, dog and gun  
Then the sportsman's turn has come,  
When, by woodcock cover, snipy

marsh,

Or upland, where the partridge whirrs  
He takes his way."

## When The Goose Honks High

JAMES WILSON STUBER

"**B**R-R-R," sang the telephone and taking down the receiver Slim Hanson impatiently answered, "Hello, who's this?"

"That you Slim,—Say Slim this is Bill. Slim, there's all kinds of geese sailing around over the pond this evening, let's go out and dig a pit and lay for them in the morning."

"That so? Sure I'll go,—or I'll ask my wife and see what she says,—you know."

"Aw hang your wife," was the quick reply. "You round up your decoys and I'll be after you in the machine at three o'clock."

"All right. So long."

Slim closed his desk with a bang, grabbed his coat and hat and swung aboard the trolley before it had fairly rounded the corner. When he dropped off near his home the drizzling rain which had been falling all day had stopped entirely and it was turning decidedly colder.

When Slim strode into the parlor he found a note from his wife saying that she was going to spend the night with her mother. Slim was certainly in luck this time and he telephoned Bill at once asking him to bring his

car around and spend the night with him.

In a short while Bill 'honk-honked' at the door and the two ambitious nimrods drove down to a nearby Cafe, called for everything on the bill of fare and after a hearty dinner, returned to Slim's home where the machine was stowed away in the barn for the night.

The hunters now sorted out their shells, and after laying out their hunting togs and arranging things so that no time would be lost in the morning they pulled their chairs up to the roaring fire-place for a smoke and a quiet chat. Slim kept this particular fire-place for just such occasions as this. Nothing but really old fashioned wood was ever burned in this grate, and the yellow pungent smoke which now and then curled out

mate in the decoy box, tied the same to the trunk rack, sailed down the driveway and stopped at the side door.

When he burst into the kitchen Slim had the table set and was in the act of placing a steaming stack of griddle cakes in the centre of the table.

"Hey Slim, gimme another flap-jack," pleaded Bill as he poured himself a second cup of coffee.

"Never mind the flap-jacks but eat your supper," was the prompt reply as Slim tossed the last cake into his partner's plate.

Breakfast was soon over, and grabbing their guns the two men buttoned their rubber coats tightly about their necks and strode forth into the darkness. "Ye Gods, ain't she black,



around the edges of the mantle, together with the odor of burning bark, brought to their minds, scenes of the far away northern wilds.

Far into the night season they sat and talked gun and pattern, velocity and penetration until both grew sleepy, and after setting the alarm for three o'clock, turned in for the night.

At the frantic ringing of the alarm both men took a flying leap out of the bed. Bill struck a light and after pulling on their hunting togs they strode clumsily down to the kitchen, where Slim started breakfast while his partner, lantern in hand, went out to the barn to round up the decoys and run out the car. He soon caught the squawking, flopping old gander and placed him beside his docile little

believe she's going to snow," remarked Slim.

Bill's reply was drowned by the starting engine, and climbing into the car they sped away through the inky blackness to the lonely pond on an old deserted farm where the geese were coming daily to feed. After an hour's ride they turned carefully into the driveway and backed the car into a dilapidated old shed, procured a pick and shovel which had been carefully hidden under the floor some time before, and started across the fields towards the pond. Two trips were necessary to transport the decoys and other paraphernalia to the pond and as Slim set the sputtering lantern down on the edge of the old last year's pit, a faint 'honk-honk' caused both to jump into the pit and

in another minute the dirt and stones were flying fast. When the pit had been enlarged so as to accommodate two, Slim tied out the decoys while Bill set to work scattering the fresh dirt that had been thrown from the pit, so that it would not be detected by the incoming geese, after which both men nestled down into the blind, lit their pipes and sat back to await events. Daylight was coming on rapidly and they expected every minute to hear the 'honk' of an incoming flock.

'Whew-whew-whew-whew,' suddenly sounded high over head. "Widgeon," whispered Bill and Slim answered with an affirmative nod, but neither as much as looked up, as they were after bigger game today.

Presently the old gander who had been busy picking at the string which held him, straightened up to his full height turned his head a little to one side and said, "Wha-honk, honk-honk." Immediately both hunters grabbed their guns and peeped cautiously over the edge of the pit, while their hearts beat a tattoo against their watch pockets. Far away on the sky line they made out a long black snaky column of Canadas, and as they came nearer and nearer could hear their faint 'honking.' On they came, a hundred strong, now in a V-shaped column, now strung out almost abreast. Straight for the pit they were headed, their incessant 'honking' becoming louder and louder.

When about half a mile away the whole flock seemed to suddenly fall out of the air. Down they plunged for two hundred feet, tipping and tumbling from side to side, and then as if by command the column was again formed and the whole flock headed straight for the pit.

The old gander and his mate were nearly bobbing their heads off as they patted their little black feet on the ground and called their loudest, putting forth every effort to bring their badly deceived kindred to their doom. The two hunters crouched breathlessly in the pit, gripping their guns and waiting for the opportune moment.

On they came strung out in a long line, just skimming the ground. Their markings could be plainly distinguished, and they were soon going to pass the blind at an angle at about thirty yards. The swish of their powerful wings could now be heard and the time had come.

"Shoot!" shouted Bill as both men sprang to their feet in the pit. Bang! Bang! went Bill's trusty Bonehill; the lead goose doubled up and hit the ground with a thud and another went flopping across the stubble with a broken wing. Slim had opened fire at the same time and in the consternation and confusion that followed in the flock, he managed to drop two big ganders and to knock a hat full of feathers from a third, that went blundering down along a rail fence, a cripple. His last two shots he had fired at a bewildered goose as she rose high over the blind, but all he got was a few flimsy feathers. The flock had risen high into the air and was strung out in a disorderly formation, and in a few minutes had become tiny specks on the southern horizon.

After clasping hands and dancing an impromptu highland fling about the blind during which Bill nearly fell into the pit, Slim suggested that he rescue the dead, while Bill went after the cripples.

Bill put out at once and found the wing tipped goose hiding in a fence corner, head stretched out on the ground and quiet as a stone. He reached down to pick it up, when with an angry 'honk' it jumped up and started across the field as hard as it could run. Bill pulled up his gun but as quickly laid it down and jerking off his heavy shell coat, started in pursuit. A far away voice shouted, "Go to it Bill."

After an exciting chase Bill made an end tackle as the goose doubled back on him and came to the ground all sprawled out, but arose at once, with a hand full of feathers to see the goose making tracks for the fence. Bill said things that never happened in the Sunday school lesson and started in pursuit and at last cornered the exhausted goose and tied it with

a string to the fence. He now picked up his gun and went to look for the second cripple. Suddenly it popped up out of the grass and went flopping lustily across the field, but a charge of sixes caught it square astern and it took no interest in the subsequent proceedings. Bill tossed the goose over his shoulder and retraced his steps to the captive at the fence. Hearing the sharp crack of Slim's gun he looked over towards the blind and saw a lone sprig let all holts go and come tumbling from high above the pit. "Good shot that," he mused, "But it takes Slim to do it."

Bill strode triumphantly back to the pit with his dead goose and the cripple, and was in the act of telling his companion about the chase when the decoy set up a riotous 'honking' and began patting his feet in intense excitement.

Both men jumped for the pit, pitched the dead goose in one corner with the others and tied the cripple in another corner, throwing a coat over him to keep him quiet. Then peeping from the pit they saw three geese heading for the blind. They had seen something and were suspicious and circled far to the left, but presently swung in and crossed beyond the decoys. It was a long shot but worth trying for. The double gun barked twice and the middle goose doubled up. Slim dropped the leader and pecked away three times at the other one, but without success. Slim brought both birds to the blind and after lighting his pipe nestled down in the corner, while Bill opened the steaming thermo and after taking a good swallow for himself, passed it

over to his partner. "Gee that helps a feller don't it?" he remarked rubbing his hand across his stomach.

The wind had now come up and a drizzling sleet had set in making it disagreeable and almost unbearable in the pit. A bunch of green-wings whizzed by and Slim slammed away at them in vain. "Go to h— then," he exclaimed as he set the gun down and drew his coat closer around his body.

"Slim, I've got enough of this,—let's go," remarked Bill. "Second the motion," was the prompt reply and in a few minutes they were transporting their geese and guns to the auto. The engine was started at once and after warming their hands over the radiator they proceeded on their way in the face of a stinging, driving, sleet.

"This is sure goose weather," remarked Slim at the top of his voice.

"Yes," growled his companion, "A man's a goose to go out in it."

Shortly before dark they pulled up at the house, threw the game on the porch and after putting the decoys, the cripple, and the machine where they belonged, strode merrily into Slim's kitchen, to be greeted by a scornful, "Well—what did you catch?" from their wives.

The story was told and re-told at the table. Mrs. Slim and Mrs. Bill had done their best and a tall stack of griddle cakes stood waiting in the centre of the table.

"Bill, gimme another flap-jack," pleaded Slim as he let out another notch in his belt.

"Never mind the flap-jacks," remarked Bill, "But eat your supper."





"Standing Like Statues"

## A Ruffed Grouse Hunt Where I Hunted Forty Years Ago

W. HICKSON

I had made full preparations for my annual deer hunt in Nipissing last November but owing to the severe illness of a relative I deemed it unwise to go to the Northern wilds of rocks and ravines, and instead I turned my face to the south where well tilled farms now abound but where more than forty years ago I first learned the art of hunting—in the County of Durham.

A visit to any of these resorts of my youth always recalls a thousand memories of boyhood days and thoughts of days long past come trooping through my mind. How such memories serve to gladden our path through life in our declining years!

The first day I visited the spot where I shot my first partridge, while drumming, forty-eight years before. Instead of the dense swamp that covered this part of the country half a century ago, beautiful, arable land now takes its place. Indeed the whole of this country had undergone a great change but notwithstanding I found birds numerous in the thick copsewood and in the swampy valleys between the steep hills. My first real hunting

here was in a woods I had traversed hundreds of times in my boyhood days and although the old familiar landmarks had in many cases disappeared, yet the birds kept flushing as they had done forty years before.

After flushing fifteen I returned to my lodgings with a couple of nice birds in my bag. For three days I strolled leisurely through the thickets of this locality and at the end of that period I had a fine bag of these plump birds. To my surprise I had done just as well as I would have done in the northern forests to which sportsmen repair every Autumn, with bird dogs, large supplies of shells and high hopes of well filled bags. Few, if any, sportsmen ever dream of going into one of these old settled counties for an outing and yet game is not altogether a thing of the past in many of these agricultural districts. The people of the locality visited are busy raising horses, cattle, sheep and swine and improving their lands, and have no time to hunt. For this reason the small game is on the increase. Houses in which two or three old cap locks hung fifty years ago have now not a gun to

frighten the crows out of their corn-fields in the Spring. Where a cocker spaniel or retriever would greet you, at many of these farm residences, half a century ago, no canine, except a well bred collie, is to be seen now, so that the only birds that are killed must be stalked without the aid of a bird dog. With this condition of things the ruffed grouse will live and multiply in absolute security. On the other hand if bird dogs and good guns were brought into action in these cosy groves of pine, cedar and hemlock, the result would be the extermination of the partridge within a short time.

On the fifth day of my outing I drove a distance of six miles to what is known as Franklin's Swamp. I had visited this dense swamp once in my young days and had got a very large bag, and, of course, I was more than anxious to try my luck, perhaps for the last time, on this once famed partridge ground. I reached the east side, which slopes down a very steep incline to the centre of the swamp and as I stood on this high vantage ground and looked down over the terraced rows of trees, where they stand tree above tree, I could see that the axes of the woodman had reduced this noted game haunt to one-third of its former size. I did not travel far along this eastern slope till, "Whirr! Whirr! went a covey of five, and this was repeated every twenty or thirty rods. Each time I followed them into the thicket but the birds eluded my pursuit by running on the ground. Not one ever attempted to fly a second time, after being flushed. A good bird dog would have been quite desirable here and would certainly have changed the whole programme, but as I had no dog I moved slowly along expecting to get my chance, and it came just as I rounded a sharp corner of the woods, for there stood seven birds like statues on the steep slope, seemingly amazed at my sudden appearance. One shot on the ground and one on the wing added a brace more to my number, and these were the only ones I bagged out of nineteen birds I had risen on my trip round. Truly these birds were adepts in keeping out of sight and will doubtless stock their deep ravine of about one hundred acres to its full capacity next season.

This five days' outing had given me pleasure in more ways than one. The places I had visited many years ago held a peculiar interest for me as I saw them once again and noted how new forests had grown up, and marked the number of chesty birds that still roamed in these thickets. It was pleasant to meet old friends and the sons of old friends, many of whom still remained on the old homesteads. Only one of the old generation remained in the neighborhood to greet me. I called and had dinner with him. He was of course surprised to see me and asked if I still hunted, and enjoyed it, to which I replied that I did and enjoyed it more than ever. The old man sat musing for a time, turning over and over in his hand the large knob of walking stick he held.

"You will remember when Mr. L—and I hunted deer in this locality?" he asked at last.

"Right well do I," was the reply.

"My hunting days are over now," said the old man, sadly, "the rheumatism has put a stop to all that."

"Do you recall the day that you and your dogs ran a nice buck into my father's farm-yard?" was my next question.

A smile lighted up the old veteran's face and his eyes flashed as he answered with considerable emotion, "Indeed I do. Why we caught that one right in your father's yard and I brought it home to tame it but it escaped. Oh yes, *those* were the days."

"Were not those your happiest days?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "those were days to be remembered."

And then a pleasant train of recollections awoke within the old hunter of over four score years and he poured forth a torrent of questions regarding his associates of years gone by who had moved from his neighborhood to Bobcaygeon. I was glad to be able to give him the information for which he asked and he seemed equally glad to receive it.

After bidding my old friend good-bye I was soon again in the thicket where I succeeded in bagging another partridge.

The following Monday I determined to go after ducks which were reported as being quite numerous on a marsh a couple of miles away. The morning broke beautifully clear so I was off early to the home of a young friend whom I knew to be a great hunter and trapper. When I arrived, however, I found that he was away on a periodical round of his traps. I remained till his return late in the afternoon with two prime mink. He gave me a hearty greeting and assured me that we would get ducks the next day.

The following day we were at his boat house in the grey dawn of the morning and were soon gliding down the swollen waters of Stoney Creek till we came to the confluence of it and Big Marsh creek. Then up the tortuous stream we went. Soon ducks were rising but they were very wary. After we had paddled till 10 a.m. and had bagged two blacks and a big mallard drake and wounded a few others, we retraced our course and arrived at home in the evening.

During my hunts through these old swamps there was one modest little bird I missed and that was the Canada grouse or the spruce partridge as it is commonly called. In my young days I frequently shot these exquisitely neat little birds here but not one is to be seen now and I was informed that not one has been seen for the past twenty years. No doubt it became an easy prey for everyone who carried a shotgun, on account of its being so tame, and thus vanished from the woods. It seems a pity that this quiet, tame, unobtrusive and neat little bird should have been annihilated in these thickets. It is not at all desirable as game for its flesh is dark, dry and often flavored with the spruce. In New Ontario this bird is as yet plentiful and it is to be hoped that the sportsmen of this north country will spare this little bird for the sake of its appearance and the wonderful beauty of its plumage.

After spending six days most pleasantly in roaming through old, familiar haunts I left for home. Good hunting, a well filled bag,

reminiscences of former days and the greetings of old friends, were the net results of my trip.



Yellow Dog Tooth Violet



Beautiful Lady Slipper

## An Expedition up Mt. Benson

FRANK W. TEAGUE

**T**HE traveller when approaching a town or city, the surroundings of which are familiar to him, is almost invariably able to tell his whereabouts long before he reaches the place by some distinguishing landmark that comes to view as he proceeds on his way, for every community more or less the world over, has its well known crag or peak or glacier, its shaggy forest or rocky headland, its shining lake or ever rolling river.

There are the Golden Gate of Frisco, the Sentinels of the Columbia and Tacoma's Mt. Rainier; the rocky shores of Juan de Fuca tell us Victoria is near and the famous Slide on the Dome indicates from far up the Yukon that Dawson lies beneath.

Our own little city of Nanaimo on the east coast of Vancouver Island, overlooking a harbor that is famed for its natural beauty and safe shipping anchorage, has its distinguishing landmark in Mt. Benson, a peak over three thousand feet in height which lies to the west of the city and some five miles from it. It is easily discernable many miles away when approaching Nanaimo from the Gulf direction.

It was this same mountain that my friend George and I set out to climb one morning early in May. It is not the writer's intention to impress the reader by a thrilling story of heart breaking and back breaking packing and climbing, of the scaling of dazzling and dangerous peaks, of leaping

over crevasses. This is not a tale of alpenstocks, Burgundy wine and Swiss guides, though it may be admitted that a guide is necessary to one unfamiliar with the great expanse of dark firs that cover the mountain sides, the acres of cedar bottom and the rocky gorges whose sharp, jutting flanks cut off the surrounding country. The object of our trip was to spend the day breaking through the woods where life is free and open and well worth living, where the call of the wild sounds in every tree, and crag and stream. We planned to ascend to the tempest beaten summit over wave after wave of densely wooded mountains that stretch for countless leagues in one vast, far reaching sea to the limit of vision, there to drink in the magnificent spectacle that this eminent spot affords, to secure photographs of the adjacent peaks, forests and waterfalls. This then was the prospect that led us to take the trip and while an expedition of this nature, where one is entirely dependent on one's soundness of mind and limb to gain the steep ascent, or overcome the windfalls and matted undergrowth, though trials of endurance are encountered, not one out of a hundred persons will fail to benefit from such an undertaking.

Mt. Benson which lies parallel to the coast line is a double peaked eminence standing alone, a vanguard, so to speak, of the fine array of peaks that rise away to the south and northwest, the foremost of which show as a continuous chain.

This double eminence resembles somewhat the humps of a dromedary. At the north end the mountain slopes away gradually while at the southern end a long ridge extends almost horizontally for some distance and there drops off sharply to the foot.

The estimated distance from the city to the summit is eight miles and to the foot of the ascent it is about four miles. After passing the outskirts of the town there are two trails by which the mountain top may be gained, the regular mountain road that leads up from the south, and

McGarrigle's trail at the north which commences at the sawmill of the Ladysmith Lumber Company. The former is the more favorable of the two since the greater part of it is a regular road cut out for vehicle travel. The last leg of this climb is by foot-path. On McGarrigle's trail much loose rock is encountered and there are many logs strewn across the path indicating lack of repair.

We took the regular mountain road, as it turned out, although our plan had been to go up by the northern route. Our plan was to ride out on the locomotive that runs from the town to the sawmill a distance of some three and a half miles, and there begin the ascent by the McGarrigle trail. The locomotive was due to leave at four a. m. (before day break). I was up at three fifteen and finding that the rain of the previous night was still steadily descending I returned to bed feeling satisfied that the trip would be off. A continuous ringing at the front door-bell, the kind that has no intention of stopping until satisfaction has been secured, aroused me from a troubled sleep some time before five o'clock and when I eventually arrived upon the scene, George, quite alert and armed with camera and lunch, stood before me.

The rain had ceased, the dawn of a fine day was breaking and at five-thirty o'clock we struck out. The town, as was to be expected at so early an hour, was still asleep. Thirty minutes' walk through the Western Fuel Company's holdings brought us to the city's water dams and the beginning of the mountain road. A steady up grade from this point onward was encountered and the timber became more dense so that for some rods we could see nothing but the road winding before and behind. A distinct smell of ozone pervaded the atmosphere as we mounted and very soon George, who is an ardent and promising student of the local High School, began to point out various orchids here and there, many of which to the casual observer would have passed unnoticed. They were however of great interest to one who had

followed botany and who is a born nature lover. There was one orchid, the lady's slipper, as it is commonly called in this country, that stands out from all others because of its color and formation. To see such dainty flowers standing alone among the wild undergrowth brings astonishment to the onlooker and when they are seen they are sure to be carried away. Their home however is not the garden and they do not stand transplanting well.

Before six-thirty we had reached what is known as the foot of the mountain and, farther on, the Dominion Geological mark at eleven hundred feet altitude. The former is marked by a small stream which flows under a rough cedar bridge. It is somewhat difficult to know why this should be known as the foot of the mountain for the actual climb begins well down the road not far from the city water dams. As we steadily mounted the timber thinned out some and from the winding road a glimpse

was obtained of the ridges to the south and east. Though neither of us wished to break a record we maintained a steady gait, stopping only occasionally to drink from a prattling brook, but not resting.

We soon saw that the day was not to be as favorable a one as we had anticipated. A pall of fog hung in the tree tops farther up and when a chance offered we could see that the mountains to the south were capped with a dense cloud. The end of the wagon road was reached at seven-thirty without incident. We came upon a tent at this spot which we afterwards found out belonged to a Geodetic Survey party. The rest of the trail was a mere footpath, indistinct in places and sometimes difficult to keep. It was here that the stiffest bit of our climbing was encountered. Although the trail was rugged and strewn with logs, twenty-five minutes sufficed to put us at the topmost point of the mountain, on which is placed a flagstaff, erected many years



The Lower Falls



The Upper Falls

age. We had thus effected the entire distance in two hours and twenty-five minutes, and without stops. The usual time is about three hours, and larger parties generally take longer than that.

The greatest height of the mountain, at the flag pole is 3366 feet. Near the peak another tent was pitched which also belonged to the Geodetic party who were taking measurements and areas of the bodies of rock etc., that compose the mountain. A search light erected on a stand at the foot of the flag pole was no doubt used by the party who were making a general survey of the mountains of Vancouver Island, in taking night observation.

When we gained the highest spot nothing could be seen in any direction farther than about thirty yards distant, except a grey bank of mist. We seemed to stand on a tiny island of rock cut off from all else by the impenetrable wall of vapor, into which the rugged trees, blasted by the

ice-edged gales of many winters, thrust their stunted and ragged branches as a bristling Chevaux-de-frise, on the ramparts of a fort.

The beautiful view that we had expected to obtain was not in evidence. We were not discouraged however, for we knew that the fog would eventually lift, so gathering dry wood a fire was started and we were soon busy transferring the lunch to our hungry stomachs. There was nothing left but to wait for the mist to clear, and there was every evidence of its doing this in a short time as the sun at intervals made brave attempts to break through and disperse the mist.

The mist was only among the mountains, as several times, when the light breeze blew it clear, the lakes and rivers and salt water, not to mention the wooded country still nearer, showed up clear and beautiful. These were truly only flashes, for the veil swept over the whole scene as rapidly as it had opened out, and left

us with the same grey pall surrounding us:

George was anxious to take a photograph of Crystal lake, a small body of water in the valley behind Mt. Benson, and at the foot of Wolf mountain. Before noon we climbed down the rocks and set the camera up. The scattered mist continued to sweep along the valley but finally after nearly an hour's waiting the scene was snapped, and returning to the top of the mountain we found the fog had lifted entirely allowing a perfectly uninterrupted view of the whole panorama. From a lofty vantage point over three thousand feet on an early summer day when the various hues of the forest appear most attractive such a spectacle has to be seen to be realized and adequately enjoyed.

No description can instill into the mind of the reader the scene as it really is. Nevertheless, a description is in order. Almost immediately below, the lakes near Wellington shone among the dark firs and lighter foliage like crystals. Nanaimo lay peacefully in the sunshine picturesque on the verdant slopes that face a harbor wonderfully beautiful, while the blue floor of the Gulf of Georgia, dotted by many islands, stretched away north to the mainland, and southward toward the island at Saanich. The Balinacks and Grey Rocks, the Five Fingers, Entrance and Gabriola, the nearer Newcastle and Protection islands all stood out clear and bright, some densely wooded, others barren, yet beauty spots on the azure sea. Farther away yet plainly discernible were Texada and Lasquiti, the home of the quartz mine and the haunt of the deer. Still more distant were the numerous inlets in the mainland, with Point Grey obscuring Vancouver from view. Away to the south lay Oyster Harbor and Lady-smith and the score of Islands towards Victoria.

The mists behind us disappeared almost completely before long, showing a long wave of hill and valley covered with fir and cedar, spruce and hemlock, with here and there a line of snowy ranges; all the well known

peaks, Green, Wolf, Admiralty, De Cosmos, Spencer, Black Jack, Moriarty, Brenton and others, were visible. Altogether we could see fully five thousand square miles of the earth's surface. A good photo of the town and outlying islands was obtained, and then George proceeded to secure one of the species of Liliaceae—the yellow Dogtooth Violet, with white antlers, similar to the regular white 'curly lily' that abounds here about. George has artistic tastes and felt bound to get a good picture of the flowers, for he had a special lens along with his camera for this purpose. While the lilies were still patiently posing the sound of the shrill whistle of the little locomotive came up the mountainside, and we knew that a ride home for us was out of the question. About two-thirty p.m. we came down the rocky draw that was partially filled with snow, and began the descent.

Mountain trips are for the most part alike in that when you are struggling slowly but steadily upwards, your breath is coming (or going) fast, your legs weaken, your feet drag,—and you long for a down hill stretch: but when you are on the down grade you think the descent is more distressing than the climb. The going was good for some time, the trees stately and open with little or no undergrowth, and plenty of moss that acted as a carpet; the grade could have been much worse.

Such easy travelling was too good to last however; the grade became sharper and the speed more rapid. Stopping was more difficult than starting and the lithe step with which we left the summit merged into a leaping, sliding and cutting race. Ahead lay a wild ravine filled with dark firs, into the gloomy depths of which we plunged until brought up by a stream.

We were near as it happened to a thick patch of ladyslippers so George set his camera up, and commenced operations. He told me he was particularly fond of photographing flowers and I believed him for he lay on the wet moss with a black cloth

over his head for upwards of half an hour, adjusting that special lens, and getting a focus some twelve inches distant, on four innocent and pretty little ladyslippers, which stood the strain very well but naturally began to droop their tired heads at the expiration of that time, some yellow violets, all the time with saucy faces, taking in the whole scene.

The grade was easing off perceptibly, yet the undergrowth was more dense, and "salals" were more numerous as we neared the bottom. The beauty of it all however could not be overlooked. Dainty green leaves of the salmon berry bushes and the young budding maples, interspersed with jack pines and dark firs the climbing honeysuckle and pretty spirea, the wild currant and graceful fern and yielding moss and the rays of the afternoon sun glancing through it all, combined to form a scene of real beauty, sublime and peaceful enough to satisfy the most ardent critic.

Two legweary and perspiring forms, emerging from the trail above were not too weary to appreciate this, yet the second falls on the McGarrigle creek, reached after leaving the trail and breaking through the woods, was by far the prettiest bit of scenery on the whole trip and I venture to say that these falls, as we saw them, cannot be surpassed in point of beauty by anything of the kind in this wide province which contains many waterfalls and much beauty.

The volume of water that flows over these rocks is small in comparison to many, but in judging beauty, the amount of water is not considered. The very secluded location—a little corner hollowed out of the rocks and not seen until a few paces away forms

a novel and remarkable feature. Nature had draped its three rocky walls with trailing vines and creepers dripping and crystal-like from the waters of the fountain alone. As though placed by the touch of a master hand the delicate salmon-berry and spirea bushes interlace overhead. The filmy stream that flows over the rocks with delightful music and falls fresh and pure into the deep clear pool, then over the gravelly little bar into its bed, edged with ever present fir and cedar, and lighter tinted foliage, constitutes a forest setting, I say again, unsurpassed.

Farther down the stream we came to the first falls, not possessing the beautiful surroundings of the upper yet a sight worth seeing, and one that would rank among the best of water scenes.

A glance at the falls assured us that we had left the mountain side and were again among coal measures. The entire bed of the stream consists of a hard kind of shale which makes the scene as interesting as it is beautiful.

To get to the main trail again a good deal of underbrush, scrubby firs, fallen logs, dead wood, and salmon berry bushes, had to be gone through. The sun's rays were making it warm work, for we were not lagging any. A fast pace was maintained all the way. Some two and a half hours after our departure from the summit, we emerged at the Ladysmith Lumber Company's sawmill and for the balance of the way hit the ties of the lumber railway until we reached the town again. Thus the trip down, irrespective of stops, took approximately the same length of time as the climb in the morning, and we reached home about six o'clock.



# A Day Among the Ducks

Being the True Narrative of a Hopeless Shot with Some New Facts on the Duck Family

THOS. M. FRASER

GOLF, they tell us, may be taken up at any age with hope of acquiring a certain degree of proficiency, though it is certain that the man who leaves it until maturity will have a long vista of mis-spent years to look back on with regret; but the gentle art of shooting ducks, if not learnt in youth, is one of the lost arts. Like the work of the acrobat, it must be acquired while the bones are still supple.

Having gone for half a century without any desire to kill—save in the ordinary way in which every man is occasionally urged to slaughter in society—and without any confidence in my own proficiency, it was a peculiar stroke of ill fortune that recently threw me in the path of a duck-hunter, who invited me to join him for a day among the ducks on Last Mountain Lake. I viewed the proposal with a cold eye. An invitation to join him for a day on the parallel bars would have aroused quite as much enthusiasm in me. But he painted the delights of such a day so vividly—the trip along the lake in the swift and powerful motor-boat; the whirr of thousands of wings as the black clouds of birds rose from the sloughs and circled overhead; the thrill as the shot struck home and the great birds fell plump! plump! plump! all around you; the long day in the open with the soft light and the wind on your cheek; the lunch devoured with ravenous appetite, and the bracer of mellow whisky!—that his eloquence had its effect. I liked the thought of the plump! plump! plump! as the devoted birds fell before my lethal weapon; but it was undoubtedly the swift and powerful motor-boat and the mellow whisky that settled the business for me; so I borrowed a gun and went. Now I have no objection

to being frank about it; there are scores of things which I do consummately well; but shooting never will be one of them.

It was the first day of the season and the birds were not at all wild—until I had been shooting some time. Even then it did not seem so much fear as confusion and indignation they exhibited. The day was fine and the light good. We were three guns all told, together with a boatman and the German Pearl, engineer of the motor-boat. The latter accompanied me, but he gave one a very poor opinion of the alleged bravery and military ardor of the German people, being gun-shy and dropping to the ground with the utmost cowardice the moment I prepared to fire. It was only with the greatest difficulty I could induce him to remain at the front. However, he may never have been under fire before; and he complained that he was a married man.

Before approaching the slough we separated, the man who framed up the excursion taking the English-speaking boatman and going in one direction, his companion in crime going in another, while Kaiser Wilhelm and I bore the brunt of the action on centre stage, the former being heavily laden with two hundred shells which I felt would gratify my blood-lust. Imitating my companion whom I could see in the distance, I dropped on my hands and knees, sternly commanding the German menace to do the same; and while there, hastily followed the example of the Cromwellian soldiers, the Boers, and all other blood-thirsty ruffians on the eve of battle. Pushing through the bushes we came upon the water-side, when suddenly the whole surface of the slough seemed to rise up to the skies. The ducks were there in

thousands, and the air was black with them, as they whirled and circled for a second, and then came straight towards me in a solid cloud, with a whirr like a fleet of aeroplanes. I thrust the gun viciously towards them, closed my eyes firmly and fired. Nothing followed. There was only one of those delicious plumps! which I had been led to expect, and that was of the German as he threw himself and the two hundred shells towards the earth. He had the whole two hundred intact, but I am still convinced that if he had spared me two to put in the gun before I fired, the result would have been different. By this time the ducks were some three miles to the west, and going strong, so it was useless to pursue them, hampered as I was with the German.

The others had each discharged both barrels into the swarm or herd or school or whatever it is that ducks are called collectively, and had bagged three, one of which was struggling on the water some distance from shore. It was only the highest kind of good breeding that kept me from rushing forth and beating his brains out with a stick, so incensed was I at the crass stupidity of the German, who had baulked me of my prey.

The others gathered up their ducks and immediately made for cover, advising me to do likewise, as the ducks would come back soon. While searching for cover I lost what little I had, for a gust of wind carried off my valuable panama hat, and deposited it well out towards the middle of the slough. I told the German to get it, but to leave his coat with the shells on shore in case of accident. He remonstrated mildly at first, pointing out that the slough was deep, he had no waders, and could not swim, I reminded him of the words of the Emperor, that "the future of Germany lay upon the water," and again ordered him out. This time he seemed about to refuse point plank, when he suddenly spied the hat drifting into shore, and scooped it out with a cleaning-rod.

We then sought cover in the centre of a patch of three bulrushes, the most of which were under water, and began the serious part of the sport. It is only at comparatively long intervals you really get into action in duck-shooting; the most of the time you sit in a swamp and play, peek-a-boo around the corner of a bulrush.

On coming to the surface for a moment I spied a solitary duck winging his way along blithely from an opposite direction to which the herd had gone. He was utterly unconscious of danger, and as he cleft the air quacked softly to himself a little lay of the far south to which he would soon be migrating. He was probably calculating on going to Los Angeles or Palm Beach with all the other old timers in Saskatchewan who have prospered. A word or two about the habits of *Bildad Fontinalis*, or the Saskatchewan duck, may be of interest to fellow naturalists. He differs from the true wild duck—*Felis Cascara*—and also from the domestic duck, in having three rows of pinfeathers on his hocks. When in full flight these are distended and help him materially in steering. He is a hydropath, as anyone seeing him making his way over the water might well imagine. The female of the species is more deadly than the male, and the latter is distinguished by a slight tendency to baldness.

*Bildad Fontinalis*, like alfalfa, produces three times a year. Many naturalists, believe that by crossing it with the snow bird we should be able to produce a hardy fowl well able to stand our severe winter climate.

The proper move when a duck is sighted is to get down at once on your hands and knees lest the bird take alarm. When he is within range you rise and fire somewhat ahead of where you expect him to be. I had some suspicion as to the safety of the gun, which was an old one and somewhat frayed at the end of the barrel, so I allowed the German to have the first shot at the bird just coming up, cautioning him about firing ahead of the game. It was Monday, and he probably aimed at where

he expected the duck to be on Wednesday, as he missed him clean with one barrel and me by a narrower margin with the other. Ducks now began to come up from all sides out of an absolutely clear sky. Scanning the horizon carefully, there would not be a bird in sight, but before you could turn around a flying wedge of them would come up behind you at express speed, and settle on the water just out of gunshot. It was confusing to a novice, and as I whirled around from one quarter to another with the deadly tube ready for instant execution, the cowardly German scrambled around me in a circle trying to keep out of range, although as it afterwards proved it was very doubtful if I should have been able to hit him anyway, without considerable practice.

It naturally puts a man on his mettle, however, to see his companions bagging bird after bird, as mine were now doing; so I steadied down and waited coolly until I judged the ducks were within range; with such success that, although nothing fell to my gun, the German stood up and even laughed fearlessly after each volley. By noon, when I had fired over one hundred rounds—all from the right hand barrel owing to a tendency to get my fingers jammed when felling for the left hand trigger—the gun was getting hot and lifting me from the ground every time it went off. As yet I had not hit anything; but the gun required a rest. We all foregathered for luncheon, and I anticipated with considerable satisfaction the "bracer" which has caused so much misery in the world and the lack of which has caused so much more.

With a delicacy which did credit to them, no one asked for the result of the heavy firing, I had been conducting. They even remarked that the birds were frightfully wild and flying very high for the first day of the season. Waving aside the suggested consolation, I asked for the whiskey; when the conspirator who

had set the whole plot on foot, after trying to parry the question for some time, finally acknowledged he had left it in the boathouse! Plump! Plump! Plump! The birds were falling; and it was some consolation to see him try to dodge them as I threw all of the combined bag in his direction with better aim than I had made all morning.

What the afternoon would have brought forth I shall never know; for after the first volley the German, like the British pack-mules at Elandslaagte, ran away with all the ammunition. It happened this way. As we squatted beneath the cover, a duck came sailing directly overhead. Without rising I pointed the gun straight up, and by mistake fired both barrels at once. It sounded like a royal salute, and drove me somewhere down around the roots of the bulrushes. When I recovered, I could hear the ammunition train crashing through the bush, as the German fled with every remaining cartridge. Not a trace of the duck at which I had fired was to be seen. He was probably blown to atoms.

Our total bag for the day was large. I say it with regret, but the others of the party were those detestable individuals commonly called game-hogs, and made no attempt to unite with me in keeping the bag within reasonable limits. Another day I may tell my readers how the mellow whiskey lure having turned out to be a myth, the swift and powerful motor-boat also proved a delusion and a snare; and of a long night on the water with mingled recollections of a medley composed of a feeble and intermittent pup-pup and strange German oaths. The mixture was bad, which is at the root of most engine troubles. For the present it is sufficient to say to those of advanced age who think of taking up duck-shooting: stay at home and be seated comfortably in a tub of water while someone pounds you on the right shoulder with a mallet. You get the same effect and probably the same results.

# Hunting the Loon

## The Sport of the Red Man

ROY NORTH

**A**WAY back in the vast northern solitudes of Keewatin, where the silence that broods over still lakes is never broken by the shrill shriek of engine whistle, the Loon disports itself in the cold waters. The traveller lying awake in his tent is thrilled by its weird cry, carried to his ear from somewhere in the darkness, like the despairing laugh of some lost wanderer. Perhaps of all the wilderness sounds the cackling laugh of the loon is the strangest and most eerie, possessing as it does something human in its tone. At night the call is varied by a long high-pitched whistling note, full of melancholy and calculated to set the nerves of the inexperienced quivering.

There is nothing about the appearance of the loon to lead one to suppose that the killing of it would be attended by any special difficulty. About the weight of the Canada Grey Goose, it has much less spread of wing, and consequently is unable to rise from the water without great effort. Indeed in calm weather this bird when pursued never seeks refuge in flight, but relies entirely on its wonderful diving prowess to elude its pursuers. Various estimates have been made with regard to the distance the loon can travel under water, some authorities asserting that a quarter of a mile is no uncommon feat. The writer is of the opinion that this is exaggeration and that three hundred yards would be a fairer estimate of its average length of dive. Until recent years it was popularly supposed that time spent in loon hunting was worse than wasted, for the bird was credited with possessing such marvellous speed of action as to be able, after seeing the flash of a gun, to disappear beneath the surface before the pellets reached their intended mark.

It will be seen from this that he who would engage with any measure

of success in this best of sports must possess some very special qualifications. The first and perhaps most important of these is expertness in handling a canoe; perfect balance, together with quickness and skill in wielding the paddle, also being essential. Secondly the would-be hunter must be a good shot, accustomed to firing rapidly without sacrificing accuracy. Thirdly he must be possessed of a patience and dogged perseverance, capable of triumphing over a hundred disappointments and returning with ever fresh zeal to the attack. Possessing these requisite qualifications the sportsman may rest assured that his efforts will be ultimately rewarded, and that he will eventually be enabled to boast of succeeding where many others have failed, namely, in compassing the death of that King of Game Birds the Loon, or Great Northern Diver.

What fox hunting is to the English and lion hunting to the Masai; what buffalo hunting was to the Indians of the Great Plains, loon hunting is today to the Red man of the bush; the swampy and the Ojibway, those sons of Nimrod, scattered remnants of once mighty tribes, who, in bygone ages roamed, lords of creation, through the vast forests and endless waterways of the North, and who still in sadly diminished numbers eke out an uncertain existence by the products of the chase. Woe betide the unlucky loon sighted by the keen eye of such skilled hunters as these children of the forest.

Accustomed from infancy to travel by canoe, the natives achieve a dexterity and grace in the management of their frail craft which is simply marvellous. Their capacity too for imitating the cry of all wild birds and animals stands them in good stead and favors a closer approach to the quarry. The writer has himself witnessed some wonderful exhibi-

tions of their skill in this branch of hunting. On one occasion while travelling by canoe in company with a young Ojibway tribesman, a seagull was sighted, perched on the carcass of a fish floating in the lake. The red man immediately began to whistle plaintively in imitation of the cry of the gull. Instantly the bird showed signs of unrest and, forsaking its repast rose in the air and came straight as an arrow towards the canoe, finally circling in graceful curves above us. Quick as a flash the Indian loosed his paddle, allowing it to float alongside, and snatching up his gun, with a well-directed shot brought the bird tumbling into the water within ten yards of us.

But to return to our subject, let us follow a band of Indians on their return in the Spring of the year from their hunting grounds. The hardships of winter are passed, calm lakes reflect peacefully the blue sky, the drowsy hum of insects is in the air, and from every birch thicket comes the sound of the male partridge drumming to its mate. Small wonder that laughter and merriment are heard from the group of little white tents nestling beside the lake. The children are enjoying their favourite pastime of chasing the elusive red squirrel, which jumps nimbly from tree to tree, halting now and then, and from some point of vantage barking angry protestations at its small dusky tormentors, who reply with peals of laughter and a fresh shower of bluntheaded wooden arrows, shot with surprising skill from little cedar bows.

Newly made birch bark canoes are drawn up on the shore, their yellow sides streaked with black gum adding picturesqueness to the scene. The time is early morning and the older people are leisurely preparing to continue their journey. Fish nets which have been set over night are spread out on the sands to dry, blankets are being rolled up and thrust into canvas sacks ready for departure, when from far out on the lake floats a peculiar, clear, highpitched neighing laugh. It is the cry of the loon.

Instantly all is excitement. All thought of departure is abandoned, for the Indian is a creature of impulse. Men and women alike spring hastily from their tents and the word Mangwuk! Mangwuk! Loons! Loons!) passes from lip to lip. Each man seizes his gun and powder flask, canoes are hastily launched, paddles are snatched up and the entire fleet of perhaps twenty birch barks is headed in the direction from which the call came. Soon the heads of the loons are visible in the distance, little black dots appearing and disappearing in the blue from which rippling rings emanate, spreading in ever widening circles. All unconscious of the approaching peril they frolic and gambol in the lake, absorbed in their spring lovemaking. The fleet approaches noiselessly, the men in the bow and the women in the stern of the canoes. Every man has his gun in front of him resting on the gunwale of his craft, his powder flask, shot bag and box of caps, together with a heap of dry moss for wadding, all lying close to his hand. Gradually the birds begin to evince signs of nervousness, raising themselves high in the water to gain a better view of the intruders. Here the Indians' skill in imitating the loon's cry is called into requisition, and, temporarily reassured, the birds resume their lovemaking. The hunters are now within a hundred yards of their quarry; twenty paddles are silently laid down, every man's gun leaps to his shoulder, and a rattling volley of duck shot plows the quiet waters into foam. The smoke clears to reveal that the fusillade has been unsuccessful. The Indians' quick eyes, however, did not fail to note the direction in which the birds were facing when they dived, and the canoes are whirled round in a trice, and start off rapidly in pursuit, fairly lifted from the water by the vigorous strokes of the enthusiastic paddlers.

Several hundred yards are traversed in this fashion, excited remarks, punctuated with laughter, being exchanged as to the probable place of reappearance. Then again every

one's gun is hastily loaded and raised, each expectant man rigid and motionless as a statue, save for the steady sweep of his weapon slowly from side to side, finger on trigger, waiting for the first sign of a loon's head. Presently after a few moments of tension, a high cackle from the rear announces the fact that the canoes have overshoot their mark, and the discomfited Indians swing round only just in time to see the ripples on the water marking the spot where the birds have dived again. This time the course they have taken is purely a matter for conjecture, and the fleet splits up into sections, some going this way and some that, according to the judgment of the individual.

The unhappy loons too, have been unable to keep together, or else have apparently considered that their best hope of escape lay in disbanding, and in independent action, for they bob up in every direction, just long enough to draw in a breath of pure air and to scream forth their peculiar laugh. Almost every time one comes to the surface it is greeted with a shower of gun-shot until the lake resembles a vast battlefield, and the erstwhile silent hills echo to the sound of sport. And so the chase goes on, hour after hour, with no sign of abating enthusiasm, until the loons one by one, weary with much diving, succumb to the cruel perseverance of the copper coloured sportsman. Protected as they are by a close and tough covering of very fine feathers, the birds die hard, often continuing their vain efforts to escape long after being wounded again and again. Traveling a less distance with each dive and reappearing only as a target, the ill-fated Great Northern Diver, game to the last, is at length lifted over the side of the canoe with head battered beyond recognition, and with white breast bespattered with its own blood.

Tired but exultant the hunters re-gather to compare fortunes and paddle leisurely for camp, recounting their various experiences by the way. An almost unbelievable quantity of ammunition is expended on the death of a single loon, and it has been cal-

culated that an average of one hundred shots is fired to secure even one specimen of these wild and active birds.

Having finished our day's sport, let us accompany the triumphant hunters back to their tents, in order to discuss with them the resultant feast. It might reasonably be supposed that the Indian tribes living as they do entirely by the chase, would be as clever in the culinary art as they are in securing the game. Such, however, is far from being the case. The average native, who, by the way is perfectly content to subsist on a meat diet without either salt or vegetables, has very little idea of how food should be cooked. Meat is thrust indiscriminately into water, brought to a boil, removed from the fire and placed beside it to simmer for a few minutes and then devoured in a semi-raw state. Now the flesh of the loon is by no means appetizing under any circumstances, having a pronounced fishy flavor, doubtless attributable to its diet. Added to this it is very, very tough, resembling indiarubber in its elasticity. Neither the toughness of the meat nor its fishy flavour, however, damp the ardour of the eager crowd of squaws, hunters and children, gathered around the fire, watching with covetous eyes the great black kettle in which repose the dismembered carcasses of the unappetizing birds. As the water begins to bubble the younger fry clamour impatiently for the removal of the pot, loudly asserting that the meat is quite sufficiently cooked. Soon all fall to, dispensing cheerfully with the luxuries of civilization and satisfied merely with the use of a jack-knife. Each man taking a portion of meat in his hand seizes upon it with his teeth, and stretching the pliable flesh to the full capacity of his strength saws through it with his knife, and devours it with many appreciative grunts.

And so reluctantly let us bid good-bye to the Loon, King of Game-birds, and relinquish his slain body to the natives, devoutly thankful that we are not ourselves expected to devour it.

# Tricks of Dishonest Fur Dealers

GEO. J. THIESSEN

THE reader, no doubt, will ask himself what motives the author had in writing this article. Various reasons will be assigned; perhaps as many as there are readers. For this reason it is thought a few words of explanation necessary.

To the experienced trapper, the author has but to mention that he has followed the trap line for years—tramped through snow with the thermometer below zero, before the break of day. He has also seen some fur dealers arrive at their luxurious offices in their limousine cars, while their chauffeurs waited to take them to their clubs or fashionable dinners. He has seen them spend money like spilling water—and yet give orders to their help to “cut” the shipments, for “the present condition of the market demands conservative buying.” In other words, the order meant to take as much from each shipment as possible, so long as excuses could be manufactured to satisfy the owners of them. The money thus taken went toward the purchase of luxuries—and it rightfully belonged to the shippers and trappers who labored to get the pelts. From these statements it should be evident why the author wrote this article. He desired to present to the public some of the methods whereby dishonest dealers cheat their shippers.

The writer does not by any means intend to convey the impression that all dealers are dishonest. He knows that they are not—the majority are not. Yet some—and I am glad to say that they are diminishing rapidly—are not to be trusted.

In conclusion a few remarks concerning the author may not be out of place. He has trapped, made a study of fur-bearing animals and methods of trapping them, worked in several departments of fur firms, and has bought and sold furs. Besides the compilation of eight trapper's guides, the author has contributed to over

two dozen magazines in the United States and Canada. He is, therefore, especially fitted for writing on the subject, TRICKS OF DISHONEST FUR DEALERS.

A few years ago I sought to explain through the medium of a popular magazine why it was that many unfortunate shippers regretted sending their pelts to certain houses which advertised to pay the highest prices and did not. I attempted to explain how it might be the fault of both buyer and shipper, for if the shipper was a novice, his skins, in all probability, would be poorly handled. Certainly if the pelts were damaged, one could not expect the very highest prices and ought not to blame the purchaser if a reasonable reduction was made. However, many dealers make a practice of sending out inflated price lists, which quote higher values than can be paid. This is done simply to secure shipments of fur. Some of the houses that do this make no return at all; but simply go out of business to start up again in a different locality, under a different name. Others of this class make a small return; just enough so that they can do business without interruption from the legal authorities. And so it goes on; the shippers are systematically robbed.

It was but a few years ago that many trappers believed—and I dare say some do today—that really reliable dealers practically stole their hides. I wish to eradicate this belief—the truly respectable houses cannot afford to do this, because their reputation is worth far more to them in bringing in shipments than the dollars they could steal. However, it is a fact that some of the largest houses frequently exact a greater toll from each skin than is right, but the amount is so small that the trapper never detects the fact that he has been robbed. But when thousands are received

daily, the gain is large to the company.

Another method of cheating is employed by a certain class on all shipments. The buyer simply takes what he wishes and sends the shipper a check for his furs which is only a part of what he should get, stating that the hides arrived in poor condition, etc. This gives the dishonest buyer a chance to grade them as he pleases. A way to remedy this is to see that all furs are properly stretched and sent in cured—never green—by express, and then the dealer cannot say they were not received in good condition.

There is also another remedy. Whenever you ship to a firm you have never done business with or know nothing about, after having your bank look them up, demand that your bundle be held separate. Be sure to mark the skins in some way so that they may be identified. Then, if the buyer does not offer a good price, you can demand their return. If the skins are not marked, it is an easy matter for the dishonest grader to substitute inferior pelts. Never expect the return of furs which have not been held separate, for it is an impossibility for any grader to pick them out of the large number received each day. After hides are graded they are thrown into a pile with hundreds of others.

Sometimes in looking over advertisements of fur firms we see an advertisement as follows:

“We pay the express or freight on all shipments.”

On first thought, perhaps, we think this excellent. We imagine that the buyer is willing to share his profits with the shipper by paying the transportation charges. But if one stops to think, he will come to the conclusion that competition is too keen to allow a legitimate profit to be divided, if the furs have been graded fairly. Where, then, does the money come from? you ask. It comes directly from the shipments themselves. More than likely it is deducted from the value of the goods sent in. This is accomplished by grading the hides

correspondingly low. For instance, suppose you had twenty dollars worth of hides and the transportation charges were seventy-five cents. You would, instead of getting twenty dollars, only receive nineteen dollars and twenty-five cents. From each dollar a little more than three cents would be deducted. It is plainly seen that from dealers who pay the express, the shipper gets not more than if he sent to any other reliable house. This method of doing business is not cheating perhaps—but a form of deception.

Fur dealers usually buy hides, fur wool, roots, etc. The hides are sometimes of greater importance than the furs, especially in the summer months. Before explaining a method of cheating in regard to them, I shall say a few words concerning the way hides are received.

Single hides—these come mostly from farmers who do their own butchering—are sent in by themselves. The firms usually have men on the road who do nothing else but visit the country butchers and “take up” the skins they have on hand. These hides are sorted and shipped to the house for which they are purchased. Then they are salted and stored in a room, usually the basement. Single hides that are frozen are placed where they can thaw, then placed with the rest.

Upon certain days, leather brokers—representatives from the large shoe firms, etc.—bid upon the hides. They are sold by the pound, and sorted into different grades. Then they are loaded and taken to the cars.

The following story was told me by a man who is now the manager of a large fur firm in the North. It concerns another man who is also the manager of another well-known fur firm.

“Some years ago,” he began, “I was in partnership with——” I was to do the office work and he to attend to the sales. Indirectly, I found that some of the leather firms were kicking because poor hides were being substituted for the good ones they had bought of us, so I made some

enquiries. I found that a night crew were making the exchange, under the directions of my partner. I went to him and protested, but he laughed at me, and told me that he was attending to the sales department. Then we dissolved partnership."

It can readily be seen how gigantic the steal was. The brokers bought and paid for good hides, and received inferior ones. On each car load hundreds of dollars were taken.

There are many reliable baits and scents upon the market which will really prove of advantage to trappers who use them according to directions. On the other hand, there are a number of so-called decoys that are worse than useless, for if they are used to lure such animals as the mink and fox they will actually drive the fur bearers away from the sets. These worthless baits are palmed off on amateurs, at unheard of prices, by unscrupulous dealers. It is an easy matter for a firm to persuade the beginner that if he uses their decoy he can increase his catch—and there are thousands of beginners in America.

On the other hand, frequently a really good preparation is condemned because it is not used properly. Some trappers imagine that they can set a trap for bears in their back yard, even though it happens to be in Chicago, use a reliable bait, and catch animals every night in the week. If they do not, they condemn the decoy. Of course even the best scent will fail at times, and will prove absolutely worthless when used where there are no animals to trap.

Recently, I investigated the cost of a popular bait. I was surprised at the small expense of compounding it. The following were the ingredients used: Oil of Anise, Beaver Castors, Alcohol and Fish Oil. The base of the mixture was Fish Oil, which can be purchased as cheaply as machine oil. The Oil of Anise and Alcohol were employed in very small quantities; just enough of the former to give a smell to the bait. Of the latter, a gallon or two was poured into forty or more of Fish Oil. Two Beaver Castors were chopped up for the

same amount. This decoy is sold at a profit of at least a thousand per cent all over America today, and although the bait is good, no doubt, the exorbitant profit charged for it ought to make its sale so poor that the firm would be compelled to charge somewhat near what it is really worth.

I was amused at the remark a foreman made to me one day concerning a decoy which his firm sold. It seemed that some trapper had ordered a pint can—a novice, he was, no doubt. He wished to trap coyotes, and after experimenting with several sets in trying to take the cunning animals, he had failed, so after reading the literature which the firm sent out, concluded that he could attain success only with the advertised scent. The foreman, looking at the large pile of cans which were ready for mailing, exclaimed:

"I knew there was a large number of fools in this world, but that fellow from T—must be king of them all."

This remark satisfied me as to what the man actually thought of the bait. Were the trappers really swindled when they purchased it?

Some time ago I talked with the owner of a large fur firm. He said:

"Once I had dealings with S—. They were located in a Southern market, so had a good outlet for wool. I arranged to ship all of mine to them, and was to receive a commission besides the price. All went well for a short time, and then I learned that all of their wool deals concerning my shipments were to be kept a secret from me.

"Each day I expected a car—and enquired about it. I could get no information, except from my foreman who said that it had been shipped and should have arrived. Then I learned that the car had come in, and that my select grade had been dumped in with a lot of inferior wool. Of course the company, by mixing, obtained a higher price for what they sold—and I lost by the deal. Before I finished they had nearly plunged me into bankruptcy."

This shows the attitude of fur firms toward each other. Any means by which one company can ruin a competitor are considered fair.

Most fur firms have a trapper's supply department. On their circulars you will find the assertion, many times, that this part of the business is run simply as an accommodation to their shippers. But do not believe a word of it. If the company did not make a profit on what they sold you may rest assured that they would not bother with it. Fur firms, like other businesses, are not run as accommodations, but for the money there is in them.

Not long ago I came across a poison for wolves, foxes, etc., put out by a fur firm, which stated that the mixture was composed of the most powerful death-dealing ingredients known to science. The poison was put up in gelatine capsules. On analyzing one, I found the following: Powdered Strychnine, Vermilion, Sugar and common Baking Soda. You can see that instead of containing several poisons, there was but one—the Strychnine. The Vermilion was used to give the capsule a reddish color, so that it might easily be concealed in a piece of meat. The sugar and soda were employed to kill the bitter taste of the strychnine.

Any trapper can mix this poison for himself, at about a tenth of what the dealers charge for it.

A young boy who worked for a well-known fur firm, told the following story to me: It deals with a method by which one firm sought to find out how much a competitor was paying for muskrat pelts, during a recent flurry in the market.

"At the time of the panic, every dealer was excited. Each one watched the other to make the initial move. Furs were coming in daily, for which payment must be made. If we paid too little, we would lose all the customers who shipped to us; if we paid too much we would lose thousands of dollars. It was with these circumstances that the manager had to con-

But the manager was a shrewd man. He knew that if he sent furs to other dealers in the city, he would learn nothing, for they were very suspicious. Further, he did not want one of his men to "tell a lie"—and yet he wanted accurate information of the market, in so far as the other dealers knew.

"Willie", he said, calling to a small boy who was trying to help his poorly paid father in the stretching room support his family, "take this pelt and go over to———and sell it. You stand over there, and I will throw the skin to you. The buyer will ask you where you got it. You can now truthfully say that you caught it, for you caught it when I threw it to you. Understand?"

The boy nodded his head, and the dealer left the room, laughing at his shrewdness. His conscience being of the elastic kind did not trouble him.

At one time I worked for a well-known dealer in a certain northern city of the United States. This man handled a small quantity of European furs. When the pelts were received they were sent to the tannery, where they were dressed.

The company had just received a consignment of fitch, a fur which in many ways resembles the marten or mink. After the pelts had been tanned, I was sent to the different furriers in the city to get bids on them. Owing to the fact that the work was poorly done—the skins were nearly black instead of brown, the way they should have been—no one wanted to buy the fitch.

The next day a Jew came, wishing to purchase a quantity of mink and marten, to use for coat collars and cuffs. He was the buyer and owner of a small firm which made cheap fur coats. Consequently, he always purchased the cast-offs of the different fur firms and tanneries whenever he could get them.

The manager of the firm I worked for, had, so he informed his customer, just what he was looking for. He showed the Jew some second-grade mink and the fitch, telling him that

the latter were marten. After some bargaining, the man said he was willing to pay a dollar and a half a piece for the fifty some marten pelts—and this was dirt cheap had they been marten—if the dealer would let him have the fifteen mink skins at the same price. Now the mink pelts were worth nearly double this, but the manager figured that on the fitch pelts, sold as marten, he would make several times the loss, so he agreed.

The Jew took the lot and had a bill of sale made out, specifying that he had purchased so many mink and so many marten. He tendered a check in payment, which was accepted. The furs would be called for the next day—and they were.

Early the next morning the buyer of the previous day made his appearance, with another man—an expert furrier, so he said. They undid the bundle that was delivered to him, and immediately made a “holler.” He said he had purchased marten pelts and exhibited his bill of sale. Instead of marten, he had gotten fitch. He wanted the money he had given for the marten, or the pelts.

And the fur firm was willing to pay him. The fur dealer had deliberately tried to cheat the man, and knew that he must make restitution.

But the Jew had been to clever for them. He was an expert judge of furs and their value and let the company deliberately sell him the fitch for marten. On the deal he secured fifteen mink pelts at half what they were really worth.

There are many other methods of cheating and deception which dealers practice—at least some of them do. In one city—a prominent market—it is not an unusual thing for one buyer to issue two price lists at the same time. One set of quotations are distributed to the dealers; the other to the fur shippers. This is done with the hopes that a buyer may be misled as to what to pay for hides and skins.

Ever since the time when the Indians bartered their furs for beads and trinkets, the trappers have been more or less systematically robbed. I hope, however, that this article will help some to obtain what they should for the furs and hides they have to sell.

## The Cub Across the Midway

CHARLES DORIAN

**T**HE bull dog that neighbor Jones keeps may have tatters of homespun hanging from his bicuspid as an evidence of conflict or the snapping turtle of equally neighborly Smith a flattered nose from the same cause but you may be sure that it all came out of the spirit of adventure with which one small boy after another is endowed.

Any kind of sport is tame if you have no interest in or enthusiasm for it, even the sport of your first job.

Johnny Quert was just warming up to the excitement of his first job when he was thrust into the adventure most prominent in all his boyhood fancies—meeting a real bear in open sport.

Selling fruit at a dock fruit stand was great fun for a young chap but to be left alone there at night to guard the goodies and the gross returns was scalp-tingling enough without thinking of bears.

There were other things to think of which were mostly rats, the pudgy ones you see around docks and such places.

Tying up the day's cash and hiding it in a box of oranges was one of his ingenious schemes—not at all sporty, either but successful in protecting his employer's interests. He could have left it in the till and shown true sportsmanship in trying to shield it from night marauders. Johnny did not think of depending on anything

harsher than his own wits and you know it takes a gun to protect a till from desecration by anyone at all set upon accomplishing a theft on a lonely wharf at, say two a.m.

The cash was safe—nothing disturbed Johnny but the rats. The fruit stand was a tiny place, not half as big as a box car. It was long and narrow and divided to provide a place to sleep. The cot was craftily placed under a high show board which was kept laden with fruit. As soon as the board windows were dropped at night and locked Johnny deposited the receipts and crawled into his cot. There was every opportunity for adventure. The big city yards were right at his door and he could imagine any one of the hundreds of freight cars shunted about disgorging a dozen blood-thirsty tramps or the constant scampering of rodents beneath the floor suddenly becoming actively interested in the interior arrangements of that richly stocked storehouse.

One night he dreamed of a most fearful combat with a rat as big as a dog and awoke to find his boss in the room unexpectedly returned from one of the fall fairs.

"How'd you like an all-night ride in a train?" he asked Johnny. Johnny asked when the trip began.

"Right now," said the boss.

"You've just time to make it. London fair opens tomorrow and I haven't even got a concession but I made money there last year—come along."

"But who'll mind this place?" asked Johnny, getting into his clothes.

"The missus," replied the boss. "She's on the way down now."

The terror of his dream gave way to the triumphant gusto of a new experience—his first journey on a railroad. Surely the long trip by train was a great luxury but what thrills living a whole week in the fair grounds of a far off city must bring!

"I'm goin' to run two booths," explained the boss. "You'll sell lemonade, soft drinks, bananas and peanuts at one of them. I'll handle

cigars and the expensive fruits at the other. You'll have a good time."

He surely would have a good time. He would know how big exhibitions were run. Other boys would come along, glad to have as much as a day to see the wonders and he would tell them what it was like to live with the wonders for a whole week.

Their booths were side by side on a concession adjoining the largest peanut stand on the grounds, and directly opposite Bostock's Big Wild Animal Show. The balyhoo and the clattering tymbals kept his nerves tingling all the first morning, and during the spells when no one sought the cheer of colored lemonade, he left his luxuriant imagination riot with the fierce animal pictures portrayed on the front of the tent opposite. How he would love to have a job like that smooth-faced, chubby young man in white uniform and high black boots, who led the big cinnamon bear out to bow his shaggy pleasure to the marvelling crowds, tightly muzzled to show that his shaggy pleasure might mean an invitation to accept of his strong affection.

The balyhoo man talked dotingly of the baby black bear within, the wild baby which kept the trainers in constant anxiety that it would escape and take the shortest trail to the tall timbers.

This enthralled Johnny most. "Wist it would," he murmured. "Yes'm red lemonade, green lemonade, all ice cold," talking along sympathetically to the mother while she hurried the youngster beside her who gurgled down the red liquid, keeping one eye reflectively upon the big glass tank of green fluid where pieces of lemon and chunks of ice floated. "Been to the bear show?"

"Yep," answered the kid, but the mother opened her mouth wide enough to engulf the whole Midway and heartily screamed, at the same time yanking her offspring away from the counter, nearly choking with the misdirected contents of his glass, and swept him away from the line of precipitate progress of a startled crowd.

The baby black bear had escaped.

Johnny was out in front of the booth before he considered what he was there for. To catch a bear that had escaped would place him upon the pinnacle most envied in his boyish dreams. And to perform this feat of heroism away from home! His home-coming would be that of a soldier, or a champion oarsman. Valiantly he stood there ready to pounce upon the recreant bruin when suddenly the crowd was convulsed with laughter. Mr. Bear had calmly walked up a tree close by.

Johnny watched the next manoeuvre with interest. The bear, about as big as a six-month's old Newfoundland pup, walked cautiously out upon a limb and swung there, curiously watching the crowd beneath.

One of the keepers climbed up the tree with a saw in one hand, his purpose unmistakably to saw off the limb. Four men spread a tarpaulin beneath the limb and Johnny became more interested than ever.

"He'll saw the limb, the bear'll drop and get away again—watch!" he called over his shoulder to the boss who was left to watch both booths while Johnny had some recreation not in the agreement.

Just as he had predicted the limb cracked, bent down slowly, the cub landed in the tarpaulin on his feet, the four men rushed on it to the centre and the bear crawled out of a tunnel, emerging right close to Johnny and Johnny fell upon it and hugged it tightly with both arms as a baby would hold a kitten. Only Johnny did not hold it. There was more strength in that little shabby body than Johnny ever guessed and he just lay on the turf with most of his wind gone while the little Theodore negotiated the tallest pine in the park.

Johnny glanced back at the booths to see if all was well and hurried along to the foot of that giant timber to see the finish of this thrilling performance.

Someone volunteered to bring the bear down out of that tree. Johnny wished that he had offered to do it. The hero was a stocky, brutal fellow, who had a heavy oak club in one hand about four feet long. He was a fair rival to the bear for climbing. The cub crawled out on a limb as he had done before and our hero passed him, crawling out on the limb just above. Then commenced a half-brutal, half-comical assault with the bear descending zig-zag and the stocky fellow following.

At the bottom were four angry keepers, all vehemently snorting what would happen to Mr. Bear when he got down. "Don't let him get away this time—kill the brute if you can't corner him any other way."

Johnny began to feel glad that he was not the hero. He felt ashamed at the display of brutality, felt all the sympathy one young life has for another, whether animal or man, at the piteous face of the beaten cub fast losing strength and ready to drop. Even the crowd took it up and shouted, "Shame!"

When it was all over and the baby bear showed signs of reviving life one man fervently declared that it had given them great sport for awhile. Johnny wondered why great sport is so called by men who never expose themselves to the slightest danger while overpowering a dumb adversary. He could actually have enjoyed being tumbled over again by the young cub and been satisfied to call it a game, for strange to say, he could not see how a playful cub could injure anyone there. He thought just as another young animal thinks!

# Amongst the Manitoba Prairie Chickens

J. D. A. EVANS

A few years ago, the voice of the pessimist was heard within the sporting area of Manitoba, concerning a feature of that pastime. To what did this outcry refer? It was this, that unless the Provincial Game laws provided a close season of a specified number of years, the prairie chicken of Manitoba, would like the buffalo, become extinct. In the opinion of the writer this apprehension has proved itself groundless.

The prairie chicken are today, 1913, more numerous than in former years. It is but natural that in the vicinities of Manitoba's greater cities, the birds having removed to more rural localities have become scarce but a drive over the snow covered prairies to-day, will witness upon the straw stacks and stubble fields, large coveys of the chickens, more plentiful than in former years. In the not remote decades, there was a factor which tended to a lessening of the birds; this undesirable feature has now been greatly eliminated. My reference is to the prairie fires which occurred in the months of the hatching season, and did serious damage to the nests which were hidden away in the scrub and grass. The prairie chicken cannot be counted amongst the feathered tribe as an easy bird to fall a prey to the sportsman's gun. Ever penetrating with keen eye the surrounding districts for an approaching foe, the birds, upon the stubble land take wing at a time when the sportsman is many hundred yards distant; but should the "gun" belong to the man of "pot hunting" proclivity, he vanquishes this long distance flight, by driving over the field in a buggy or other conveyance; then, he is enabled to distribute numbers four or five ad libitum, for the birds will not take the wing at the approach of horse or other animal.

This method of sport is not deserving of recommendation, yet it receives a certain patronage, but should in the writer's opinion be strictly condemned.

The dog is a most useful factor in prairie chicken hunting. During the hours from nine in the morning, until toward sundown, the birds, that is as a general rule, seek the scrub and brush patches. It is then that the pointer evinces his capabilities. He is likewise an extremely useful adjunct to the sportsman in the long grass. The exterior boundaries of a flank of scrub closely adjacent to a stubble field, will usually furnish a covey of the birds. The sportsman must be on the alert for the slightest indication of such given by his dog, and, as the bird rises from its place of sanctuary, he will be well advised to "draw a bead." The prairie chicken is quick of flight in the extreme; toward the close of the open season, the bird is generally most liberally covered with feathers. Hence, in order to obtain a bag, the sportsman is recommended to utilize a heavy grade of shot. Number three is a useful size.

It has been asserted that the prairie chicken is destructive to the farmers' cereals. Perchance there may be a modicum of truth in this claim yet the damage done by the bird cannot be very great as it subsists largely upon the berries of the woodland. The prairie chicken is if anything favorable to the agriculturist, as in its rambles over the stubble in quest of grain, it likewise keeps an eager eye upon the grubs, worms, and other crawling pests.

The open season for the prairie chicken within Manitoban boundaries is from October the first until the seventeenth day of that month; a bag limit of twenty birds per day is

attached to this, and more than one hundred prairie chicken may not be taken in one season, whilst a permit the cost of which is twenty-five dollars, must be obtained by non-residents of the Province who are domiciled in Canada.

In the month of September, dog trials are an annual event and take place in a district to the south of the City of Winnipeg. The characteristics of the animals entered in the various heats is uniformly of high class calibre, and dogs from various centres of the United States, are usually noticeable in the competitions. Within the limits of Manitoba, are canines of sporting instinct which are of large financial value; importations of these animals are continually arriving from the best sources within Great Britain and United States territory.

In speaking of the prairie chicken, reference must also be made to the partridge, which in the willow bunches, in fact any place wherein bushes are found, is exceedingly numerous. This bird is not of lengthy flight when disturbed, it will usually walk away or seek sanctuary in the branches of a near at hand tree. Neither is the partridge of timorous habit, from its nature the bird becomes a prey without much exertion on the part of the sportsman. A closed season of years was placed upon these birds within a past decade, as a result of which they are today very numerous, whilst the close season for the killing of such is the same as that for the prairie chicken. As with the prairie chicken so with the partridge, the sportsman who depends upon his own efforts in hunting this bird and who does not belong to the pot-hunting fraternity, will find a well trained dog a very useful adjunct.

## An Increase in the Food Supply For Ducks in Northern Ontario

THE above is the title of a pamphlet by G. R. Mickle issued by the Game and Fisheries Department of Ontario. In a previous pamphlet entitled "The Possibilities of Northern Ontario as a Breeding Ground for Ducks," it was shown that there were probably 2,800,000 acres in the lakes and rivers of that territory on which edible plants would grow. Since that time the district of Patricia, with a total area of about 150,000 square miles or six-sevenths the size of Northern Ontario as it existed before this addition, has been included which may mean an addition of from 450,000 to over 2,000,000 acres available for the growth of edible water plants.

The idea is to propagate plants which furnish food for ducks not only in the Fall but throughout the entire season during which the waters are open so that the descriptions and illustrations contained in the pamphlet refer only to plants which have a continuous growth and have parts other than seed which are edible. The author speaks in this connection of the "wild rice illusion" and says that if anything substantial is to be done in increasing the number of ducks breeding in the North it is necessary that this be dispelled. The common belief that if only wild rice could be grown there would be plenty of ducks, he contends is fallacious, as wild rice

does not support the ducks *while they are breeding*. It merely attracts those that have bred and fed elsewhere to the rice beds when the seed is ripe, very often to their destruction. Even though wild rice thrives everywhere in Northern Ontario it would only furnish food for possibly a month or so out of the seven which the ducks spend in the north each season. Moreover it is an annual and only propagates by seed which is extremely delicate and loses its fertility easily, making it difficult to transplant.

As something infinitely superior to the wild rice as foods for marsh ducks plants of the Lemna family are recommended. Large numbers of black duck have been observed where this was almost the only seed. It is described as looking like tiny clover leaves growing on the surface of the water and at a distance might be mistaken for green scum.

The Potamogetons, or Pond-weeds, as they are commonly called in addition to animal food form the principal diet of the deep water ducks in Northern Ontario.

First place however as an important food for deep water ducks all through the season, is given to the so-called Wild Celery of duck hunters. This plant (*Vallisneria spiralis*) is known by several other common names, Tape-grass, Eel-grass, etc. It is a submerged aquatic plant with long grass-like leaves

about a half inch wide and from a foot to a foot and a half in length. It has two very efficient methods of propagation being from seed and by sending out suckers, and experiment has proved that it will grow in Northern Ontario.

The pamphlet is well illustrated, this work and that of collection having been attended to by a skilled botanist, Mr. R. B. Thomson, Associate Professor of Botany, in the University of Toronto. The specimens described were taken from Whitewater Lake, near Sudbury.

## An Autumn Outing

F. W. DONTIGNY

ILL<sup>l</sup> health compelled my wife and me to go down among the pines on Chats Island where we might breathe the pure health giving ozone which has long since made this place famous as an ideal spot for convalescents.

Chats Island is situated about five miles from Arnprior, via Chats Lake, and comprises some seventeen hundred acres of bush and farm land, principally the former. At the time of our visit the Canadian Northern Railway Co. were building a line from Ottawa to Pembroke and cutting quite a swath in what was formerly a good hunting ground. In spite of the blasting, however, which had been going on for some months, the few deer that frequented the Island seemed to pay but little attention to the construction operations and we saw quite a number of them in the woods adjoining the construction camps.

Leaving home at about 4.30 p.m. on September 15th, 1912, we reached camp at 5.45 p.m. after rowing all the way against a head wind. On our arrival everything in camp presented a somewhat topsy turvy appearance and we repaired for the night to D. J. Campbell's Lodge which was but a short distance through the woods. There I met a sportsman friend, Tom Brunt, and the evening passed all too quickly as we reviewed our experiences in the field and on the marsh.

After a good night's rest we were able in a few hours' time to put things into ship shape order and were then ready to try our luck at black bass fishing. Chats Rapids is, during the season, one of the best fishing grounds

in Eastern Ontario; an angler may with the proper baits secure some fine strings of fish, including bass, pickerel, pike, sun-fish, etc., and as we were only a short distance from the Rapids we enjoyed many a splendid day's fishing.

An incident which I believe to be somewhat unusual, occurred one evening when my wife and I were trolling from a skiff with about sixty feet of line out. We were passing a small jam of logs at the head of the Rapids when I felt a tug at my line. Immediately the fish jumped out of the water, and I knew that it was a black bass. Finally with the aid of a landing net we landed him safely and sure enough it was a fine bass. Putting in the troll again it was no sooner out than I had another, a little larger than the first. I hooked three more in as short a space of time but lost the third, thus making a record of four bass in five minutes. In all the fish weighed  $8\frac{1}{4}$  pounds.

We had been in camp only three days when I took a bamboo fishing pole, which I had brought along to use for trolling from the shore, and went down a short distance along the lake, coming at last to a place where four large saw logs were stuck on some rocks, forming a sort of jam. They did not appear to me to be very safely lodged as when I got out onto the one nearest the shore, it went down a little under my weight. As the place seemed a very likely one to get a fish I did not hesitate but stepped on the next one and so on until I reached the log farthest out. Here I slowly unfurled my line and when I had reeled out the line required I took a throw,

when to my entire satisfaction, I saw what I took to be an ordinary sized pike, make a dash for my troll. I snapped it away from him just a little too soon and he turned tail and made for deep water. I tried again and sure enough Mr. Pike was still on the job, following the spoon until within a few feet of the log where I was standing, when he made a rush and literally swallowed the troll, which was only a small one. The battle was on. I could now see that he was a good one but had to consider the rather insecure log on which I was standing. As the fish was performing some fine acrobatic stunts it was up to me to act and to act quickly as I was not by any means over anxious for a cold bath, especially in my condition of health. Seizing the line I brought him slowly to my log, and when he came close enough I gripped him back of the gills with my fingers and managed to get him out of the water. To make doubly sure I would not lose him I put my fingers inside the gills. He made a few frantic efforts to release himself and the sharp barb-like edge of the gills lacerated three of my fingers pretty badly. I was at a loss to know which of us was bleeding most. However I finally got him ashore, regardless of the pain my hand was causing me, and when I reached camp was surprised to find that my fish tipped the scales at ten pounds.

It was now nearing the time when the ducks would be seen coming down the lake in large flocks but up till now we had seen only a few small scattered flocks and they were very shy. I had almost abandoned the idea of doing any duck hunting until about a week later when I took my field glass and scanning the lake in search of the feathered beauties was rewarded by sighting a flock about half a mile out, and apparently heading for Lavan's Bay, which was half a mile below us. There were seventeen in the flock, so jamming my hat down farther on my head, and grabbing my gun and some cartridges, I pushed out my skiff and started making a long detour around the ducks, intending to let them get

well into the bay before cutting across a point which separated the Bay from the lake.

I had only gone a short distance out when they saw me and took to their wings. In a few minutes they were out of sight. Until about two weeks later I did not see another duck and by that time my prospects for securing any had been so effectually dampened that I declared it would take more than a flock to draw me out again. However as we watched flock after flock alight in the lake in the vicinity of the mouth of the Mississippi, about a mile and a half from camp, the fever again gripped me and I succumbed.

Mrs. D—and I planned our programme for the following morning and visions of roast duck loomed up big in my imagination. At 5 a.m. we were up and doing. After partaking of a light breakfast (cocoa and rolls) we pushed off in the skiff and headed for the mouth of the Mississippi. We had not gone far when ducks started up all around us. One single came straight towards us and I had to half turn round to shoot which was a very awkward position, but he crumpled up thus making our first score. Mrs. D—rowed up a little farther and six came whizzing by. "Bang! Bang!" Nothing doing. We were now nearing our hunting grounds and while I was using the glasses Mrs. D—called my attention to two which were coming towards us. I let them come and when they got opposite the boat I fired and downed one, only to see him swim away. It took two more shots to get him. After picking him up we pushed on. I took the glasses once more and behold, I saw a sight that was calculated to make any sportsman's heart beat fast. About half a mile away, ahead of us, was a flock of more than five hundred ducks, to estimate roughly, strung out along the feeding grounds. At intervals ducks could be seen flapping their wings and disporting themselves as waterfowl usually do, more especially when they congregate in large numbers on their annual migration South. To my mind this was the largest flock

of duck I had ever seen in this vicinity and I have hunted this same locality for the past twelve years.

The question was how to get within range of those ducks. They were fully 500 yards from the nearest land point and there was nothing but open water between us. I decided that the only thing to do in view of these facts, was to row up to them as quietly as possible, and hope to get within range. We immediately put this plan into execution. I was in the stern with the gun while my wife was at the oars. Steadily we gained on the now rapidly swimming ducks. How I wished for a camera. It would have been such a fine opportunity to have snap-shotted those noble birds as they swam ahead of the boat at a distance of about a hundred yards. Right here, however, was where I missed the chance of a lifetime by overestimating the distance. I allowed that vast army of ducks to rise out of the water without firing until they were *really* out of range. I must

confess I did say things that would not look well in print, but, "Oh you ducks!"

That settled the duck *hunting* for that day at least but on our way home I shot two more and wounded two which I did not get.

We had three weeks of splendid shooting and had all the duck we could use for our own table, besides giving a number away.

Mr. Campbell, referred to in the preceding part of this article is a most hospitable gentleman in every sense of the word. We called on him frequently and spent many an evening at his fireside during our stay in his locality. Mr. Campbell is the owner of extensive mining property on Chats Island and samples of ore taken from the various shafts have shown the richest mineral procurable.

On November 23rd we left the Island with pleasant remembrances and the feeling that we had been greatly benefited in health.

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## A Duck Hunt on the Grand River Near Dunnville

F. W. BLACKWELL

**T**HE bluebills start to come in to the river to feed about the middle of October and they keep on increasing in number—and wildness—until about the middle of November when there is a large flock feeding in the shallow water about four miles up the river from the town of Dunnville.

We try all kinds of tricks to catch them napping but they are very much on the alert and always seem to see us first. They then apparently endeavor to see which can fly highest. Occasionally we get one or two but more often they are successful in giving us the slip.

There are two young men living along the river about seven miles west of the town who are very successful with their Winchester pumps. Whenever there are ducks to be had they may usually be relied upon to get their share.

I met these two men—who have all the paraphernalia for duck shooting, a good launch and plenty of first class decoys—one day when they were in town and we resolved

ourselves into a committee of three who determined to give those bluebills the chase of their lives.

According to arrangements which we made we were to be at Lumburner's Point about an hour before sunrise on the morning of November thirteenth. They came down with their launch and skiffs and were already busy setting out their decoys when I arrived on the scene. They set out one hundred and seven as nice decoys as one would wish to shoot over and when I volunteered my services I was told to "go jump in the creek." This suggestion, however, I did not follow out just at that time for I was a little too warm after my four mile row. I thanked them kindly for the invitation and went ashore and helped build the hide. We got everything in shape just as the sky commenced to get gray in the east.

The first duck that came our way was a big golden eye whistler and I was requested as the guest of honor to "give it to him." I was very careful to make a sure shot as I did not want to get the merry ha ha from the boys from the

country. Shortly after this two mergansers "squashed" in and what we did to them was a shame. Then I heard, "Keep down, here they come." I peeked out and saw three whistlers coming down the river at the rate of about a hundred miles an hour, or so it seemed to me. Frank, one of my companions, and I, both thought they were too far out and we did not want to strain our guns. We were letting them go when the other chap, Charlie, levelled his gun on a big drake and nailed him first shot. The drake however was only wounded and he gave Frank quite a chase before he was finally landed. While Frank was away chasing the cripple a big whistler came in amongst our decoys and we both stood up, trying to make him fly but he did not pay the slightest attention to us. I expect he was trying to pick out a running mate from our decoys but, Frank coming back with the boat, broke the spell and he started to get out. He looked good to us however and as we could not bear to part with him we secured him.

All this time the big flock of bluebills were feeding about half a mile below us and as they were not inclined to fly Charlie took the boat and went down to stir them up a bit. Just as he got nicely around them some other hunter took a long shot at them and they got up and came our way. As soon as they spied our decoys about half the flock took a circle and flopped right into them. Frank and I rose up and pumped all we had into them and then went out and picked up ten nice bluebills.

Charlie came back after that and we talked the matter over and came to the conclusion

we should have killed at least ten more, but we were well pleased with the bunch we had got.

By this time it had begun to snow rather hard and the boys had to go out and duck all the decoys as there was not enough wind to keep them washed off.

The big flock flew around for a while and finally settled down in their old feeding place again. We let them rest for an hour or so and in the meanwhile picked out a few singles that dropped in.

Frank then went down to see if he could drive them in to our decoys. He managed it very well indeed and if it had not snowed so hard, covering one side of our decoys, we would have had the whole flock come right in to them. Frank drove them right up to us but they would not come in. It was a very exciting time for us when we watched them swimming right up to our decoys but when they spied the snow they became suspicious and began to swim past the decoys so we were forced to take a long shot and were only successful in bagging six.

Business made it necessary for me to return to town about noon. I was very sorry to have to pull out and leave the boys. However they loaded a good share of the ducks into my boat and I returned home well satisfied at having got two good cracks at the wild and wary old bluebills.

I put them up twice on the way home but they had evidently had enough of that point for one day as they would not go near it again.

## Pritchard's Lake New Brunswick

From Campbellton, N. B., after winding round the big Sugar Loaf, which is one thousand feet high and a land mark for many miles, and taking the road through the woods we come at last to Pritchard's Lake a beautiful little mountain lake a mile long and a few hundred yards wide which abounds in speckled trout many of which are a pound or over. They give plenty of sport when they take the fly in May or June. The Major-domo of Pritchard's Lake and land adjacent is Mr. Pritchard, an Englishman and a Blue-coat boy at that, who after spending years of wandering in foreign parts settled down with his family to enjoy the evening of his days in congenial surroundings in Canadiana wilds. Mr. Pritchard is a rare old sport and his den is filled with trophies of the chase.

The accompanying illustration shows Mr. Pritchard with a catch of speckled beauties and the lake in the background.



A Catch of Speckled Beauties: Pritchard's Lake, Campbellton, N. B.



After Hunting for 1 Hour at Prosper Bay, P. Q.: 18 Hare, 2 Partridge

## A Hunting Trip to Prosper Bay, P. Q.

JAMES SOUTHWICK

St. Prosper Bay is a swampy forest covering an area of three miles square and is situated between La Perade, and St. Prosper in the southern part of the county of Champlain, P. Q. This vast swamp is crossed by several broad brooks which render it impracticable for hunting except during winter or very late in the Autumn. Among the trees which cover the swamp are to be found red spruce, cedar, fir and birch none of them measuring more than three inches in diameter. It is curious to observe the smallest of these trees which have been almost gnawed down by the hares.

For ten years the writer has lived in the Eastern Townships and during September and October has generally made several excursions, hunting moose and deer, while later in the season the pursuit of hares, foxes and partridge have furnished good sport. During all my ramblings I never came across as many hares as at St. Prosper Bay, which

abounds also in wild geese during the Spring and Autumn season. Last year at La Perade station I met Mr. Lavace, a Shawinigan sportsman, who was just back from the Bay with 22 wild geese.

During the past winter I made my hunting trips with my friends to St. Prosper and each time we came back with never less than a dozen hares, some partridges and other birds. On one of our December trips last winter after two hours' hunting we counted in our bags 21 hares and five partridges. On a later trip three of my friends, Mr. J. B. Savard, Mr. D. Perreault and Mr. Jas. Holmes, and myself after a single hour of shooting bagged 18 hares and 2 partridges. The above reproduction illustrates this bag. During the winter we secured more than a hundred hares and 18 partridges and a number of beautiful birds which I have mounted for my museum.



# Regulations for the Protection of Migratory Birds

THE United States Department of Agriculture has issued a pamphlet setting forth the proposed regulations for the protection of Migratory birds adopted pursuant to the provisions of the act of March 4, 1913.

For the purpose of these regulations the following are considered migratory game birds:

(a) Anatidae or waterfowl, including brant wild ducks, geese, and swans.

(b) Gruidae or cranes, including little brown, sandhill, and whooping cranes

(c) Rallidae or rails, including coots, gallinules and sora and other rails.

(d) Limicolae or shore birds, including avocets, curlew, dowitchers, godwits, knots, oyster catchers, phalaropes, plover, sandpipers, snipe, stilts, surf birds, turnstones, willet, woodcock and yellow legs.

(e) Columbidae or pigeons, including doves and wild pigeons.

The following are to be considered migratory insectivorous birds:

Bobolinks, catbirds, chickadees, cuckoos flycatchers, grosbeaks, humming birds, kinglets, martins, meadow larks, night hawks or bull bats, nuthatches, orioles, robins, shrikes, swallows, swifts, tanagers, titmice, thrushes, vireos, warblers, waxwings, whippoorwills, woodpeckers, wrens and all other perching birds which feed entirely or chiefly on insects.

A daily closed season on all migratory game and insectivorous birds is to extend from sunset to sunrise.

It is provided that the closed season on migratory insectivorous birds shall continue to December 31, 1913 and each year thereafter shall begin January 1 and continue to December 31, both dates inclusive, provided that nothing in this regulation shall be construed to prevent the issue of permits for collecting such birds for scientific purposes in accordance with the laws and regulations in force in the respective States and Territories and the District of Columbia.

A five year closed season is imposed on certain game birds, including band-tailed pigeons, little brown, sandhill, and whooping cranes, swans, curlew and all shorebirds except the black-breasted and golden plover, Wilson

or Jack snipe, woodcock, and the greater or lesser yellowlegs, and on wood ducks, rails and woodcock in certain specified States.

A closed season between January 1st and October 31st is also declared on certain navigable rivers.

For the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the act the territory is divided into two zones and the closed seasons obtaining in these zones are given in the pamphlet referred to, which is Circular No. 92 of the Bureau of Biological Survey.

Inquiries in reference to these regulations should be addressed to the Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

In the "Explanation of the Proposed Regulations" Circular 93, it is pointed out that laws for the protection of migratory birds hitherto enacted have usually provided long open seasons and have been framed mainly in the interests of the hunter rather than the game. In preparing the regulations under the Federal law for the protection of migratory birds, an effort has been made to reduce the open seasons to reasonable limits, to provide hunting at the time of year when game birds are most abundant and in the best condition, and in all cases to give the benefit of the doubt to the bird. Recognizing the fact that many species of shore birds and some of the waterfowl have diminished to a point where they are approaching extinction, protection has been extended to several species throughout the year and to others at least three-fourths of the year.

It is presumed that the effect of the regulations will be uniformity in protection of migratory game and insectivorous birds in the several States; protection of birds in spring while en route to their nesting grounds and while mating; uniformity in protection of migratory birds at night; establishment of protected migration routes along three great rivers in the Central United States; complete protection for five years for the smaller shore birds and other species which have become greatly reduced in numbers; reduction of the open season on migratory birds, but in most cases not more than 25 to 50%. There will however be no change in conditions until October 1, 1913.

# The Story of Pioneer and Hunter

“THORNDYKE”

THE stories related by the pioneers and earliest settlers in the wilderness of the north-west, their struggles and sacrifices in subduing untamed nature, and their hardships in preparing the vast acres of densely wooded land for the oncoming civilization—acres yet untrodden save by the feet of the savage and the wild beasts that held undisputed sway—are read to-day by hundreds who are wholly unable to realize the whole meaning of those personal sacrifices and almost unbelievable hardships in blazing the way for the generations then unborn to improve and beautify the virgin wilderness.

Still, as we read stories of those experiences, we discover bursts of sunshine through the clouds and the sombre woods; for there were days of happiness in the log cabins and keen enjoyment in the occupations which belong entirely to the life of the settler, the hunter and the trapper and which are quite aside from the life of the town or city dweller.

I have in my hand the story of such a life, perhaps not a typical one, yet undoubtedly characteristic of the forest life in the north-west fifty or sixty years ago. Let it be told in the narrator's own words:

“Our arrival on the scene of our ‘promised land’ was not productive of that joy with which the descriptions of it had filled our minds when it was first pictured to us: then our imaginations had not been able to keep pace with the enthusiastic words of our informant. Nevertheless we made the best of the situation and only ‘struck the high places.’ It was a wild country, sure enough. There was only now and then a log cabin. The hunter and trapper made his way along the Indian trails and kept his points of the compass by blazing the trees with his hand axe. As intimated, these cabins were not abundant but they were populous with children, families of husky boys

and robust girls, and competent men and women: there were also cabins filled with half naked, bare-footed, smoked and tanned children of all ages, wild as the aborigines, and growing up in their primitive environment utterly uncivilized.

Needless to say, our family were one and all disgusted and frightfully disappointed. It required all my powers of persuasion to reconcile them to what seemed a prospect blank and unpromising.

The log cabin which we found on the land I had purchased was not a palace, but consisted largely in possibilities. By hard work, however, on the part of myself and our hired boy, we soon had more comfortable quarters and things looked quite ship-shape. To tell the truth I was happy for I had begun to experience the thrill of a hunter in the wilderness. My mother and sisters gradually became more contented for we were located in a most beautiful section of the country on high ground watered by two beautiful streams. Great oaks and walnut trees abounded while the openings were clothed with huckleberry, blackberry and other bushes, and a profusion of wild flowers made the ground seem like a brilliant carpet under our feet.

I soon became acquainted with the woods, which were plentifully peopled with game birds and animals. Occasionally during the night the wolves would make their presence emphatic and hold high carnival in the vicinity of our cabin. In the morning the scene would change and the woods would ring with the drumming of partridge and the air would be filled with the music of a multitude of song birds, while frisking squirrels and other furtive animals would make high sport in the big trees which overhung our cabin. About a mile distant was the branch of a river of some size, whose clear waters were alive with fish and in the marsh not far

away the ducks in great numbers were found constantly. It seemed really an ideal spot for a pioneer farmer, hunter and trapper. No wonder I was happy!

One day during a visit of exploration up the stream I came suddenly upon an Indian Camp, which was not, at the moment, a pleasant discovery. In fact my supply of pioneer courage pretty nearly reached the vanishing point as the memory of barbarous deeds and cold-blooded butcheries of whites furnished a picture of unattractive coloring. I hesitated a moment, then realizing that there was nothing to be done in the way of escape, I resolved to brave the storm and take the consequences, for it was inevitable that we must sooner or later come directly into contact with these aborigines if we remained here. I started for the camp and had got about half way when a big Indian, moving noiselessly, overtook me and gave me another start, a decided jolt, in fact, and it was several minutes before I recovered. He was a powerfully built fellow, in deerskin leggings and moccasins, a tomahawk in his belt and a flint-lock musket in his hands. Nevertheless he was by no means a warlike looking chap. He approached me in a friendly manner, beckoned towards the camp and evidently wanted me to accompany him thither, which I did, somewhat reluctantly, I must admit.

We arrived in camp apparently just about meal time and I was hospitably asked to "sit by,"—by pantomime entirely, for my host was unable to speak a word of any kind but his own. I seated myself on the ground and dinner was promptly served. This consisted of broiled fish, broiled by hanging over an open fire on a forked stick and a venison steak cooked in the same manner, which by the way was not half bad. Bark from a birch tree served us for plates, which had one advantage at least, they did not have to be washed. If there is anything an Indian hates it is washing anything. They even object to washing themselves. They had a kind of wooden dipper in which they

brought me water to drink from the stream.

I had great difficulty in making them understand anything and similar difficulty in understanding them, but finally they gathered that I wanted to find a marsh where I could get some hay. They pointed down stream and we started, two Indians leading the way, taking their guns with them. When we had reached the marsh, the Indians stopped suddenly and motioned me to sit down. I soon discovered that they had heard game of some kind and wanted silence so that they could get a shot. I heard some one calling but did not know what it meant. Then one of the Indians started in the direction of the sound, creeping on hands and knees and was soon out of sight. Almost immediately we heard the report of a gun and in three minutes more the Indian was back with a large turkey. This agreeable little pantomime was repeated twice, the sharp reports of the rifles being followed by the bringing in of two more big turkeys. We found the marsh hay of good quality and started back to camp.

I was gratified to discover that the Indians were disposed to be very friendly. They presented me with the biggest gobbler and showed me many of their trophies and curiosities. Other visits were made and exchanged while this camp remained in our vicinity and we were hospitably kept supplied with game and fish, for which we repaid them with flour, corn-meal and other things that they did not have in their larder.

On the day of their departure the whole party came over to bid us good bye and left several very nice presents—moccasins, bead-work and articles trimmed with gaily dyed porcupine quills.

The Indians having departed I was left quite alone, comparatively speaking. I missed them very much as we all did, for we later realized how greatly they had assisted in making our forest life comfortable. I had learned to use the bow and arrow skilfully and could bring down

with them squirrel, rabbit or part-ridge. I had thus far been without a gun and realized every day how much one was needed. The woods were alive with game. Autumn had arrived and it would never do to be without a gun of some kind, with all the opportunity to use one. Not long after I learned of one that was offered for sale by a neighbor living about twenty-five miles distant and concluded to take a trip over to see it. I was two days and a half going and coming but I brought the gun back with me, lessening our store of cash by ten dollars. I was the biggest feeling man in the territory with a shot-gun and full stock of ammunition.

I was not long in striking a trail that led out for a deer hunt, having become familiar with all the runways of the deer and haunts of other game. I had seen a number of deer during the day but could not get near enough to get a good shot, until along in the afternoon I found a good place to sit and rest on a ridge near the forks of a stream. I was awfully tired and pretty much discouraged over my first day's hunt. I could command a view, from my seat, of quite a stretch of country through the oak openings and upon looking to my right what was my joy to behold a large doe and two fawns feeding. I could see them stop and look up occasionally as though startled at some faint noise. Fortunately the wind was in my favor as I crawled noiselessly forward toward my game and reached what I judged was a sure shot distance and prepared carefully for my first shot at a deer. Did "buck fever" seize me? Well I suppose it did, for I never shook so violently before and from what I have since learned from other victims I think there can be no doubt about what ailed me. I was within four rods of the deer and pulled away on the newly acquired gun, loaded with buckshot with highly satisfactory results. The doe crumpled up in her tracks in the grass and I did the same in *my* tracks, but the difference was this; I got up speedily, but the deer

remained where she fell. I reloaded my gun, cut the deer's throat and turned my attention to the fawns which I captured without difficulty, and with a rope, made by twisting up some bark, I started for home with my live game, leaving the slain. Early the following spring the Indians returned to make their camp on the stream which had been their home for many a pleasant Summer and Autumn. Then the sport of trapping began, there being plenty of mink, 'coon, otter and muskrat. I purchased a lot of traps and my friends, the Indians, initiated me into the mysteries of the trap-line. In a short time I became an adept in the art of setting lures for the various fur animals and found it a very lucrative occupation, whereby I was enabled to lay by quite a sum of money.

Hunting and trapping took such a hold on me that I was tempted to let farming go altogether and take up the more congenial business of the gun and traps.

When the trapping season was ended on our river the Indians made preparations to move and I started with them for new scenes and fields of labor. My mother naturally opposed me in this determination but for once I disregarded her wishes and set out after such preparations for her safety and comfort as were possible had been made. I arranged with one of our good neighbors, living nine miles distant, to call occasionally and keep a watchful eye on the house.

I had picked up quite a lot of the Potawatamie language, to which tribe my friends belonged, and had lived so much in their wigwams that I was smoked and tanned to quite the regulation shade of the aborigines and, being dressed in the buckskin garments which they always wore, I must have made quite a brave appearance. At all events the Indians thought so and made me one of themselves.

I was gone on this expedition about two months, when I returned, bringing with me two splendid hunting dogs and a fine rifle which I had trad-

ed for with a hunter from the East who had two.

The dogs were a cross between a hound and a wolf, a very uncommon cross; partaking of the savage nature of the wolf in disposition, so much that it was unsafe to approach them. They would not make friends with the settlers and I found it necessary to keep them chained always, except when in the woods on my hunting expeditions. Many times they had caused terror among the inhabitants when they ventured too near their tether. With me, however, they were fairly docile and tractable and were quick to learn.

I had taught them to obey certain signs and sounds and to recognize instantly words of command. I have, for instance, commanded them to start out to tree a 'coon, starting them just at dark and they were never known to fail. They would stay by the tree until I arrived to cut it down, and if they ever captured any game on the ground they would not fail to bring it to me without mouthing it in the least. They would attack any kind of wild animal and generally put it out of business. I was never in the least in fear when in the wildest part of the forest, when my faithful friends were with me. Many times they saved me from being torn to pieces by some of the ferocious creatures that had their home in this part of the north-west. I remember especially an incident that occurred during a severe winter, the second year after I had taken up the life of a hunter and trapper.

I had been out all day in the deepest woods with a snow storm brewing, and the dense clouds causing darkness to fall earlier than usual, I was not actually lost because I knew in what direction the log house stood, but trails were being obliterated by the falling snow and an uneasy feeling was beginning to be felt by both man and dogs.

After tramping around and finding no familiar landmarks and the darkness and storm getting thicker, I concluded it would be wise to find a

place to spend the night, while there was yet some daylight left.

Such a place was finally found where a huge tree had been blown down and lay prostrate near a clump of spruce and just at the side of a hummock covered with bushes. The snow was somewhat deep already—perhaps a foot or more—and was piling up in a little drift against the trunk of the fallen tree. I scraped away the snow for quite a space whereon to build a fire for the night, and another where I might build a nest close to the big log, that would accommodate my body and the two dogs.

The spruce boughs were soon heaped in a comfortable fashion for the bed and a big pile of wood prepared for the night's fire. The provision bag was ransacked for a meager supper and a few bones sufficed for the dogs. When a pipe had been smoked in comfort and the fire seen to that it was safe for the night, we all turned in, that is to say, the two dogs and their master. The snow continued to fall heavily and the wind sighed mournfully in the boughs overhead and before long, yielding to fatigue and heavy eyes, slumber claimed us and we knew nothing more until about midnight, when the howling of wolves near and far proclaimed the unwelcome fact that we had watchers. The dogs were alert and gave low growls of anger at being aroused from their deep sleep. I spoke to them and saw to the condition of gun and lock, and waited. Nearer came the sounds of the wolves and more distinct the sounds of protest from the dogs. Finally one or two of the yelping fiends, more bold, or perhaps hungrier than the others, ventured near the opposite side of the fallen tree and the glare of their eyes was far from pleasant. There were two of them, and they were within easy range. I levelled my rifle at the nearest and a loud report followed. One of the invaders of our rest was lying in the snow, while the other made a spring directly over the log and landed between myself and the two dogs. My rifle was unloaded so I used it as a club and did good execution, but

# Here's the Soup

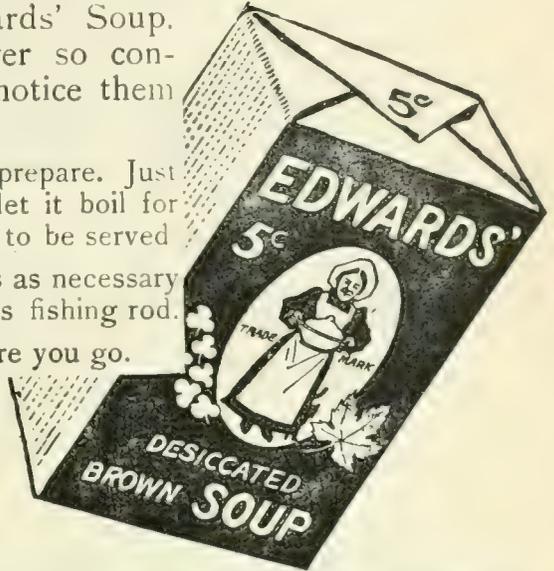
Next time you go fishing or hunting, don't take the clumsy canned soup, take the handy little packets of Edwards' Soup. They're ever so light and ever so convenient to carry—you never notice them until it's meal-time.

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AND DON'T FORGET

## Clark's Pork and Beans



W. CLARK,

::

::

MONTREAL

the fury of the attack was undiminished. It looked as if it would be an unequal battle, but here is where the two infuriated dogs got in their work. Their presence was an unlooked for event in this encounter, and soon the attention of the wolf was engaged in a new quarter.

It was a great fight and an ugly desperate one. The attacking party was a huge animal and his handling of the defenders was rough and tumble in the extreme. The dogs fought for their lives and for mine, and pro-

bably no more desperate contest was ever carried on in any arena than that in the depths of that snow covered forest. The blood of all the combatants was everywhere and the yells of the enemy were deafening until the fangs of one of the big dogs was fastened in the throat of the wolf and he ceased to breathe.

Of course had I been alone, even with a half dozen rifles and pounds of ammunition, this story had not been written. As it is, there may be a few more chapters of it.

## Alberta Game Laws for 1913-14

Benjamin Lawton, chief game guardian of the province of Alberta, with headquarters in the parliament buildings at Edmonton, has just issued the game laws, for 1913-14, of which the following is an abstract:

Shooting on Sundays is strictly prohibited, and it is necessary to obtain the consent of the owner or occupant of enclosed land before any hunting is done, otherwise it is prohibited. No animal under the age of one year is allowed to be killed.

The only game and animals entirely protected are: Hungarian partridge, beaver, buffalo, elk, and wapiti. Antelope to the extent of two males only, may be shot during the month of October, while the shooting of prairie chicken, partridge, etc., at the rate of ten a day, or one hundred in the season, is only allowed during the same month. The sale of this game is prohibited.

Deer, moose, one male only, and caribou, one only, must only be hunted from November 1 to December 14, inclusive. Another short season is that of mountain goat, two only, and mountain sheep, two males only which are to be shot during the whole of September and the first fourteen days of October.

The longest season is that allowed for the procuring of otter and muskrats. These animals may be caught for the six months November, December, January, February, March and April. The season for mink, fisher or marten, is of five month's duration, November, December, January, February and March.

Sale or purchase of cranes, rails, coots, snipe, plover, etc., is strictly prohibited be-

tween March 1 and September 20. They may be shot through from September 1 to December 31. The sale of ducks and swans is prohibited for the same period as the foregoing birds, but the time for shooting is longer as that may begin on August 23.

No duck, swan, snipe, plover, etc., is to be placed in cold storage between March 1 and September 20 following, while no person is allowed to export game without a permit from the Minister of Agriculture. The game act protects the eggs of any game and many other birds, and it is prohibited to wilfully disturb or destroy them. In the hunting of big game, dogs are not to be used.

Big game cannot be hunted without a license, and game heads may not be bought or sold without the brand of the department. A license is also required for the trafficking in the flesh of any big game or game bird. It is necessary for every person desirous of serving as a guide or camp helper to take out a license.

All birds are protected except crows, eagles, goshawks, pigeon hawks, cooper's hawks, hawk owls, blackbirds, grackles, English sparrows, loons, cormorants, pelicans and magpies.

The fees for the various licenses are as follows: Non-resident, general game license, \$25; bird game license, \$5; trapper's license, \$10; resident big game license, \$2.50; big game license, resident farmers, \$1; bird game, \$1.25; Guide's license, \$5; camp helper's license, \$5; game dealer's license, \$10; and market hunter's license, \$5.

Fines not exceeding \$500 and costs may be imposed for the infractions of the game act.

# CANADA FIRST EVAPORATED CREAM



Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa, Bulletin No. 208 shows Canada First Evaporated Cream to be the richest on the market. Manufactured and guaranteed by British subjects.

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## WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

a la Quina du Pérou  
**A BIG BRACING TONIC**

**Dr. J. M. BEAUSOLEIL**

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Ex-President of the Canadian Medical Association, says: "I prescribe Wilson's Invalids' Port for young persons and debilitated women and the result is most satisfactory. I congratulate you on having filled, with the greatest of care, a time-honoured prescription which is approved by the Medical Profession."

*J. M. Beausoliel, M.D.*

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR**  
**BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS**

# Club Cocktails



Are scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors, and are further improved by aging in wood. They appeal especially to the sportsman, as they are always ready and so easily served. They can be cooled by laying the bottle in a spring hole or exposing to the cold air. What is more appreciated than a delicious cocktail as a prelude to your dinner after a day's fishing or shooting? You can have it by buying the "Club Cocktails"

Most popular kinds: Manhattan (whiskey base), Martini (gin base). For sale by all reputable dealers.

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have been on the market for over fifty years and are known from Atlantic to Pacific for their uniform excellent quality.

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# OUR MEDICINE BAG

In writing our subscription department re a change of address subscribers will save time by giving their previous address which is always necessary before a name can be located and the change asked for made.

The Ontario Fishery Department has stocked the Grand River near Conestoga, Ont. with 25,000 black bass fry.

Mr. C. E. Pell of Renfrew, fishing in the Madawaska River is reported to have caught the largest pickerel taken in that vicinity for some time. The fish measured twenty-five and a half inches from tip to tip and weighed five lbs and six oz.

No more bounties will be paid by the B. C. Government for the destruction of the big horned owl. This owl is supposed to be very destructive of game birds, and this may have been the case in the past, but the rabbits have now come back and the big horned owl finds himself once more in a land of plenty. As he is said to even prefer rabbit to grouse, there is no longer any particular object in having him destroyed.

The bounty, which is two dollars per owl, has proved unexpectedly expensive, the amount paid out in bounties since last January being over \$18,000. Some enterprising hunters are said to have been making as much as a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars a month from this source. Moreover, the government is convinced that a certain amount of fraud has been practiced and that the harmless little horned owl has frequently been made to do duty for his big horned cousin at two dollars per head. There really seems to be no other way of accounting for the large number reported as destroyed.

The Radial Railway Company of Guelph have quite a number of animal and bird houses in the Zoo at Riverside Park, among them being bears, owls, pheasants, rabbits, 'coons, 2 Angora goats, 2 billy goats, a monkey, a badger, some foxes and several deer.

Two beavers were secured from the Ontario Department of Lands, Forests and Mines by R. J. Miller of St. Thomas for the Pinafore Park Zoo in that city. The cost of the animals was \$30. One of the animals subsequently made good his escape.

<sup>1</sup> Bears are plentiful in the vicinity of Lumby, B. C. during the early summer months. A young chap, Arthur Quesnel, shot a fine brown one near Rollins Lake.

For catching bass and pickerel out of season a Caledonia, Ont. man was brought before a Justice of the Peace and fined \$15 and costs.

Another vagrant mud-turtle was discovered on a farm at Gouverneur, N. Y. some weeks ago. Carved on its shell was the name of George Kelley. Investigation proved the carving to have been done 28 years previously. The turtle had wandered about 4 miles from its original habitation, as compared with 50 miles covered by the turtle mentioned in our July issue, which was found near Kingston, Ont.

A real live porcupine visited the town of Truro, N. S. recently and promenaded along Victoria Square. He met one of the natives of the town who not being on familiar terms with the porcupine species mistook the animal for a wild cat and when the "fretful" Porcy began to cause his bristles to stand up, took it as a challenge to battle and began to rain stones on his antagonist with the result that he knocked it out for a time and during that time slipped a cord about its hind leg and awaited developments. When the porcupine revived its captor led it out onto the square and proudly exhibited it declaring that he had captured a wild cat.

Apparently the fish in the northern waters are not complaining of sore teeth, says a Peterboro scribe. Mr. J. F. Thornton of that city caught four fine 'lunge in Chemong Lake in less than two hours, the largest of which weighed eleven pounds and the smallest seven.

The scarcity of bass in the waters inhabited by this sportiest of inland water fishes, has moved ardent fishermen to try and make an attempt to have the Government protect bass better than it has done in the past, says a Montreal despatch.

The destruction of this fish, particularly during the last two months of the close season is so great, those who are in a position to study the local conditions say, that it will not be very long before the fish will be entirely exterminated, especially because those caught in the close season are killed before they are able to deposit their eggs in the proper breeding grounds.

The main trouble has been that while the open season for bass does not start till the sixteenth of June, that for dore opens a month earlier. Therefore it is very difficult for the few game wardens there are, to keep a close eye on contraband bass, as poachers are usually very good at hiding their catch, and any-



Tug "Breakwater," 300 H. P. Standard. Breakwater Co., Owners, Honolulu.

## LUBRICATION

One of the most important things in your engine. Without oil it would not run two minutes. Too much chokes it up, causing endless trouble and needless waste of money.

## THE STANDARD ENGINE

has a system of oiling all its own.

The STANDARD Virgin Lubrication delivers a clean drop of Virgin Oil to each part of the engine just as needed for the different engine speeds. It is then drained off. After each drop does its work perfectly once it is not called upon to do it over again. It can't.

Used oil has largely lost its lubricating qualities. The lighter products have been vaporized off in the cylinder; only the poorer products, resinous gums, etc., are left. Greater quantities of oil must be used to overcome the failings of this used oil. If the

oil is allowed to splash onto the connecting rods and pistons it is burned off and carbonized in the cylinder. Pre-ignition results; gumming of the valves, etc.

These things are overcome in the STANDARD engine.

Nothing can equal the efficiency of the STANDARD Virgin Lubrication system. Nothing can equal the economy of oil in the STANDARD engine.

The "Dream" used only four gallons in all the 800 miles to Bermuda. The "Berneyo" used only ten gallons in all the 1309 miles to Havana and back. In these races oil was not skimped, you may be sure.

Think of it! Figure what this saves you in dollars on lubricating oil alone. Let us figure on your engine and propeller for greatest saving to you.

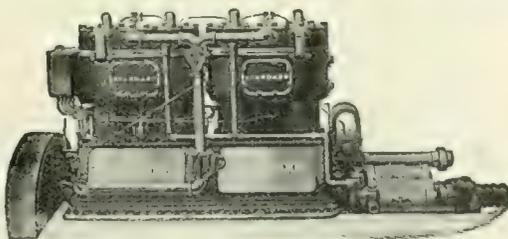
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STANDARD MOTOR CONSTRUCTION COMPANY,

190 Whiton St., Jersey City, N.J.

### Exclusive Features

- Brushless Magneto
- Constant Level Carburetor
- Adjustable Bronze Bearings



### Canadian Representatives

- British Columbia — The Vancouver Machinery Depot, Ltd., Vancouver.
- Quebec — Shea Sales Co., Montreal

one suspected always claims that he is out fishing for dore.

An attempt will therefore be made to have the Department of Fisheries present a law which will make it an offence to carry a rod at all during the close season set for bass, and some of the best guides in the Quebec province maintain that if this rule is only adhered to for one year the situation will be saved.

If it is put into force for, say five years it will result in automatically restocking all the celebrated bass streams and lakes, which are gradually losing all their attraction for the honest fisherman, and at the same time it will do no harm to the dore.

The July issue of MacLeans Magazine contained an article setting forth the advantages and delights of travel in a Morris chair, the plan suggested being to possess oneself of the graphically written and well illustrated booklets issued by the various railway and steamship companies now-a-days, and by means of these travel in imagination, with no expense, and with the elimination of fatigue, delay, and other unpleasant incidents of travel, along the highways and byways outlined in these alluring booklets. The idea is an ingenious one and worth a trial, particularly if one is forced for the time being to forego an actual trip. Of course this particular method of holidaying is not one that would appeal to the transportation companies who are responsible for all this enticing advertising literature, though the chances are that these imaginary trips would prove so interesting as to give one an insatiable desire to travel in reality and the perusal of the booklets thus prove of mutual advantage to both the reader and the companies who cater to tourist traffic.

Among recent publications of the character mentioned is "The Canadian Rockies, Yellowhead Pass Route," issued by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and descriptive of two hundred miles of majestic mountain scenery that has opened up new and fascinating vistas to the tourist, the Alpine climber the angler and the sportsmen. This booklet is attractively written and illustrated with some very fine cuts of the lake and mountain scenery with which this wonderful new territory is so abundantly blessed.

Two pure white gophers were secured at Macleod, Alta. and some of the old timers asserted that these were the first gophers of that color they had seen during their travels through the country. They are looked upon as quite a novelty.

"If you have missed Jack Miner's wild goose ponds," says a writer in the Leamington (Ont.) "Post," "you have missed something a world's exhibition cannot reproduce. To describe the place and do it credit and also relate one-half of Mr. Miner's goose talk, would fill The Post for months. Jack Miner should write a book and every sanguine person should read it. He can tell you facts on goose instincts that are amazing. A visit there will convince you that man's state of civilization is

exemplified by the creatures that surround him. Mr. Miner walks among these wild, sagacious birds and they become as tame as barnyard fowls. When they fly away and become wounded by barbarous mankind they return to Mr. Miner's ponds where they receive food, rest and protection.

"Is it illegal to fish out of a yacht?" is a question that has been very frequently asked says a Lindsay correspondent.

Lindsay's authority on this subject, Fish and Game Inspector Arch. Bradshaw, states that the practice is quite within the bounds of the law, although it is illegal to shoot from a launch.

Inspector Bradshaw further stated that between the 30th of June, 1913, and July, 1915, it would be illegal to catch any frogs in Victoria county.

A bald eagle weighing sixteen pounds was captured alive on the morning of June 21th, on the farm of William Peacock, west of St. Catharines, Ont. Several chickens had been stolen by an unknown marauder, and a trap with a dead chicken for a bait was set, catching the eagle by one foot. The prize was brought to St. Catharines and disposed of to ex-Ald. Robt. Powers of Niagara Falls, N. Y.

It is many years since an eagle was seen in this locality. The mate was observed, but it immediately disappeared and has not been seen since

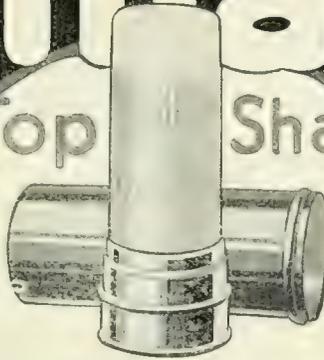
Isle Royale, in Lake Superior, containing about 120,000 acres, is to be made into a state game and forest preserve. The Island Mining Co., which holds about 90,000 acres of land on the island, offered to donate this property to the state for use as a reserve of this sort, if Michigan would co-operate in making the entire island a preserve. The island is part of Keweenaw county.

It is likely the next session of the legislature will pass an appropriation for use in preparing and stocking the island with game and planting trees. A large portion of the island is heavily wooded. Along its shores are found almost the only deposits in the world of the rare greenstones, so much in demand now in the manufacture of jewelry.

By dividing the Province into districts with one or more specially qualified men stationed in each district, giving all his time to protecting the fish and game, and able to move about freely from place to place keeping a close watch, the depletion of the fish supply of the lakes and streams by unlawful means could be checked, it is believed, to such an extent that with the adoption of methods of restocking the waters would soon show results.

Apart from the increased efficiency of such a force of men there might possibly be a saving in cost. The present system, which has been in force for a great many years, has accomplished little, but the payment of such a large force of men, small sums though the most of them get, has annually required a heavy ap-

# Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick



The economy and ease of using Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is exceeded only by the luxury and comfort it affords.

## SPECIAL OFFER—Suit Case Sets

In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes containing trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent for 24c. in stamps.

### Men's Suit Case Set Contains

- Holder-Top Shaving Stick
- Shaving Cream
- Dental Cream
- Talc Powder
- Jersey Cream
- Toilet Soap

Address: The  
J. B. Williams  
Company

### Women's Suit Case Set Contains

- Voilet
- Carnation
- Talc Powder
- Dental Cream
- Cold Cream
- Jersey Cream
- Toilet Soap

Department A,  
Glastonbury,  
Conn.



After Shaving use

Williams' Talc Powder

propriation. This sum would, it is believed, be ample to make the outside force one of permanent experienced men.

With the reorganization of the staff of overseers under way attention will, it is understood, be given to restocking the lakes and streams upon a considerably larger scale than has been attempted in the past, while measures will be taken to put a stop to catching of game fish in the inland waters for commercial use. An end is to be put to the catching of fish in large quantities through the ice in winter. Action along that line has already been taken in the Kawartha Lakes district, and fishermen there, who have in the last year or two been lamenting the gradual disappearance of the 'lunge warmly commend his move.

Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle, creator of "Sherlock Holmes," and Lady Conan-Doyle, it is said, will pass several months in the coast and prairie provinces early in 1914, making Jasper Park, west of Edmonton, their objective point, being housed at Fitzhugh, now known as Jasper, in the heart of the Yellowhead Pass.

Lieutenant Colonel S. Maynard Rogers, superintendent of the park, made the foregoing announcement at Edmonton on returning from a stay of a month in the new national playground, which covers an area of 1,400 square miles, saying:

"We also expect prominent men and women from various parts of the world to visit the new wonderland in the Northern Canadian Rockies as soon as the Grand Trunk Pacific has completed its transcontinental system to Prince Rupert.

"During my stay in the park, I have seen quite a number of red deer and mountain goats, and it is hoped that by strict preservation of all animal and bird life within the park visitors will be afforded increased facilities for shooting during the Alberta game season in the adjoining district, the park being a sanctuary for all kinds of game."

A wagon road trail has been put in to Pyramid Lake, one of the finest spots in the park, for the erection of summer cottages.

Pyramid lake affords excellent fishing. Professor Prince, superintendent of dominion fisheries, has promised to stock this and other lakes in the park with fish that will thrive in these waters, thus increasing the attractions for those desirous of pursuing this sport.

A Dawson paper tells of the rector of an Episcopal church at Killingworth who went fishing Sunday morning before church and forgot all about his services. Half an hour after the time for the service to commence the rector arrived on the scene armed with a fishing pole and an angler's basket which he deposited in a near pew and sought his pulpit, mopping his fevered brow as he mounted the steps. Having frankly confessed his sin of forgetfulness he proceeded with the sermon, and afterwards when his vestrymen were allowed to peep into the basket they declared that the circumstances were extenuating.

A big bull buffalo, one of the original Pablo herd of the Flathead reservation, that defied all attempts at capture when the others of the herd were corralled and shipped to Canada, two years ago, and an animal that has been a terror to settlers of the southern portion of the reservation because of his fondness for tearing through strong fences met his death recently when he attempted to race down the track ahead of a Northern Pacific passenger train. The bull broke through the fence near Perma, Mont., just ahead of the train, which was running at high speed and overtook the animal within a few rods. He was a magnificent specimen, and the head and hide have been preserved.

Professor J. B. McCarthy, of King's College, Windsor, N. S. one of the most noted biologists on the continent and a prominent fish expert, was selected by the Government to study this summer the commercial possibilities of the fishing industry in the Hudson Bay.

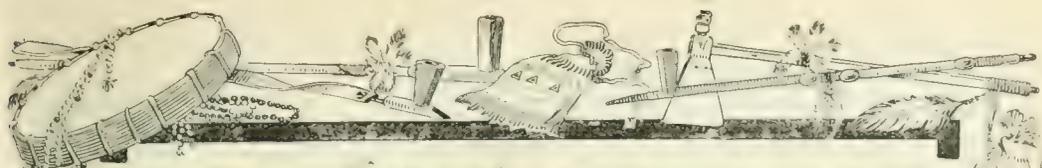
A full grown seal was captured in the St. Lawrence River near St. Helen's Island some time ago, being taken prisoner by two men in a rowboat with no more tackle than the butt end of an oar. The seal had been seen several times in the vicinity of the island during the ten days previous to its capture and one of the island guards had tried several times to shoot it without success. Later the two men in the rowboat saw it as it rose to the surface of the water close to the shore and one of them promptly struck it on the head half stunning it. The water was shallow and it was easily driven to shore, stunned with a blow and made a captive. Tightly bound by its flippers to one of the oars of the boat it was brought to the city of Montreal by its captors, causing no little excitement on the ferry boat. It is seldom that seals stray up the river as far as Montreal. One was taken near the same spot three years ago. The seal was four feet long, of a yellow brown color, with a dog-like head. The men who took it were much elated and anticipated securing a good price for the skin, but as the animal was a hair seal and not a member of the genuine fur-bearing species, they were doomed to disappointment.

Mr. Harry Neddo, the gentleman who looks after the lighting of the lighthouses on the Scugog, near Lindsay, Ont., was successful in capturing two fine maskinonge, one day shortly, after the opening of the season, one tipping the scales at almost 20 pounds and the other at 17.

E. C. Symon some time ago received the appointment of deputy game and fishery inspector of the New Liskeard district, under district inspector G. M. Parks of North Bay.

With the drowning of Mr. George E. Atkinson near Glenboro', Man., in June last, Canada loses one of her most noted naturalists.

A son of Mr. J. L. Atkinson, Toronto, he acquired his first taste for the study of bird and animal life in the woods around Toronto. Before going west eighteen years ago he was



Crow Chief, "Fights the Enemy"

## P. A. is the "Big Smoke Medicine"

PRINCE ALBERT has soothed all kinds of pipe grouches for all kinds of men. One of the most interesting cases is that of the American Indians on the reservations. These direct descendants of the original jimmy pipers have taken to

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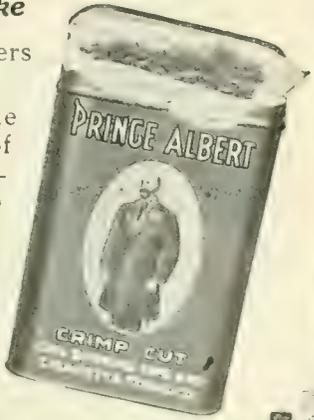
*the national joy smoke*

with the same enthusiasm their forefathers took after paleface scalps.

P. A. is the "Big Smoke Medicine" in the lodges of hundreds of thousands of men of all races. You can smoke P. A. without feeling your scalp come up or your tongue blister. The bite is removed by that wonderful patented process that makes P. A. different, distinct, delicious.

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associated with Prof. Andrew Wright of the University of Toronto in the study and development of feathers in certain classes of birds. The research in this pursuit followed bird stages from before they were hatched from the shells until maturity.

Leaving Toronto he first went to Winnipeg, where he lectured before teachers, and was the official naturalist for the Manitoba government. His collection of taxidermy was sent to the World's Fair in Paris, and was awarded gold medals. Also at the Pan-American his collection received a diploma.

Latterly he had lived in Portage la Prairie, where he was a leader in the Society of Elks. He organized the Junior Elks there, and it was while conducting a party of the latter in a cruise in flat-bottomed sailboats that he was crowned.

The cover cut for the July issue of ROD and GUN which represented an old fly fisherman has raised much favorable comment among subscribers, who may be interested to know that this was reproduced from a photograph taken with an Eastman Kodak.

Harry Smith, a laborer, was, at Whitehall, Hants, fined \$40 for cruelty to two foxes. Sergeant Clarke said he found a fox and a vixen in an eighteen gallon cask and an ordinary milk churn respectively. Both utensils were turned up on end, and the foxes, which apparently had been there for some time, had no room in which to move, one being curled up like a hedgehog and not being able to stand. The bung-hole of the cask had been gnawed away to three times its ordinary size. Both foxes were very savage, and growled like dogs when approached. They could not be handled, but when liberated could hardly run off, as they were too stiff. They were well fed.

"I should think so," exclaimed Smith; "they had twelve rabbits in three days. I've handled foxes since I was a boy, and am like a lady with a new-born baby with them. I was keeping them for the huntsmen. The foxes were only confined during the daytime; at night I chained them up with collars, just like dogs."

What was admitted to be probably the largest salmon ever taken in that part of the St. John River was caught near Springhill, N. B. in June last by William Leck of Springhill, and tipped the scales at 32½ pounds.

War has been waged this summer on the gopher. An organized hunt at Aetna, Alta., proved both exciting and successful. Sides being chosen by the two captains selected, Chris Jansen and John E. Ellison, any method of extermination was allowed—snaring, shooting, poisoning or drowning. As to the average number of gophers slain Chris Jansen's party easily won out. At the close of the hunt, 4,000 tails in all were counted; surely a meritorious battle. This, however, it was agreed upon was a very modest showing considering the large number that must have died under ground. The estimated slain altogether reached the handsome figures of 16,000.

Sasaginiga Lake, near Cobalt, Ont., was recently stocked with 100,000 salmon trout fry from the Government hatcheries at Newcastle, Ont.

A thorough study of the fishery resources of Hudson Bay is being made by the government acting through the biological board. It is believed that the opening up of the Hudson Bay route will result in the speedy development of a great commercial fishing industry on Hudson Bay. This industry it is claimed would in a short time be large enough to supply the prairie provinces with fish, besides providing fish for export.

Ground squirrels in the vicinity of Mountain View, Alta., completely destroyed some gardens and in other ways proved very destructive notwithstanding that a determined raid was made on them in the spring. Master George Nelson won a ten dollar prize offered for the one catching the most squirrels.

The halibut catch at Prince Rupert this year has been an enormous one. Small gasoline trawlers are able to bring in from five to eight tons per day, while larger craft land from twenty-five to fifty tons. The greatest difficulty seems to be in disposing of the catch. At the beginning of the season over 2,000 tons of frozen herrings were stored by the big fishing company for bait.

Dr. Carl Lumholtz, well known in America on account of his studies among the Mexican Indians, is equipping an expedition to explore the unknown interior of Dutch New Guinea.

With seventy or eighty Dayaks from Borneo to act as carriers, the expedition will start its travels next December. The party will follow the Diogel River into the interior as far as it is navigable and at the head of navigation will establish a base of supplies. Dr. Lumholtz is counting on his Dayaks rendering valuable service. They will build canoes for the river journey, and when the point is reached where even canoes cannot proceed further, they will be used to clear a path through the dense forest. In the highlands of the interior Dr. Lumholtz expects to find savage tribes which have never seen even a white man. He believes this region to be rich in rare animals and gorgeous unknown birds, among the latter being a new variety of the bird of paradise. A botanist and geologist will be attached to the expedition.

The new country will be mapped by the photogrammetric method, which has been used lately with highly satisfactory results in Spitzbergen.

Mr. George Suter of Digby in the Township of Longford, Ont., caught a wolf in a bear trap which he had set out. The animal was alive and howling when he came upon it and Mr. Suter, taking no chances of going too close to it, despatched his wolfship with a bullet from his rifle. Another wolf escaped from a smaller trap which he had set near by the same night.



*FROM A KODAK NEGATIVE*

Every photographic need for every kind of outing is anticipated in the

# KODAK

Surveyor, hunter, tourist, explorer—all whose business takes them out into the open, or who find their pleasure there, have proved its useful companionship.

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CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,

TORONTO

Mrs. John Grainger, who with her husband was residing at a camp at Nellie Lake, near Cochrane, Ont., shot one of the largest black bears killed there in some time. The skin measured 6 feet 6 inches and those who saw the carcass of the animal say it must have weighed about 400 pounds.

Mrs. Grainger was alone in the camp when Mr. Bruin came prowling around but she pluckily grabbed the gun and brought the animal down. She only fired one shot but her aim was true and it caught the bear near the heart. It staggered a couple of rods and fell dead.

Mrs. Grainger's pluck in going after the animal and despatching it was the cause of much favorable comment. The skin, although it was late in the season, was so large that it brought \$18.

The proximity of Winnipeg to the game land was again indicated in the experience of John Henderson, of Kildonan, one of the oldest settlers in the Red river valley. When Mr. Henderson went into his barn yard at 4.30 a.m. recently he was startled by a large deer which sprang before him and with one bound cleared a six foot fence, headed east for the Bird's Hill road, over the electric railroad tracks, and disappeared in the woods. Mr. Henderson recalls a similar experience when he was a boy, 65 years ago, playing near the same place.

A. A. Ferguson, who lives near Zealand, in North Frontenac County, Ont., had a sensational fight with a large she bear while on his way through the woods to his cattle ranch. He carried an axe, knowing that bears had been prowling about. On turning around he found himself face to face with the bear, which had silently crept to within three yards of him. Quite a contest followed, Mr. Ferguson wielding his axe and keeping the animal off. His shouts for help brought James Parks to his assistance, and as the latter came up the bear fled. Mr. Parks killed three of its cubs which had taken refuge in trees. Bears in that vicinity have been doing a great deal of damage.

Walter Eady, Charles Jamieson, Mr. Martel and Charles McNab of Renfrew, Ont., were trolling for bass with indifferent success in Grassy Bay when a violent tug at the line gave them to understand that they had picked up deadwood with which the place abounds. Scenting trouble the line was passed over to Mr. McNab, who in his day was "some" anchor man, and with Mr. Jamieson at the oars, Mr. Eady with a paddle, and Mr. Martel superintending, preparations were made for a finish fight. Realizing that they were at a disadvantage in small waters, with great perseverance and some tact the anglers were able to shift the battle ground through the culvert into Calabogie Lake, and then the mastodontic struggle between man and fish began. Not daring to risk reeling in their prey the intrepid anglers allowed themselves to be pulled far out into the lake, before the maskinonge, for such it was, showed signs of weakening. In the meantime the excited cottagers had lined the

shores and when the exhausted fishermen and fish reached the shore gave willing aid to land the prize. Laid on the beach the speckled beauty was measured by Mr. Martel and Mr. Eady, and showed a length of 4 feet, 11¾ inches from tip of tail to snout, while competent judges estimated its weight to be close to 40 pounds. This was pronounced to be one of the largest 'lunge caught at Calabogie for some years, and the fortunate four were the recipients of many envious congratulations on their unusual luck.

Wandering about in the vicinity of Ferry Road, near Chatham, N. B. early in July, was a perfectly white deer, the first Albino reported for the season. Residents became much interested in the pretty animal. One morning the Postmaster, Mr. Stohart, almost met the animal at his own gate about a quarter past five, and on one occasion it brought two red deer with it and wandered around the fields in the vicinity.

To find a young bull moose tramping over the flower beds in his garden, in the busy section of the city was the experience of Captain John McMulkin.

Evidently the animal was driven in by bush fires. It was kept captive a few hours in the barn, and when released made for the outskirts.

A further incident demonstrating that game is plentiful in New Brunswick this season happened a few days later when the tug Flushing was towing a raft of logs down the St. John river. It had reached a point near Gagetown when the crew were much interested to see two moose swimming across the river. One crossed at the tail of the raft and made the journey without trouble, but the other tried to cross in front of the Flushing's bow, and did not make out so well. Members of the crew put their small boat into the water, and rowing up near the forest monarch, lassoed him and were towed with motor-boat speed towards the shore. They drew in their line so far that one of the men was able to stroke the animal as it headed for land. When the boat was near the shore the line was freed and the moose bounded up the bank and disappeared in the woods.

Recognizing the importance of safeguarding the game and fish resources of the Province, the Ontario Government propose reorganizing to some extent the outside game and fisheries service with a view to putting a stop to the depletion of the lakes and streams. It is proposed to make the service more efficient by appointing to permanent positions experienced men as game and fish protectors. With men devoting only part of their time to Government work, as has been the case, it is impossible to accomplish the purpose for which they are appointed, it is argued. Last year the list of fish and game overseers comprised nearly 250 men, scarcely more than half a dozen of whom gave anything like their whole time to the work. The great majority of them were paid sums ranging from \$50 up to \$200.



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Wherever you see men buying razors, in drug, jewelry or hardware stores—wherever you see men shaving, in club or Pullman or home—there you will inevitably find the Gillette Safety Razor purchased and used.

It has won the approval, almost the affection, of busy men whose time it saves—of thrifty men whose cash it saves—of particular men who value a clean, smooth face—of average men who never could shave comfortably with any other razor.

That's why over six million men use the Gillette, and why you can buy Gillette Safety Razors and Blades at practically every good Hardware, Jewelry and Drug Store in this town.

Standard Gillette Sets cost \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets \$6.50 up. 6 double-edged blades, 50c.—12 Blades (24 shaving edges), in nickel-plated box, \$1.00.

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED**  
Office and Factory—The New Gillette Building, Montreal

# OUR LETTER BOX

## Passenger Pigeons Reported

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

The following I have copied from the Montreal "Star" of Friday, June 27th:

"A flock of 300 wild pigeons has been located by M. M. Garland, surveyor of the port of Pittsburgh, near his home at Edgewood. The birds have gone to nest in a heavily wooded tract and efforts will be made to secure several of the birds alive. According to Mr. Garland he has been very close to them on three different occasions and is positive they are perfect specimens of the supposedly extinct passenger pigeon.

"Mr. Garland discovered the birds while hunting through the woods. Hearing their 'cooings' at a distance, he investigated and discovered the roost. The birds had just begun building their nests."

I have been very much interested in the literature which has appeared from time to time in ROD AND GUN regarding this species and feel sure your many readers appreciate the efforts you have made to give us reliable information regarding same. I therefore feel that in handing this to you you will ascertain if the information contained in this clipping is, or is not, authentic.

Thanking you, I remain,  
Yours truly,  
S. Fitton.

Exeter, Ont.

Ed. Note. It seems quite possible that when this matter is investigated the alleged passenger pigeons may turn out to be mourning doves, as has so often been the case with similar "discoveries." Any authentic information procured will be published in a subsequent issue.

## More About Fish Eating Ducks

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

In reading my June issue of ROD AND GUN I was very much pleased to read Nemo's letter in "Our Letter Box" on the sheldrake duck as a fish eater. All the merganser family are fish eaters of the very worst kind, in my opinion; they are gluttonous in the extreme and feed on minnows from gray daylight until dark. I have shot them in the duck season and out, too, because I felt bound to destroy these cannibals. I have taken from six to eighteen minnows from a duck, mostly pickerel and chub measuring from two to three and a half inches in length. I have lain concealed behind rocks and brush and spent hours studying this thief. I, for one, would be willing to spend considerable time killing these ducks. I live on the banks of the beau-

tiful St. Lawrence and have noticed those ducks during this last spring and until the first of June.

Yours truly,  
C. M. W.

Iroquois, Ont.

## Concerning a Trout Pond

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

I am enclosing one dollar in payment of ROD and GUN till December 1913.

Could you give me the address of some one who could furnish me with information concerning the construction of a trout pond which I would like to create on my property. Part of my ground is always wet; it seems to have springs in it. I would have to do some digging, but if it could be done I would not mind the trouble nor the expense as I am an ardent lover of the speckled trout and the lakes and brooks are too far away from here.

Yours truly,  
Paul R. Krasel.

Melbourne, P. Q.

Ed. Note. We would suggest your communicating with Prof. Prince of the Fisheries Department, Ottawa. It is possible that he may be able to send you plans already prepared for such an undertaking as you propose. You might provide him, however, with further details regarding the character of the land and the possibility of a suitable bottom to the proposed pond.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

I am sending you the photograph of a moose which was shot last October from a New Brunswick sporting camp. Nothing remarkable in this fact alone, but on dressing the moose we found a 45.70 soft nose bullet imbedded in the breast or brisket bone. The bullet had been there since some time during the previous fall.

Yours,  
C. A. Estey, Guide.

Grand Falls, N. B.

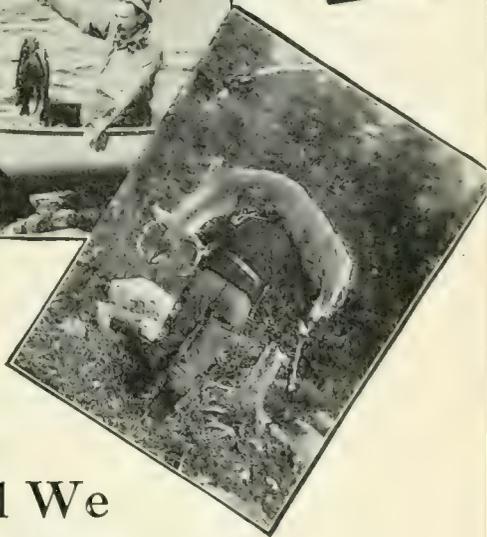
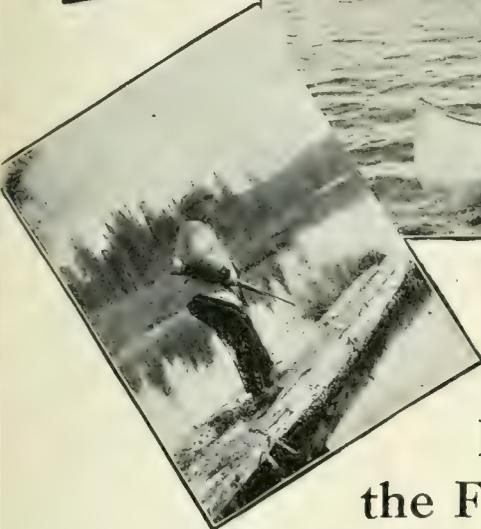
## Letter From A B. C. Guide

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

During the spring hunt I had out three gentlemen from England. We saw during the trip 32 grizzlies and 16 black bear, that is to say bears were sighted sixteen times; in some cases the same animals were seen more than once. We killed two grizzlies and one brown bear, wounded two grizzlies and shot at seven or eight more. We found the bears unusually wild and small ones were more plentiful than large ones. Although we were out on the ground early in May (the sixth) and

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

**GRAND  
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SYSTEM**



**In  
the Fall We  
Fish and Hunt**

**T**HIS is the slogan of thousands of sportsmen the world over, and at this season the question "where to go" has to be solved. To the initiated this is comparatively easy, as it is well known that the

**"HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"**

is the sportsman's paradise. It is, as a consequence, only a question of deciding which of the various districts of "The Highlands" offers the greatest inducements.

**HERE IS THE ANSWER**

**To the Fisherman :** The streams and lakes of Algonquin National Park, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Timagami, Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Lake Nipissing Districts, abound with all the species of game fish native to fresh waters.

**To the Hunter:** Timagami for moose and other large game. Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Georgian Bay Districts for deer, etc. Small game and wild fowl are plentiful in all the country.

Write for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," which gives game laws and all information, to any Grand Trunk representative, including J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. HORNING, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

**G. T. BELL,**  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
Montreal

**H. G. ELLIOTT,**  
General Passenger Agent,  
Montreal

saw some tracks we did not see any bears until May 15th as it was a very late season. After that date we saw from one to four nearly every day. The season was unusually late and we had to travel on snowshoes till about the 25th of May, except on the slides. Up to the 25th all our supplies were packed in on snowshoes. The Englishmen were well satisfied with their trip, they said, although a little disappointed at the number of bears secured. They have declared their intention of coming again later on. I may be able to send you some photos which were taken on this trip as I have been promised some on their return home.

Yours faithfully,  
H. G. Low.

Galena, Via Golden, B. C.

#### A Letter From Newfoundland

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I am sending you under separate cover the Game Laws of Newfoundland also the annual report of the Commission which I know will interest you.

I am anxious to secure some information re the capture and moving of beaver as we want

to take them from the West part of our island where they have become plentiful and plant them in districts in which they have been killed off.

Salmon fishing is in full swing now (July 9th) and the fish were never so plentiful in the rivers. Great sport is being had and some very large fish have been taken. Prince Albert had good sport but he was here a little too early for the grand rush that is now on.

Hoping that your magazine will have all the success it deserves in the future, I remain,

Yours truly,  
W. A. B. Sclater.

St. John's, Nfld.

#### This One Comes From B. C.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Enclosed please find money order for \$3.00 to cover account. I greet ROD AND GUN as a most welcome publication from the east and congratulate its publishers on issuing a live and up to date sporting journal which is so full of good general and interesting news.

Yours truly,  
C. J. Boldrick.

Vancouver, B. C.

## Alpine Club Notes

The verandah of the Clubhouse of the Canadian Alpine Club looks out over the town of Banff, and beyond rises the south face of Cascade Mountain, the changing light on its buttresses and gullies making it always an interesting sight. The rock climber who explores it finds further interests—convoluted strata, where the radius of the curve becomes smaller and smaller until the rock bends back on itself; shale slopes where every piece of rock shows fossil remains of shells and corals; and various queer conglomerates.

These same loose shale slopes and the decomposing cliffs which are their parents make the face in summer a veritable nightmare for rock climbers, and every expedition is ended by an unusually forcible declaration that nothing on earth—or any other place—will see the climber on the face again.

Three attempts to reach the peak by this face last Summer having failed, it occurred to the writer and a friend—Mr. Jos. Ravenscroft—to make an attempt in winter, while the gullies were filled with snow, so that a better acquaintance could be made of the route to be followed in Summer. The attempt was made on February 2nd, and failed on account of the intense cold and the shortness of the day. A second attempt on February 23rd was successful. The going was good until the second gap was reached, after which the soft, deep snow made the climb most exhausting. It was fairly compact however, even on the steepest slopes, and showed no

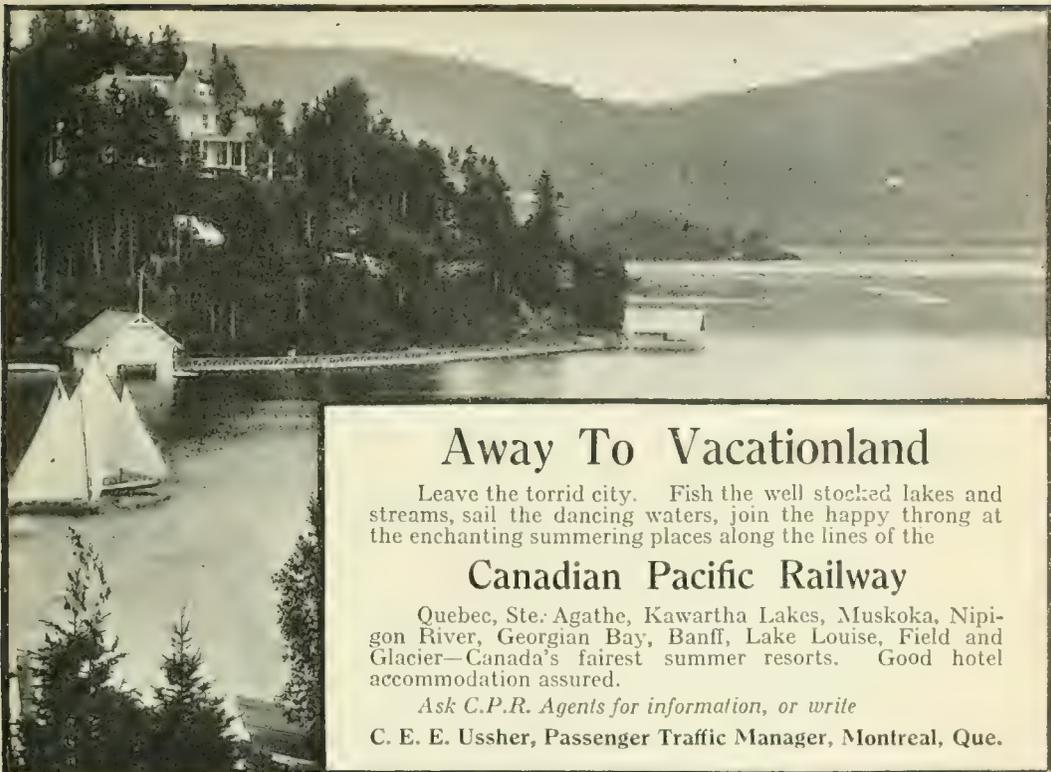
signs of sliding, and in due course the third gap was reached. The snow cornice above appeared faintly through the snow and mist, apparently at an immense distance, but half an hour's hard plugging brought us to it, and after traversing under it for a way a place was found where a little work sufficed to remove sufficient snow to give passage to the ridge.

Here the wind, from which we had been sheltered before, made itself felt, and our exhausted state and frozen clothes made this the most difficult part of the climb, though the shale slope that forms the ridge is quite moderate in character.

The start from Banff was made at 9 a.m. The peak was reached at 3.45 p.m., and left at the same time, the cold being too intense to permit any lingering.

A start was made down the North West face but the exposure to the wind was too much for us, and at 4.15 p.m., we dropped below the cornice and retraced our steps down the south face, finding the descent not as difficult as we had anticipated once the steep slopes at the third gap had been left behind. Banff was reached again at 6.30 p.m.

This face should make an interesting climb, say in May, but in February it is more a test of endurance than skill, and the success of such a climb depends entirely on the weather. A further attempt on March 16th failed on account of a sudden blizzard, and the descent was made with much difficulty over an obliterated trail.



## Away To Vacationland

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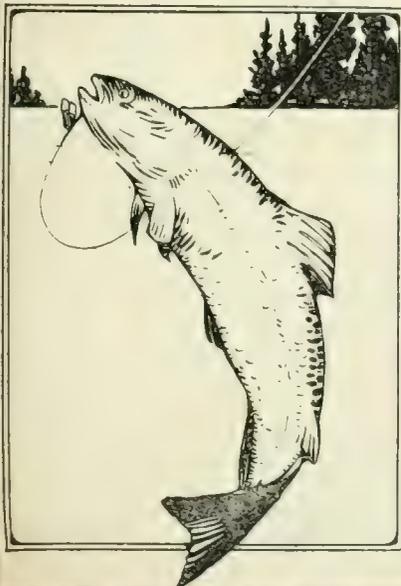
Quebec, Ste. Agathe, Kawartha Lakes, Muskoka, Nipigon River, Georgian Bay, Banff, Lake Louise, Field and Glacier—Canada's fairest summer resorts. Good hotel accommodation assured.

*Ask C.P.R. Agents for information, or write*

C. E. E. Ussher, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal, Que.

# "WHERE TO FISH"

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Or **Lake Edward** on the Quebec and Lake St. John for Trout.

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To fully answer the question. "Where to Fish"? a splendid little brochure has been issued by the Passenger Dept. Write for free copy.

JAS. MORRISON, A. G. P. A., 226 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, QUE.; or R. L. FAIRBAIRN, General Passenger Agent, 68 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.



# Notes on Foxes and Other Fur Bearers

Seventy-four live foxes, ranging from black silver to red crosses, valued at from \$55,000 to \$60,000, were shipped from Edmonton, Alta., to points in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island during June. The most valuable consignment was sent by F. H. Lee of the Western Raw Fur Company to Truro, N. S., where the 34 animals, valued at \$30,000, will be distributed among breeders. The Alberta foxes are said to be one-third larger than similar animals bred in captivity. Kennedy Brothers of Tofield, Alta., shipped 40 foxes, valued at from \$25,000 to \$30,000, to their ranch near Charlottetown, P. E. I. The animals were caught by trappers in the north country.

F. M. Lee of the Western Raw Fur Company has established a fox farm at Tees, Alta. He has five acres of brush land, well watered, and has 40 foxes, ranging from silver to red crosses.

Reports received in Edmonton from Prince Albert, Sask., are that a consignment of 85 live foxes valued at \$100,000 left there in July for Charlottetown, P. E. I. The consignment owned by the Newell Syndicate included 23 black and 13 silver grey foxes. The syndicate has plans to establish a breeding farm near Prince Albert the coming fall.

While rafting down the Athabasca river from Mirror Landing to the town of Athabasca, 96 miles north of Edmonton, J. M. Stephens and John Williamson, noticed a number of puppy foxes playing on the shore. They pulled the raft to the shore and locating the den, dug the animals out, with the result that they were enriched by the capture of five silver foxes. The steamer Northland Sun of the Northern Transportation company picked up the men a little later.

F. M. Lee of the Western Raw Fur Company of Edmonton, said, upon receiving advices from his agent of a decline of 50 per cent. in the price of live foxes in Prince Edward Island, that the slump is accounted for by the large shipments from points in the prairie provinces. He looks for a reaction in the fall market, when, he added, prices will be higher than they were during the early summer months.

"Shipments are heavy just now," he said, in a July interview with August Wolf of Edmonton, "because the foxes are easily obtained by digging the pups out of the holes before they leave the nests. After this month the young foxes will leave their mothers and can then only be caught singly in traps.

"The news of big prices paid for live foxes has travelled rapidly and the trappers of the north country have been doing their best to reap a harvest while the price was good with the result that they have flooded the market. Another thing is that there are only about 50

firms dealing in foxes and many of these are selling and not buying. The Prince Edward Island breeders comprise about 95 per cent. of the total market for live foxes."

Four live foxes, valued at \$7,000, stolen from the Lee farm at Edmonton South some time ago, were located on a homestead at Graminia, 30 miles west of Edmonton, by Detective Meehan of the police force. One of the animals, a jet black, was dead. Three of the four men alleged to be implicated in the theft were arrested and held for trial. Discussing the case, Chief of Police Carpenter said it had been an intricate one, and that he was pleased with the way the work had been handled, and added that it reflected great credit upon Detective Meehan.

William H. and Thomas F. Kane, fox farming experts of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Ogden, Penn., on their way home from the north country in Alberta and Saskatchewan, reported buying ten pure black fox puppies for \$30,000.

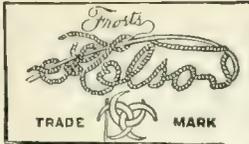
S. Bentley, known as "the black fox king of the north," sold seven black fox pups in Edmonton for \$18,000. The animals were sent to Tofield, Alta., for breeding purposes. Mr. Bentley lives in the Loon River district, where he bought more than \$50,000 worth of foxes from the Indians this season.

"Northern Ontario is making rapid strides in the breeding of silver-black foxes, and will soon be on an equal footing with the Eastern Provinces, where there are hundreds of ranches," said Mr. R. A. Taylor of Montague, P. E. I., in an interview with a representative of the Toronto "Globe" some time ago. Mr. Taylor controls one of the largest fox ranches in the Maritime Provinces and at the time of the interview was on his way to Vancouver to purchase some animals in the west.

Mr. Taylor who has made a study of the breeding of this particular species of fox, raised a pair of silver-black foxes last year which were sold at a fabulous figure—\$17,000. His mission to Northern Ontario and Vancouver is chiefly to secure animals in these places for the purpose of elevating the breeding qualities in the east. He stated that owing to the large amount of inter-breeding in the Prince Edward Island territory it has had a tendency to deteriorate and develop foxes of a small type with weak joints.

Mr. Taylor stated that the demand in the east is much greater than the supply. He said this was due to the fact that the Canadian silver-black fox is much more valuable than the animals of this type to be found in the Western States, where there are some very large ranches. The wild fox has almost become extinct in the East. He has raised ten pairs of silver-black foxes during the past four years, five pairs of which were added to his

# FISHING

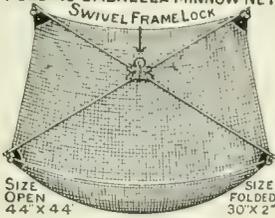


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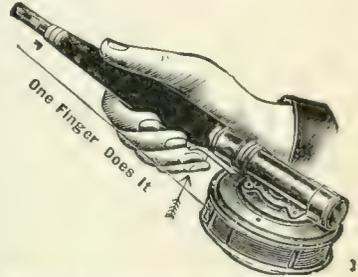
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Steel frame 3 1/2 ft. square, can be folded in a moment's time. The Net is heavy 1/4-in. mesh, reinforced with cloth at the corners, fitted with brass rings at each corner to attach to frame. Cord is supposed to be attached to the steel frame.



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THE REEL YOU WILL EVENTUALLY USE. No trouble about slack line, capacity 300 ft. of No. 6 or H line. Light enough for Trout fishing, large enough for Bass. Do not be misled by low prices on automatic reels. The KELSO cost a little more, worth a great deal more. For sale by all sporting goods stores or from us direct, express paid.

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(1) 9 to 12 ft. cane built Trout or Bass Rod, 3 piece, 2 tops, pat. lockfast joints, cork handle, improved fittings, agate butt and end rings—£4.19.0 or \$24.11. 3-3-8 contracted "Perfect" Reel with Agate Line Guard £2, or \$9.74. Double Taper "Corona" Line 35 yards, 15/- or \$3.65. In all \$37.50.

(2) 9 to 12 ft. cane built 2 piece "Perfection" Trout or Bass Rod, suction joint agate butt end rings, cork handle with pat. Screw grip, £3.2.6 or \$15.22. 3-3-8 "Unique" Reel 18/6 or \$4.50. 30 yds. D. T. Tournament line 8/6 or \$2.7. In all \$21.79.

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THE GREATEST FISHING ROD AND TACKLE MAKERS IN EUROPE  
51 Gold and other medals



Illustration shows handle of one of our celebrated cane built rods. The hand cannot come against metal work. The reel fitting is our Pat. "Screw Grip" The reel is one of our "Perfect" ball bearing agate line guard regulating check reels, 3-3-8 Diam.

**Hardy Bros. Ltd., Alnwick, England**

collection last year, and he was congratulated by all the eastern breeders.

Mr. Taylor was accompanied west by Dr. F. W. Jardine who also has a large fox ranch in P. E. I.

A fox farm which has its origin in a trip which Mr. Steve Peacock of Camrose, Alta., paid to New Brunswick last winter is being developed in the vicinity of Camrose. Mr. Peacock during his visit lived with his brother who runs a fox breeding establishment in the Eastern province. Finding that some of the best black and silver foxes were imported to Eastern Canada from northern Alberta he thought a colony might well be established in Alberta and accordingly took the matter up at once upon his return to his own province and along with an associate, Mr. Wade, decided to start out in the fox industry. Afflicted with a similar fever Mr. W. McKenzie last spring made a trip 85 miles north of Vegreville, Alta., to get some young animals

together. With the assistance of some home-steaders, Mr. McKenzie succeeded in capturing a goodly number. Later Messrs. Peacock and Wade took a trip north and returned with one aged female and twenty-one foxes of various ages, but none over five weeks old. The animals were brought in boxes from Island Lake to Vegreville by wagon and were then shipped by C. N. R. to Camrose, where they were put in temporary quarters until Messrs. Peacock and Wade should establish permanent quarters for them. The animals were in the meantime fed gophers, mice and frogs. The site for the farm is considered ideal and consists of eighteen lots with trees and under brush enough to lead the colony to forget they are in captivity. It is not their intention, say the proprietors, to supply the ladies of Camrose with long coats made of silver fox skins. The farm will be run for breeding purposes only and the foxes will be sold alive to buyers chiefly in the east.

## Third Annual Report of the Game and Inland Fisheries Board, Newfoundland

We are indebted to Mr. W. A. B. Schlater of St. John's, Nfld., a member of the Game and Inland Fisheries Board for a copy of their third annual report.

Owing to an increase in the grant by the Government before the opening of the last season the Board have been given considerably more freedom of action than was possible previous to that time and as a result have been able to employ additional wardens for the rivers and also extra game wardens.

Reference is made to the unfortunate depletion to its present condition of the once enormous salmon fishery of Newfoundland, due largely, it is asserted, to the extensive catching in cod traps together with netting and barring of the rivers and the too prevalent use of salmon nets with an illegal mesh.

The thorough wardening of the rivers, the prevention of nets being set near their mouths, the enforcement of the law relating to the use of illegal mesh in nets used for the capture of salmon, the prevention of the frequent use of cod traps set in waters in season when not being frequented by cod, but during the running of salmon, are among the suggestions which if carried out, would in the opinion of the Board lead to the replenishing of the waters of Newfoundland in a steady and marked manner.

The Board employed during the year (1912) a staff of 158 wardens—104 for the protection of fish and 54 for the protection of game.

More stringent measures providing for the better protection of caribou are suggested, notwithstanding the Board reports that a better respect for the law respecting caribou seems to prevail than formerly.

By reports and the number of licenses issued to date to operate fox farms it would appear that fox farming will be carried on in Newfoundland on a large scale and when the people have learned by experience the proper manner in which to succeed in the propagation of foxes in captivity there will be an industry of magnitude and value, it is predicted, established among the Newfoundlanders.

Beaver are reported as gradually increasing in various parts of the country, which is due to the stringent close season and protection that has prevailed. The present close season expires on the first of October, 1913 and the Board strongly recommends a further close period for a number of years so that the work and effort of past years may not be thrown away.

During the season there were 148 Guides Licenses issued—98 as guides for salmon fishing and 50 as guides for caribou hunting. A list of guides and their addresses is included in the appendix to the report.

During the year there were 57 prosecutions for violations of the Game and Inland Fisheries Regulations resulting in 55 convictions and 2 cases dismissed.

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- A—Patent Flap
- B—Perfect Pouch
- C—Small amount of material between thighs

75c

Absolute comfort while exercising.  
Finest quality extra heavy welt-bound elastic webbing.

Can be cleansed by boiling without injury to rubber.

Ask your dealer or send 75c (stamps accepted) and your waist measure to



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## Bait Casting Rods



Like a good fight? Health and pleasure, too, with it? Get into the open and fish. Cast a lure in a sweeping curve; you've got a "strike"; now you know you're in a fight!

No. 28 is the new "BRISTOL" Light Bait Casting Rod. Weighs about 5 oz. It's the sensation of the year, no doubt about that. Nos. 25, 27 and 33, with their large guide and tip give a free-running line, and are favorites with beginners and experts.

Your dealer will show you any of the above rods. If he doesn't happen to have them, we will supply you. Write for

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Burns acetylene gas. Can be fastened to cap or belt, carried in hand, or stood upon table.

Will not blow out—absolutely safe. No oil or grease. The Baldwin Camp Lamp makes nights in camp just as pleasant as during the day, because it gives the best artificial light next to sunlight. Rowing or canoeing at night is made perfectly safe. On "hikes" through the woods it is unequalled, because it projects its light 150 feet, and prevents stumbling and bad falls over obscure obstacles. It makes automobile repairing an easier pleasanter task. It is the official Boy Scout's Lamp for all-round uses. For sale by leading Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers—sent prepaid on receipt of price. Brass, \$1.00; highly polished nickel with hinged handles, \$1.50. Larger lamp in catalogue. Send for free illustrated catalogue and instructive booklet, "Knots and How To Tie Them." Give name and address of your dealer.

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# When the Coyotes Dined on Chicken

MRS. C. H. HERRON

“WHAT is the dog barking at anyway? Such a noise as she has been making all night is enough to keep anyone awake,” complained a young farmer early one fall morning.

“I am sure I cannot tell,” responded his wife. “I hope the wolves are not at the chickens.”

“Just listen to that,” continued the farmer, “there is certainly something wrong outside. I will slip on my clothes and take the shot-gun out. It is too dark yet to use the rifle. Those chickens have no show up at that stack if wild animals should happen along. Just as soon as I can I intend to build a hen-house. I wouldn't want anything to happen to our well bred birds after the money we have put into them.”

In less than five minutes the farmer was ready and had provided himself with a gun and shells. The dog continued to bark furiously and ran back and forth from the house door towards a stack of straw, where were the twenty-six chickens, for whom no better place had as yet been provided on the new farm.

As the door was opened the little fox terrier bounded in with hair fairly bristling. Upon seeing her master with his gun in his hand, with a savage growl and a leap in the air, the terrier was off again in the direction of the stack, her master following hard on her heels.

“Looks as though that might be some of the chickens out a few yards from the stack,” thought the man as he hurried on. On reaching the spot he exclaimed in consternation: “Great Scott! it's feathers.”

Looking around he tried to accustom his eyes to the early morning light but try as he might he could distinguish no living thing; not even a hen was in sight. On going farther around the stack he came upon his chickens and to his horror discovered that half of them were dead. The ground looked as though a feather tick had been emptied on it. Still there was no sign of the culprit. He continued on his way around the stack, walking through

the feathers and among the bits of chicken flesh, the remnants of the poor slaughtered fowl, towards where the little dog was in turns barking, whining, snapping and growling. There, tearing away at a chicken, stood a great, savage coyote.

Only for one second did the man hesitate for the dog was between the gun and the wolf. Then Bang! Bang! echoed through the morning air. There was a howl of rage and pain, a turn to the right and then to the left, a leap, a bound and he was out of sight in the darkness of a ravine. The moment the man had caught sight of the wolf the wolf had also caught sight of the man. The brave little fox terrier had not been able to frighten him away but in less than a minute after the man had appeared the wild beast had put himself almost out of gunshot. The man ran towards the spot where the wolf had disappeared hoping to get another shot at him but in the dim light nothing could be seen.

When day had dawned the tracks of the prowling marauder and a few small bunches of hair showed where the coyote had been when the shot had hit it. The shot used had been fine and at the distance it could not have done much more than graze the hide.

Out of the twenty-six full grown chickens only one could be found that day but the following morning three more appeared for food and drink and that was all that ever returned. Some had been eaten on the top of the stack, others at the bottom and still others had been carried to some small “bull-allo willow” a short distance from the stack.

At intervals all through the following winter two large coyotes were seen, both on and around the farm. Several different ways were tried in order to get within rifle shot of them but owing to the lay of the land at that particular place the hunters never succeeded in getting another shot at them.

This incident happened on the “Soo line” between Moose Jaw and Estevan in Saskatchewan, less than two miles from town.

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We have received from the Barber-Ellis, Limited, Toronto, a book entitled “Glimpses in our Factory.”

It is unusually interesting because, to a considerable degree, it deals with the foundation and growth of one of Canada's leading industries—the manufacture of envelopes and paper.

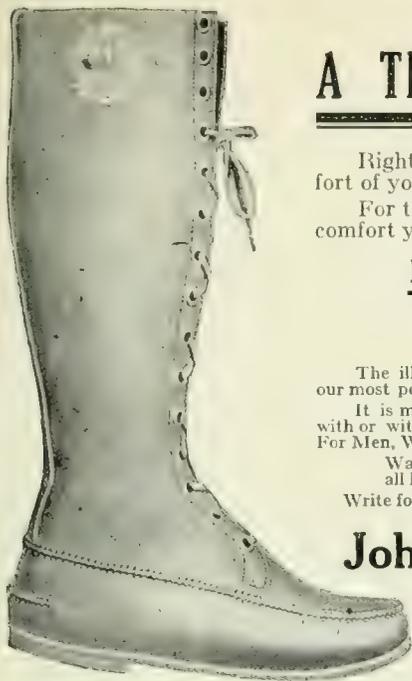
The text, after reviewing the history of the firm, (which was established about 37 years ago), deals with their facilities for making their great specialty—envelopes.

More than one and a half millions of envelopes are turned out by Barber-Ellis,

Limited every working day, including their famous B-E Window Envelopes.

Other departments of the booklet deal with the making of special business stationery, writing tablets and their fine note papers; as, or instance, “Crown Vellum” for gentlemen and “Iris” for ladies.

The whole book is profusely illustrated and is well worth reading. We think Messrs. Barber-Ellis would send a copy of this book to manufacturers and merchants who are large users of envelopes or stationery and who will write for a copy.



## HURRAH For A Three-Weeks Hunting Trip!

Right NOW is the time to make provision for the comfort of your feet on that proposed hunting trip.

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### Palmer's Moose Head Brand Sporting Boots

The illustration here, shows our Knee High, Sporting Boot—one of our most popular styles.

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Water-proof, comfortable and made specially to withstand all kinds of rough usage and hard wear.

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## We Outfit Camping Parties

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# THE TRAP



Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.

## TOURNAMENT DATES.

August 11th to 14th—Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Tournament at Hamilton, D. A. Wilson, 48 Holton Ave., S., Hamilton, Sec.  
September 10th-11th—Tillsburg Registered Tournament. S. G. Vance, Sec'y., Tillsburg, Ont.

### St. Hubert Gun Club.

At a practice shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club, on July 5th, E. G. White, the Ottawa professional, representing the Dupont Powder Co., was high gun with 48 x 50. H. Viau won the silver spoon with only one target less, going 47 x 50.

E. G. White, pro	23	25	48
H. Viau	23	24	47
A. W. Throop	23	23	46
Dr. T. G. Smith	22	21	43
G. Easdale	20	21	41
J. C. Brown	19	19	38
F. Fay, pro	18	19	37
W. Little	15	22	37
W. Williams	19	18	37
W. L. Cameron	21	16	37
V. V. Rogers	19	17	36
W. Corby	16	14	30

Extras—White, 21, 23; Dr. Smith, 21; Easdale, 22, 20; Fay, 16, 13; Rogers, 18, 21, 19, 20; Corby, 13, 19, 18, 19.

### Peterborough Gun Club

At the first regular shoot of the Peterborough Gun Club for the month of July, the following were the scores at 25 birds:

C. Wood	19	H. Cook	17
R. Tivey	17	J. Loucks	16
C. Mills	16	J. Smith	15
J. Brightman	14	L. Hall	13
		C. James	12

### Winchester Gun Club

The third shoot of the summer series of the Winchester Gun Club was held Saturday, July 5th. The shooters and their scores were as follows.

	Shot at.	Broke
W. H. Hunsberry	80	74
A. High	80	63
M. Honsberger	80	61
J. Rittenhouse	70	63
F. Ball	60	46
A. K. Wismer	60	42
E. J. Fisher	50	47
W. Caskey	50	45
O. Fisher	50	42
D. Konkle	50	41
S. Heckadon	50	40
A. Heckadon	50	35
S. Hodges	40	
P. Hodges	40	32
H. Boulton	40	27
W. Luey	40	32
J. Spence	30	25
H. Ecker	30	11
H. Davidson	10	4

### Hamilton Gun Club Shoots.

At the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, June 21st, a special shoot was held, and some good scores were made.

In a fifty bird with handicap by yards, E. Harris, at 16 yards, and Nelson Long, at 19 yards, tied with 47 out of 50. On the shoot off Harris won out with 23 out of 25, getting a gold fog given by J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., while Long took the second prize, a sterling silver shield.

Nelson Long was also high for the day, getting 90 out of 100, and put on 25 straight from the 19 yard mark, which was exceptionally good under the conditions. W. Wark had a good total, also with 67 out of 75 while E. Harris got 88 out of 100.

The scores made during the afternoon were:

	Shot at.	Broke
F. W. Watson	75	65
J. A. Armes	75	55

Nelson Long	100	90
J. G. Cline	100	66
D. Reid	75	63
J. Hunter	75	63
E. Harris	100	88
Court Thompson	75	64
E. H. Sturt	100	86
W. Wark	75	67
N. Jones	75	62

Capt. Spencer, referee.

At the regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, June 28th, the attendance was below the usual standard, due to the tournament at Niagara. In a twenty-five bird handicap, J. Hunter with 23 won a silver shield and A. Bates gave him a close run with 22. John Hunter also was high for the afternoon with 46 out of 50. The following were the scores:

	Shot at.	Broke
W. Work	50	41
H. Spratt	75	53
J. A. Armes	70	49
J. Hunter	50	46
E. Harris	75	60
R. Boyd	85	60
J. W. Nairn	43	27
A. Bates	50	41

Capt. E. V. Spencer was referee.

### Waterloo County Gun Club League Shoot

The Galt Gun Club won their ninth straight victory in the Waterloo Gun Club League on July 5th when they defeated Hespeler by ten shots. H. D. Sherwood, of the Galt team, was high man for his side, with 2, while Hespeler had two of its men with the same mark, J. Wayper and J. Liersch. The scores were:

#### GALT

	Shot at.	Broke
W. Marshall	25	21
W. Clark	25	21
A. Watson	25	22
E. Clark	25	22
W. Hancock	25	19
H. Sherwood	25	23
W. Fairless	25	19
H. Newlands	25	16
J. Clark	25	21
H. Teat	25	21
J. Gibson	25	18
T. Hounam	25	16
F. Despond	25	13

Total ..... 163

#### HESPELER

	Shot at.	Broke
J. Wayper	25	23
R. Johnston	25	22
H. Sachs	25	18
J. Liersch	25	23
J. Burnett	25	17
V. Spence	25	15
G. Sachs	25	21
H. Flagg	25	14

Total ..... 153

### Cobalt Gun Club

In the eight man shoot at the Cobalt gun club on July 3rd, Cobalt managed to win from the Haileybury shooters by a majority of nine birds, defeating the visitors by 10 in the first 25 bird race and dropping the second race by one bird.

W. A. Gordon, of Haileybury with a 45 score was high, with Art Throop four birds behind him. On the Cobalt team J. Brunswick with 45 was high and H. Wallace, with 43, T. Coleman with 41 and R. L. McAdam, 41, were the shooters above the 40 mark in the 50 bird race.

The scores of the team were:

#### HAILEYBURY.

W. A. Gordon	23	22	45
A. L. Throop	20	21	41
C. H. Henratin	20	18	38



## *THE HUNTING SEASON WILL SOON BE HERE*

It is time to be looking over the various Winchester models and deciding which one is best adapted to your requirements. Find out your needs now and order of your dealer early, so as to avoid the big fall rush, and the risk of annoying delays. When you do order, you can make the success of your hunting season much more certain by insisting upon having

# **WINCHESTER**

**GUNS AND AMMUNITION—THE W BRAND**

There are many elements which go to make a good gun and satisfactory ammunition that cannot be seen, therefore, when buying, you have to rely to a considerable extent upon reputation. Winchester guns and ammunition enjoy an unapproached reputation for quality and dependability. The **W** trade mark is a guarantee of guns, cartridges and loaded shot shells

**OF KNOWN REPUTATION AND PROVED SUPERIORITY**

W. E. Dunnett.....	19	17	36
J. E. McCuaig.....	19	16	35
T. J. Garrett.....	16	18	34
A. R. Webster.....	15	17	32
N. R. Green.....	13	16	29

Totals .....	145	145	290
<b>COBALT</b>			
J. Brunswick.....	23	22	45
H. Wallace.....	20	23	43
T. Coleman.....	22	19	41
R. L. McAdam.....	20	21	41
C. H. Lloyd.....	21	14	35
M. Car.....	17	18	35
F. J. Bourne.....	16	15	31
F. W. Richardson.....	16	12	28

Totals .....

In a practice shoot following the match, F. A. Day, of Haileybury, scored 28, Lapresle, of Haileybury, 33, Crossman, of Cobalt, 12 in 25 birds, and McRae, Cobalt, 32.

A six man team from Cobalt were guests at the Haileybury grounds on July 11th, and some fairly good shooting resulted. The Cobalt team were victorious by 12 birds. The western automatic trap was throwing some excellent targets and the weather was perfect, there being not a breath of wind. The club have everything in up-to-date order and the membership and attendance is increasing rapidly.

The scores for the day were:

<b>Cobalt</b>			
MacAdam.....	23	22	45
Coleman.....	18	17	35
Morrison.....	17	21	38
Wallace.....	20	24	44
Lloyd.....	14	19	33
Code.....	20	15	35
Total .....			230
<b>Haileybury</b>			
Throop.....	23	22	45
Webster.....	20	21	41
Dunnett.....	17	23	40
Gordon.....	18	16	34
Green.....	19	13	32
McCuaig.....	13	13	26

Total .....

The Haileybury Gun Club is the oldest club in the Temiscaming district and has the best tournament grounds and outfit. They propose holding a tournament this Fall and are now working on a program. They hope to have all the shooters from Cobalt, New Liskeard, Porcupine, Elk Lake, Cochrane and North Bay attend this tournament.

**Ft. Garry Gun Club Scores.**

On Tuesday, June 17th the scores were:

Fred Yates .....	23	Dr. Cadham .....	23
F. G. Simpson.....	21	A. Walker.....	21
E. H. Houghton.....	21	J. Holiday.....	21
H. Conley.....	20	R. J. MacKay.....	20
O. Smith.....	20	D. MacKay.....	19
R. Patterson.....	19	Joe Cadham.....	19
J. R. Dingle.....	18	Geo. Kelly.....	18
W. Osborne.....	17	Dr. Glasgow.....	16
W. Griffin.....	16	C. M. Scott.....	16
B. Dingle.....	15	P. Locke.....	15
A. J. Loveridge.....	15	W. A. Doidge.....	13
A. Lake.....	13	J. E. Robertson.....	6

On June 20th the scores were:

R. J. Mackay.....	25	A. Walker.....	21
F. G. Simpson.....	23	Fred Yates.....	23
W. E. Carr.....	22	J. H. Wye.....	21
J. R. Dingle.....	18	H. Conley.....	18
Dr. Glasgow.....	18	R. W. Patterson.....	18
A. J. Loveridge.....	17	O. Smith.....	16
W. McCurtcheon.....	16	J. McL. Holiday.....	15
W. Spafford.....	15	J. Bond.....	15
J. F. McCallum.....	13	E. Howard.....	14
Dr. Laidlaw.....	12	S. M. Campbell.....	8
		J. E. Robertson.....	8
		D. Dingle.....	5

The scores on June 27th were:

F. G. Simpson.....	24	Dr. Cadham.....	23
J. H. Wye.....	23	E. H. Houghton.....	21
Joe Cadham.....	21	W. Sulton.....	21
Fred Yates.....	21	W. E. Carr.....	20
J. McLeod Holiday.....	20	R. W. Patterson.....	20
A. Walker.....	18	W. Osborne.....	18
H. Conley.....	16	Dr. Laidlaw.....	16
A. J. Loveridge.....	16	J. McEwan.....	15

J. F. McCallum.....	13	J. McLean.....	13
O. Smith.....	13	A. Lake.....	10
J. E. Robertson.....	9	Dr. Webster.....	9

**Fort Garry Tournament.**

Under ideal weather conditions the annual exhibition trap shooting tourney for the Manitoba championship held under the auspices of the Fort Garry Gun Club came to a successful close on Friday, July 11th, AMERICANS DEFEAT CANADIANS.

One of the features of Friday's big card was the International Flag shoot between teams from the United States and Canada. Ten men a side competed and after an interesting match the Americans were returned victorious by 21 birds. The shoot for the Manitoba championship, proved the most interesting event of the day and George Beattie, formerly of Hamilton and Canadian champion, carried off the honors, but not before he had to shoot off with Houghton. Both cracked 47 birds in the regular shoot but in the shoot off Beattie broke 24 out of 25, in the 150 bird event George Edvenson, of Kenora, was high, with the splendid count of 144 with the American, J. F. Duis, a close second with 143. The scores for the tourney were as follows:

**FRIDAY'S SCORES.**  
(Amateurs.)

Geo. Edvenson.....	144	Tot.
J. F. Duis.....	143	
B. R. Ayres.....	139	
C. S. Holden.....	139	
Geo. Beattie.....	138	
Fred. E. McKay.....	137	
M. Nashold.....	137	
A. D. Ross.....	135	
E. H. Houghton.....	132	
C. Parker.....	132	
Geo. Duis.....	131	
Dr. F. T. Cadham.....	131	
J. W. Jowett.....	130	
G. Griffin.....	128	
W. Osborne.....	128	
Fred Yates.....	128	
A. M. Hoover.....	128	
R. P. Corrigan.....	127	
V. B. Boyd.....	127	
J. C. Thompson.....	126	
J. H. Black.....	124	
W. Palmer.....	124	
J. McRoberts.....	124	
Fred Munt.....	121	
A. Walker.....	121	
G. A. Fairbairn.....	120	
N. Cavalier.....	119	
P. Johnston.....	119	
A. Alterton.....	119	
Mrs. Nashold.....	113	
C. Sterling.....	113	
R. H. Cottingham.....	111	
F. E. Corrigan.....	53	
N. Miller.....	69	
Bert Brodie.....	63	
C. Gislason.....	55	
W. Pace.....	39	
O. Smith.....	39	

**DOMINION CHAMPIONSHIP.**

George Beattie.....	47
E. H. Houghton.....	47
Dr. F. T. Cadham.....	46
A. Walker.....	46
George Edvenson.....	44
C. S. Holden.....	44
G. Griffin.....	44
Fred Yates.....	44
O. Smith.....	41
W. Palmer.....	43
R. Husk.....	43
N. Cavalier.....	42
A. Alterton.....	42
J. C. Thompson.....	41
J. McRoberts.....	41
P. Johnston.....	41
W. Osborne.....	37
J. H. Black.....	35
Fred Munt.....	32
R. P. Corrigan.....	27
L. Hirschy.....	144
Geo. Kregger.....	144
R. J. Mackay.....	140
W. Sulton.....	139
T. Brodie.....	138
R. R. Barber.....	134

# Dominion Ammunition

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## Canadian Made for Canadian Sportsmen Who Win

At the Sea Cliffe Gun Club Tournament June 20th., Mr. Forest H. Conover of Leamington, Ontario, using exclusively Dominion Ammunition, made the score of  $97\frac{1}{2}\%$ , winning high average over all, and writes the following unsolicited praise of Dominion loads:—

“The excellence of your brands should attract, without demonstration, all Canadian Trapshooters and Sportsmen. I have given the standard loads of nearly all manufacturers a good test and find from experience, your trap and game loads equal to the best, and as a consequence, am satisfied to use Dominion Loads. The same has my fullest confidence.

(Signed) FOREST H. CONOVER

In the same shoot, W. Hart of Dresden, Ont., tied for second high average, scoring 165x175.

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## Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited

MONTREAL

F. G. Simpson.....	132
F. H. Morris.....	131
Joe Cadham.....	128
W. Hare.....	112
<b>THURSDAY'S SCORES.</b>	
<b>PROFESSIONALS.</b>	
(200 Birds.)	
Kreger, Redfield, S. Dakota.....	190
McKay, R. J., Winnipeg.....	183
Morris, Winnipeg.....	178
Hirsch, Minneapolis.....	176
Sutton, Winnipeg.....	175
Barber, Minneapolis.....	174
Brodie, Winnipeg.....	172
Simpson, Winnipeg.....	171
Cadham, J., Winnipeg.....	159
Hare, Winnipeg.....	148

<b>AMATEURS.</b>	
(200 Birds.)	
McKay, F. E., Minneapolis.....	184
Cadham, Dr., Winnipeg.....	183
Houghton, Winnipeg.....	180
Parker, Minneapolis.....	179
Edvenson, Kenora.....	179
Lempke, St. Paul.....	177
Ross, Fargo, N. D.....	176
Duis, J. F., Devil's Lake.....	176
Nashold, Fargo.....	175
Ayres, Warren, Minn.....	174
Beattie, Winnipeg.....	174
Yates, Winnipeg.....	172
Hoover, Beaudette, Minn.....	172
Duis, George, Devil's Lake.....	171
Griffin, Virden.....	169
Munt, L. M., Kenora.....	167
McRoberts, Kenora.....	167
Miller, Virden.....	166
Alterton, Kenora.....	165
Moore, Elbow, Sask.....	164
Black, Winnipeg.....	160
Walker, Winnipeg.....	160
Palmer, Kenora.....	159
Osborne, Winnipeg.....	159
Corrigan, Winnipeg.....	159
Jewett, Warroad, Minn.....	156
Fairbairn, Elbow.....	118

(175 Birds.)	
Holden, Carman.....	166
Thomson, J. C., Winnipeg.....	141
Johnston, Winnipeg.....	135

(150 Birds.)	
Muskrat, Pembina.....	129
Chestermann, Crookston.....	126
Boyd, Crookston.....	122
Nidd, Winnipeg.....	100

(125 Birds.)	
Mrs. Nashold, Fargo, N. D.....	93
Sterling, Kenora.....	86

(75 Birds.)	
Conley, Winnipeg.....	61
(50 Birds.)	
Gislasson, Elfross, Sask.....	63
Swartz.....	56
Hollingshead.....	56
Wright.....	53
Broad, Kenora.....	46

Smille, O., Winnipeg.....	38
Bailey, Portage.....	35
Mattes, Prince Albert.....	31
South.....	28

**INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.**  
(Amateurs—50 Birds.)

McKay, F. E.....	47
Lempke.....	47
Thompson, J. C.....	46
Edvenson.....	45
Glyers.....	45
Houghton.....	44
Parker.....	44
Duis, J. F.....	44
Holden.....	44
Hoover.....	43
Munt.....	43
Beattie.....	43
Chesterman.....	43
Cadham, Dr.....	42
Nashold.....	42

Miller.....	42
Jowett.....	42
Alterton.....	42
Palmer.....	42
Ross.....	41
Duis, George.....	41
McRoberts.....	41
Johnstone.....	41
Yates.....	40
Black.....	40
Griffin.....	40
Boyd.....	40
Corrigan.....	39
Moore.....	39
Osborne.....	34
Sterling.....	34
Mrs. Nashold.....	33
Fairbairn.....	27

**Ponoko Won Challenge Cup**

At a contest between the Ponoko (Alta.)-Gun Club and Asker for possession of the Calgary Brewing Company's Challenge Cup, Ponoka, which has held the cup for three years, having won it from Water Glen, won out by 13 points. A couple of sweepstakes were also shot off, the results being:

<b>Ponoka</b>	
R. K. Allan.....	21
M. Bednar.....	20
C. W. Segerstrom.....22	
G. James.....19	
W. Kennedy.....19	
Total.....31	
<b>Asker</b>	
Ed. Dittburner.....	22
L. Tronsen.....	18
T. Krafting.....19	
M. A. Fagan.....15	
J. Edinger.....11	
Total.....88	

<b>15 Bird Sweepstake</b>	
L. Tronsen.....	12
M. Bednar.....	12
C. Segerstrom.....	10
W. Kennedy.....	11
G. James.....	13
J. Edinger.....	5
E. Knafing.....5	
M. Knafing.....9	
E. Dittburner.....12	
R. K. Allan.....12	
B. Headley.....8	
M. Fagan.....10	
T. Knafing.....11	

<b>10 Bird Sweepstake</b>	
M. A. Fagan.....	8
B. Headley.....	6
M. Bednar.....	7
W. Kennedy.....	9
L. Tronsen.....	9
J. Edinger.....5	
E. Dittburner.....10	
G. James.....5	
C. Segerstrom.....10	

**Alberta Gun Club Annual Tournament**

The Alberta Gun Club pulled off their annual tournament on July 7th. S. A. Huntley, of Vancouver, was high amateur, with a score of 168 out of 200.

Dr. H. C. Karnopp, of Calgary, won the Alberta's Pride Challenge cup, held by A. W. Bishop, who was not on hand to defend it. Dr. Karnopp scored 42 out of 50 birds. Harry Pilling of Lethbridge, who shot consistently all day, and was in the money in all the shooting, was second in the competition with 37 out of 50, and F. H. Crowe, of Calgary, third with 35 out of 50.

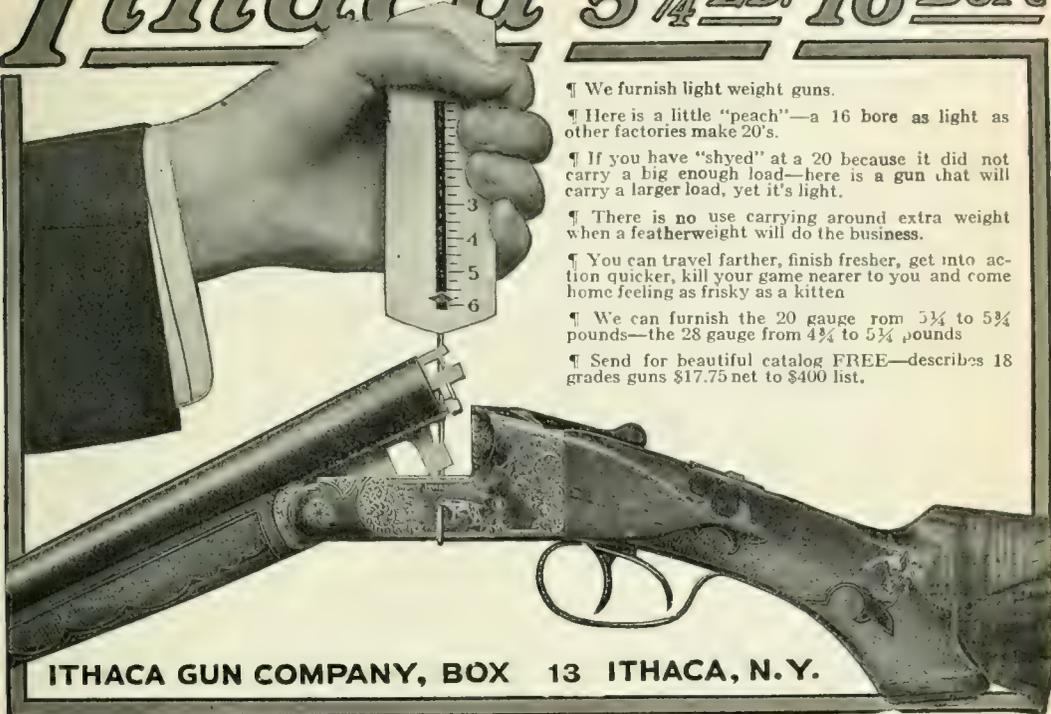
The team shoot, perhaps the feature of the day, was a victory for Lethbridge over Calgary, by a single bird. The winning score of 84 out of 125, was made up as follows:—S. A. Huntley 23, H. Pilling 16, E. O. Stickley 15, J. W. Stafford 16, V. E. Green, 14. The Calgary team with their scores in this event were: H. C. Karnopp 21, W. D. McLaren 20, R. G. Robinson 17, H. Motley 13, F. H. Crowe 12. Total, 83. The professional team shooting in the same event, which was at 25 targets, scored a total of 101 as follows:—A. W. Woodsworth 19, Tom Brodie 19, E. H. Meade 24, F. H. Morris 20, Beckman 19.

High professional man was Lieutenant Morris, of the Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal, who also was high man at the Calgary shoot. His score at Lethbridge was 101, with E. H. Meade, of the Union Metallic Co., 103, next.

Second high amateur, Huntley being first, was W. B. McLaren, Calgary, 157 out of 200; third, Crowe, Calgary, 149 out of 200; fourth, Pilling, Lethbridge, 145 out of 200.

The tourney was admirably conducted, thanks to the energetic work of Secretary E. O. Stickley and the other officers.

# *Ithaca* 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ Lb. 16 Bore



- ¶ We furnish light weight guns.
- ¶ Here is a little "peach"—a 16 bore as light as other factories make 20's.
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- ¶ Send for beautiful catalog FREE—describes 18 grades guns \$17.75 net to \$400 list.

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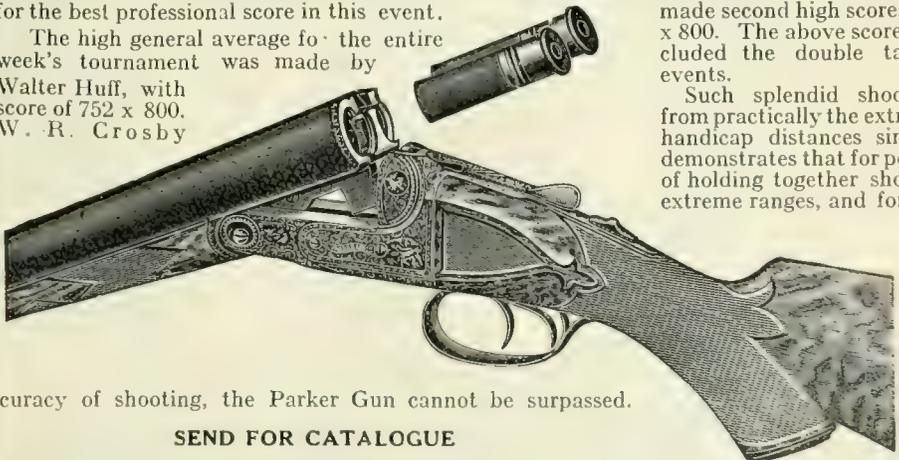
**T**HE "Old Reliable" Parker Gun, at Dayton, Ohio., June 17-21, gave a wonderful demonstration of its unsurpassed shooting powers.

In the G. A. H., Arthur Killam, at 20 yds., made a score of 96 x 100. W. R. Crosby at 22 yds., made a similar score, and Walter Huff, at 21 yds., scored 97 x 100. Mr. Huff's score was high in the professional class, and won for him the special money prize and medal offered for the best professional score in this event.

The high general average for the entire week's tournament was made by Walter Huff, with score of 752 x 800. W. R. Crosby

made second high score, 749 x 800. The above scores included the double target events.

Such splendid shooting from practically the extreme handicap distances simply demonstrates that for power of holding together shot at extreme ranges, and for ac-



curacy of shooting, the Parker Gun cannot be surpassed.

**SEND FOR CATALOGUE**

**PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn. N. Y. Salesrooms, 32 Warren St.**

Even number.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total No. Shot at	Total No. Bk.
Number of Targets .....	15	15	15	20	20	50	25	20	20		
A. W. Woodsworth, (a) .....	9	13	10	13	14	36	19	13	12	200	139
Tom Brodie, (a) .....	10	10	12	15	16	39	19	16	16	200	153
S. A. Huntley, (b) .....	11	11	11	16	18	41	23	17	20	200	168
E. H. Meade, (a) .....	10	13	12	18	17	48	24	19	14	200	175
F. H. Morris, (a) .....	12	9	13	16	18	40	20	20	16	200	164
R. G. Robinson .....	11	7	12	16	14	33	17	12	13	200	135
W. B. McLaren .....	12	12	14	20	14	36	20	13	16	200	157
H. C. Karnoff, (c) .....	11	8	7	16	16	42	21	15	17	200	153
R. G. Harwood .....	6	8	9	8	6	32	..	12	13	175	94
A. B. Stafford .....	6	9	8	14	12	30	..	17	14	175	110
T. E. Yuill .....	9	12	10	12	7	24	..	10	11	175	95
E. O. Stickley .....	6	9	6	15	13	..	15	11	8	150	83
V. E. Green .....	10	9	8	10	10	28	14	14	10	175	113
H. Pilling .....	9	12	10	14	17	37	16	14	16	200	145
H. H. Motley .....	7	5	7	16	10	24	13	11	15	200	108
J. Glenister .....	5	8	8	11	12	..	..	5	..	105	49
G. H. Muir .....	7	10	6	8	10	..	..	11	15	125	67
W. Beckman, (a) .....	10	9	13	12	14	31	19	15	13	200	136
J. W. Stafford .....	..	..	..	12	12	32	16	11	14	155	97
F. H. Crowe .....	12	12	11	16	17	37	12	16	16	200	149

- (a) Professional Shooters.
- (b) High Amateur.
- (c) Winner of Alberta's Pride Challenge Cup.

**Lethbridge Gun Club**

Under ideal conditions in regard to light and birds, the Lethbridge gun club held its regular shoot at the local traps on Saturday, June 21st. The scores made were:—

	Shot at	Score
A. B. Stafford.....	50	44
J. W. Stafford.....	50	44
E. Ashcroft.....	50	28
U. Marks.....	50	22
J. Glenister.....	25	13
Thos. Yuill.....	50	36
E. O. Stickley.....	25	20
J. H. Welch.....	50	27
G. H. Muir.....	50	28
C. M. Smith.....	25	12
H. Pilling.....	50	45

**Lethbridge Gun Club**

A practice shoot was held by the members of the gun club on Saturday, June 14th and considering the high winds good scores were made.

	Targets	Handi'p broke	Total score
V. E. Green .....	20	25	
A. Stafford.....	19	25	
E. O. Stickley.....	19	25	
T. Yuill .....	18	25	
J. Welch .....	14	25	
J. Glenister .....	13	25	
H. Peffer .....	10	25	
E. Marks .....	9	25	

In the final shoot for the Stevens gun trophy on Saturday, June 28th, some keen shooting took place four birds covering the first four men. E. O. Stickley won with 188 out of 200 using a Stevens Field Grade gun and Nitro Club-shells. The following is a list of shooters and scores:—

Name	Targets broke	Handi'p allow'ce	Total score
E. O. Stickley.....	160	28	188
J. H. Welch .....	127	59	186
A. B. Stafford.....	171	11	185
T. Yuill .....	133	51	184
Jas. Glenister.....	127	51	181
V. E. Green .....	161	21	182
P. Ashcroft.....	105	75	180
E. Marks .....	105	74	179
G. H. Muir.....	112	66	178
H. Pilling.....	124	30	164

**Tournament at Red Deer, Alta., July 1st.**

In point of weather, attendance and perfection of arrangement the Registered Tournament held at Red Deer on July 1st was a big success. In spite of the "hard times" prevailing the outside attendance (there were only 11 local entries) was the largest of any tournament ever held in Western Canada. The team shoot was won by Red Deer with 67x75 over eight competing teams. Dr. Plaxton won high average trophy with Dominion shells. W. B. McLaren won the DuPont trophy for users of DuPont powder. The championship of Alberta in doubles, was won by P. Bowen of Strathcona, who tied with four other com-

petitors with 25x30. He won out in a hard fought, shoot-off with one bird, after a second shoot-off.

The \$230 contributed by the Club was added to sweepstakes and special prizes. The Rose System of Money Division in the regular events was used. The regular program called for seven events, a total of 145 targets. The total number of targets trapped during the Tournament, including practice events and all other events of any kind, was 9500. The total number of contestants participating in the regular program events during the Tournament was 55 amateurs and 5 professionals.

**Scores Made by Amateurs and Professionals**

	Shot at	Broke
R. G. Robinson.....	145	123
Bru. McLaren.....	—	127
P. J. Harwood.....	—	99
T. F. Crowe.....	—	120
Dr. Karnopp.....	—	126
G. S. Walker.....	—	113
A. Bishop.....	—	121
W. H. Motley.....	—	72
*T. L. Jacques.....	*—	110
W. S. Bates .....	—	110
T. Lee .....	95	48
F. Brower.....	115	99
F. Landon.....	145	96
J. Duff .....	—	119
A. Buialay.....	—	104
A. B. Stafford.....	130	100
G. E. Short.....	145	115
D. A. Huirs.....	—	128
F. W. Kemp.....	—	103
C. E. Lissack.....	—	103
M. A. Fagan.....	80	60
E. R. Dittesberuer.....	80	61
Guy Danner.....	80	61
C. S. Collier.....	130	89
D. Garland.....	80	62
J. Pollard.....	145	117
Dr. Archibald.....	—	101
P. Boven.....	—	118
F. Pollard.....	115	89
Jas. Robinson.....	115	86
G. Speers.....	100	76
N. C. Wilson.....	100	67
W. L. Pettit.....	100	84
E. C. Wells.....	130	89
G. R. Aicher.....	130	84
C. J. Kirk .....	130	111
E. G. Little.....	145	124
W. A. Michael.....	60	49
G. M. Couderoy.....	145	128
W. A. Mores.....	—	121
E. T. Koste.....	—	119
A. J. Telfer.....	115	104
H. J. Crabbs.....	145	121
R. H. Till.....	100	75
*E. H. Mead.....	*145	122
F. Pettipher.....	130	59
*A. W. Woodworth.....	*145	125
Leo. Dowler .....	—	100
*Lieut. Morris .....	*—	126



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*W. Beckman.....	145	93
L. M. Gaetz.....	—	121
F. Lund.....	—	121
W. H. Plaxton.....	—	124
D. Smith.....	—	104
W. R. Davis.....	—	111
G. B. Parker.....	115	81
A. F. Stevenson.....	115	94
G. S. Narr.....	—	78
E. A. Eline.....	—	67
S. V. Day.....	—	67

\*Professional.

**Revelstoke Gun Club Weekly Shoot**

On Tuesday, July 8th, the following were the scores:

	Shot at	Broke
A. J. Macdonell.....	24-25-25-23-	97
W. A. Sturdy.....	23-23-22-20-	88
J. G. Barber.....	22-23-	15
W. A. Foote.....	22-20-	42
H. H. Rickelson.....	24-22-23-22-	91
F. S. Ellis.....	21-22-19-20-	82

Macdonell and Foote tied for the Dupont medal. In the shoot-off Macdonell won. On his way to the Nelson Tournament Mr. H. H. Rickelson was a guest of the Revelstoke Club and made his usual score of over 90%.

At the tournament of the Revelstoke Gun Club held on July 14th the following were the scores:

**Scores Made by Amateurs and Professionals**

	Shot at	Broke
*S. L. Burtch.....	155	258

**Armstrong Gun Club, Armstrong B. C., July 16-17**

	1st Day	25	20	25	20	25	25	Shot at	Broke
*E. G. White.....	20	25	20	25	20	25	25	135	
	2nd Day	20	25	20	25	20	25	135	130
*C. L. Burtch.....	1st Day	20	24	20	25	18	23	135	129
	2nd Day	19	25	20	20	20	25	135	111
A. J. Macdonell.....	1st Day	14	20	16	19	20	22	135	117
	2nd Day	17	21	18	19	18	24	135	122
W. A. Sturdy.....	1st Day	17	25	19	23	16	24	135	127
	2nd Day	20	22	17	25	20	23	135	127
J. B. Barber.....	1st Day	19	21	20	24	20	23	135	121
	2nd Day	16	23	20	24	17	21	135	110
C. Sage.....	1st Day	15	22	19	22	12	20	135	112
	2nd Day	17	20	15	21	17	22	135	121
*H. H. Rickelson.....	1st Day	19	20	20	22	18	22	135	122
	2nd Day	19	23	16	24	19	21	135	115
A. Evans.....	1st Day	17	21	15	22	17	23	135	120
	2nd Day	19	21	16	20	18	23	135	117
*C. E. Mink.....	1st Day	19	22	16	15	20	24	135	132
	2nd Day	19	22	15	23	17	24	135	129
W. Tomkinson.....	1st Day	20	25	19	25	19	24	135	102
	2nd Day	20	22	19	23	20	25	135	101
L. B. Stokes.....	1st Day	15	16	18	18	17	18	135	122
	2nd Day	15	15	18	23	17	22	135	101
R. Meyers.....	1st Day	13	17	15	19	14	23	135	111
F. O'Keefe.....	1st Day	14	20	15	24	16	22	135	111
A. Thompson.....	1st Day	17	19	16	23	17	22	135	114

\*Professionals.

**Perth Gun Club**

Perth Gun Club defeats East Ward (Perth) Gun Club in a 25 bird match at the grounds of the winning Club.

The scores were as follows:—

	Perth Gun Club.	East Ward Gun Club.
F. A. Robertson.....	22	W. Patterson..... 20
L. Ferrier.....	14	H. Gamble..... 16
W. A. Meighen.....	13	J. Montgomery..... 15
H. A. Chadwick.....	13	E. Hudson..... 12
R. J. Smith.....	12	J. Brady..... 10
H. S. Robertson.....	12	F. Publow..... 7
	86	80

**A Correction**

In our report of the Second Day events of the Canadian Indian Tournament held at Niagara-on-the-lake, June 28th, 30th and July 1st, an error was made in giving the name of the winner of the McGaw Cup. The prize was won by Mr. P. J. Boothe, whereas ROD AND GUN gave W. Fox as the winner.

**Wynyard Tournament**

The first annual tournament of the Wynyard Gun Club was held on Saturday, July 19th. It proved a success although the attendance was smaller than anticipated, owing to the fact that very few Wynyard shooters had been able to attend the tournaments at the surrounding towns. Weather conditions were fairly favorable, the day being clear and without wind,

*E. G. White.....	295
*H. H. Rickelson.....	261
A. Evans.....	273
*C. E. Mink.....	295
*F. S. Riehl.....	300
D. R. McDougall.....	267
S. A. Huntley.....	301
J. Brassfield.....	109
O. E. Desmond.....	245
A. J. Macdonell.....	281
W. A. Sturdy.....	275
W. A. Foote.....	268
J. G. Barber.....	276
L. G. Drake.....	102

\*Professional.

**Notes on the Tournament**

Team shoot won by Revelstoke Gun Club.	
A. J. Macdonell.....	19x20
W. A. Sturdy.....	19x20
W. A. Foote.....	19x20
J. G. Barber.....	20x20
	77x80

Dominion Ctge. Co., Gold Medal won by A. J. Macdonell, with a score of 281x310.

Dupont Powder Co., Gold Pin won by J. G. Barber, with a score of 276x310

Long runs made by—  
Frank C. Riehl—one of 121 and 109.  
S. A. Huntley—114.

though intensely hot. All the events were keenly contested, though C. C. Plummer, of Elfros, won first money in every event, except the first.

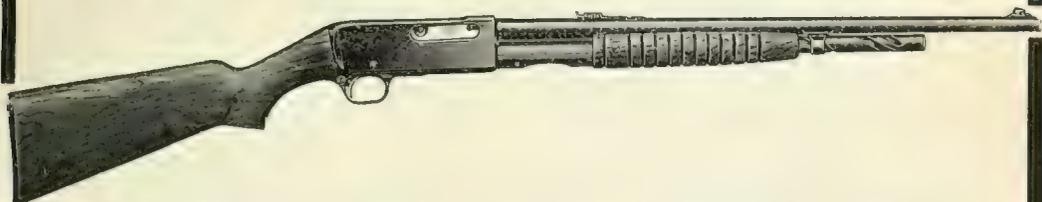
While endeavoring to win a special prize, for hitting 100 straight, C. C. Plummer broke 78 birds, falling down on the 79th and 80th.

The following is a list of the scores:

Name	Shot at	Broke
Plummer, C. C.....	165	159
Morris.....	140	127
*Cadham.....	140	126
*Brodie.....	140	124
McKay.....	140	123
*Hare.....	140	117
Feldman.....	165	139
McGlashen.....	165	136
Plumb.....	165	134
Gislasen.....	165	131
Ball.....	165	126
Pook.....	140	107
Plummer, E.....	165	127
Cameron.....	150	72
Barker.....	90	71
Thorlakson.....	90	52
Kelman.....	110	81
Blankstein.....	55	34
Graham.....	55	32
Ross.....	35	20

\*Professional.

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# A Pioneer's Experience

AUGUST WOLF

**W** G. Ibbotson, a native of the province of Quebec, born in Montreal in 1851, who was recently appointed secretary of the Edmonton Old Timers' Association, of which he was once president, crossed the plains in an ox-cart in 1876. He earned his first dollars in the west by panning gold from the sand bars of the Saskatchewan river, afterwards engaging in fur trading, which he followed until 1891, when he entered the services of Ross Brothers, as supervisor and general manager of their trading operations as far north as the Peace and Mackenzie rivers.

Mr. Ibbotson was educated in the public schools of Montreal and McGill high school, afterwards going to England. While in London he accepted the offer of a position on a coffee plantation in India, which he declined later on account of the famine in the Orient. He sailed for America in 1876 going to Winnipeg, where he outfitted an ox-cart for the far west. From Edmonton he made numerous trips to the hinterland, going north to Fort Rae. It was a dramatic moment for the party of traders, of which Mr. Ibbotson was leader, when they came upon the remains of the last camp built by Sir John A. Franklin's party.

The traders could easily picture the last struggles of the gallant sailors, as they abandoned their ship near the shores of the Arctic sea and hauled timbers for their fort. From Fort Rae to the Barren Lands is 150 miles, and then they had hauled their loads some distance across the Barren Lands. The chimney and sides of the primitive building stood there near a grove of trees like an island of refuge in a shelterless sea, a mute testimony to the indomitable British pluck which had sustained these explorers of the early days.

Another trip was of importance from a trader's point of view, but so

heavy was the price paid, that it is a miracle any of the party are alive today to tell the tale. Samuel Hearn discovered the Copper Mine river in 1771; so far as is known Mr. Ibbotson's men were the first traders to cover this route up to 1888. It was impossible to carry more provisions than sufficed for the outward trip. Mr. Ibbotson trusted that the Copper Mine river Indians would have provisions to stock them for the return trip. League after league they travelled across the unknown trails, with no sound through the white forests but the soft crunching of the snowshoes, or the occasional howling of the huskies. It was out of question to procure fresh meat.

From Fort Rae, Great Slave Lake, Willow river—across the chain of frozen lakes and rivers connecting Hudson's bay with the Arctic ocean, to the edges of a desolate wilderness—till they came to "the Land of Little Sticks," called by the white man the Barren Lands, where dwarf trees rear their points above the wastes of snow, like dismantled masts on the far-offing of a lonely sea, they took their journey. No human face lightened their way—only the wolf tribe roamed the Barren Lands. After eleven days of suffering the party reached a point where the lakes converged to a river bed 100 yards in width, which narrowed to a waterfall, with three cataracts, they reached the Metal river.

After a few days of trading, for the Indians themselves were starving and most of them were outcasts, the party continued its travels. Only one thing could have fed an Indian on the Barren Lands who could show no trophies of the chase, and that was the flesh of some human creatures. These outcasts were cannibals, condemned by the unwritten law of the north to wander alone through the wastes of the Land of Little Sticks.

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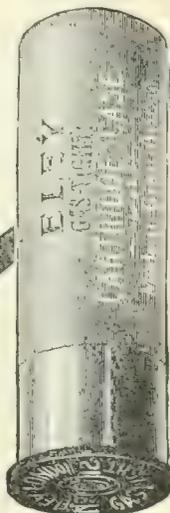
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Of the horrors of that return journey one can hardly conceive today; even though some of them were brought home to many so tragically in the diary of the gallant and heroic Inspector Fitzgerald, of the Royal North West Mounted Police, who lost his life, together with three of his men under somewhat similar conditions. For six days Mr. Ibbotson and his companions were without food. The dogs lay down, one after another, and died in harness; the men were so weak that they could not travel more than a mile a day. After eating everything available around them, even to their moccasins, they were faced with the horrors of cannibalism, when, by accident, a band of Indians crossed their trail and were able to spare sufficient provisions to enable them to reach camp.

Mr. Ibbotson has had trading experiences with the Beavers, Dog-Ribs, Crees and Chippeyans tribes, also the Esquimos. Through many little-known passes, the Pine River, White River, McLeod and others, he travelled, even penetrating into that mysterious region, known as "No

Man's Land." At Tete Juane Cache and the Yellowhead he followed the old surveys made by Sir Sanford Fleming's party, which are now being paralleled by the Grand Trunk Pacific railway. Since the days when Mr. Ibbotson roamed the trails a great change has taken place. Till the railroad reached navigation every pound of provisions or goods had to be carried in over the old tote roads, which were marvels of engineering in their day.

Mr. Ibbotson has an ancestry which explains his military record by the law of heredity. His grandfather was an Englishman who came to Canada with the British army in 1838, retiring as captain of the 103rd Regiment Infantry (now the 78th Highlanders). Other members of his family have also seen active service. He is retired captain of the 53rd Infantry Regiment of Sherbrooke, Que., and has medals for active service throughout the Fenian Raid of 1870, and as a sergeant attached to Steele's Scouts during the Northwest rebellion.

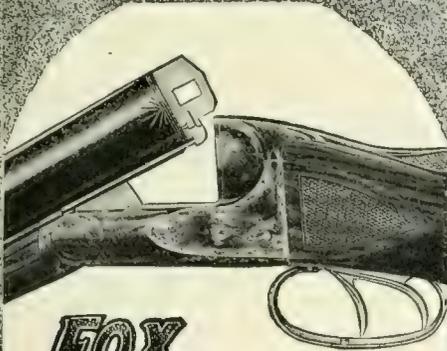
## Florida Fishing

OLIVER OLDMAN

I was spending the winter at the beautiful hotel Belleview at Belleair, Florida. It is situated on the west coast and the hotel grounds run down to Clearwater Bay, a part of the Gulf of Mexico. The main attraction at the hotel is the golf links and a more ardent lot of golfers you could hardly meet anywhere. While I enjoy golf and confess that was what attracted me to the Belleview I am particularly fond of fishing. Several parties had gone out in a large motor boat some miles from shore and anchored and with hand lines had made good catches of quite large fish. The rolling about of the motor boat, the danger of fog banks and the hand line fishing did

not appeal to me and I declined several invitations to go out. Sitting on the pier one day I observed Congressman K—and his wife embarking in a row boat and was told by them that they were going out in the bay in smooth water to fish for trout, and that evening at dinner I had as a gift from the Congressman a delicious boiled trout. That was enough. Golf had no further attractions and if the Congressman could catch sixteen nice  $1\frac{3}{4}$  lb. trout I could at least catch a few. That evening I telephoned to Clearwater for the fisherman and his boat and the next day I did have a good time fishing. The poles (not rods) furnished by the fisherman were bamboo and abo ut

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fourteen feet long, equipped with a very heavy line and large hook. In trying to get a fish out I lost about three out of four and was disgusted with the tackle. I had none of my rods or reels or lines with me so I was determined to try it another day but with a reel and light tackle. I purchased a light steel rod, a cheap reel and a good silk line and some smaller hooks and was now ready for another day at the trout. We could find them usually on sandy bars in the bay and in water not over ten or twelve feet deep. The old fisherman scouted my light tackle, said a three pounder would tear it all to pieces and with great satisfaction pulled out the first fish on his long bamboo. Just "horsed him in" as a friend described that kind of fishing. I got a rather good one on and after playing him a little lost him off and the fisherman smiled, but graciously turned his head, thinking I would not observe the smile. I did catch several good ones and gradually I saw he was being converted to my style of fishing. Then I had a strike and my reel ran with a whiz and the fish on my hook started for the Panama Canal. The fisherman was now all excitement. He pulled in his big bamboo and called out:

"Hold on to him, major, you got a good one."

The fish keeping near the bottom and out of sight, turned from his southern course and now my light rod was bent with the strain upon it.

"Look out Major! He'll break your tackle all to pieces sure!"

I had had big fish on a light rod before that day and so gave no heed to his ejaculations but watched my line and reel and gradually worked him in and then away he would go until my 150 feet of line was nearly run

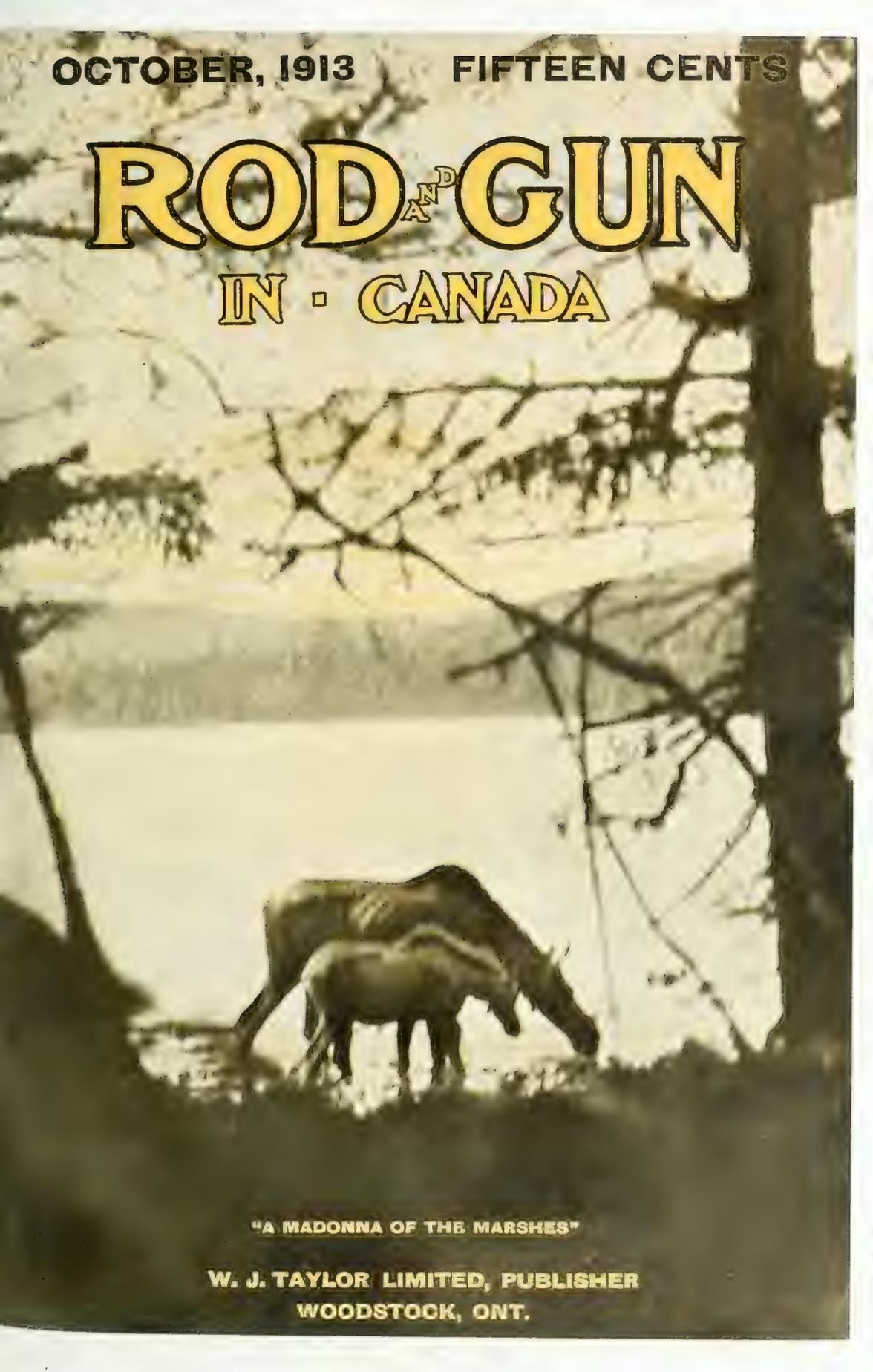
out. It was a flat bottomed boat and I was now standing but soon became fearful of the anchor line and the tide was running out quite fast. I took a chance of drifting into deep water with no anchorage and ordered the anchor up. The old fisherman was dismayed at this but obeyed my commands and as we drifted I fought my friend hard and then dropped the anchor as we were passing over another sand bar. Some twenty minutes had now elapsed and my fish showed evident signs of weariness. The old fisherman said I "sure had" a five pound trout and if he prayed at all I'm sure he prayed that I would not lose him. Now he was coming in, and well clear of the anchor line and my excited friend's hand trembled as he held the landing net. Still he hugged the bottom. Several times when I thought I could safely raise him from the bottom and near the boat this fellow changed his mind and went out with a rush another hundred feet or so. Now he was coming in sure. My arm was getting tired with the struggle and I was pleased the conflict was nearly over. Up he came from the bottom this time and in full view near the boat. The fisherman simply roared. It was a shark two and a half feet long and I had him well hooked in the upper fin and not in his mouth at all. The old fisherman dropped the landing net and taking a club he had in the boat prepared to hit him hard if I could get his head out of water a bit. By a little careful management I did this with plenty of slack line in my left hand to give way as the club hit the fish. It worked all right and after lifting the senseless fish into the boat the fisherman cut out my hook and remarked that my light tackle was all right if a fellow knew how to use it.

OCTOBER, 1913

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# ROD and GUN in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, October, 1913

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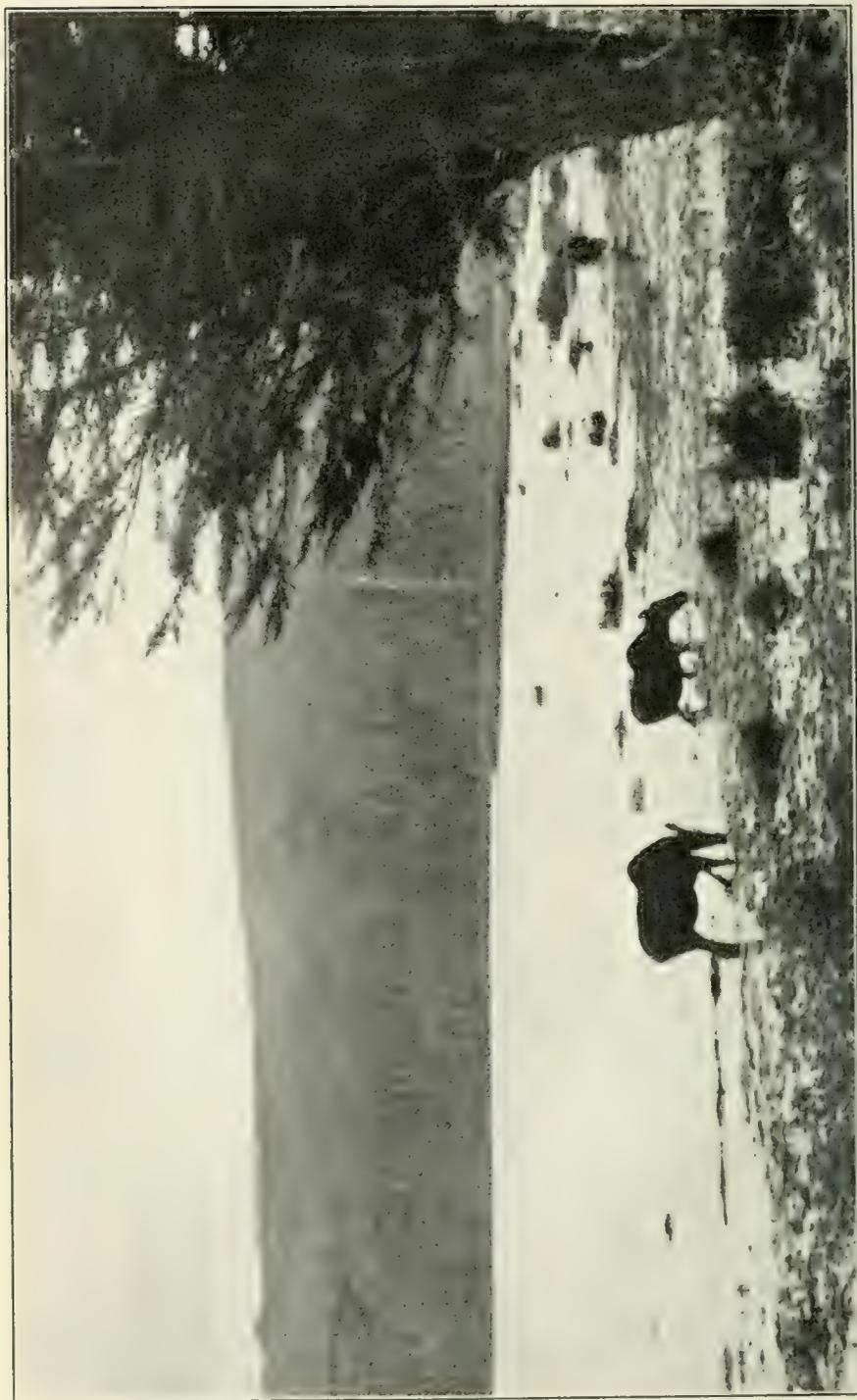
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"Two Calves, One of Them Much Larger than the Other, Feeding Near the Cows." Photo Taken at Salmon Brook Pond. The Shore was Rooted Bare of Vegetation Like the Ground in a Pig Pen

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

Vol. 15

WOODSTOCK, ONT., OCTOBER, 1913

No. 5

## Moose, the Swamp Hog of the Canadian Forest

DAVID E. WHEELER

**P**ERHAPS the best place in Canada for the study of moose is Henry Braithwaite's country in Central New Brunswick. Many factors have contributed to the abundance of game in this locality, not the least of which is Henry himself. Many years ago, as a boy of ten, he started hunting this region with old Gabe and Louis Sebatis. Indians celebrated in their day for their abilities with pack strap and paddle. Commencing at this early age, and with such experienced teachers, he became well versed in all the lore of wood craft. Thus it came to pass that an Indian's education combined with a white man's intelligence, honor and industry, to make an almost perfect wilderness hunter. Nor was training in ideas of true sportsmanship lacking. Before there were any game laws in Canada, English Army officers were stationed in Fredericton. Moose were rather scarce then, but there were enough of them to bring many of these officers into the woods. They must have taken a fancy to the silent white boy with his keen mind and boundless energy for they often took him with them on their hunting trips, and doubtless gave him his first thoughts of game protection.

It was rivalry over trapping grounds which brought the first clash between Braithwaite and the Indians. When, as a young man, Henry started

trapping on his own account the Indians tried to drive him out saying: "We were here first." "That may be," said Henry, "but I shall be here last." His prophecy has come true, for he now controls a hunting and trapping ground about four hundred square miles in extent, while the Indians are all dead or gathered into reservations.

Clearing the woods of the Indians was the first step towards the protection of the game. To appreciate how important was this step one must have lived amongst meat eating savages. I have known one Indian hunter kill eighteen moose during the last days of summer. On another occasion one large family killed and ate fifty-seven caribou, besides small game, in three months. As this killing is indiscriminate, without regard to age or sex, it is easy to see why moose are never very numerous in the Indian country.

Bear trapping helped along the good work, as the black bear is an inveterate enemy of the moose. The lumbermen contributed their quota, for the young growth, which replaces the old trees cut for the saw mill, provides abundant browse. Moreover, in the back country spruce pays much better than fir so that fir is spared by the axeman and is now more abundant than spruce in Central New Brunswick. Balsam fir is a fa-

vorite winter food of the moose, but they rarely or never eat spruce. The abundance of fir trees and hard wood ridges make Henry's country a veritable moose paradise.

The New Brunswick game laws, while faulty in many particulars, have achieved one essential of game protection, they have stopped market hunting and game protection protects when it closes the game markets. Braithwaite, although frequently at odds with the game wardens, has perhaps done as much for the enforcement of the game laws as any other man in the Province. He has done this unconsciously. His skill and faithfulness as a guide have drawn non-resident hunters from all over the English speaking world. Indeed, it is largely due to his influence that non-resident hunting has continued unbroken since the days when an English garrison occupied Fredericton. Now the money of non-resident sportsmen furnishes to the settlers the raison d'être for game protection. Moose meat is worth less than beef and costs more. So long as the frontiersman regards a moose as forty

dollars' worth of inferior beef he is indifferent to the extermination of the species. But let him once learn that a moose is the bait for a five hundred dollar sporting trip and he becomes the game warden's most efficient ally. The recognition of the fact that the non-resident hunter is the best friend the big game animals have, has placed New Brunswick foremost in the ranks of Canadian game preserves.

Would that I could convey to your mind a clear picture of Salmon Brook Pond, as an illustration of the abundance of moose inhabiting this Province. It lies near a portage road only twelve miles from Holtville, the "end settlement." Its outlet, Salmon Brook, is muddy for at least two miles below the pond because the moose grubbing up its bottom for the roots of aquatic plants keep its waters roily and turbid. In its immediate neighborhood every twitching road is kept open and as bare of vegetation as the side path near a country village. And there are hundreds of these trails not trodden by the foot of man from years end to year's end, and yet worn deep in the soil by the countless hoofs



The "Pet Bull," So Christened Because as His Runway Ran Through Our Permanent Camp We Saw Him Nearly Every Day, Would not Always Wait for His Photograph



Everett P. Wheeler, Jr., Nicknamed by Henry Braithwaite "Little Louis Sabatis"



Henry Braithwaite Leaving an Old Time Hunting Camp

of game going down to water. To lee-ward of Salmon Brook Pond there is always a strong barnyard smell, perceptible by human nostrils, for a hundred yards, or more. Moose themselves have a distinctive musky, feral odor, very terrifying to horses; but where they tramp the marshy shore of a pond into muck thickly laced with dung, the aroma is like that left where cattle drink repeatedly. The pond itself is perhaps a mile wide. I have never visited it, during open water, without seeing at least five moose. Twenty-one is the largest number I have ever seen in its waters at one time. Henry Braithwaite claims to have seen fifty-four. Besides moose there are usually several deer, blue herons and in the Autumn flock after flock of ducks. Salmon Brook Pond is probably the best in the country but Triton Pond presses it close and there are scores and scores of little pug holes, deadwaters and sloughs each with its summer population of moose and regular trails by which they enter and leave the water. Even in the last eleven years, during which I have visited New Brunswick off-and-on-at-most seasons, moose have very noticeably

increased in numbers while deer, which used to be rather a rare animal there, have become almost as common as the moose. Unfortunately caribou and bear are becoming more scarce.

Moose in summer eat very largely of the roots of water plants. They wallow in the mud like gigantic hogs scooping up mouthfuls of the black, half liquid soil; from this they strain the nutritious matter and allow the watery waste to slough from their mouths. The mucous membrane lining the cheek is studded with long fleshy spines which I believe act as a sieve to strain out the alimentary material from the mud which they gobble up. The rootlets of yellow pond lilies are a favorite food. They pull up the woody root stems, often as thick as a man's wrist, chew off the rootlets and drop the stems into the water. The marshy shores of many a pond are stippled with these rejected stems. The outlet may even be choked with them.

In their search for the roots of water weeds moose venture far out into deep water. At times they feed completely submerged, not a hair showing above the surface. Old bulls are specially addicted to diving; ap-

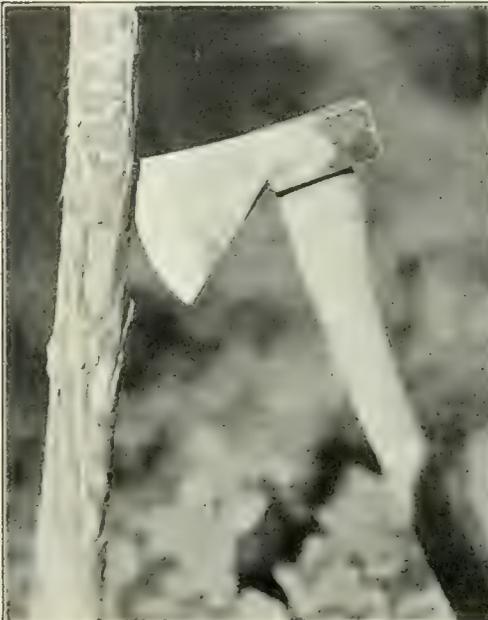
parently the weight of their antlers aids them to get the head down to the bottom. Whether wading or diving the head is raised for air every fifteen seconds. They spend about three hours at a stretch feeding in the ponds, but come ashore to rest. They seek the water rather for their favorite food than, as is so often stated, to escape the flies and mosquitoes which follow them in swarms.

On land the foods most sought after are striped maple and mountain ash. All maples are acceptable and other hard wood saplings are eaten more or less. The bark, leaves and buds are the parts chosen. In New Brunswick it is rare to see a striped maple or mountain ash, which has reached maturity, without being killed, or at least mutilated by moose. Last August, I noticed a great many maple saplings whose leaves assumed the red color of autumn very early. Nearly all of them had been girdled during the summer by moose. The tips of tamarack and balsam fir are also eaten. Henry Braithwaite tells me that since the white-tailed deer have come into the country he has

noticed that the moose were eating cedar. It is easier to believe that the deer have directed Henry's attention to cedar as food for game than that the moose have learned from the deer to eat this tree. From the description of their eating habits it will be seen that moose are most destructive feeders, gnawing both roots and bark which are the vital organs of plants. Accordingly they require a large range, innumerable ponds and many hard wood ridges.

When unconscious of the presence of man moose are rather noisy animals. Their feet splash through the mud and when they raise their heads to breathe the water sluices off in miniature cascades. When they feed on shore the rending of leaves and branches makes more noise than a red squirrel. If alarmed but not pursued they can steal from the water without making a ripple, lifting each foot with the quiet caution of a skillful still hunter. Under like conditions they can sneak through a thicket without a sound.

Besides accidental noises they have quite a vocabulary of voluntary calls.



Mountain Ash Girdled by Moose



Henry Imitating a Calf Moose



Is That my Calf or is it Henry Braithwaite?

During the rut bulls rap their antlers on the trees as a challenge, or to court the favor of the cows. They also have a grunt which is used during sexual excitement or even to terrify a possible pursuer. The cow has a long musical drone which she uses as a sex call. She summons her calf, if in sight with a low whining sound, but to locate a lost calf she gives repeatedly a loud coughing roar.

Young calves rarely enter the water. They hide on shore while the cows wade or swim for food. If frightened or hungry the little ones wander disconsolately, crying with a little thin wail, to which, however, the cows pay no attention. After long waiting a calf may swim out to its mother and try to reach her submerged udder. It soon tires, however, and endeavors to cling on its mother's back. When it becomes troublesome it is driven back to shore.

I once saw a very curious incident illustrating the relations between young and old moose. There were two calves, one of them much larger than the other, feeding near a cow. The larger calf was probably a stran-

ger which had become separated from its own mother and attached itself to the first cow it could find. This calf saw me and ran squealing to the cow. The cow did not heed the warning but drove away the calf and continued stolidly feeding. A second time the calf saw me and again ran to the cow. This time the cow kicked the calf with her front feet and gave it such a beating it ran past me quite a distance up the shore. At last an eddy of wind brought my scent to the cow. While the larger calf's back was turned she stole off into the woods, followed by her own calf, the smaller of the two, but leaving the stranger, solitary and frightened, to its fate.

These observations scarcely show the maternal instinct of this species in a favorable light. On the other hand if the cows did not attend strictly to business and keep themselves well fed they could not give good milk. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. At the end of summer the cows are thin and the calves fat.

In September bull moose commence to rub the velvet from their

antlers. They generally choose balsam fir saplings for rubbing-trees. The juice of these trees stains the bone a beautiful dark brown. Caribou, on the other hand, use alders for the most part and their horns are stained a much lighter, yellower color. It is said that both species occasionally use spruce for this purpose and that spruce stains the horns very dark, almost black. I have seen such dark horns, but they are as unusual as are horn-rubbed spruce trees. Also I have seen a fir tree rubbed in June. Did we know more of the habits of wild game I believe we should

find their ways much more irregular than is commonly supposed.

In the love season, especially during its early days, the cows flee and the bulls pursue. Even if a cow calls up a bull, she runs when he comes to her. Of the two the cow is much lighter and more active. In the open she can easily outrun a bull, while in a thicket where his spreading antlers constantly catch in the trees, she can go two steps for his one. Her endeavors to escape are all a bluff; although fleetier she is always caught. In short this dusky nymph of the Canadian bogs is a most accomplished coquette.

## A Little Study in Nature

### Interrupting a Family Party

JOHN FARQUHAR

It was the morning of the 17th of June and as it was getting late in the season for catching New Brunswick bears I took a trip out to the headwaters of Trout Brook stream to see if there were any signs of the black fellows. If not I meant to spring my traps and lay them by for the summer. As there was "nothing doing" in the bear line I sprang both traps and started for home. When about a mile and a half from home, as I was crossing a small brook, a hen partridge suddenly ran out before me with her head almost touching the ground, uttering plaintive cries and apparently in great distress. A stranger to the woods folks and their ways would doubtless have wondered what was the matter with the bird, and perhaps thought it must be injured to exhibit such distress; and had they cared to investigate would have followed the mother partridge. Being an old trapper and woodsman, however, I knew exactly what the wily old bird was trying to do, and as I was in no hurry I sat down to see how long she would be in calling her newly fledged flock together. For about ten minutes she kept running back and forth uttering warning calls. Then she came over to where the young birds were hidden and changed the call to a low, coaxing note. The chicks began to answer and presently I saw two of them up on bushes about three feet from the ground. As soon as these two had flown down the mother stopped calling and everything was quiet (except for the mosquitoes which persistently attacked me.)

After waiting two or three minutes I got up and sneaked after the old hen. I had considerable difficulty in finding her. When I did succeed in coming upon her it was to find the whole family, father, mother and about a

dozen chicks. The mother gave her warning and how the little chaps did scatter! In a moment nothing was to be seen but the two old birds. As is their custom, they both started to run away from where the young were hidden. They couldn't fool me in that way, however. I had got my eye on two of the little fellows as they dodged under cover. One of them sought shelter under a dead leaf and the other under an old root. I could see these two quite plainly. They were about the size of a Junco bird if its tail feathers were pulled out. When I went up close to them I thought the mother was going to attack me. She came up to within four feet of me and then the male bird interfered. Coming up with a hiss like that of an angry cat he placed himself between the enemy and the mother partridge. His subsequent action greatly surprised me, for instead of flying in my face as I had fully expected him to do, he dashed at the mother bird and with great force fairly drove her away for some distance. This performance was repeated several times. The male bird would come close up to my feet, every feather in his little body alert, and his tail spread out like a fan, but he would not allow his mate to come within the danger mark. What a brave little pair they were!

After watching them for some time I started to walk slowly away. The old hen thereupon changed her call to one similar to the meow of a cat. I could have stooped down and picked up one of the chickens in my hand but I was afraid that I would crush or injure the little mite.

Upon my leaving the old birds followed me for some little distance, and I have no doubt were heartily glad to see the last of me.



Author with the Packsack; Guide with the Tump Line

## When Fortune Smiled in Mooseland

W. EDWIN TROUP

**T**HAT portion of Northern Ontario drained by the Spanish River is famous all over the civilized world as a magnificent big game country. At its mouth where it empties into Georgian Bay, are some of the best red deer grounds to be found anywhere; while the territory around its source, up on the height of Land far north of the Hudson Bay post of Biscotasing shelters some of the largest moose in Canada. The intervening hundreds of miles through which it flows with many and devious turns is one great and grand sportsman's paradise.

For four or five years previous to the season of 1912 we had systematically hunted that world famous district, the north shore of Lake Superior, as well as a goodly slice of the country lying to the east of it, viz: the mountainous country tapped by the Gravel and White rivers, in search of the finest of big game, the lordly moose. Our success had at times been good, bad and indifferent, but last year, like Alexander the Great, we were looking for fresh fields to conquer. We were delighted, therefore, when during February 1912 a friend of ours, one of Canada's best known big game hunters, informed us that he had found a territory and guide to match. We at once got into communication with the guide our friend had recommended and before very long arrangements had been completed for our outing during the coming season.

On a beautifully sunny day, during the early part of October, we swung down from the rear car of the Winnipeg flyer at a tiny station about seventy-five miles north-west of Sudbury and in close proximity to a curve of the famous Spanish. We had instructed our guide to meet us at the station without fail and he was on hand when we arrived. In fact when we detrained we found that the little five by seven tent had been standing on the sand by the track for a day. We were very favorably impressed by our new guide's promptness and when I shook hands with him I could not help running my eye up and down his figure. What a splendid physique, I thought. He would have been an excellent model for the chaps who make bronze casts of Hercules and the Apollo Belvedere. He was as straight as a surveyor's line with shoulders like smoked hams and a neck like a bull moose. He looked one straight in the eye when talking and his jaws closed together like a beaver trap. Altogether, we felt that we should become great friends on our anticipated trip and were satisfied that our friend had been speaking the truth when he said earnestly, in referring to this guide: "He is one of the best moose guides in Canada to-day."

It was four o'clock when we arrived, too late to make any start into the bush that day. We therefore proceeded to set up our tent beside the guide's and carried our canoe down

and placed it beside his in the little stream that leads to the Spanish. We crawled into our sleeping bags early that night for we were to make an early start the next morning.

At sunrise of the following day we up and away. Both canoes were sixteen footers. The guide divided the duffle as equally as possible, putting one half in each canoe. Father got into the guide's canoe and as he did not paddle this gave the guide the heavier load. Notwithstanding Colin, for this was his name, was more than a match for me as I found out to my sorrow before night.

Our plans were to go north up the Spanish about thirty-five miles and then start to hunt, working slowly through the intervening territory to the Height of Land.

In order to get to the Spanish river proper we had to go down a little feeder that lay on the south side of the track and parallel to it for about three miles. Here we could paddle through a culvert and into the Spanish.

It was a beautiful, calm, sunny morning as our two canoes swung out from the bank, close together, and we started on the trip which was to be a red letter one in more ways than one. The creek ran through a muskeg and between two high ridges winding in and out. We were paddling along and I was watching the fresh beaver work and the flocks of black ducks that were getting up about every third bend in the river. I was wishing I had my Stevens gun with me to try on them. My thoughts were far from moose just at that time. Presently I noticed the front canoe stop suddenly. I saw my father's excited face as he wrestled with his gun case; I saw the guide swing the canoe in line to shoot; saw him raise a warning hand and then glanced toward the left bank. There in the open muskeg, twenty yards away, under a dead tamarack, hung with festoons of moss, stood a big bull moose with bowed head looking us right in the eyes. The sight was a grand one; the situation one to be deplored by sportsmen who had come to shoot moose, for my empty rifle lay in its case between my knees in the bottom of the canoe. (The guide had advised us to leave our rifles in their cases until we got north of the track where the season opened two weeks earlier.)

Reaching for my rifle I yanked it from its case, loaded it and as I threw a shell into the chamber I heard the guide give a couple of hoarse grunts. Waugh! Waugh! he went, imitating the challenge of another bull, in the hope of inducing his mooseship to tarry. I raised my rifle—but he was gone. Evidently he had watched us coming down stream a long way and was satisfied that we were not of his tribe. We heard him go crashing up the ridge in alarm and knew there was no use following him.

Would I have shot that bull before the season opened (for it was not then the open season for moose south of the main line of the C. P. R.)? Well, the temptation was great and if the bull had stood sixty seconds longer, I am afraid I would have fired even though Chief Tinsley had been on his back, for this was our first bull on the trip, and naturally

we were excited. Besides we were only 200 yards from the track and 400 yards from the station. We could easily have carried the head across to the north side of the track in fifteen minutes' time and as no one lived at the station no one would have known the difference. But, fortunately, fate settled the question; as was subsequently proved she had something better in store for us.

By 8.30 we were dragging our canoes through the little culvert under the C. P. R. and a few minutes later we paddled out into the Spanish. Like life in Sing Sing prison, according to the song, it was, "the real, real thing." I think we all felt ten years younger as we swung our canoes directly north and headed for the ridge known as the Height of Land that lay between us and Hudson's Bay. By 9.30 we were on our first portage. As the canoes neared the rocky shore we reversed our stroke so that they bumped very gently on the stones at the foot of the rushing, rocky rapids, for we did not want a cracked canoe thus early in the game. We piled the stuff out onto the rocks that we might divide it into packs. I used a packsack and Colin used a tumpline. Dad had announced before setting out on this trip that he proposed to do very little other than eat and sleep and, to do him credit, he did his best to keep his word.

Colin adjusted his tumpline, hoisted up a big bale of tent, piled another tent on top and then asked me to come and load him up. I grinned at him for I thought he was joking but he insisted so I came over and tossed up all I could. He then capped the climax by asking me to jump on and have a ride. In this, however, I recognized that he was not serious and so forbore. He sure had a pack mule beaten a mile. The portages, fortunately, were well cleaned out though some of them were steep. The Hudson's Bay Company have for hundreds of years taken supplies over them, until the government opened the Bisco-Gowganda road and the "Honorable Adventurers" abandoned this round-about way.

Our last portage for that day was one-half mile long. I started out with about eighty pounds but when I got about half way over it weighed fully 800 pounds and when I laid it down at the end of the portage it weighed a ton. Colin carried his load, nearly three times as much as I did and when he got over wheeled and started back again fresh and smiling as ever. Yes, he was Scotch. Going in we had two trips every carry but coming out we had four trips over every portage—and it was worth it.

About three o'clock we struck some shallows. Colin got out, tied the nose of my canoe to the stern of his and took one end of his tumpline and passing it through the ring in the bow of the canoe tied it. Taking the free end over his shoulder he towed the two canoes up stream through the riffles with absolute indifference to the fact that his feet were getting wet while we remained aboard dry shod. I was beginning to respect this big, silent woodsman.

We camped for the night and over Sunday on a beautiful, sandy point on the banks of the main Spanish. Wherever we were we

never went out of camp on Sunday. That night as our guide was baking bread in the Deflector by an open fire (crampers he called them, though they didn't cramp us) we heard a red deer buck snorting and whistling at us from across the lake. He kept it up for about twenty minutes. Heard in the night it was a weird sound. The night was very still and as we sat in the ruddy glow of the camp-fire we listened to the guide as he told us of hunting and trapping experiences which he had undergone and of how one American he had guided had missed the biggest moose he had ever seen. His story telling was punctuated by the unremitting splashes of the muskrat, the occasional heavy splash of his big cousin, the beaver, and the booming hoot of the owl. Before very long our eyelids became heavy and we sought our sleeping bags.

On Sunday morning when we went down to the lake to wash we saw the fresh tracks of a bear and two cubs in the sand. They went right past our canoes, which were drawn up on the beach, and did not deign to notice them. We were about fifteen miles back from the railroad and were waiting for Monday morning to get us on our way.

Day after day we worked north, paddling and portaging alternately. Sometimes a head wind would interfere with our speed and at such times Colin would tie the two canoes together so that the front canoe would break the wind for the second one. In this way we saved considerable muscle. I probably saved more than did Colin for a lazy man is cunning and when my shoulders ached too hard I would simply sit still and steal a ride. As for Colin when he felt the pace slacken he simply swung his massive shoulders a little

faster and it did not seem to matter much whether I paddled or not, we got there just the same. When the river was nice we paddled our own canoe and here was where Colin had the advantage over me for though he carried the bigger load, there being two men in his canoe, there was only one cylinder working. Several times I had to yell to him to go ashore and let me rest up.

Everything comes to an end, however, and one afternoon about three o'clock we came to a large lake about three miles long and half a mile wide. The guide told us that we would make our camp there and hunt around it for a few days. As our canoes drifted side by side he told us that there was a splendid moose-crooking at the middle of this lake where the moose swam from one point to the other, and that we could not go nearer than one mile as the moose would smell our smoke. He therefore began to search the shore for a camp site. We were having some trouble to get a good site at the end of the lake and father and Colin had gone on up along the west shore to look at another point. I was about 200 yards behind them, paddling slowly, and watching the shore as usual, when on the opposite shore, where a creek emptied into the lake, I saw two huge, grey timber wolves trot out on to the rocks and look across the lake. A moment later three more trotted out behind them and then all five of them started down the lake in my direction, only on the opposite side. I picked up my field glasses and looked at them. In the lead there was a large dog wolf of a dark grey color. He was about the size of a Newfoundland dog, only longer legged and slimmer, with a long, slim nose. Behind him came the female, evidently the



Father and the Author with the Little Bull: He Made Good Eating

mother of the pack. She was a light yellow color. Behind her came two wolves, not so large and of the same color as the old dog while the rear was brought up by the most interesting and pitiful looking little wolf imaginable. Plainly he was a bird of that year. He was about the size of a Scotch collie dog and so brown as to appear almost black. The guide said it was the darkest wolf he had ever seen, dead or alive. The little fellow never looked up and appeared to be tired out. The lake was rough, the wind was strong, and the wolves were 300 yards away. As I could not shoot from where I was I signalled the other canoe and we all started over. The sun was shining in the wolves' eyes so that for a time they could not see us. When we got within about 150 yards, they gave a sudden leap and were out of sight in the brush in short order. As we had all we could do to keep our canoes right side up in the rough water we did not fire a shot.

We went ashore at once and set up camp and then all got in one canoe and went up the lake about two miles. We saw two cow moose in the water drinking and the one cow became alarmed at us and rushed wildly up the bank and through the brush. As she disappeared from view we heard a loud rustling of the bushes as a big pair of horns followed her but we knew better than to attempt to follow. As we paddled back to camp we heard a bull grunting on the opposite shore.

We were up early the next morning, and away we went, about five miles up the river to a chain of three small lakes. At the upper end of the third one was another moose crossing. We reached there at daylight and saw two cows feeding in the lake. The wind was in their favor and they scented us before we were a quarter of a mile away.

Returning to camp we had breakfast and went fishing. We caught a few pike, trolling and went in and got an early dinner and went back up the river again. At the crossing where we had seen the cows in the morning the guide said, "Is that a red deer over there on the sand beach?" Saying which he pointed to a spot about a quarter of a mile across the lake. I picked up my field glasses and looked.

"No," I said after I had taken a good look, "it's a wolf."

"Get your guns ready," said Colin, "and we will take a crack at him." He then started to paddle over towards the wolf, who hunted frogs industriously until we were about 150 yards away when he looked up and saw us. For a full minute he gazed at the funny looking men creatures, then with that devilish cunning for which the timber wolf is notorious he pretended to be following a scent till he reached the edge of the brush, when with an absent-minded, unconcerned, but silent electric driven bound, he was out of sight before we could shoot. As the wolf bounded into the brush something happened before we had time to be disappointed. A big bull moose stood up in the brush and his magnificent antlers towered, with head and shoulders, above the brush. It was a beautiful sight. His antlers were large and evenly matched. He had neither seen nor heard us

and rose with his back to us and immediately started for the bush. The guide whispered to sit still and with mighty lunges he shot the canoe towards the shore.

We struck the sandy beach at the exact moment that the moose reached the bank although he walked every step. We sprang from the canoe, and threw our rifles to our shoulder, but all we could see was the tips of his horns over the tops of the young jack-pines on the hillside. The bush and trees hid the great, black body completely and as the wind was against us and we did not want to walk on the runway we let him go. What rotten luck! But the worst was yet to come. On our way back to camp we heard some moose in the brush and stopped to listen. We could hear the bull grunt and the sound of his big antlers crashing through the trees. As we listened Colin interpreted the noise for our benefit. A calf could be heard blating and Colin said:

"Bull, cow and calf. That is a bull calf and the old bull wont let him come near his mother. That is why he keeps on blating. If it were a heifer the old fellow would let her come up and then she would keep quiet."

Once the calf got too close to him and he rushed it. We heard his big horns smashing aside the brush and the calf racing for the lake. When it got into the water it saw us and waded out so close that I could have poked him with my rifle. He acted so curiously that I laughed aloud and this scared him so much that he wheeled and ran for shore, splashing water all over me. When we paddled away the old cow smelled us and gave a couple of warning blasts that sounded like a loud bark, a sound that in the bush carries for miles, and is a warning to all moose to look out.

The next morning we went up the lake to see if we could see anything of the moose we had heard the evening before. We beached the canoe where the calf had come down the bank and proceeded to examine the hillside for tracks and signs. The guide never carried a rifle and father had left his in the canoe. Where I went, however, my rifle went also, even though the distance were not more than thirty feet from our tent. Father walked right up the hillside and stood on the moose trail that wound along the hillside about two-thirds of the way up. This street, for that is what it really is, is travelled by everything from the ponderous moose and shuffling bear to the cunning wolf and lynx. The light-footed fox, fisher and red deer all leave their imprints in the earth of this trail. Father was standing on the trail with his hands behind his back watching the guide, who was tracking the big bull to see where he had climbed the bank. I was standing behind him, facing father, with my rifle in my hand, when I saw a timber wolf lope up the trail behind dad and stand and gape at him. None of us were making either sound or motion at the time and the wind was in our favor. The wolf ran up to within fifteen feet of dad, by actual measurement, before it saw or smelled him. Then it froze. You could have knocked the wolf's eyes out with a club. I saw that wolf coming. I had just got my rifle up, had it



The Guide Cooking Dinner, Going in: A Sunday Camp

ready cocked, and was waiting when what did the animal do but stop directly in line with father, which of course made it impossible for me to take a shot at it. He did not keep me waiting long, however, but suddenly wheeled dropped his head, tucked his tail between his legs, and crouching low loped silently and swiftly back down the trail the way he had come. I got two shots in before he was out of sight and never touched him. There are several explanations I might give for missing him but excuses don't help any. It was rough luck indeed but not so bad as we were still to encounter.

In the afternoon we went up the river again and were coming back to camp about dusk. In fact it was almost dark as we headed for the little point on which our tents stood. We were only about 100 yards from camp when we heard a moose walk into the water around a point. Instantly we were after it. The canoe stole around the point up to within fifty yards of the moose but the wind was wrong and it smelled us and rushed into the brush and began to give the warning to other moose by that harsh, barking blast of which I have previously spoken. Colin backed the canoe into the lake when we heard the warning sound as he knew it was a cow and although he said nothing, if his thoughts were anything like mine I knew to what particular spot he consigned that cow. The cow had given about six blasts when a sound reached our ears that made us sit up suddenly. It was the answering call of a bull moose and came from the opposite side of the lake. A moment later it was repeated and immediately the bull started to come. He was about a mile and a half back from the lake and his loud, grunting

“Waugh! Waugh!”, deep throated and chesty sounded about every half minute. All the time the cow was repeating her warning to him to keep away. He paid no attention to her and it was apparent to us that he intended to see that cow though all the hunters in Canada were on the lake.

Colin whispered that this was our meat sure, and gave us our orders. We would paddle back a short distance and wait; the bull would come down, get in the water and swim over to the cow; all we had to do was to sit still and wait till the bull got well out into the lake, when we would swing in behind him, paddle up to him and while father threw a light on him I was to put him to sleep. It sounded easy, but we reckoned without the wind. The bull kept grunting and coming on until he was on top of the ridge by the lake. Then he stopped and listened. My heart was pounding like an overheated motor. My eyes were bulging from their sockets in an endeavor to see him, but the dim silhouette of the fire blackened jackpines on the top of the ridge were all I could see against the cloudy sky. Then the cow signalled again and smashing through the underbrush and fallen timber I saw him walk out and stand on the sand beach, not twenty yards away. Then he walked slowly into the water and took a drink. As he raised his head I could hear the water drip from his muzzle while he listened for the cow, preparatory to swimming over to her. Then the wind turned and we suddenly felt that something was going to happen—and it did. The bull got our scent and turning, sprang for the bank. On the sand beach he hesitated one instant. I heard the guide's voice, low and distinct as he said, “Shoot!” I threw the big

.401 up and fired. A thin squirt of flame, a deafening roar, and the bull was gone. It was only guess work as I could not see the bull's horns, not to speak of my sights, although the others claimed they saw horns distinctly. Crashing up the bank went the big moose, the bank down which he had come so leisurely a few minutes previously. Twice more I fired as he continued crashing and smashing up the hill. At the top he stopped and gave a mighty snort and then—*walked* away. Oh the brute! I could have killed him with a meat axe and called it sport.

To make a long story short we went back at daylight and beyond a handful of long hair, a few broken logs and knocked down stubs, the moose was apparently well and happy, and to make my disappointment more keen, we found that the bull had gone back about 100 yards and stopped and waited till we had gone over to camp and then swinging down to the shore, 200 yards below his first attempt, had swum the lake and joined his cow. Words fail me now as they did then.

Surely such luck as this has never been duplicated. It is however a long road that has no turning and ours turned fifteen minutes later, short, sharp and decisively.

As we stood upon the shore of that wild, rocky lake wondering why a moose is so cunning and timid, at times, and at others, so recklessly brave, we were startled by a low, moaning sound that seemed to come out of the ground among the bushes in front of us. It rose in cadence to a moderate pitch and then died away as gradually as it had come. I had been through some new and wonderful experiences during the few days that had preceded, but this noise was altogether surprising, and I frankly admit that I was somewhat "skeered." I looked at the guide and for answer he laid a hand on each of us and pulled us down to a stooping posture.

"Wolves," he whispered. "That is the signal of the she wolf calling the pack together."

To prove the truth of this assertion from far down the lake came the answering call of the scattered flock in many and varied tones. The next moment the female called again, directly in front of us, and I got a glimpse of her grey coat through the brush, but before I could shoot she showed up in a new place. This was repeated several times. In the meantime the old wolf kept whisking in and out of the brush and occasionally giving that long drawn out calling note, that is like unto no other wilderness sound. We were soon to hear some more wolf talk—for they have a whole language of their own and all their calls are different. A good woodsman can keep tab on the wolves by listening to them talk. Soon the leader of the pack got our scent fairly and she scooted up a little ridge in the thick brush and actually made the woods echo with her orders to the pack to go back, evidently telling them that there were men in there with guns. When we tried to sneak up on her she hiked to the next ridge and kept up her warning yap, yap to the pack. Finally we concluded there was something wrong and going down to where the canoe was drawn on the

beach I took my glasses and started to sweep a ridge of bare rocks down the lake on which we had noticed wolves travelling singly or in packs nearly every day. There, sure enough, were three timber wolves trotting back down the lake and then we understood everything.

"Here is where we get a wolf," said Colin, and it really looked as though it would be an easy thing to secure one. Father interjected that he wouldn't give five cents for a chance to shoot a wolf and asked to be taken back to camp. I replied that I would rather shoot one of these wolves than the biggest bull moose in Canada. Colin seconded my motion so we paddled father over to camp and then we made that canoe fairly fly. The wolves were travelling straight into the wind so we could not head them off and lie in wait for them. There was only one thing to do and not much time to think about doing it either as the wolves had nearly reached a little river where they would have to leave the lake shore and strike back into the woods. Colin whispered:

"We can't beat them to the river so we must go straight at them. Cock your rifle, lay it across your knees where you can get it without a sound, and then take your field glasses and watch the wolves. If they see us and stop, hiss to me. I will stop paddling so that they will not see any motion."

Accordingly he swung the canoe head on to the wolves and broadside to the waves. How it did bounce! I was sure I could never hit a wolf from that jumping canoe. We got to within 200 yards of them when the front wolf spotted us. I hissed and Colin froze. The wolves gazed a moment, then moved on. I laid the glasses down. We were close enough now for Colin to see with the naked eye. I raised my rifle and covered the rear wolf. We were now only 100 yards away and I believe I could have killed the whole three with three shots if the lake had been calm, but just then the centre wolf saw us and stopped. Apparently he thought a rock was floating in. He regarded us curiously while the other two wolves trotted on unconcernedly. Colin whispered to pull when the rear wolf passed the one that had stopped to look at us. As he spoke this happened and I pulled. The canoe rolled, the ball threw up the sand at their feet and like a shot they were both out of sight in the bush. Colin stoutly maintained that one of them had a broken leg, but I think that was merely as consolation for me. At my shot the foremost wolf lost his head and started like a racing motor down the open beach. About every hundred feet he went he would stop and look back and every time he stopped I fired. I had no chance in the rolling canoe but accidents will happen and at the third shot the ugly fellow sprawled out on the sand with a broken neck.

Colin paddled to shore, but before the canoe got in to land I sprang out, raced to shore and ran down the beach to where the luckless wolf was lying. He was wet and smelly but I hugged him just the same. When Colin came up, smiling as usual, to shake hands with me, I did a little sleight of hand work transferring a five spot from my wad to his pocket in record time. The wolf was a female, five feet,

ten inches long and in very poor condition. An examination proved that the wolves had been in hard luck and had been living on beaver, muskrats, frogs, mice and grouse. I was the happiest man in Canada. I wanted to go right up to the tent and tell father and I wanted to go right home and tell everybody. Luck had turned with a vengeance. The experiences of that day would have provided sport for many hunters for a decade if strung out properly but—we dare not tell everything that happened.

The wolf was killed at 10 o'clock. We then went in and had an early dinner and after skinning the wolf started off up the lake. We were about half a mile above camp when, as we rounded a point, we heard a moose grunt on the shore. Just as Colin swung the canoe head on there was a rustling and tramping in the brush and a cow moose walked out into the lake, followed by another, which in turn was followed by a bull moose. The two cows started to drink but the bull was not looking for a drink. As he turned broadside the guide said:

"Now!"

A shot rang out and the bull promptly sat down and a moment later fell over on his back with his head on shore. We paddled in, the cows allowing us to get within thirty feet but we had no kodak in the canoe, the guide declaring a kodak was a hoodoo.

The bull was a three year old and had only a 28 inch head. The horns however were a freak, having a cluster of spikes starting out from the skull on either side. We tied a red handkerchief to the horns to keep off wolves and bears and went on up the river, leaving

the head to be skinned out next day. Little did we think what was in store for us that evening. Three miles farther on we came to the little lake by the moose crossing, where we had seen the big bull a few days before. We reached the lake as it was beginning to get dusk. As we swung in we heard a moose ahead in the shallow water and immediately the decks were cleared for action. As we neared the upper end we saw two moose, one on either side of the narrows and about thirty yards apart. We could not see any horns and started to go in closer. The one moose instantly settled his case by walking out of sight in the cripple brush. The other obligingly waited. He was standing with his head in the brush and his body in plain view on the bank but it was just dark enough to make it impossible for us to see our sights. The canoe ran up to within fifty feet of the moose.

"Shoot," said the guide.

Father was in the middle of the canoe and I wanted him to do the shooting so I leaned over to one side and he fired. He missed the moose but nearly deafened me. The moose did not care—they are a reckless lot up there—he simply jumped out of sight in the brush and stood still.

Just then we heard the other moose move and backed the canoe around the little point to investigate. We ran in until the bow touched the mud. We looked around but could see nothing. It was too dark so I picked up my field glasses, set them for night and took a peek. I very nearly let the glasses fall, in my excitement, for there directly in front of me and looking right at us, not more than sixty feet away, stood a big bull moose. The antlers



The Guide, the Author and the Timber Wolf

were a tremendous size and peculiarly light colored. Through the glasses he appeared to be standing right at the end of the canoe. I laid down my glasses, raised my rifle and was about to shoot when Colin whispered:

"Don't shoot. That is a cow. See her light colored face. But I knew what *he* saw and I knew what *I* saw. It was one of three big horns. I pointed the rifle as best I could and fired. He swung around and started to walk off. Immediately I fired again. At this shot he gave a buck jump and started to trotting in a semi-circle around us. Again I fired and he stopped. He *was* aggravating. If only I had had a club. Again my rifle cracked and the bull made a rush for the bank and started to climb it. That looked more like business.

"You got him that shot," said Colin, and even as he spoke the bull stopped and then we heard him move leisurely off up the hill and out of hearing. Bah! It was rotten. The next time I go back I am going to take some tar poison and a few carrots and bait them.

We went down and talked it over. Colin insisted that we would find a dead moose in the morning while I contended that we would find a fresh trail leading to the North pole. While we were discussing it we heard a moose come into the water at the lower end of the lake and a moment later one crossed the river a hundred yards above us, followed by one still farther up. It seemed as though they were trying to surround us and they were as indifferent to the shooting as they were to the water in the lake. While wondering which one to try we heard the bull father had shot at move off. He had been standing all the time. We backed out into the lake and listened till we saw which way he was working and then started across the lake to head him off. He was following an open trail that wound around the lake shore, following its very curve. It was an open trail and we could have ridden a bicycle down it easily. The guide ran the canoe in noiselessly until the bow struck the beach. The bull was meanwhile walking leisurely towards us on the trail and did not notice us until he was squarely in front of us. When he loomed up big and black I watched him, fascinated.

"Shoot!" said my guide and at the sound the bull swung and dived into the bush while I waited for a better shot. I am still waiting.

How those big horns did rake the brush as he climbed that ridge and then he stopped.

"That fellow isn't badly scared," said Colin. "I am going to try and call him back." Pushing across the lake he got ready and gave a call but the bull was silent and just as we spoke of going home Colin suddenly exclaimed:

"Listen!"

Sure enough a quarter of a mile back on our side of the lake a new bull was coming. Evidently he was old and sly for he never grunted once, but we could hear his big horns tapping and raking on the bushes as he tried to sneak down to the shore.

He stopped just inside the brush on the shore. Colin did his best to get him out in the water, filling his drinking cup with water and

pouring it in the lake slowly, and all the other little tricks he knew—but the bull was wise and would not budge beyond the sheltering bushes. We paddled quietly away when we found there was "nothing doing" and left him standing there peering out over the lake.

On our way to camp that night we swore off hunting moose at night for I like to see the thing I am shooting at.

In the morning we found a blood trail leading up the hill where I had shot at the big bull, and beyond a few pieces of meat. The blood trail came to an abrupt end about 400 yards back in the jackpine flat.

The next night as we were coming down the lake with a moose head in the canoe we heard strange voices on the lake. No sound on earth could have surprised us more. It was dark and we paddled quietly up, intent on finding out who it was. Soon we located the intruders by their lanterns and as they were on shore about opposite our tent we paddled quietly up to within fifty yards of them and listened.

"They do bite like 'ell, don't they 'Arry? Did you all see that big fellow take the spoon?"

Then we knew. They were a couple of down South Yankees with their guide. From their conversation we gathered that they were up on a moose hunt and had been fishing on their way up the river. We knew all about them so we paddled away without introducing ourselves and the next day we made them a formal call. They informed us that they were on a moose hunt and intended to stay there and as we knew there was not room for two parties we decided to move on.

At 4 a.m. Monday morning we arose, breakfasted, took one tent, one canoe and provisions for one week, caching everything else. By daylight we were again headed for the North Star.

We did not set up our tent until we reached that famous sand ridge known as the Height of Land that turns the water on one side into James Bay and Hudson's Bay and on the other side into the Great Lakes. Then we turned and went about twenty miles along the Height of Land. Here we set up our tent in the midst of what Colin said was a splendid winter feeding ground, which it certainly appeared to be. Some of the small bushes had been repeatedly cropped so close that they had died, while moose tracks and signs were everywhere. Such an abundance of large tracks I had never before seen and I have seen some of the best known moose country in Ontario. But the best *known* moose country is not generally the *best* moose country. From this camp we radiated like the spokes of a wheel in one day marches of about fifteen miles length, depending upon whether we travelled by canoe or not. We never covered the same ground twice.

The first night we were in this district we got the first snow of the season and the next morning we were out early for a still hunt. We took a big sweep in north over the Height of Land but although moose tracks were so thick that it was impossible to follow any one of them we did not see any horns, other than



The Author with his 54 inch Head

two or three shed antlers that we packed back to camp.

After dinner we took the canoe and started up the little creek that flowed by our tent. It was in many places so shallow that the canoe would hardly float with three in it and so narrow that a lively red deer could have jumped it. Nevertheless it served our purpose which was to get us easily, quickly and noiselessly through a fine moose country. There was scarcely a canoe length where moose had not crossed this stream recently, while every quarter mile or so there was a beaver house and every half mile a dam. In fact if the beavers had not dammed the creek we could not have navigated it at all. Many a portage we made that afternoon over beaver dams or around some little rapids where the water came tumbling down, frothing and foaming at the mouth, as though angry at the rocks and boulders that tried to hold it back.

By three o'clock we were seven miles from camp and the little creek wound through a wide grassy valley from which the hills sloped gently back. On one side was a piece of burnt land about six years old and the new growth looked to be about the right size for moose food. Colin suggested that we get out and work up wind through it. Never shall I forget that scene. The grass on the banks of the creek, all over the valley, and on the whole of the burnt area looked like an immense banyard. It was almost unbelievable.

On the way up Colin had told us about coming through there one winter with his dog team. He said he had taken off his snowshoes and walked in the moose trails with no effort. He had estimated that there were about 300 moose on one portion of the ridge

that had an area of about five by seven miles. It sounded somewhat exaggerated but we were ready to believe almost anything. One track in particular was the largest by long odds of anything we had ever seen. I am not going to give any dimensions for it might get me into a controversy with some old moose hunter. I have seen some very large tracks, as has anyone who has hunted in a great many different places, but this particular track had every other one I had ever seen skinned to a finish. As we worked upwards through this tangled burn expecting we knew not what, we finally heard the crashing, smashing rush of a monster bull moose who sprang from his bed in a little swamp hole that was burned over. He gave three or four mighty leaps up the opposite slope, turned broadside and began to swing his big head and ears in an effort to locate this strange thing that he had heard but had neither seen nor scented. Father and I threw up our rifles and father told me to shoot. Colin, however, laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Let your father shoot first," he said and I lowered my gun. At the ripping crack of the rifle the big bull sprang in the air, turned and ran about three jumps the other way, then stopped and with his legs braced stood fighting off sure death. He was hit in the lungs and the big .33 Special had gone clean through. Twice more father fired and the great black brute reared and fell on his back with his legs weakly pawing the air. The crashing of the fallen timber and brush as he fell reminded us of a great ship that had struck a rock and is sinking and as we gazed at the fallen monarch a wave of pity swept over us even in our hour of triumph. It was an impressive scene, the

great brute, the largest we had ever killed, lying there in death. He had a spread of 63 inches and a body to match. When we skinned him we found that the two last bullets had struck him in the neck and one of them would have been fatal. This bull measured nine feet from tip to tip, stood seven feet at the shoulders, had twenty-one points and was forty-eight inches through the shoulders from hump to brisket. He was, too, unusually black. It was plain that he had been an old warrior for among sundry other scars and gashes he had one eye gouged out and a piece broken out of the top of the eye-socket. We shuddered when we came to think how nearly we had missed getting him for some other hunter must have shot a piece off the one web, evidently when the horns were in the velvet, as no bullet on earth could have gone through the place that this one did had the horns been hard. It was a large bullet, 45 calibre anyway, we judged. It had cut through about five inches of solid matter and had done it cleanly. Perhaps some one is even yet telling about the big one that got away. We wonder who and where he is. That moose doubtless wasted no time in loitering around the place where he received that shot and as a moose could easily go 100 miles in twenty-four hours, it would be difficult to tell where the job was done.

It being too late to remove the head that afternoon after letting out the paunch we blazed a trail out to the canoe and started for camp. As luck, whether good or bad, usually comes to us in big bunches, we were not greatly surprised on rounding a bend of the creek, about two miles above camp, to see an immense bull moose standing on the bank browsing among some bushes. He was about 150 yards away and standing broadside. I was in the bow and before the canoe was around the bend I had him covered.

"Shoot low," Colin instructed me and as I fired, the bull, who up to that time had not been aware of our presence, jumped, hunched up his back and started to slowly move off. It was a heart shot but not instantly fatal. My next shot broke his shoulder which caused him to stagger and stand still. The third shot was a clean miss as it was six o'clock in the evening and just dark enough so that I had to look intently in order to distinguish the sights. The fourth shot got him in the neck and he reared and fell over backwards,—which is the way nine out of ten moose die—throwing up a shower of dirt and leaves with his horns. On the ground he continued to kick and struggle and bellow like the dying bull he was. I had one shot left and I proceeded to give him that in the hips as that was the end towards me. My automatic Winchester was now empty so reaching back for father's rifle I gave him another shot in the same place. Then we jumped out on the bank and ran up to him.

"Give him one in the heart," said Colin, for it was getting dark and we were taking no chances. We knew we would have to hurry if we wished to reach camp that night. Once more I fired. The quivering ceased and the

big bull straightened out—magnificent even in death.

He had a 54 inch spread with 19 points. His measurements were slightly larger than the bull we had killed earlier in the afternoon but he was one of the long, lanky breed and would have weighed no more. He was a very old animal as his horns at the back instead of having spikes were merely scalloped along the edge. Also in place of a bell he had a dew-lap that extended along his throat for about ten inches.

That night as we paddled to camp we stopped near a beaver house and listened to the conversation carried on by the beavers of whom there were five or so all talking at once. If only I could have secured a gramophone record of it.

We were a tired but happy bunch of hunters as we sat around the paper tablecloth on the ground that night. Our hunt was over and even a thorough game hog must have been satisfied with such luck as had fallen to us. We talked late into the night and when we did at last retire were almost too excited to sleep.

The following day we went up and skinned out the heads and removed the hides and when we came down that night with the two big heads and hides and the hoofs our canoe was loaded down well past the danger line.

The next day we spent in skinning and cleaning the heads and packing up preparatory to moving back to the main camp.

On Friday morning we started early down the river. We were anxious to get nearer the railroad for the little streams that are far north freeze up with remarkable suddenness and even now there was a little ice on the river every morning. It would have been an all winter job to foot it out to the railroad, so when we headed south we used every available hour of daylight. By loading heavily we could take everything in a double trip. Leaving everything but the heads and hides we started for a certain lake on the Spanish, intending to cache our stuff and two of us return for the balance of the stuff, as the part left behind was the heaviest and bulkiest. I was paddling in the bow and as we rounded a sharp turn in the river there on a log that hung over the face of a steep sand bluff facing the sun, lay a beautiful red fox.

Our rifles were always ready, as there were wolf and bear tracks in the sand everywhere, so I picked up my rifle, pressed the safety bolt, and shot the fox as it lay on the log. It had its head raised and was watching us, but it did not attempt to move as it evidently believed we had not seen it. It was a very dark female fox and had a perfect pelt.

Things moved along uneventfully enough after this save for the shooting of an occasional grouse that had come to drink, and by Saturday night everything was back at the home camp.

Never shall we forget the last mile and a half up the big lake to the camp. It took more than three hours to make it. Sometimes the canoe went ahead and sometimes it went back. I firmly believe there was more than one person in that canoe who never expected to see home again. The wind was awful and as I

was in the bow I was soaked to the skin. Fortunately the exertion and the excitement prevented me from being cold.

We reached camp safely, thanks to the big muscles and steady brain of the man who was seated on the rear deck straining, steadying, feathering, or when he dared, paddling with all his might. As for myself, I simply did as I was told, paddling as best I could. Through it all we only shipped a couple of inches of water, but the experience was one never to be forgotten.

At the main camp we rested over Sunday and on Monday forenoon, with a head wind and both canoes overloaded, we started for the railroad. In fact we were so heavily loaded that I was forced to discard a monster moose head I had found in the bush. It was 65 inches wide, had 25 points, and the palms were 18 inches wide.

The last day's travel we made in a pouring rain. We were all soaked to the skin but we wanted to catch a certain train so we could not afford to lose a minute. Fortunately the wind was fairly astern and we made rapid time. The worst we experienced was on the portages. The bush was soaking wet and while all our paraphernalia was done up in waterproof canvas, we ourselves got thoroughly soaked through. Our race against time made of our going out a regular forced march and we abused our poor, tired muscles to an alarming extent by overloading on the portages. Coming out our stalwart guide stood us in good stead. He would carry from 200 to 300 pounds at a load and never utter a complaint. In fact he told us no man could secure a job with the Hudson's Bay Company unless he could carry 200 pounds.

Colin did one thing I would not have believed possible if I had not seen him do it. He took our largest moose head in the tump-line, then asked us to help him get a canoe on his head. These two he carried without a rest

over a half mile portage. It sounds "woolly" I know but I can vouch for its accuracy.

The last rapids, a fierce, foaming one, about fifty yards long, Colin ran with the loaded canoes. Father and I, however, preferred to walk and insisted on doing so. On this portage we found a party of Windsor, Ont., hunters encamped. They had a couple of nice moose but what most appealed to us was their camp-fire which was burning valiantly notwithstanding the pouring rain. We asked permission to boil our tea pail and were made very welcome to the fire as they were leaving camp and our coming would save them the trouble of putting out the fire. We made some tea, fried some bacon, toasted some bread on the end of a stick and ate it in the pouring rain.

How vividly we recalled this that same night, as seated in the comfortable diner of the train that was bearing us swiftly southward, we ate a real meal, the first one of its kind in three weeks. Needless to say it did not taste one bit better than some of those hurried hand-outs we had hastily eaten while on the march between hunts. On the Sundays we were in camp we took time to cook some really good meals and to eat them in a civilized and leisurely way.

We reached Jordan, Ont. without mishap. We had been gone three weeks but had only actually hunted for six days, the rest of the time being spent in getting in and out. Considering the time we devoted to hunting we thought the results remarkable. If we had hunted wolves we could no doubt have secured several more by watching on the rock ridge over which they travelled daily. I shall never collect the bounty on the one I shot as I want the skin for a rug, which when I look at, along with the mounted fox and the big moose, I shall recall the incidents of our red letter trip of 1912.

## The Annapolis County Guides of Nova Scotia

EDWARD BRECK

The annual sports meeting of this important body of guides took place at South Milford on July 25th, and proved very interesting. There were some surprises, the most significant feature being the coming into his own of young Lawrence Munro, who won the singles canoe-race from Longmire, Lohnes, Horace Munro and Harlow, and with Wilcox, also the doubles, against such pairs as H. Munro-Lohnes and Harlow-Sullivan.

The 200-yd. shoot, in which Dominion Cartridge Co. ammunition was used exclusively, brought a new champion, G. L. Beeler, who won the Winchester rifle, beating L. Mailman, Harlow and others. Lou Harlow,

the Province's premier moose hunter won the fly-casting for distance, and Joe Francis, another Micmac Indian, the casting for accuracy. The amusing canoe-tilting showed Lohnes and Longmire as the best, while the side-splitting flapjack race was won by Horace Munro, whose cake, done to perfection several seconds before the others, was voted O. K. by a jury of ladies, who solemnly tasted the culinary results. Horace Munro took the all-round best showing prize. The M. P. for Annapolis Co., Mr. Davidson, distributed the prizes, and a vaudeville performance followed in the South Milford casino in the evening.



"The Game Trails Along the Peace, the Last Frontier of North America"

## The Game Trails of Canada

S. E. SANGSTER

**T**HE past twenty years have witnessed an almost unbelievable erasing of the one-time vast game trails of America, and in the wiping-off CANADA has, during the more recent years, come into the field for her share, sad to relate.

History undeniably confirms the statement that the unrestricted and unchecked lust to kill resulted in the extermination of the buffalo. And just as certain, under present conditions, will the native big game of Canada follow into history, more slowly perhaps, but just as surely.

The game trails have steadily been pushed north and west, following the line of least resistance. There is yet, however, an immense gameland in CANADA, much of it available to the business man with the redblooded fever in his system each Autumn, where rapidity of access and exit, good territory and results are prime factors.

The most sought after big game, by the American sportsmen entering the Dominion, is unquestionably the moose, with the caribou a close second. Deer and bear are a secondary consideration to such who make the east and north their goal. Working westward to the Province of British Col-

umbia, the game found only there, having as its habitat the Rocky Mountain system, including goat, sheep, grizzly and mule bear, is especially in the northern sections, still plentiful. But for one sportsman who hikes up there, an average of twenty enter New Brunswick, Quebec and Northern Ontario. The cause of this is not hard to locate—the initial factors are just two, i. e.—, the excessive cost of a trip to the Pacific Province and the length of time requisite for such trips which practically precludes the busy sportsman of finance or profession from getting past the primary point of contemplating these.

Let us first, before going farther, give a synopsis of the non-resident license fees charged in the several districts concerned. *New Brunswick* demands of the incoming sportsmen after moose or caribou the payment of \$50.00 for his license; this entitles him to kill one bull moose, one stag caribou and two deer—bear are not protected, a special license is obtainable at a cost of \$10.00, entitling the holder to kill his deer, but, of course, this eliminates both moose and caribou and consequently is rarely taken out. The season on all these animals lifts September 15th

and remains off until December 1st.

*Quebec* comes down to exactly one-half the fee of New Brunswick, asking \$25.00 for the necessary license, same permitting the killing of one moose, two caribou and two deer (bear here also unlicensed), while east and north of the Saguenay (zone 2) one can legally kill 4 caribou. The season comes on in the moose and caribou territory in main on September 1st, remaining open until January 1st following.

*Ontario* in 1906 raised her non-resident fee up to \$50.00 which is still required; said license permits the killing of one moose, one caribou (bulls only) and one 'horned deer'. The season in the moose and caribou territory north of the western main line of the C. P. R. lifts October 16th and the curtain again drops down on November 16th.

Skipping Saskatchewan and coming to *Alberta*, we find a fee of \$25.00 necessary ere the requisite papers are forthcoming; the season opens Nov-

ember 1st, remaining on until December 15th; license entitles holder to moose, caribou and deer; the sheep and goat season here is from September 1st to October 15th.

Crossing the Rockies to *British Columbia* we find a non-resident fee of \$100.00 asked, permitting the taking of goat, sheep, deer, moose and caribou; no license for grizzly or other bear. The season lifts on September 1st to December 16th for *deer*, September 1st to December 31st for *moose* and *caribou*, September 1st to November 15th for sheep and for goat from September 1st to December 15th—a rather complicated game law it seems to the writer.

Now that we have before us enough data as to license charges and open seasons to work on intelligently, it naturally follows to investigate the where and why of the several sections involved, indicating as practically as is feasible on paper where the sportsman wanting moose can best go, where he that wants caribou as his



"The Most Sought After Big Game is Unquestionably the Moose"

first choice would find the opportunities greater, or where goat and sheep, grizzly, mule deer or the moose and caribou of the West are more accessible. For after all, more depends on location than would appear at first thought.

Let us take first the moose and caribou sections, supposing the inquiring sportsman resides between Chicago and New York as far south as you care to go. The writer has had a great many letters of inquiry from such sportsmen and a basis on which he recommends the territories following is that 90% of such sportsmen, chiefly business and professional men, have from two to three weeks available for their trips and the factor of time going and coming is a big one. For either the moose or caribou of the east (where both are desired) I have little hesitancy in saying that New Brunswick offers in its seventeen thousand miles of hunting country better opportunities for such outers than any other section. It is, I know, perhaps inadvisable to come out-and-out with a stated preference, but then such is the purpose of publishing this article, and I am giving only the actual results of some seven years' experience in handling sportsmen for all phases of big game trips, both here and elsewhere. By all means, under normal conditions where your vacation is limited to less than two weeks, make New Brunswick the objective for moose and caribou. I would say, roughly speaking, central and northeastern territory is preferable in this Province, notably the Counties of Victoria, York and Northumberland. While a great many visiting sportsmen enter the game grounds immediately following the opening of the season on September 15th—and kill their moose either through 'calling' (this period between the 15th of September and October 10th being the *rutting season*) or else by paddling down the ponds and deadwaters and shooting the moose at dawn or dusk; yet the writer would advise that period after October 10th as the best for moose in the east, while for caribou the most

certain period is from November 1st to the close of the open season in New Brunswick. Moreover, in recommending this Province, I wish to point out that the question of efficient guides and accommodations for the visiting sportsman is here at present much more better developed than anywhere else in the Canadian game sections. In short, for a short trip, where every day counts, everything else being equal, I would repeat, by all means choose the game trails of New Brunswick.

The Province of Quebec, or rather that section of it lying north say 100 miles from the City of Quebec and westward along the height of land from Lake St. John to Kippewa is all game country. Moose, caribou, deer and bear are here found, more accessible, it is true, in some sections than in others; the eastern section is pretty well covered by private club preserves. The Canadian Northern Quebec Railway to Lake St. John, together with the new Transcontinental G. T. R. line cutting northwest across the northern portions of the Province, will open up in the immediate future practically virgin, game-tracked forest. With the lower non-resident license fee here asked, (\$25.00), many sportsmen to whom the question of financial outlay on their annual trip is a big matter, are inclined to favorably consider this territory. Where the proposed outing is over two weeks duration, one can find good opportunities for their moose here and also caribou. Most of the available guides are either Indian or French habitant, or a mixture of both, and it is well to forewarn one to be careful he has a capable man selected as a guide. Application to the Railway people in Montreal will tend to assist in this matter.

Moving westward, we next come to Ontario. With its non-resident fee of \$50.00 and the nature of its game country, the average outside sportsman has generally gone east. All along the Height of Land from Mattawa north and west from Cobalt to the Lake of the Woods section there are a great number of moose and also a fair quantity of caribou. During



"Heavy Second Growth and Lack of Trails Make Hunting Conditions Hard"

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the hot weather and the fly season dozens of moose and caribou may be seen along a hundred lakes and streams. The season does not lift however, until October 16th, which is too late for this more northern game country; moreover, the heavy second-growth and lack of trails through it—practically the only mode of ingress and egress being by canoe along the paddeways, making hunting conditions hard,—tends to force the sportsman's choice to other more available country. Personally, with the high non-resident fee demanded, the late season and the hard going encountered, I have refrained of late from sending as many sportsmen north in Ontario for moose or caribou as formerly. I would say, however, that there are several more favored areas available, where one generally succeeds in obtaining his game, notably above Temagami (reached by the G. T. R. System) and along the new steel of the G. T. R. and C. N. R. transcontinental roads, now building. Guides may be had also, but it is well to

secure a reliable man, upon whom you can rely to put you in front of the game. The Province of Ontario has some of the best, if not the best, deer country in America, notably those sections known as the "Highlands of Ontario," (the territory immediately outside the Algonquin National Park's borders), the French River stretch and along the C. N. O. route. The license for outside sportsmen for deer is, however, the same, \$50.00, no special one being in vogue for "deer only", whereas New Brunswick offers one at \$10.00 permitting the killing of *two deer*. Undoubtedly there are some areas of Ontario's Hinterland offering quite as good results for moose as the east, but such are only a small percentage of the Province's North.

Saskatchewan being primarily a wild fowl and chicken territory, as likewise Manitoba, unless one goes well north, we find Alberta next under consideration. The game trails here point north and west, stretching north above Edmonton along the Peace up to the Arctic and westward

from Dunvegan to Fort Good Hope and into British Columbia. Excellent grizzly and moose territory is found along the Peace and into the Rockies, close to the route of the G. T. R. Transcontinental, but few have as yet made it their objective, owing to lack of facilities for rapid ingress; the new lines of steel now being laid, will, however, next year throw open the door for some of the grandest caribou and grizzly, moose and also musk-ox territory left in the world today. This territory, of which Edmonton is the gateway, is in fact the last Frontier of North America and Canada's Last Hinterland, and well worth the time and expense required in getting into it. A virgin gameland is that stretching north and west from Athabasca Landing and Dunvegan to the Arctic and the Rockies, containing grizzly, the large western moose, the Arctic species of caribou (smaller than the wood caribou of the east) antelope, bear (black and brown), musk-ox, (above Fort Smith), and sheep and goat westward, with my-

riads of wild fowl and geese—this territory being the latter's last breeding grounds.

Passing over the barrier of the Rockies, we find some of the choicest goat and sheep and grizzly bear territory left on the Continent, with moose and the several species of deer, as well as all the other species of lesser game, but it requires a full month to six weeks away from business to permit of getting this far from New York, Boston, Detroit or Chicago. The expense per diem is also much higher here, owing to the necessity for pack animals, etc., mention of which is made later.

#### *Estimate of Expenses*

No. 1. In New Brunswick — (Moose, caribou, deer and bear). Party consisting of two or three for a period of 12 days in game country. License fee \$50.00, plus expenses of transport to and from camp after leaving steel, (aggregate) \$100.— this also including guide's services, provision supplies et al. A total of



On the Height of Land— A Typical Camp

approximately \$150., to which must be added railway fare and personal expenses for clothing, ammunition, etc.

No. 2. In Quebec—same game—number in party and period of 12 days in. License \$25.00 and, approximately same expense for guide, transport and camp. A grand total of around \$125.

No. 3. In Ontario—same game, number in party but making outing full 15 days in game country; License \$50.00 plus expenses covering same as above, \$125.; total cost \$175.00

No. 4. In Alberta, figuring trip north from Athabasca or west from Dunvegan; party of two, period 1 full month in from Edmonton. License \$25.00; game, moose, grizzly bear, sheep, goat and deer. Full expenses covering transport from steel, guide's services, outfit and provisions for period of 30 days, approximately \$345.00; Total \$370.00.

No. 5. In British Columbia, party of two, game as above, period of full month. License \$100.00. Basing estimate at \$15.00 per diem each, covering pack horses, guides, outfit, and every item, total would come around \$450. or \$475, which with license would make an aggregate expenditure of somewhere in the neighborhood of \$575.00. The reader will find these estimates, while only approximate, roughly accurate for each territory concerned.

#### *As to Outfit and Rifle*

Outfit is to a large degree a matter of choice and rarely do two agree fully as to each item. However, I would strongly urge sportsmen to include

in their dunnage two full sets of pure wool underwear, two overshirts of flannel, khaki or grey; knickers of either Duxbak or other suitable material for wear in the open, wind and water proof.

The matter of footwear is again a matter of personal choice, some sportsmen preferring the shoepac or "beefskin" moccasin, while others choose the sporting boot, of which there are several on the market, both in Canada and the States. The writer's own preference for big game work is one of the several serviceable outing boots available, of the 14 inch type, preferably with uppers of elk-skin. Worn with two pairs of regular "farmer's socks", they make an ideal foot covering, easy, warm and dry.

There is little use in one attempting to give a choice of rifle—the average sportsman's opinion of his own rifle is like his politics, hard to change. Personally, after using practically all the modern arms in vogue today, including large calibre and small, high power metallics, I have during the big game season of 1912 demonstrated to my own thorough satisfaction that the new Savage .22 Hi. Power is big enough and has shocking power enough to stop anything in the east from moose down; in fact it has sufficient smashing effect to make a grizzly mighty sick. But no matter what you choose for your shooting arm, take along a good kodak or camera; your shots with it will live long after personal recollections have dimmed and will bring back to mind the happy days spent in the Canadian Game Trails—practically the last on the Continent today.



# The Alpine Club "Cathedral Camp"

P. A. W. WALLACE

THE Alpine Club of Canada is getting on in years. Its eighth Birthday Party was celebrated this year at the Cathedral Mountain Camp, where our Director assembled a large family to celebrate the important occasion, and show their gratification at the development of the sturdy infant by tying themselves up on climbing ropes and suspending one another over precipices. This sort of thing can be overdone. One of Jimmy Simpson's Horses, though roped carefully by the Diamond Hitch, lowered himself over a cliff without waiting to fasten the rope to anything on top, and disappeared in the waters of Cataract Creek. This accident to the pack horse was interesting to those who contemplated riding up the trail, and helpful to the Commissariat Department when supplies were deficient, for it was easy to discover that everything missing at any time had been on the lost horse's back. It was found that the unfortunate animal had been carrying sugar, tea, coffee, butter, prunes, cornflakes, vinegar, potatoes, condensed milk ham, and rolled oats. As a wise person remarked, no wonder the poor animal stumbled!

The trail to camp was beautiful and thoroughly alpine, commencing with the foaming gorge near Hector, following through burnt timber that for once was not altogether hateful since it disclosed a picturesque view of the Wiwaxy Peaks that green timber would have hidden from us, and culminating in a park-like glade (made park-like by Mr. C. A. Richardson and his party) in full view of Mount Odaray and the Wiwaxies, where the Watch Tower dominated all approaches and the Fingers on Cathedral Mountain pointed significantly upward.

For an alpine camp, the situation was most effective. One end of the dining canopy looked up to the crags and ice of Cathedral, where the graduating members did their first high climbing; and the other end opened upon the Watch Tower, a crag whose perpendicular walls baffled the expert climbers.

"Well," said Walter, "it can be climbed—with a little dynamite and iron spikes and ladders and rope." But it wasn't.

It gave one a thrilling alpine feeling to sit at lunch and look up at the heights, imagining frightful adventures and heroic deeds for those who were away on the mountains. This is much more satisfactory alpinism than sitting on a nasty precipice with only a ham sandwich and a prune between one and starvation. At this camp, one never lost sight of picturesque peaks. The Watch Tower, Cathedral, Odaray, and the Wiwaxy Peaks, all crowded around the campfire in a sociable way and joined into the very life of the Camp. The inspiration of the great peaks was always present.

When Mr. Richardson prepared the Camp he did not forget that man is not always

monkey. Sometimes man likes to come off his perch and sit down for a while to think. Now, the most aggravating thing about mountaineering is that the more one wants to think, the less one can. High crags inspire high thoughts, but demand minds concentrated on hands and feet. Let your mind soar on a steep ice slope, and you'll understand my meaning when you come to. Mr. Richardson looked after all that by preparing a good camp fire and some logs for people to sit on and think.

There were some queer thoughts indulged in. You should have seen Odaray blush in the evening sunlight when a hardy individual recited about the

"..... Young man from Tarentum  
Who bit his teeth till he bent 'em.  
When asked what it cost.  
For the teeth he had lost,  
He said, "I don't know, I just rent 'em."

Mr. Pratt gave us some interesting information with regard to fishing in the Rockies. Mr. Pratt had intended to supply the Camp with fresh fish, but was unable to do so, owing to two unfortunate circumstances: Mr. Davis ate the bait, and the fish were always on the other side of the stream. Perhaps if the course of every stream were inverted, and Mr. Davis were more carefully watched, Mr. Pratt might be able to do something to feed the next camp.

One of the best features of the camp fire circle this year was the presence of Prof. Charles E. Fay, a pioneer in our Rocky Mountains. He was one of the first explorers in the O'Hara Valley, and he escorted the first white woman who ever saw Lake O'Hara. One evening he told us the tale of the night he spent on Sir Donald many years ago:—

"Dark found us sitting on some stones that were not put there for the purpose. They were simply very sharp rocks. Looking below us, we saw a shelf of rock, and we made for that. It went down sheer for 300 feet of the glacier. There was our accommodation for the night. We had not a thing to put on—at least he had not; but I had Mr. Curtis to put on. I put my arm around him, and we sat that way until morning. All night long we were hearing avalanches from Sir Donald. The full moon rose from between Terminal Peak and Sir Donald, and flooded us with a beautiful light. I did not sleep, but I know Mr. Curtis did, because he tells you of it while he sleeps.

"Mr. Wilcox tells this story much more briefly. I never knew what I suffered that night until I read it on that page. He says that we were brought down more dead than alive, etc. I dislike to boast, but I may frankly say that we had a foot race down, and I beat."

Prof. Fay will appreciate the sleeping arrangements of the party that spent the night

of July 31, 1913, on an eight foot ledge at a height of 9,000 feet on Mount Robson.

Our camp fire meditations were frequently broken up by fire or flood. How the Chinamen got so much smoke out of such a small fire is a marvel. Startled individuals rushed from the camp fire circle towards the volumes of smoke rising behind the big fly, and walked back again with remarks about "those Chinamen's smudge." But the fire scares were as nothing to the feeling of impending fate that fell over us when Mr. Wheeler stepped forth into the firelight half an hour before bedtime to say that floods were threatening the bridge, and that if the ladies wished to reach their quarters that night they should hasten to cross the turbulent waters while yet there was time. There could have been no greater consternation if the Camp had sprung a leak, and Captain Wheeler had roared through the megaphone, "All hands to the boats! Women and children first!" The National Anthem

Tower to enjoy the view across the valley, inspect the glacier that flows from the Victoria Ridge, and revel in the inaccessibility of the Watch Tower Crags.

The favorite spot in the region was Lake O'Hara. The charm of this place rests partly in the contrast between quiet lake and rugged peaks, but chiefly in the exquisite coloring. Blue sky, white snow, gray, brown, and reddish rocks, deep green woods, and emerald waters that held the reflection of all the colors above them, were softly woven together by the gentle light of early morning or of evening to form a most enchanting scene. A little curl of smoke showed where Charlie McGregor brooded over the flesh pots and tore the ham limb from limb, adding the human touch that is such an asset to the finest of natural scenery.

Lake Oesa, Lake Linda, and Sherbrooke Lake, deserve honorable mention, but the great favorite after Lake O'Hara was Lake McArthur. This lake is in marked contrast



Mt. Odaray at Close Range

Mt. Odaray From the Trail

was sung immediately, and it was never sung worse. It was like a theatre crowd putting on their coats to the tune of "God Save the King." The exodus that followed was hurried and complete. The whole camp moved down to the bridge. Engineers *pro tem* used rocks, stumps, and ropes to secure the bridge and its approaches from the ravages of the swollen waters. Lights twinkled in the dark, and excited ladies bade excited adieus to friends who escorted them to the brink. My last recollection of this eventful evening, is a refugee thrusting a pair of shoes and a hat into my arms before disappearing into the howling darkness.

The mountaineering side of the camp life was a great success. There were beautiful points of view within easy reach, good climbs for beginners, and a number of big peaks for the benefit of those who wanted "something to do."

Parties went daily up around the Watch

to O'Hara. There is nothing delicate or ethereal about it, but it is highly spectacular. It stands out boldly from the naked rock, and catches the great glacier that falls headlong from the towering precipices of Mount Bidle. Everything about it is very big and very grand, compelling admiration. Mount Bidle is a beautiful peak. Even its name has been unable to obliterate all its charm—but it was a close shave, and the next man who christens a mountain should take warning.

As I went down to Field one day during camp, I met a woman who nearly injured herself by trying to view the top of Cathedral Mountain from the train window. She was clearly impressed with the fact that Cathedral Peak was the tip top end of the world, and quite inaccessible to anybody but an angel. I have always regretted that I told her that twenty-six people were up it that day—members of the Alpine Club of Canada, not angels—because it was so manifestly impossible, when

considered in a C. P. R. coach, that I might just as well have told her that eight hundred members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had ascended Mount Robson by the seracs of the Blue Glacier in six hours, and came down again in four and a half by the South-Eastern arete of Mount Assiniboine, for all the belief she gave me. But the following people will certify that Cathedral Mountain can be climbed, for they qualified for Active Membership on that peak:

#### CATHEDRAL MOUNTAIN

July 17, 1913.

P. S. Bailey	Miss Black
I. F. Brooks	Miss J. Dykes
W. C. Bruce	Miss A. Fowler
A. Calhoun	Miss E. Goldie
A. B. Dawson	Miss M. E. Haskins
W. W. Gould	Mrs. G. P. Napier
H. Greenham	Miss J. Ross
A. S. Matheson	Miss A. Reid
G. P. Napier	Miss E. M. Rife
C. H. Ordas	Miss K. Sharpe
R. H. Smith	Miss K. Walker
B. L. Thompson	Miss E. A. Zinkan
E. G. Voss	
July 19.	
E. W. Bickle	Miss Cornell
F. A. Comstock	Miss Crane
W. C. McNaught	Mrs. Defries
T. M. Ovens	Miss E. Gray
J. M. Poucher	Miss Hargrave
E. J. Pratt	Miss James
P. M. Sauder	Miss G. M. McDonald
J. Trant	Miss J. McCulloch
J. C. Tyler	Miss McNee
W. A. Tyler	Mrs. P. M. Sauder
A. Gillies Wilken	Miss Schoenberger
	Miss Spackman
	Miss J. M. Stuart
	Miss Tolhurst
	Miss Tyler

July 21.

J. A. Edgar	Miss E. M. Davis
W. F. Fisher	Miss P. M. Hall
P. D. Newcombe	Miss W. Patterson
C. M. Sheldon	Miss A. A. Ramsay
A. R. Whitmore	Miss Rorison

July 23.

D. L. Adams

#### MOUNT ODARAY

July 18

O. B. Bourne  
W. B. Christianson

#### POPE'S PEAK.

July 23.

A. J. Campbell

In all, 65 members graduated this year at the Cathedral Mountain Camp.

One of the surprises at the camp was the climb of Cathedral Vanguard. A party started jauntily off at 9.20 o'clock one morning with remarks about sauntering up for the view and having lunch on the top at 12.30. They were first seen on the top at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and when they reached home again late in the evening, the mountain's name had changed from Vanguard to Black Devil (Schwarz' Teufel, as Walter called it).

The Runt, as this same peak was called by those who had not tried to climb it, was thenceforth a daily feature of the Mountaineer's Board.

The best climbs made were Mts. Odaray (10,165 ft.), Biddle (10,876), Huber (11,041), Victoria (11,355), Monkswell, Pope's Peak, and the Wiwaxy Peaks (8,863). Other peaks climbed were Cathedral Mountain (10,454), Cathedral Vanguard, and Narao. Those were all good climbs. But better than any individual ascent, was the Two Day Expedition over the Death Trap to Paradise Valley, and back around the other side of Hungabee (The Chieftain) by the Opabin Pass. This trip entailed the crossing of five passes and six glaciers, and the circling of Mts. Lefroy and Hungabee—a grand but strenuous expedition. Parties left daily for the Death Trap. There is a fascination in the very name of the place, because it has a suggestion of horror that is very pleasant to people who are out for a holiday. The name Death Trap produces a very definite impression on the minds even of people who have never seen the place, because it is so strikingly picturesque. One is often tempted to inquire what feelings of horror, or joy, or anything else are meant to be produced in the mind of a mountain lover by a name such as Biddle. Repeat it slowly to yourself fifteen times and then kindly write the impression conveyed to the Editor of Rod and Gun. We are anxious to have light on this psychological problem.

We had with us this year two old friends and one new one from across the ocean: Rudolph Aemmer, Christian Hasler, and Walter Schaufelberger—all of Switzerland. They led us up apparently impossible places and lowered us down over very much worse ones, threaded a way through the crevasses, and cut steps for us up the ice. Day in and day out they accepted responsibility for our lives, and they never failed us. I should like to quote from what Mrs. Parker said at the Annual Meeting about our guides:—

"In the Rockies as in the Alps, we know the true worth of the Swiss guides, masters of the ice and rock craft. Every one of them guiding in our mountains has won warm friends with some of Canada's best climbers. The Alpine Club does not forget. All through the year in climbing circles, you will hear praise of Rudolph and of Walter and of Christian, just as we have heard it before of Gottfried and the two Edouards. And to these silent, faithful servants of the high snows and dangerous rocks, I count it great pleasure to move a hearty vote of thanks."

In addition to our three friends from Switzerland, we must not forget those excellent amateur guides who did so much to make the Camp a success. It is gratifying to see such a large number of members who are accounted equal to the responsibility of taking charge of parties in the mountains. The following members were entrusted with ropes:

Dr. F. C. Bell, Carl Bening, J. P. Forde, H. O. Frind, A. R. Hart and L. C. Wilson, J. V. Lynn, A. H. MacCarthy, D. N. McTavish, C. A. Richardson, C. B. Sissons, Dr. W. E.

Stone, E. G. Voss, Miss De Beck, Mrs. A. H. MacCarthy.

The Report of the Director was a mine of information, much of which was of special interest with regard to this camp. Mr. Wheeler said in part:—

"I have much pleasure in welcoming you to this our eighth Annual Camp, which promises to be one of the most delightful we have ever had. It is certainly one of the most beautiful. The fact that some fifty members were in camp the day before it officially opened, and the present full attendance—for we have now some 180 (later 195) persons under canvas—speaks for the popularity of these gatherings in the hills.

"While greeting the new faces, it is a source of deep regret to me that so many of the well known ones are unavoidably absent. Our President, Dr. Coleman, is obliged to attend the International Geological Congress soon to be in session in Canada. The absence of our

cognized factor in the scheme of mountain recreation. This is due not to our achievements as mountaineers, for we are mere embryos in that art, but to the glorious and wide spread reach of our snow clad mountain ranges, extending throughout the whole of British Columbia and far into Alberta, and reaching in their greatest heights well up into the Arctic Circle. While our mountains are not the highest in the world, they are remarkable for the great natural beauty of their features: the purity of their snowfields and glaciers, their wildly broken icefalls, their leaping waterfalls, their rushing torrents hemmed in by dense forests of pine, and above all for their glorious, gem-like lakes of many shades of blue, green, and yellow, sparkling like jewels in setting of soft green velvet or bolder settings of ice, snow, and rock, when seen above timber line.

The Annual Camps of the Alpine Club have been a prominent feature of its policy, with the objects in view of interesting the



Dr. Bell on Mt. Odaray



Mr. A. P. Forde on Vanguard

dearly beloved member, Mr. John Patterson, causes a void that cannot be filled. Our Honorary Secretary, Mrs. P. Burns, who has so ably helped us at past camps, is not present. Capt. Selby Walker, Arthur the Wag, W. W. Foster, Miss Jean Parker, and many others though absent of necessity, are, I am sure, with us in spirit. My wife and son have asked me to express their sorrow that they are unable to be here. We commiserate the misfortune that keeps these members from us.

"The roll of the Alpine Club is growing steadily, and we are now well in our ninth hundred of membership. When I recollect the little band of pilgrims that met in Winnipeg on the 27th and 28th of March eight years ago, it seems hardly possible to realize that we have attained such splendid proportions. Our first intention was to organize a national Club, but without volition of our own, we have become international, and our membership is extending all over the world. The Alpine Club of Canada is to-day a re-

people of Canada in our mountain heritage, of disseminating a knowledge of Nature's beauties at her outposts and of creating mountaineers in Canada. These, however, are by no means the whole of it, and we must not lose sight of the fact that the exploitation of this great national resource is our first and principle end. The Club is doing a good work in the interests of Canada's development, and that fact is generally recognized by the several Governments and the great Railway Corporations who have such development in hand.

"The present Camp has already proved to be a success. The attendance is one of the largest we have had, and a special feature of the attendance is that it is not of a transitory nature, for most of the population of our canvas city seem to want to dwell here indefinitely. It certainly is one of the nicest and most pleasant collection of members it has been my good fortune to act with."

Great work was done at the Cathedral Mountain Camp, not so much in the conquest of difficult peaks, but in the friendships that were formed in action and the enthusiasm created for the mountains. I should like to remind you of the closing words of Prof. Fay's address at the Annual Meeting:—

"Your work is educative in a practical line. You are inspired with the uplift of the scenery. I trust that you will not be content with a graduating climb, that you will be inspired with the desire to repeat it. But there is another side to this that I wish to emphasize.

I trust that this organization will ever stand for safe and sane climbing. There is nothing that can cast a greater blot upon Alpinism than the kind that 'Rushes in where angels fear to tread.' Those risks must not be taken if the name of our noble sport is not to lose in dignity.

"Alpinism is the noblest of all the sports that is given to human beings to enjoy. I trust that for many, many years this thriving and vigorous organization will continue to exist and do its splendid work."

## An Old Time Trapper

MARGARET GRANT MACWHIRTER

"TELL me about your life as a trapper Mr. Willett," I asked persuasively of the veteran hunter, trapper and guide of the Grand Cascapedia River—Benjamin V. Willett.

My companion looked at me, reflected a moment, and replied:

It is fifty years since I made my first trip. I was a young man of twenty-one years of age, and set off to the head waters of the Grand Cascapedia River, accompanied by an Indian, hauling our provisions on a toboggan and following the bed of the river. We made camp wherever night overtook us. There were then no trails, no portages and no lumber camps in which to seek shelter; we were in advance of the lumbermen on the Grand Cascapedia, alone in the primeval forest.

My experience during that first trip decided me and I determined to make a business of trapping. With this purpose I and a partner (the late Jas. McKay) set off the following year for the forests which I had barely entered the winter before. We travelled from ten to fifteen miles a day for nearly a week, till we were near the headwaters where we made a home camp of split cedar. This being done we proceeded to set a line of traps which was no light job fifty years ago—we had to build dead-falls as steel traps were scarcely known along the Bay de Chaleur.

For marten we set our trap four feet above the snow, while for water animals we built a "Killhaig" (as the Indians called it) on the banks of gorges in the fall, for beaver, as in those days there was no protection for this animal. Some years we had as many as 1000 traps, and it required fully nine days to go over the traps, carrying snow-shoes through the thick forest. On an average we set our traps three hundred and fifty yards apart, blazing a trail as we went. We made a tour of our traps once a fortnight, and of course had to carry a lot of bait. Hauling our game to the camp we thawed them out and skinned them there.

I well remember the catch McKay and I made that first winter. In the spring we had

210 marten pelts, 40 minks, 7 otters, 2 fishers 4 lynx and a number of beaver. Our winter's work paid us well for the marten brought \$1.80, mink \$1.50, otter \$7.00, fisher \$5.00 and the lynx \$1.25. Note the difference in price half a century ago and today. At the present time in our forests the fur-bearing animals have become almost extinct.

We went up river usually in October and remained till March, making perhaps a trip home about the Christmas holidays.

By the time Fall arrived we had enough provisions stored at Loon Lake (our head camp) to last during the winter. Our supplies were taken up by canoes, usually as many as four loads, averaging five hundred pounds. Of the animals captured only the beaver was good for food.

To-day the life of a trapper is comparatively a picnic. There are good roads, bridges for portaging, largely through the efforts of R. H. Montgomery, Esq., of New Richmond, carrying on lumbering operations; and at the lumber-camps there is always a welcome. Personally I prefer to go by myself, as the lumbermen often do a little trapping on their own account. The day of the deadfall too is gone. I doubt if there is a single young trapper who knows how to make one for water fur-bearing animals. It is built upon the ground, no bait being used, and is sprung by the animal passing through.

During the season we usually killed three or four caribou for bait, but they were not so plentiful as now-a-days. There were no moose in those days, and I had the honor of killing the first one that had been taken in these woods for forty years.

I met only an occasional hunter. One year I remember my line of traps led up Miner Brook towards the Cape Chatte River. One day I met an old Mellicite Indian, coming from the St. Lawrence. His name was John Baptiste Thomas, and we camped together relating anecdotes of camp life; in fact I received some of my best pointers from him, such as the best method of building a "Killhaig" for otter and beaver. When we parted

he tried to arrange a date for our next meeting desiring me to make a mark that he could understand; this was not easy as his caligraphy was limited—J. B. T. being the extent of his knowledge in that line.

Had I any adventures or accidents?

Wonderful to relate in my half-a-century's trapping I only met with two accidents. One day after building a trap I noticed a leaning tree, which was in such a position that I feared it might fall on my deadfall, borne down by the weight of snow, so I undertook to cut it away. The tree sprang up, doubled over another, and came down. I dodged and saved my head, but it caught me across the back—however I managed to make camp, and there were no serious consequences from the blow.

The other one I never mentioned, even to my family. It was during the first days of April, and I had left camp to cross the river at the Square Forks, forty miles up. I was alone and had only gone a short distance out from the shore, when suddenly the ice gave way, and down I went to the shoulders. The current was running strongly and things for the moment looked dark enough; then beneath my feet I found a rock, and by means of it I was able to throw myself up on the solid ice, and crawl out of the icy water. Leaning over I recovered my axe, and returning to camp wrung the water from my clothes and thus went on all day.

After the first few years I went trapping alone, but I was never lonesome; indeed when spring came I was sorry to leave the woods and the companionship of Nature, which had been mine during the long months of winter.

For many years I had one faithful companion—my little dog "Toby." I had taken him to the woods when quite young and he had been taught the trapper's craft. He was a cross of collie and terrier. I have often known him to find a trail that he had been on the preceding year. When overtaken by night and trying to make camp, I would say to my dog: "Toby, go ahead and lead the way to camp."

Looking up, he would obey at once. Often I have made camp, travelling four or five miles through wooded land by the aid of my dog. When tracing a line of traps, Toby always delighted to be in the lead, and on reaching a trap containing game I saw the little dog waiting for me, wagging his tail, and evidently more pleased than I was. As soon as the animal was removed, packed and the trap baited

again, off went the dog; and thus he went all day. When night came how often I have brushed up, and camped in the snow near the pack beneath the star-lit sky. Toby seemed perfectly aware of what was going on. When my few preparations were completed—wood and water provided for the night, I usually lay down beside the fire. Then Toby would come beside me, and strip his teeth into a good imitation of a smile. He waited thus till I said: "Here Toby!" when immediately he would curl himself up beside me. Again in the spring, when fitting up the canoe in readiness for the trip he seemed to know what the preparations meant, and was quite ready for his place in the canoe. On my homeward way he frequently missed me but always waited. In fact he wore himself out and I was very sorry when he died.

Where did I usually carry on my operations?

Up the Grand Cascapedia River, and up Miner Brook (one of the tributaries), in the forest leading towards the Shick Shock Mountains. I know that part of the country well for I am the only man—to my knowledge—who ever crossed the country to the St. Lawrence from the Grand Cascapedia River, and I made five trips. The best time to make the journey is in the autumn.

There is another course by way of the Little Cascapedia River, via the West Branch to the lakes of the St. Anne River. But the course by way of the Grand Cascapedia, via Miner's Brook to Cape Chatte River is I believe the most interesting trip, and the portage is not so long.

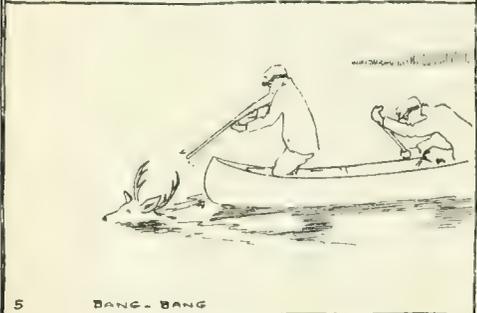
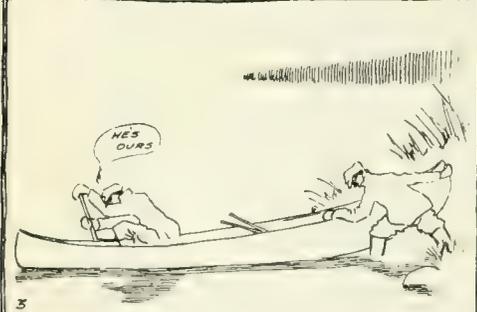
Did I like the life? Yes, it was a happy one, and my heart's delight. It has been often said that of those who commence hunting in youth few ever quit it till they are old and gray-headed, and I am an illustration of the truth of the remark.

During my life in the woods I learned to observe the *face of the sky*—although there are times when all signs fail. Much alone with nature, thoughts naturally turn to Nature's God, and experiences of Providential care are regarded; lessons in observation are learned, and much opportunity given for thought and study.

As the voice ceased I thoughtfully regarded my old-time trapper. True the hair was white upon his well-shaped head, but the keen eye, intelligent countenance, erect lithe figure told their own tale of a well-spent life in God's great out-doors.



# A DEER STORY



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BANG - BANG

BANG - BANG BANG - BANG

BANG - - - BANG - - - - - BANG

JEBANEDN

# Small Fur Bearers and How to Take Them

By GEORGE J. THIESSEN



## Fox and Wolf

**T**HE fox and wolf are, in my opinion, two of the hardest, if not the hardest, of all fur bearing animals to take. Endowed by nature with a keen scent—so keen, in fact, that hours after a man has crossed their trail they can smell him—which makes them suspicious of sets of all kinds! Even the greatest hunger will not cause them to take a chance at walking into a trap. Again and again have I had proof of this when some amateur, tracking a fox or wolf to its den, will block up every exit but one in which a trap is placed. Day after day, without food or water, will they remain in the den, and many times before sneaking out they will die. This, then, is the nature of the crafty animals with which we have to deal in this article.

From what I have just stated, it is evident that only the professional can hope for any great success in taking the pelts of either. In fact out of a dozen traps placed for the fox, for instance, the experienced trapper is not disappointed if not one is sprung for days after it is put out. On the other hand, the amateur will make one or two sets usually, and if he does not take one of the fur bearers he will either place the traps differently or remove them from the locality altogether. This is the very worst thing

he can do. After a set is made—and it should be made as well as possible—do not approach closer to it than to see whether it has been sprung or not. In case it has not, leave it alone, even though it remain unmolested for a week. Frequently I have taken the fox in traps which were not sprung for ten or fifteen days.

It is, I believe, unnecessary to call the reader's attention to the fact that the traps must be absolutely clean; having no odor of any kind on them. Before traps are set they should be well smoked over the flames of a fire made from feathers, hemlock boughs, etc. In fact any green wood will do. After this is done, the traps should not be handled with the naked hands at all. Instead, use gloves—and they should not be the first pair that are found lying around. Instead, have a pair just for the purpose of making sets. They should be of stout leather, the palms of which have been coated with beeswax. Further, it is a good plan to rub the gloves in moist earth frequently when they are used, or sprinkle them with fresh blood.

A last caution! Make all your sets so that after they are placed the surroundings will look the same as they did before the traps were put into position. Leave no broken stick around, no shavings from stakes, etc.

(The fox and wolf trapper will not have occasion to employ a stake fastening very frequently. A rock or log just heavy enough so that the animal can drag it when caught and yet not get away is ideal.)

A good set may be made as follows: Drag out the carcass of a cow, horse or some large animal and let the animals feed upon it for several days before making a set. Then, among the entrails—the traps for sets like this are best sunk—place a set, carefully concealed. The manure out of the stomach of the carcass, provided it is a cow, horse, sheep, etc.—is the

pile at some distance from the house or barn, preferably upon a hill or knoll. On the top of this, conceal a trap, carefully covered first with a brown paper. One should place a large wad of cotton or wool under the pan, so that other animals, such as rabbits, will not spoil the set by springing it. Employ no bait of any kind. The first wolf that comes along will climb the pile of manure in order to get a clear view of the country. If the set has been well made, one can be almost sure of success.

For the fox, find, if possible a place along some shallow stream or lake



"Wolf"

very best thing for concealing the trap. There is a great tendency on the part of beginners to place too many traps about a set of this kind, thinking that the more they have the greater their chance of catching one of the wary fur bearers. Usually this does not work out so well in practice, for the animals are sure to find three traps placed by a tyro near one bait much easier than they would not so many.

One of the most successful sets for the prairie wolf, commonly known as the coyote, is made by hauling out a load of manure and heaping it into a

where there are indications that the animals frequent. About three feet from the shore, on a platform made of rocks, logs, etc., place a bait such as a chicken, a piece of bloody meat or something similar, staking it so that in case of high water the decoy will not wash away. (The bait should be just above the surface of the water). Between the shore and the decoy, set a steel trap, the pan of which is just below the surface of the water. On the pan place a piece of sod, so that it is covered. Over the trap put some weeds, leaves, etc., so that it cannot be seen. Dash water over the bait

and the places where the hands have come in contact with the ground. Carefully obliterate all boot marks in the mud. In fact, if such a thing is possible, it is best to make such a set from a boat. When made by wading, one should not enter nor leave the water near the set. A fox seeing the bait will try to get it, and owing to the fact that the fur bearer does not like to go into the water, it will step on the bit of moss placed on the pan of the trap. I might also add that animals taken in this way rarely, if ever, escape.

The simplest method of taking the timber wolf is by the Camp Fire method. Even the beginner can get results with this set. Choosing a place where there are signs of the animals, one has but to dig an excavation for his trap so that when placed in position it will be about three inches under ground. After a twig or a wad of cotton or wool has been placed over the jaws, carefully cover them with a piece of brown paper. Over this place two or three inches of dirt, moist, if possible. To protect the paper from burning, lay a few weeds or small twigs across the trap also. Then, over this put a small armful of straw, into which bits of meat have been thrown. Ignite the straw. The odor of the burning flesh will attract the wolves. They will dig in the ashes for the tempting food. Invariably, the animal will thrust his paw into the trap.

In making sets for either the fox or wolf in which one has to excavate for the traps, I have found that it is best to dig deep enough to bury the fastenings also. Nothing is more convenient

for a drag—a drag or clog means practically the same nowadays—than a flat rock upon which the trap can be placed.

Between rocks, trees, etc., will often be found natural places for traps. They should be concealed carefully in such a manner that the animals cannot pass without getting caught.

By dragging a heavy rock with a rope in freshly fallen snow through which there is no trail, one can often make a path which wolves and foxes will follow. Where the traps are to be placed, make a sharp turn so that an animal coming on the trot will have to slow down to a walk. In this way there is less danger of its jumping over the set. Of course for snow sets one should whiten his traps. This may be done by immersing them in a mixture made of lime and water. After the lime has dried it brushes off easily, so one must handle all whitened traps carefully. Over the jaws should be placed a piece of white paper. I might also add that something should be placed under the trap so that it will not freeze to the snow. My best sets have been made with traps placed in paper bags.

Cold, blustery nights are best for taking wolves.

As the more progressive trappers know, live foxes, especially those of the Black, Silver, Cross or Red species are worth more alive, provided they can be marketed in good condition. One need but be a reader of *ROD* and *GUN* to become acquainted with those who are willing to purchase live specimens at all times.

## Announcement of an Enquiry Department for Trappers

During the coming season Mr. Geo. J. Thiessen, who has been contributing the series of articles on "Fur Bearers and How to Take Them" and who will continue to contribute articles to our columns, will answer to the best of his ability all questions pertaining to traps and trapping. This column will be open only to subscribers to *ROD* and *GUN*.

In asking questions, kindly bear in mind the following:

(1) Do not ask for opinions upon articles or firms advertised in *ROD* and *GUN* or similar magazines.

(2) Confine your enquiries to questions relating to trapping. Do not, for instance, ask what is the velocity of a certain bullet, the best hunting dog to get, etc.

(3) Do not ask to have more than five questions answered during any one month.

(4) Write plainly, giving name and address.

(5) Send all communications to G. J. Thiessen, Trapping Expert, care of ROD and GUN, Woodstock, Ont., Can. Do not enclose stamped addressed envelope unless a personal

reply is desired. Where this is expected request for such information must be accompanied by twenty-five cents and private information in regard to fur firms, trap companies, dealers, etc., can thus be handled which owing to its nature would be unsuitable for the ordinary reading pages of the magazine.

## An Exciting Hunting Trip in Southern Alberta

W. O.

**I**N the year 1892, about the first of April, when the winter snows were fading away, little streams were trickling into the lakes, and balmy breezes and sunshine were beginning to make the grass turn green, I suggested to my friend Slim that we take a week off and start for Milk River Ridge on a duck and goose shooting expedition.

Now, Slim was a jovial, good-hearted fellow, not much of a shot, but good company and one who enjoyed an outing of the kind we proposed to take. Moreover he could be trusted to get together an outfit that would ensure our comfort during the week we planned to be away.

After a day spent in getting things in shape we started out with a horse and buckboard, our outfit—consisting of a small tent, bedding, and grub and ammunition enough to last a week—strapped on behind.

Nothing of importance took place during our journey of thirty miles. The weather was beautifully bright and sunshiny. All nature seemed to be alive and busy after the winter's snows and frost.

We reached our destination on the top of Milk River Ridge, an elevation of nearly one thousand feet above Lethbridge, Alberta, at about four o'clock in the afternoon. We found considerable snow on the ridge and

the lakes were frozen solid, except around the edges where the hot sun and Chinook winds had started to melt the ice. After looking the ground over and seeing nothing on wing in sight we came to the conclusion that we were a month too early for a duck shoot. We therefore decided to pitch our camp for that night on a nice, level flat adjoining a fair sized lake, and leave in the morning for Lethbridge. After building a camp fire and cooking a good warm meal we proceeded to satisfy the inner man, for after our long ride we were both hungry and tired. Slim said he could devour a prairie dog and never blink an eye and he certainly did justice to our prairie meal. After a quiet smoke around the camp fire we turned in for the night.

At precisely six o'clock the following morning Slim wakened me. A great change had taken place during the night. The wind had freshened and was blowing a gale, and on emerging from our tent we found that the ice at our end of the lake was entirely broken up. The water, driven by the wind, was piling up large cakes on shore and standing them on end against the solid ice out in the lake. Suddenly Slim jumped for his gun and yelled "Ducks!"

Ducks they were sure enough. A flock of some twenty white wings

shot over our tents, heading apparently for their hatching grounds in the north, and travelling at least ninety miles an hour. They were out of sight before Slim could procure his gun. We decided that this flock was the forerunner of immigration and would be followed by other flocks during the day, so after a hearty breakfast and changing our horse on picket to new pasture, we donned our shooting clothes and Slim with his 12 bore breach loader, and I with my 10 bore, each of us with shells loaded with smokeless Du Pont powder and No. 4, No. 1 and B. B. shot, took our separate ways in different directions around the lake.

This lake was nearly a mile long and averaged from a quarter to three quarters of a mile in width. Its shore line was very irregular and on the south and east sides its banks were high and precipitous which prevented the wind from breaking up the ice as it had done on the north end next our camp. I had taken the west side of the lake and had not gone far when I heard Slim's gun, "Bang! Bang!" On looking around I beheld Slim gazing into the sky and a flock of some twenty or more ducks were coming towards me, but entirely out of range, as Slim's two barrels had made them climb heavenwards until they looked more like snowbirds than ducks. By this time I was almost to the end of open water where the ice was solid to the shore and it seemed useless to go farther as ducks are always looking for open water to alight. I saw a flock however, coming from the south over the high banks to the south of the lake and decided a morning walk of a mile or two would do no harm and as Slim had decided to stay in a hide at the end of open water on the east side, I was more than ever anxious, to explore the lake to the south.

After a walk of some three-quarters of a mile I found myself under a cut bank some thirty feet high. The wind was blowing a gale but was quite warm. It had made no impression on the ice at the point of the lake except for a narrow strip along the shore. I stopped at this point and was just

about to retrace my steps towards camp when the trumpet of a swan struck my ear, and on looking up I saw a flock of nine, about thirty yards to my right and some thirty yards high. Their long necks were outstretched and they were heading for the far north. It did not take me long to make up my mind what to do. Fortunately my right barrel had No. 1 and the left B. B. The first one came down stone dead and the second one who had only a wing broken short off at the body, dropped down on his feet within a few paces from me. I can never forget the surprise of this bird as he stood on the ice facing me, nor my own surprise at making his acquaintance on such short notice. He seemed to say:

"You look familiar. Where have I met you before old chap?"

To tell the truth I felt almost ashamed of what I had done when in the presence of that noble bird, who stood erect as a soldier and over four feet in height.

My attention was now drawn to the report of Slim's gun across the lake and on looking up I saw two white objects dropping into the water opposite him. His twelve bore had reached home, with its load of B. B. shot, in a beautiful double shot.

I saw the balance of the flock turn and circle towards me. My wounded swan had started to walk slowly out on the ice. The remaining five swans came on directly over me and quite within range. Two shots rang out and two more swans came down on the ice quite close to me. I had now to dispatch my wounded bird which was quite within range and making away towards open water. I was now just starting to retrieve my game when the air was rent with what seemed a thousand voices and I beheld some two hundred white, wavy geese come over the bank right above me. Two shots rang out and seven white objects came down on the ice in front of me, some quite dead and others wounded and requiring several shots to prevent them from getting out of range. The wind was still blowing a gale and I was overjoyed at my good

luck and sport, and proceeded to gather up my game. As I was picking up my last bird I heard the honk of a Canada gray goose and saw twelve coming over the bank directly towards me. They tried on seeing me to rise and swing out of range, but the wind was strong and kept them down within range so that I was able to score a nice double and my bag was increased by two Canada honkers.

All this had happened within ten minutes and needless to say I was very much excited. The ducks now started to come in flocks, following up the swan and geese, and standing on the ice I scored double after double for the next half hour. My shells then became exhausted and I proceeded to retrieve my birds and pile them on the bank. On counting up I found that I had four swans, seven white geese, two gray Canada geese, and nineteen ducks, including mallards, pintails, widgeon, black ducks and canvasbacks.

In the meantime I had not been hearing any shots from across the lake and came to the conclusion that as the wind was strong the sound did not carry. Soon, however, I saw Slim coming around to where I was with the horse and buckboard. On seeing my bag he went wild with joy, for I had more game than he had ever seen before in his life in one pile. The duck were still coming, so hastily loading our game on the buckboard we proceeded to camp for shells.

Having reached our tent, picketed our horse and replenished our ammunition, we took stations on the open water, which was alive with ducks, while numbers of them were still coming. They all seemed to be heading for this particular lake and the only reason I could think of for this was that the ice had not broken up on any of the others. We were now kept quite busy shooting steadily. We had no trouble retrieving our birds as the wind was blowing shorewards and every bird killed was brought to camp.

Twelve o'clock came and our bag was increased by some thirty birds. On reaching camp, and after having

laid our game out on the prairie, we both acknowledged we were game hogs. Fifty-one ducks, seven white geese, six swan, two Canada gray geese had been shot by us inside of five hours and on a lake that had looked quite unpromising the night before. We decided to stay in camp for the balance of the day as our ammunition would not stand many more mornings such as the one we had just spent.

The following morning we were up long before daylight. The wind was still blowing and the ice was broken up all over the lake. In the gray of the morning we started. I determined to walk around the lake before breakfast. I took the west side again and had gone about half a mile when, on crossing a small ravine, a dark object ran up the bank and appeared in the indistinct light on the top, some thirty yards away. Both barrels rang out and the object, with a sniff, disappeared. It was still quite dark and on reaching the spot there was no sign of anything. I concluded that I must have shot at a coyote or prairie wolf, and dismissing the incident from my mind I proceeded on my way. It soon began to get light and the ducks began to fly. I got a shot now and again but saw I could not retrieve my birds as the wind was carrying them out from shore. I decided to make for the other side of the lake. Away ahead of me, down at the water's edge I descried a dark object which I took to be a stone, but which on coming close I discovered was a large, black, timber wolf whose body was still quite warm. It had been dead apparently only a few minutes. On turning it over I saw several spots of blood on the side in the region of the heart and then I knew that one charge of B. B. had reached home. He had been hit hard and had evidently come down to the lake to take a drink and had died in the act.

As the stockman's bounty on male wolves was \$15.00 and on female wolves \$25.00 I could see where Slim and I would be able to reduce the expenses of our outing. The hide, too, was a very valuable one as it was of a

black, glossy color. Fortunately I had a sharp knife and it did not take me long to remove the pelt. Many who afterwards examined this pelt claimed it was the finest they had ever seen and after twenty years the mounted wolf still adorns the hall where it was first hung.

Having reached camp again with several ducks to add to our bag, we spent the balance of the day in camp, concluding that our buckboard would be overloaded and we would have a thirty mile walk ahead of us to town.

After another day we packed our outfit and started for home, deciding to camp for one day at Pot Hole Crossing, so named from the number of deep round holes along its valley. This river has high banks and wide valleys and some timber. It rises in Milk River Ridge and at its source the waters divide, those running into Milk River flowing to the Gulf of Mexico while those that run into Pot Hole flow to the Hudson's Bay.

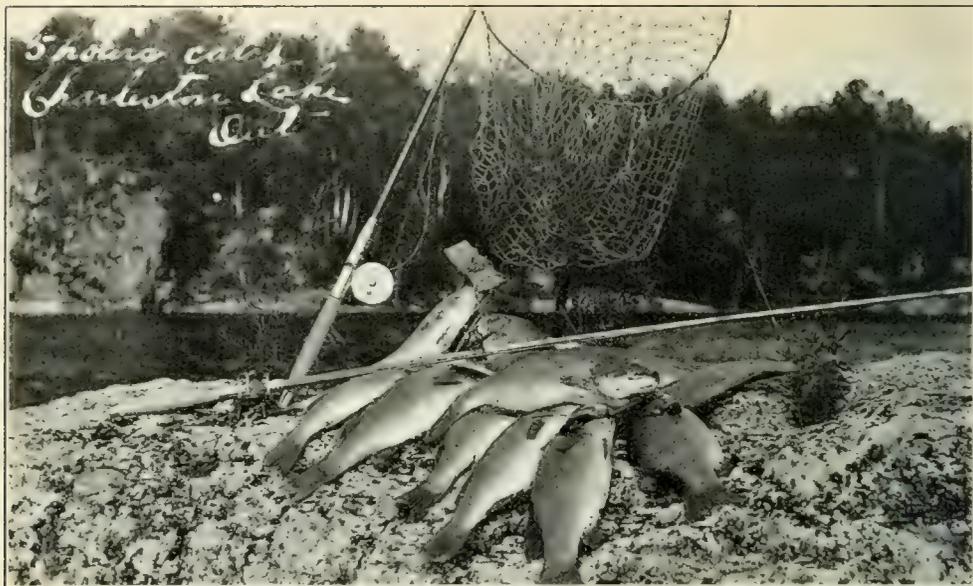
On arriving at the crossing we found it in flood, and were unable to get across, so pitched our camp and decided to make ourselves comfortable until the water receded. Next morning as we had nothing to do to amuse ourselves we took our guns and started down stream for a walk. On coming to a valley where there were some small ponds and some timber the mallards started jumping up in pairs and we were having good sport when I spied a large timber wolf, who ran up on a bank and into a hole up near the prairie level. I called Slim's attention to it and we went to investigate. We found the large hole fresh

and it turned at right angles. We had no shovel or instrument for digging so concluded to start a fire in the hole and smoke Mr. Wolf out. We carried up brush, wood, leaves, etc. and soon had a roaring furnace. I had just picked up my gun, and Slim was standing above the hole, when suddenly the fire flew in all directions and the wolf emerged from the smoke and ran straight towards me. I raised my gun instantly and fired, hitting the wolf full in the face with No. 4 shot which destroyed both his eyes. He ran up the hill and in a circle around Slim who fired both barrels at short range putting the animal out of its misery. On investigation we found it was a female wolf, and nine little pups emerged and were soon crawling around the mother for Slim's two shots had torn a great hole in the wolf's side.

After skinning the mother and dispatching the cubs we returned to camp.

Next morning, owing to a change in the weather, we were able to cross Pot Hole and start on our journey homewards.

We reached town about four o'clock in the afternoon, tired but pleased with our success, both from a gunner's standpoint and from a financial one. Everyone envied us the size and variety of our bag, while the amount of bounty money we received, forty dollars for the wolves and five dollars for each of the cubs, made it a very profitable outing. A prominent rancher told me that the eleven wolves we had captured meant the saving of more than one hundred head of cattle and horses for one year alone.



All Small Mouth Black Bass

## Charleston Lake

THAD W. LEAVITT

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and well may this trite saying be applied to Charleston Lake, a beautiful sheet of water situated nineteen miles from Brockville, Ontario and five miles from the village of Athens. Leeds county boasts many inland lakes, but Charleston is pre-eminently queen of all. At a very early date its beauty was recognized, and in 1816, we find Rev. Wm. Smart writing a glowing description of the scenery, now so well known and thoroughly appreciated. At that time, Blue Mountain was the home of a vast number of bears and wolves, while the borders of the lake afforded pasturage for deer in almost unlimited numbers. The wolves have been exterminated, Bruin is never met with, the deer have been driven into the interior, but the lake remains in all its pristine beauty, fresh from the hand of the Creator. Studded with islands, clothed with primeval forest, it sits laughing in the sunshine, with varying mood, but always beautiful. Blue Mountain crowns the scene, looking down with solemn grandeur, upon the sparkling waves that lave its feet.

In all Canada, it challenges an equal. Its picturesque shores, its broken inlets, its cool, refreshing bays, its high rocks and natural caverns—all must be seen to be appreciated. The crystal waters are the home of the finny tribe, affording the best sport for the angler in Central Canada. Salmon, white fish, bass (black, rock and Oswego), moonfish and the other varieties of fish found in Canadian waters, are taken in great quantities.

At present this lake is but little known to the great army of summer visitors who an-

nually march to the Thousand Islands, the Muskoka Lakes, the Parry Sound Archipelago or the many points of interest in Quebec, and yet, (though in miniature) Charleston Lake combines the glories of all these. Mention any feature of those resorts that has awakened your interest or excited your admiration, and you will find that the feature can be duplicated in the infinitely varied formation and arrangement of lands and waters, of cliffs and ravines, of hills and dales, of mountains and valley, and of island and shoreland that entitle Charleston to be called "the peerless gem of many rivals."

In general terms, Charleston Lake may be briefly described. It is only about seven miles long by, perhaps, four broad, yet by reason of its many large bays it has a coast line of upwards of a hundred miles. Its surface is dotted with many islands, large and small, mostly of granite, and all covered with a luxuriant growth of trees. The shores are all bluff metamorphic rock, rising at several points almost perpendicularly to a height of fully a hundred feet. The lake is very deep and is *absolutely* devoid of marshes or miasma-breeding shallows.

The angling resources of Charleston Lake are equal, if not superior, to any on the American Continent. It bounds in salmon trout, black, Oswego and rock bass, whitefish, pike, moonfish and the luscious bullpout. The salmon, which are caught at all seasons, are staple catches of spring and fall, while the black are found in great abundance during the summer.

# The Successful Big Game Hunt of Two Virginia Hunters

E. E. BOORD

**M**Y brother and I left Fairmont, W. Va. on the thirteenth of October 1911 to hunt big game in the Canadian woods, and returned with one of the handsomest moose heads ever mounted in the State.

On arriving at Huntsville, Ontario, we met our two hunting companions and Harry Corbett, their expert guide, who was a fine fellow, full of fun and an excellent cook, which is of course a necessity on an extended hunting trip. Corbett had made a business of guiding hunting parties for the last thirteen years and he is an expert. He can carry as much plunder as two ordinary men and has everything in readiness for hunters, including canoes, tents and plenty of grub.

We started for North Bay about six o'clock in the morning via the Grand Trunk line. From North Bay we went via the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Metagama and when arriving there we were chagrined to find that our two canoes were not on the train as we had expected they would be. As a consequence we pitched our tent the first night along side of the railroad. The next day our canoes failed to turn up which delayed us for another day. Two of our party went out to get some birds for supper. We had scarcely got into the woods when we saw moose signs and presently we saw a cow and one calf moose in the Metagama Lake. It was about the hardest thing in life to keep from letting go at them with our Savage rifles but as we could not take any but bulls out of the country we refrained. Soon afterwards the guide saw a deer. In a short time we had shot six partridges and two rabbits and had enough for a very nice supper.

The permanent camp of the party was established on the Spanish River near the Height of Land.

The camp was built of Jack Pine logs, roofed with Jack Pine logs and cedar bark, and lined with birch bark. This was our home, thirty-five miles from anyone. The lake near which our camp site was is three miles long and one-half mile wide. In twenty-five miles we paddled through twenty-two lakes.

On Wednesday, October eighteenth, Mr. Corbett saw a moose swim the lake. On the nineteenth we went hunting but saw nothing. On the twentieth we went hunting again and I came on to one cow moose and one bull. They started running and at long range I gave them two shots but missed as the brush was too thick. I then took after them as hard as I could run. For a distance of about half a mile I heard them crackling in the brush, then they stopped and I was able to overtake them and got two shots at the bull at about a distance of three hundred yards, breaking

his hind leg. He went about a mile farther before he lay down. I got within thirty feet of him before I saw him and he jumped up ready for a fight. As he got up I gave him one through the neck and two through the side and he fell dead. I dressed him. It was then five o'clock and I was four miles from camp and it was my first day in the woods. Before long it began to get dark and I built a fire out of pine branches. I then got some birch bark and made a bed, preparing to camp in the green pines for the night. I saw plenty of stars but no stripes. Just as I was about to go to sleep there came a frightful howl from only a short distance away, which I suppose must have been a wolf as there were plenty of tracks to be seen. How I wished that some of our West Virginia hunters might have been in my place just then. My hair stood up on end for some time, then I lay down and had a nap. I began to realize on waking that hunting was not all sunshine. Before going to bed I had been interested to see a beaver pond. One of the beavers swimming about caught sight of



One of the Handsomest Moose Heads Ever  
Mounted in the State

me and gave the alarm to the rest and very soon not a beaver was to be seen. My bull moose was a fine one and weighed twelve hundred pounds having a forty-two inch spread, complete curve and twenty-one spikes.

On Sunday the twenty-second we went out on a little hill near our camp to see the graves of three Indians, a man, a woman and a boy. There was a cross at the head of each grave made of cedar wood, a piece of tobacco wrapped in birch bark, tied on the cross, with a fine root for the man and the boy, also a box at the head of the graves with tobacco, matches and kindling wood, and a woman's hat and a teapot; the boy's little sled and a stool that he had sat on were also in evidence. The graves were railed in with cedar palings and roofed with Jack Pine poles and cedar bark.

We only hunted moose two and a half days as it rained and snowed most of the time we were out. On Thursday we broke camp and started for Huntsville to try for red deer. While coming down the river and lakes we had a head-on wind and at times it was hard to tell which way we were going but when we came to the rapids Mr. Corbett said if we would carry the guns he would run the rapids with the canoes and take the baggage. My brother said the guide's red coat looked like a red bird flying through the pines as he made his way between the big boulders. We arrived at Huntsville on Friday October twenty-eighth at three p.m. and left for the Crosson Camp on the thirteenth. We drove twenty-two miles from the railroad on a good road to the camp.

On November first we had some nice chases but none of us saw any deer. On the second my brother was watching a lake and a nice two-prong buck walked up to him, the first deer he had seen. He shot it at a distance of one hundred and twenty-five yards. We dragged it to camp and got a bite to eat and then went to the runway near our camp. My brother had only been on his stand four minutes when a big four prong buck came walking out of a clump of brush and he killed it just five hours after the first one.

Thereafter he masqueraded as the biggest man in camp. On the fourth I was out still hunting and saw a three prong buck standing behind a log. I shot it and it ran out of sight but soon fell dead. On the fifth William Crosson killed a nice doe. November sixth it rained and snowed and we all stayed in camp. On the seventh I was out still hunting and saw two nice deer together. They ran off and I thought it best to warn them. I took after them for a long chase and when I finally looked at my watch it was nearly dark, and I was about five miles from camp. I came to a creek and as it was somewhat dark as I was crossing on some logs they rolled out from under my big feet and in I went up to the second button-hole of my vest. When I was still two miles from camp it became quite dark and I could not see my way. I built a fire, pulled off my trousers, wrung them out and hung them on a pole before the fire while I dried the rest of my wearing apparel. One of my socks fell into the fire and burnt half the foot out of it. I remembered then Mr. Corbett having said that when our clothes got brown they were done. I had just lain down when the report of a gun was heard. I answered with my dear old Savage and the boys at camp heard my gun and began blowing the tin fog horn so that I could make a straight course for the camp. As the moon had just come up I could see to travel through the brush so I left my temporary bunk and made tracks for the sound of the horn. About one mile from the camp I met William Crosson and my brother coming to meet me and was soon on my way to camp where I enjoyed a good supper which was served at 10 p.m. I was surprised to see another beautiful four prong buck that Mr. William Crosson had killed hanging on the pole outside the tent. On the eighth my brother got another five-prong buck the finest head of all.

Mr. S. T. Hinton of Huntsville mounted the moose and the four deer that my brother and I had killed. He did a splendid job for us and our trophies have been admired by many interested spectators.



# From A Yukon Big Game Hunter

G. J. F.

NOT having seen any accounts of hunting experiences in the Yukon in ROD AND GUN some of the magazine's readers may be interested to know that we have still a few species of game left that are sometimes easily found and secured and at other times afford several days' good exercise and serve to create monstrous appetites for what bacon is taken along in the grub bag.

All moose hunting stories read about the same but to the one who secures the moose his own story is always of absorbing interest.

Here we kill for the meat, sometimes leaving a fine head behind because of the large amount of labor involved in bringing it out. Heads do not sell for enough to make it profitable to bring them any distance to market. Almost every hunter has his favorite head which he takes home. I have one of 50 inches spread in camp, and while not the largest nor best head I shot, the conditions under which I shot him made me wish to bring this head back to camp.

In September 1910 A. G. W. and I went to the head of one of the tributaries of Montana Creek and as we left camp it began to snow. For seven days it continued to snow both day and night coming down sometimes heavily and sometimes lightly. When we started there was about two inches of snow but when we stopped the snow was knee deep. We spent five days cruising about on the Divide between Indian River and Stewart River and had to travel by the compass altogether as we could not see any distant landmarks. Although we saw plenty of fresh signs we could not hunt satisfactorily as it was impossible to see the surrounding country and get our bearings. We decided therefore to go down and make a camp on the main Montana Creek, and wait there until the weather should change and clear up.

We went down stream about eight miles, our damp clothes clinging lovingly to our backs. As there was no trail we hit a bee line for the place we intended to go. The thick brush which was covered with new snow and plenty of nice soft moss and niggerheads made anything but delightful travelling. Before we reached our camp the sky was clear and we regretted not having stayed where we were for another day. Luckily we found a stove in the cabin, and with the aid of some old tin cans we made it very presentable and were soon enjoying a good meal and a measure of comfort.

The day following we each took different routes to prospect for game signs. A. G. W. headed up stream for a high divide while I climbed the ridge at camp and followed up stream.

About two p.m. I began to feel hollow and climbing out on a rock ledge I proceeded to eat my lunch. Just below me and about half a mile away I espied four moose, three bulls

and a cow, feeding. I worked my way gradually down hill, eating as I went until I got to within two hundred yards when I was prevented from getting any nearer by a large rock canyon. I then opened fire, getting the two big bulls with three shots and hitting the other one the first shot. He ran off however, over a knoll and I was unable to stop him although I fired six or eight shots at him. The cow ran toward me into the canyon and was not seen again. The days were short and as it was after three when I killed the two moose and as I also spent some time hunting the third moose, it was dusk when I started for camp. Camp was six miles distant. The niggerheads seemed to reach up to my waist as I tumbled, staggered or fell over them in the dark. I reached camp about 9 p.m. and found my companion waiting with the supper ready. He had been about half a mile away when he heard my shooting and was surprised to think I should fire so many shots at ptarmigan with a 30-40. He soon found out his mistake when he untied my bundle of birds and discovered a heart and a piece of liver. The next day we dressed the meat and hung it up and I went for the horse and sled while my friend cut the trails. While hauling the meat home I secured another calf so that we had veal to vary our winter's diet.

The winter of 1911 was a repetition of the year before with the exception that we pitched our camp nearer the hunting grounds and got our three moose in the one bunch, having our pick of seven.

In 1912 I saw only one moose but failed to make connections with him. Although another hunter and I spent some time hunting together in the Fall of 1912 we only saw tracks. We got plenty of birds however which were very plentiful last season. Moose were scarce in some parts of the country but reported plentiful in others.

The Game Laws for the Yukon are very lenient. Prospectors and miners are allowed to kill a moose for their own use any time but unfortunately there are some who kill for the market during the close season, often killing cows in the Spring when heavy with calf, which I do not think is right. Moose meat sells here at from fifteen to twenty-five and thirty cents per pound. Some hunters think only of to-day and their immediate financial gain. If some of the market hunters were checked during the closed season it would make conditions better for all.

Personally I do not favor head hunters in game any more than I do head hunters among some savage tribes, but I suppose there are districts where the game is not hunted for meat where it would in time become a menace to crops and where it is necessary to do something to keep the game within bounds.

I hope I have escaped treading on anyone's toes. If not, you have the privilege of fighting it out among yourselves.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC DEVELOPMENT CO

ROSS & MACDONALD ARCHITECTS  
MONTREAL QUEBEC



# Hotel Qu'Appelle

Building operations have commenced in the erection of another magnificent hotel on the Grand Trunk System. This, the fourth link in the chain of hotels, will be erected in Regina, the Capital City of the Province of Saskatchewan.

The site is an ideal one, in some respects similar to and rivalling the unique site of the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, on Major Hill Park, immediately opposite the Central Union Station and but a short distance from the Dominion Houses of Parliament. In Regina, the site selected is Wascana Park, at the corner of Sixteenth Avenue and Albert Street, two sides facing these important thoroughfares and the other elevations overlooking the park and commanding a view of the Provincial Parliament Buildings. The Architects, Messrs. Ross & McDonald, Montreal and Winnipeg, have arranged with the owners to set the building back from the street line sufficiently to give it a setting and relationship to the surrounding landscape that takes advantage of the admirable situation to the fullest extent. Architecturally, like its predecessors (the other hotels) it is of the Chateau type and promises to be equal to, and may even excel in design and detail, also in arrangement and equipment the structures completed and now under construction.

Immediately opposite the hotel, the new station will be erected, providing for tourists and travellers, as guests, most convenient and immediate communication with the hotel. The station building will also include the power house from which light, heat and power service will be transmitted to the hotel through a service tunnel under the streets, thus eliminating noise, vibration and other objectionable necessities from the hotel building.

The main entrance will be placed in the centre of the Albert Street Elevation. A few steps lead from the entrance to the Concourse of Rotunda and immediately opposite this entrance, commanding also the ladies' entrance, the elevator, stair, palm room and dining room approaches, has been placed the office.

Adjoining the Rotunda have been placed the telephone and telegraph booths and the news, and cigar stands.

The palm room and main dining room overlook the park, and doors from the palm room

open on to a terrace from which steps lead down to the park. These two rooms with the facilities available and the beautiful outlook will surely result in making this building a prominent social centre.

The service arrangements from the kitchen, etc., to the dining and palm rooms are ideal, and will result in quick service and the avoidance of vexatious delays, to the guests.

The main dining room, palm room and Rotunda extend through the height of two storeys, the main floor and the mezzanine. The mezzanine provides a musician's gallery for the dining room, a gallery overlooking the Rotunda and a spectator's view of the dining room.

It also provides a private dining room, a small banquet room and Manager's Office providing the facilities for private entertainment and gives the Manager's Office a key position in the administration of the building. Immediately upon entering, and before ascending the few steps to the main floor, approach may be made to the grill room and bar by stairs leading left and right from this entrance landing. Above the main floor and the mezzanine, there will be seven floors for guests' bedrooms. All rooms facing Wascana Park and the streets will have outside private bathrooms, all rooms to the main court will have running water, and on every floor will be provided ample toilet room accommodation.

There will be a total of 225 bedrooms, almost all of which can be used as double rooms on account of their large dimensions.

The grill room, bar, barber shop, general toilet, main service and kitchen are in the basement, and the laundry, stores, locker rooms, elevator machinery and refrigerator equipment in the sub-basement.

In construction and exterior it will be of a selected grey brick with stone dressings and finish, the interior will be of steel frame and re-inforced concrete. The typical floors of guests' rooms will be finished with hardwood doors and enamelled white trim. The interior decorations and furnishings will be in keeping with the style, character and the very high standard of service already established by the Grand Trunk Railway and this will secure for Regina through the patronage of this hotel, a distinction and interest that will be a considerable factor in its growth and development.

# Woodland Tramps

“ARTHUR GEORGE”

**L**ITTLE do even those who are most familiar with the woods dream of the number of curious eyes that furtively watch them in their progress as they follow the woodland paths, and apparently no matter how out of the way the place may be the denizens of the woods know man for a dangerous creature and appear to be well aware of his limitations. To them he is the animal of all others most to be dreaded once his attention is fixed upon them, but they know him to be dull of hearing, slow of sight, and as far as they are concerned destitute of the sense of smell. In his case they never think of practicing the means of escape which alone could save them from their natural enemies. They know his limitations and do not consider the direction of the wind in his case, which ordinarily would be of the first importance. They move when his eyes are not directed towards them, safe in the knowledge that his dull ears will not detect sounds their ordinary enemies would hear, and when his path is not directed straight towards them, often stand rigid to let him pass, fully conscious that his eyes are not keen enough to pick them out from their surroundings. Whence comes this knowledge? Who taught them? Where man has never trod these creatures have neither knowledge or fear of him; yet it is hard to believe that all the denizens of the Canadian woods know man from actual contact. If their knowledge is instinctive, it must be a special instinct, recently developed. So leaving this matter for those better qualified to deal with it we will return to our woodland tramp.

The writer knows of nothing more enjoyable than such a tramp of observation, or of one which is less generally indulged in. Most people merely pass to and from as they hurry through the woods and never suspect that they are the objects of interest at such a time to very many creatures which, could they see them, they would be quite as interested in. For the purpose of illustrating what may be seen on such a tramp I shall select from among many, one experience which was remarkable in respect of the number of one species of animal seen.

To begin with one morning in the early spring a friend of long standing and myself arranged to take a short vacation together, the vacation to be spent on the well preserved shooting and fishing territory of a club to which my friend belonged, and which was situated in the mountains close to the Ottawa River. A week later we stepped off the train at Pembroke, one of the most delightfully situated and thriving towns on the Ottawa, to purchase supplies. This very necessary business transacted we again took the train for a short distance, leaving the cars at Bissits Creek, from which point we crossed the Ottawa and after a pleasant walk over a good

trail of perhaps three miles reached the club house which is situated on the rocky margin of a beautiful lake. The object of our expedition was speckled trout and I was all eagerness to get out a rod and try a few casts, although it was rather late in the evening. My friend, whom I will call Ned, discouraged the idea, however, saying that if we fished this lake we could throw the trawl into the kitchen and lose the fun of working for our fish. This argument sounded oddly to me but then the entire expedition had been handled on what to me were novel lines. We were both able-bodied men well able to take care of ourselves but our outfit included a professional cook and two men to wait upon us. When we started I had thought of a camping expedition but I soon learned that this term, like many others may convey quite different meanings to different people. Ned's idea of camping included meals such as may be had at times in a first class hotel. It also included fresh flowers on the table. However after the first day I saw the force of his argument with regard to fishing the lake on which the club-house was situated and never had any further inclination that way afterwards although trout, some of them over three pounds, could be seen at any time the cook threw offal from the fish he was dressing, into the water. Our fishing was done at lakes that suited our fancy with regard to distance, and the results were an unbroken chain of successes. My previous trout fishing had been done in brooks where I had tramped miles in a blissful state of expectancy each time the opportunity for a cast was presented, the back of my neck being meantime covered with gore from the attentions of black flies and the backs of my hands loaded with mosquitoes. I had been happy at night if I had had the good fortune to secure a few small trout and now I learned for the first time that too many fish took the edge off sport almost as effectually as too few. When you are always sure of a full basket regardless of weather conditions, when it does not matter what flies are used because you will be sure to have a rise anyway at every other cast, and no skill is necessary to take the fish, it soon ceases to be sensational sport. After six days of unbroken success, during which we ate elaborate, daintily served meals, it is little wonder that we strictly observed Sunday; there was not the slightest temptation to do anything else. In justice to Ned, however, I must say that he would have done so in any case. However, before the morning passed we were deadly dull and I proposed a trip through the woods. A tramp of this kind did not appeal to my companion who was ready enough to tramp but not without a definite object and he asked me why I wanted to go. I explained that I wanted to see the wild creatures of the woods

"But we will not see any," he insisted. "I have been here nearly every year since I was a boy and have seen next to nothing."

"They are not around in the day time," I pointed out. "and the wild things have nowhere else to go. Where there are tracks there are animals, you may be sure. Each day as we take our walks to and from the lakes many watchful eyes are upon us, the owners of which lurk unsuspected sometimes within reach."

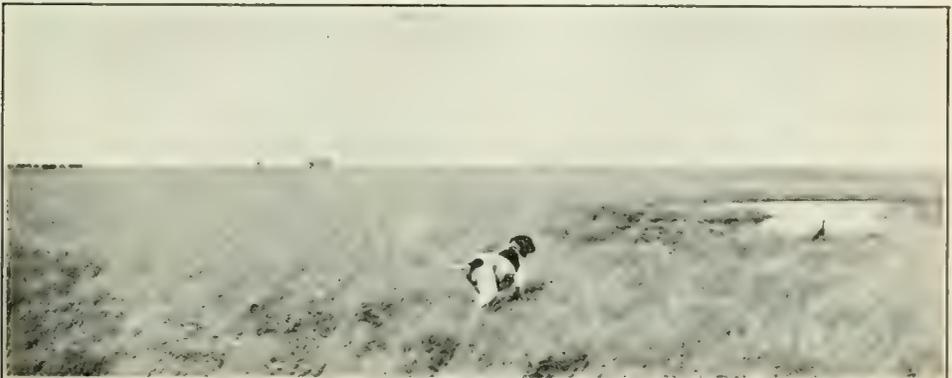
Ned was sceptical but interested and finally agreed to my proposal. Once started he quickly caught my spirit of expectancy which was further engendered by our cautious movements, and we had not gone far from camp before we spied a black squirrel, the first we had seen for years. A little farther on and we came upon a ruffed grouse and her nest. A half mile farther we were rewarded with a good view of a pair of lynx. This was a very unusual sight and Ned was now convinced that we had exhausted our "luck," and would see nothing more. He was satisfied with the result however as it stood. Notwithstanding he was quite ready to go on when I proposed that we do so.

After walking a short distance we were interested to see a porcupine in a poplar tree and to watch his movements for some time. After leaving this slow-witted creature to finish his meal in peace we approached the margin of a small lake and there began one of the most astonishing experiences within my knowledge. All who are addicted to woodland tramps, as the writer has been from childhood, know the difficulty of approaching a deer unperceived, yet upon this occasion

with nothing in the conditions especially favorable except a light wind in our favor we appeared to be able to approach these timid creatures at will. First one came in sight, then two, then another two. Next we had the pleasure of watching four. Then we sat down and watched seven for fully half an hour when they winded us and bounded away. Shortly afterwards, to suitably close our experience, my eye caught the outlines of a doe, still as a statue, twelve paces from where I stood. Ned, who was a little behind, had time to come up and examine her closely before she moved off and even then she took several steps before throwing up her tail and bounding away. We were at this time well on our road to camp which we soon reached after having passed the most exciting and interesting afternoon which either of us could recall. The nervous strain had been so great that it was hours before either of us could sleep and the writer was roused to full consciousness time and again just as he had dropped into dreamland by seeing in imagination the short white tails of the deer flying as they bounded over the woodland obstructions which fancy placed in their path. The chief incidents of the afternoon were reproduced over and over again before we finally sank into the unconsciousness of utter relaxation only fully attained after an invigorating journey such as ours had been. We might have procured a number of fine photographs but Ned was so sure that he would see nothing of interest that he did not take his camera, a circumstance which the reader may rest assured he heartily regretted.

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## Hunting Prairie Chicken in Saskatchewan



Gypsy Girl on the Point, Owned by J. L. Kyle, Wilkie, Sask.

# Results of the Motor Boat Races at Hamilton, Ontario, August 15th and 16th

August 15th, 1913

## 5 Mile Handicap for 1 and 2 Cylinder Engines.

No.	Name.	Start.	Finish
1.	Ethel K.	4-26-19	5-03-32
2.	Isabel	4-29-33	5-03-43
3.	Kitty	4-26-38	5-04-31
4.	Kenne	4-15-00	5-05-59
5.	Marino	4-22-46	5-07-59
	*Pearl	4-26-38	5-03-09
	*Krugg	4-19-51	5-02-15
	Grafter	Started before proper time	

\*Disqualified.

## Bang and Go Back

No.	Name.	Start	Finish.
1.	Marco	5-30	5-37-53
2.	Reynolds	5-30	5-38-11
3.	Gadfly 111	5 30	5-38-21

And many others too many to count.

## 15 Mile Free for all.

No.	Name.	Start	Finish	Lapsed Time
1.	Heloise	3-00	3-28-49	28-49
2.	Gadfly 111	3-00	3-34-19	34-19
3.	Marco	3-00	3-34-48	34-28

August 16th, 1913.

## 25 Mile International Great Lakes Championship.

No.	Name.	Start.	Finish.
1.	Marco	3-30	4-39-01
2.	Alice Mary	"	4-50-38
	Heloise	"	Disabled.

## 20 Mile Handicap International Motor Boat Race.

No.	Name.	Start	Finish.
1.	Heloise	5-55-53	6-23-35
2.	Marco	5-48-46	6-24-42
3.	S. H. M. 4	5-26-04	6-35-31
4.	Philomel	5-15-00	6-35-36
5.	Wannetta	5-17-21	6-35-53
	Alice Mary	Disqualified.	
	Reynolds	"	"
	Brussels	"	"
	Walma	"	"

## 10 Mile Displacement Motor Boat Race.

No.	Name.	Start.	Finish.
1.	Marco	2-45	3-08-32
2.	Gadfly 111	"	3-13-20
3.	Alice-Mary	"	3-15-52
4.	Brussels	"	3-21-51
5.	Philomel	"	3-25-36
6.	Leading Lady	"	3-26-15

"It will be noted," writes Mr. W. G. Smart, Chairman of the Motor Boat Committee at the Centennial Exposition, "that the 'Marco' in the 25 mile Great Lakes Championship Race took one hour, 9 minutes and 15 seconds, while in the 20 mile Handicap Race she did the 20 miles in 35 minutes and 56 seconds. This was no doubt due to the fact that the fast boats dropped out of the 25 mile race after the first lap, and the 'Marco' was enabled to save herself for the 20 mile race which followed next on the programme."



The accompanying photograph which has been forwarded us by Mr. W. H. Edwards, Taxidermist, Revelstoke, B. C., shows Mr. W. B. Johnston of Edgewood, B. C. and a she grizzly bear and cub. The hide of the big bear stretched eight feet in length and is prime furred.

# Hunting the Golden Butterfly

A. P. CUMMINS

STORIES of big fish landed and game bags filled are often told but we seldom hear much from the men who travel the banks of rivers and streams and follow the bush trails in their work of fish and game protection. One of these men gave me the following true story of a gold rush that happened in his district in British Columbia, a few miles from the International Boundary line, and in the shadow of Mt. Baker.

A few summers ago while standing on the old Chilliwack River bridge, estimating the weight of a big trout in the pool below, two dusky strangers stopped on the trail close by and made tea for the mid-day lunch. Shortly afterwards they were joined by four more? To judge from the looks of the first two men they were not seeking company just then but received their visitors on sufferance. Coming back this way later in the day it was observed that the men had camped in an old shed on the roadside and had been joined by two more. Where they were camped was the main prospector's trail to the Mt. Baker district. For the next few days men kept coming in by two's and three's until there must have been forty at least. All wore a confident satisfied look, the look that is common to the Westerner, and they were playing about like boys just let out from school.

To look at them one got the impression that they were waiting for some one or for something to turn up. They were a mixed crowd. There was among them one doctor, two barbers, a bar keep or two, etc. Most of them were Seattle men. To detract attention half the band struck up the trail and camped some miles up the river and a few mornings later the camp was empty; a fire warden had met the boys hitting the trail for the mountains at top speed.

The lure was this: C., an old prospector, had come into Seattle some

weeks before with a number of water-worn gold nuggets of considerable value. For a money consideration he took two friends into his confidence, telling them that while prospecting in the vicinity of Mt. Baker he had met an Indian who showed him some gold nuggets but would not tell him where he had found them. After some talk had gone on between the prospector and the Indian a deal was made and the prospector agreed to be at the same place in ten days' time with one hundred silver dollars for which sum the Indian was to show him the cache. C. procured the dollars and met the Indian as arranged. He was led through heavy timber over hill and dale to the foot of a mountain where a stream flowed down a small, deep valley and disappeared into an underground channel into another mountain side. There he saw the nuggets of gold lying in the bed of the stream. C. collected a number, made a rough plan of the district and pulled out for more grub.

The scene is shifted now to Seattle where the two friends come into the deal. Scenting a good thing they passed the word along to a friend or two to meet them on the trail. C. and his two partners started in on the old road but hearing of the band waiting, back-tracked and went in some forty miles farther up by the Hope trail. The "Raiders at the Bridge" got wind of this and hot-footed it into the mountains to where the Hope and Chilliwack trails met, only to find that C., a day or two out, had had an accident, a slither of cedar having run in under his ribs which had made him a candidate for the hospital. The disappointed gold seekers then struck for home, their gold pans, axes, rubber boots and blankets dotting the wayside. The following summer C., with a small escort, returned, going in by way of the old trail. The map however failed to be sufficiently enlightening

to enable the seekers to locate the valley containing the hidden gold and after some days spent in searching, an accident with his rifle put C.

out of commission a second time and the party broke up once more, leaving the golden butterfly still at large.

## Some Information Covering Lapland

"Extreme superstition, owing to their utter lack of education, and strong drink, introduced into the country by tourists, are the two things holding the people of Lapland in bondage," said Andreas Wangberg, a native of reindeer land, in conversation at Edmonton, Alta. "They worship the midnight sun," he added, "and believe that the lights of the aurora borealis emanate from the spirits of departed kin and friends."

Mr. Wangberg, who stands six feet three inches in his beaded moccasins and weighs 250 pounds, is a missionary in Lapland. Twenty-five years of his life has been devoted to taking the Bible, translated into the native language, to his people and teaching them the first principles of Christianity. During his travels, always in the most primitive way, using reindeer, he has distributed many copies of the Scriptures; "but," he said, "the natives for the most part are unable to read or write. They are, however, eager to learn and the men are anxious to have us also teach their wives and the children."

The missionary described the life and occupation of his people in the Arctic circle, saying that the main industries are hunting reindeer and fishing. Little or no attention is given to agriculture, though potatoes are grown in numerous places. The wild vegetation is a species of moss, which grows, not too plentiful, on the sides of the snow-clad mountains. This is the sole food supply for the large herds of reindeer. The animals reach the moss by digging away the snow with their forefeet.

"The instinct of the reindeer is truly marvelous," he added, "as the animals seem to know exactly where to dig, though the snow is deep, to find their daily food.

"We have wonderful scenery and many foreigners visit our country during the summer season, June and July, when the sun shines continuously. December and January are the months of continuous darkness.

"Our seaport places and towns are growing on account of the railway development that has taken place in Lapland; but in the interior and the isolated places, the people, whose life is a monotonous round of sameness have little to cheer them. They have nothing to encourage them to higher ideals of living. Laplanders are affectionate folk and they love their children, though they do not possess the ability to train them even in things which are considered absolutely necessary in this country.

"The natives of my country live in tents and frame huts and they use the reindeer for pleasure and as a beast of burden. The animals furnish the motive power for all sorts of conveyances, also supply food and shelter. The skins are converted into wearing apparel and used also in tent-making. The meat is dried and smoked. It is the principal item of diet. Of course, fish also enters into this list of supplies."

Mr. Wangberg, who is making a tour of Canada in the interest of his people, said he had received every assistance from the British and Foreign Bible Society, in furnishing the Scriptures in the native language for distribution among the people of Lapland.

"The first Bible in the Lapland tongue was carried into our country about 18 years ago," he continued. "The missionaries have worked hard and the results are beginning to show in some places, but in a general way there are only a few who will undertake the task of enlightening my primitive countrymen, who are not only poor and illiterate, but extremely superstitious in all things. We are comparatively unknown to civilization, but we are hopeful that the younger generation will not follow in the footsteps of their forebears.

"There is a field for work in my country in teaching the children. The curse of intoxicating liquor, introduced by foreigners, chiefly tourists, has caused much sorrow and trouble and I feel that the gospel of Christianity alone can save our people from its ravages."



## He's four years old this month

**BIG BEN** is the biggest thing in the American alarm clock business.

He is barely four years old, but he is already getting more work from the States than any clock alive.

Three million families leave it to him to call them up every morning—three million families use him all day long to tell the right time by.

Counterfeits of all kinds have tried in vain to cash in on him—he had faith enough in himself to dare and advertise.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, massive, well-set, triple-plated. He guarantees to wake you on the dot with one long steady call or stop your turnover naps with successive gentle rings. He works 36 hours at a stretch—over time when needed.

His fee is just the same for one year or for ten, \$3.00 anywhere in Canada.—A community of clockmakers stands back of him. Their imprint "*Made in La Salle, Illinois by Westclox*" is the best alarm clock insurance that anyone can buy.

# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Rev. C. T. Easton, author of verses on outdoor subjects, hunting, fishing, canoeing, etc. has left with us for disposal to those interested a number of his booklets, "Songs of Forest and Stream." The price per copy is only 15 cents.

Nibigami (The Country of Lakes) is the great wild region lying between Winnipeg and Lake Nipigon that has recently been opened up by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Sportsmen, including big game hunters, fishermen, and canoeists will find in this territory the best of fishing, big game hunting as well as waterfowl and grouse, and delightful canoe trips of varying duration. A well illustrated booklet giving terse descriptions of many points of interest in this vast wilderness of forest, lake and stream, and containing an illuminating map of the territory may be procured from Mr. R. C. W. Lett, Tourist and Colonization Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

From Camrose, Alta. comes an envelope containing the photograph of a fine pair of wild geese and a request for a story concerning this fine gamebird. We should be glad to know to whom we are indebted for this photograph.

The principal of the Ontario School for the Blind at Brantford, Ont., writes that he will be glad to secure the name of any person under twenty-one years of age, who is blind or whose sight is so defective that attendance at the local Public School is impracticable. By the methods in use at Brantford, a good English education can be acquired by the sightless and instruction is also given in such trades as are available to enable the blind to become self supporting. No charge is made for board, tuition or books. The principal's address is H. F. Gardiner, O. S. B., Brantford, Ont.

Byron Serviss and Elson White of Brockville, Ont., landed a maskinonge weighing sixteen pounds near Refugee Island.

James Little of Ottawa while fishing in the Rideau river above Hog's Back captured a 39 pound maskinonge. It was forty-six inches in length and 17 in girth. Besides this very creditable catch he annexed six pickerel whose total weight was 30 pounds. Mr. Little attracted a good deal of attention while bringing the 'lunge to shore.

A 47 pound sturgeon was the portion of Napoleon Proulx, Tetreauville, P. Q., while fishing off the boom at Red Gate in August last.

Proulx was fishing for minnows that he intended to use for bait on a fishing trip he had promised himself, and was using only a fine

hook. When his line began to pay out at a velocity that made Napoleon think of a runaway express train he woke up and took notice.

After a lively fight the "monster of the deep" was landed, having swallowed the hook and a generous portion of the line. The sturgeon tipped the scales at 47 pounds. The big catch was photographed several times and was then carved up, furnishing fish dinners for several of Napoleon's friends.

A Peterboro man, whose name is just as well with-held, tells a garish story concerning a porcupine who was in the habit of going into his orchard and stealing apples. The porcupine had been chased so often that he made up his mind to get a supply and be done with it. Choosing a pile of apples, which had been gathered by the historian of this voracious narrative, he rolled himself in the pile and when seen disappearing over the orchard fence had a fine juicy apple on each quill. The owner of the orchard declared Mr. Porey carried off at least a bushel of apples.

Mr. David Gillies, of Ottawa, the well known lumberman, received an amusing letter from one of his old fire rangers on the Upper Petawawa a short time ago. For people who are afraid of bears, it affords an interesting insight into the contempt entertained for these "varmints" by the real backwoodsman. The ranger writes to Mr. Gillies as follows:

"Bears are a little troublesome this month. They have broken into the hut at Catfish several times during my absence, and have eaten my provisions and upset everything. I had the window nailed up with inch boards, and five-inch spikes, and they tore that off and got in again. They come at night, too, and waken me up. I struck one in the face one night as he was trying to climb in the window, and I scared another away when he started to pull down the barricade. The park men told me I should get a heavy revolver. I am not afraid of bears, but they are more troublesome than the mice and squirrels."

The largest fish caught in the Chemong Lake during the past season was reported to have been caught by Mr. Jack Patte who secured a 20 pound 'lunge.

The belief that the cat is the natural enemy of the mouse does not always hold good. On the farm of William Wilson near Queenston is an old tabby, the property of his grandson Edgar, who is responsible for overthrowing this popular belief. Some time ago Edgar entrusted a litter of white mice to the care of the cat. The cat offered no objection, and from the first day they got along without a hitch. The cat and rodents share their food, and form

# A Jimmy Pipe o' Peace

## PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

has put the "Indian Sign" on all the tongue-broiling, smartweed brands. P. A. can't bite *your* tongue nor any man's, patented process removes the sting.

*Sold everywhere in full 2-oz. tins.*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
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a very happy little family. The fact that heretofore the cat had been a noted "mouser" caused considerable comment.

A thrilling escape from drowning in Rainy River, near Fort Frances, Ontario, by catching hold of the antlers of a big bull moose, which was swimming across the river, was the experience of Clyde Buell, of Minneapolis, a junior student of the State University.

Buell was working at Fort Frances for a lumber company. He was out on a raft of logs. After striking a jam, the raft loosened, and Buell, clinging to a single piece of timber was carried down the river towards the rapids. He had given up hope when he saw the moose with its head and antlers above water swimming safely from the rapids. Buell let loose from his log and grabbed one horn of the antlers and shifted himself to the back of the animal and rode it to shallow water. The moose fought hard, but would sink beneath the water and soon gave up and swam ashore.

A party of four government surveyors working 35 miles north of Battleford, Sask., were held at bay by timber wolves for three days and later two of the party were drowned in muskeg. They had fired all their ammunition and were unable to repulse the wolves until relieved by the half breed who brought in the bodies of the victims to Battleford.

Mr. Fred Page, a motorman in the employ of the Ottawa Electric Street Railway Co., who was camping about eight miles up the Rideau Canal, was fishing from a boat when he hooked a large maskinonge measuring over six feet and weighing well over 60 pounds. Mr. Page, who is no light weight himself, was pulled almost out of the boat but his wife prevented him from falling into the water and the fish was secured.

Two tame deer have been seen at various times in the immediate vicinity of Wychwood, near Ottawa, Ont., on the Aylmer line. One, it was stated, was about five years old, and the other about two. The deer were so tame that a resident approached to within a couple of feet of them in an automobile before they paid any attention to him and then they trotted away.

The Department of Marine and Fisheries has set apart a parcel of land situated on the right bank of the Dauphin river near its junction with Sturgeon bay, on Lake Winnipeg, to the north and west of Indian reserve No. 48, for the purpose of a fish hatchery site. The parcel contains thirty-one acres.

One Saturday in July while fishing at Port Stanley, the popular Lake Erie summer resort, Dave McKenzie of St. Thomas hooked a large carp which gave considerable trouble in landing. The fish when weighed turned the scale at 22 pounds, was 31 inches in length and 21 in girth.

A party of motorists who were coming from Bald Point to Lindsay, Ont., this summer saw

a large maskinonge floating in Sturgeon Lake. The fish was badly decomposed, and had in its mouth an empty can, which it had endeavored to swallow. Not being able to accomplish the task, the 'lunge could not eject it from its mouth, and consequently died from the indiscretion. The fish in all probability rushed for the shining vessel when it was dropped from a steamer or craft passing over the waters.

The Kawartha Lakes produce some fine fish and fish stories each year. Trolling in Pigeon Lake in August last Mr. Nicholson caught a large maskinonge which when taken from the water weighed 35 pounds. The fish was mounted by Mr. Elcomb, Taxidermist of Peterboro, as an illustration of the kind of fish the Kawartha Lakes can produce.

Investigations carried on by the forestry branch of the Dominion government says a despatch from New Westminster, B. C., have proven conclusively that several large herds of wild buffalo are still to be found in the hilly country on the northern boundary of Alberta, in the neighborhood of the Slave river.

A party working under the direction of A. J. Bell, the government agent at Fort Smith, made a study of the habits and obtained photographs of these buffalo, which are identical in appearance with the former buffalo of the plains, the remnants of which were forced to seek shelter in the timber fastnesses of the north.

These wood buffalo when fully grown, are able to defend themselves against their natural enemies, but in the winter before the young yearlings have obtained full growth, they frequently fall victims of the timber-wolves. Bands of these wolves hover around the flanks of the buffalo herd as they pass in single file from one feeding ground to another, waiting for the opportunity to cut off a young animal and drive it from the beaten trail into the deep snow where it is unable either to escape or defend itself.

Partly eaten carcasses were found by the investigating party which indicated clearly that the wolves were the cause. These grey timber wolves are of large size and are very numerous in this region, where they menace, not only the wood-buffalo, but other game as well. The Dominion government already offers a bounty of twenty dollars apiece for their destruction, but so sparsely inhabited is the region and so clever are the wolves in avoiding traps that the present bounty has had little effect in reducing their numbers. It is possible that the Dominion government will raise the bounty to forty dollars in the hope of ridding the regions of these pests, and of preventing the extinction of the last wild bison in existence.

The Minden (Ont.) "Echo" severely censures a party of fishermen who came to Gull Lake during August last and after hooking some thirty fine trout, left them to rot in the sun. This party not only let these beautiful fish spoil but left them in such a condition that parties who arrived later could not camp or re-



*George M. Party Fishing Boat, 50 H.P. Standard. Martin Murray, (owner) Long Beach, L. I.*

That part of the marine engine which you can't usually fathom is plainly understandable in

## THE STANDARD ENGINE

The care and adjustment of the

## OPERATIVE IGNITION

in the STANDARD is for the layman.

The wiring is simple.

It is impervious to dampness or spray. The low tension makes the current easily and safely controlled.

This low pressure, or voltage, with the high flow, or amperage, gives a big, fat, sure spark in the cylinder.

The STANDARD Operative Ignition is, in fact, a dual system. With the magneto current in service the battery current is entirely out of operation. A reserve system complete in itself is had, one always ready for long service, entirely independent of the system in operation. An ignition system so truly Operative that the magneto system could be removed and engine run on battery.

Besides this! The parts are get-at-able; the points are adjustable.

Low upkeep cost, long service, high efficiency, great horsepower and fuel economy are evident. Years of hard service have proven these facts.

They will be proven in your boat.

Let us figure on the complete installation for you.

Back of the STANDARD guarantee is the

STANDARD MOTOR CONSTRUCTION COMPANY,

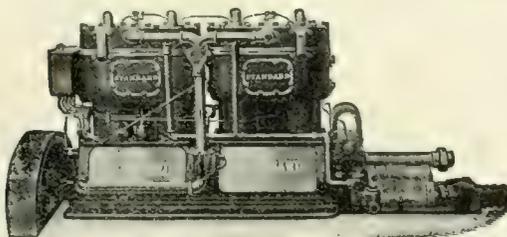
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### Exclusive Features

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main on the island, until after all trace of them had been buried.

Carp fishermen operating in the creeks and ponds along the Lake Erie shore this summer did a large business, shipping tons of fish daily to Buffalo, New York and other large cities. During the spring the carp run up the creeks in great numbers to spawn, and when they return find their retreat cut off by the most ingenious inventions. Some of these carp ponds are equipped with machinery for supplying the captives with fresh water and drawing off the impure while the nature of the trap is very complicated and not inexpensive. The fish, realizing their predicament, make every effort to escape, their bruised heads giving evidence of a desperate leap from the water into the iron gratings that hold them captive. They have been known to effect an escape by burrowing through the mud or by taking advantage of the runway of the muskrat. The fish are growing in numbers very rapidly in the lake each year, and their nature, being carnivorous, they are looked upon as a menace to the better class of fish.

During the present season the Tourist Traffic as well as the influx of sportsmen to the Highlands of Ontario has been very large, and reports are coming in from different parts, all of which speak in the highest terms of the districts visited and the sport enjoyed.

A party of five from Flint, Mich., recently returned with evidence of the splendid sport they enjoyed in Canadian waters. This party camped on the head waters of Maganetewan River, twenty miles north of Kearney on the Ottawa division of the Grand Trunk. The fishing was excellent, and several good catches were recorded. A beautiful string of twenty-five of the finest Brook Trout seen in many a day was carried home as evidence of the splendid sport offered in Canadian waters. Amongst the party were two youngsters whose enthusiasm was remarked when they were describing the experiences of seeing wild animal life in their natural state, bears, deer and moose being seen about the camp. The boys found the small rabbits so tame that they could pick them up a dozen yards from the camp, the squirrels ate from their hands, and the entire party regretted exceedingly the arrival of the day of departure.

During July parties of visitors from the south summering on Lake Temagami had excellent luck with rod and line. In the course of a week two parties of fishermen caught, fishing with rod and troll, 126 fish in the Obabika section of the lake. Another party, accompanied by a guide, caught 70 fish in one day. Many of these were black bass and pickerel. The fishing grounds are easy of access from Bear Island.

American canneries in Alaska according to Vancouver reports did a tremendous business during the past season. Single traps took as many as 120,000 fish to a lift and some were so choked that many of the fish died before

they could be taken out. A vast quantity of fish had to be thrown away because the canneries could not handle them.

A Leamington fisherman this summer caught a sturgeon weighing 120 pounds, 20 of which were eggs. Twenty or more years ago says a writer in the Leamington Post, commenting on this catch, this fish would have brought scarcely 50 cents, but the high price of flesh and eggs to-day make this sturgeon worth over \$100 to the owner. The price received for caviare is over \$2.00 a pound.

While trolling near his summer residence in Temagami Mr. Geo. A. Bagshaw of Haileybury, a well known and successful fisherman of that town, felt the customary stiff pull on his line and immediately started playing his fish. He knew the species by the tug the fish gave on the line and when he found out the size he brought the boat into shore and hauled the large pike out on the sandy beach. He was forced to use a stick to kill the fish, and when measured it showed a length of 41 inches and weighed 25 pounds, claimed to be the largest pike ever pulled out of Temagami waters. Are any of our readers in a position to challenge this claim?

15,000 black bass fingerlings were put in Charleston Lake as a result of arrangements that were made by Mr. A. E. Donovan, M. P. with the Fish and Game Department of the Ontario Government. This is the first time the Government have sent bass to Charleston Lake and this consignment, it is anticipated, will increase the sport of angling in this lake to a considerable extent.

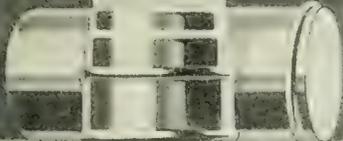
While trawling near Harmony Lodge, eight miles down the river from Kingston, Messrs. A. A. Beaton and Regina McLean of Kingston hooked a lunge which weighed 25 pounds. After an exciting half hour they successfully landed their prize, and returned to camp quite proud of their catch.

Charles Cooke of Clarendon, near Kingston, Ont., trapped one of the largest wolves ever seen in that vicinity. When the skin was dried it measured five feet, four inches, from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail. For some time previous to this capture wolves had been heard howling at nights and Mr. Cooke finally decided to try and trap one of them. Traps were left out ten days and the last night the big wolf got both feet into one of them.

It is not very often we hear of porcupines walking through a flock of fowl, but such was the case recently, when Fred Compton of Kingston discovered a large one a few yards from the house. The dog also had seen it and quickly made after the animal, when it took to a large pine tree, but not before the dog's mouth and nose were completely filled with quills; and it was not until the next day that, with the aid of a pair of pincers, the quills were pulled out of the poor animal's mouth. How-

The Holder  
Top  
Shaving  
Stick

# Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick



The Shaving Stick and the flat nickeled top are in one piece. Thus the top is a most convenient holder for the fingers, and the shorter the Stick becomes the more useful is this Holder-Top device.

The soap itself will give you the same quick, cool, richly abundant lather that has commended Williams' Shaving Preparations to three generations of shavers.

OTHER FORMS OF WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS ARE:

- Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-Cover  
Nickeled Box
- Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-Cover  
Nickeled Box
- Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

### SPECIAL OFFER—Suit Case Sets

In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes containing trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent for 24c. in stamps.

**Men's Suit Case Set**

Contains

- Holder-Top Shaving Stick
- Shaving Cream
- Dental Cream
- Talc Powder
- Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

**Women's Suit Case Set**

Contains

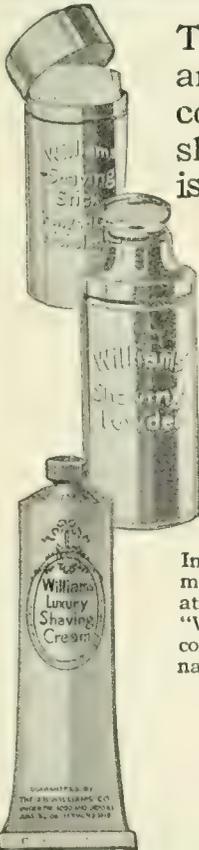
- Violet Talc Powder
- Carnation Talc Powder
- Dental Cream
- Cold Cream
- Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

After Shaving Use Williams' Talc Powder

Address: **THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.**

Department A

Glastonbury, Conn.



ever, Compton ran and got his gun and soon put an end to the dreaded animal.

Two tanks containing fifty thousand salmon trout and whitefish about two and a half inches in length before being placed in the lake, were on exhibition at the fish hatchery at Current River Park, Fort William, Ont., about the first of October.

During the months of May and June there were about thirty-five million whitefish, and salmon trout placed in the lake along the shore from Rossport as far west as the Victoria light. These it is expected will do much to keep the local fisheries from being depleted.

In the fall A. J. McNabb said they expected to obtain about 40,000,000 eggs to hatch for placing next year. Eggs from the salmon trout are obtained from the fishing tugs in each of which a spawn collector is placed and the ripe eggs gathered as soon as the fish are caught.

The whitefish spawn is collected at Lake Nipigon where the government nets are placed and the eggs taken from the fish without injuring them. The fish are then returned to the water while the spawn is taken to the hatchery.

Because in one way or another they broke the Dominion fisheries regulations, over 20 fishermen came up for trial before Magistrate Clute of New Westminster, B. C.. The offences consisted of the use of nets over 150 fathoms, fishing during the close season and fishing in the channel. Fines varied from \$5 to \$15, according to the offence. In each case \$2.50 was the costs.

Chased by a bear, Andrew Craig, a prominent resident of Brightside, near Kingston, Ont., had a thrilling experience. He was on his way to get his cows, when he ran across a bear and two cubs. The mother sent her cubs up a tree and then set out to attack Craig and his dog. Craig did not have his gun with him and so was caught at a disadvantage. Believing that to run was the best policy, Craig and his dog heeled it for all they were worth. As he was jumping over a fence, Craig slipped and man, dog and bear fell into a heap. The bear then coolly walked back to look after her cubs, much to the joy of Craig.

Joseph Lube, a member of the crew of a fishing schooner which arrived in Boston with a cargo of swordfish had a black eye and other scars on his face as the result of being attacked by a 300-pound swordfish off Georges Banks. The fish was speared and was apparently dead, but when Lube leaned over the side of his dory to fasten the strap to its tail it leaped from the water, striking the fisherman in the right side of the face, discoloring one eye, cutting his face, and injuring his nose. The fish then plunged its sword through the dory in its dying struggle and withdrew to die. The man was temporarily stunned and lay in the rapidly filling boat. Fred Estes, a fisherman aboard the schooner, saw the predicament of his comrade and put off in another dory and rescued the man.

Two full grown raccoons invaded the City of Hull and after being dislodged from a telegraph post, on the corner of Laurier Ave., and Division St., they were captured by Mr. E. Carriere and put in captivity. A grocery man named Papineau climbed a post and sent the animals down.

Fisheries Inspector Jerymn, of Wiarton, made a seizure off Cape Croker lighthouse in August last, when he came upon a nightline, with hooks baited and some 20 choice salmon trout "in the toils." He brought the whole thing back to Wiarton with him. If the Indians are not stricter in observing the law, they are in danger of losing their licenses, says the inspector.

The muskallonge has been called the buccaneer of the fresh water. He loves deep, cool lakes or swift, clear running waters. He is built for swiftness and offensive warfare. He is the natural enemy of all fishes, a fierce and dauntless marauder. He is as a tiger in cunning and ferocity, and as ravenous as a wolf. He feeds on his own kind as readily as on any other species.

Just why the maskallonge should strike at the nondescript troll of the fisherman no man knows, any more than he knows why the trout or salmon rises to a fly that looks not at all like a fly. It has been argued by muskallonge wise persons that he attacks it in a fit of anger, a spell of uncontrollable temper aroused by the intrusion of the object upon his sight while he is lying in wait for prey to come that way.

According to this belief the muskallonge, thus intent, is attracted by the shadow of the fisherman's boat as it steals along on the surface over his lurking place, and he cocks his eye up at it disapprovingly. Soon the glitter of the spoon on the fisherman's line comes along. That is too much. It is like the waving of a red flag at a bull. Instantly he rushes up and strikes it. Whatever may prompt this dash of the muskallonge on the fisherman's troll, when he strikes it and turns to dash back to his lair with the big hooks in his jaw it is as with the temper of Satan, and the resulting grapple with him by the fisherman is something to write epics about.

The Great Lakes are the natural home of this mighty game fish, and there are traditions of muskallonge weighing 100 pounds having been taken from those waters. The greatest range of angling muskallonge waters is in the wonderful chain of lakes through Canada.

Along toward the middle of July a curious thing happens to the muskallonge. His teeth fall out. A sort of piscatorial Riggs disease seems to attack him. Naturally he loses flesh in the toothless season, and his inability to enjoy any of the good things that swim about him increase the savagery of his temper.

With the coming of September he has cut an entire new set of teeth, and they are like knife blades set up on edge in his jaws. Then he takes on new vigor, voraciousness and aggressiveness, with the memory of weeks of pent up fury and unappeased appetite to avenge. And then comes the angler's best opportunity with him.



## In the Fall We Fish and Hunt

**T**HIS is the slogan of thousands of sportsmen the world over, and at this season the question "where to go" has to be solved. To the initiated this is comparatively easy, as it is well known that the

### "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"

is the sportsman's paradise. It is, as a consequence, only a question of deciding which of the various districts of "The Highlands" offers the greatest inducements.

### HERE IS THE ANSWER

**To the Fisherman :** The streams and lakes of Algonquin National Park, Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Timagami, Kawartha Lakes, Georgian Bay and Lake Nipissing Districts, abound with all the species of game fish native to fresh waters.

**To the Hunter:** Timagami for moose and other large game. Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays and Georgian Bay Districts for deer, etc. Small game and wild fowl are plentiful in all this country.

Write for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game," which gives game laws and all information, to any Grand Trunk representative, including J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. HORNING, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

**G. T. BELL,**  
Passenger Traffic Manager,  
Montreal

**H. G. ELLIOTT,**  
General Passenger Agent,  
Montreal



Jennings

R. Beattie

Vivian

# The Thirteenth Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association

S. E. SANGSTER (CANUCK)

Under perfect weather conditions the thirteenth annual Shoot of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association opened with Preliminary Day, August 11th and from then until the last squad had finished up late Thursday afternoon, everyone had one real good time. The Western Automatic traps and Long's Canadian Blackbirds continued to make good with the shooters, and the handling of the Meet by the outgoing Committee was all that had been promised. Hamilton was always put up a good Shoot, and this was no exception. The entry was the largest yet recorded in CANADA, no less than 110 scatter-gun enthusiasts, one of which was Mrs. F. Conover—who worthily represented the fair sex and amply demonstrated the possibilities of the game as a recreation worthy of more attention by the ladies—slamming chilled 7 $\frac{3}{8}$  pellets after the hurtling acc saucers.

The shooting was excellent and the scores indicate how common it is for even the steadiest shots to drop at times. Jennings, who had won the Grey Cup so often that his wife had told him to lose it,—although he shot well proceeded to let another entry take it this year. But, do not mistake me, the winner assuredly won solely on his merits. Mr. Rolla Day has been coming strong as one of the steady shots of CANADA this year, and at the Indian Meet, just six weeks prior, many predicted he would be a strong contestant for the high gun honors before many more moons. Beside the big honor of capturing the High Average trophy (the celebrated Grey Cup), Day took in a big slice of the sweepstakes, a gun or two and goodness knows what else. Hats off to Rolla; his score of 287x300, (95.66%), is 'some shooting.' John S. Boa, the Professional Representative of the D. C. Co., made the same average and, as usual, shot his steady gait.

The Grand Canadian Handicap saw an entry of fifty and was keenly contested throughout, the handicaps ranging from the inside men at 16 yards back to 21 yards on which stood Jennings, and such professionals as Darton and Boa and a number on 20 yards, including H. D. Bates, Day and Millington. The conclusion of the 50 bird race saw a three-cornered tie between Sibbitt, Bates and H. Smith, with winning the coveted trophy with 21, A. Bates scoring 23 and Sibbitt 21.

Wm. Barnes, Chief Roaring Lion of the Indian Clan, marked his return to the traps after a lengthy absence by taking down the Individual Championship honors with 50x50—some hard going too. Miles Fletcher

showed that he was still in the ring by taking down high average the second day with 142x150. Hamilton took the big team honors with Ridgetown hot on the trail; Ottawa and Montreal were poorly represented, just six entries being in from the former and none from Montreal.

A number of phases of the D. C. S. Association Tournaments were discussed at the Annual Meeting; everyone was enthusiastic and indications all point to a steady, healthy growth of interest in the Dominion Tournaments. The 1914 Tournament goes to Toronto and promises to be fully up to the standard set this year. The Toronto enthusiasts will have a busy time ahead in handling both the Canadian Indian Meet and the Dominion one.

The Individual scores follow herewith; all were in strings of 15 birds, ten events each day on the 12th and 13th. It will be noted that a number of new faces were on the firing line and many familiar from regular attendance in the past were missing. Mr. Rolla Day lead the amateurs with 287x300, with F. H. Morris (a new face) second 283 and W. Root of Dunnville and W. T. Ely of Toronto tied for 3rd and 4th with 282, and H. L. Taylor, N. Long and A. E. Millington all tied on 280, next high.

## INDIVIDUAL SCORES.

### Regular Events.

NAME	1st Day (150)	2nd Day (150)	(Total)
T. W. Barnes	139.	139.	278x300
M. E. Fletcher	136.	142.	278
A. D. Bates	140.	134.	274
E. Sturt	138.	136.	274
Jno. Hunter	140.	132.	272
*W. M. Hammond	147.	136.	283
Dr. Currie	108.	102.	210
W. Joselin	131.	129.	260
W. T. Ely	144.	138.	282
B. Donnelly	131.	xx	131x150
J. Jennings	136.	141.	277
H. D. Bates	139.	140.	279
A. E. Millington	142.	138.	280
*J. S. Boa	145.	143.	288
*Lester German	144.	141.	285
F. Conover	137.	133.	270
G. L. Vivian	118.	131.	249
R. D. Sloan	132.	114.	246
W. Fenton	128.	115.	243

# Dominion Ammunition

## Wins Highest Scores East and West

### 13th Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association at Hamilton, August 11-12-13-14.

John S. Boa, Montreal, was high professional and tied for high general average, scoring 287 breaks out of 300, using Dominion Imperial shells.

Les. German, Aberdeen, Maryland, was 2nd high professional and 2nd high gun, scoring 286 breaks out of 300, using Dominion Imperial shells.

F. H. Morris, Winnipeg tied for 3rd high professional average scoring 283 breaks out of 300, using Dominion Imperial shells.

Practice Day, Les. German, the crack American shot, broke 97% of the

targets, using Dominion Imperial shells.

Hamilton Centennial Handicap was won by W. Hart, Dresden, with a 94% score, using Dominion Imperial shells.

Long Run Trophy won by J. Vance, Tilsonburg, scoring 71 breaks without a miss, using Dominion Sovereign shells.

Two Men Team Championship: F. H. Conover, Leamington, of the winning team scored a possible of 25 breaks using Dominion Imperial shells.

### 2nd Annual Tournament, Northern Gun Club Edmonton, August 11-12

C. E. Mink, Vancouver, shooting in excellent form with Dominion Imperial shells, won high average over all for the total number of targets thrown, scoring 392 breaks out of 415.

Tied for high professional average scoring 227 breaks out of 210.

Tied for high professional championship

scoring 95 breaks out of 100.

In the ten men team championship, the only shooter to score a possible of 25 breaks.

On Practice Day, broke 98% of the targets.

All these shooters used exclusively Dominion Ammunition.

**These records are a guarantee of superiority and a proof of popularity**

LOOK FOR THE



IT'S ON EVERY BOX

**Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited**  
MONTREAL



**Barnes, Individual  
Champion, 1913**

**Sibbitt Taking It Easy**

**R. Day, High Gun**

G. M. Dunk	135.	132.	267
W. Hart	130.	133.	263
H. L. Taylor...	141.	136.	280
F. Galbraith..	137.	133.	270
R. Day	147.	140.	287
*C. Thomson	132.	118.	250
G. Tillson	129.	130.	259
J. Payne..	127.	113.	240
S. G. Vance.	140.	137.	277
W. Pow....	137.	134.	271
Jas. Vance	111.	128.	269
E. Williams	114.	109.	223
A. E. Lyons	96.	109.	205
F. H. Morris..	112.	141.	283
*W. B. Darton	140.	137.	277
J. A. Pentland	123.	117.	240
W. Root	113.	139.	282
R. Boyd ...	103.	107.	210
D. M. Scott	123.	113.	236

E. F. Springer.	121.	131.	252
W. Crossland	101.	120.	224
L. W. Lowe.....	95.	104.	199
Mrs. Conover.....	101.	86.	187
E. W. Dunnett.....	128.	126.	254
W. Evry	102.	105.	207
J. A. Armes.....	120.	122.	242
H. O. Loane.....	132.	128.	260
R. Wells	108.	102.	210
M. Carr	143.	129.	272
N. Long	140.	140.	280
A. L. Throop	138.	136.	274
R. A. Sibbitt.....	130.	135.	265
W. Slaney.....	121.	114.	235
Geo. Easdale.....	125.	120.	245
B. Beattie	139.	130.	269
J. B. Harkin.....	133.	134.	267
W. Dillon.....	133.	111.	244
W. Wark.....	121.	128.	249



**G. M. Dunk, Representing Dominion Cartridge Co. Montreal, who entertained the Shooters and their friends in the D. C. Co.'s tent at the Tournament**

**H. Smith, Winner Grand Canadian Handicap**

# *Ithaca* 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ Lb. 16 Bore

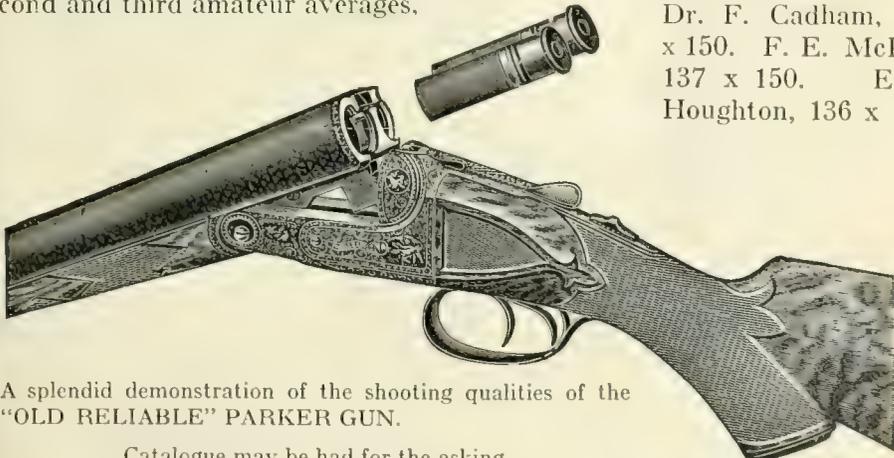


- ¶ We furnish light weight guns.
- ¶ Here is a little "peach"—a 16 bore as light as other factories make 20's.
- ¶ If you have "shyed" at a 20 because it did not carry a big enough load—here is a gun that will carry a larger load, yet it's light.
- ¶ There is no use carrying around extra weight when a featherweight will do the business.
- ¶ You can travel farther, finish fresher, get into action quicker, kill your game nearer to you and come home feeling as frisky as a kitten.
- ¶ We can furnish the 20 gauge from 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  to 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  pounds—the 28 gauge from 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  to 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  pounds.
- ¶ Send for beautiful catalog FREE—describes 18 grades guns \$17.75 net to \$400 list.

**ITHACA GUN COMPANY, BOX 13 ITHACA, N. Y.**

**A**T the Industrial Exhibition Tournament, held by the Fort Geary Gun Club, Winnipeg, July 10, 1913, there were 55 Contestants. The Parker gun at this tournament won the International special 50 bird event, in the hands of F. E. McKay, 47 x 50. The Parker Gun also won first, second and third amateur averages,

Dr. F. Cadham, 141 x 150. F. E. McKay, 137 x 150. E. H. Houghton, 136 x 150.



A splendid demonstration of the shooting qualities of the "OLD RELIABLE" PARKER GUN.

Catalogue may be had for the asking.

**PARKER BROS., Meriden, Conn.** N. Y. Salesrooms, 32 Warren St.

F. W. Watson.....	120.	125.	245
E. Harris.....	136.	138.	274
J. J. Cline.....	135.	128.	263
*F. A. Fay.....	127.	118.	245
D. A. Konkle.....	115.	116.	231
L. Wainman.....	120.	116.	236
J. A. Tucker.....	109.	107.	216
W. J. Dolsen.....	134.	127.	261
J. E. Hovey.....	133.	131.	264
J. Passmore.....	129.	117.	246
J. E. Cantelon.....	115.	109.	224
N. Ball.....	120.	108.	228
D. Reid.....	131.	137.	268
D. J. Munro.....	128.	121.	249
H. W. Hunsberry.....	139.	131.	270
P. G. Cadham.....	124.	109.	231
J. J. Shanks.....	101.	101.	205
W. Smith.....	114.	115.	229
W. J. McCance.....	102.	xx	102x150
W. C. Vail.....	128.	126.	254
Jas. Wayper.....	141.	138.	279
G. Sachs.....	128.	109.	237
H. D. Sherwood.....	119.	129.	218
W. J. Marshall.....	140.	138.	278
W. J. Corby.....	128.	128.	256
D. McMakin.....	134.	141.	275
W. Thorold.....	133.	138.	271
D. McNeil.....	122.	118.	240
T. Sawden.....	96.	104.	200
P. Wakefield.....	138.	133.	271
Maj. Singer.....	133.	133.	266
W. Seager.....	125.	118.	243
J. Aitkin.....	115.	111.	226
D. Smith.....	127.	114.	241
H. Smith.....	138.	131.	269
M. Raspberry.....	136.	121.	257
McKenzie.....	xx.	124.	124x150
J. Symes.....	xx.	134.	134x150
W. Blackwell.....	xx.	113.	113x150

(\*Professionals.)

An even 50 shooters faced the traps for the GRAND CANADIAN HANDICAP. Some very fine shooting was witnessed, the finish showing Smith, Sibbitt and Arthur Bates tied with 48x50. The shoot-off at 25 extra birds made Smith winner (24x25), A. Bates 23 (2nd), Sibbitt 21, (3rd.) The first twenty scores were:

19. H. Smith (Hdep. 18 yds) 18x50 & 21x25 in shoot-off.
19. A. D. Bates..... 48. 23 do.
18. R. A. Sibbitt..... 48. 21 do.
19. G. Vivian..... 47.
19. T. W. Barnes..... 47.
20. W. T. Ely..... 47.
19. P. Wakefield..... 47.
19. Galbraith..... 46.
20. A. E. Millington..... 46.
18. F. H. Morris..... 46.
18. E. A. Dunnett..... 46.
21. J. Jennings..... 45.
20. R. Day..... 45.
19. N. Long..... 45.
18. D. M. Scott..... 45.
17. N. Ball..... 45.
19. Donnelly..... 44.
18. J. Vance..... 44.
19. W. Fenton..... 44.
18. W. Dillon..... 44.
19. Jno. Hunter..... 44.
19. A. L. Troop..... 44.

In the CENTENNIAL HANDICAP, at 50 targets there were 45 entries. W. Hart and S. G. Vance tied with 47, Hart taking high honors in the shoot-off at 25 birds with 24, with Vance 23 up. The higher scores were:—

W. Hart.....	47x50 and 21x25 in shoot-off.
S. G. Vance.....	47. 23. do.
T. W. Barnes.....	46.
D. McMackin.....	46.
Carruthers.....	46.
A. L. Throop.....	45.
F. J. Marsh.....	45.
J. B. Harkins.....	45.
P. Wakefield.....	45.
H. L. Taylor.....	45.
M. E. Fletcher.....	45.
D. M. Scott.....	44.
H. D. Bates.....	44.
A. E. Millington.....	44.
W. Fenton.....	44.
R. Day.....	44.
B. Beattie.....	43.
Harris.....	43.
Houghton.....	43.

The INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA was won with a perfect run of 50 straight. [T. W.

Barnes having a very lucid interval wherein he couldn't miss them—the high guns in this event were:—

T. W. BARNES.....	50x50
W. Wayper.....	48.
Marshall.....	48.
F. W. Watson.....	47.
H. Smith.....	47.
H. D. Bates.....	47.
B. Beattie.....	47.
Tilson.....	46.
Hunsberry.....	46.

The BREWERS & MALSTERS Cup race at 25 birds was won by H. Smith with a straight score of 25x25. It was a popular win, too. There were six runs of 24 among the amateurs with a total entry of 49 shooters. The leading scores were:

H. Smith.....	25x25
H. Hunsberry.....	24.
T. W. Barnes.....	21.
A. D. Bates.....	24.
A. Millington.....	24.
W. T. Ely.....	24.
G. Vivian.....	21.
E. Harris.....	23.
B. Hart.....	23.
Galbraith.....	23.
Thorold.....	23.
Dillon.....	23.
Conover.....	23.
B. Beattie.....	23.
J. Jennings.....	23.
J. Boa (pro).....	24.
Hammond (do).....	21.

THE TEAM RACES saw some close shooting. Only three clubs, viz.—the Stanleys of Toronto, Ridgetown and Hamilton entered teams in the Eight-Man race for the D. C. Co. Trophy. The Stanleys won with 188x200, with Ridgetown second 183x200. Scores were:—

(1) STANLEYS		(2) RIDGETOWN	
Vivian.....	23	H. D. Bates.....	24
Fenton.....	25	H. L. Taylor.....	21
A. Throop.....	23	D. McMackin.....	23
Wakefield.....	25	H. Smith.....	22
Houghton.....	23	W. Thorold.....	21
Millington.....	23	F. Galbraith.....	23
Ely.....	21	W. Hart.....	22
Jennings.....	25	F. Conover.....	21
188x200		183x200	
(3) HAMILTON			
R. Day.....	24	N. Long.....	19
M. Fletcher.....	25	T. W. Barnes.....	21
A. D. Bates.....	21	E. Sturt.....	23
E. Harris.....	21	J. Hunter.....	20

(THE MAIL TROPHY—Five-Man Teams)

A very tight race was run for this famous old Mail Cup the finish showing the Hamilton and Ridgetown teams tied on 230x250. Fletcher of the Hamilton Team, and H. D. Bates of Ridgetown were high guns on each team with 48x50. The full scores were:—

(1) HAMILTON		(2) RIDGETOWN	
Barnes.....	46x50	H. D. Bates.....	48x50
Fletcher.....	48	H. L. Taylor.....	47
Sturt.....	45	F. Galbraith.....	47
A. D. Bates.....	46	Smith.....	43
R. Day.....	45	Thorold.....	43

(3) STANLEYS, Toronto		(4) TORONTO	
W. T. Ely.....	45x50	Millington.....	42x50
Fenton.....	40	Gooderham.....	39
Wakefield.....	49	Marsh.....	37
Vivian.....	46	Throop.....	46
Jennings.....	47	Houghton.....	47

(5) TILLSONBURG		(6) HAMILTON 2nds	
S. G. Vance.....	47x50	Carr.....	43x50
W. G. Pow.....	45	Hunsberry.....	40
J. Vance.....	44	J. Hunter.....	40
Payne.....	36	Harris.....	42
G. Tilson.....	41	N. Long.....	41

(7) OTTAWA		(8) HAMILTON 3rds.	
R. Sibbitt.....	42x50	Dillon.....	40x50
G. Easdale.....	42	Chine.....	39
J. B. Harkin.....	43	Watson.....	36
W. J. Corby.....	33	Thomson.....	46
B. Beattie.....	48	Raspberry.....	39



NO need to tell you, Sir, what your needs are in a big game rifle—ease of handling, dependability, accuracy; repeating mechanism simple and positive in action; the balance and “feel” that all but snaps the rifle up to the shoulder of its own accord.

But on the question, *How can I be sure of getting these features*, we have a word or two of counsel to offer. In brief, it is—Get a *Remington-UMC*. Get the new *High Power Slide Action Remington-UMC*. This new Remington-UMC model originated with the suggestion of a group of big game hunters, and several hundred are already in use. It is made in .25, .30 and .32 Rem. calibers—Remington-UMC ordnance steel barrel and standard Remington-UMC slide action *specially designed for heavy service*.

The point to remember is that *Remington-UMC* is the biggest name today in the world of arms and ammunition. Go to the leading dealer in your community and look over his Remington-UMC stock.

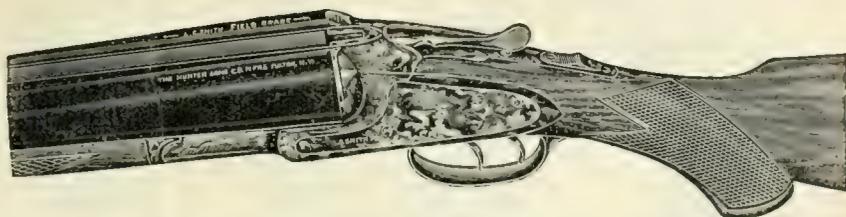
**Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.**

299 Broadway, New York

Windsor, Ontario, Canada



# A REAL GUN



## L. C. Smith New Designs With Hunter One Trigger

Above Illustration is Field Grade.

Price with Two Triggers - \$32.50 Net.

With Automatic Ejector - \$46.00 Net.

With Automatic Ejector and Hunter One Trigger - \$72.00 Net.

**HUNTER ARMS COMPANY**  
MAKERS

874 Hubbard Street, FULTON, N.Y.

Write for new catalogue of new designs. Prices \$32.50 to \$1,300 Net.

# TRAPSHOOTING SIMPLIFIED

THE fascinating and exciting sport of Trapshooting is no longer absolutely dependent upon the equipment installed at the modern gun club grounds.

## With The Mitchell Hand Trap

Shooters have now a device simple and compact in form yet competent to throw targets swiftly and elusively.

The Hand Trap may be successfully operated in fields, along the shore, in camp, or upon the decks of pleasure craft. These opportunities enable a variety of shooting conditions to enter into the contest.

## Now An Every-Day Sport

With the Hand Trap and clay targets on sale at dealers, Trapshooting is becoming more popular. Frequency of shooting improves marksmanship. It prevents shooters losing their form, and the practice thus secured is certain to help in actual hunting.

Add the Mitchell Hand Trap to your sporting equipment for sale at dealers, or sent direct on receipt of \$2.45 express charges collect.

**DU PONT POWDER CO., Wilmington, Del.**

Established 1802.

Pioneer Powder Makers of America



ALONG THE SHORE

WE will send free booklet describing Trapshoot- ing and picturing its famous scenes and prominent shooters at the traps to anyone desir- ing to know all about Trapshooting. Its chapter "Hints to Beginners" is an expert's instructions to new shooters. Ask for "Sport Alluring" Book- let No. 59





# ELEY

## CARTRIDGES

**We Load for the World!**

☐ No Ammunition Manufacturer or Dealer handles or loads a greater variety of shot gun powders than ourselves, consequently our experience of the styles of powders and the specification of loads which give the greatest satisfaction to sportsmen is second to none.

**Eley Smokeless Shot Gun Powder (33 gr. class)** is inferior to no other powder. 33 grains is the Eley Standard load, and that this will do the work more satisfactorily than heavier loads of other powders is one of its merits. This load gives results equal to  $3\frac{1}{4}$  drs. of other bulk smokeless powders.

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Kohl .....	18	17	14	12	15	39
Regina						
S. Loverock .....	12	13				
Regina						
E. Turnbull .....			17	12	11	14
Regina						
H. Meade .....					15	14
Moose Jaw.					12	35
F. Hansori.....					11	16
Adanac.					12	30
Geo. Hanson.....					13	17
Adanac.					18	31
Sergt. Major Proby .....					9	11
M. McPhee.....					10	11
Nicholls .....					11	11
W. B. Grant .....					13	13
Regina					8	
J. Milligan .....					11	7
					12	
					16	11
					15	

**Sask. Championship, 50 Targets**

48 1st.—P. G. Schwager—Dundurn, Sask.
47 2nd.—H. Morrison—Dundurn, Sask.
H. E. Peck—Kenmore, N. Dakota.
45 3rd.—G. H. Griffin—Winnipeg.
W. M. VanValkenburg, Regina.
Event A—Miss and Out—Birds shot from 22 yds.
Birds thrown 70 yards.
Class A—Peck 21 straight. 1st: \$35.00.
Griffin 13 straight. 2nd: \$25.00
Class B.—Griffin 9 Shoot off \$15.00
R. J. MacKay 9 Griffin 12 \$10.00
Team Shoot—Saskatoon—1st 85
Indian Head—2nd 84
Special Event for Professionals 25 Targets.
1st. R. J. MacKay 25 Shoot off MacKay.
E. Turvey 25
2nd.—E. Turvey.
3rd.—T. Brodie
Midse. Prizes donated by Regina Gun Club.

**Northern Club Gun Club Tournament.**

The following are the scores made by amateurs and professionals at the tournament of the Northern Club Gun Club of Edmonton, Alta.

Name	Total S. A.		Broke	
	1st day	2nd day	1st day	2nd day
R. G. Robinson .....	210	240	100	110
W. B. McLaren .....	210	108	115	
Leo Dowler .....	210	107	107	
H. C. Andrew .....	210	105	97	
H. C. Karnopp .....	210	100	99	
L. M. Gaetz .....	80	54		
Dr. Plaxton .....	120	101		
D. Smith .....	120	89		
J. M. Campbell .....	120	96		
G. B. Parker .....	120	102		
J. Pollard .....	210	107	100	
E. McBain .....	210	95	101	
W. H. Waddell .....	210	102	100	
D. McAfee .....	210	102	106	
G. Spears .....	210	97	105	
G. M. Cowderoy .....	210	114	115	
A. J. Telfer .....	210	103	102	
E. G. Little .....	210	107	102	
W. A. Michael .....	210	100	88	
H. J. Crabbs .....	210	109	111	
*C. E. Mink .....	210	113	114	
*H. C. Hirschy .....	210	111	116	
*W. Beckmann .....	210	98	100	
A. W. Woodworth .....	210	109	105	
*E. H. Meade .....	210	112	107	
W. J. Graham .....	120	80		
C. E. Falls .....	120	79		
J. G. Hilbery .....	120	95		
W. S. Baratt .....	210	107	103	
W. J. McNamara .....	160	62	60	
W. J. Hyde .....	120	99		
C. J. Kirk .....	210	88	93	
T. J. McMann .....	160	82	37	
R. H. Till .....	220	99	74	
H. E. Johnson .....	10	37		
P. Bowen .....	210	106	109	
F. Pollard .....	210	98	89	
Cap. Robinson .....	210	101	105	
A. Garbis .....	210	84	93	
E. H. Simpson .....	200	66	97	
W. C. Brabburn .....	120	86		
F. C. Brower .....	120	89		
C. J. Segerstrom .....	210	103	106	
D. L. Garland .....	120	101		
W. B. Lamb .....	120	88		
D. A. Hines .....	210	106	103	
A. Bishop .....	210	107	106	
F. Lund .....	200	101	70	

W. R. Davis .....	120	102
O. T. Stephenson .....	120	98
A. Morrison .....	120	105
H. Phair .....	120	74
H. H. Motley .....	240	85
J. R. W. Cook .....	120	94
R. E. Fox .....	120	71
*W. S. Hare .....	240	90
J. W. Holmes .....	240	103
E. L. Kost .....	240	105
W. A. Mores .....	240	103
*C. Flanigan .....	240	104
B. F. Morris .....	120	96
J. A. Saffron .....	80	57
G. G. Morris .....	120	88
C. A. Anderson .....	240	96
G. S. Ware .....	80	56
*T. Brodie .....	240	112
G. H. Griffin .....	240	108
W. McAfee .....	100	72
F. M. Lee .....	120	93
D. W. James .....	120	67
A. Fiddler .....	80	50
J. J. Currie .....	160	33
G. E. Estell .....	160	36
J. L. Conover .....	40	27
J. D. A. McIntyre .....	40	20
W. Robinson .....	40	28
E. H. Barte .....	40	28
D. Currie .....	40	30
W. G. McLennan .....	40	31
Washburn .....	80	59
Mills .....	80	47
P. E. Ross .....	120	67
W. E. Wells .....	80	61
J. Hard .....	120	90
W. Holmes .....	120	105
D. L. Garland .....	120	101
J. J. Cavines .....	80	63
W. C. Wilson .....	80	49
A. R. Hopkins .....	80	53
R. H. Stewart .....	40	25

At the Match rifle competitions at Bisley the Ross rifle again demonstrated its superiority by winning three of the principal events, and in every one of the Match competitions the winners used the Ross ammunition manufactured by the Ross Rifle Company at Quebec.

The Du Pont 18 yard Mark Championship Cup was first put into competition at the Eastern Handicap held at the Du Pont Gun Club, Wilmington, Del., July 14-15-16-17, 1913. When the accumulation purse reaches the sum of \$200.00 those who have won the trophy one or more times will be eligible to compete for this \$200.00 purse.

H. C. Jordan of Coffeyville, Kansas, was high amateur at the Oswego Kansas Registered tournament using a Stevens Repeating shotgun. He broke 189x200.

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you'll want a



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Many shooters miss because of lack of confidence. Nothing causes lack of confidence so surely as uncertainty about your ammunition. If you shoot "Infallible" you will gain confidence because you will know that at all times, under all weather conditions, your powder will be up to the highest standard of efficiency. This added confidence will improve your shooting.

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**TOURNAMENT DATES**

December 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5—Grand International Registered Shoot at St. Thomas.

**Grand International Tournament**

The St. Thomas Gun Club who have the reputation of holding most successful shoots are looking forward to making the Grand International Registered Tournament (Three days, blue rocks, two days live birds), which is to be held the first five days in December "the best ever." The Club has gone to a great deal of expense and has given much time throughout the year to fixing up their grounds, traps, etc. in order to guarantee the most perfect shooting grounds and traps it is possible to arrange. A one hundred page booklet programme is being issued. The prizes will be better than last year's. A special prize is to be offered for lady shooters.

**A Lady Trapshooter**



Mrs. Forest Conover of Leamington, Ont.

At the Tournament at Hamilton on August 11th to 14th, Mrs. F. H. Conover shot through the program of 300 targets the first two days and made some fine scores and a creditable average. She uses the Standard trap load used by the majority of shooters and breaks her targets close to the traps. Upon request of the management at the D. C. shoot for the benefit of the lady shooters Mrs. Conover gave, an exhibition shoot, breaking ten straight unknown targets. Mrs. Conover is credited with being the first lady shooter in Canada to shoot the program through.

**Fort William Gun Club**

At an organization meeting of the Fort William Gun Club, held on August 6th, the following were elected as officers for 1913

- J. T. Horne, honorary president.
- Wm. Bishop, president.
- Walter H. Adams, secretary-treasurer.

Executive—Dr. G. D. McCartney, W. J. Huston, J. T. Thorne, Wm. Bishop, Sr., and Walter H. Adams.

**Kenora Gun Club Shoot**

A shoot of much interest was held at the traps on Treaty Island, Kenora, Ont., Aug. 8th, when some fifty members from different clubs in Minnesota, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were guests of the ROD and GUN Club of Kenora.

The following are scores of the first day's events:

- The events:
- Fifteen birds, sweepstake, added money, \$15—Dr. Cadham, Winnipeg, 15; J. O. Beaudro, 15; H. Wye, 14; Geo. Beattie, 13; J. Griffin, 13; T. Walsh, 13; P. Johnson, 13.
  - Twenty birds, sweepstake, added money, \$20—F. Chase, 19; P. Johnson, 19; G. Beattie, 18; A. Alerton 18; E. Houghton, 18; A. Young, 18; F. Munt, 18; C. Sterling, 18.
  - Fifty birds, Remington gun competition—First prize, Remington pump-gun, value, \$65, G. Beattie, 46, second, \$15, J. McRoberts, 45; third, gun case, J. W. Jowett, 45.
  - Fifteen birds, sweepstake, added money \$15—F. Chase, 15; A. Young, 15; Dr. Cadham, 15; E. P. Johnson, 14; J. Jowett, 14; Williams, 14; W. Palmer, 14.
  - Green shooters, twenty birds, added money \$20—Edward Brown, Kenora, 19; J. Penny, Kenora, 18.
  - Twenty-five birds, open sweepstake, added money \$25—Griffin, 24; Jowett, 24; Moshier, 24; Wye, 23; Beaudro, 23; Sterling, 23.
  - Miss and out—Sterling, Kenora, first; Wye, Winnipeg, second; Munt, Kenora, third.

On August 9th the shoot was continued with the following results:

- J. H. McRoberts, Kenora, won championship cup of western Canada; Dr. Cadham, Winnipeg, medal; W. H. Sutton was high professional for both days' shoot; A. Young was high average amateur for both day's shoot.
- The results in the various events were as follows: 15 birds—Young, 15; Dr. Cadham, 14; H. Wye, 14.
- 20 birds—Beaudro, 19; McRoberts, 18; Dr. Cadham, 18.
- 25 birds—Griffin, 25; Oxford, 23; Johnston, 23.
- 15 birds—Griffin, 15; Beattie, 14.

**Chatham Gun Club**

The last match for the Wells' trophy was shot off at the club grounds at Chatham, on August 1st, resulting in a tie between F. Smith and Jack Aitkin. Their six high scores aggregated 142 out of a possible 150 birds. The feature of this shoot was the excellent score of 25 straight birds made by W. Paterson, a comparatively new shooter.

H. Bragg, another new man, made 24. The trophy scores were as follows: Paterson 25, Smith H. 22, Bragg 24, Aitkin 22, Dolsen 22, Wells, 15, Gray 15, Pullin 17, Taylor 20, Fleming 16, Smith F. 20, Nichol 18, Oldershaw 23, Gill 15, Smith D. 24, Hicklin 16, Carry 12, McCormick 19, Moore 19.

At a regular weekly shoot of the Chatham Gun Club on August 8th the following were the scores:

Shot at Kill		Shot at Kill			
Paterson	50	38	Wells	50	41
Bragg	50	38	Aitken	35	30
Smith	50	46	Dolsen	25	23
Taylor	40	29	Nichol	25	21
McCormick	40	34	Smith, D.	30	28
Willard	25	21	Hicklin	25	17
			McGarvin	15	8

**Tournament at Essex**

Frank Stotts, of Essex, gave his usual tournament, which was attended by a large number of shooters. Mr. C. D. Coburn easily won high honors by breaking 147 at 150 targets. F. Conover was second, with 142, and D. Smith and R. Day tied for third place on 140. The scores:

J. Vance	131	C. D. Coburn	147
R. Day	140	S. G. Vance	134
-- Hart	137	H. Smith	136
W. Nichol	116	J. Aitken	124
D. Smith	140	F. Smith	90
Dr. Sloane	135	F. Conover	142
—McCConnell	115	—Burton	71
J. Manders	131	G. W. Tillson	124
W. G. Pow	127	F. Stotts	131
E. Pastorious	138	C. J. Pastorious	134
Al. Hartford	128	J. Hartford	129
W. Hugel	66	O. M. Pastorious	113



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T. Pastorious . . . . .	114	F. Hartford . . . . .	128
Ed Hartford . . . . .	113	H. D. Bates . . . . .	138
H. L. Taylor . . . . .	138	— Vollans . . . . .	116
Meirs . . . . .	104	— Mosier . . . . .	38
		— Jane . . . . .	16

**Springwood Gun Club**

At the Springwood Gun Club shoot on July 26th, R Day of London, broke 50 straight.

Following are the scores made:

Waide . . . . .	15	14	16—45
Gibson . . . . .	15	14	16—45
Jordan . . . . .	14	13	20—47
Tapley . . . . .	15	15	18—18
Bedburn . . . . .	14	14	19—47
Simcox . . . . .	15	13	17—45
Day . . . . .	15	15	20—50
Parker . . . . .	15	12	18—45
Spence . . . . .	15	11	20—46
Bissette . . . . .	12	15	19—46
Webb . . . . .	12	15	19—46
Davis . . . . .	15	12	20—47
Jefferies . . . . .	9	15	12—36
Nevills . . . . .	13	11	17—43

Wind interfered considerably with the shooting at the Springwood Gun Club shoot held on the Civic holiday, and several of the crack shots fell down. Webb was high gun, winning first prize; H. Gibson, second; Day, third; Tapley and Blackburn tie for fourth, and Simcox sixth. The prizes were painted china and cut glass.

The scores including handicap at 50 birds, were:

Webb . . . . .	50	H. Gibson . . . . .	48
Day . . . . .	43	Blackburn . . . . .	42
Tapley . . . . .	42	Simcox . . . . .	39
		Parker . . . . .	37

**Galt Gun Club**

The Galt Gun Club won its 11th straight match in the Waterloo County Gun Club league series on July 19th when they went to Preston and defeated the club there by a score of 165 to 139. The score:

<b>Preston</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>	
P. Landridge . . . . .	25	13	C. Sachs . . . . .	25	14
W. Pickering . . . . .	25	16	L. Pattinson . . . . .	25	19
C. Gress . . . . .	25	15	A. Landridge . . . . .	25	22
W. Cowan . . . . .	25	14	H. Hall . . . . .	25	18
H. Weber . . . . .	25	14	A. Near . . . . .	25	10
			E. Brockwell . . . . .	25	21
					139

<b>Galt.</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>	
W. Marshall . . . . .	25	21	W. Clark . . . . .	25	24
E. Clark . . . . .	25	20	T. Hounam . . . . .	25	15
H. Teat . . . . .	25	21	A. Watson . . . . .	25	17
W. Hancock . . . . .	25	20	H. Newlands . . . . .	25	21
J. Clark . . . . .	25	11	W. Fairless . . . . .	25	17
			J. Gibson . . . . .	25	21
					165

The Galt Gun Club won its twelfth straight victory on July 26th, when they defeated the Preston club bird artists by 164 to 123. This made a clean sweep of the whole league series and is a record for any team to be proud of. The score against Preston:

<b>Galt.</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>	
W. Marshall . . . . .	25	21	W. Clark . . . . .	25	21
H. Sherwood . . . . .	25	24	T. Hounam . . . . .	25	17
A. Watson . . . . .	25	22	W. Fairless . . . . .	25	22
H. Newland . . . . .	25	18	J. Clark . . . . .	25	16
E. Clark . . . . .	25	19	P. Johnston . . . . .	25	9
					164

<b>Preston.</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>	
C. Sachs . . . . .	25	15	W. Pickering . . . . .	25	15
L. Pattinson . . . . .	25	16	H. Hall . . . . .	25	15
W. Cowan . . . . .	25	17	A. Near . . . . .	25	10
E. Strohkirch . . . . .	25	8	E. Langridge . . . . .	25	13
E. Brockel . . . . .	25	18	A. Langridge . . . . .	25	14
					123

The following are the scores for the whole series:

May 3, Berlin at Galt . . . . .	127	163
May 10, Galt at Hespeler . . . . .	154	134
May 17, Hespeler at Galt . . . . .	141	162
May 31, Galt at Berlin . . . . .	178	160
June 7, Preston at Galt . . . . .	126	162
June 14, Galt at Preston . . . . .	168	151

June 21, Berlin at Galt . . . . .	128	166
June 28, Galt at Hespeler . . . . .	170	160
July 5, Hespeler at Galt . . . . .	153	163
July 12, Galt at Berlin . . . . .	162	138
July 19, Galt at Preston . . . . .	165	139
July 26, Preston at Galt . . . . .	123	164

The Galt club made a total score of 1977 out of a possible 2400, which is pretty good shooting for a club in its third year.

On their Civic Holiday Galt members had a busy day at the ranges. Mr. Emerson Clark won the beautiful watch fob donated by the Dominion Cartridge Co. in a handicap shoot. The following was the score of the match:

	<b>Shot at Broke</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>		
A. Watson . . . . .	50	37	W. Clark . . . . .	51	40
E. Clark . . . . .	55	49	W. Fairless . . . . .	57	44
H. Newlands . . . . .	57	47	J. Clark . . . . .	59	39
H. Teet . . . . .	60	39	A. E. Dunn . . . . .	62	31
W. Penock . . . . .	68	28	W. Pickering . . . . .	60	30

At Galt on August 9th the following were the scores:

	<b>Shot at Broke</b>		<b>Shot at Broke</b>		
W. Marshall . . . . .	65	56	H. Newlands . . . . .	50	40
E. Clark . . . . .	50	37	A. J. Oliver . . . . .	50	33
J. Clark . . . . .	25	15	J. Fulton . . . . .	20	11
F. Houseman . . . . .	25	13	F. Palmer . . . . .	40	20
			J. Moore . . . . .	25	12

The first shoot for the gold watch fob presented by the Stevens Arms and Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass., was held on August 16th at the Galt ranges. The following were the scores made:

	<b>Shot at.</b>	<b>Broke.</b>	<b>Hdcp.</b>
J. Clark . . . . .	50	38	8
W. Pickering . . . . .	50	26	16
A. E. Dunn . . . . .	50	29	16
H. Newland . . . . .	50	37	8
J. Moore . . . . .	50	21	24
W. Cowan . . . . .	50	26	18
E. Clark . . . . .	50	44	4
N. Hawley . . . . .	25	15	

E. Clark is the winner of the first event.

At the second shoot held on August 23rd, the scores were:

	<b>Shot at.</b>	<b>Broke.</b>	<b>Hdcp.</b>
J. Clark . . . . .	50	37	8
A. E. Dunn . . . . .	50	30	15
H. Newland . . . . .	50	42	6
W. Pickering . . . . .	50	28	18
J. Moore . . . . .	50	12	24
W. Cowan . . . . .	50	44	18
E. Clark . . . . .	50	33	2
A. Oliver . . . . .	75	50	

Scores of the third shoot on August 30th were:

	<b>Shot at.</b>	<b>Bke.</b>	<b>Hdk.</b>	<b>Shoote</b>	<b>Total for 3</b>
J. Clark . . . . .	50	41	6	131	
W. Pickering . . . . .	50	29	16	132	
A. E. Dunn . . . . .	50	35	14	139	
J. Moore . . . . .	50	23	24	126	
E. Clark . . . . .	50	35	11	129	
H. Newlands . . . . .	50	45	3	141	
W. Marshall . . . . .	50	48	..	...	

**Hespeler Gun Club**

In a blue rock club bird shoot, the last of the County League shoot held on August 16th, Hespeler Gun Club defeated Berlin by 26 birds. Hespeler won second place in the series. The scores:

Hespeler—J. Leirsch, 24; Geo. Sachs, 24; Roy Johnson, 20; V. Washburn, 19; Geo. Flegg, 19; E. W. Burnet, 17; Harold Flegg, 17; Josh Wayper, 17; Total 157.

Berlin—A. Oliver, 20; J. Scully, 19; O. Vogti, 18; W. N. Dumart, 17; F. Palmer, 16; W. Player, 15; A. Deckert, 13; L. Krupp, 13; Total 131.

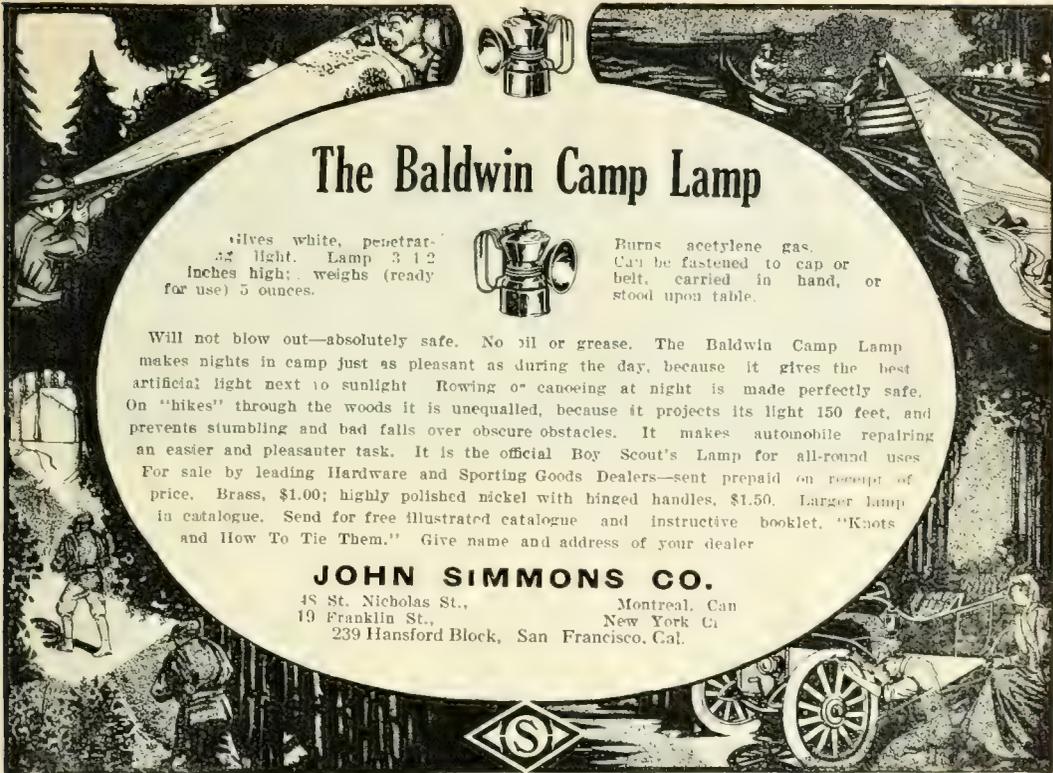
**Hamilton Gun Club**

There was quite a large turnout of the members at the Hamilton Gun Club on July 26th, and the scores were very creditable.

In a twenty-five bird handicap for a silver shield, Messrs. Reid, Armes, Dillon, Bates, Sturt and Hunsberry tied, with straight scores. On the shoot-off, W. Dillon went straight again, and won the silver, II. Hunsberry taking second place, with 24.

A. Bates and E. Sturt, with 96 out of 100 each, tied for the high total score of the afternoon. T. W. Barnes was right there, with 151 out of 160, as was also Nelson Long, with 112 out of 120.

The scores were:



## The Baldwin Camp Lamp

Shines white, penetrat-  
ing light. Lamp 3 1/2  
inches high; weighs (ready  
for use) 5 ounces.



Burns acetylene gas.  
Can be fastened to cap or  
belt, carried in hand, or  
stood upon table.

Will not blow out—absolutely safe. No oil or grease. The Baldwin Camp Lamp makes nights in camp just as pleasant as during the day, because it gives the best artificial light next to sunlight. Rowing or canoeing at night is made perfectly safe. On "hikes" through the woods it is unequalled, because it projects its light 150 feet, and prevents stumbling and bad falls over obscure obstacles. It makes automobile repairing an easier and pleasanter task. It is the official Boy Scout's Lamp for all-round uses. For sale by leading Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers—sent prepaid on receipt of price. Brass, \$1.00; highly polished nickel with hinged handles, \$1.50. Larger lamp in catalogue. Send for free illustrated catalogue and instructive booklet, "Knots and How To Tie Them." Give name and address of your dealer

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# GREENER GUNS ARE AT THE TOP

in all the essentials of the perfect shot gun. They shoot strong and last long. Balance perfectly and are all British made.

The Greener system of Boring guarantees perfect shot distribution combined with hard hitting. The Greener Cross Bolt combined with the "Facile Princeps" action gives maximum strength with minimum weight. Send for free catalog No. H describing 38 grades.

**W. W. GREENER**  
Gun and Rifle Maker

63-65 Beaver Hall Hill,

Montreal, P. Q





Shooters at Red Deer Gun Club Tournament, July First

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke	
J. Gomph	47 40	D. Reid	101 84
J. A. Armes	112 97	W. Dillon	93 83
Nelson Long	120 112	A. Bates	100 96
J. Hunter	75 59	C. Graham	75 48
T. W. Barnes	160 151	M. Carr	125 91
E. Harris	100 91	E. Sturt	100 96
F. W. Watson	75 62	W. Wark	52 43
C. Syer	40 25	H. Hunsberry	119 108
C. Luey	25 17	J. H. Rittenhouse	125 97
J. Bowron	53 38	N. Jones	75 55
D. Konkle	60 49	J. J. Cline	40 35
A. H. Heckadon	25 14	Boullton	25 13
		A. Wismer	10 7

The regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun club was held on August 2nd. Shooters came up from Toronto, Galt and Jordan to try out the new traps.

A. E. Millington had the high score of the afternoon with 189 out of 200, and went straight in three 15 and two 25 bird events. T. W. Barnes also had a good score with 155 out of 170, and Walter Ely was there with 138 out of 150. W. Marshall got 91 out of 100. E. Harris 107 out of 120 and G. Dunk 56 out of 60.

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke	
E. Harris	120 107	W. Dillon	60 52
T. W. Barnes	170 155	C. Choate	120 89
H. Marsh	75 57	N. Long	120 102
W. Wark	105 87	J. Hunter	105 92
F. W. Watson	105 90	E. Sturt	60 52
J. J. Cline	100 84	C. Thompson	75 65
R. Boyd	115 71	A. Bates	105 96
D. Konkle	115 86	W. Marshall	100 91
H. Sherwood	100 89	W. Pickering	100 70
H. Newland	60 47	J. Gibson	60 41
T. Houghton	150 130	T. Marsh	150 117
A. E. Millington	200 189	W. Ely	150 138
J. Jennings	175 159	G. Dunk	60 56
H. Hunsberry	125 113	M. Hunsberger	60 39
A. J. Oliver	75 60	F. D. Palmer	60 41
M. Carr	140 106	J. Lennox	60 35
J. A. Armes	75 61	A. E. Lyons	35 21

At the annual meeting of the Hamilton Gun Club the following officers were elected

- President—E. H. Sturt.
- Vice-president—H. Marshall.
- Secretary—D. A. Wilson.
- Treasurer—F. Oliver
- Field captain—N. Long.
- Executive—A. Bates, W. Wark and J. Hunter.
- Hon. Official Referee—Capt. E. V. Spencer.

At the Hamilton Gun Club on August 9th, the members together with visiting shooters from Toronto and Windsor, had a final workout in preparation for the D. C. T. S. tournament.

Bates, of Ridgetown, was in good form and only had four misses out of 100 clays. Arthur Bates was also most consistent with 100 out of 105. E. Sturt got 99 out of 105, and Joe Jennings 218 out of 240. J. Boa

broke 165 out of 175 and in three 25 birds events cleaned up with 73 out of 75.

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke	
E. Harris	120 109	How. Bates	100 96
W. Dillon	125 98	D. Reid	105 91
M. Carr	200 173	Pentland	120 85
J. A. Armes	120 86	F. W. Watson	120 108
J. Bowron	120 96	D. M. Scott	120 96
A. Parmenter	75 54	C. Syer	120 72
N. Long	120 99	J. Jennings	240 218
Bredannaz	160 134	T. W. Barnes	210 187
M. Jones	105 88	A. Bates	105 102
E. Sturt	105 92	J. Hunter	105 92
W. Wark	75 61	F. Oliver	90 61
Geo. Dunk	180 149	M. Raspberry	60 40
D. Konkle	105 76	H. Marsh	105 82
R. Boyd	100 70	J. Boa	175 165
C. Thompson	60 56	H. Anderson	15 11
		C. Graham	65 43

The annual ladies' day held at the Hamilton Gun Club on August 30th was a great success. It was an ideal afternoon and there was a large number of the fair sex present.

The five bird event for the ladies was the main feature and there were no less than twenty-five entries. It ended in a tie as the following had two birds each out of five: Misses Roether, M. Bates, G. Bates, B. Bates, B. Watson, and Mrs. Harris. On the shoot of Miss B. Bates got the first prize with five out of eight, winning a gold cameo pendant. Mrs. Harris with four out of nine took the second prize, a silver inlaid cream and sugar. Miss M. Bates, with four out of ten, annexed the third, which was a cut glass pitcher.

There was a twenty-five bird race for the members and their names were put on tickets and given to the ladies. The holders of the names of the first three got the prizes. A. Bates and J. A. Armes tied for first with 25 each and on the shoot of the former won out with 23 against 20. Messrs. Hawkins, Konkle and Fletcher tied for third place with 24 and on the shoot of the latter won with another 24. Mrs. Fletcher was the lucky holder of the first ticket, getting a cut glass bowl. Miss Jean Watson held the second, which was for an amethyst pendant, while Mrs. Harris had the third for a basket of peaches.

There was also a consolation drawing and Mrs. Dr. Hilker drew the winning ticket for a set of fruit knives. Mrs. Raspberry got the second one for a basket of peaches.

In a twenty-five bird sweep J. J. Cline and F. W. Watson tied with 24 each and E. Sturt was third with 23. At the finish of the shoot President F. W. Watson presented the prizes and complimented those that won the shooting prizes for the skill displayed.

A. Bates was high for the afternoon with 72 out of 75, and shooting is apparently a family trait, as both his daughters took prizes in the other event.

A party came up from the Winchester Gun Club at Jordan and brought up the peaches which they donated for prizes.

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COARSE BEAD UP

You can "draw a bead" in dim dawn, hazy brush, dazzling sun or jacklight's flare, with Marble's wondrous new universal sight—fine and coarse in one compact unit. Makes snapshots sure shots. The front sight you've coveted is



COARSE BEAD FOLDED

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Suits every rifle's every use. The  $\frac{3}{16}$  in. Gold Bead is for target practice and game in ordinary light and on snow. The  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. white enamel bead is for all game in dubious light. It snaps down at a touch flat and flush, and will always retain its snowy brilliancy. Supreme device to make every shot a center-shot!

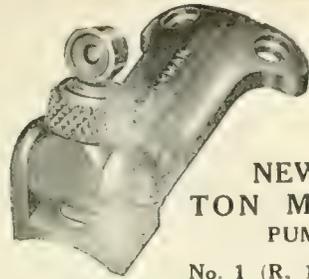
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for the  
**NEW REMINGTON  
MODEL 14  
PUMP GUN**

No. 1 (R. 14) Price \$3.00

No disturbing glimmer of metal between the sight and the eye to spoil your aim.

Compactly designed so as not to interfere with the grip.

Has ample elevation for the greatest practicable range.

The Lyman system, better than any other type of sighting, permits of the most advantageous use of the low line of sights with which this rifle is designed,

Best results are obtained when used with the Old Standard LYMAN Ivory Bead Front Sight, the sight that "DOES NOT SHOOT AWAY FROM THE LIGHT".

Send for free handbook and catalogue containing valuable information to shooters

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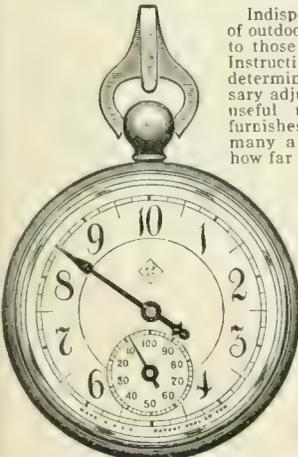
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The first smokeless powder, for forty years in favor with discerning shots in Europe and America.

Always uniform, hard hitting, reliable. Try other powders and you'll come back to "Schultze."

The most reliable bulk smokeless powder on the market.

May be had in  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. or 5 lb. tins of The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Winnipeg; Wm. Haynes, Montreal, or all dealers.

Sole Manufacturers:

**THE SCHULTZE COMPANY, LIMITED**  
London

(Write for Pocket Game Register)

The scores were:

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke	
T. W. Barnes	50 46	W. Wark	51 38
H. E. Hawkins	96 77	H. Spratt	84 62
H. W. Hunsberry	100 82	D. Reid	76 62
Dr. Hilker	52 38	F. W. Watson	76 61
A. Bates	75 72	H. Kretschman	51 39
M. Rasberry	51 44	C. Harris	76 59
J. A. Armes	81 59	C. Thomson	50 41
N. Long	50 42	D. Konkle	102 81
C. Syer	52 43	M. Jones	75 70
C. Graham	37 26	P. Friend	65 41
F. Potruff	35 26	J. J. Cline	60 54
A. Parmenter	38 30	E. Sturt	60 56
S. House	35 26	H. Rittenhouse	52 44
M. Hunsberger	28 21	C. Spence	29 17

**Newlands Wins Stevens Watch Fob at Galt**

On September 6th, Mr. Harold Newlands won the watch fob taking the highest scores in the series of four matches. The aggregate scores were as follows:

	Score.	Hdp.	T'l.	Poss'e
H. Newlands	169	18	187	200
A. E. Dunn	126	54	180	200
J. Clark	155	23	178	200
E. Clark	152	26	178	200
W. Pickering	112	65	177	200
W. Cowan	142	33	175	200
J. Moore	82	93	175	200

The Galt Rifle and Gun Club medal for the best score in the quarterly shoots was won by H. D. Sherwood with a score of 337 out of a possible 400. The full results were:

	Score.	Possible
H. D. Sherwood	337	400
H. Teat	321	400
J. Clemens	319	400
E. Clark	311	400
W. Clark	299	400
W. Marshall	221	300
H. Teat, Jr.	220	300
A. E. Dunn	229	300
P. Johnson	189	300
G. Webster	156	200
A. D. Fulton	152	200

**Winchester Gun Club**

The Winchester Gun Club held their regular monthly shoot on August 9th. Those who shot and their scores are as follows:—

Names	Shot at	Hit	Names	Shot at	Hit
H. W. Hunsberry	100	95	J. Rittenhouse	80	72
M. Honsberger	80	67	F. Ball	70	53
A. High	70	51	A. K. Wismer	70	50
D. Fisher	50	47	M. Jones	50	44
W. Caskey	50	43	E. J. Fisher	50	41
E. Campbell	50	33	K. Burch	50	34
C. H. Boulton	50	31	J. Spence	40	26
H. Newhouse	30	22	H. Davidson	30	16
			J. Peacock	10	3

**National Gun Club**

The National Gun Club, Toronto, held a practice shoot on August 23rd. The scores:

Name.	Shot at	Broke	Name.	Shot at	Broke
C. B. Harrison	55	45	Brunswick	55	45
Geo. Wallace	25	21	C. Moore	25	21
Geo. Vivian	50	47	Miller	10	4
Morell	10	5	W. Erwood	50	30
			J. Harrison	60	49

**Peterborough Gun Club**

The Peterborough Gun Club entertained the Campbellford Gun Club on July 18th in a friendly match of 25 birds each, the visiting club winning the match by 19 birds. Mr. C. E. McGaw very kindly presented three boxes of cigars for the three highest scores. Owing to the Campbellford club having more men than the local club, two of the Peterborough men were drawn to shoot twice. Following are the scores:

**CAMPBELLFORD.**

E. Curvin	22	G. N. Dunwoodie	22
C. Neill	22	F. C. Bonnycastle	21
W. H. Hart	20	A. Connors	17
M. West	17	I. A. Humphries	16
J. Irwin	15	Dr. Free	14
A. Sutherland	12	J. A. Anderson	10
Dr. Bonnycastle	10	E. Tait	10
T. Varco	10	Total	238

**PETERBOROUGH**

C. Wood	22	H. Cook	21
C. Mills	21	L. Hall	17
C. E. McGaw	17	C. B. Adair	16

J. Loucks	16	J. Brightman	15
C. E. McGaw	15	C. B. Adair	14
C. James	13	R. Tivey	10
J. Smith	8	H. Elmhirst	7
W. M. Lang	7		

Total ..... 219

**SHOOTING THE TIES.**

In shooting off the ties for the cigars, C. Wood took first, G. N. Dunwoodie second, and C. Neill, third.

After the match a few bird sweepstakes were shot divided into four prizes with the following scores:

Wm. Hart	9	C. Neill	9
M. West	9	H. Cook	8
J. Loucks	8	C. Mills	8
C. Wood	8	L. Hall	7
E. Curvin	7	D. N. Dunwoodie	6
J. Humphries	6	C. E. McGaw	5
A. Sutherland	4	E. Varco	3

In shooting off the ties Wm. Hart took first, M. West second, C. Neill third, and H. Cook fourth.

On July 24th scores at the regular shoot were:

O. E. McGaw	23	H. Routley	21
H. Cook	18	C. Mills	18
C. Wood	15	J. Loucks	14
C. James	13	C. Gutterston	12
		J. R. Pipon	4

After the regular shoot followed a shoot at five doubles, with the following scores:

H. Cook	6	O. E. McGaw	6
C. Mills	5	H. Routley	5
C. Wood	5	J. Loucks	3
J. R. Pipon	3	C. Gutterston	2
		C. James	2

The Peterborough Gun Club held their regular shoot on August 7th and following are the scores at 25 birds:

O. E. McGaw	22	C. Wood	22
H. Cook	20	H. Routley	17
C. B. Adair	16	J. Brightman	16
J. Fouchs	16	C. James	13
C. Mills	13	R. Tivey	11
J. Smith	10		

After the match there was a shoot at five doubles.

Scores:		Scores:	
H. Cook	7	O. E. McGaw	7
C. Mills	5	C. Wood	5
J. Fouchs	3	H. Routley	2
		J. Smith	1

At a regular shoot held August 21st the scores were:

H. Cook	22	H. Routley	20
C. Wood	20	C. B. Adair	18
J. Loucks	17	A. E. McGaw	16
R. Tivey	16	L. Hall	14
C. James	14	J. Brightman	12
T. Frost	10	W. M. Lang	7

After the regular shoot followed a shoot at five doubles, the scores being:

T. Frost	5	O. E. McGaw	5
C. Wood	5	C. B. Adair	4
W. M. Lang	4	H. Routley	4
H. Cook	4	L. Hall	3
		J. Loucks	1

**Bowmanville Gun Club**

The following scores were obtained at the Gun Club competition on July 24th at Bowmanville:

S. S. Brooks	18	F. Worden	21
M. Gay	15	C. Worden	19
R. Gay	21	F. W. Couch	8
T. Adams	20	T. Dustan	14
		G. R. Mason	16

S. S. Brooks ..... 21 C. Worden ..... 19  
F. Worden ..... 19

In a Dominion Cartridge Co. Competition for a Gun Case, held in Bowmanville on August 7th the following were the scores, out of a possible 175:

	Total		Total
T. Adams	20 148	R. Gay	18 144
W. H. Dustan	20 147	C. H. Anderson	120
A. Gay	19 119	M. Gay	14 121
T. Dustan	83	S. S. Brooks	20 142
H. E. Paeton	60	F. Worden	17 142
C. Worden	21 136	G. R. Mason	20 90
F. W. Couch	12 61	F. H. Morris	25

**Belleville Gun Club**

On July 21th the standing for the Dominion Cartridge Co. trophy at Belleville was as follows:

# The Fishiest Stories Ever Told

will read better if written on note paper that carries weight and prestige with it.

Seriously though—

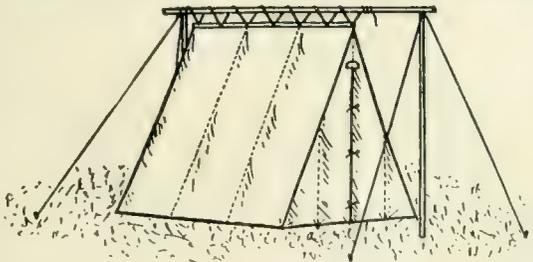
## *Crown Vellum*



is the kind of paper that makes a letter look as though you thought it was worth writing and worth reading. It is a real man's paper—distinctive, substantial, and with the feel and look of real worth. Your stationer will supply, or if he cannot we will.

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Clothing, Canvas Water Buckets.  
**MARINE HARDWARE** - - -

**JOHN LECKIE LIMITED, 77 Wellington St. W., TORONTO, ONT.**



Shooters at Regina Gun Club Tournament, July 28th and 29th

T. Adams	21	23	23	20-87
R. Gay	19	23	21	21-84
W. H. Durtan	20	19	23	21-83
C. H. Anderson	19	16	25	20-80
A. Gay	19	21	20	20-80
M. Gay	16	20	20	19-75
T. Dustan	11	24	20	14-69
S. S. Brooks	20	21	24	—65
H. E. Paeton	22	17	21	—60
T. Worden	17	22	21	—60
C. Worden	14	24	19	—57
G. R. Mason	17	18	19	—54
F. W. Couch	7	9	7	9-32

Total ..... 76  
 Extras, 25 birds—Easdale, 17 and 23; Bunn, 21  
 Beattie, 20; Corby, 16 and 16; Sibbitt, 22; Greene  
 22 and 18.

St. Hubert Gun Club had a good little practice at 75  
 birds on August 4th. Mr. W. L. Cameron was high gun  
 with 68, and captured the spoon donated by Mr. Corby.  
 The scores follow:

Shot at Broke		Shot at Broke	
W. L. Cameron	75 68	W. Williams	75 65
Dr. I. G. Smith	75 64	W. J. Corby	75 63
A. L. Throop	75 63	J. B. Bunn	75 59
G. Easdale	75 58	W. C. Little	75 58
G. Hauser	75 44	A. Morton	75 36

Extras at 25 birds—Corby 22, 16, 22, 18, 22; Easdale, 19, 20, 17, 23, 20; Hauser, 15, 15.

**Kingston Gun Club**

The Kingston Gun Club had one of its most successful  
 shoots during the month of July, when three beautiful  
 prizes were put up for competition. The keenest in-  
 terest was taken in it by all the members. There were  
 a total of one hundred and fifty birds put up to be shot  
 at and the following scores were made: E. Ashley, 135;  
 E. S. Webster, 135; F. J. Todd, 133; George Laturney  
 133.

E. Ashley and E. S. Webster were tied for first place.  
 The two tossed up and E. Ashley won, taking first prize,  
 which was a gold filled watch fob and button presented  
 by the Stevens Arms and Tool Company, of Chi-  
 copee Falls, Mass. E. S. Webster secured a sterling  
 silver watch fob, presented by the E. I. Dupont du  
 Nemours Powder company, of Wilmington, Del. The  
 second two, who were tied also, tossed up, and George  
 Laturney won the prize, which was a sterling silver  
 watch fob, presented by the Dominion Cartridge Com-  
 pany, of Montreal.

**St. Hubert Gun Club.**

Messrs. R. A. Sibbitt and Dr. I. G. Smith defeated  
 H. Viau and W. J. Corby in the McCallum Trophy  
 competition at the St. Hubert Gun Club July 26th,  
 with a total of 81 against 76. The scores were as fol-  
 lows:

**SPOON COMPETITION 50 BIRDS.**

H. Viau	22	22-44
A. W. Throop	20	23-43
W. C. Little	20	22-42
Dr. I. G. Smith	19	21-40
J. W. Brown	17	22-39
W. Williams	18	21-39
W. L. Cameron	15	23-38
B. Beattie	20	17-37
R. S. Sibbitt	17	19-36
Geo. Easdale	20	15-35
J. B. Bunn	20	15-35
W. J. Corby	18	15-33

**MCCALLUM TROPHY, 100 BIRDS.**

R. A. Sibbitt	22	19-41
Dr. I. G. Smith	21	19-40
Total		81
H. Viau	22	20-42
W. J. Corby	14	20-34

At St. Hubert Gun Club on August 9th, Mr. A. W.  
 Throop won the club silver spoon with a score of 46  
 out of 50, which was real good shooting under prevailing  
 conditions. Scores:

C. W. Throop	23	23-46
J. Brown	22	20-42
X. L. Corby	21	21-42
W. C. Little	22	20-42
V. V. Rogers	19	22-41
B. Beattie	19	21-40
W. Williams	19	19-38
W. L. Cameron	18	20-38
A. C. Moore	18	17-35
J. B. Harkin	14	20-34

Extras—Rogers, 53x75; Beattie, 46x50; Throop  
 19x25; Corby, 74x100; Moore, 54x75; Hookin,  
 43x50; Cameron, 22x25.

On account of the extreme heat on August 16th, only  
 a few members turned out at St. Herbert's Gun Club.  
 Mr. W. Williams was high gun with a score of 45 ex 50.

W. Williams	24	22	46
A. W. Throop	22	23	45
J. B. Bunn	22	21	43
J. E. Brown	19	21	40
V. V. Rogers	20	20	40
W. C. Little	17	17	34
W. Cameron	16	17	33

Extras—J. B. Bunn, 24; W. Cameron, 23; W. C.  
 Little, 23; A. W. Throop, 22.

Saturday also was the day set for the competition  
 for the Dominion Cartridge Company's sterling silver  
 watch fob. This was won by Mr. A. W. Throop, who  
 won it with a score of 23 x 25, against six other shoot-  
 ers.

**Fort Garry Gun Club**

The following scores were made at the regular shoot  
 of the Fort Garry Gun Club, held on July 4th.

A. Walker	24	R. J. Mackay	24
W. Sutton	24	R. H. Cottingham	22
J. H. Wye	22	Fred Yates	22
M. Northcott	22	R. Patterson	22
Dr. Cadham	21	F. G. Simpson	21

# Mizpah No. 44 JOCK



- A—Patent Flap
- B—Perfect Pouch
- C—Small amount of material between thighs

75c

Absolute comfort while exercising.  
Finest quality extra heavy welt-bound elastic webbing.  
Can be cleansed by boiling without injury to rubber.

Ask your dealer or send 75c (stamps accepted) and your waist measure to



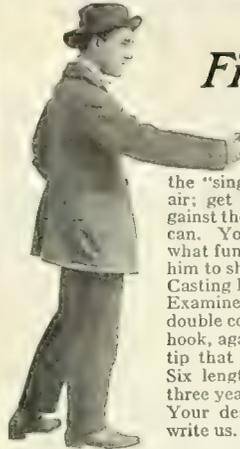
The Walter F. Ware Co.  
Dept. C. Philadelphia



# "Bristol"

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Steel Fishing Rods



Go fishing in October. It's delightfully cool. Hear the "sing" of the reel; inhale the purest air; get a "strike"; match your wits against the fish; play him; land him, if you can. You're bait casting—and man alive what fun it is! Go to your dealer. Ask him to show any of the "BRISTOL" Bait Casting Rods, Nos. 25, 27, 28, 30 or 33. Examine No. 33 for instance; 12½-inch double cork grip handle, detachable finger hook, agate casting guides and agate offset tip that reduces the friction of the line. Six lengths. \$12.00 each. Guaranteed three years, like all other "BRISTOLS". Your dealer can supply you. If not, write us. Write us, anyway, for the new

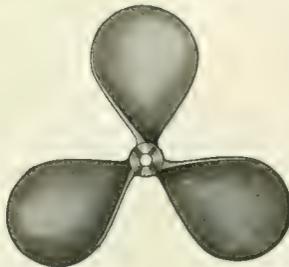
1914 ART CATALOG  
FREE

THE HORTON MFG. CO.  
32 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.



The Oregon Kid wins the Pacific Coast Championship and attains a speed of over 40 miles per hour equipped with a

# Hyde Turbine Type Propeller



Hyde Propellers are unexcelled for Speed, Pleasure, or Commercial Boats.

Manufactured by  
**HYDE WINDLASS CO., Bath, Maine, U.S.A.**  
FOR SALE BY  
**Pyke-Putnam Motor Co., Montreal, Canada**

W. Carr.....	21	J. McL Holiday.....	21
W. Hare.....	20	Geo. Beattie.....	20
H. Conley.....	19	P. Johnston.....	19
M. Mosenthal.....	17	J. H. Baird.....	17
E. H. Johannot.....	16	O. Smith.....	16
W. Osborne.....	15	Dr. Laidlaw.....	13
M. Putnam.....	12	W. Doidge.....	9

The following scores were made on July 8th, in a gale of wind:

W. Sutton.....	21	R. J. Mackay.....	21
F. Belcher.....	21	A. Walker.....	21
Fred Yates.....	20	H. Conley.....	19
G. Beattie.....	19	F. G. Simpson.....	17
P. Johnston.....	17	J. C. Thomson.....	17
W. Osborne.....	16	J. McL Holiday.....	16
J. Cadham.....	15	A. Lake.....	15
C. M. Scott.....	14	J. McLean.....	14
R. Patterson.....	13	O. Smith.....	12
W. Hare.....	12	M. Mosenthal.....	12
J. Axford.....	10	Dr. Glasgow.....	10

July 15th.		P. Johnston.....	24
F. G. Simpson.....	24	E. H. Houghton.....	22
H. Beliveau.....	23	O. Smith.....	22
W. Sutton.....	22	F. Yates.....	21
H. Conley.....	21	Dr. Glasgow.....	19
F. Belcher.....	21	W. Doidge.....	17
A. Axford.....	18	R. Patterson.....	15
P. Locke.....	15	A. J. Loveridge.....	14
A. Lake.....	14	W. Osborne.....	13
J. McL Holiday.....	14	C. Belcher.....	12

July 18th.		E. H. Houghton.....	23
Geo. Beattie.....	24	Fred Yates.....	21
F. G. Simpson.....	23	P. Johnston.....	20
H. Conley.....	21	W. E. Carr.....	19
E. Hollingshead.....	20	E. Mann.....	18
R. Husk.....	19	Dr. Glasgow.....	18
J. McL Holiday.....	18	O. Smith.....	17
R. Patterson.....	18	A. J. Loveridge.....	16
W. Osborne.....	17	M. Boyd.....	15
W. McCutcheon.....	15	J. Maitland.....	14
G. A. Axford.....	14	E. H. Johannot.....	13
E. Hollingshead.....	14	J. McLean.....	10
J. McCallum.....	12	J. Maitland.....	11
E. H. Houghton won the spoon shoot breaking 22x25.		A. Lake.....	11

July 22nd.		F. G. Simpson.....	22
Fred Yates.....	24	J. H. G. Arymtage.....	21
P. Johnston.....	21	E. H. Houghton.....	20
Dr. Glasgow.....	21	A. L. Loveridge.....	18
W. Osborne.....	19	H. Conley.....	17
A. J. Axford.....	18	A. Mann.....	16
J. McL Holiday.....	17	O. Smith.....	16
W. Spafford.....	16	W. McCaw.....	14
Dr. Laidlaw.....	14	W. McLean.....	12
R. Patterson.....	14	J. Maitland.....	11
A. M. McDonald.....	12	A. Lake.....	11

E. H. Houghton won the spoon breaking 20x25.

July 25th.		F. Yates.....	23
P. Johnston.....	24	F. G. Simpson.....	22
A. Walker.....	22	W. Osborn.....	21
W. Sutton.....	21	W. Spafford.....	21
R. Patterson.....	21	H. Conley.....	20
R. Lightcap.....	20	J. McL Holiday.....	18
G. A. Axford.....	20	O. Smith.....	18
H. W. Lay.....	18	D. O'Connell.....	16
E. H. Johannot.....	17	Dr. Glasgow.....	15
A. N. McDonald.....	15	W. Thompson.....	14
F. Wilson.....	15	A. Mann.....	12
S. A. Bartlett.....	13	W. McLean.....	11
J. Maitland.....	12	W. Cleggs.....	10
A. C. Jacobs.....	10	F. C. Young.....	10

F. G. Simpson and O. Smith tied for the spoon with 23x25.

Fred Yates.....	24	F. G. Simpson.....	24
A. J. Axford.....	23	R. Patterson.....	23
P. Johnston.....	20	E. H. Johannot.....	20
Dr. Glasgow.....	20	O. G. Rutledge.....	20
A. D. Campbell.....	20	E. H. Houghton.....	19
R. Luck.....	19	R. Husk.....	17
W. Osborne.....	16	H. Conley.....	16
F. Currie.....	16	J. H. Wye.....	15
O. Smith.....	15	Dr. Laidlaw.....	11
A. Lake.....	13	A. N. McDonald.....	12
Geo. Wells.....	12	J. E. Mann.....	12
W. Thompson.....	12	J. McL Holiday.....	11
R. Mullins.....	11	A. Fairchild.....	10
		A. C. Jacobs.....	10

F. G. Simpson and W. Osborne tied in the spoon

shoot with 23x25. F. G. Simpson won the shoot off 22x25.

August 1st.		R. Patterson.....	23
T. Brodie.....	23	Fred Yates.....	22
R. Lightcap.....	22	R. Husk.....	21
A. J. Axford.....	21	W. Osborne.....	21
O. Smith.....	21	Geo. Beattie.....	20
J. McL Holiday.....	21	Dr. Cadham.....	20
E. H. Johannot.....	20	J. H. Wye.....	19
A. Walker.....	19	E. H. Houghton.....	19
J. Munro.....	19	P. Johnston.....	18
Dr. Glasgow.....	18	A. J. Loveridge.....	17
Dr. Sugden.....	17	F. E. Mann.....	17
F. G. Simpson.....	16	H. Lay.....	14
J. Maitland.....	15	W. McCaw.....	13
H. Conley.....	13	Mr. Tullock.....	12
A. Lake.....	12		

Dr. Cadham won the spoon shoot with 24x25.

August 5th.		R. J. Mackay.....	24
Geo. Beattie.....	24	J. McL Holiday.....	23
Dr. F. T. Cadham.....	24	D. Nimmons.....	23
W. Osborne.....	23	E. Turvey.....	22
J. A. Axford.....	22	J. H. Wye.....	22
F. G. Simpson.....	22	A. Walker.....	21
T. Brodie.....	21	F. Yates.....	21
P. Johnston.....	21	E. H. Johannot.....	20
Joe Cadham.....	20	A. Lake.....	18
A. J. Loveridge.....	19	H. Conley.....	16
W. Doidge.....	17	J. McLean.....	16
Bert Brodie.....	16	A. N. McDonald.....	16
W. Muirhead.....	16	A. Lay.....	15
O. Smith.....	16	A. J. Henry.....	14
R. Patterson.....	15	W. Tullock.....	13
J. Wilson.....	14	N. Mosenthal.....	9
W. Bartlett.....	13	G. Strain.....	7
N. Martin.....	4		

Paul Johnston won the sterling spoon with 25 out of 25.

August 8th.		W. F. Muirhead.....	21
F. G. Simpson.....	22	O. Smith.....	21
J. McL Holiday.....	21	H. Beliveau.....	20
F. Yates.....	21	W. Martin.....	18
H. Lay.....	18	W. Tullock.....	10
N. Bartlett.....	12	J. Strain.....	10

Fred Yates won the spoon with 22x25.

August 12th.		G. A. Axford.....	22
F. G. Simpson.....	24	R. Patterson.....	22
C. H. Cottingham.....	22	J. Cadham.....	21
D. Nimmons.....	21	F. Yates.....	20
M. Putnam.....	21	J. McL Holiday.....	19
A. Walker.....	19	H. Conley.....	17
A. J. Loveridge.....	18	Dr. Syden.....	16
W. Osborne.....	17	A. Lake.....	16

Fred Yates won the spoon with 24x25.

**Wilkie Gun Club**

The Gun Club competition event 200 targets, for the silver medal fob presented by the Du Pont Powder Co., under the added bird handicap system, running for a couple of months at Wilkie, Sask., ended in a tie between G. G. Ellis and W. J. George. C. Halliady had the honor of breaking the most birds, succeeding in hitting 142 out of the possible 200. This being the first year at trap shooting for the Wilkie Club the scores show that by next season several of the members will be able to successfully compete with outside shooters. Following are the scores of those that finished in the competition:

Name	Actual	Hdcp	Name	Actual	Hdcp
	Birds	Score		Birds	Score
C. Halliady.....	142	161	W. J. George.....	122	162
J. L. Kyle.....	121	156	W. Mutchmor.....	119	156
G. M. Riddoch.....	104	160	V. Michie.....	101	158
H. E. Tingley.....	89	160	J. J. Gunn.....	88	151
A. L. Thompson.....	82	160	G. G. Ellis.....	76	162
B. C. Brehm.....	76	158	R. J. McMillan.....	52	156

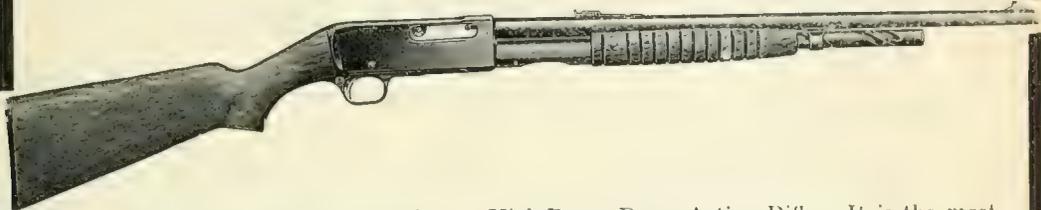
**Alberta Gun Club.**

At the Alberta Gun Club's regular weekly shoot on July 5th the following scores were made:

Name	Broke shot at	Name	Broke shot at
	Birds		Birds
A. Woodsworth.....	24	T. Brodie.....	24
S. Huntley.....	22	F. Morris.....	25
A. B. Stafford.....	24	R. Livingstone.....	22
J. N. Welch.....	20	G. H. Muir.....	17
V. E. Green.....	20	P. Ashcroft.....	15
H. Douglas.....	15	H. Pilling.....	20

If you wish to purchase a Gun or a Rifle do not fail to get our prices, as our constant endeavor is to give the best values in the Dominion, the result is that we now have the largest trade in

# GUNS and RIFLES IN ONTARIO



This is a cut of the New Remington High Power Pump Action Rifle. It is the most popular of all the big game rifles this season, as it is the easiest to manipulate. It is light, handy, easy to shoot accurately with, nicely balanced, and takes down to go into a 26-inch suit case. It is very powerful. The calibres are 25, 30 and 32. The restricted price is \$21.00.

If you want an ideal Moose and Bear rifle, the 35 calibre Browning Automatic is the favorite. Very accurate, very powerful, and has a light, clean trigger pull. The regular price is \$32.50, our price \$27.90. It goes into a small suit case.

The New Savage 22 calibre High Power Rifle is exceedingly popular and is a lovely little rifle of tremendous power, accuracy and flat trajectory. Price \$25.90. It packs into a grip or small suit case.

32-40 and 38-55 Winchester Repeating Rifles	-	-	-	\$14.25
30-30 and 32 Special Winchester Repeating Rifles	-	-	-	\$18.25
25-20, 32-20, 38-40, 44-40 Winchester Repeating Rifles	-	-	-	\$14.25
Savage 303, 30/30, 32/40 and 38/55 Rifles	-	-	-	\$19.50
Marlin High Power Rifles	-	-	-	\$15.90
Winchester 20-gauge Pump Shot Guns (restricted price)	-	-	-	\$27.00
Marlin 12-gauge Pump Guns	-	-	-	\$19.50 and \$22.90
Remington 12-gauge Pump Guns (restricted price)	-	-	-	\$25.00
Stevens 12-gauge Pump Guns	-	-	-	\$24.00
Double Hammer Guns	-	-	-	\$5.90 up.
Fox Celebrated Double Hammerless Guns	-	-	-	\$28.50
Ithaca Double Hammerless Guns	-	-	-	\$21.90
Ithaca Featherweight 28-gauge Double Hammerless, weighs only 4 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub> lbs. a sweet little gun	-	-	-	\$25.00

Greener Double Hammerless Gun, 12 gauge; very slightly used, with Silvers Anti-recoil Pad, Magnificent gun, cost \$130.00, bargain \$87.00.

Fox Double Hammerless Gun, 12 gauge, Ejector, Grade D, with Silvers Anti-recoil Pad; has had a little use, value \$215.00, bargain \$135.00. This is a glorious gun.

Marlin New Pump Action 25 calibre Rim Fire Repeating Rifle, \$14.90.

Great bargains in 22 calibre Single Shot and Repeating Rifles. All our catalogues are exhausted. Call or write stating your requirements, and we will do our best to please you and to give you permanent satisfaction.

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429 Yonge Street TORONTO, CANADA.

H. Freeburger . . .	16	25	E. O. Stickley . . .	19	25
Beckinan . . . . .	20	25	Woodworth . . . .	21	25
M. Frank . . . . .	23	25	Gibson . . . . .	10	25
B. Magrath . . . .	14	25	H. Davidson . . . .	11	25
J. Glenister . . . .	18	25	W. Gillenlan . . .	10	25

**New Westminster Gun Club.**

At a shoot held at New Westminster, B. C., on Aug. 13th, the following scores resulted:

		Shot at		Shot at
		25	25	25
MacSween . . . . .	20	22	McGill . . . . .	16
Welsh . . . . .	15	12	Ross . . . . .	15
Sharpe . . . . .	18	15	Turner . . . . .	22
Turnbull . . . . .	21	21	Eagles . . . . .	19
Maiden . . . . .	23		Peck . . . . .	16
Dorgan . . . . .	17		Duncan . . . . .	18
Duff . . . . .	17	20	Price . . . . .	20
			McCormack . . . .	17

## OUR LETTER BOX

### Tyee Salmon Fishing

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

I am enclosing you 25 cents for which please send me a copy of the July issue of ROD and GUN. Mine is lost and as I wish to keep all the numbers on file I do not wish to miss any.

This is the fishing season here (August) and if I could write I would give you some very interesting fish news, there being many tourists in this vicinity fishing the big Tyee salmon which weigh from 30 to 80 pounds. I have seen many caught this season weighing anywhere from 56 to 69 pounds. They are taken by trolling and put up a desperate fight. Tourists from all over the continent and from Europe come here to enjoy the Tyee salmon fishing. There is a very fine hotel here and very reasonable and good accommodation for guests.

Yours truly,  
Philip O'Reilly.

Campbell River, B. C.

### Is the Black Squirrel a Criminal?

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

As a subscriber to ROD AND GUN I would be pleased if you or any reader of your publication would tell me if black squirrels will take young robins out of their nest. Today one came on to the verandah and my sister said it took a young robin out of the nest.

Yours very truly,  
F. Standly.

The Pines, Grafton, Ont.

Ed. Note. While we would not care to make a positive statement regarding black squirrels in general—possibly squirrels, like human beings, are subject to occasional aberrations—we know of nothing to warrant the belief that a black squirrel would take a young robin from its nest. Even the red squirrel who is a notoriously bad fellow and a robber of birds' nests while the eggs are in them, so far as we know, does not steal the young birds from the nest. In this connection it may be noted that many of the depredations attributed to the black squirrel may be laid at the

door of "mongrel" squirrels—squirrels that are neither red nor black but a sort of hybrid.

### "A Veritable Cheer Hearth"

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

Enclosed please find my cheque for \$1.50 due on subscription to ROD AND GUN. I cannot tell you what a splendid little magazine it is—a veritable cheer hearth of the big out-of-doors. When I am very busy and very tired the appearance of ROD AND GUN on my desk cheers me to the extent that I am carried back to the splendid vacations I have spent in Canada. I could not do without your publication.

Yours sincerely,  
(Dr.) J. A. Hulse.

Akron, Ohio.

### Can Any Fisherman Beat This?

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:

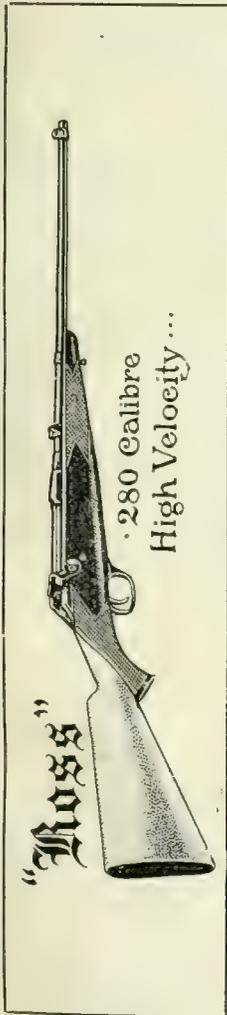
On Saturday afternoon, August 9th, the writer, in company with Mr. C. H. Putnam of Ottawa, who has a summer residence here, Thos. J. Hogan of the Union Bank staff of Merrickville and Nate Broderick, a resident of the same town, while fishing in the Rideau River three miles below Merrickville, for small mouth black bass, being equipped with a 1-0 small size, small mouth black bass gut hook and small eighteen pound silk line, ordinary steel rod and small reel, in other words, a complete small mouth black bass outfit, hooked onto a twenty-one and a quarter pound maskinonge measuring forty-three inches from tip to centre of tail, and landed him without the aid of a gaff or net, after playing him for twenty-three minutes. This is the fourth 'lunge the writer has caught on a small size small mouth black bass hook this Summer, while fishing for black

The writer would like to know of anyone else who has caught this size fish on this size hook.

Yours very truly,  
J. T. MacLaren.

Merrickville, Ont.

# Ross Rifles and Ross Ammunition Score Again



After winning the King's Prize at Bisley, the capture of the first three places in the Individual Palma Trophy competition at Port Perry, crowns a most successful target shooting season.

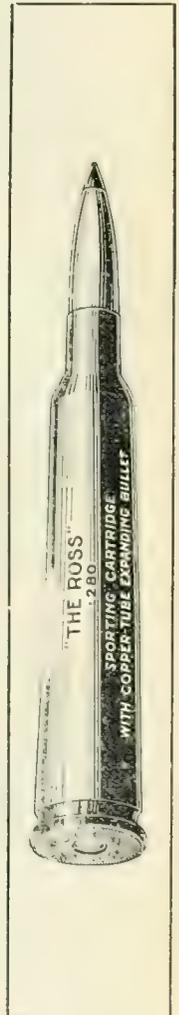
## Now For The Woods

Ross Sporting Models have the power and accuracy of the Military Ross, and the special Ross .280 Sporting Cartridge is so effective in stopping game that hunters recognize the fact that they are handicapped if they do not use it.

Ask your dealer to show you the Ross Sporting Models—

Ross .280, High Velocity, \$55.00. Other models from \$25.00.

*Illustrated Catalogue on application*



# ROSS RIFLE COMPANY

QUEBEC

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CANADA

### Can a Loon Dodge a Rifle Bullet?

Editor ROD AND GUN:

I am sending you a short account regarding the alleged ability of a loon to dodge a rifle bullet.

This subject I have often heard discussed around the camp fire and there are those today who do not believe a loon can be shot if he is on guard, as it were.

I think most lovers of the rifle or gun who take hunting trips have heard how difficult it is to shoot a loon. Many say it cannot be done unless the loon is caught asleep and as loons are not in the habit of taking a nap in the daytime one's chances of getting a shot at one are small. I have often heard hunters tell how the loon seeing the flash from a gun would dive before the bullet arrived.

My opportunity to test this theory of the old timers did not come until last summer, the greater part of which I spent at the Scott Fish and Game Club in the wilds of Rimouski, P. Q.

Mr. J. H. Gorham is manager of this club and a better woodsman or truer sportsman I have yet to meet.

Loons were plentiful on most of the lakes in the vicinity of the club and I was able to prove to my own satisfaction, at least, that the bird or animal does not live that can dodge a rifle bullet.

My first opportunity came one afternoon as I was returning from a tramp in the woods. When I reached the lake I saw a loon out on it a distance of about 100 yards from the shore. I took aim at his head and pulled. This loon did not dodge the bullet. He collapsed so quickly that he did not go under, which they always do unless they are killed instantly.

During the summer I killed twelve loons, not one of which dodged the bullet. When my aim was true and my elevation correct the loon died every time and some were shot at a distance of three hundred yards.

One thing that will fool the amateur who shoots at his first loon is the fact that many times when shooting on a level with the water the bullet appears to strike where the loon went down, when in reality it strikes the water ten, twenty or even thirty yards in front of the object shot at if shooting at long range. If the aim be true, however, the elevation correct and a good shot behind the gun the loon can be secured every time.

Yours truly,

(Dr.) H. V. Hight.

Lennoxville, P. Q.

### To Stain Gun Barrels

Editor ROD AND GUN:

Some time ago I noticed in one of your issues a note asking for a recipe for browning gun barrels.

I happened to find this yesterday in an old note book. I remember clipping it from an early edition of an English sporting publication and at that time found it to answer my purpose well. I send it to you with the hope that it may be of value to your readers.

The recipe is as follows:

Clean the barrels carefully, then sponge with

the following solution, which is to be made up by weight:

Protochloride of Antimony four parts  
Sulphuric acid two parts  
Pyroligneous acid one part

Mix well. Sponge several times till the color is dark enough. Be careful that there are no spots of grease or oil on the barrels or the solution will not take and will, of course, leave spots.

### A Correction

Editor ROD AND GUN:

I notice in your issue of ROD AND GUN for September, 1912, Vol. 14, No. 4, a reference to a collection of mounted animals and fish under the supervision of the British Columbia Government which was being prepared for the C. P. R. by taxidermist Harvey. I beg to advise that this collection of wild animals was the work of Mr. John Adam, a Victoria, B. C. taxidermist, while all the specimens of the food fish were painted by myself, I having worked for the Provincial Museum in this city for the last twenty years.

Trusting you will give this correction prominence in a subsequent issue,

Yours faithfully,

Ed. S. Shrapnel.

Royal Canadian Academy,  
Victoria, B. C.

### Illegal Netting in Loughboro Lake

Editor ROD AND GUN:

You may be interested to know that it is said that the Game and Fisheries Department are about to take stringent measures to stop the illegal netting in Loughboro Lake. This has set the fish pirates busy getting up a petition to have the tourists stopped from angling in Loughboro and Dog Lakes. Of course the government will take no action in this matter as the bass fishing in these fine lakes is as good as ever, although the lake trout are smaller than formerly owing to the large ones being netted out.

Yours truly,

Leonard VanLuyen.

Battersea, Ont.

### A Voracious Bass

Editor ROD AND GUN:

My wife a week ago lost or mislaid, as she thought, on the house-boat, her manicuring orange stick. Today as we were returning from an afternoon's fish, our cook came to her and held up what he thought a rather extraordinary piece of fish diet, which he had found in the bass he was preparing for the evening meal. He was quite unaware of the loss of the toilet article and being deaf Mrs. H. had some difficulty in explaining to him that the piece of wood was really the lost orange stick. No fish had been caught within half a mile of the house-boat which makes the incident as distinctly curious as that a bass should swallow and have found in him, or her, such an article.

Yours truly,

William Hendrie.

"Lady of the Lake" House Boat,  
Lake Nipissing.

# Shooters at the Traps and in the Field Unite in Praising

**BALLISTITE**  
DENSE  
AND  
**New Empire**  
Smokeless Powders

Uniform under all conditions,  
high velocity, close pattern, light  
recoil. These famous powders  
can be had in any shell loaded in  
Canada. Your dealer can supply  
you. **INSIST!**



## Let Me Take You Where They ARE —

You can be sure of clear, close shots at Moose, Deer and Bear this season if you trust yourself to Cryderman and come to Northern Ontario. I have been a hunter and a guide for TWENTY YEARS; and I never saw better prospects for game than there are this Fall. I will put you within easy gunshot of the kill.

**I can guide you on a hunting trip you will justly boast about afterwards.**

Naturally, I know the places where "they" are; and I will take you there handily and comfortably. It is an easy trip to these great game grounds; it doesn't cost a fortune to enjoy a REAL hunt here; and you can bet I will see you get what you come after, if it can be got at all.

**MOOSE CALLING A SPECIALTY**—I will teach you how to call moose by actual example.

Depend on me for competent guides, camp kit, and a GOOD TIME at moderate cost. We will mark maps for you, plan any route hereabouts, and supply you trusty information—and we won't overcharge you either.

WRITE TO ME FOR DETAILS

**Newton Cryderman**

BOX 450, SUDBURY  
ONTARIO, CANADA

Ask Me For References. I Have Them



# Pioneer Stories

JAS. E. ORR

**M**R John Stacey, in talking of his pioneer experiences says: "In the Spring of 1841 my father and I left old England to seek our fortunes in Canada, whence we were followed a little later by two of my brothers. My father was a blacksmith and we boys were also learning that trade, therefore we brought an abundance of tools with us.

"We left Biddeford on the 'Lord Ramsey' one Sunday morning and in exactly seven weeks to an hour we landed in New York. It was then considered a remarkably swift voyage for a sailing vessel to be able to plough its way across the billowy Atlantic in seven weeks.

"Our next journey was up the beautiful Hudson River to Albany and thence by canal boat through the Erie Canal to Buffalo. This trip over the canal alone would make a capital story but we must hasten on to Canada. From Buffalo we walked to Lewiston, passing within sound of the Falls though we did not see them as that would have entailed a walk of several miles. We hired a teamster to bring our luggage up to Lewiston and from there we took a boat for what at that time, seventy-one years ago, was the wee town of Hamilton. Here we were on British soil once more and we were very glad of it. At three o'clock one morning we left Hamilton on foot, intending to make St. Thomas our destination. We trudged wearily along, climbing the rocky hills around Dundas about daylight of a sultry June morning. There were plenty of woods in all directions. We found ourselves at the little hamlet of Paris, on the Grand River, in the course of time and meeting there a man by the name of Meyers, we were induced in time to go to Norwich.

"From Norwich we started for St. Thomas, but getting lost in the woods, spent a day trying to find some trail, road or surveyor's blazed mark that

might lead us through to somewhere. We were unable to locate any and after fighting flies, bugs, mosquitoes, water, swamps and underbrush, we found ourselves at night back where we had started from sixteen hours before. The next morning we started north for the River Thames, hoping by a more circuitous route to get on to our journey's end. By hard work we reached Ingersoll the following night and at the hotel were glad to seek a resting place for our tired limbs. There was a big dance on that night and a great crowd of the surrounding farmers and their wives and daughters had assembled.

"In the night some deer came down to the river for a drink. The hotel people shot one and had it for breakfast the next morning. This was my first taste of Canadian venison, which afterwards for many years became a staple article of food. We used to buy it for two cents per pound. While the dance was in the height of its excitement a band of wolves began to howl outside. We thought it a dismal, blood-curdling noise, and although we were very tired with our fatiguing journey we found it impossible to sleep as long as that wicked baying continued. There seemed to be hundreds on the alert for something to eat; both banks of the river swarmed with them. Again the hotelmen went out with their flintlocks to fight them back and also to keep them from molesting the horses tied thereabouts.

"We found out in the morning that several had been shot and the dogs of the village had also fought them back to some extent.

"The next morning in the hotel I found a bill and as I picked it up I said to father:

"'What a pretty picture!'"

"Father saw that it was a ten dollar bill. This was my first sight of Canadian money. The bartender said it was his and thus claiming the money he got it but I have always



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believed he had no right to it. Ingersoll was a very small place at this time.

"Now we followed the river and road westward and in time came to London, the Forest City of Canada, which has wonderfully enlarged its borders since 1841.

"Our next trail brought us to St. Thomas and our long journey afoot came to an end. Many incidents of that walk struck us forcefully, such as the long stretches of corduroy roads, the great swamps, the thirsty mosquitoes, the abundance of birds, both singers and game, the kindness of the people, etc. We soon got work in St. Thomas and settled there; it also was rather small, its eastern limit being William street.

"Like most Englishmen I had a fondness for the gun and a good hunt always brightened me up considerably. In the Fall of 1842 a bear had been observed north of the town and some hunters had wounded it and were still following it. The bear came running up the hill north of the town and seeing the front door of the principal hotel open, ran through it for safety. In a moment it was in the bar-room and instantly the occupants of the room sprang upon the counter for fear the bear might grab one of them. This frightened Bruin so much that he jumped through the window, taking the sash with him. Next he jumped into a pig pen but the disturbed pig gave such a loud grunt that the bear willing to leave him alone ran away to the south.

"A crowd was following all the time and about half a mile farther on Bruin's running came to an end.

"A year or so later a number of us had been down Sparta way hunting deer and other game. We had splendid success and to crown it all as we came back near the town we came upon a big bear as it lay sleeping beside a log in the ravine. I walked within a few feet of it but did not notice the snoozing bear. Ben Drake who followed me, nearly fell over Bruin and instantly both man and bear were roused up, the latter going away on a run while the hunter gave

chase with many others following him. We soon bagged the bear which added much excitement to our already good day's hunt.

"From the great pine woods east of Aylmer in the early days much lumber was taken and among the teamsters who brought this lumber to St. Thomas was George Kerr. As he came along with his load one day he espied an old bear and her two little cubs. They were in a big bush quite near the road. After considerable danger to himself and team George bagged one of the cubs alive. The old bear followed the load and tore around for a short distance but soon returned to her other cub. George brought the cute little cub to St. Thomas with him where it was soon quiet and readily learned many funny tricks. Its owner's yard was just beside our machine and blacksmith shop so I spent much of my noon hour and other spare time playing with it and we became good friends. A bear dearly loves fun and company and becomes quite docile from being handled. Often and often the bear and myself had the best of jovial sport and we frequently engaged in a wrestling match. I could generally trip him up and of course my wrestling was more scientific than his. Finally the bear got stronger than I was and could almost hug the breath out of me. He dearly loved to hug me and to run his nose under my chin and seemed wonderfully tickled when I would holloa enough. The soldiers of Canada were bargaining to buy him and keep him in their regiment as a mascot. They had offered me twenty dollars for him but he got too strong for his chain before they took him away and once when he broke loose he did considerable damage and before he was caught and a stronger chain fastened on his neck, he was a dead bear.

"Around St. Thomas seventy years ago game of all kinds was very plentiful and the very first settlers say that their greatest trouble was to get flour. It was not a difficult job to get out and secure partridge, quail, plover, wild turkey, duck or geese

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By R. B. and L. V. CROFT, B.A., M.D



Dr. Croft on his Fox Ranch

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but to get a few pounds of flour to go with the meat diet was sometimes a problem.

"I will now give you a few incidents of the chase I considered as very unusual at the time they occurred. I used to keep my private trunk locked when I was a young man and would often have some little treat ripening in it, such as apples, peaches, or a melon, perhaps. The other boys of the shop found this out and some genius among them made a key and thus gained access to my delicacies. I outwitted them by placing the lock on the inside of the trunk and using a specially made and very long key which proved more than a match for them.

"The following Fall I was out hunting, south of St. Thomas, where there were great stretches of unbroken forests and game in abundance. Some way while pulling the cap box out of my vest pocket I must have brought out the long key for when I got back home I found that I had lost it. Of course my trunk was locked good and fast but in a few days I had a duplicate key made. The next Fall, a year afterwards, I was out hunting with a number of others. We had taken a long circuitous journey through the woods south-west of the town. In the afternoon we had turned a little eastward and were getting our game bags full to repletion. In the meantime I had run out of paper for wadding and carelessly stooped down to pick up a few leaves, which I had often used before as a substitute for paper wadding. To my intense surprise with the leaves up came the identical long key that I had lost the year before. I did not know that I was in the same woods nor was I thinking of the key or even going to look for it, but shining bright and clear, it came to me.

"The Drake family owned most of the land St. Thomas is now built upon and in the forties there were grain fields and woods mostly east of William street.

"Where the Court-House now stands was a fine grain field, while back of it, in the ravine, the birds

were plump and plentiful. In the excitement of my enthusiasm to get a full bag before dark I must have been somewhat careless in climbing over a high rail fence which obstructed my pathway. As I reached the topmost rail my toe caught and, in turning a complete somersault, I dropped the gun and, horror of horrors, fell smack on top of it. The gun being at full cock went off with a bang and I was thrown a considerable distance by its rebound. I lay on the soft grass wondering what was wrong, where I was, and who I was, for everything was looking black and green, while thousands of brilliant stars were illuminating everything. After a time I revived enough to be able to pick myself up and look around. I soon found that there was no particular damage done. The shot from the gun had killed a couple of quail. After gathering all my things together I pushed onward in search of further adventures.

"Some time later on, in about the same place, or a little south, perhaps, I was busy picking walnuts, which at that time grew here in abundance. I had a bag nearly full when suddenly a band of wild pigs came upon the scene. These were quite common in the old days and were very cruel and savage. I left my walnuts and ran with the pigs following closely. A good, stout fence saved me from the pigs' tusks, for they meant business by the way they hooted and grunted after me. The next night I ventured back for my bag but found it torn to shreds and the nuts all cracked. The boisterousness of those pigs I can never forget, so distasteful, so wicked, so noisy was it. It rings in my ears still. Sixty-eight years have not deadened the sound.

"Generally when a number went out hunting we made so much noise talking and laughing that we frightened the game away before we could see it. Wild turkeys would run for cover when they heard us coming as would, also the deer. At one time I ran into a patch of long grass to scare out rabbits for the Drakes to shoot. All of a sudden I ran upon a pair of

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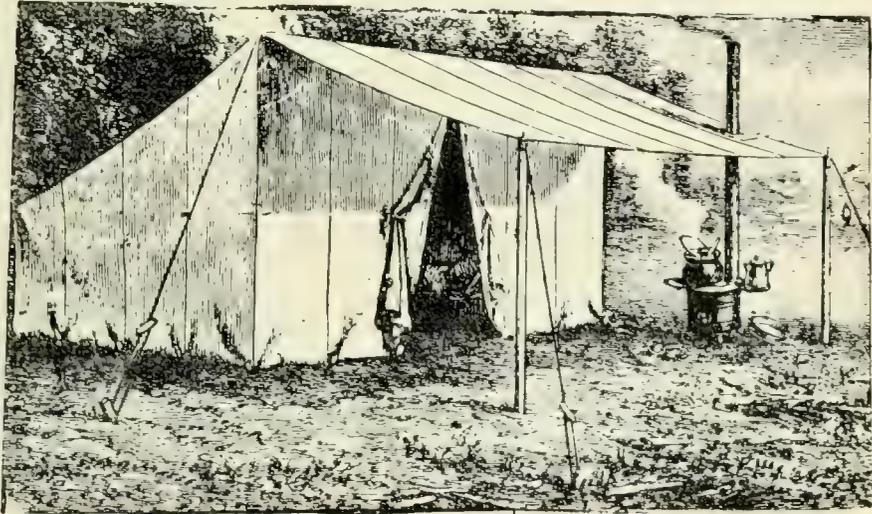
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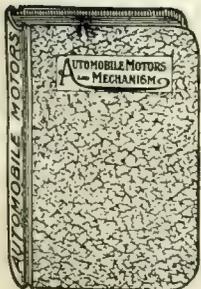


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deer that were lying in the grass. They jumped up quickly and blew the froth from their mouths as they blatted in my face, then turning, sped away through the woods like a whirlwind. I expect I was as much frightened as they were.

"At another time when out hunting something went wrong with a hunter's rifle. When some one commenced to pick the nipple with a pin the whole load went off and the bullet

whisked through the crowd. At another time about a dozen of us were hunting and we got running after a colony of squirrels, when one man's rifle, which was cocked, went off as its owner stumbled and rolled over a cradle-knoll. The bullet hit the heel of another man's boot and ran between the insole and boot, coming out at the toe and doing serious harm, as it made more than a couple of holes in the shoe.



## TRADE NOTES



As solving the question of an expanding missile whose tearing effect, with penetrative power, can be relied upon, the Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co. are offering the new 'Umbrella Point' .30 Springfield bullet for big game shooting. A hunting type of bullet for the new Springfield (and all arms of similar calibre) other than the regular pointed bullet has long been required and the Remington UMC latest, combining as it does, the wonderful accuracy of the Spitzer with a killing power all its own, will be welcomed everywhere by both military experts and sportsmen. A thin metal shell covering the head slightly retards the expansion at the initial impact and allows the jacket to expand like an umbrella after entering tissue. No sight adjustment is necessary, this new bullet having the same weight, distribution, size and shape as the regular 150-grain service bullet

A garment made of either khaki or serge, as the customer prefers, that can be used as a sweater and that has the unusual advantage of ensuring its wearer against drowning is being put out by the American Life Saving Garment Company of 53 State Street, Boston, Mass. This coat is lined with a buoyant material, is soft and pliable and weighs only a little more than an ordinary coat. It can be secured in sizes suitable for men women and children. Particulars and prices of the garment, to which the name "Neversink Coat" has been attached, can be secured by

writing to the American Life Saving Garment Company at the address given above.

The sportsmen of Canada will be glad to know that Clabrough & Johnstone guns are now stocked in Canada. The Stacey Cutlery Co., of St. Thomas, Ont., have taken the agency for this gun for Canada and carry them in stock.

At the Eastern Handicap at Wilmington, Del. in July, Mr. Walter A. Welnoski won the Interstate Preliminary Handicap with a gun which he had never fired previously to entering this event. This "stunt" was accomplished with a brand new Marlin trap gun. The big handicap shoots of the Interstate Association can usually be relied on to bring into the trap shooting limelight more than one modest shooter of exceptional ability and endurance. Mr. Welnoski certainly proved his title to membership in the Select Class of Handicap winners by winning the Preliminary Handicap high man in a field of 160 top-notch shooters who took part in this event for he had nerve and skill and a supreme confidence in his new Marlin hammerless trap gun which had never been used since leaving the factory until he started in this Preliminary Handicap event. He was last man in the last squad and he had to break the last target of the 100 to win. Details of this gun as well as other Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns will be sent free on request to any of our readers by the Marlin Firearms Co., 67 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

# Why Man of Today is Only 50 Per Cent Efficient

BY WALTER WALGROVE

**I**F one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Dominion is striving for such an end.

And this is so.

The Canadian man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise), make it impossible;

just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove: make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent. to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon, (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our lives are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches

come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progressing to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the ef-

fect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "The What, The Why, The Way" of the Internal Bath, which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 202, 280 College Street, Toronto, Ont., and mentioning that they have read this article in Rod and Gun in Canada.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself, which he has never known, through reading the little book to which I refer.

NOVEMBER, 1913

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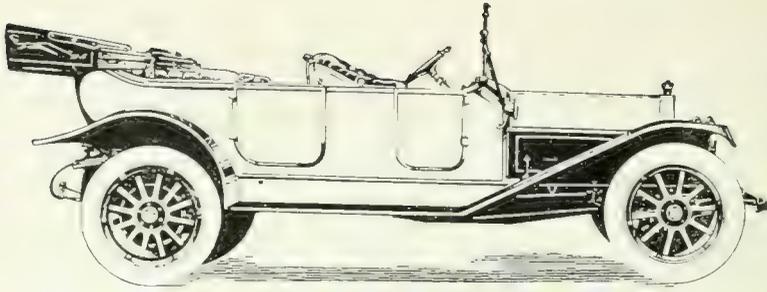
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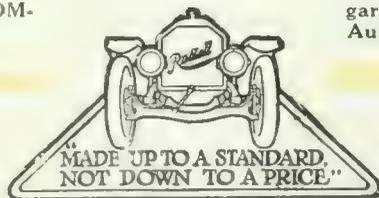
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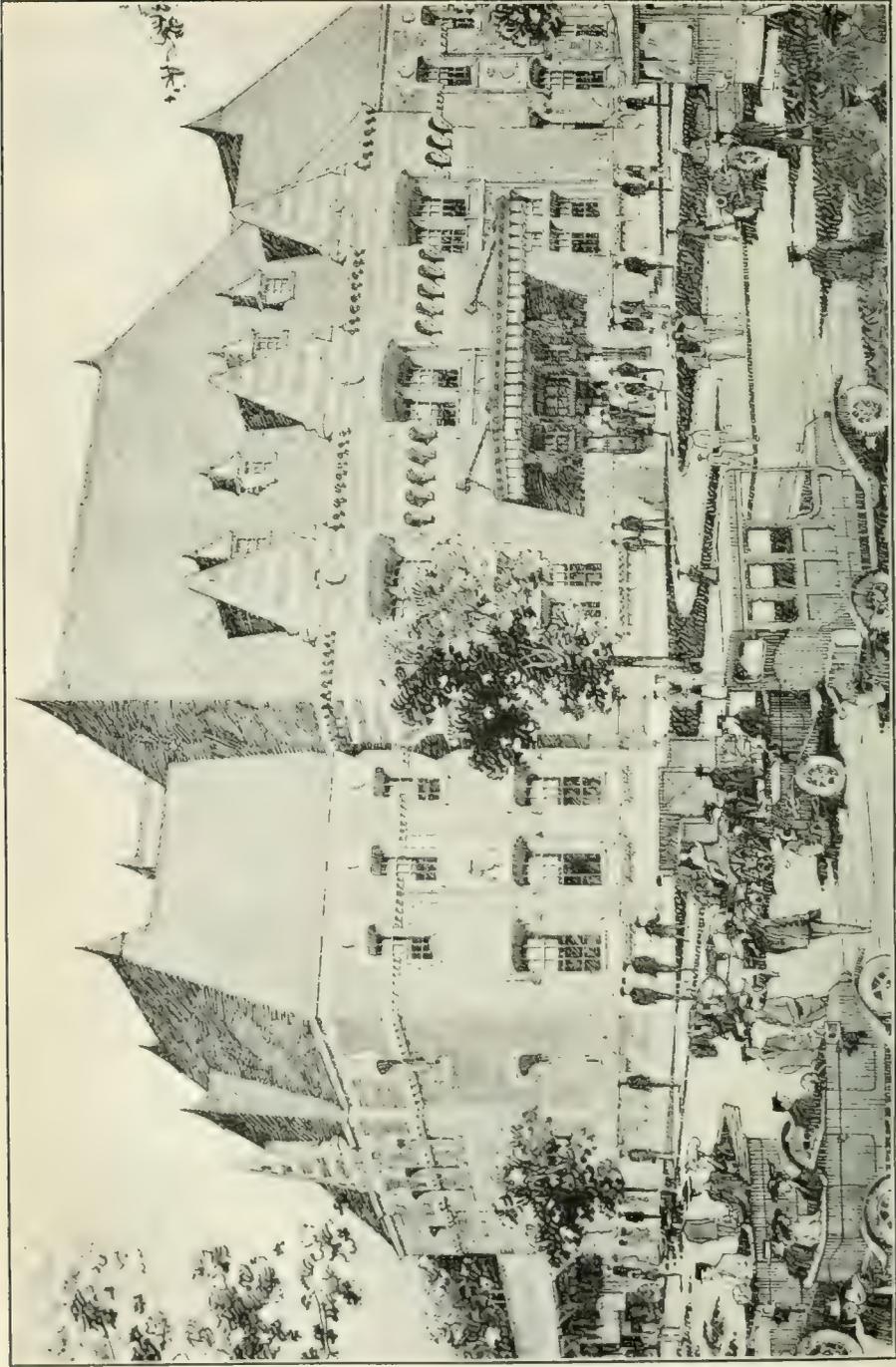
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WOODSTOCK, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1913

No. 6

## A Labrador Room

BERNARD MUDDIMAN

WITH irritating persistence a fog-horn wailed like a lost nuisance. Silently the schooner drifted on mobbled in fog. On the deck we stood in hushed expectation of anything or nothing. Along the Marie's sides the lapping of the water or above in the rigging the flop of a pulley block alone broke the stillness. Somewhere on the starboard bow—we did not know where or how near—were the granite, grim cliffs of Labrador. With a mysterious haunting sensation we were gliding on into an opaque unknown. Our nerves were just as tense as if we had been abreast of Utopia itself. We strained our eyes into the impenetrable veil of the thick, cumulous fog thronged with a thousand phantoms of fancy. We craned our ears for breakers but only the horn toots came.

Then all of a sudden, Captain Sam seemed to fall out of the main mast rigging his wizened red face lit with one huge smile.

"It do beat all how thick it is here, but aloft there's a let-up to he," he explained. "Port your helm!"

"Ay! Ay! Sir!"

And within a minute we stole out of the fog's shroud into a pastel of blue bay basking in sunlight.

"T'was as thick as mud an hour ago aloft," resumed the Captain in a satisfied way, "I'd like to fall overboard for one of them rungs is that rotten."

When a Newfoundlander says "I'd like to die" it is not a sign of suicidal

propensity, as the uninitiated might think, but merely the history of a miraculous escape.

On the freshening south-westerly the old Schooner's sails bellied out and we ran lightly down to a small fishing fleet anchorage. Over flopped the anchor and she swung to her cable in one of the finest havens in the world. On three sides the rounded barren hills of Labrador, the comfortless, stretched away before us bare and gloomy. Though it was the middle of July in unexposed places there was still snow. Chunks of ice like enormous clots of cream, were still floating out to sea. Below the cliffs were scattered a few white-washed shacks and cottages—the homes of the codfishers. Patches of stunted bush and greenish-brown mosses coloured the slopes behind them.

As soon as everything was ship-shape we put ashore for water. This we obtained at an old wooden pipe beside a cottage. The pipe had been placed there by Jersey fishers some hundred years ago when the Labrador fish trade was largely in their hands. Then as visitors should, we went to call on the Agent of the Job Bros., the famous Labrador Cod Merchants, who welcomed us to tea, fresh bread and a dish of cod's tongues and jowls. Fishermen and their women folk came in to greet us with the respect of a by gone age for here in Labrador modern ways and days have not yet penetrated. Their hats came off



A Room's Wharf

when they spoke and they said "Sir," a lost habit in Canada.

It was then we visited the "Room." A "Room" in Labrador is the local name for the fishery buildings or even for the whole village. The ware-house and store composing the main buildings usually stand on shore at the head of the pier. At the sea end of this wooden jetty is a shed with a row of stalls on its outside. Here come the dories full of floundering fish which are pitchforked into their owner's stalls. The cod then pass down a chute within the shed where are ranged benches, one for each stall without. A boy takes the fish and cuts the under portion of the head from the body with two slashes and by a third rips its belly open. A second boy takes it then, pulls out its liver, tears its head off, and its inside out. It is now passed on to the senior member of the outfit who in three slashes bones it. Thus a large catch is soon cleaned and lies in a big vat whence it is taken in wheelbarrows to the shed at the shore end of the pier. This too is divided into a similar number of stalls. Each crew lays its day's catch out here in layers three fish deep and covers it amply with salt. The fish are left thus for over a month,

when they are washed and put on hand flakes where they remain for a couple of days in the sun. The cod are now ready for market and Job Brothers' schooners transport them to the eating world. Cod oil is also extracted from the livers in a crude form in large vats and forms a valuable by-product.

The men work in crews of a man and two boys or often two men. They rely on the company to outfit them and give them transportation. In return they pay the company for their stores such as salt, bait, food, etc., and agree to sell their year's catch to the company alone at market price. They also pay 30 cents a quintal (112 lbs.) of dried fish. Thus the Company as is the way with all middlemen, make most of the money in selling the fish. A normal catch is about 150 quintals or seven and a half tons per outfit, when each man makes on an average about \$400 profit.

All the catching is done by the men at these "Rooms" in small boats, either by a jigger or by bait and hook. The jigger is a lead fish about 5 inches long with hooks projecting out of its mouth,—looking like an old fashioned anchor without its stock. This is dropped from a boat to half a fathom.

from the bottom. Then it is raised every couple of seconds a fathom or so. The idea is to attract the cod by the flash of the metal and as they lie over the bait jerk it up hooking them. After a continuous hour of it one comes to a most decided opinion that the fishers earn all they get. Often the men jump out of their boats on to an iceberg to use this tackle to better advantage.

Sometimes, indeed, traps are used and even trawls. A trawl here is a long line to which short lines are attached about every six feet with a hook about the size of a fifty cent piece. These hooks are baited with caplin (a small fish something like a smelt or herring first caught in seine nets) and laid out on the shoals each morning and collected in the afternoon. The recent scarcity of this bait has seriously reduced the fishing crops the last year or so.

Forteau Bay contains three small villages. The westerly of these is the largest and possesses two churches—Methodist and Anglican—a schoolhouse, one of Dr. Grenfel's missions in charge of an English girl and a Post and Telegraph Office run by the Dominion Public Works. The population is somewhere over two hundred,

about eighty of which are roomies (i. e. fishers) and the remainder are liveries (i. e. attend to curing the fishing and to the cod oil obtained from the liver.)

The operator of the telegraph office was the local Gallio for he cared for none of these things. He was a man about fifty and undoubtedly what is known as a character. At one time in the village history he acted as schoolmaster and a kind of Justice of the Peace. He also looked after an automatic tide gauge and took meridian observations for the time of day, as well as being Mayor, postmaster and telegraph operator. He disliked nearly everybody for some reason or another and Jeremiah's lamentations were nothing to his. Some had taken away his former duties *and fees*. Others were objectionable to him because the one reason for existing was "cod."

I first met him on a Sunday afternoon about a mile from the village wandering disconsolately along. I hailed him and asked what he was doing with as jolly an air as I could muster.

"To tell the truth," he growled, "I am just getting away from those cod. The men get into my office and



The "Roomies"



A Boy Takes the Fish and Cuts the Head From the Body

talk cod and cod and cod. It's a land of codfish."

As his voice had a challenge in it and as I had been warned, I hastened to acquiesce.

"Yes, it is," I replied, "and huskies."

"Yes the land of codfish, huskies and sand. They'll talk nothing however but cod," he continued. "Say I got hold of a couple of your fellows yesterday—one a Yank and your cook the German. I took sides with the Spaniards and then with the French and had a fine talk."

With a fear that he might pursue the same course with me, I beat a retreat to the "Room" to the great dis-

pleasure however, of my friend, who went off in dudgeon up the slope.

Later I made friends with one of the brightest lads in the place and invited him to see me off on the ship. After supper he came aboard to pay his visit and incidentally to get jam and a novel. He was a clever fellow and trying next summer for his entrance exam. Like all the younger fishers he disliked fishing and wanted to go to school in the south and work there in a town. Although he only lives a quarter of a mile from the school, he told me in winter he had to take his lunch with him. That fact, I think, better than anything can convey what kind of a winter resort Labrador is. This same lad amused me very much next morning as we were fishing together for trout off Fox Point. Whatever question I put he would always reply in the affirmative. Perhaps this is the old fashioned politeness of a bygone age still lingering in this out of the world spot.

"Now would it be good fishing off that pier?"

"Yes, Sir. Good fishing there."

"How is that for bait?"

"He is good bait, Sir."

"How is this line, is it all right?"

"Yes, Sir, he's all right."

It is characteristic of the Labrador fishermen, they will never contradict if the answer required does not directly affect themselves.

The next morning as our water casks had been replenished at eight bells we hauled out. When I went up on deck Forteau Bay had become a dim speck on the vast coastline of the same old bleak and barren Labrador.

In the offing were the deep brown sails of her boats at work harvesting the unplumbed depths of the sea while several large bergs were in the vicinity—a sign, according to local tradition, that the cod were about.





Typical Winter Scene

## Winter Versus Summer In Northern Ontario

C. S. W.

**T**HIS is not a "Nature Story," but just an account of what may be seen in Northern Ontario in mid-winter.

How many people when they look at old-time Christmas cards are apt to say, "Oh poof! things are never like that now." That's because they live in the city, or in those unfortunate parts of the Province where winter is a travesty. And they tell me, as I write, that it is raining in my home in Toronto, while here it is bright, sunshine, about 10 degrees above zero, and heaps of snow.

Let people come but a few hours' journey North, and wallow, yes wallow in the real Canadian winter.

Let them get on their old time winter kit, and snowshoes, and tramp through the silent, but by no means

lifeless woods, over the frozen lakes, and streams, Canada's great heritage, quite as beautiful in winter as in summer. Nay, so beautiful in winter that one pities those who take their holidays in the hot, or wet, summer, among the flies and mosquitoes, and prefer to live in overheated office buildings, reeking with the microbes of influenza during the winter.

Having arrived at one of the best known winter resorts in the North, let us take our camera, and our snowshoes, and sally forth to the enjoyment of a real Canadian winter day, be it January, February or March.

And first we are told that a beaver dam exists not twenty minutes tramp away. The trail leads up the bed of what in summer is a small stream.



Crossing White Lake



A Deer Track

The going is a bit heavy, for here the snow lies several feet deep, and some days have elapsed since the last person went in.

Here and there across the trail crossing and recrossing one another are the fresh tracks in the snow of deer, mink and rabbit. The last named the largest of the lot, for as he jumps through the deep snow he alights with his hind legs foremost, making a weird impression in the snow which might be the track of some great beast with a cloven hoof and a spur out behind.

We miss the squirrel to a large extent for he doesn't gad about much in winter in this locality, as he does farther south.

Here has gone a mink, and here a deer; no, many deer, and once there the tracks of these latter are all mixed up around the branches of a young balsam or cedar tree.

Occasionally one finds the deer tracks following the track of a ski runner, or snowshoer, and not vice versa. And often if these humans had paused and lain low, they might have seen the pretty creatures, eaten up by curiosity, their big mild eyes, wide, stepping along in dainty fashion to see what manner of animal was this that traversed the wood in such an aimless way.

But here we are on the miniature lake made by the beavers to locate therein their houses.

They don't often come out in winter having already supplied themselves with a winter's supply of food. See here is where they have been busy felling a couple of poplars; for the poplar and white birch are food for them.

Let us get a photograph of the dam, and the cut-down trees, and then back to dinner with an appetite we did not think we could possess.

A quiet chat around a big open fireplace and someone suggests a hike to a lake some miles away where from an adjacent eminence can be seen miles and miles of forest, lake, and stream.

We are supposing you have been on the ground for a few days, and

miles of tramping twice a day have no terrors for you.

How queer it is to skirt the shores where perhaps you have previously canoed, and apparently walk on the water with the old shore line changed in appearance through the lack of certain foliage, and the addition of great heaps of beautiful glistening snow on the boughs of the evergreens. What a Christmas card it would make!

You arrive at the literal base of operations and proceed to toil up and up an impossible looking ascent. Logs lie everywhere to be surmounted, and twigs clutch out at your shoes. Down you go, arms and legs a-sprawl in the snow, and your face buried in the cool warmth.

At last you reach the top, and if you are a man you probably sit down and light a pipe.

The snow is four feet deep up here nearly three hundred feet, and away you go again to find the best place for a snapshot.

Finally selecting a point, perilously near the edge of a precipice, you find a view that would suit the most fastidious, could only the camera bring it out as one's eyes see it. One, two, three frozen and snow covered lakes are in view, with range or ranges of hills all pine topped and bathed in the light of the low lying sun.

Quickly you get what pictures you can, and pause to look at other scenery the camera cannot portray and only eyes can grasp.

Then taking another route you pick your way down through the forest to the lake. Fresh deer tracks are everywhere, besides those of many smaller fry. Fallen trees, treacherous boulders, and snow hidden snags have to be negotiated, and with the words, "facilis descensus Avernii" in your mind, you are lucky if you escape at least one tumble into the deep snow from which you emerge gasping yet laughing with the fun of it all.

Arriving at the shore of the lake there takes place a readjusting of thongs, and away you go across these miles on the level to home and supper.

Rounding the points you recall where you have bumped sunken



Park Ranger Bringing in a Poisoned and Frozen Wolf

rocks, now no longer in evidence. Never mind if your toes sometimes touch water, and your trusty stave goes down some inches.

There is a foot of solid ice beneath this superficial surface of thin ice

water, and snow which you may sometimes come upon.

Here again are the deer tracks in plenty, and see, there is one gentle creature calmly crossing ahead of you from island to island. The wind is



Beaver House near Polly's Lake

from it to you and you pause to watch the animal.

Suddenly you drop your staff, and with a quick turn of the head the creature regards your motionless form for a few moments until a slight movement causes it to turn and bound gracefully away to the nearest shore.

The sun is setting in a blaze of red, gold and orange, and the lights of the hostelry away across the next bay

are beginning to twinkle. The white smoke goes straight up now from the chimney, and on the shore a crack comes from the limb of some tree.

There is not another sound but the swish of your shoes through the crisp snow, and the crunch of it as you walk, and you are glad to be alive, happy to be where you are, and thankful that there is to be another such day tomorrow.

## Duck Shooting on the Meduxnekeag, Woodstock, N. B.

WHERE the Meduxnekeag winds and bends in its irregular course to Woodstock and the St. John River at Medux Camp, some three miles from Woodstock, sheltered by undulating hills thickly wooded with maple and oak, is Black Duck pond. A natural depression, dating back to the glacial period, where a moving iceberg no doubt rested for centuries in the ages long ago, makes an ideal resting spot for the weary black ducks on their Southern trip. The water is deep and fresh with enough current to make it pure, and food is there in abundance.

Few hunters know the spot and those few keep their secret when the ducks are on the wing. A strange fact in this connection is, that the ducks frequent the pool the last week in September. Duck hunters aware of the habits of the birds, keep close watch as the month is nearing its close. An old resident living in the vicinity says that years ago a wounded duck with its mate found a resting place there, raised a family, and every year since the offspring have loitered there for a few days in the fall.

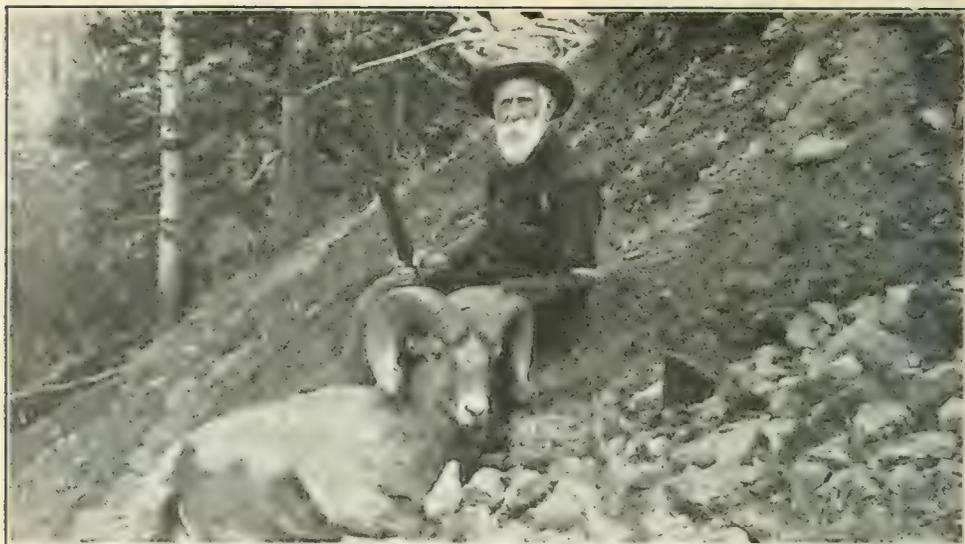
An early riser in Woodstock, the twenty-fifth of September last fall, might have noticed two teams leaving the Gallagher stables just as the sun peeped over the Grafton Heights. There were seven in the party and they carried five guns, and enough duck shot to kill all the ducks in the Maritime Provinces. The sun was just getting in trim for the day, as the party landed mid the Autumnal glory of the woods about Camp Medux. An amateur kodak manipulator caught Miss Marie Lynott, firing in the air at the ducks as they circled about the wooded enclosure. Six of them floated bill down and breast up over the surface of the pond, victims of four guns, and two others never rose according to the crack shot of the party, who maintains to this day that his portion of the flock had gone to

bottom, taken hold and remained there. Old hunters say the birds will do this, but the party claims Jimmy over shot and did desperate damage to some vegetable growth on the far side of the pool. A wounded duck was seen to fall from the rising flock as Miss Lynott fired. It was easily captured, and a number of shot marks on the top of the bird gave some envious ones a chance to say the bird met death while swimming.

The party remained at the camp three days, lived on duck, roasted, fried and fricasseed and took a respectable bag home with them.



Miss Marie Lynott, Woodstock, N. B.



"Probably the Best Eating is the Rocky Mountain Sheep"

## How to Keep Game From Spoiling

S. E. SANGSTER (CANUCK)

**I**T is, I take it, an admitted axiom that all game, big or small, that is killed afield should be used, even though no wild game ought to be sold today. To the decent sportsman it is a big moral wrong to shoot game that is not going to be used to the full extent of its food value.

And consequently, a big factor with many a sportsman is the question of transportation facilities for shipping out his kill from camp. While there are some few—very few—regions where it is feasible to ship home game every few days, where the party has 'gone in' perhaps many miles from steel, the question assumes a more serious aspect. There are three courses open to the sportsman in this latter case. He may, first, sit down and eat his kill in camp (this procedure does not appeal beyond a limited extent); he may, *perhaps*, in some few instances, succeed in obtaining more or less ice, or, third, he may resort to the only remaining means of keeping game from spoiling. Of course, the big game hunter usually has cold weather, so

that it is an easy matter for him to keep his meat. The bird hunter of the early fall, however, may be shooting duck, and partridge, or shore birds when the weather is frequently as hot during the sunshine as in summer. Many thousands of black, mallard, teal and wood duck have spoiled during the first few days of the open season through heat and flies.

How best can it be kept from spoiling? If an ice supply is available, the plan the writer has found absolutely surest, is to take a cask or, best of all, zinc-lined box, say 3x3 feet, sprinkle cracked ice on the bottom to, say, the depth of 3 inches, then an inch of dry hay; lay a layer of birds on their backs, side by side, (after having first bled them as hereafter described) and cover with another layer of similarly broken ice and hay; repeat over each successive layer of birds and cover with a tight-fitting lid. This will keep either birds or fish better than any other plan of which I know.

But it is not always possible to obtain the ice. What then? First and

of great importance, *keep your birds*, whether duck, partridge, snipe or plover, *dry*. As soon after killing as possible (the sooner the better) draw your birds; never, in any case leave this matter more than half a day. The opening should be large enough to permit the removal of all the viscera, and the cavity then should be well wiped out with a wisp of dry hay if possible. Do not replace the giblets in the cavity, as they will spoil the meat more quickly. After the blood is wiped out from the cavity the bird should be stuffed with a double wisp of dry hay—*not green grass*; it should then be hung up by the neck (not the feet) so that it may drain properly. All game should thus be hung up in the *open air* for a time, to permit the animal heat to cool off. Let your birds hang thus over night, *even though you have ice* on which to place them the next day. If the weather is warm and calm, there is almost a certainty of flies; your birds should, therefore, be covered with cheesecloth or mosquito-netting. The Indians sometimes use a long pole, as long as 25 or 30 feet, hoisting the game above the fly belt, but you will find it better to keep the birds in the shade and protected against flies.

If you have not a suitable box or cask for the first suggested plan with

ice in camp, it is possible to keep ice for days in camp by digging a hole in the ground and lining it with hay, putting the ice under blankets, with more hay and some boards on top of all. Do not in any case, place newly-killed birds on ice—first drawing and wiping out and leaving hanging up over night to cool. If you have no ice, keep them hanging by their heads in the shade, plugged with dry hay as above indicated, and keep them well protected with netting or cheesecloth.

And now comes the matter of shipment home. Many times has game been kept safely by the writer and left the camp in good condition, only to spoil en route. Best of all is one of the game-baskets, lined with zinc and arranged with ice-compartments separate. Most of these baskets are badly made, the ice sections being altogether too small. The best basket is one that has ice sections of good size in either end, with the game compartment in the centre. In any case always remember to keep the game both *dry* and *cold*. Arrived home, get your birds at once into the refrigerator or ice box (again remembering to keep them dry). If you have taken good care of your kill, your family or friends may now eat birds killed a week or ten or twelve



Skinning out a Moose: Carcase Left to Rot; Shot out of Season



Duck Should then be Hung up by the Head—not the feet—in the Shade, and Kept Dry”

days before, that are really fit to eat. At your hotel you may eat a grouse or duck that was possibly killed a year ago and which has been kept frozen after being treated chemically in a manner that would cause Dr. Wiley to shiver in horror; but it is not the same flesh or food by any means that it was when originally killed, and the less eaten the better.

#### TAINTED BIRDS

If your duck or grouse should have a slightly stronger odor than it should, do not throw it away. It is most apt to be wrong either along the incision or the thighs. First skin the bird do not pluck it—open it along the back and wash it at the cold water tap. Perhaps even this treatment will not remove the odor. Any good chef will tell you what to do—what he very likely does with 60 per cent. of the game he serves. Take a kettle of

boiling water, large enough to immerse the bird entirely; throw into it a handful of salt, making a strong boiling brine; add a teaspoonful of baking soda. Now dip your bird, well cleaned, for a moment or two in this boiling solution; take it out and rinse under the cold water again and place away, in the ice-box. It will be good for several days more. If madam has still any suspicions, have her cook it with a big onion inside, which will remove the last of the suspicious odor and leave the bird fresh and sweet. Of course not all game requires this special treatment, especially if it has the proper care in camp.

#### ABOUT BIG GAME

It is always well, as a friend used to put it, to in any emergency “have something up your sleeve.” A big game sportsman should know something about keeping moose, bear, caribou or deer from spoiling. If, for instance, you have killed your deer and are intent on getting him into camp the same night—and not equal to packing it on your back, which I may remark, is a very wearisome performance—you can make a sort of drag out of a small evergreen which will at least serve to help move Mr.



“Some Sportsmen Claim Deer Hangs and Keeps Better if Hung by the Head”

Buck part of the way in the desired direction. The most common practice, however, is to have a companion help in the transport, tying the buck's four feet together and swinging him on a stout pole, each man carrying one end. Once in camp, the usual procedure is to put a sharp stick through the gambrels and swing up in a sapling. Some sportsmen and guides claim a deer hangs and keeps better if hung by the head. Of course the bigger game animals, such as moose and bear are usually transported to camp by husky guides or in canoes and out to the steel by canoe or waggon. Primarily—more's the pity—the head is the trophy sought when moose or caribou is the game hunted, and the meat in many instances rots on the carcass. In fact a moose that has a big 'spread' is not usually very tender eating, while the same is true of an old caribou or even of a really old buck deer. The Rocky Mountain goat is mighty bad eating when old, but a young kid is not too bad at a pinch.

The general way of cooking all these meats is usually in the frying pan with bacon. Even bear's meat,

thus cooked, seems hardly worth eating, unless one is hungry enough to eat sole leather. The best method, where feasible, for all these meats, is to roast in large cuts. Probably the best eating meat of any of the native big game of Canada is the Mountain Sheep; the rib chops are excellent eating, while a side or ribs, cut free of the back-bone and cooked slowly and thoroughly, forms a really appetizing meat.

In summing up the chief factors in the preserving of game in Camp, I would say it is primarily important to first let the animal heat cool off, (this of course requiring immediate opening of both birds and big game and drawing); thoroughly drying off all blood and then keeping the game *dry*; protection from flies in warm weather by either cheesecloth or netting and, where possible, the putting next ice, but not on it save as described in the case of cracked ice in a zinc-lined box. A combination of heat, moisture and flies will spoil any game in a very short period of time, each and all being enemies to preservation that one must vigilantly eliminate.

## A Strikingly Original Hide

CAMPBELL McCOLL

**F**ROM Kootenay Landing to Creston is considered the best wild duck shooting locality in Southern British Columbia. A story is told of two Englishmen who arrived on the scene intent on securing their share of the sport. Each one carried the latest and most expensive guns manufactured in England. Unluckily the ducks were very wild at the time and try as they might the sportsmen could not get within range for a successful shot.

Having noticed that the ducks were not afraid of several bunches of cattle that were grazing near by the sports laid their plans accordingly. Proceeding at once to the nearest rancher they bought a cow, had her killed and dressed, had the hide arranged to accommodate both, one in the front and the other in the hind quarters, making the whole look as nearly like the original bovine as possible. Next morning found them in disguise, walking cautiously toward a drove of cattle that were grazing close to a great flock of ducks. Arrived on the spot the herd paid but little attention to the masqueraders. Accordingly they made their way through the herd to the other side. Soon they would be blazing away at the ducks. Suddenly the rear sport heard a peculiar sound and in order to locate it

glanced out through the rear port-hole, when the following conversation took place:

"I say! Bunny deah. I think I shall get out of this at once. There is a tremendously huge bull looking at us and I feah he is going to make it very nawsty for us."

"Dammit! Old Top. We shall be shooting ducks galore in a moment. Keep still, will you?"

A few steps farther and "Old Top," who by this time was getting extremely nervous, took another hasty look out. This time he nearly kissed the bull's nose. Terrified? Well, rather. He leaped wildly toward Bunny, shouting:

"He'll have us in another moment."

Crash! Down they go in a heap. Kicking and swinging their arms a head finally emerges from the cowhide.

"Confound the blawsted hide! Which way do I get out?"

Splash! splash! splash! splash!

Whirr-rr went the pinions of about five hundred spoonbills, mallards and butterballs, and the language Bunny gave vent to while extricating himself from that cowhide was something not for publication in ROD AND GUN.



Blue Grouse

## A Woman Goat Hunter's Experience In British Columbia

C. H. DEUTSCHMAN

**T**HAT women have taken a much greater interest in out of door sports in the last decade, than formerly, is very evident. Mountain climbing and fishing have many devotees amongst the fair sex and some, as yet a very few, have become interested in big game hunting, which necessarily takes them into out-of-the-way places and which they seem to enjoy as much as any man. Buck fever? Yes, they get it too, and go through it splendidly. This is a complaint that is common to both men and women and many amusing things happen when in that state.

I was not greatly surprised, therefore, when I received a letter from a lady whom I knew, one day last spring in which she said that she intended to spend a few months in the mountains studying botany, climbing a few peaks, and if everything were favorable, doing a little hunting in the fall. Having been in British Col-

umbia a few years previously she was anxious to get back again to the Alpine meadows and their gorgeous flowers.

The ninth of July following, this sportswoman and her friend got off the train at Glacier, a place which some people regard as the limit of civilization though it really is but the gateway to a wonderful country beyond. After much hand shaking and the locating of the baggage it was decided to spend the night at Glacier House. The afternoon was spent sorting over things in the trunks as we took with us only what was necessary for the trip into the mountains. Two electric flash lights were included in our equipment and these proved very useful, particularly during the latter part of the season.

Everything was made up in packs suitable for the pack horses and we planned to get an early start the fol-

lowing morning if the weather were fine.

After an early breakfast I got the horses and the packs in shape and after waiting, I wouldn't care to say how long, the two ladies appeared, all smiles and attired in short skirts, knickerbockers and hob nailed boots, ready to hit the trail.

After a pleasant ride we arrived at the camp about mid-day. We were then about fifteen hundred feet higher than we were when we started. We hurried around that afternoon and got things into shape. The ladies could scarcely wait till our arrangements had been completed, so anxious were they to get out and examine the beautiful flowers which on account of the snow having gone earlier than in previous seasons, were very numerous in the vicinity of our camp site. The weather had been very warm and dry for some time and it looked as though we were to have a dry summer. Next morning however, the rain came down in torrents and this kept up almost continuously for nearly two weeks. The ladies made the best of it, notwithstanding, going out for an hour or so each day and bringing back enough flowers to keep them busy for the rest of the day. Occasionally for a change we would have a few games of cards. I rarely won. Sometimes I tried to side-track the game but it was of no use.

Although warm in the day time, at that altitude the nights were cold, and it was necessary to wear woollen underwear all the time for cold gusts sweep off the glaciers and one who is not suitably dressed becomes chilled very soon. I have known parties who had to leave camp because they could not stand the cold summer nights. Indeed, one of the ladies whom I took into this camp, left shortly thereafter for this very reason.

We collected flowers every day, some very rare ones, and in all succeeded in securing about one hundred and sixty different species within a couple of miles of our camp. Some we found above timber line and others were the gorgeous blooms that are peculiar to Alpine meadows.

Acres of glacier lilies and anemones could be seen in all directions. We found various species of stonecrop and after pressing them in a book some of them threw out shoots several inches long, the moisture from the thick leaves doubtless feeding the plants.

After the rain had cleared we decided to climb a peak four miles from camp. We started out early in the morning of what promised to be a clear day. When we reached the summit my aneroid indicated that we were 8536 feet above sea level and about one hundred and fifty miles to the north east we could see the Rocky Mountains which looked very different from the surrounding mountains. We could just see the higher peaks and when first sighted they looked like a line of dark clouds. The view to be obtained from our peak was well worth the climb. From where we stood on the summit we looked out upon literally dozens of glaciers.

After eating a few pieces of chocolate and drinking some cold tea we started to descend. On our way down we flushed several ptarmigan and saw quite a number of North America pika, a small animal that resembles a rabbit, and which is very frequently found in the rock slides of this part of the country. As we got down to within a short distance of our camp we met two college boys who were out studying ornithology.

As the hunting season drew near, having seen quite a number of goat and blue grouse, we began to make preparations for a goat hunt. The day we had set for our first hunt dawned at last and with it a couple of inches of snow. To go after goat with the mountains in this condition was out of the question. Luckily, however, the sun came out strongly in a couple of hours and by night there was very little snow left and that only on the higher peaks. The melting snow unfortunately left the ground very wet and we had to postpone our hunt for a day or so. In the meantime we decided to put in the time hunting grizzlies in a basin on the

other side of a low divide. I had killed a number of bears in this vicinity in previous years. We hunted this basin the next day and while seeing many fresh bear signs saw no bear, the new snow having no doubt driven them to a lower altitude. We were obliged to content ourselves with a few blue grouse that we shot on our way back to camp.

We were well above timber line the next morning before the sun came up

ed to Mrs. V. what was ahead of us and warned her not to get excited. Taking her Automatic .22 I gave her my gun, which was an ordinary 30.30, but forgot to tell her she would have to cock the gun before it would go off. After taking what seemed to me a rather long time to aim, she handed me the gun saying:

"It wont go off."

I then saw what the trouble was and after pulling back the hammer



First Goat



Second Goat

and after following the foot of a large glacier for a short distance we came on to a lot of goat tracks. After telling Mrs. V. what to do and warning her not to be surprised if we came suddenly upon a bunch of goats, we started ahead, keeping a sharp look out. Topping a small rise I was a little surprised to see two goat crouching down not more than one hundred feet in front of us, and quite unconscious of our presence. In a whisper I indicat-

handed it back. Being used to an Automatic she started to pull the trigger before she had a good aim and made a clean miss. Seeing the goat on the run she handed me the gun and with a big sigh said:

"You shoot!"

Taking quick aim I pulled the trigger but there was no report. Thinking there was a bad primer in the cartridge I tried it again with a similar result. I was then told the old

shell was still in the gun. It is putting it mildly to say that I felt cheap at making this blunder but I partly squared myself by knocking the goat over with the first shot. After taking some photographs we started down the mountain and picked off a couple of ptarmigan on the way.

Soon after daylight the next morning I was on my way down the trail and back again before noon with some sweet potatoes and celery. Ye gods! What a feast we had upon my return. Fried beefsteak for breakfast, roast leg of goat, potatoes and celery for dinner, and grouse and huckleberry pie for supper.

A few days later some friends came to our camp and when they left there was very little remaining of that goat. None of our visitors had ever eaten goat before and they decided it was the best meat they had ever tasted.

Shortly after this I sighted a very large bunch of goats about a mile from camp. We at once made preparations to get one if possible. The season was getting late and I expected snow any time. Mrs. V. was anxious to get a good head to take back with her. I left my gun at the camp and decided not to do any shooting. After making a detour to get the wind in our favor we started to climb and when about a thousand feet above the camp we came into a basin and on the far side saw five goats feeding. In the position in which they were it was impossible to get near enough for a shot so we sat down and watched them for a while through our field glasses. Later we moved on towards where we had seen the other bunch. Before coming to the top of the ridge towards which we had seen them feeding it was necessary to cross an open space of about three-quarters of a mile. It was necessary, too, that we should get there first if we expected to get an easy shot at them. It was more than an hour since I had last seen them and I reckoned that they must be very near the top by this time. In fact I expected to see some of them at any moment. We crawled up the upper part of the ridge on our hands and knees. The wind was still in our

favor and blowing strong. I expected when I could sight them they would be very close.

When we got to the top we were within fifty feet of the ones in the lead. Moving behind a rock I cautioned Mrs. V. not to shoot until I could pick out a Billy. Pretty soon up came three females with four kids, within thirty-five feet of us. The kids were chasing one another and having a good time. The three old females had seen us but we stood perfectly still and they did not seem to be frightened of us but would look at us from time to time. More came up and now there were goats on two sides of us but still I could not see a Billy and I began to get a little anxious. All at once however I saw a pair of horns coming into view and drawing my companion's attention to them I whispered to her to fire as soon as she could see his neck. The Automatic she carried had seen a lot of hard use and once in a while a cartridge would stick in the barrel. Taking another goat for the one I had pointed out she let drive and through the excitement missed. Being but a .22 only a few of the ones in the lead heard it. Fortunately they did not pay much attention and I whispered that her aim had been at the wrong goat. She then pulled on the Billy but the gun was stuck. After working at it with my knife for what seemed like ages I managed to get the shell out. All the time more goats were coming up from the rear and some of the ones in the lead were standing watching us. A crisis was approaching. I expected at any moment to see the whole bunch go off in a cloud of dust. However the buck was still there and the gun ready once again. Handing it back to Mrs. V. she took what looked to me to be a rather shaky sort of aim. Snap went the old bunch of scrap iron and this time the cartridge wouldn't explode. Once more I had to get down on my knees with the perspiration oozing out of every pore of my body and spend another age digging out the cartridge. After making countless vicious jabs at it I managed to get it out, and handing the weapon back I assured

the lady that she had lots of time and to take good aim before she fired. This she did and it was with a sigh of relief that I saw William go tumbling out of sight. Two other goats had seen him fall and they at once rushed to his assistance. When I walked over towards him both of them were sniffing about and he was trying to get up on his feet but could not make it. Just then one of the goats noticed me and ran past me up the hill and when Mrs. V. saw him coming she thought it was the same old William she had previously shot at and started to take aim. I shouted to her not to shoot but to come down and finish her first goat. By this time there were goats on all sides of us, running in all directions. They were stampeded

for sure now. Another shot in the neck sent Mrs. V's goat to the goat's heaven. He had kicked his last kick. After taking out his paunch I got him in my pack sack and started down in a different direction to that by which we had come up. Our trophy was about a year and a half old and had a fine pair of horns. After crossing a creek we reached camp shortly before noon, well satisfied with our expedition. A few days later we had some more snow and Mrs. V. made preparations to leave the first fine day thereafter. She went out apparently well satisfied with her outing and with the expressed intention of returning at some later date and going after a grizzly or two.

## The Bull Moose and His Enemy The Wolf

HAMILTON FISHER

**M**ANY and many a time have I heard the expression, "In the Velvet" which to a hunter means that the bull moose are growing new antlers. Whenever and wherever I have heard this remark I have taken an exception to it and consequently an argument followed.

The prevailing and almost universal opinion is that the bull moose loses his antlers and grows a new set every year, and it is on this particular subject that I will endeavor to give a few facts that came under my personal observation during the many years I lived in the Yukon and which differ entirely from the opinions usually expressed by our city sportsmen.

For two years I lived about four hundred and fifty miles north east of Dawson City at the head waters of the Upper Stewart River, where the high snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains are intersected by the

Arctic Circle, where the midnight sun is seen for days during the latter part of June, and where the sun disappears altogether below the horizon for at least three months during winter. This is unquestionably the greatest moose country in the world and many a time have I watched and taken note of their habits.

My first winter I had to depend almost exclusively on the moose for my existence. I used their hides for my bedding. The hock of the moose skinned without splitting furnished my footwear, and for over four months I lived entirely on boiled moose meat. Consequently, I think you will admit I lived with the moose.

Now, before taking up the antler question I would like to draw attention to another prevailing and erroneous idea about the moose.

The general opinion is that the bull moose does not protect his offspring. I wish to give this a most emphatic

contradiction. I say, and I say it fearlessly, that there is not an animal in all God's creation that fights harder for the preservation of its young than the bull moose.

We will endeavor to follow their habits for a year, in which I will try and make clear my ideas on antlers and self-preservation.

We will begin at the time of year when bulls, cows and calves are all living peacefully together. That time is January, February and March and it is called the "yarding season." In other words, the moose all live in families of from thirty to forty in selected low-lying, heavily wooded districts, and always near a lake or water course. This particularly selected spot is called a "Moose Yard." They do not travel far abroad during this season and unless you knew where a yard was located you would have great difficulty in finding them. Their one great enemy is the wolf. A big grizzly grey timber wolf will weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds, and during the season the moose are yarding these wolves travel around singly. I have never seen tracks of more than one at a time during mid-winter. A wolf will circle around one of these yards for days, gradually getting closer, but just as soon as he is scented, several of the bulls go out and endeavor to kill him or drive him away. Should they catch the wolf they make very short work of him for they literally cut him to pieces with their front feet. Occasionally, however, one of the younger bulls will show a little more fighting spirit than some of his mates and will follow the wolf a little too far. This is just what the wolf is looking for, for when he gets the moose a certain distance away from the herd he turns and becomes the aggressor. The moose being an animal very easily frightened starts to run and the wolf runs right alongside of him and bites at the cords of his hind legs. This is called "ham-stringing." Should the moose be a yearling or a weakling he is almost sure to go down, but a full grown moose will get the better of the wolf every time. In this way the bull

moose fight and protect the weak ones of their family all through the hard winter months.

My cabin happened to be located within close proximity to one of these yards and there was scarcely a day passed that I did not see one or more of these animals going up or down the river in front of my cabin. One day I counted as many as thirty-five in a line passing within two hundred yards of my cabin. I judged they comprised the whole family as there were bulls, cows, yearlings and calves. The biggest bull in the drove was in the front and another big bull brought up the rear. All during the winter and as late as the middle of April I saw these animals and the bulls always had their horns on.

The moose feed during the winter on the tops of alder and other small bushes that grow near the rivers and lakes, and during the very cold weather are exceedingly tame.

About the 15th of April the ice on the different water courses begins to get bad and the moose all leave for the Southern slopes of the mountains where they get plenty of sun and their earliest spring food.

Now comes a very important habit of the moose that is not generally known. As soon as the wolves find that their game is gone they begin howling and congregating in packs. This is the only time of the year the wolf is dangerous, and it is very unwise to go any distance from your camp without your rifle, and even with a rifle I am afraid a man would stand a very poor show against a howling, starving pack.

For days I heard them howling and joining forces uncomfortably close to my cabin, and one night about ten days after the moose had disappeared I heard them coming down the river on the ice barking and yelping and whining in a furious state. I was in bed at the time, but I can assure you it was enough to make me jump up and get my rifle.

The window of my cabin was an opening cut in the logs about eighteen inches square with only a piece of flour sack tacked across to keep out

the cold and let in the light. Before I could get time to light my rude light (a piece of rag in bear's grease) the wolves were all around my cabin howling in a way that made night hideous. To say I was frightened would be putting it very mildly. I was just about as scared as it is possible to be. There was I in the dark and cold, very scantily clad and expecting every minute one of the brutes would take a dive through my window. I hope that those of you who have never heard a pack of starving wolves howling, with only a thin bit of canvas between you and their razor-edged fangs, never will. Just as soon as daylight appeared they started down the river on the moose's trail barking and yelping like a pack of hounds. I can assure you that there was one glad heart when the siege was over. That was the last I heard of the wolves for the spring and summer, they all went away together, back to the mountains where the moose had led them.

About the 15th of May all the cows and yearlings came back from the mountains to the rivers and lakes and the cows gave birth to their young. In every case I noted they had two calves but I could not find out whether there was one of each sex or not. There were no wolves around to molest them for the reason that I have already stated, the wolves had all been drawn away to the mountains.

During the summer season you will never find a bull moose along with the cows, calves or yearlings, nor will you find him in close proximity to his family. He has other and very important duties to perform and that is to keep away the enemy.

I would like to mention that the yearlings are almost full grown. They are not as heavy of course as a big bull but they are just as tall. The male yearling has a short straight horn that is covered with a soft velvety substance and this is the only moose that the term "In the Velvet" can be applied to. My opinion is that the theory of the bulls losing their horns originated from the fact that nothing but cows and young bulls would be

seen in a well known moose district during the summer.

The first thing the moose teaches its young is to swim and I have seen the little ones take to water and swim quite rapidly when they could not have been more than a couple of weeks old.

We will now leave the cows, calves and yearlings and go back to the mountains where the bulls live all summer to fight the wolves, and in this way protect the weak ones of their family who are romping around in the valleys fifty miles away.

A band of Indians come from Fort Good Hope on the McKenzie River every summer to the Yukon slope of the Rockies. There is also a band comes from Fort McPherson. These are the two most northern tribes of Indians on the American continent. They come over the mountains in about forty "sleeps," that is, according to their own way of reckoning forty days, and their object is to kill moose and dry the meat for their winter's food. These Indians live on moose meat exclusively. They do not use flour or grain of any kind, nothing but boiled moose meat.

A couple of the "Good Hope" Indians came to my cabin in May and I was much surprised to find that they could speak English very well and also to find that they were Christianized. They were intellectual and very religious, they and all their tribe having been converted to the Roman Catholic religion. Physically, morally and mentally they are very much superior to the coast or plains Indians. My first impression was that they resembled the Japanese very much, not only in their size and build, but also in their peculiar almond shaped eyes. They are very strong and sturdy and are as honest as it is possible for any human beings to be. They never quarrel among themselves and will not barter or trade in anything without the consent of their Chief.

These two Indians appeared to me to be of such good quality that I thought I would like to visit their camp, and I got one of them to draw

me out a plan of where they were located, which I afterwards found to be actually correct and very easily followed.

In the early part of July after several hard days' paddling and a long trip into the mountains I reached this Indian encampment in "Mount Jesus." As my story is of moose and wolves I will not go further into the Indians' mode of living or the peculiar reception which they gave me. From them I first learned of the habits of the moose and it interested me very much. They described to me as plainly as possible how all the moose came up to the mountains in the spring and the wolves followed them, how all the she-moose and young moose went back to the valleys below, how the bull moose (the Indian name is "Inks ka") stayed up in the mountains all summer and were constantly fighting the wolves, the wolves at this season of the year going in smallpacks of from four to six.

I asked them particularly about their horns and they told me all the moose in the mountains had horns and that they stayed up there until about the 1st of October. This little band of Indians consisted of about five families, in all about thirty souls, and a whole army of huskie dogs. As near as I could make out they killed about two hundred bull moose for their year's supply, the larger portion of which was required to feed their dogs. They told me they did not kill any cow-moose and in fact stated that only bad "Injin" kill cow-moose. I naturally inferred from this that they had been taught to preserve their food supply. I went out with some of them about a mile from their camp where they were drying the meat of a couple of bulls that had only been killed the day before and I never saw two more beautiful sets of antlers than these moose had. They cut the meat off the carcass in slabs of different sizes about one inch thick and dried them in the sun until the meat

was perfectly incased with a hard coating. They build fires around, but only to keep the flies away, not to smoke the meat. Where I saw this operation was a short distance below the snow line on Mount Jesus.

I asked them about the wolves and they told me the wolf was everything that was bad (Nazolee) "kill moose, kill good Injin, kill everything." I asked them if they killed the wolves and they assured me they killed a great quantity. Their principal mode of destroying the wolf is by poisoning. This they do by cutting or boring a hole into a tree about two inches in diameter and about three inches into the tree. The hole is then filled up tight with moose tallow in the centre of which a quantity of strychnine has been carefully placed. The strychnine they get from the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Good Hope.

The wolf being of a thieving nature comes along and begins pawing out the tallow, which he gets in very small quantities. He keeps at it until he reaches the poison which kills him instantly.

The bull moose come down from the mountains about the first of October and join their families and live peacefully together all winter as I have first described.

Now it matters not to me whether this idea of the moose is accepted by some of our city moose hunters or not. I am only giving the actual condition of their habits in the far north. I am quite positive they do not lose their antlers except in mortal combat or unless they get them locked in some unaccountable way in the fork of a tree.

The bull moose is the noblest and loftiest animal in all creation. He is man's greatest friend in the forest. He is the only male animal I know of that fights until the death for the preservation of his offspring. And his enemy, the wolf, is everything that is the reverse.



## The Camp on Robson Pass

BLANCHE B. HUME

EDMONTON station, on the night of the 26th of July last, was the scene of an unusually animated gathering during the hour that preceded the pulling out of the Grand Trunk Pacific train for the West. Some thirty-odd sun-burned, tanned and disintegrated countenances, the property of certain active members of the Alpine Club of Canada, who had been at the Cathedral Camp for the preceding ten days, beamed forth in cheerful greeting to those less fortunate members who had but recently arrived from the East. Beknickered gentlemen and short skirted ladies, armed with fearsome axe and pole, wandered hither and thither, several temporarily despondent over the non-appearance of cherished dunnage bags, but all looking forward with liveliest anticipation to the camp on Robson Pass. Some time between ten and eleven p.m. the party boarded the two special cars that had been reserved for them and before very long silence reigned, a silence that was broken only by an insistent sound, which a disposition for accuracy compels the writer to classify as snoring, and which emanated from upper-berth number—but enough.

Some of us were up early next morning—we wanted to see if the scenery corresponded to the descriptions contained in the folder, "The Canadian Rockies, Yellowhead Pass Route"; it did, and *all* of us were up in time for breakfast at Jasper, erstwhile Fitzhugh. And what a breakfast! To ensure its being prepared in first-class style and in sufficient quantity to satisfy even the unnatural cravings of an Alpinist, a special G. T. P. representative had been sent from Edmonton. Rumor has it that the chef, misunderstanding instructions, served four weiners instead of the stipulated three, and that late comers went weinerless. The majority of us, however,

got into the game early and the Jasper breakfast, from cantaloupes to coffee, disappeared with astonishing alacrity.

Eleven-thirty, or thereabouts, we reached Robson station and shortly afterwards detrained a mile or so farther down the line. A short time was spent in identifying dunnage bags; climbing boots were abstracted; and before very long the procession of Alpinists were on their way to the base camp, a mile and a half or so away, along the wagon road that winds through the beautiful valley of the Grand Fork.

After lunch we had the remainder of the day to make the acquaintance of Mt. Robson, to view the lesser peaks that rise on every side, and to renew acquaintances with one another. When we reached our base camp, and for an hour or so thereafter, Mt. Robson, true to its reputation for living in the clouds, remained with its crest discreetly hidden; then about three p.m., the clouds broke away, revealing the superb snow summit, which remained clear throughout the afternoon and evening, and until darkness filled the valley. It seemed an earnest of the fine weather with which we were subsequently blessed, that on the day of our arrival, and before we had reached our permanent camp site, we should be given this beautifully clear vision of the peak.

That night we passed at the base camp, sleeping in tents, or with our sleeping bags stretched out on a secluded mossy bank, as we preferred.

By eight o'clock next morning most of us were on our way along the trail to the camp on Robson Pass. Such a wonderful trail as it was! Its construction an evidence of the ability of Donald Phillips, to whom the British Columbia government had entrusted its building. Under his able direction the

trail, which is some fifteen miles long, was completed in six weeks, a surprisingly short time when one considers the difficulties that had to be surmounted. Following up the valley of the Grand Fork of the Fraser River we were led through a magnificent forest of fir and spruce and cedar, catching through the trees, breathless glimpses, as the trail grew steeper, of a milky green torrent running between grassy banks. Emerging from the forest primeval we came to beautiful Lake Kinney, called by some Lake Helena, and Konrad Kain, shortly thereafter encouraged us by saying we had gone about half way. Meanwhile a gentle but decidedly wet rain had dimmed to some extent the charming vistas that opened up before us but we plodded on in Konrad's wake with that sublime indifference to the weather which is born of life in the open and in due course the clouds dispersed and long before we reached the camp site the sun was shining brightly.

At one place in the trail our attention was directed to a melancholy scene, far down on the gravel flats. The five "China boys," having refused the offer of transportation via pack horse, choosing as they doubtless believed, the lesser evil of travel via Shank's Mare, were disconsolately—presumably disconsolately it is quite possible they were bearing up with that fortitude which is so distinctive a characteristic of the Chinese—meandering about in the pouring rain and wading streams almost to their knees in an attempt to get back to the trail from which they had obviously wandered. No one offered to go back to their assistance—the distance was too great—and in due course the lost ones reached camp and were not too fatigued, it was noted, to partake of a sumptuous repast prepared by those indefatigables, Miss Fowler and Miss DeBeck, who had gone on before, and to whom a fifteen mile scramble acts merely as an incentive to active effort.

Particularly lovely were the views afforded by the trail on the way through the Valley of a Thousand Falls. Of all the falls that one to which the name Emperor's Falls, has been given is the most spectacular. The fine trestle bridge that skirts a steep rock face a little distance from where this magnificent white-water cascade makes its greatest leap, provided a charming viewpoint and rendezvous for those of us who had felt the approach to the bridge, somewhat difficult, and we rested for a while and watched the sheets of spray that were cast off as the racing stream plunged madly over the rock and thundered down to join the glacial torrent in the flats below. From the head of Emperor Falls to the shingle flats, a distance of less than a mile, the river drops sixteen hundred feet.

We reached at last the head of Berg Lake, a turquoise blue lake that receives the glacial waters of the Robson and Tumbling Glacier, and a little farther on came to our tented city. Though one spoke with the tongue of men and of angels he might still fail to convey to one who was not there an adequate idea of the beauty and infinite variety surrounding and accessible to that camp site. A shingle flats intersected by glacier streams, with here and

there among the stones a bright patch of yellow stonecrop or red fireweed, led up to a broad green meadow on which the white tents of the Alpine encampment had been picturesquely placed. The tented city was gay with flags, the Union Jack, the Canadian emblem, the Stars and Stripes, and conspicuous above the tent of the Director, the green flag of Ireland! Across the meadow, to the southeast, only a quarter of a mile away, was the Robson glacier, a wonderland in itself, that provided interesting and safe exploration in the days that followed. This glacier is a mile wide and five miles long from its source in the Robson amphitheatre, and is flanked on either side, as it approaches Robson Pass, by Rear-guard, and Ptarmigan, the former an outlier of Mt. Robson. To the north of the camp a timbered slope, gay with Alpine flowers of varied hue, led up to the summit of Mumm Peak, its name a tribute to the celebrated English climber, Mr. A. L. Mumm, who was a guest at the Robson camp. The Tumbling Glacier, a huge river of ice that falls five thousand feet from between the snow crowned Helmet and the main mass of Robson and buries its nose in the blue waters of Berg Lake was but a half mile from camp. That day as we passed along the trail an avalanche crashed into the lake, splashing up spray like mist from a giant waterfall and dotting the lake with baby icebergs. We stood and watched while the waves caused by the impact came rolling across the lake till they reached the opposite shore and dashed high up on its margin. Often afterwards we awakened in the early morning to the sound of its cannonading or as we sat on the side of its moraine, were fortunate enough to see an avalanche as the ice melting, broke off, and fell noisily into the blue waters of the lake. In marked contrast to this wonderful ice-fall that bordered the shore of the lake was the park land on its farther shore—a green slope ablaze with flowers, where mauve asters, brilliant painter's brush and daintily nodding yellow-pink columbines as well as many other wild flowers, less conspicuous although quite as lovely as those named, carpeted the forest aisles that led up the mountain's slope. North-west of camp, a clear cut peak, Whitehorn, pierced the blue of the sky and later fell a trophy to the Club's desire for first ascents. A few moments' walk from camp brought one to Lake Adolphus, an exquisite mountain tarn of indescribable blue, fringed by forest green, and a joy forever to those who made the little journey to its placid waters or who viewed it from the Smoky trail or from a nearby or far off mountain ridge.

Dominating all was Mt. Robson, wondrously beautiful and increasingly so as we watched its different phases from day to day. Never more lovely than when in the early morning of our last day in camp it rose in the bright sunlight of a perfect day a glistening white pyramid of snow, or when late that last evening, the shadows having fallen, the great yellow moon suddenly slipped down on its northern slope.

The first absolutely complete ascent of Mt. Robson yet made was accomplished during

the progress of the camp. Messrs. W. W. Foster, deputy minister of Public Works for British Columbia, Victoria, B. C., and A. H. MacCarthy of Wilmer, B. C., led by the Club's professional guide, Konrad Kain, made the ascent on one side, from the east, and the descent on the opposite side, thus making a complete traverse. One night was spent on the mountain at an elevation of nine thousand feet, without food or covering.

A second attempt by Messrs. B. S. Darling of Vancouver and H. Prouty of the Mazama Mountaineering Club of Portland, Oregon, in charge of the Swiss guide, Walter Schaufelberger, failed when within four hundred feet of the summit, owing to the lateness of the hour and the fact that a storm was about to break. To have been caught in a storm at this high altitude would probably have meant death to one or more of the party and with victory in sight the three men were forced to retreat.

dangerous mountain, subject to frequent wild storms. "Its entire crest is covered by ice and snow blown by fierce winds into grotesque shapes, making it extremely difficult to find a path through their labyrinths. The cold is excessive and it requires the highest degree of physical endurance to make the summit and get down to safety in one day. Even this cannot be accomplished without ideal climatic conditions."

From the outset it was seen that the climb was for the present time, at least, quite beyond the physical ability of most women and notwithstanding the erroneous reports which appeared in both eastern and western papers crediting the ascent to a party of six, of whom one was a well known lady Alpine Club member, none except the gentlemen named, Messrs. Foster, MacCarthy, Darling and Prouty, with their guides, Konrad and Walter, made any attempt to scale the icy slopes of Robson.



The Camp Site on Robson Pass

Immediately following the close of the camp on August the tenth, a third party consisting of the two guides, Konrad and Walter, accompanied by Messrs. Darling and MacCarthy again attempted to attain the summit, the object of this third attempt being to ascertain a feasible route up the south face. Again an approaching blizzard which threatened to blow the climbers out of the steps in the ice by which they were ascending made further progress impossible and Konrad to whom most things in mountain climbing are possible wisely declined to go farther, saying that it meant death. With much difficulty a retreat was made in safety. Notwithstanding apparent defeat the object of the climb was attained for the party joined on this south route with that previously made from the east and so established the feasibility of an ascent from the east and from the south.

Seen from the railway, from the base camp, from the trail or from the Pass the mountain is from the point of view of the spectator, simply superb. It is however a difficult and

But while for the majority of the Club's members Robson remained inaccessible, there were many other mountains within easy distance of the camp site that furnished excellent climbing and magnificent views, and a *world* of snow fields and glaciers that proved of absorbing interest during the fortnight spent on Robson Pass.

Mumm, nine thousand seven hundred and forty feet, from the ridge of which a splendid panoramic view of the camp site and its surroundings was obtainable; Lynx, ten thousand four hundred and seventy-one feet, providing an easy snow climb and a little interesting rock work; Rearguard, nine thousand feet, the theatre of many an after-dinner billy goat performance, (for there are "billy goats to burn" in this territory) and Resplendent, eleven thousand one hundred and seventy three feet, a truly magnificent snow peak, were all popular climbs and were ascended several times, while Whitehorn to the north-west of camp, although presenting some considerable difficulty was ascended by

three different parties, the first up finding in a cairn, a short distance from the summit, a match box with a paper on which were written the words: "Konrad Kain, guide, Vienna, Austria. Climbed in storm, August, 1911."

Donald Phillips was responsible for the safe conduct of a four day expedition via Mural glacier, with its remarkable seracs and broken ice columns, Smoky river camp, and Coleman glacier—including the climbing of an unmaned peak which Phillips gave as his opinion was entitled to rank with those ten thousand feet, in height, and from which a splendid panoramic view was obtained of a vast area of snowfields, towering peaks, timbered valleys, and blue lakes—back across the Calumet snowfields to Calumet peak, a nine thousand seven hundred and sixty foot peak; on to Moose Pass—famed for the unmatched beauty of its wild flowers and park land—and after spending their last night at the Moose

trip to Emperor Falls and along the river to the Falls of the Pool.

The following were in attendance at the Robson Camp:

**HONORARY MEMBERS:**—Mrs. H. J. Parker, Winnipeg, Man.; Chas. E. Fay, A. C., Litt. D., Tufts College, Mass.; Dr. Chas. D. Walcott, Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

**ASSOCIATE MEMBERS:**—R. C. W. Lett, G. T. P. Ry, Winnipeg, Man.

**LIFE MEMBERS:**—Prof. F. W. Freeborn, Brooklyn, N. Y., F. W. Godsal, Cowley, Alta., A. L. Mumm, A. C., London, Eng., A. O. Wheeler, A. C. Sidney, B. C.

**ANNUAL MEMBERS:**—(Victoria, B. C.) W. W. Foster, J. Howard Chapman, Miss McCulloch, H. Westmoreland, Miss L. Whelen.

(Vancouver, B. C.) A. F. Armistead, B. S. Darling, H. O. Frind, D. N. McTavish,



The Tumbling Glacier

Pass camp, home via Snowbird Pass and the Robson glacier.

Later Donald Phillips took a party via Robson glacier and Snowbird Pass to the Moose camp, thence to the Calumet snowfields and the unnamed peak and back by way of the Smoky Camp and the trail, constituting an interesting three day expedition.

Surely no other camp held by the club ever provided such wonderful experiences of a purely Alpine nature. Snowfield, glacier, waterfall, meadow, park land, lofty peak—we had them all, accessible to an ideal camping site, and visible from every eminence surrounding the camp, suggesting a fascinating field for exploration in years to come.

For those who felt unequal to the longer tramps and big climbs or who wished to take things temporarily easy, there were exploration trips to the Robson glacier, the walk over to beautiful little lake Adolphus, or the longer

trips to Broadbent, Hallowes, and E. B. Fowler.

(Calgary, Alta.) A. R. Hart, Miss E. McPhedran, L. C. Wilson.

(Winnipeg, Man.) O. Bourne, Miss C. Greenway.

(Toronto, Ont.) Miss E. Gray, John B. Kay, Major Chas. H. Mitchell, Mrs. Chas. H. Mitchell, Rev. G. A. Mitchell, Prof. C. B. Sissons, Mrs. C. B. Sissons, P. L. Tait, P. A. Wallace, John Watt.

Miss L. A. DeBeck, Eburne Station, B. C., Byron Harmon, Banff, Alta., H. McC. Johnson, Vernon, B. C., Dr. A. C. Cooper Johnston, Lundbreck, Sask., S. H. Mitchell, Sidney, B. C., A. H. MacCarthy and Mrs. MacCarthy, Wilmer, B. C., R. McIntosh and Mrs. McIntosh, Saskatoon, Sask., H. E. Sampson, Regina, Sask., H. H. Worsfold, Montreal.

(New York) Mr. L. Jeffers, W. A. Tyler, J. C. Tyler.

(Brooklyn, N. Y.) Miss Hinman, Miss Wilcox, R. I. Raiman, H. W. Vernon.

Miss A. Klingenhagen, Iowa City, Iowa; K. D. McClelland, Galesburg, Ill.; Dr. W. E. and Mrs. Stone, Lafayette, Ind.; H. Prouty, Portland, Oregon; Konrad Kain, Vienna, Austria; Walter Schaufelberger, Zurich, Switzerland.

Others members representing the Alpine Club of England were Mr. Haskett-Smith of London—whose regrettable illness during camp was so greatly deplored and whom we are glad to report had recovered sufficiently some weeks ago to admit of his return to England, Mr. Geoffrey E. Howard, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, and Mr. C. S. Thompson of Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. H. Prouty came as the representative of the Mazamas of Portland, Oregon, and was one of the three who made a plucky attempt to gain the summit of Mt. Robson but failed owing to storm and the lateness of the hour.

Mr. A. L. Mumm, a distinguished member of the Alpine Club of England (known personally to a number of the members through his being present at the O'Hara Camp of 1909, and as readers of the "Journal" know, who has made previous exploratory trips into the Mt. Robson region, having attempted the ascent of this peak in 1909, along with Messrs. Amery and Hastings, also of the English Club) accompanied by his guide, Moritz Inderbinen, spent the last week of the camp at Robson Pass.

Prof. Fay, President of the Appalachian Club, was able to spend only a few days at the Robson camp but in that time made the ascent of Mumm peak in a storm and took the trip over the Robson glacier, Snowbird Pass and Coleman Glacier to the Smoky Camp. Prof. Fay pronounced this trip to be one of the most beautiful he had ever taken, not only in the Canadian Rockies—in which he has spent a part of seventeen summers—but in any mountaineering country in which he had climbed.

As at the Cathedral Camp the Director was in charge and proved untiring in his generalship of what cannot be regarded as other than a remarkable undertaking—the placing of a camp in the heart of a little explored territory, fifteen miles from the railroad, involving the transportation by pack train, along a recently completed pony trail, of equipment sufficient to maintain in comfort for a period of two weeks, a company of about seventy people.

Mrs. H. J. Parker of Winnipeg, an Honorary member and one who has been intimately associated with the Club since its organization in the city of Winnipeg some seven years ago, made a very charming camp hostess while Mr. Paul Wallace of Toronto, relieving Mr. S. H. Mitchell, discharged the duties of secretary with ability and courtesy.

The camp construction was in the hands of the Otto Bros. and Donald Phillips, packers and outfitters of Jasper, B. C., men who are accustomed to giving universal satisfaction



Lake Kinney from the Trail  
A View of Emperor Falls

and whose arrangements in connection with the Robson Camp left nothing to be desired.

The cuisine was manned by a staff of five Chinaman whose names were a mystery but who seldom failed to respond to the ever recurring demand for provender. One of them, however, voiced the evident consensus of opinion of the cooks when in an unguarded moment, the day before we broke camp he exclaimed, in answer to a perfectly well nourished individual who was enquiring for cocoa:

"You eat too much, *all* eat too much."

One China boy at the Smoky Camp and another at Moose Pass camp—subsidiary camps placed for the convenience of parties taking two, three and four day trips—did valiant service on behalf of those who stayed over night at these retreats.

China boy at Moose Pass Camp, to young woman who has just abstracted from the cook's tent her fifth consecutive cake—  
"You'll bustit."

And the little group around the camp-fire, to whom the unblushing heroine of this little incident related the story, figuratively did.

The afternoon tea tent was popular as usual, Mrs. Parker assisted by Mrs. Stone, Miss McPhedran and others contributing to its success from day to day while Mr. D. N. McTavish developed a positive genius for providing late suppers for wearied climbers.

It was observed that Konrad, although a bachelor, was not unacquainted with the uses to which a hairpin may be put. Seated peacefully on the slope of Rearguard one sunny afternoon he was observed to clean his pipe with what we are wont to regard as a purely feminine implement.

"Mt. Lobson too muchee high, all clazy," volunteered the Chinaman when having passed safely through perils by land and by water he reached the dining tent on Robson Pass that first day of camp and viewed the big mountain across the way.

The "bridge"—a euphonistic term for two very wobbly logs, that spanned the raging torrent at the approach to the Smoky River camp, almost proved the undoing of more than one unwary member and provided an opportunity for several valiant rescues, notably that of the official chaperone, whom we could ill have spared. As it was some valuable impedimenta was sacrificed to the god of the Smoky River.

One delightful little camp incident has to do with Mr. W. W. Foster and the head Chinaman at the main camp. Mr. Foster reached the dining tent somewhat late one morning and marching fearlessly into the cook's tent genially requested his breakfast. The cook refused definitely and specifically to procure him any refreshment whatsoever, whereupon Mr. Foster retired discreetly to the camp-fire.



The Director and the Official Chaperone  
Konrad and "Curly"

to reappear a few moments later at the door of the cook tent.

"I'd like a lunch please," he requested in his characteristically brisk tone of voice.

"You going climb mountain?" queried the suspicious Celestial.

"Oh, I'm just going for a little walk" replied the truthful deputy minister.

The lunch was speedily forthcoming and Mr. Foster retiring to a convenient log at some distance from the dining tent, disposed of his sandwich and prunes.

The following morning he again had occasion to visit the cook's domain. This time it was hot water he wanted and he proffered his request to another of the Chinamen. It was refused. At this juncture, however, the head cook appeared on the scene and requested his aide-de-camp to procure the water as required. Mr. Foster returned thanks and was about to leave the tent when the head cook interposed:

*"You going take water for a little walk this morning?"*

A specially fine camp fire programme was given on the evening of August 2nd. In his opening address Mr. Wheeler referred appreciatively to the splendid trail that had been put in by the British Columbia government at an expense of three thousand dollars, to the substantial contribution made by this government to the camp's expenses and to a similar contribution made by the Grand Trunk Pacific who had also done what they could to facilitate the transportation of baggage destined for the camp. Special mention was made of the good offices of Mr. R. C. W. Lett and Mr. W. P. Hinton, Tourist Agent and General Passenger Agent respectively, of the G. T. P. During the camp an operator was installed at Mt. Robson station for the purpose of accepting telegrams from members of the Alpine Club. Messages for the Western Associated Press and other publications in Winnipeg were accepted free over the G. T. P. wires as well as social messages of the members themselves.

The ascent of Mt. Robson and its complete traverse made by Messrs. Foster and MacCarthy was sufficient in itself to ensure the success of the camp. For this remarkable achievement the thanks of the Club members were due our guide, Konrad Kain said Mr. Wheeler, while the two men who accompanied him were to be congratulated on the ability, courage and physical endurance which had made possible the successful accomplishment of what has for years been a much coveted attainment.

Dr. C. D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution of Boston, who has been studying the geology of the Robson region for several years, gave a short address on the geological formation of the mountains in the vicinity of the Pass and Mr. W. W. Foster

after conveying the greetings of Premier McBride of British Columbia launched forth into a most fascinating description of the climbing of Mt. Robson, the complete story of which will appear in a subsequent issue of the magazine.

Mr. R. C. W. Lett, the official representative of the G. T. P., told the members of a hut which is to be built in the near future at the junction of the Grand Fork and the Fraser River, one mile from where the party spent its first night out and of a chalet to accommodate three hundred guests which is to be built on the side of Berg Lake, thus making accessible to future tourists the wonderful mountain region in which the Alpine Club of Canada were this summer privileged to play the pioneer.

Perhaps no other feature of the camp fire gathering on this particular evening was of more absorbing interest than was Konrad Kain's story of how he once "played the gentleman," hiring a guide for his own special delectation and simulating absolute ignorance of all forms of mountaineering, to the complete undoing of the guide and the very evident enjoyment and amusement of Konrad himself. Konrad's sense of humor is unique and the story lost nothing in the telling, of that we may be sure, even though it was conveyed to his hearers in a language that is not Konrad's own.

The Sunday service around the camp-fire on August the third was conducted by Rev. G. A. Mitchell, father of Major Mitchell of Toronto, a genial gentleman who appeared to enjoy his camp experiences quite as much as any of the younger members.

To the two professional guides, Konrad Kain, Vienna, Austria, and Walter Schaufelberger, Zurich, Switzerland, as well as to those active members who were entrusted with ropes the thanks of all those who enjoyed the privileges of the Robson Camp are due.

The photographs from which the cuts illustrating Mr. Wallace's account of the Cathedral Camp, which appeared in the October number of ROD AND GUN, were made, were taken and kindly loaned for purposes of reproduction by Miss E. Gray of Toronto. The photographs used to illustrate the article in this issue were taken by Miss E. McPhedran of Calgary.

Mention was inadvertently omitted of the author of the short account of a Climb of Cascade Mountain in Winter, which appeared in the September issue under "Alpine Club Notes." This should have been credited to Mr. C. E. Field of Banff, Alta., an active member of the Club.

# My Visit to An Alberta Trapper

A. MOORCROFT

FOR several years I had been living in that busy Saskatchewan town, Regina, now the capital of the Province. I had been working hard in the office all summer and during the fall and about the first of December began to feel the need of a vacation. As this month was usually a slack one with us I decided to take a much needed rest. For the first few days I enjoyed loafing around the house but before the first week of my holiday was gone I began to wish myself back at the office again. On looking over my mail one morning as I sat sipping my coffee I was interested to find a letter from my friend, Bill Jackson, in which he said that he was spending the winter hunting and trapping seventy miles north of the little town of Islay, Alta. He invited me to visit him for a few weeks, saying that he would be in town for supplies on the following Sunday and would be glad to have me arrange to meet him then. This was Friday. The train going north left at about ten o'clock each night, arriving in Islay the following evening. I was not long in deciding to accept my friend's invitation, and in making up my mind to start the following evening, which would get me to Islay on Sunday night. In his letter my friend advised me to bring along a good pair of snowshoes as the snow had come early and was already deep in the woods. The remainder of the day was spent in making necessary purchases, selecting among other things, a pair of snowshoes and a number of traps of various sizes which I intended giving to Bill.

Ten o'clock Saturday night I was at the station, with a number of friends who had come to see me off, all of whom jokingly told me to be sure and bring a deer back with me. I was too excited to sleep much that night and when the train at last pulled into the little station of Islay on the following evening I was the only passenger to alight. Bill was there to meet me and in helping me off with my baggage he happened to pick up the sack which contained the traps.

"What have you got here?" he asked.

"A bunch of traps," I answered. "I thought they might come in handy for you."

"Good boy," was his response. "I was needing some more and could not get them in this one horse town for love or money."

By this time we had reached the only hotel of which the town boasted and not so very long after supper we went to bed, as we intended making as early a start the next morning as possible. Bill said it would take us two days to reach his shack and he intended to make a store, which was a little over half way, on the first night. When coming to or going from town it was his custom to stay at this store over night.

After an early breakfast we started out just as day was breaking. Bill's horses were in splendid shape and we soon left the town far behind; by the time the sun was fairly up the

town was only a small black blotch on the glistening white prairie. As the morning wore on the country became less settled and here and there we saw large patches of bush. About noon we reached a house where we had lunch and after resting the horses a while we again pushed on, reaching the store at which we were to put up for the night at about half past six o'clock. Here we had a rousing supper for after our long drive through the keen frosty air, we were as hungry as wolves.

Supper over the talk turned to hunting and I learned that moose and deer seemed to be fairly plentiful, and that several good head had already been taken out, which only added to my eagerness to try my luck.

Next morning we were again off at day-break. We did not however make as good time as we had done the previous day for the trail was not so well broken and the country became more hilly and rougher as the morning wore on. Here and there in the hollows there nestled small lakes and sloughs which no doubt in the summer time were alive with ducks and waterfowl. Shortly after noon we reached the little post-office where we had dinner, after which we pushed on again on the last lap of our journey. Just as the sun was sinking in the west we came in sight of a large clump of fir trees, in the centre of which was a small clearing on which stood the neat little log cabin which was to be my home for the next few days. It was sheltered all on sides from the wind, the only opening being to the south. Behind the house, about twenty yards away, ran a small creek from which Bill told me he got splendid drinking water. The first thing that astonished me as we drew near was the large number of snowshoe rabbits which were sitting feeding around a small stack of hay near the barn. There must have been a score or more of them. Bill said they were a perfect nuisance as they were continually getting into his traps. We were stiff and cold from our long drive and as soon as we had got into the barn we made our way to the house and Bill, with a few handfuls of birch bark, soon started a fire going in the stove. Within half an hour we were sitting down to a hot supper of venison steak and fried potatoes, hot biscuit and cranberry sauce. Needless to say, I did full justice to the meal for Bill was an excellent cook. After the dishes had been cleared away and we sat smoking our pipes I had time to take a good look around the house. It certainly was a neat little cabin. The logs were nicely hewn and the floor was scrubbed clean. Birds and skins, which Bill had mounted in his spare time, decorated the walls. On looking out I saw that it was a beautiful moonlight night and there sitting not a dozen yards away were four rabbits eating the bark of some willow branches. Taking Bill's .22 repeater from the gun rack I gently raised the window and taking aim shot one through the head. The other three jumped a

few yards and then squatted down in the snow again. Once more the rifle spoke and another rabbit fell dead. With this the remaining two bounded away into the dark shadows of the underbrush. Bill went out and picked up the rabbits and skinning them sprinkled some poison over them. He then laid them down beside the willow branches. I asked him what he expected to get and laughing he replied:

"Rabbits."

I could hardly believe that rabbits were cannibals but sure enough when morning came I found that the two I had shot were partially eaten and lying about them were seven other rabbits who had been feasting on their dead brothers and had paid the price with their lives. I determined to spend the next two days practising on my snowshoes as Bill told me his trap line stretched over eighteen miles in a large circle and I knew I could not attempt to walk that distance without having first had a day or two's tramp.

After breakfast when Bill had gone around to his traps I set out hunting rabbits, of which I got twenty-eight, after having had some fine sport. That afternoon I stayed around camp and got supper ready for Bill who arrived back about six p.m. He brought with him five weasels and eight muskrats, also two blue jays, which he said he was going to mount.

The next day I went farther afield and again had good sport with the rabbits and that night I told Bill I would be ready to start with him around his traps in the morning. It seemed to me about the middle of the night when the alarm clock woke me up. Bill got up, lighted the lamp—for it was still quite dark—and started the fire going. In a very short time the cabin was filled with the delicious odour of steaming coffee and frying venison. A good wash in ice cold water I found to be an effectual eye opener and I was soon ready for the fray. After the horses were fed and we had packed up a little lunch we were ready to start.

Bill always took a shot gun instead of a rifle, the former being handier for his purpose as he could always use buckshot for big game and small shot for partridge, etc. In his belt he carried a skinning knife, a hunter's axe and shells in two colors, red and green. The green were loaded with buckshot he said, so that he was always sure of not making any mistake and giving a partridge or rabbit a dose of buckshot instead of No. 4. I had my .303 Savage and just as the sky was beginning to take on a crimson glow in the east we left the cabin and started out to follow Bill's well beaten snowshoe trail. After we had gone a quarter of a mile or so we came to a small swamp and here was set the first trap. Bill had scraped up a big pile of snow with his snowshoes and on one side of this he had made a large hole, at the back of which was a dead rabbit and directly in front of it, the trap carefully covered over with rabbit fur. On the outside of the hole were a number of stakes set upright, close enough together to keep out the rabbits but wide enough apart to allow a mink or weasel to pass through. The next

one we came to was enclosed with stakes built up against a willow bush as it was in a sheltered place and the snow was not deep enough to make a mound. Although the stakes appeared to be close together a rabbit had managed to get its foot through and get caught. Bill used some unparliamentary language as he hit it with a club over the head. The next two traps were not sprung but the fifth, which was in a snow-house, had a beautiful large white weasel in it. After carefully setting the trap again and sprinkling a few drops of something from a bottle on to the bait, which made it have a very attractive smell, from a weasel's point of view, we proceeded on our way. The sun was now up and the trees and bushes were all sparkling with frost, which made a very beautiful picture. Coming out onto a slough with bushes all around it, Bill pointed to two holes in the snow which looked as though something had dived in and failed to come out again. This proved to be the case. Bill whispered that these were partridge holes and the next instant I heard the click, click of his hammers. He took a few steps forward when fluff, fluff, up went the birds. Bang! Bang! went Bill's gun and thud, thud into the snow fell the partridges, but this time never to rise again. It was the quickest bit of shooting I ever saw.

"Well, there is our dinner, anyway," said Bill, as he slipped the partridge into his game bag. We passed several more traps, some of which held whiskey jacks, others squirrels and even mice were caught, at which Bill "said things."

We came next to a little lake and I noticed seven or eight mounds of snow with a stake stuck up beside each mound. Bill told me that they were airholes where the muskrats came up to breathe and that he had piled up the snow to keep the frost out of the place where he chopped in to set his traps. In the reeds around the lake I counted twelve houses. Coming to the first one Bill chopped into it where he had his trap set, and pulling gently on the chain, he said:

"Here is one anyway."

Mr. Rat, however, had no wish to come out and held on, tooth and nail, to the sides of the hole, whereupon Bill took a small stick and poked it on the head, which made the muskrat bite at the stick and forget to hold on to the house so that he was easily drawn out. Holding him up by the tail Bill gave him a sharp tap on the head with a stick, which quickly put an end to his struggles. Altogether we got seven rats out of the twelve houses and five out of the airholes.

We had been heading east all morning and now I noticed we were changing our course and were going in a more northerly direction, along what appeared to be a string of dried up boughs. It was now nearly noon and I was getting mighty hungry. About a mile ahead Bill pointed out to me a clump of fir trees by which, he said, ran a small creek, and where he said he would make his noon camp. Before reaching it we got another weasel, making a bag of twelve rats, two weasels and two partridges, not a bad morning's work.

Bill had chosen a nice sheltered spot for his campfire and to make it snugger had built it up on three sides with spruce branches. A thick layer of branches piled up on an old log made an ideal seat. In a few minutes the fire was going and I took the billy and filled it with ice from the creek while Bill dressed the partridges. They did not take much dressing however, for he had plucked out most of the feathers to cover his traps. With a few rashers of bacon they were soon sizzling in the frying pan and in a very short time we were sitting down in front of a roaring fire, to a meal that tasted better than any I had ever had before. The partridge were done to a turn and the tea from the blackened old billy was great. Then as a dessert we had flap-jacks, Bill's masterpiece.

After dinner while I leaned back against a tree trunk smoking my pipe, Bill skinned the rats he had caught and the celerity and neatness with which he did the job I could readily see could only be obtained by long years of experience.

Having rested for about an hour we started out again. We had gone only about a quarter of a mile when we came across a deer track. It had followed the snowshoe trail a little way and on the hard beaten snow had left a clear impression of its hoof, which seemed to be a big one.

"An old buck," said Bill, and stooping down he felt the hoof print with his fingers.

"Still soft," said he. "It has been here this morning. If it had been last night or later it would have been frozen hard."

As it was heading into the wind we decided to follow it. The country was covered with thick bush, chiefly willow, and grown up with pea-vine so that we could only see a few yards ahead. After following the trail for a quarter of a mile or so we came to a place where the deer had been feeding on some low willow bushes. Bill whispered that he would be somewhere pretty close. We were now on the side of a hill, over the top of which lay a deep ravine. Going cautiously up the hill we looked over the top from behind a clump of willow bushes. At first I could see nothing but a nudge from Bill made me look the way his gun was pointing and then I saw him. He was standing in amongst some willows, almost hidden except for his head and shoulders, and he was looking our way; apparently we had disturbed him. I judged him to be about eighty yards off. The instant I raised my rifle he saw me and with a bound was off up the hill. I fired, timing well ahead of him and I could hear the thud of the bullet as it struck him. Down he went with a crash.

"You got him that time," said Bill, but he spoke too soon, for with a snort and a bound he was up again and went dashing along the side of the ravine. I fired again and again until my magazine was empty, but without stopping him. I began to think he was going to make a clean get-a-way when up went Bill's gun and there was a roar like a cannon. As the smoke from the black powder he was using cleared away I saw Mr. Deer turning somersaults down the side of the ravine at the bottom of which he landed with a crash. We

were not many seconds in scrambling to where he lay and then I saw what a fine head he had.

"One of the finest I ever saw," said Bill, "and you hit him hard. Look, here is where your bullet went through his neck. He would not have gone far with a hole like that in him."

We were not very long in getting him skinned, after which we hung him up a tree out of reach of the coyotes. Bill said he would bring his team and we would haul the trophy home in the morning.

We then headed back north-east until we struck our trail again, passing several more traps out of which we got two more weasels. The trail now began to swing westward and soon led us down into a big coulee along the bottom of which ran a fair sized creek. Following the creek up stream, we had gone about a mile when Bill, who was a little ahead of me, said:

"Here's luck!"

At first I could see nothing but the stakes which I knew enclosed another trap. On looking closer, however, I saw a brown head, with a pair of small beady eyes looking at us from between the stakes. It was a fine dark mink, having only a few white hairs under its throat. A blow on the head quickly dispatched it and after carefully setting the trap again we hurried on. It was now drawing on towards night, the sun having set, and the last crimson glow was slowly fading in the west. Suddenly the silence was broken by the laughing yell of a coyote.

"That follows pretty close," said Bill. "Let's try if we can see him."

Slipping off our snowshoes we crept quietly up the steep bank of the creek and looking out from behind some bushes we saw the coyote sitting on the top of a small knoll about one hundred and fifty yards away. He was sitting up on his haunches with his head thrown well back. He looked as though he might be crying for the moon and as we watched he again gave forth his hunting call, which was answered by another coyote away off in the distance. This was the last cry he ever gave for taking a steady aim I pressed the trigger and he rolled over without even a kick. He was shot clean through the heart. By the time we had him skinned the moon was casting our shadows behind us and all along the trail rabbits were dodging in and out of the bushes on either side of us, seemingly not as alarmed as they were during the daylight. Half a mile farther on, the creek opened out into a large lake and out in the centre of this lake I saw another coyote, at the sight of which Bill let out a whoop of joy.

"I have him at last," cried Bill, and then I saw that the coyote was jumping about and making frantic efforts to get away from us as we drew nearer and nearer. The heavy drag log Bill had fastened to the trap however kept him from going very far and a bullet from my rifle soon put an end to his struggles. He had been caught by one of his front legs.

About twenty yards away was a dark mound showing up clear against the white snow. On going up to it I saw that it was a bunch of hay, but the scent that came from it

made me back away in a hurry and hold my nose. It is needless to make further explanations. Any one who has had any dealings with an animal having two broad white stripes down his black back is not likely to forget the experience. Bill told me that skunk was the best bait he knew to attract coyotes. Burying the skunk in the hay Bill had placed his traps around the mound carefully covering them over with hay that had been chopped fine. Afterwards he was careful to brush out all his tracks in the snow with a handful of branches. This he did for a considerable distance from his traps. He said it was no use trying to poison the coyotes as they would not touch anything frozen. As it was now too dark to see to skin the one we had caught and as we were only a mile from camp I tied the coyotes' hind legs together, and slung him over my shoulder on the stock of my rifle.

We did not get anything more in the last three traps, except a couple of rabbits, and arrived in camp at about half past six. In a short time Bill had a rousing hot supper ready which made me feel that I had never known what it was to be hungry before.

After the dishes had been cleared away my host fished out some good cigars that he had stowed away in a battered old tin trunk. He then set to work and stretched the skins we had secured while I lay resting on the bunk. I was pretty much tired out and disinclined to do anything more that day. By nine o'clock I was in bed and asleep, dreaming that I was once again on the deer trail. The next day we took the team and hauled out the deer which took us the best part of the day as we had a road to cut through some heavy bush. We saw two other fresh deer tracks but we did not follow them and the following morning we were on our way back to town, where we arrived in plenty of time for me to catch the Monday evening train. After promising to pay him another visit before the winter was out I said good-bye to Bill and on Tuesday was back in Regina. The following day I sent out invitations to my friends to come and dine with me that evening. When the supper was served the chef d'oeuvre was a big roast of venison. After supper I showed my guests the head, the two coyote skins, and several smaller skins which Bill had given me as a souvenir of my first day on the trap line.

## A Successful Big Game Hunt in B. C.

J. F. MORRIS

**T**HE Squamish Valley is situated on the Pacific coast, some forty miles north of the thriving city of Vancouver, and is connected with Howe Sound, where a daily steamboat service from the above named city affords the necessary transportation.

This valley runs in a northerly direction for some forty miles and is from one to three miles wide. It is drained by the Squamish River which flows into the Sound at Newport. On either side of the valley are great ranges of mountains, the home of the Columbian or Coast deer, the black, cinnamon and grizzly bear. The mountain goat and the bald faced bear are also found in many places, while the mountain lion and the cougar also afford interesting sport to those who capture them.

It was the second Monday morning in November that my companion and I gathered our equipment and boarded the steamer for Newport, where we

were safely landed. After an hour's waiting we were met by the auto stage by means of which we reached the boarding house, some miles up the valley, where we stopped for the night. Next morning's seven o'clock breakfast call found us in line at the well filled table and soon all present seemed well filled too.

It had rained all night and continued as our stage arrived at eight-thirty, when we loaded and were off, being joined by Charlie and the driver, Willie, the kid, who promptly proceeded to work his passage by urging Beach and Ben to break their walk and show us how they could trot, but all his efforts were in vain until Charlie cut a maple persuader, the application of which caused Beach and Ben to step up some.

The road up the valley is provided by the government and in the rainy season is not in very good shape, especially the nine miles of Indian reserve. Three miles up we were joined

by three, also, ambitious hunters; there being only two seats and no cover to the wagon somebody had to walk and on we went, the rain, meanwhile ceasing not to drench and soak us in spite of our slickers. By patience and perseverance in the hands of three drivers the weary horses covered the fifteen or more miles to our stopping place, a neat four roomed cottage, for which we had previously arranged, and in which we proceeded to set up a stove and to fire up. As the darkening shadows fell we were good and ready for our dinner, soon after which we went to bed, sober and sleepy. Yes, sober, sure, for we never allow liquor in our supplies.

Wednesday morning it was still raining so we fixed up tables, cupboards, etc., for our use. The weather cleared at noon and we went off down the valley till nearly dark; returning we hunted wood for fire, got our meal and settled down for the night, the weather promising fairer, and so it was as we were off the next morning soon after daybreak and started to climb the mountains at 7.15. Up and up we went, ledge after ledge, until it looked almost impossible, when I said to my companion:

"Can we make it?"

"Yes, see that ladder?"

Sure enough, among the many God-in-Nature placed ladders man had found it necessary to place one in order to scale the cliff. Soon we came to an immense projecting rock with a passage on either side, so we separated, to meet higher up. As I carefully climbed on upward I thought surely there is here what we came for and, keeping a sharp lookout, I spied a two pointed spiked buck showing his head over a point of rock. My gun spoke and he answered: "Ba-a," as he went headlong down the trail below me. We quickly secured him and proceeded upward, satisfied with the first hour's work of the day.

As we went on we were favored by a glimpse of two or three at different times in the distance. One was a magnificent buck specimen of Coast deer and he seemed to be well able to keep out of our range. Finding a

sunny spot on a rock by a running stream of aqua pura we sat and ate our lunch. From the top of a higher than usual rock I looked away down the ravine where a lively brooklet flowed and up again the other side to where higher still were snow clad mountains which seemed to say, "Come over an see us, we are higher yet." Quietly climbing out on the crest of a moss covered rock I saw below me in good range a pair of deer, basking in the sun, it being just one o'clock. One stood broadside to me and the other behind a tree facing me. I took the former first and the latter as she swung to the right. I hit her in the left shoulder and she plunged down the trail. Over, up and down the rocks we went as we trailed and tumbled over them a mile or more to the place of our ascent, where we left the game till next day to get a vehicle.

Supper over we were off for a cougar hunt. By using a carbide lamp and flashing the light about on a real dark night the eyes of a cougar, bear or cat are very easily discerned. So we got in range of the runway of such and waited. Soon we heard something coming and were rewarded by a glimpse, first for an instant only, of a cat's eyes as it passed behind a big tree and disappeared.

Listen! Again there is a cracking sound and again. As we turned a little closer to look, with a bound and a roar and a crash a big tree fell dead. In due time we wended our way to our humble domicile to slumber sweetly through the night and dream of all kinds of game, of course, thus ending one of the finest days we could ask for.

Friday morning brought again copious showers though it cleared off somewhat in the afternoon. For that day we had to be satisfied with bringing into camp the booty secured the previous day.

It might surprise some of our readers to see the way in which we stowed away twice a day the bread and beans, venison, rice and mush, potatoes, jam and maple syrup, buckwheat cakes, oat cakes, nut cakes, cocoa and milk with which our camp larder was

bountifully supplied. Sometimes for a change we had a grouse which indeed made very fine eating.

On Monday the weather continued to be a soaker. Notwithstanding which we went up the Ash Slough to Goat Mountain, crossing the rivers on fallen trees. Up we climbed, my companion being impelled by a desire to procure a mountain goat. Rough and steep was the way but we pushed ever upward. Carefully gaining the crest of a rugged flat he got in range of a very fine specimen of a barren

and through this we had to wade in several places. Weary and wet we reached home once again as the shadows were lengthening and after a busy time preparing and eating our welcome evening meal we were quite ready to retire for the night. While we slept a pesky dog got in under the house by way of a hole which had remained unobserved and stole the shoulders of our venison as it hung in the shed.

Saturday my companion shot some grouse between showers.



Trophies of the Hunt

doe, which he quickly killed and entrained while I made a circuit in search of the mate. Alas he was not to be found though I searched long and carefully, during which time the water laden bushes slapped their burden on me as I dared to disturb them, though they allowed me to pull hard while they firmly clung to the big rocks. The abundance of rain made the going very slippery and resulted in my ankle becoming badly sprained. The rain and the milder weather caused the river to rise a foot,

Sunday we spent quietly about the house and having found some good books, such as Moses, David and Elijah by F. Meyer, the day was soon gone.

Let the weather be what it may, fair or foul, rain or shine, it seemed to make but little difference to my companion. He is an ingeniously busy fellow always, a bachelor too, by the way, and well worthy of promotion to the benedict ranks, and she who may be fortunate enough to share life with him will find in him many of the char-

acteristics of which true men are made.

Tuesday my sprained ankle kept me quiet and my companion's efforts were in vain except that a few grouse fell to the call of his gun.

And still it rained, Wednesday being no exception. One of the settlers said they had already had six weeks of rainy weather that season, but then of course "it isn't wet." Manitoba says it's cold but you don't *feel* it? Alberta agrees that it is windy, but you don't *mind* it and B. C. knows that it rains but *it isn't wet*.

Thursday the rain kept coming just like daily showers of unasked blessings. My companion being an enthusiastic hunter went off alone for the day, returning before dark empty handed declaring that the damp weather must be unpleasant even for the nimble deer to be out in. Supper over we engaged in our usual evening games while the breakfast porridge cooked.

On Friday my companion rolled out before 5 a.m. with goat blood in his eye and before it was daylight he was off to the far away spots among the snow capped skyscrapers. Oh yes, of course it continued to rain. I got a scrap of rib that had been left by the hungry dog aforesaid and tied it on top of a big stump for the ravens, of course, and I got a crack fixed in the shed some sixty yards away through which I could poke my rifle. By and by I sat reading when, croak, croak, they went. I got busy and after a search saw two black rascals away up on top of a dry stub well out of range. Before I could get a place to fire they got uneasy and away they flew. I was inside and out of sight except for a moment at the window. It cleared at 12 and off I went for grouse up the Ash Slough, part of the road my companion had gone, my ankle being too sore to climb the mountains. Returning home as it was getting dark I saw no trace of him and as the shadows grew I became anxious and sought the council of neighbors.

Being assured that as he knew the woods and his way he was surely bringing a heavy pack down, and that

was what was keeping him out so long, I felt relieved and proceeded to prepare our meal. After some anxious hours of waiting, that being all I could do, I heard his little whistle. Grabbing the lantern I was out to meet him as he said:

"I am more 'all in' than I ever was before."

"Come all the way in" I replied. "I don't know when I have been so glad to see a fellow as I am to see you."

"The gladness is mutual all right," he answered.

He had soon taken a glass of hot milk and before long was dry clothed, fed and put to bed where he was sound asleep in short notice.

After the hot milk stimulant had done its work and before retiring, he remarked:

"Well, I got my two goats."

Like a goat I butted in crying, "Hurrah for you!"

"I left the two heads, the skin and half the carcass at the shed by the trail, all in," he resumed.

An Indian was there settling for the night in the open shed, which has side walls and a roof over the road. The goats had been standing quietly and had not observed him. The first shot felled one and the other looked at it, walked slowly towards it, smelt some blood, stepped back and then looked all around when it also got a bullet in the neck and took a tumble. This was all done away up where the snow had well covered the rocks for the winter. At 1.15 he had started home-wards and with what a pack! I know few men who are able to bring such a pack down.

Saturday we were up again early to start for Vancouver. Our stage came at seven and we were soon on the first lap of a trip of 15 miles. Stopping for lunch we made the next stage of the trip to the boat which landed us in Vancouver about 8 p.m. On the way we were busy, at times looking for what we had and could not find. Had we found it we would have thrown it away. Let me explain. As we dodged through the brush in the valley we were quite as liable to slip and need

something to cling to as though we were climbing the rocks, and in the effort to keep from falling or making a noise we often grabbed and shook hands with the Devil Sticks and a digging devil's job it is to get these thistles out again. Were you ever in the thick heavy timber woods on a very dark and wet night? If not, you have missed the beautiful sight of those small balsam and spruce trees as they reflect the light, casting from every spear and cone a very rich bluish silver tint with pearly drops of rain hanging to each. Then the live leaves were like lovely silver pearl trimmed spoons hanging in all dir-

ections. You need a good carbide lamp to get the best results on this trip.

Reference has already been made to "getting soaked," but I would remind the reader that on this trip the weather was not the only soaker. One does exceedingly well in rain or shine who escapes the soaking proclivities of the stage driver and the express man unto whose tender mercies it is necessary to commit oneself.

In conclusion I would like to say that milk is better than booze to spot game with although it would be a hard thing to convince some old hunters that this is so.

## Reynard's Discomfiture

A Story told by a Hunter and Trapper in Lake Nipissing District

C. S. SNYDER

GOING out early one Fall morning, bent on hunting, a Trapper hid himself behind a boulder by the edge of a small woodland lake, hoping to get a shot or two at a flock of wild geese which were then feeding out on the Lake, too far from shore to be shot at. He waited for a while, thinking that they might venture a little nearer shore and so come into range of his shot gun. And as he watched from his hiding place, his senses all alert to the life that was going on about him, he noticed a large red fox steal stealthily down to the water-side. Reaching the water's edge the fox paused and looked about him—making a long careful scrutiny of the surroundings and then gazed wistfully towards the feeding geese. After a moment spent thus, he entered the water, and struck out for the wild fowl, only his eyes and nose being out of the water. The trapper watched him with interest, marked his unerring course straight for the geese, till he was right among them. Then suddenly a large goose disappeared with an abrupt, startled honk. In a few moments the fox came again into sight, and landed, dragging his prize with him. Carrying the goose to a hole made by the removal of a small tree, and now filled with leaves and rubbish, the fox buried the body deep in the leaves, and set off into the woods, presumably to bring back his mate and share the goose with her.

Now a feeling of mischief entered the trapper's mind. After making sure the fox had really made his departure, he went to the hollow, took from it the goose and carried it back to his hiding place, there to await further developments.

Presently along came Reynard, followed by his unwilling spouse, who every few steps would stop dead in her tracks, and evince a desire to return to her den. Evidently she had no great faith in her mate as a food procurer. At such times the male would go back to her and by nudging and other means coax her to go a little farther. At last, he succeeded in getting her as far as the hollow where he had hidden the goose. There he commenced throwing back the leaves, while his mate sat back on her haunches, taking little interest in the proceedings.

Much to his astonishment and dismay the fox did not at once discover the goose, and at the look of surprise which crossed his face as he continued to throw the leaves about without uncovering his trophy, the trapper had no little difficulty in restraining his laughter. Earth, leaves, stones, material enough to bury a score of geese did the fox throw up around him, but never a sign of the goose did he discover. Finally he realized that someone had been there before him, and shamefacedly crept miserably back to his mate, his brush between his legs. Finding herself brought out on a fruitless errand, Madam Reynard's look of patience gave way to one of anger, and she pounced on the unresisting body of her mate and gave him a terrific thrashing, which he took without a murmur. Then the two set off into the woods again, this time the female in front and the male, thoroughly cowed, bringing up the rear. The trapper could contain himself no longer. A loud burst of laughter escaped him which accelerated the foxes' footsteps considerably and at the same time no doubt helped them to understand the trick which had been played upon them.

# The Black Fox Industry in Alberta

LOUISE DAVIS MITCHELL

**D**URING a recent visit to Edmonton, Alta., I was very much interested in the fox farming operations of Mr. F. M. Lee, of the Raw Fur Company, of that city.

It has only been within the last year that the hunters and trappers of the north country have learned that there is more profit in the live fox puppies than there is in their pelts. Since then, the trade in black and black-silver foxes promises to be a lively one. So excited have the trappers become over their new found means of wealth that they are even bringing out large numbers of red foxes, which are hardly worth the trouble of getting them down to civilization.

The Prince Edward Island Fox farmers are keen to get the young Alberta stock, which are claimed to be fully one third larger and of greater stamina than the captivity-bred animal of the east.

Realizing the possibilities of the industry from the first, Mr. Lee was not slow to take advantage of his opportunities. Being in touch with the Indian trappers, he easily had his pick of most of the foxes which came down from the north, and began purchasing stock with the view of starting a fox ranch. By the first of June, Mr. Lee had acquired thirty-eight young foxes, most of which were true blacks, and black-silvers, with a sprinkling of good cross fox puppies.

One of the thirty-eight was valued at all the way from \$3,000 to \$5,000 and around this little animal there is woven a romance that is worthy the pen of a Conan Doyle, to adequately portray. The fox in question was a female, a fine, pure black, large and well developed for her age and promising great things for the future.

The foxes were kept in close confinement and watched day and night by two competent men. The guards, however, were caught napping one dark night and the black fox with her three companions was stolen. Three different wire partitions were cleverly cut with wire pinchers and the four puppies abducted.

Immediately Mr. Lee offered a reward of \$1,000 for the return of the foxes, with the result that detectives soon located them at a ranch some thirty miles from the city. But unfortunately, the black fox was dead. The prize for which the thieves hazarded so much eluded them, probably because of careless handling, and was a total loss. The others, a pretty and valuable black-silver and two cross foxes were recovered in fairly good condition.

On the twelfth of June thirty-four of the foxes were shipped to Truro, Nova Scotia, to be sold to fox farmers of the Eastern provinces. The shipment was valued at \$30,000.

Mr. Lee is having a fox ranch of about five acres prepared at Tees, Alta., where he intends to engage extensively in fox breeding. The whole five acres will be enclosed with strong wire netting, which is sunken in the

ground about three feet and turned under for the same distance. At the top netting is strung along flat-wise so that there is no danger of the animals climbing out over the top. Besides all this precaution they must be guarded night and day, in order to prevent vandalism.

The fur of foxes in the wild state, Mr. Lee explained—and having dealt in raw furs for many years, he is an authority—is never so fine as the fur of the captivity-bred animal, because, aside from the coloring and texture the wild animals get their coats injured by scrubbing against bushes and brambles in their search of prey, while the animals which are well fed have no need to expose themselves.

The mating also has a great deal to do with the quality of the fur, as by care and good management this can be made to assume the soft, glossy black that is so much admired and so valuable.

Mr. Lee has received letters from all over the continent, asking about the fox breeding industry, and he believes that his ranch at Tees, which will be the pioneer ranch of Alberta, will be able to supply choice stock to many south of the line who are anxious for Alberta foxes, as well as breeders in the east.

Edmonton is the principal fur gathering centre for the north, and the amount of raw furs handled by the dealers in the city averages about a million dollars in the year. Last year four fox skins were disposed of by Mr. Lee in London for \$4,600. Now, however, that the live foxes are being dealt in, they are proving far more valuable than their pelts.

When asked as to the effect the taking of live wild foxes will have on the fur supply of the north, Mr. Lee expressed the opinion that it would have but small effect. Foxes, he declared, are like lynx and rabbits, plentiful some years and scarce others according to the food supply. Last winter was the best the trappers of the north have had for seven years, so that this year and next will be two good years wherein to get good live stock. After that time the foxes will begin to diminish and to deteriorate in quality.

The largest deal in connection with the black fox industry in Alberta was put through the second week in June, when Mr. S. Bentley who has been for eighteen years trading and trapping in the north country, brought down from the Loon river, north of Wabascow Lake, over five hundred miles by trail and waterway, seven nine weeks old puppies and sold them to Mr. J. H. Kennedy, of Tofield for the magnificent sum of \$18,000. They were worth almost literally their weight in gold. Thus together with the shipment which Mr. Lee sent east \$48,000 worth of foxes went out of the city of Edmonton in one week.

Besides the seven disposed of to Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Bentley has at his ranch on the Loon river \$50,000 worth more of the val-

uable little animals, which he has secured from the Indians.

Notwithstanding Mr. Lee's opinion, it is hard to believe that this wholesale taking of live foxes will not have its effect on the fur-bearing capacity of the north. The foxes are taken by litters, the Indians tracking the mother fox to her den when she is suckling her young. In many cases, no doubt the mother is slain, as very few adult foxes seem to be filtering through, and when whole families are thus wiped out it is hard to believe that foxes will ever be as plentiful again in the wild state.

I saw a crate of ten or a dozen red fox puppies in the window of a hardware store, and the poor little fellows were being driven almost

to desperation by the crowds of people who gazed at them. They are comparatively valueless, but their presence showed how the craze has taken hold.

On the evening on which I visited Mr. Lee's place the shipment for the east was lying at the station. The animals were securely packed in crates and safely guarded, but I saw the three puppies that had been stolen.

They were playful as kittens and rolled and tumbled about in the funniest way, but the moment they became conscious that we were watching them, they dropped down and tried to hide themselves in the excelsior at the bottom of the den. The keeper fed them on sweet milk while we were there and the little chaps ate it as if they enjoyed it very much.

## When Riley Tied Hanlan

### Reminiscences of the Famous Barrie Regatta, when All the World's Big Scullers had a Try-Out for the Championship

**S**OUNDS odd, I guess to the present generation, does this curt preface to a rowing reminiscence.

"Who was Riley,—who was Hanlan—and what was the game in which they broke even?"

Aquatics, in this age, are so overshadowed by baseball, the track, the ring, lacrosse, hockey, the stanes and the bowls, that it wouldn't be so surprising a thing to hear some puzzled devotee of the sporting page venture the foregoing query. His lack of acquaintance with annals of the sculling arena could be understood—you'd set it down to the passing of the period when oarsmen were chiefly in the limelight, and their and kindred doings, under insinuating auspices of jolly old Neptune, were the all-absorbing issues in the realm of manly pastimes.

But older sports will not have forgotten that thirty odd years ago Hanlan and Riley were names on every lip, and that the "regatta" or the matched boat-race among the giants who handled the sculls, was an event that focussed all eyes on the buoyed course and gave sport-lovers subject

matter for comment, discussion and wager, live and exciting enough to satisfy the most ardent and inveterate.

And the influence of those water events, how widespread it was! All classes and conditions took to the oar. Not alone the cities and towns which had ample water-front of Lake or Bay but wherever the river ran, or a dam or pond of ample size lay, the people rowed.

"Those row now who never rowed before,

And those who always rowed now row the more,"

it used to be aptly observed. Even the farm lent recruits to the ranks of sturdy, hardworking, ambitious oarsmen. And the gentler sex also were in the count of the eager scullers.

But alas, now the stately shells and outriggers and skimming-dishes and skiffs go out thus no more from the boat-house under the hill; and well may we sigh for the swish of a vanished blade and the sound of a wash that is still!

I am not declaring that boating has absolutely and irrevocably lost its place among popular recreative exer-

cises. In communities where superior facilities exist for indulgence in it, and where from time immemorial it has furnished the main out-of-door attraction boating is still a prime feature, although even in these favored localities it would seem that the motor is contesting hard for the place of the oar. But taken at its best today, boating bears no comparison with the sport as exemplified two or three decades ago. We rowed then from sheer physical vigor, and pure love of the water, and with keen delight in a graceful, exhilarating, health-giving, all-engrossing pursuit. In this age we mostly "go boating," idly, listlessly and with but little of the native spirit that impels to the water or of appreciation of the infinite charm of its associations. And many of us, I fear me, are more familiar, and more satisfied with the cough of a gasoline than the click of a row-lock. *Sic transit gloria aquae!*

So much for generalized, mournful reflection, and now to more specific and lively retrospection.

"When Riley tied Hanlan!" brings us back to our sheep. I am reminded of this memorable occasion by the fact of Eddie Durnan, Hanlan's nephew, having recently successfully defended his title to the professional sculling championship of America, carrying off the purse of \$1,000 aside in a race with Frank Greer of Boston, on the Bay at Toronto.

It was at Barrie Regatta in the summer of 1880 that the Tall Saratogan and the Little Torontonion came together in an open single scull race, in which all the noted oarsmen of the day participated, including Trickett, the pride of the Antipodes, ex-champion; Hosmer, the gifted Boston Bantam; Courtney, the much-vaunted but unlucky; the Rosses, Wallace and Ed., from down by the sounding sea; Plaisted, the *Fidus Achates* of Hanlan, if not always his wisest counsellor and guide; Ten Eyck, more vigorous and valiant at home than abroad; the Gaudaurs, "Indian Jake" and his promising brother; John F. Scholes, ex-champion of Toronto Bay, father of Lou, of latter day sculling fame; Bob Berry, the colos-

sus, then the first sculler on Queen City waters, and a score of lesser celebrities.

Hanlan entered for the Barrie Regatta his own manager. If anybody might be said to have had him in hand it was Fred Plaisted, himself an oarsman of considerable note, but rather more concerned as promoter than performer in the sculling realm. He was Hanlan's senior and a man who always had his nerve and wit with him. For long years the friendship and close intimacy of these two was maintained and it may truthfully be said that the influence of his chosen chum had much to do with modifying the disposition and conduct and shaping the future life and destiny of the greatest sculler the world ever produced.

The Hanlan Club, under whose loyal and liberal auspices the young fellow had gone on from victory unto victory, until he sat *facile princeps* in his peerless Wharin, had disbanded and set Ned free. I shall not discuss the circumstances under which the break took place; but a shrewd suspicion haunts me that the sudden transition from tutelage, discipline and systematized engagement was rather more than Hanlan was prepared for. Young Hanlan was not given to excesses, it need scarcely be stated. Necessarily, even were it not his native instinct, the work he was at called for him to "eschew sack and live cleanly." A look at the clear honest eye, the ruddy, healthy cheek, the symmetrical, well-knit frame, bespeaking poise, power and tremendous reserve force, would impress the observer instantly and completely with the belief that here was a man both moulded and living to last and to do.

And yet the freedom of his first night in Barrie was marked by a little late supper in the hostelry where the sports most did congregate; and Hanlan, in high spirits saw it through till the wee sma' oors—notwithstanding that next day was to witness on the water one of the greatest struggles of his life—his hard won laurels, his whole championship career at stake. Let me not venture opinion of my own on the point; but as faithful chroni-

cler of the incident I am bound to relate that there were experts and authorities at Barrie Regatta who did not hesitate to associate the Riley Tie and The Night of It. They did it with regret but as a matter of duty. Their animadversions carried no harsh reproach—no reflection on the inner chastity of their hero or on his good faith. But they pointed to Hanlan rivals, who had gone to bed with the chickens and were out at dawn for the practice spurt and the invigorating dip, and lamented that like Rip Van Winkle, a world's champion "vent up in der mountains, last night, and met some frients."

And now to the ever-memorable race. A crowd of twenty-five thousand water-sports enthusiasts witnessed it. They came from all the provinces of Canada, from many states of the Union, and from overseas. The rowing prowess of the world was more signally and largely represented at Barrie Regatta than at any like event before or since.

The multitude set up a deafening cheer as, to the boom of the starter's gun the great galaxy dipped oars and were off. It was a beautiful, even gateway, as viewed from the Press boat which craft throughout the three-mile race was never for a moment denied sight of the position and work of the contestants. The shells at first spread like an opening fan, each oarsman seeming to steer for course room, until, that settled, he found his bearings and made bee-line for the turning buoy.

Almost in as short time as it takes to write it the plan of position bore semblance to the flight of a flock to the rice-beds.

"And the Prince of all the land led them on!"

Out from the fast-moving flotilla the Hanlan shell had stolen, surely, steadily, to the van and was making the pace magnificently. The marvelous stroke that on other waters had carried its exhibitor to splendid victory was displayed in all its grace of sweep, sustenance of hold and magic of recovery. "Hanlan's style" made all men wonder. No other sculler

ever approached it. With mechanism founded on exact science, he illustrated the very perfection of the sculling art, because he had intelligently and laboriously studied that art and fully mastered it. His technique was inimitable, his resourcefulness limitless, his muscular strength enormous, and his respiratory powers exhaustless. Hanlan never pranced his boat or loped. The craft glided, with unbroken, unvarying smoothness of momentum. He could spurt, if occasion called for it; but one always felt that the impulse was more sportive, exuberant, wanton, than serious-born. And if you had asked him, after he had come up the winner, smiling and unblown, why he had not quickened his customary stroke when others had begun to pull frantically, he would have made reply somewhat to the effect that he wasn't trying to row strokes to the minute but strokes to propel. That was the secret of his speed—he would put extra propulsion in the one stroke, rather than quicken it to two.

Well in the front, with Riley and Hosmer bravely essaying to keep him close company, (which they did to the end) and the bulk of the contestants straggling far in the rear, Hanlan, steering, as always he managed to, a perfect course, repeated performances given in other races. He dropped his oars, bathed his forehead and wiped it with a red silk handkerchief. The cheers that greeted this daring he acknowledged with a wave of the hand as he reached again for the blades and proceeded to round the barrel at the turn.

Riley had gained an advantage by the Champion's monkeyshine, but it was quickly overcome, and the two kept on, with only a little between them—Riley desperately in earnest, Hanlan, his characteristic cool, collected self.

As the pair prettily drew ahead on the last stretch of the home journey the excitement of the multitude grew to wildness. It seemed prow and prow when less than half a mile lay to be covered, and yet inspection with the glasses satisfied observers on the

Press tug that the champion led by at least half a length, was taking it easy and smiling the smile of the man confident he had it all to himself. Riley bent to his work with redoubled energy, exhibiting nervous, quickened movement. His swarthy face bore evidence of the intensive passion that permeated every fibre of his tall, sinewy frame. He well knew it was a supreme juncture. To out-row Hanlan and the very flower of the sculling profession, in the sight of thousands, was possibly his to accomplish by one final, superhuman effort. And the big Saratogan made that effort. With one hasty glance over his shoulder to assure himself of unerring course, he lowered his chin and put all that he could summon of vehement vigor into a brisk, brilliant spurt, that shot him over the line, panting and perspiring, after one of the hottest spins of his life. That act drew a mighty roar of plaudit from the dense lined shore.

"Riley has it, I guess!" chuckled a Chicago newspaperman, pocketing his notebook as "bang! bang!" almost simultaneously went right and left of the double-barrelled gun in the hands of the judge at finish.

"Don't you believe it!" coldly advised a fellow reporter at his elbow—a veteran, and well up in the rowing game. "That sounds like announcement of nose-and-nose for the leaders. But I'm betting on the Toronto boat showing a few feet to the good; and there's a little left yet to put up on the chances, before we reach line and learn the result. Know anybody that wants it?"

The Chicagoan said nothing; neither did any of the group of sporting men standing in the bow and easily hearing the conversation. Hanlan, of course, was a far and away favorite, with ten to one offered by his backers and almost any length of lead named; and at those odds many thousands of good money was up. As the race proceeded, however, excitement cooled, somewhat and the few ventures made on the Press boat were at even money and flat.

The Press tug swung to starboard to clear the smaller craft blocking the way and came about at the buoy, when Dr. McConkey, finish judge, sat in his skiff, with the signal-gun across his knees.

The Doctor's usually smiling face wore a grave, troubled look, and anybody could plainly see that he was ill at ease.

Hanlan, resting on his oars, and showing no trace of the recent severe ordeal, was a few feet distant and in conversation with the judge. Riley lay close by and Hosmer ditto. Other cracks, who either had dropped out or been badly distanced, were anywhere and everywhere.

"You make it a tie, then, finally?" the Champion drawled, in his quiet, languid style, regarding the judge with a look on his frank, earnest face that bespoke more of sorrow than of anger.

"That's my decision, Mr. Hanlan," the official replied, firmly.

"It was a pretty close finish, I know," argued the oarsman, "but I had a few feet the lead. I'll swear to that!"

"I make it a tie and order another race for first money," the judge declared.

"Then, although I hate to do it, I'll appeal," rejoined Hanlan.

"No use, Mr. Hanlan. The Regatta rules are against you!" laughed the judge.

"You seem to be anyway," retorted the Champion, with a reciprocal smile. "Say, boys," turning towards the Press boat, "what's your verdict—and I'll accept it? Didn't I win this race, just by a bare squeak?"

Then out spoke "Reddy" Williams, the veteran sporting Editor of *The Globe*:

"I'll tell you what, Ned: If you did win by a squeak, you're not going to confirm it by a squeal. The judge's decision goes. Take it like a man and get ready to pull off the tie tomorrow. Hear us, Ned. Hurrah for Hanlan, people!"

The people did hurrah, with heart and voice, in one great, prolonged, thunderous outpour of acclaim.

Maybe the ovation did touch and soften Hanlan, and that might have ended the disagreement. But some giant-voiced backer of Riley immediately proposed a hoot for that hero. And the considerable Riley element responded with a mighty noise. Whereupon Hanlan deftly dipped oars and was shooting across the Bay towards his quarters almost before he was missed.

And the tie?

What a splendid exhibition! A struggle of rowing greyhounds! The race of the year!

But—it was never rowed off. Hanlan was set in his resolve. He stoutly held that he could better judge positions from his own shell than could the man at the finish line. He had beaten Riley, he maintained; and neither argument nor entreaty could induce him to enter his shell again at Barrie Regatta. Riley next day went leisurely over the course alone and copped the big purse.

Needless to say, Ned Hanlan, hitting close friends and substantial supporters so hard, as he did, and grievously disappointing thousands of warm admirers and well-wishers, invited rebuke and reproach—and got lots to come to him. His action at Barrie Regatta was a particularly sore touch to his betting followers. On the Press tug, which he boarded next day, were several big players, who openly taxed him with throwing

his supporters down and rubbed it in good and hard. Ned took it all imperturbably, not to say good-humoredly. He had no other plea but that, having won a race once, he wasn't going, just for exhibition purposes, to row it over again. He did admit that the pace wasn't his best and that he might, at least, have let daylight show between him and the oarsman who pushed him so gamely. "But," he went on to say, "if I chose, for good and sufficient reasons, to take it easy and keep my rivals guessing, I reckon I'm free to do it—and not throw anybody, either."

Due allowance must be made for Hanlan on this occasion. He was out on his own hook, *sans* guide, counselor and friend of the right sort. Young, restless, sanguine, unrestrained, he but exhibited the weakness and waywardness of ambitious adolescence without brakes.

When, just after his tie, he told the world, through a newspaper interview with the writer of this sketch, that if Riley really fancied he was in it for championship honors he'd have to risk ten thousand dollars to find his place, the patter was regarded as hot air and aroused no enthusiasm. Later on, however, Ned Hanlan "came back" and for country and friends, as well as for honest, clean athletics and aquatics, right nobly

"Did what will not be forgot."



# A Lake Trip and An Unexpected Mountain Climb

JOS. GROSSMAN

THERE are thousands of vacationists who take trips up the Great Lakes for their summer outings, either on some of the passenger steamers or on the many large freight steamers that ply between the lower lake ports and those of Lakes Huron and Superior. It was my privilege to secure accommodations on the Steamer Mary C. Elphicke, which cleared Ashtabula Harbor, Ohio at 10 a.m. on August 28th, in charge of Capt. Samuel Sexsmith. The voyage up Lake Erie, the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, Lake Huron, The "Soo" River and its wonderful locks, and thence through Lake Superior, headed for Fort William, Ont., was uneventful, the weather being almost ideal for navigation. At first the Captain was of the belief that he was to take a cargo of coal to Duluth and there load with ore, but eventually came the order to make the Canadian port.

And that is what makes it possible to include an account of mountain climbing, which seldom falls to the lot of a water tourist. As we were about to enter beautiful Thunder Bay, on the shores of which the twin Canadian Cities of Fort William and Port Arthur are situated, the Captain pointed out a mountain which strongly resembled a huge canopy such as is used on the old fashioned transcontinental caravan wagons. In referring to its height and size, he mentioned McKay Mountain, which is in close proximity to the great harbor of Ft. William, at the same time stating that he had climbed it a few years previously and that if anyone were inclined to the sport of mountain climbing, a trip to its summit would satisfy the ambitions of the most sturdy amateur climber.

Being of rather sturdy build and of an age (forty-two) when the desire

for outdoor activities is best developed, I became an interesting listener. We reached Ft. William on the evening of August 31st, and the following day, (Sunday, Sept. 1st,) had an opportunity of noting the general surroundings. All the while Mt. McKay loomed up conspicuously in the rear back-ground. From its size and general outline, the casual observer does not observe anything that is unusual. Late Sunday night a heavy storm broke over this vicinity which cleared the atmosphere and made Monday, September 2nd, (Labor Day) as delightful as one could wish.

The climate in this section of the country is very bracing and particularly clear, owing to the proximity of the mountains and the refreshing breezes from Lake Superior. During the afternoon a local friend of Capt. Sexsmith called with a large gasoline launch to take us up the river towards the base of Mt. McKay. Now it will be in place to mention the personnel of our party. The Misses Elsie and Alice Walsh of Cleveland had followed me at Ashtabula Harbor and later the Misses Fiat and Fulton of Pittsburg, joined us. At the "Soo" the Captain's wife and little boy of four, completed the party for this journey, making seven in all. As the merry launch party moved up the river, Capt. Sexsmith again referred to his climb up Mt. McKay, supplemented with the remark that he would not repeat the climb for \$25.00. As he is a man of but forty, and in the best of health, leading a most active outdoor life, I concluded that he must either be well supplied with this world's goods or that he knew of some easier way of earning \$25.00. To me, Mt. McKay, from the launch in the river, looked like a good sized hill, and I made light of climb-

ing to its summit, but the Captain smiled in a knowing way and rather encouraged me to undertake the trip, while the steamer Elphicke lay in the harbor waiting to unload its cargo of coal.

Labor Day was quite a warm one, all the moisture from the previous night's shower having been dried up. The following morning, (Tuesday, September 3rd,) the atmosphere was delightfully crisp, much cooler than the previous day. It was one of those dry, sunny days when one's heart longs for solitude, such as the quiet of a mountain can afford. Immediately after breakfast (7.30 a.m.) I decided that the appropriate time was at hand for the climbing of beckoning Mt. McKay. I was dressed in a medium weight, blue alpaca, two-piece suit and as a matter of precaution, took along a sweater, which eventually served me in good stead. The distance of three miles from Ft. William to mountain road, which in reality is the Indian Mission, is

covered by means of a street car. Before the car reaches the Canadian Pacific tracks, just this side of the bridge, a transfer is made necessary as the Railway Company does not permit the street cars to cross its tracks, on account of recent accidents. At the transfer station there is a refreshment stand, where I casually bought a small package of milk chocolate, which later became my only sustenance. While walking through the Indian Mission, a distance of nearly a mile, a man but shortly from Finland trudged along with me towards the base of the mountain. In the broken English he spoke, he informed me that he was employed in connection with the maintenance of "Lock Lomond" on the summit of one of the mountains, making up the Mt. McKay group. He also told me of having climbed Mt. McKay by means of the path that was laid out, and I gathered from his remarks that once was enough for him. He kindly directed me to the path and turned to go his way. Then began my solitary task of climbing the mountain. As I reached the first landing, I observed, leaning against one of the trees, a stout walking stick which appealed to me as a very good one with which to assist myself in climbing the 1200 feet that loomed up before me. I have just learned from a Government survey chart that Mt. McKay is 1800 feet above sea level. The climbing stick showed previous use, and had no doubt been laid aside by one who had returned from his climb and it was extremely fortunate for me that I set eyes on it when I did, as otherwise I would have been without its welcome aid, when I found myself sorely in need of it. Then I started to ascend, carrying in one hand, the sweater and in the other, the stick.

The climb towards the plateau was quite a gradual one and consumed only twenty minutes. Upon reaching there I found a couple, apparently of middle age, camping out for the summer and as I approached them at 9 a.m., they were partaking of a sumptuous breakfast in the open



Jos. Grossman, Cleveland: The Suit in Which he Climbed

tent. Inquiry revealed the fact that I had then climbed almost half the distance and I lost no time in proceeding towards the more strenuous part of my journey. My strength was still at a high mark, as I made the steep stretches without difficulty. In looking back at brief intervals, I saw the level ground fast disappearing in the distance, but entertained no fear in getting back the same way as I climbed. Finally at 9.50 a.m. I reached the summit, from where I could have a clear view of the surrounding territory, the beauty of which can only be described in comparison with the views shown in the illustrated lectures on mountain climbing, which are not strange to most of us.

As I walked along on the large rocks on the summit of the mountain, I found two tents, one quite large and square, the other very small and apparently only for the purpose of protecting one person from the night air. The tents were closed, and there seemed no one about to indicate who the occupants may have been. In walking away from the tents at the top, I headed towards the right of the summit, precisely opposite to my starting point. The grand view, coupled with the exhilarating air brought to my mind the picturesque bandit from Fra Diavolo and for a brief period I impersonated that interesting character by singing the selection he so well renders when descending from the hills, as many recall while having witnessed the performance of that picturesque light opera.

In descending from the summit, it appeared to me that the path on which I ascended was again before me, so I did not give it any serious concern. After having walked a distance of about 150 feet towards the right, which was to have taken me back to the foot of the mountain, I looked up only to find to my great surprise, that I was at the base of the summit, with nothing but the perpendicular rocky wall above me and the immense stretch of sloping side of the mountain between me and the

level country. The joy of having for a few moments impersonated the picturesque brigand, quickly vanished and I realized that for the time being I was trapped on the side of a barren mountain with nothing but enchanting scenery and an abundance of pure air between me and safety. It was then 10 a.m. Just before leaving the summit I donned my sweater, so as to have nothing in my hands but the walking stick and it was a fortunate move because when I found myself in the perilous position, I had to be very careful how I used all my faculties in keeping a steady and secure footing. I knew that my only way to safety was in tracing my steps back towards the side of the mountain where the path joins the plateau with the base of the summit and I planned my way back in that direction. It was no easy task, because in places there was no way of getting a foot-hold, so it became necessary to find sections where the twigs and young trees made it possible to work my way towards my goal and eventual safety. Then I found that the small trees led downward, only to get me to a barren slope of crushed rocks on which it was absolutely impossible to get a foot-hold. That necessitated my climbing back towards the top of the slope in order to find some way of getting across by means of the larger and more firmly imbedded pieces of rock. In feeling my way across the portions of crushed stone, my only help came from forcing the climbing stick into such spots as had formed into fairly soft places, and, by leaning on the stick, I made my way towards the right and as I hoped, to the path.

Many times I loosened rocks on the side of the mountain which rolled down on the steep stretch and carried with them many other loose rocks, the rumbling and falling of which, towards the bottom, impressed on me the momentary following of those rolling rocks.

But I did not encourage the thought of rolling down as did the rocks, because I realized that any feeling of uneasiness would rob me of the con-

fidence I needed in reaching a safe landing, so I recalled the lecturer's advice to keep cool while in a perilous condition and used my strength sparingly in making headway lest I should become exhausted and fail in my attempt to save myself from falling down the mountain side.

As I rested from time to time and noted the height of my perilous position, my heart sank at the thought that I might become weak and dizzy from my efforts in climbing up and down on the mountain side.

Finally I climbed up to the base of the summit and found that the rocks near there were more firm and that by holding on to the projections of the rocky side of the summit, I would be more safe in making headway. Fortunately such was really the case. While I was at the greatest height and further away from the level ground, I was in a position to make greater headway towards reaching the path which of necessity was adjoining to the side of the summit's base. My greatest effort was exerted between the hours of 10 and 12 p.m., because I was practically groping about instead of having a fairly definite idea how to reach the path. When I found that I was making better progress by following the base of the summit, I felt more reassured and then began to feel that I required some nourishment to carry me through the remainder of my journey, so I began to rest up for longer periods at a time and partook of the milk chocolate at each stop I made for rest.

Between 12 and 1 p.m. I had some very strenuous moments but I felt fairly encouraged at my hoped for final victory. At ten minutes to one I saw that I had passed the perpendicular stone wall of the summit and knew that I was near the path and surely enough I worked my way up, so that by one p.m. sharp, I was on the path leading down from the

mountain. No words can describe the feeling of satisfaction for expended effort that I experienced at that moment. Only a few minutes previously, it was a grave question whether I should be enabled to hold out and ever reach a place of safety. Just before deciding to climb to the base of the summit, I shouted for help, thinking that the couple who were camping on the plateau would hear me and give me directions for finding my way back but they evidently did not hear me.

The descent from then on was a very easy task comparatively speaking and when I again reached the Indian Mission, I eagerly sought the running city water from the pipes that are placed at convenient intervals for their use. Upon reaching the transfer station again, I secured some ice-cream for quick nourishment. When I got to the boat at her dock, I was a sadly bedraggled specimen of humanity and so thoroughly saturated with perspiration that I had to make haste in changing all clothing, lest I may have contracted a severe cold. I took no further nourishment but clad in my pyjamas, flung myself on the bed for a rest of three hours, after which I dressed and disposed of the most welcome evening meal that I have enjoyed in many years. During the balance of the day I felt the frequent need of drinking water, due to the strenuous exertion of five hours earlier in the day, but that was a good way of replenishing the overheated tissues. After retiring for the night I did not rest quietly nor sleep soundly, but upon arising the next morning at the call of the bell, I jumped out of bed and found upon taking inventory of my physical condition, that with the exception of feeling muscular pain in every part of my body, I was in no way injured, except for a deep cut on my right forefinger, which was done by a sharp stone that struck me while I was on the side of the mountain.

# Along The Trap Line



## Weasel Trapping

FITZROY NICHOLSON

**T**HE weasel, the smallest of the flesh eating animals, belongs to the same family as the otter, mink, marten, etc. In the summer it is brown in color, turning white, however, in the winter. The tip of the tail is black and its pelt is used to imitate the ermine of Europe. The weasel is a very blood-thirsty little animal.

In trapping it the first thing to do is to find where weasels are in the habit of travelling. When you find a district in which they are plentiful build a V-shaped pen of dry sticks, putting a piece of bait in the back of the pen and setting a No. 1 trap in the entrance. Cover the trap with partridge feathers. If there is any danger of the trap freezing to the ground put a piece of clean paper under it; then fasten the trap chain to a light drag and the set is complete. Rabbit, muskrat, partridge, chicken, squirrel, mice and birds make good bait. Always fasten the bait so that the weasel cannot drag it away. If possible build the pen under a low branched evergreen tree.

Another good way is to place the bait in a hollow log and set a trap at each end, covering with feathers, cat-tail fuzz or pulverized rotten wood. If there is danger of the trap being snowed under the best way is to make what is called a "peg-set." Take two five inch spikes and drive them into a tree (the south side) about six inches apart and set the trap on these. Nail the bait about a foot above the trap. Cover the trap as before, then drive two more spikes above the bait and lay evergreen branches on these. This will prevent the trap from becoming covered with snow. Fasten the trap chain as far up the tree as it will reach. When the weasel is caught he will be hung up clear of the snow.

Take a freshly killed rabbit and cut it open, drag it around through the bush and shove it under the roots of a tree. Set two or three traps around it. It is best to put out large baits before commencing to trap, which gets

the weasels into the habit of coming to the bait to feed. When this has been accomplished set a couple of traps around the large baits.

Still another way in which to trap weasel is to go along an old fence until you come to some sheltered place. If the snow is deep take a newspaper about two feet square and put it down on the snow. Put a whole rabbit, hen or partridge on the centre of the paper, put a trap at each corner of the paper and cover with feathers; then sprinkle snow lightly over the traps and the bait. Fasten the traps to light drags.

If there is an old unused barn anywhere nearby, this is a sure place to locate weasel. Set two or three traps in different parts of the barn, using rabbit or chicken for bait. Cover with chaff or hay. An old mouse's nest makes a good covering for traps.

When making the rounds of the traps take a rabbit, cut it open and drag it along after you. The weasel will follow a bloody trail for a long distance. Stretch the skins on a three piece stretcher. A large weasel will measure as much as twenty or twenty-one inches in length by three and a quarter inches in width.

Weasel skins should be put on the stretcher with the pelt side out and left for a couple of days and then turned with the fur side out. Hot water and soda will remove blood stains from the fur. Remove the bone from the tail if possible.

The best time to trap weasel is in the months of December, January and February. I have caught weasel in November that were prime but if caught later they are worth more money.

A weasel caught in January that measures twenty-one inches by three inches and that is well stretched, should be worth about a dollar, or more, depending upon the condition of the fur.

The above methods apply equally well to the marten.

# A Northern B. C. Big Game Hunt

ROLAND MCPHEE

IT was early Tuesday morning when I crawled out of bed, and a foggy morning it was, but we had planned to go on Tuesday and so I hurriedly ate my breakfast and went up to see by friend Tim.

He was still in bed, believing that our trip would be postponed, but when I got in the shack I soon hauled him out and before long he had breakfasted and was ready to start. After about half an hour of hard work we had everything down in the boat, guns, blankets, grub, ammunition, etc. Indeed it was a full boat. A sail and two oars further added to its weight. The place to which we intended to go was forty miles away and at the head of another inlet branching off Rivers Inlet.

There was not a breath of wind and we had to pull all the way. About half way up the adjoining inlet, known as Moses Inlet, the channel became very narrow, so narrow that the tide rushed through at a very fast rate and you could not row against it if it were not in your favor. This place in the inlet was known as the narrows. It was a long solitary pull but at about four o'clock we were in sight of the narrows with the tide in our favor. Passing through the narrows was very dangerous work as there was a large rock in the centre but as we both were very good boatmen we got through all right. We camped that night at an island about a mile past the narrows and amused ourselves shooting seals—or shooting at seals—as we were not fortunate enough to capture one.

The seal is a very quick animal and lives on fish and altogether in the water. If you do chance to get a shot at him he only sticks his glossy head out of the water and is a very hard shot. On the other hand if you kill him he sinks very quickly. Although I have shot many only once was I able to get the boat out quickly enough to get one.

After bombarding the seals for an hour or so we returned to camp and had supper, made our bed of spruce boughs and turned in. Although we had a tent with us, as the night was very fine we did not put it up. As we lay there we saw numerous flocks of ducks go by and looked forward to some good shooting the following day. Although we saw no signs of deer on our way up we expected to have some good deer and bear shooting later on. Neither of us slept much for the flies were very bad. About eleven I got to sleep and did not waken till I heard the bang of a frying pan and the crackling of the fire. We were off by eight o'clock and by noon were in sight of the flats. Just as we entered the river a large bunch of bluebills rose and we managed to get four or five of them. We decided to have lunch there as it was as good a place as anywhere else. About two o'clock we started up the river. We had not gone far when Tim saw three deer on the opposite shore, a buck, a doe and a fawn. He got out and started up the

beach but the three got wind of his coming and departed into the bush.

After we had travelled about a mile and a half we ran on the remains of an old Indian cabin and decided to make it our headquarters. It had only three sides and about half a roof but there was an abundance of firewood lying around and that was the main thing. After we had unloaded everything from the boat except the oars and our guns, we poled up the river as far as we could go. We got nothing on the way up but expected to on our way down, as we could sit quietly in the boat and let her drift down upon any game that might be on the shores.

As we were nearing the camp we saw two dogs on the beach and thought at first we were being visited by Indians but the visitors who were the owners of the dogs proved to be two of Tim's friends who had come up to trap for the winter and we all bivouacked together. They had secured a fine doe on the way up and we had fresh venison for supper.

Next morning Tom and Jim went up the river and we went down. We saw no deer on our way down but got a few ducks at the flats and then returned home. Early in the afternoon our friends arrived with a fine doe.

The following day as Tim and I were starting to prepare supper, Tom and Jim, who had gone up the river during the afternoon suddenly arrived panting and sweating. Tom had his rifle but Jim's shotgun was nowhere to be seen. They had been engaged in digging potatoes out of an old Indian garden when all at once a big grizzly came smashing across the river and after our two heroes. Tom had his rifle in his hand but Jim was not just sure where he had put his shotgun and as Tom only had a 30-30 they decided to turn tail. The bear was close behind them for a short distance and Tom wanted to take chances on killing him but Jim said it was useless to tackle a grizzly of that size with a 30-30. If they had both had their rifles it would have been a different thing. They told us this yarn and we decided to visit the same quarters the following evening. The river was alive with salmon and the bears came out in the evening to fish in the riffles and shallow places.

Next morning we all awoke early and Jim and Tom started for an all-day hunt up the river. We went down to the flats and scared up a large flock of geese but did not succeed in getting any. In the evening we started down and as soon as we pushed off into the river we saw two deer on the opposite beach, about four hundred yards ahead. We decided to sit quietly and let the boat drift down towards the deer. We managed to get to within a hundred yards of them when we thought it best to let fly. I think Tim hit the doe the first shot although we both emptied our rifles on her before she was out of sight. As for the fawn he jumped into the river and



## A good windup for any day

FOR that broken shoe-string, that rebellious necktie and that blocked street car line

For that flying start on Monday morning's mail and that *all-cleaned-up* feeling on Saturday noon

For that early ride back home, that change

before dinner, that hit with *her*, with the kids, and—that smile from the cook

*Big Ben*—the best wind-up for any day—two splendid clocks in one. A rousing good alarm to get up with, a rattling good reminder for the down-town desk.

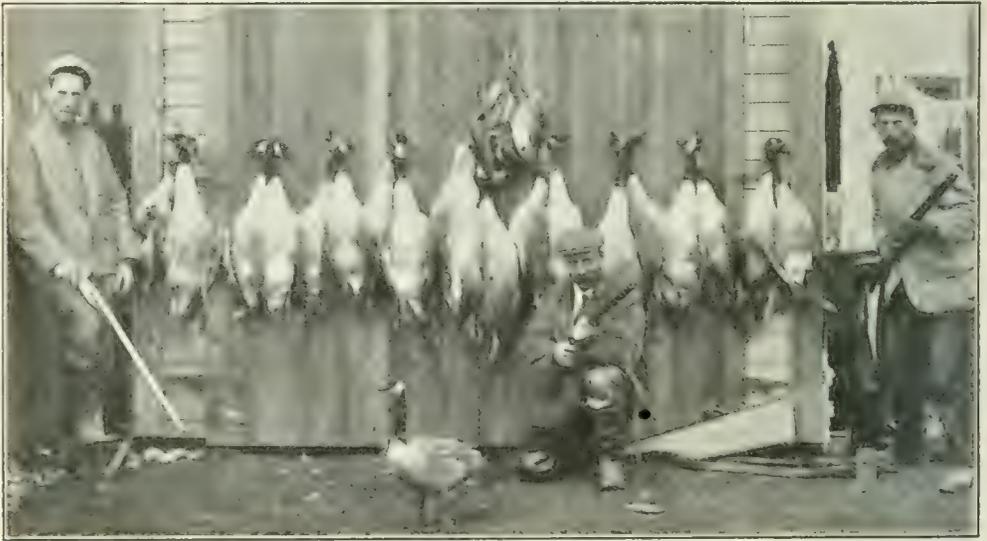
Seven inches tall, massive, well-set, triple-plated—easy to wind, easy to read and pleasing to hear—\$3.00 anywhere in Canada. *Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox.*

swam towards us and I got him with a lasso. We went ashore and tracked the doe into the woods. We had not far to go however when we found her lying down, shot through the neck and we soon finished her. When we were dragging her out I shot a nice grouse which we had for supper that night. Tom and Jim came home shortly and reported having shot a doe. Owing to the distance from the camp they only took away a quarter each.

We all slept well that night and hung around camp till five o'clock the next day when Tim and I went up the river and our two friends went down. We went up to where they had seen the big grizzly and decided to wait around that spot. After about half an hour I got disgusted and took the spear out of the boat and started to spear salmon. While I was thus amusing myself Tim was sitting on

a stump close by. Suddenly a black bear came out of the wood and ran out into the middle of the river without noticing either of us. Tim hit him first shot but as it was getting dark it was dangerous to follow him into the bush. How I wished I had a camera with me. I could have got some fine photographs. When we returned to camp the boys were back and the evening was spent in telling yarns.

Next morning we were up at five and bade good-bye to our friends. We got through the narrows by noon and while we were sliding around a point we ran upon three deer on the beach but they got out of sight so quickly that we did not get a shot at them. We were fortunate enough to get a number of ducks on the way home and had the good fortune to be able to sail the last ten miles.



Wild Geese Bagged by Four Alberta Gunners

## Shooting Wild Geese In Alberta

Mr. D. J. McKay of Calgary, Alta., sends a picture of wild geese shot fifty-two miles east of the city of Calgary by G. W. Low, D. S. McGlashing, John Taylor and himself.

"Speaking from the standpoint of a gunner", says Mr. McKay, "there is no better sport, in my opinion, than that which is derived from shooting wild geese. These are very beautiful birds but of a very shy nature and anyone who returns with a full game bag after a day's hunt is no novice at the game. Only those who indulge in this exciting pastime can know the feelings of the gunner as he crouches down and finally sees two or, perhaps, four of these wily birds fall victims to his

aim. The gunner's nature is stirred when he sees a flock of these fine birds coming into his decoys with necks out-thrust, feet dangling and wings hooped, all rushing to their anticipated repast.

"When a flock of geese appears in sight and is about to decoy do not take any risk but let them come right into the decoys. Let them come within a gun length if they want to. Many a beginner has been fooled time and time again without perceiving his mistake, the distance being very deceptive. Any one who spends a short time at this sport will find it most interesting and exciting.

# P. A. is the Pathfinder

Prince Albert is the grand old joy scout. Every day it finds a hundred or so poor tongue-sore pipe smokers, "lost in the woods," smoking peppergrass and smartweed. And P. A. gently leads them straight to the cool-smoke path that the feet of hundreds of thousands of jimmy pipers have beaten into a fine, smooth trail.

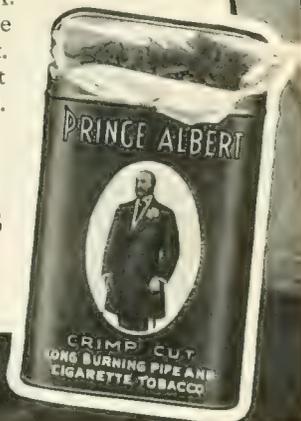
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U. S. A.



# A Successful Deer Hunt in Eastern Algoma

R. W. FAULDS, M. D.

AFTER careful preparation as to arms and provisions, a club of five enthusiastic deer hunters left Elmira, Ont. on October 29th., 1912, for the wilds of Eastern Algoma. As the train was boarded all were filled with that peculiar kind of enthusiasm known only to those who are eager to leave the turmoil of business life, and enjoy the freedom of the primitive man. Our roll call included Shuster, Louie, Big Mike, Doc. and the writer. The three guides, Elmer, Joe and Bert who were to meet us at N—, completed our club. The time taken to make the short run to Toronto was consumed in taking an inventory of our baggage and laying plans for the hunt. At Toronto, we changed to the C. P. R., main-line, and at noon the next day reached our destination.

The guides as pre-arranged met us at the depot. The baggage was quickly sorted and loaded on the wagons as we wanted to make an early start for Spencer's camp—a distance of seven miles to the south. Scarcely had the last rope been tied, when one of our party, I think it was Big Mike, suggested dinner. The long journey by rail, coupled with the invigorating influence of northern ozone, made a second invitation unnecessary. A wild stampede was made to a near-by hotel and needless to say we got our money's worth. After dinner we donned our hunting outfit, and proceeding along the southern trail left civilization behind.

The first three miles it was very good travelling and we were forced to set a pretty lively pace to keep up with the teams. However at this point we branched into a rougher trail making progress with our heavy loads much slower. Those of us who were not needed with the wagons walked ahead in order to get a few birds for supper. Partridge are very plentiful in this region and one does not need to go far out of his way to get a meal. We reached the shack about 4.30 p.m. on the 31st. and after unpacking and pitching our provision tent were ready for our first meal in camp.

Supper over, we joined hands in getting our shack in order. The bunks were padded with hay and as each man had a liberal supply of blankets our sleeping quarters were made quite comfortable. After everything was pronounced satisfactory each man was allotted the work expected of him during the hunt. Doc. being somewhat of a mechanic was appointed gun cleaner and general utility man, Joe and Elmer were to attend to the cooking, Louie and Shuster washed the dishes, while Big Mike, Bert and the writer gathered firewood, built fires and fed the dogs. The writer was barred from cooking owing to an unsuccessful attempt made a previous season.

Everything was completed and each man "hit the hay" as soon as possible in order to get out at daylight next morning for the first day's hunt.

All responded promptly at the first call, only to be disappointed with the weather conditions. A blinding snowstorm prevailed until noon, consequently no one ventured out until after dinner. After a hurried consultation we decided to hunt an island near camp. Placing Doc. on the camp side of the river, the rest of us went to our runways by canoe. The dogs worked well but were unable to get a run. We spent all afternoon on our respective runways with nothing for our trouble but wet feet and chilled limbs.

Coming up the river that evening Big Mike swore there were no deer in the country and I was about to agree with him when we sighted a dead one floating down the river. Very little attention was paid to it as we felt sure it did not belong to our club. On reaching the shack we found Doc. muttering all kinds of nice things about his luck. After calming down sufficiently to talk reasonably he gave us the following story:

"I stood on my runway all afternoon without seeing anything to shoot at. Towards evening it began to get pretty cold so I sat down beside a pine stump to shelter myself from the wind. While sitting there I was surprised to see a large spike-horn buck come to the rapids for a drink. Taking steady aim I fired for his heart and that was the last I saw of him."

This was enough, for what we had seen explained the rest of the story. Two of the boys jumped into the canoe and went down the river in search of him. After some time the buck was located and sure enough he was still warm. After towing him up the river to camp Mr. Buck was promptly dressed and hung up. Doc. was more than pleased when he found that his shot had actually punctured the heart.

The next two days of the hunt were unsuccessful. Deer were sighted but no one was fortunate enough to land the game.

On the fourth day Joe and Bert each secured a buck. Both were fine specimens and would weigh 200 lbs. each.

The next day was full of experiences. The dogs were getting sore and to give them a rest we decided on a still hunt. During the afternoon Big Mike was walking stealthily down a ledge of rock when he sighted a doe. His first deer was too much for him, for instead of standing motionless as one is apt to do during an attack of buck fever, he rolled down the rock several feet, regained his balance and fired three shots. Unfortunately the deer es-



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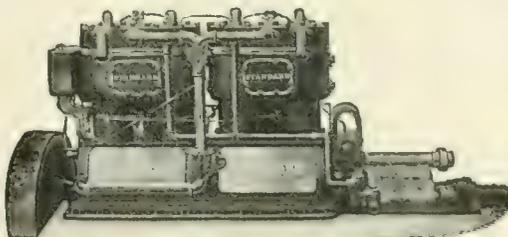
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caped unhurt, still, he holds the record for rapid firing.

The same day Louie had a narrow escape. While standing about six feet from a runway a big buck came bounding down evidently not seeing him. The distance being so close he could not fire until the deer had passed. A well aimed shot put him down only a few rods away. All declared that had Louie been standing on the runway that fatal shot would never have been fired.

The rest of the hunt was full of experiences, one of which is worthy of note. Elmer and Joe went out together on a still hunt. Elmer started a doe and after firing three or four shots dropped her. Calling Joe from a near-by range they walked over to view the game. Elmer was in the act of pointing out the bullet holes when the deer jumped and made a successful escape. The last day of the season

found every man with his license filled and all well satisfied with the hunt.

We made a practice of hanging our deer after dressing them on the spot where they were killed so all hands could turn in on the last day and carry them out to the nearest tote road. I have read of many easy methods of getting out deer but after trying most of them I have come to the conclusion there is no easy method of getting a 200 lb. buck out of a rocky country. We found tying a rope to the forelegs and head, with one man acting as horse while another held the hind legs up so the deer could be skidded on its back, to be about the easiest way. Four men working in relay can get along nicely.

Our teams came for us on the 15th and as everything was packed very little time was lost in loading. N———was reached that evening and a few hours later saw us on our way home with five good sets of horns as a pleasant reminder of our vacation.

## Regina Station

THE frontispiece for this issue shows the splendid new railway station, which Regina is shortly to have. The building, which will occupy an area of about eight thousand square feet is to be erected at the corner of Albert and Sixteenth Streets by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company and will be two storeys in height, the lower part being devoted exclusively to the service of the travelling public and the upper part to be divided into offices for the use of the Railway Officials. The Main Waiting Room, however, will extend through the two storeys of the building, thus having the advantage of great height, which combined with its ample dimensions and dignified design will make it a very impressive room indeed.

As one approaches the Station he cannot fail to be impressed by the simple dignity of the design and its suitability to its surroundings and to its purpose.

It will be built of Buff Brick and Limestone trimmings throughout, with large windows and generous entrances. The front and the Sixteenth Street side will be adorned with huge canopies of iron and glass extending out over the entrance steps and the sidewalks to protect the patrons from the weather. The front of the building will be surmounted by an ornamental clock large enough to be readily seen from a great distance so that one approaching the station will be in no uncertainty as to the correct time.

Entering the large doors of the Front entrance he will find himself in a vestibule of a goodly size in itself, with walls and floor of marble and ceiling of ornamental plaster work. From this Vestibule one enters directly into the large Main Waiting Room, and is compelled to pause for a moment to admire its beauty as well as its perfect proportions. The

walls of this room will be entirely of Caen Stone, its floor of different colored marbles and its ceiling of plaster beautifully decorated.

All around the room is a gallery with a handsome bronze rail in front, from which open the various offices in the second storey and from which also may be had a splendid view of the entire Waiting Room with its seats and aisles filled with people.

As one enters the Main Waiting Room from the Street he finds on the right the commodious Restaurant and Ladies' Waiting Room and Retiring Room. On the left he finds the Men's Waiting Room, Main Stair to offices above, Elevators, Shoe Shine Parlor and Second Class Waiting Room.

Directly ahead on either side of the Main Waiting Room he will find the Ticket and Parcel Offices conveniently located on each side of the exit to the train platforms. On each side of the Main Entrance vestibule are two comfortable alcoves where one may wait quietly for a friend or train away from the hurry and bustle of the Main Waiting Room and yet have a full-view of it.

The alcove to the left will also contain the news and cigar stand, while that on the right will contain three telephone booths all easily accessible from the Main Waiting Room.

Outside of the station proper and opening directly off the concourse the traveller will find the baggage room conveniently located for both incoming and outgoing baggage.

Judging from the plans, the new station will be one of the most conveniently arranged as well as one of the most completely equipped stations in Canada, and one of which Regina may well be proud.

The Architects are Messrs. Ross & McDonald of Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg.



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Mount Clemens, Mich., "The Mineral Bath City," is famous throughout America as an All-the-year-round-Health-Resort, and thousands of people from all parts of the continent can bear testimony to the efficacy of the waters of the Mt. Clemens Springs. The waters of the springs are a panacea and cure for bilious and liver troubles, paralysis in lighter forms, digestive troubles, nervous disorders, after effects of la grippe, general debility, protracted convalescence, etc. Rheumatism, probably the most common of all diseases, is treated with unflinching success at Mount Clemens. Seventy-five per cent. of rheumatics are cured and ninety per cent. benefited.

While Mount Clemens normally has only a population of about 7,000, at periods of the season it boasts of as high as 25,000. To accommodate this great body of people, the city has many luxurious and modern hotels where prospective visitors can rely upon securing the very best accommodation. All of these have individual springs, with bath house attached, and patients are treated in the building where they are stopping. In addition are many boarding houses which furnish good accommodation very moderately.

Mount Clemens is situated on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, 21 miles from the city of Detroit.

### THE ST. CATHARINES WELL

The "St. Catharines Well" situated at St. Catharines, Ont., the chief Canadian city in the Niagara Peninsula, 11 miles from Niagara Falls and 32 miles from the city of Hamilton, on the main line of The Grand Trunk Railway System. The waters of the "St. Catharines Well" are possessed of wonderful healing properties, and are spoken of in medical journals as more wonderful in their curative powers than the famous Kreutznach Springs in Germany. These waters are of a saline order, and issue from the rocky strata in a clear sparkling and colorless stream. They possess very penetrative qualities and are especially valuable in the treatment of such diseases as rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica, skin diseases, nervous troubles, or as a tonic for people troubled with the ills of the modern strenuous life.

Connected with these springs is "The Welland", a happy combination of sanitarium and family hotel. "The Welland" is beautifully situated, modern in every detail, commodious and well appointed.

For information, notes, etc., apply to any Grand Trunk representative including J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, or C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto.

# Brandon Field Trials

W. E. WILLIAMS

**B**RANDON is a thriving city, situated about one hundred miles west of Winnipeg.

The Brandon Field Trial Club was formed by the sportsmen of Brandon. The success of recent Trials has filled them all with enthusiasm and when taking into consideration the situation of Brandon and its surroundings, we can confidently expect to hear from this section again for years to come.

Brandon has the very best hotel accommodation, everything that could be desired. Among the leading hotels is the Prince Edward which is strictly a first class house and would be a credit to any city.

The grounds where the Trials were run are a few miles east of Brandon. There is about ten square miles of territory which cannot be beaten on the continent of America and autos and rigs followed the Trials without difficulty at all times during the day. A portion of this land is rather light and is not cultivated. Some of it being the natural prairie, other parts weed patches, while again there are stretches of wheat which afford abundance of feed for the chicken and on the south of this territory runs the Assiniboine river, with banks on either side some forty to fifty feet high. On these banks grow scrub timber and underbrush which afford splendid cover for the chicken. It was noticed during the day that most of the birds flushed flew in the direction of the river.

The birds proved to be very plentiful no brace of dogs during the day were put down that did not have ample opportunity on birds. Among those competing were gentlemen from Winnipeg, some of whom are known to the Field Trial World. They were very loud in their praises of the grounds and they stated there was no doubt but what the Manitoba Trials would be run on these grounds another year. A most enjoyable day was spent and everyone went home feeling that they had had a treat and nothing to mar the enjoyment. The weather was not all that could be desired. It was quite warm and there was a very strong wind blowing. The ground being quite dry, it was very hard on the dogs. During the latter part of the afternoon everyone was driven to cover by a thunder storm, but the short time remaining after the storm proved to be much more enjoyable than the hot dry wind previous to it.

Some of the dogs competing were strictly high class. The winner of First and Second in the All Age were very classy dogs, and the bitch, Miss Ives, while not being placed, showed great form, being very fast and a wide ranger.

The Brandon Hotel was the headquarters and mine host, Peter Powell is a good, genuine, enthusiastic sportsman and did everything that lay in his power to look after the party. Before daylight Mr. Powell had a good

and substantial breakfast for the party which was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. W. Schwartz is President of the Club. He is another good sportsman and did all that lay in his power. Mr. W. E. Williams, Secretary, although it was his first experience, did very well and was very painstaking and looked after the details in a capable manner. We must not forget Mr. Robert Lane, another member of the Club, and as good a sportsman as can be found in Western Canada. When noon arrived Mr. Lane invited all hands down to the banks of the Assiniboine river and with the assistance of another member of the Club carried down a large hamper of eatables to satisfy the cravings of the hungry crowd. No detail was forgotten by him and those present will long remember the hospitality of Mr. Lane.

The success of the Field Trials was largely due to Mr. J. T. Hawson, Chairman of the Field Trials committee who participated in the Trials and was the breeder of some of the winning dogs.

Mr. R. Bangham of Windsor, Ont, acted as Judge. Mr. Bangham is one of the old time Field Trial men and will be remembered by many. His task was rather arduous as it was understood before starting that the Trials were to be completed in one day, and he stated that he would like to have had fully another half day with the All Age dogs. His awards were received with general satisfaction. The Derby had six starters and the All Age fourteen.

It was decided during the noon hour that a bench show should be held of the dogs competing, some special prizes having been given for this event. Mr. Monteith and Mr. R. Bangham were appointed to do the judging. The Setters were judged first. There were the two types present. The judges decided that they would stick as nearly as possible to the "Llewelyn" type. The winner of First was R. Lane's Topsy Whitestone. While being in "field form", carrying but very little flesh, she showed up well and being a Derby entry she should be heard from again. E. J. Rowe's "Hawson's Nellie", Second. This bitch is the mother of the winner of First and ran in the All Age stake. In the Pointer class there was one prize and that went to E. Bisset's Girlie Cash.

Mr. H. G. Brown of Winnipeg, who was the winner of the Derby received a very handsome silver cup, presented by Mr. J. A. M. Aikens, member of the Dominion Parliament. Mr. E. Bissett, the winner of the All Age also received a handsome silver cup, presented by Hon. G. R. Coldwell, who is a member of the Legislature.

## DERBY

Gipsy Queen Topsy Whitestone  
Start 7.15 a.m.

Two minutes after being put down, Topsy flushed a bevy and was not steady to wing.

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Queen some distance away. Topsy pointed, no birds. Topsy again pointed, no birds. Queen pointed, Topsy flushed and chased. Bevy flushed wild, no dogs near: Gipsy caught sight and chased. Gipsy pointed single, bird flushed and Gipsy chased. Topsy pointed, single. Queen ran in, flushed and chased; Topsy steady to win. Dogs taken up at 7:50. Both dogs showed fairly good range and speed.

Birdie Cash                      Gleams Spike Whitestone  
Start 8 a.m.

Several birds flushed wild, no dogs near. Whitestone pointed, two birds rose; Whitestone steady to wing. Two singles flushed wild, no dogs near. Dogs taken up at 8:35. Pointer, (Birdie Cash), did but very little, went back to the rigs twice which caused some delay.

Chance                      Start 8:42 a.m.                      May Gleam

Gleam made stylish point; Chance, coming in from a long cast, also pointed nearly one hundred yards in front of Gleam. Birds raised in front of Chance; Chance steady to wing, no birds found in front of Gleam, who started to work again. When Gleam made this point she was facing the wind which was blowing from the south. Both dogs should have credit for this find. Chance again pointed, birds raised and Chance steady to win. Both dogs pointed, no birds. Both dogs near together, single bird flushed, dogs coming down the wind. Both dogs pointed, no birds. Chance pointed, Meadow Lark raised. Chance pointed a long way off, bitch flushed, Chance steady to wing. Both dogs pointed, no birds. Both dogs again pointed, no birds. Dogs taken up at 9:15. This pair showed good range and speed.

## DERBY

### SECOND SERIES

Whitestone                      Start 5:47 p.m.                      May Gleam

Gleam flushed and started to chase, and Lane's Whitestone flushed and was steady to wing. Both dogs pointed and flushed and Whitestone was not steady to wing. Gleam was steady to wing, although it was Whitestone's find. Dogs taken up at 6 p.m.

## All Age

Miss Ives                      Start 9:25 a.m.                      Bill

Ives pointed about a quarter of a mile away, but before Judge could arrive she had gone. Birds rose in distance. Ives working fully a quarter of a mile away. Bill pointed, birds rose, Bill steady to wing. Bill pointed but no birds rose. Bill pointed, two birds raised; Bill steady to wing. Two birds rose ahead of Bill; Bill steady to wing and remained pointing. Bill pointed, two birds rose. Bill pointed and Ives backed for moment, then both dogs roaded in and no birds. Dogs taken up at 9:54. Miss Ives had speed and range to burn, while Bill was just the reverse and kept most of the time around his handler.

Dot                      Start 10 a.m.                      May

Dot ranged over a knoll, one bird flushed, could not see the dog at the time. Bird flushed

ahead of Dot. May flushed and chased; Dot some distance off, steady to wing. Scattering birds rose; neither dog got a point, but Dot steady to wing. May flushed a bird and was not steady to wing. Dot pointed, no birds. Dogs taken up at 10:30. Dot was much best in range and speed, but made too many straight away casts and returns; did not work out her ground. Lane's May did not work out her ground; stayed by the handler too long.

Girlie Cash                      Start 10:35 a.m.                      Sport

Birds flushed ahead of dogs; neither dog to blame. Cash flushed, single, but did not appear to see it. Sport pointed where birds had got up, no birds raised. Sport pointed, bird flushed quite a long way ahead. Dog pointed, bitch refused to back but went ahead and pointed; Bird rose fifty yards ahead. Cash pointed, Sport backed, no birds. Sport pointed; Cash pointed. Sport pointed and single raised; steady to wing. Cash pointed, single raised; Cash steady to wing. Cash pointed, single, steady to wing. Cash pointed, dog backed, no birds. Handler worked up to birds considerable distance ahead after bitch left point. Cash flushed bird, dog pointed just before bitch flushed. Dog has credit for last point. Dogs taken up at 11:05. Both dogs fair in range and speed.

Shot                      Start 11:10 a.m.                      Tony

Shot pointed, single, steady to wing. Both dogs pointed, no birds. Shot pointed, nothing flushed. Shot pointed again, no birds. Shot pointed and Tony backed; Shot roaded on but no birds. Dogs taken up at 11:48. This pair were fair in range and speed; the big dog, Shot, a little the best.

Adjourned for lunch.

### ALL AGE, Continued.

Lanark Tony                      Start 1:20 p.m.                      Monty

Monty pointed, steady to wing. Two birds flushed ahead of dogs, dogs stopped. Tony was lost for sometime and later was found on point. Single bird flushed, steady to wing. Tony pointed, no birds. Dogs taken up at 1:55. Lanark Tony was lost for about twenty minutes; extra speed and range. Monty very limited in range and kept around his handler most of the time.

Nellie                      Start 2 p.m.                      Grit

Nellie pointed, unsteady to wing, and chased. This was a good find, if she had only proved steady. Nellie again pointed, three birds, steady to wing. Birds rose ahead of Nellie while pointing; after birds had risen Nellie did not wait for handler to come up, but went out to work again. Nellie pointed, bird flushed and Nellie chased. Nellie pointed, no birds. Bird flushed in front of Nellie and Nellie steady to wing. Nellie pointed, two birds flushed, steady to wing. Birds flushed ahead of Nellie and Nellie chased. Nellie pointed, one bird rose, steady to wing. Bird flushed in front of Nellie and Nellie dropped to wing. Dogs taken up at 2:30. Nellie showed fair range and speed and did some good work but lost her chances by chasing. Other dog pottered.

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Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Quebec

**ALL AGE  
SECOND SERIES**

Miss Ives Start 2:40 p.m. Sport  
Bird flushed near Sport, Sport did not see it. Bird flushed in front of Miss Ives. Bevy flushed ahead, no dogs near. Dogs taken up at 3:15.

Lanark Tony Start 4:10 p.m. Girlie Cash  
Tony and Cash each flushed a bird. Tony pointed, Ives backed, no birds. Bird flushed ahead of Tony, Tony steady to wing. Cash flushed bird. Tony flushed bird; ran right into it. At this time all were driven to cover in the autos by a thunder storm. Started again at 6 p.m. This pair were singularly unfortunate in not finding birds. Girlie Cash worked out her ground in splendid fashion. Dogs taken up and placed in new territory. Lanark Tony got four points in willow scrub, but did not handle his birds well.

Shot Start 5:05 p.m. Bill  
Shot pointed, no birds. Covey flushed wild, dogs not near. Shot pointed Covey and was steady to wing. Bill flushed single and was not steady to wing. Dogs taken up 5:25. Shot showed better range and speed and was better on his birds, but neither ranged out as they should.

Dot Start 5:30 Nellie  
Dot pointed, no birds. Nellie flushed a covey and dropped to wing. Dogs taken up 5:45. Dot did nothing this heat.

**Entries for the "All Aged."**

1. F. W. Scott's Miss Ives with L. E. Cornes's Bill.

2. E. Bissett's Girlie Cash with T. M. Percival's Sport.

3. E. Bissett's Fishel's Dot with R. Lane's Lane's May.

4. H. W. Fraser's Shot with W. Schwartz's Tony.

5. F. W. Scott's Lanark Tony with A. B. Fleming's Monty.

6. E. J. Rowe's Hawson's Nellie with M. Murray's Grit.

**Entries for the Derby.**

1. J. Hall's Gipsy Queen with R. Lane's Topsey Whitestone.

2. E. Bissett's Birdie Cash with R. Lane's Gleam Spike Whitestone.

3. H. F. Brown's Chance with H. T. Hawson's May Gleam.

**Winners in the Derby**

1. A. H. Brown's Setter Dog Chance. Pedigree unknown.

2. H. T. Hawson's Setter Bitch May Gleam, Gleam's Count Whitestone, Hawson's Nellie.

3. R. Lane's Setter Dog Gleams Spike Whitestone—Hawson's Nellie.

**Winners in the All Aged**

1. E. Bissett's Pointer Girlie Cash Prince Cash—Fishel's Dot.

2. F. W. Scott's Lanark Tony Lanark Lad—Rose Tiers.

3. T. M. Percival's Sport Tupper—Belle. Mr. J. T. Hawson's Hawson's Nellie's work was V. H. C.

## American Bison Society Report

Within the three National parks in which the Dominion Government maintains the buffalo in a state of semi captivity says the sixth annual report of the American Bison Society, there were at the end of March 1913 1,287 buffalo. The number of males was approximately the same as the number of females, a larger number of the former being aged. The total number of calves successfully raised during the year was 221.

It was found necessary to slaughter some of the fierce old bulls which had been injured by fighting.

A shipment of seven head was received in June, 1912 from Michael Pablo. Since the first shipment from the Montana ranch in 1907, amounting to 410, there have been shipments which have brought the total number of buffalo secured from Michael Pablo up to 708.

The general health of the herd is reported as being good there having been no losses through disease. Precautionary measures are taken to ensure as much as possible freedom from disease among the herd.

The wild herd of so called wood-bison inhabit a tract of country 3,000 square miles in extent comprising dense forest, interspersed with park like meadows, abounding in lush grass and herbage, and distant some seven hundred miles north of Edmonton, Alta.

The number of buffalo now directly or indirectly maintained by the Dominion Government, taking the lowest number that has been stated to comprise the wood buffalo, of which it is almost impossible to obtain even an approximate count, and including the small number that have been loaned to city parks, amounts to 1,600 pure blood bison.

The report states that the existence of another herd has been reported in the district east of the Finlay River in British Columbia and that if the reports of this new herd are confirmed infusion of new blood may be obtained when deemed necessary in the future for the benefit of the herd now maintained by the Dominion Government and thus the aim in establishing the herd be successfully carried out, this aim being of course the permanent preservation of the noble animal which is indigenous to North America.

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# OUR LETTER BOX

## A Curious Story from New Brunswick.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN.*

The following is a "cow story" not a "fish story."

Mr. Sutherland of Red Bank, Miramichi, N. S. has accommodation during the fishing and hunting season for a sportsman and can furnish fishing both for salmon and trout. I was there this last season but the weather was very dry and I had only one good day's trout fishing. Mr. Sutherland has some cows; to one of them a bell is attached and to hear this bell at all hours of the night was not pleasant. One morning following a clear moonlight night I told the following story:

The cow having kept me awake all night I finally got up and looked out. The cow was beneath my bedroom window, standing on her hindlegs and dancing an Irish hornpipe in perfect time and step. When tired she would place her fore legs against the house and play the tune with the bell, then when she became rested again she would commence dancing. Where she picked up the step I cannot tell. She is a pure Jersey and has none of the Irish Kerry cow strain. The bell was taken off and the cow strayed for thirty hours. It was put on again, this time by a novice and got lost. When I was leaving Mr. Sutherland came with me to Newcastle, 14 miles away, to buy a new bell. Since the dancing episode he could not be persuaded to part with this cow for anything less than a thousand dollars.

In the July issue of your magazine Mr. Walter Greaves asks as to the advisability of changing salmon flies.

As a rule I am not at all in favor of changing salmon flies. Many anglers waste the day doing so. On the river I fish in Ireland I know four good patterns and the sizes to suit high or low water and the colors to suit a very bright or dull day. If a salmon rises twice and fails to hook I put on a size smaller of the same pattern and have often got him then. This does not apply to fish when the water is warm and the fish rise short. At sundown it is well to use a larger sized fly. When a guide tells me to change the fly I always give him the fly book and let him change it. It is just as well to please him. On one of my last days at home I put on the fly in the morning and never changed it. I rose nine salmon, hooked eight and landed six.

Yours truly,  
W. H. Fitzmaurice.

Bear River, N. S.

## Black Bass Fishing on Lake Memphremagog, P. Q.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN.*

Was it ever your good luck to fish bass on beautiful Lake Memphremagog? If not,

you have missed something worth remembering. With the permission of the readers of ROD AND GUN, I will endeavor to paint a word picture of this really beautiful Lake. Our plans for this trip were made the night before and I can assure my readers that no alarm clock was needed to rouse us ready for the day's sport. It was an ideal morning, cloudy and a light wind blowing. From the thickly wooded shores came the aroma of spring time verdure, the scene was indeed beautiful, mountains in the distance and rocky headlands rising sheer hundreds of feet from the water's edge—but to the fishing. As my friend says; "After thirteen years' absence there is no time to admire nature, the rod and fly must take precedence." It was not long before we heard the song of the reel and in a few minutes we were oblivious to everything but the thrills of holding a three pound bass on a light tackle rod. It was a day long to be remembered, and after counting up, we found that thirty-two beauties were the result of our day's sport, none under two pounds. Hoping that some lover of ROD AND GUN will be lucky enough to visit this beautiful lake and partake of the pleasures of a fishing trip under the same delightful conditions.

Yours truly,  
J. L. Moffatt.

Magog, P. Q.

## A N. S. Salmon Fishing Trip.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN.*

I wish to give you a short account of a salmon fishing trip taken by myself and Dr. P. A. Gough of this city to St. Mary's River, N. S.

We left Halifax on Thursday, July 3rd and reached the beautiful town of Sherbrooke about 7 p. m. the next day. Sherbrooke is a town of some five or six hundred population and has the appearance of possessing a class of very thrifty people. As for their entertaining qualities they cannot be beaten anywhere. They are clever people, easy to become acquainted with, and do all they can to make one's vacation a pleasant one. St. Mary's River runs through the town and only a ten minutes' walk from "Hotel Cameron" is required to bring one to the best of fishing.

At daybreak on Saturday morning we were off and by five o'clock had lost a large salmon. My friend, the doctor, got discouraged and returned to the hotel and I followed later with a 7½ lb. salmon. After breakfast we landed another and about 11 o'clock went for a sail down the river to Sonora where we purchased a few salmon, knowing that if we went home without enough to pass a good mess around we would have no peace for a year.

As we returned to Sherbrooke early we had the pleasure of getting two more salmon from

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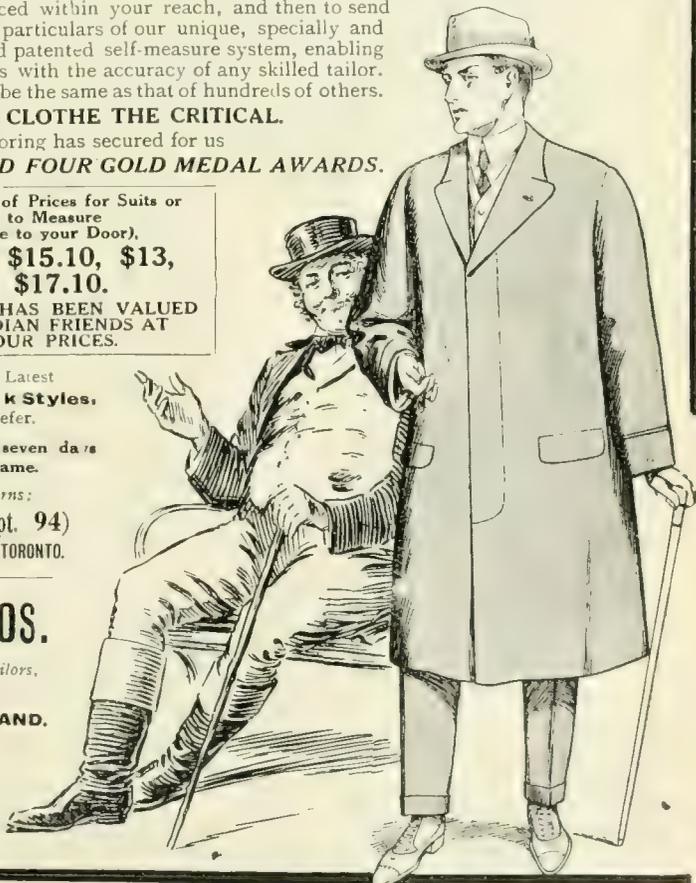
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10 to 12 pounds in weight. While we were away a man from Sydney caught a 21½ lb. salmon in the same pool in which we had been fishing, while Capt. Murdoch's daughter, I was told, caught a 24 pounder early in the week.

Our salmon were caught on a Jack Scott fly, small size, as the water was low and large flies were of no use.

After dinner on Sunday we engaged a team and drove to Ecum Secum, distant from Sherbrooke about thirty miles, passing several places that looked very likely for sea trout.

When we had gone about half way on our journey it started to rain heavily and became very cold and disagreeable. When we reached Ecum Secum we did not know where to stay over night, but as we had met a man on the boat, on our way to Sherbrooke, who lived here, we decided to look him up. We did so, only to find he was at church. To church therefore we decided to go. When the service was over we were introduced to a fine old gentleman, Squire Ashton, who took pity on us and invited us home with him where we had a good supper, which had been put up by his two daughters whom we found later to be both clever and entertaining.

It continued to rain all that night but I was away by five o'clock the next morning, notwithstanding, and drove six miles after sea trout, faring badly as I caught nothing.

After fishing for a couple of hours I returned to Squire Ashton's only to find the doctor in the kitchen endeavoring to get on the good side of the cooks. I do not know how he fared but I do know that since his return he has been purchasing a good many fancy postcards.

We left Ecum Secum at mid-day on Monday.

Our next stop of importance was at Port Dufferin where we had to remain overnight which we did not regret as we had friends in this place. We found them about two miles and a half from the wharf and when we got to the house were given a right royal welcome. After remaining there until about 10 p. m. we went back to the boat and turned in. When we woke we were on our way to Halifax.

Captain Murdoch and Engineer McGrath, both of the steamship "Dufferin", as well as the steward and his wife, were particularly fine people and endeavored in every way possible to make our trip a successful one. Mr. Newman McDonald of Sherbrooke, a good whole souled fellow and a prince by nature, we shall never forget. He made our stay pleasant for us.

If anyone wants good salmon fishing they cannot do better than visit Sherbrooke, N. S. A young man named McGrath knows the place and the haunts of salmon and trout and is to be recommended as a guide.

A. G. Cardwell.

Halifax, N. S.

#### Havelock Moose Hunters in New Ontario.

Editor, ROD AND GUN.

Stories of successful moose hunting trips have always been and will doubtless continue to be of interest to readers of Rod and Gun.

An account therefore of the 1912 outing of the Havelock, Ont. party composed of W. J. Finley, W. Wilde and M. Hunt may not be out of place.

Our party left Havelock at 3.45 p. m. on October 15th. arriving at New Liskeard at 4 p. m. on October 16th. By 7 o'clock that evening we had started on our eleven mile drive to Samuel Hammond's on the north side of Twin Lakes. The roads were rough and very muddy and there was a cold north wind blowing which served to sharpen our appetites for the three dressed Indian Runner ducks which Mrs. Hammond had prepared for us. There seems to be something in the air of this wonderful north country that makes one continually think of his inner man. Fortunately Mrs. Hammond knew just how to cater to the pangs of hunger occasioned by our long drive in the invigorating air.

The country in this vicinity is mountainous and thickly covered with Jack pine and white-wood. Numerous lakes are to be seen and these teem with the finest lake trout, salmon, pike and whitefish. The scenery is beautiful and altogether the place is one dear to the heart of a sportsman.

On the 17th and 18th we divided into parties. W. J. Finley, W. Wilde and Guide Harry Hammond went west while Sam Hammond, also a guide, and M. Hunt went north-west and scouted around within a short distance of camp. Although not successful in seeing any moose they ran across a number of fresh tracks and laid plans for an onslaught on the 19th.

Bright and early on the morning of the 19th of October every body was astir. All felt confident of success and in this frame of mind we started out together on a five mile tramp. On reaching a certain point we were to separate and again divide into two parties. Having reached this point M. Hunt and Sam Hammond went off in a south-westerly direction. They had not been gone more than ten minutes when they came across two bulls standing side by side in a thicket of underbrush and immediately opened fire. The first shot brought down both moose. The smaller one got up although he was badly wounded but a second well directed shot brought him down within fifteen feet from the larger one, in which position they both breathed their last. One of the bulls weighed twelve hundred pounds and the other nine hundred. Unfortunately the pictures we took of them just after killing them did not turn out well.

The next two days were occupied in cutting up the moose and carrying it out to the Government road.

Our party can certainly recommend this country to anyone who contemplates a similar trip to that taken by us. It can be easily reached and the hardships that are to be encountered in many other districts are lacking here, and as Mr. Hammond is considered one of the best sportsman and guides in that country one is almost sure of success.

Yours truly,  
Wellington Wilde.

Havelock, Ont.



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# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Another North country controversy, presenting features of the Cook-Peary embroglio is threatened by the claims of G. L. Deschanbeault, a French Canadian fur trapper of Fort Simpson, who, on arriving in Edmonton from the far north, declared that he and Joseph and William Hudson discovered the 300 blonde Eskimos in the Great Bear Lake country and lived with them fully three weeks before Explorer Steffannson and his expedition arrived on the scene, in the summer of 1911.

"We were in the Eskimos' camp when Steffannson and his party came in," Deschanbeault said, "and left there shortly afterward, pressing farther north. We obtained a number of valuable furs from the tribe and in exchange we gave them various articles. You can imagine my surprise when on reaching civilization I learned that Steffannson had taken all the credit for a discovery which the Hudsons and I originally made.

"We told Steffannson of the strange race of people and he joined camp with us. We heard of the blonde Eskimos through members of a tribe encamped on the Copper Mine river, about 1,700 miles north of Edmonton. The Interpreter told us that strange stories were being told among his people of a tribe of 'huskies', who, although they resembled the ordinary Eskimos in habits, had the pale faces of the white men.

"Not one of the Eskimos on the Copper Mine River had seen the blonde 'huskies,' although the legend had been handed down from father to son of the existence of such a tribe on the shore of the Arctic Ocean. Our guide told us that the strange tribe had come farther south that summer, chiefly owing to the lack of food in the north."

Aroused by curiosity, Deschanbeault and his companions decided to follow the Copper Mine river to its juncture with the Great Bear Lake. On arriving at the shores of the Great Lake, the party came upon the encampment of the strange tribe. The Eskimos were dressed after the customary fashion of natives of the north, but instead of being short of stature and dark of countenance, the Eskimos were much blonder than the usual white man after he has spent several years under the blistering sun and biting frosts of the north country. Another contrast was that the men of the tribe were much taller than the ordinary Eskimos, the average height being about five feet ten inches.

After centuries of intercourse with the white man the ordinary Eskimo has come to adopt many of the habits of civilization. He uses the most up-to-date repeating rifles, which he trades for furs captured during the winter. But these blonde Eskimos had only the prim-

itive bow and arrows and household implements which were in use all over the continent before the coming of the Hudson's Bay company.

"The fact that the blonde Eskimos had never come in contact with even the other natives of the nearby country," Deschanbeault said, "was evidenced by the fact that our interpreter had the utmost difficulty in making them understand anything, and we were quite unable to obtain anything like a comprehensive account of their history or their folk lore.

"The natives simply stared at us in open eyed astonishment and fingered our rifles, our clothes, and in fact the whole of our outfit, with a sort of reverent wonder."

When Deschanbeault and his companions came upon the encampment in the late summer of 1911 they found the Eskimos in a state of high glee. A record catch of fish had just been made, and, after having gorged themselves, chiefly with raw fish, the natives were proceeding to dry the catch and preserve it for winter use. The fish were roughly cleaned with bone knives, and dried by means of sun and smoke.

"The ordinary Eskimo tribes have in most cases adopted the tepee of the Indian for summer use, but the blonde Eskimos did not appear to have sufficient intelligence to make use of the natural opportunities of the country. They lived in skin tents, but while skins were abundant it never appeared to have occurred to them that they could make the tents of a sufficient height to enable them to live in them in comfort. The tepees were formed after the fashion of the igloo or ice hut which the Eskimo uses in winter, and were so low that a man had to crawl into them on his hands and knees, and it was impossible to remain in anything but a crouching position."

Deschanbeault estimates there are fully 300 men, women and children in the tribe. He learned there are several larger tribes on the shore of the Arctic ocean. However, no information as to the location of these people could be obtained from the natives, as they have only the vaguest idea of distance.

The tourist traffic this year over the Great Lakes between Sarnia, Ont. and Fort William, Ont. by the northern Navigation Company's Steamers (Grand Trunk Route) has been exceptionally heavy, in fact the big steamships of this line have been leaving port each trip with their full complement of passengers.

The route is a popular one and has become well known for its exceptionally good service. This is apparent by the many unsolicited letters that reach Grand Trunk headquarters from time to time from patrons who have taken the

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trip. An abstract from one of these letters written by a gentleman who has travelled the world over, reads as follows:

"We returned a few days since from one of the most enjoyable trips of our lives, having made the journey from Collingwood through the North Channel of the Georgian Bay to the Sault and on to Fort William, returning to Sarnia. We were charmed with the steamship Huronic and all we found while on board that good ship, which is an admirable floating hotel, the officers all that we could wish and the food, cooking and service beyond reproach."

Caribou, mountain sheep, ptarmigan, rabbits, and other game are plentiful near the new gold diggings on the Shushanna slope, 200 miles westerly from Dawson, according to E. J. Woodman of Vancouver, B. C., "The Beaver lakes and Beaver creek are full of fish" he was reported as saying, "but no one, whether hunter or prospector, should attempt to go there without horses, as it is a long and arduous trip after leaving the head of navigation, and one cannot much more than get in and out with a big outfit. No one there is prepared to supply anyone else."

The United States Department of Agriculture has recently issued an up to date directory of officials and organizations concerned with the protection of birds and game. The object of the directory is to present in convenient form the names of persons to whom application may be made for information respecting game laws. The list includes along with the various State and National organizations for the protection of birds and game information concerning Canadian Provincial organizations of similar character.

In Alberta these matters come under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture and Alberta's Chief Game Guardian is Benjamin Lawton of Edmonton, Alta.

British Columbia's Provincial Game Warden is A. Bryan Williams of Vancouver, B. C.

Manitoba's Chief Game Guardian is Charles Barber, Winnipeg, Man.

In New Brunswick there are four chief fishery, game and fire wardens, as follows: District No. 1, Dennis Doyle, Newcastle, District No. 2, A. E. O'Leary, Richibucto, District No. 3, W. J. Dean, Musquash, District No. 4, John McGibbon, St. Stephen, with S. U. Mc Cully, Chatham as Overseer of Fisheries.

Newfoundland has a department of Marine and Fisheries and a Game and Inland Fisheries Board of which the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, A. W. Piccott, St. John's, Nfd., is the president.

Novia Scotia has a board of Game Commissioners of which J. A. Knight, K. C., St. Paul Building, Halifax, is Chief Game Commissioner.

In Ontario the Department of Public Works has a Game and Fisheries Branch and a Superintendent of Game and Fisheries, Edwin Tinsley, Parliament Buildings, Toronto

E. T. Carbonell 33 Brighton Ave. Charlottetown, is Game Inspector for Prince Edward Island.

Quebec has a Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, the general superintendent of fisheries and game being Hector Caron, Quebec, P. Q. while E. T. D. Chambers at the same address is special (expert) officer.

The Department of Agriculture looks after the fish and game interests of Saskatchewan and Fred Bradshaw is acting Chief Game Guardian, his address being Regina, Sask.

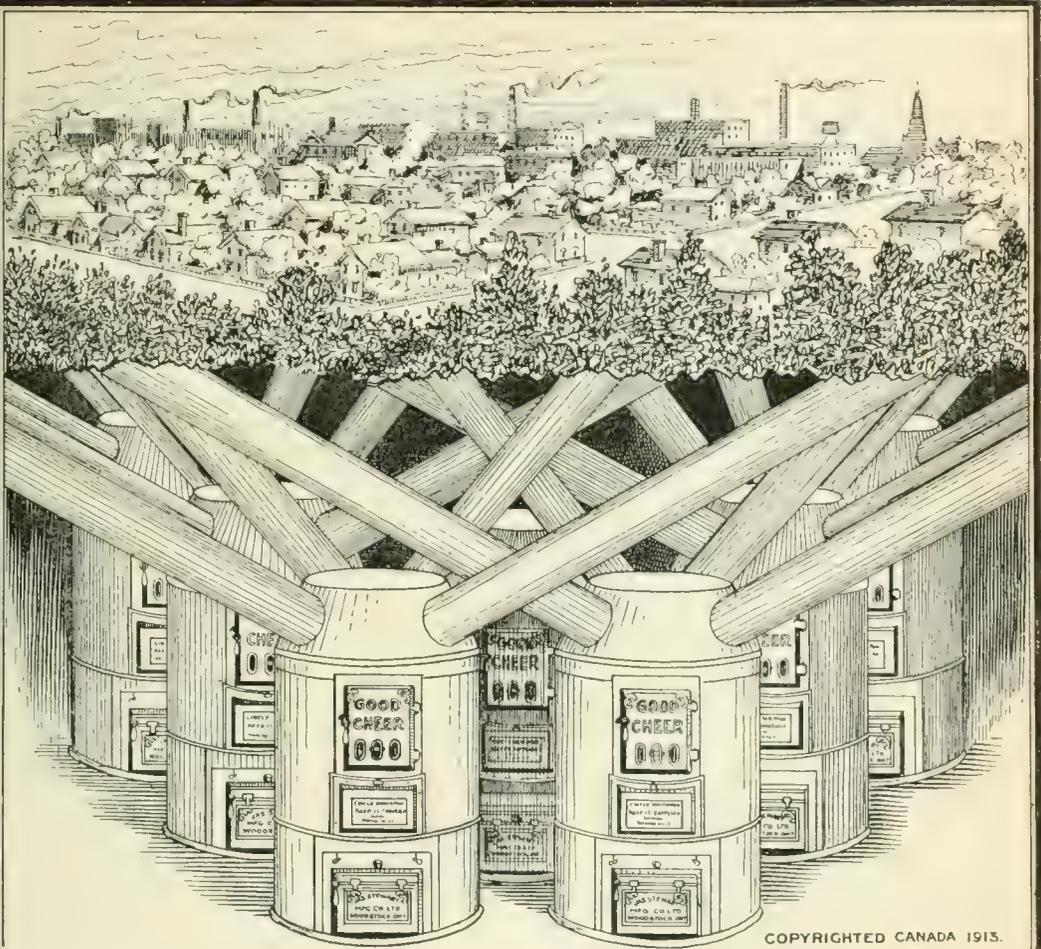
One of the finest catches of bass taken from the bay this season, says a Belleville despatch, was brought in by a party consisting of Messrs Bert. Naylor and Robert Maginn of Rochester and Harry Day, Fred. Meghler, Tim Sullivan and Ned Naylor, of Belleville. The catch consisted of 25 fine black bass, a number in the two and three pound classes. The time occupied in landing the prizes was about five hours.

The Canadian Pacific Railway have recently ordered a motor life boat for their S. S. Princess McQuinna which operates in the coast trading on the West coast of Vancouver Island, which is considered a very treacherous body of water. This boat the Hinton Electric Company of Victoria, B. C. by whom the order was received, are equipping with a Kermath engine, which they consider absolutely dependable.

Every day will be Friday by and by if the Fisheries Department of the Dominion Government accomplish the object of their exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition held at Toronto this year. This exhibit was intended to show the people of inland Canada what they were missing in not using salt water fish as a steady diet. It showed the various varieties of the finny tribe, and just how each should be cooked to become a delicacy. The Department spent ten thousand dollars on this exhibit, which was one of the most interesting exhibits of the Fair.

Two citizens of Parry Sound were charged before the magistrate with dynamiting a lake in which fish were plentiful, and were fined fifty dollars and costs each.

After several exciting days fully occupied in dodging its pursuers a seal which had wandered up the St. Lawrence for two thousand miles finally fell a victim to an oar in the hands of John Craig, a foreman employed on Bickerdike Pier. Craig was coming home from work in a boat rowed by Pat Nolan, one of his workmen, when they saw the animal floating on a plank near Windmill Point. According to Craig, the men whistled until they got close to the seal, which seemed to enjoy the harmony and showed no fear. "I heard", said Craig, "that if you whistled the seal would stay still and listen and bob its head up to hear better. So we did. I just hit it a little tap on the ear and we nabbed it. It was hardly hurt at all."



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The animal is nearly five feet long and weighs about a hundred and fifty pounds. Its coloring is unusual being a silver grey.

A. A. Ferguson, who lives near Zealand, in North Frontenac county, Ont., had a sensational fight with a large she-bear while on his way through the woods to his cattle ranch. He carried an axe, knowing that bears had been prowling about. On turning around he found himself face to face with the bear, which had silently crept to within three yards of him. Quite a contest followed, Mr. Ferguson wielding his axe and keeping the animal off. His shouts for help brought James Parks to his assistance, and as the latter came up the bear fled. Mr. Parks killed three of the bear's cubs which had taken refuge in trees. Bears in that vicinity had been doing a great deal of damage.

At the age of eighty years Mr. Edwin Tinsley, Superintendent of Game and Fisheries is still one of the active men about the Parliament Buildings, in Toronto, and one of the most popular. He has served under two governments and three premiers, having first come into the service in 1895. At the age of sixty-five he was a retired Grand Trunk engineer, previous to that time having been engaged as engineer on the old Great Western, before that company was absorbed by the Grand Trunk. Immediately upon retiring from the railway employ Mr. Tinsley went into the department of game as chief game warden, and held that position until the amalgamation of the departments of game and fisheries. He was then promoted to the position of superintendent, to succeed S. T. Bastedo, who went to Ottawa as superintendent of annuities.

Mr. Tinsley has held the appointment since with scarcely a day of sickness. He has the appearance of being a much younger man than he is, and his regularity of office attendance speaks much for his hardihood. The superintendent is not without his fads. At one time he was a well-known athlete, and still keeps up his interest in athletic events. Later on he took up the pastime of rifle shooting, while his latest fad is that of a dog fancier. Gordon setters come in for his greatest interest.

Though holding a position in Toronto for eighteen years, Mr. Tinsley has ever made his home in Hamilton, travelling between the two cities each morning and night.

The first skunk seen on the island of Montreal in many years was killed at Blue Bonnets some weeks ago. The rare animal was the object of much excitement, and a regular "chase" until it sought shelter under the verandah of Mr. Hugh Cameron's house, where it met its untimely or otherwise end.

Passengers on the passing trains and street cars half a mile distant, as late as Saturday morning had to employ their handkerchiefs in an effort to thwart the penetrating perfume which filled the air.

On Sept. 17th the steamship Vladimir Reitz put into St. John's, Nfld., with a four-

foot hole in her bow, caused by having struck a whale. The whale was seen approaching the steamer at great speed, but it was impossible to alter the ship's course to prevent a collision. The whale sank, and is believed to have been killed. The cargo was discharged to permit repairs.

Mr. W. B. Elliott of Wingham was appointed by the Government game warden for the Province of Ontario.

Engine one hundred and thirty-five pulling the Cobalt Special was ditched at mileage eighty-nine, when it struck a large bull moose. Traffic was delayed only thirty-five minutes while the pony trucks of the engine which were derailed were placed back on the track.

The moose started across the right of way on the west side of the tracks about a hundred feet in front of the engine. After crossing to the east side of the track, it turned back and attempted to recross the rails. Engineer Lou Shaw put on the emergency brakes, but not in time as the moose was struck and ground under the wheels. The pony trucks were derailed, while the train was brought to a quick stop as the carcass had passed under the engine and tender wheels and become wedged under the baggage car.

The train was in charge of Conductor H. Graham and when he found the trouble it was necessary to call the assistance of several passengers to pull the carcass from under the baggage car where it was wedged.

The moose was an exceptionally large specimen of the king of the northern forests and Engineer Shaw and Conductor Graham claim it was the largest that either has seen in the north country. It weighed between seventeen hundred and eighteen hundred pounds. The head was severed, while the horns were badly broken, and the body was ground to pieces under the heavy wheels of the engine.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. have issued their booklet of Game Laws for 1913. This pamphlet contains a summary of the more important features of the new legislation, a brief synopsis of the new game laws enacted in each State and Province and a series of tables showing the provisions relating to seasons, export, sale, limits, and licenses.

Benjamin Lawton, of Edmonton, Chief Game Warden of Alberta is reported as having stated that prairie chicken and partridge shooting for 1913 would be well up to the records of previous years, as in many districts they were reported in great numbers. From reports received the Chief Game Warden judged that all game birds were in splendid condition, while deer and big game, it was expected, would be just as plentiful as in any previous year.

A good story is told in Calgary of a well known lawyer who went duck shooting one Saturday during the season. He brought off a splendid shot at a rocket and the bird, a



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**Steel Fishing Rods**

For fifteen cents we will mail you, prepaid, the new  
**1914 "BRISTOL" CALENDAR**

The illustration below does poor justice to this beautiful calendar which is a reproduction in full color of the painting entitled "The Last Struggle" by Philip R. Goodwin, acknowledged to be the finest painter of the outdoor scenes most pleasing to sportsmen.



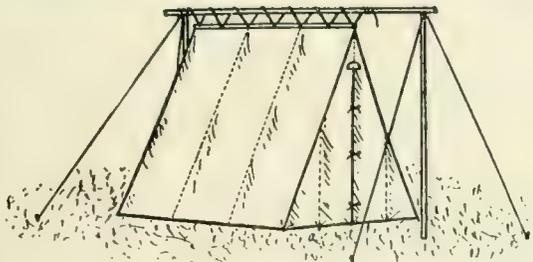
The calendar measures about 16½ x 30 inches; and will make a handsome and useful decoration for the home, den or camp.

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large mallard, dropped into the lake. Being without a dog, he had either to leave the bird or wade. Nothing daunted by the cold look of the water, he waded out, well above the knees, and returned with his prize, accompanied by the hearty cheers of a number of hunters who recognized the eminent wearer of silk.

Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries made a trip of inspection of the fisheries, at Prince Rupert, on the Skeena and Fraser rivers, and on the Queen Charlotte Islands.

Hon. Mr. Hazen said that on his return from Dawson City he had stopped off at the Fraser river, where the salmon fishing was at its height, and that there was a heavier run of fish this year than had occurred for sixteen years.

Two bushels of rice for seeding purposes was allotted by the department at Ottawa to the Haileybury Board of Trade for planting in lakes in the immediate vicinity of Moose Lake which is situated west of the town.

During the past two years a similar quantity was received and planted in Moose Lake where it has grown extensively along the low shore on one side of the lake. In a few years local sportsmen expect these lakes to be a good breeding place for wild ducks and geese.

An immense turtle was caught at Erieau, Ont., recently off the far pier. The turtle was hooked on an ordinary line and put up a great fight ere captured in a net. It measured thirty eight inches by thirty-two inches.

Ontario bush fires this summer drove many wild animals into the open country and therefore settlers came across them in parts they do not usually frequent. Mr. George Page, Superintendent of the town's power plant at Ragged Rapids, Ont., met a bear three or four miles below the Ragged Rapids and killed it the first shot with a twenty-two calibre rifle, the only weapon he had with him. The bullet went through the animal's heart and lungs. Mr. Page showed considerable courage to attack a bear with so small a weapon. Bruin weighed one hundred and ninety-eight pounds.

Mr. Strachan, in charge of the Government work on the Severn, shot a cub weighing one hundred pounds.

Under date of Sept. 12, a Brockville despatch credits the record for maskinonge fishing in that portion of the St. Lawrence to Wm. Foster and his son, Charles, who landed a fine specimen off the shoals at American Island, which tipped the scales at forty-two and a half pounds. It measured four feet long.

Alfred Diver, prospector, while inspecting the formations in the southern part of Playfair Township, Nipissing, Ont., had a narrow escape from a large bear which he had recklessly attacked with a twenty-two calibre rifle.

Diver came across the bear in a heavy bush undergrowth and at close quarters fired his first shot, which took effect above the eye, stun-

ning the bear. Then thinking the bear dead, Diver knelt beside it and was feeling the fur when the bear came to and turned on him. Diver's clothes were completely torn from his body. However, managing to tear himself loose, he was able to retreat with nothing more than a few flesh wounds on his arms and legs. In the future Diver has decided never to hunt bear unless provided with a pair of lineman's climbers.

There was a general exodus from Calgary on the last day of August of sportsmen en route for duck shooting grounds. Never before in the history of the province, it is said, has such keenness been evinced by Calgary sportsmen. The majority of the shooters went east from the city in the Strathmore and Langdon districts. During the week of the twenty-third—duck shooting in Alberta opened on the twenty-third of August—a number of nimrods were out shooting but for the most part reported the ducks very cunning and hard to secure. Among them was Sheriff Graham who shot at Langdon. He complained that a number of sportsmen used rifles to raise the birds, which were too far out for ordinary gun shooting. Discussing this matter he said: "The practice of shooting at ducks for the purpose of causing flight should be discontinued. Several bullets spent themselves within a few feet of where I was standing, and I feel sure that if the persons handling the rifles had considered the danger of this practice, they would not have been guilty of such conduct."

When it is remembered that a twenty-two bullet will ricoche from the water and then travel a considerable distance and will then probably find a billet in some hunter most sportsmen will agree that this is a dangerous practice.

Canada's fish catch this year promises to be the greatest in the history of the country, and incidentally the Dominion is becoming a great fish exporting country.

During the month of August half a million dollars worth of fish was handled in the port of Prince Rupert. The salmon weighed eight million, four hundred and eighteen thousand pounds and there were a million pounds of halibut.

If Mr. James R. Innes, Secretary of the Fish and Game Protection Society of the Province of Quebec, has his way, there will be no more hunting deer with dogs after this season.

As it is now, hunters have a right to use dogs from the twentieth to the thirtieth of October.

Not satisfied with this, however, the dogs brought in for these ten days are usually kept in weeks after that, and used as long and as often as it can be done without being caught by the game wardens.

A despatch from Clinton, Ont., says partridge are plentiful this year and a good season's shooting is expected in that locality. The open season is from October fifteen to November fifteen.



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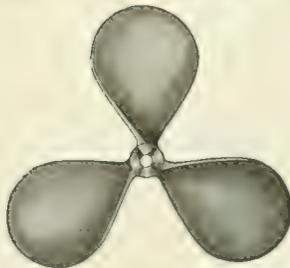
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**Montreal, Canada**

An American oyster dredge has been purchased and transferred to Canadian registry by one of the largest companies engaged in developing the oyster areas of Prince Edward Island. The dredge is equipped with a thirty-six-horsepower gasoline engine, is forty-three feet long, fifteen feet wide, and has a draft of four feet, eight inches. The two grapnels have a capacity of five bushels each, and the total capacity of the vessel is seven hundred bushels.

"The fifth generation of descendants from a single female oyster, would make more than eight worlds as large as the earth, even if each female only laid one brood of eggs."

The above startling quotation from W. K. Brooks, a great American biologist, appears at first sight incredible. It is merely a matter of mathematical computation, however, and is fairly conservative. Brooks estimated the average number of eggs spawned by a single oyster to be sixteen millions. Other investigators have given higher figures. Assuming half of these to be females, the number of oysters in the fifth generation would be 8,000,000, multiplied by itself five times. A moment's attempt at imagining this inconceivable sum will show that Brooks' surprising statement is not far wide of the truth.

This marvellous fecundity of the oyster and other living things is a great natural force that man should turn to account. Its primal purpose is to balance the enormous mortality among the lower orders of organized beings. If man betters the chances of survival of useful animals and plants, propagation will immediately increase in response to the improved environment. It is as though, in some great machine, one were to reduce the friction and devote the energy, previously devoted to overcoming it, to increasing the efficiency of the engine. As much force is liberated in any case, but, by wise regulation, a greater proportion may be profitably utilized.

The propensity of goats for eating the leaves and twigs of small bushes suggests that they would be very useful for cleaning out scrub and reducing otherwise waste land to good pasture for other animals. This expedient has been practised in Iowa and some other States with marked success. Saplings too big for the goats to reach the tops may be felled, although they will stand on their hindlegs and reach up five feet or more in their efforts to get at the leaves. Fields infested with hard-hack and stout herbs may be cleaned out by pasturing goats on them. No trouble will be experienced from having sheep or cattle in the same enclosure.

Steep, rocky hillsides, or stony places where there is considerable browse, may be turned into permanent goat pastures. Goats are often more suitable than sheep in such situations, not only because they will thrive on food that sheep would reject, but also because they are far more pugnacious and better able to defend themselves against dogs, coyotes, and other predatory animals.

Goats are valuable for their mohair, skins, meat and milk. The best breed for mohair is

the Angora; for milch purposes, the Swiss breeds can be recommended. They can withstand considerable variations in temperature, and will thrive in a variety of situations, but are sensitive to damp. The kids are delicate for a few days after being born, and need the same care as lambs. A flock of goats need intelligent management, but they will well repay the attention they require at certain seasons. When the indirect profit derived from the destruction of scrub, or from the turning of otherwise worthless land to account, is considered, they may be looked upon as by no means the least profitable of our domestic animals.

Hundreds of sportsmen in Edmonton were out bright and early the morning of August 23, when the duck season opened in Alberta and good bags were made by many. Mayor William Short, K. C., who was accompanied to the Tofield feeding grounds by George M. Hall, industrial commissioner, and a guide, brought home a string of beauties. The first accident of the season occurred when Earl Samis, eighteen years of age, lost his right arm above the elbow on August 23, near the village of Namao, eighteen miles north of Edmonton. Samis was in a boat with two young men when they came to a flock of ducks. He reached for the gun, barrel foremost. The trigger caught in an obstruction and the cartridge exploded with the foregoing result.

Mr. H. A. Preston of Massey, Northern Ontario, writes condemning the carelessness that is often responsible for the spread of destructive forest fires and suggesting that the Government be more strict in enforcing the law prohibiting settlers setting fires during the months of June, July and August." A man is punished who shoots five or six partridges in July but the man who through negligence causes a big forest fire which destroys thousands of young partridges, is allowed to go unscathed, complains our correspondent.

"I can take you, within five minutes' walk of my own door," says Mr. Preston, "to a place where I used to hear the partridges every day I passed. Just when the eggs were laid a farmer set fire to a lot of bush in the vicinity of his farm and to-day there is not a sound or a sign of these birds." Territory which will never be of value for farming districts on account of the prevalence of rock but which makes excellent breeding ground for partridges and other birds and animals who find shelter in the moss and trees that grow thereabouts, is rendered desolate and uninhabited by the fires that sweep over it."

Mr. Con. Young, insurance agent, well known in Lindsay, while holidaying at Loon Lake, had the good fortune to shoot a black bear that tipped the scales at two hundred and thirty-five pounds. Mr. Young, who was a guest at the Kennedy Lodge, on Loon Lake, saw the bear in the neighborhood of the house, and returned to get a rifle. Mr Bruin was still in sight when he got back, and he succeeded in toppling the big fellow over.

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# VICKERMAN'S Grey Cheviots

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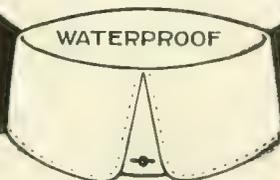
They have the same dull finish, texture and fit as the best linen collar, and won't wilt or crack. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth.

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If your dealer doesn't sell "Challenge" Brand send us 25c. for collar or 50c. for pair of cuffs. You'll be delighted.

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The hunting season will soon be here, and if you're wise—when you go on that Hunting Trip—you'll take with you a pair of

## Palmer's Moose Head Brand Sporting Boots

The illustration shows our Knee High Waterproof Sporting Boot. It is made with flexible sewed sole, also with full sole leather sole, with or without Hungarian nails. It is also made in 7, 10 and 14 inches. For Men, Women and Boys.

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Manufacturers of  
Moose Head Brand  
Water-proof  
Footwear

Mr. P. O'Reilly of Campbell River, B. C. sends us a clipping from the Vancouver Province which has to do with a huge salmon which was displayed in the window of a sporting goods store in Vancouver some time ago, the fish having been caught in Campbell River. It was a tye salmon, fifty one and a half inches long and turned the scales at sixty-seven and a half pounds, and was captured with a hook and line. "This will give your readers some idea of what kind of salmon are caught at the mouth of the Campbell River," says Mr. O'Reilly.

Ontario game law wardens have been instructed to keep a sharp look-out for the meanest of all sports, known as the "pot hunters," whose mode of hunting is with bag and ferret. The ferret is put down a rabbit hole at one end, and the "potter" stands over the other exit with a bag covering the hole. The instant the rabbit scents the ferret it runs for its life to get away. The animal lands in the bag, and is caught by the would-be sport and is hit over the head and killed. An all round good sport will use his ferret to start his rabbit and give him a chance for his life in the open, and if Mr. Bunnie escapes the lead pellets from the breech-loader he is a free nigger.

Dr. William Wakeham, of Gaspé, commanding officer of the fisheries patrol boat Princess, and inspector of fisheries for the district embracing treaty waters, has been nominated by the Canadian Government under the terms of an agreement of July 20, 1912, between Great Britain and the United States regarding regulation and bays, following the decision of the Hague Tribunal of Sept. 7, 1910, as their

representative on a commission to be known as the Permanent Mixed Fishery Commission. This commission is appointed for five years, and will sit only when there is any disagreement between the United States and Canada as to the reasonableness of any regulation made concerning fisheries in treaty waters by either country. The members of the commission now are Dr. P. P. Hoeck, of the International Fisheries Congress, Holland, acting as chairman; Dr. Hugh Smith, representing the United States; and Dr. Wakeham, representing Canada. None of the members of the commission will receive a salary.

Section 4 of Article 1 of the agreement of July 20, 1912, between Great Britain and the United States provides that a permanent mixed fishery commission for Canada and Newfoundland shall be established for the decision of such questions as to the reasonableness of future regulations as contemplated by Article 4 of the special agreement of Jan. 27, 1909. According to the terms the commission was to consist of an expert "national" appointed by each party for five years, and the third member was not to be a "national" of either party. Failing an agreement to decide upon a chairman by the two representatives he was to be nominated by the Queen of the Netherlands.

As the parties representing Canada and the United States could not decide upon a chairman Dr. Hoeck was appointed by the Queen of the Netherlands. Dr. Wakeham, the Canadian representative, has been in the department for thirty years, and thoroughly understands the fisheries situation, more especially as regards treaty waters.

## Notes on Foxes and Other Fur Bearers

A newspaper at Whitehorse Y. T. comments on the continued capture of young foxes in the Yukon, as follows:

"Fox farming is becoming so popular and profitable that there is danger of the source of supply being depleted. The wholesale capture of young foxes that is being practiced in the Yukon at present will, if allowed to continue soon destroy the fox industry in the territory. All colours and grades are being taken, regardless of value. Legislation is needed badly; otherwise there will be no foxes to take within a very few years. November, December, January, February and March should constitute the open season for foxes and the balance of the year they should be immune from capture. The fox industry in this territory is a big one, but it will not last long if the young ones are captured before they are two months old.

George Willett, a trapper at Athabasca, is reported as having sold eight fox whelps, two pure black and six crosses for \$10,000 to W. W. Elliott, agent in Edmonton for a Prince Edward Island breeding firm not long ago. The pups were caught by Indians and half breeds 400 miles northwest of Edmonton.

A. G. Desere, a homesteader in the Grouard district, at the head of Lesser Slave Lake, sold two black and four cross pups for \$3,190 to M. W. Wharton, representing a fox farm at Charlottetown, P. E. I. Desere sold \$19,190 worth of foxes this season. The first consignment of 18 brought \$11,800; the second of 15 netted \$4,200 and the third, as noted, was worth \$3,190. The Peace River Trading company at Athabasca, Alta., received one black, one silver and four crosses, on August 23, from the Peace River Crossing district. The mother of the four crosses, a fine silver fox, was killed when the pups were caught.

One hundred thousand dollars is the authorized capitalization of the Pioneer Black Fox Company, Limited, incorporated under the laws of Alberta, to operate fox ranches in the province. The incorporators are Frederic M. Lee, a director of the Edmonton Silver Black Fox Company, incorporated for \$370,000; E. S. McQuaid, barrister, and Dr. Edgar W. Alin. Mr. Lee will be managing director of the company.

"We have five pairs of pure black foxes," Mr. Lee announced, "and a ranch has been

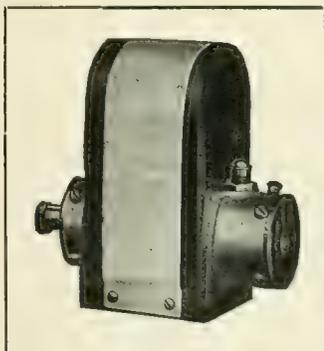
# A \$3.50 Recipe Free For Men

We have in our possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, that has cured many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that we think every man who wishes to regain his power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. We have determined to send a copy of the prescription in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and we are convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood ever put together.

We think we owe it to our fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man who is weak and discouraged may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what we believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, remedy ever devised, and cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop us a line like this: Interstate Remedy Co. 4343 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain envelope. Many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for the writing of a prescription like this.

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### The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd.

Montreal, St. John, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg,  
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established at Lacombe. We shall breed solely from northern foxes.

"In addition to breeding foxes we are planning to deal in animals brought down from the northern country. The climate of Alberta is admirably suited to fox breeding and there is every reason to believe the industry will be a success.

The highest price ever paid at the London sales for a silver fox skin was \$2,900, says "Conservation," a paper published monthly for eight months of the year by the Commission of Conservation, Ottawa. The next highest was \$2,700, and a half dozen have sold for \$2,500 or more. At the present time, the average price is around \$200, though the best ranch foxes will bring about \$1,200.

I. W. Charles, who made a record trip on a raft from Hudson's Hope to Peace River Crossing, covering the river journey in 60 hours, said in Edmonton on August 25 that the outlook was good for all kinds of furs. C. H. Walker, manager of the Hudson's Bay Company at Grouard, also reported that fur-bearing animals were plentiful in that district. A. Howland of Edmonton, district auditor of the Hudson's Bay Company, on his return from a trip of seven months to the companies posts, including Fort St. John, Hudson's Hope and Smith's Landing, reported that prospects were good for a highly profitable fur season in the far north country.

Guarded as so much gold, A. T. Munroe, arrived in Calgary this summer, bringing with him five small female pure black foxes, which he captured in the Athabasca country and valued at \$1,500 each. He was offered a lump sum of \$7,500 for the five by an eastern syndicate who intended breeding the animals for their skins.

The sensational price received by Mr. Munroe for the valuable animals, and standing prices quoted by eastern syndicates for live female black or silver foxes, precipitated a rush of fox hunters to the northern wilds where these creatures live. To capture them alive is a task that tries the skill of even the most clever hunter, for not only are they extremely scarce but very timid and cunning. While many have spent days and weeks in the chase of these animals, but few return with the sought-for prize.

Mr. Munroe, whose foxes were all puppies, made his capture through means of a clever piece of strategy. For days and weeks he stalked the mother fox hoping to track her to her den. His chase ended every night where it began, with the mother fox, still master of the situation. One day however, he managed to get near enough for a shot and being an expert with the rifle managed to inflict only a slight wound. By the trail of blood he tracked the fox to her den, and there found the five little puppies.

At Strathroy, Ont. J. H. Downham, who resides there, in July last sold a pair of young black foxes, which he raised, on his farm, to Borrowman Bros., of Wyoming, for \$9,000.

The Borrowmans have big contracts to fill and lost many of this season's puppies.

C. R. Webb of North Battleford Sask. went to Prince Edward Island this summer taking with him thirteen young foxes. There were two black, three silver greys and eight crosses and were worth \$5,000. Mr. Webb is president of the Northern Fur and Hide Co., and he brought these kits in from three hundred and fifty miles north, where his trappers had many more in sight.

Seven hundred and fifty-one live foxes, valued at more than \$600,000, have been trapped or dug out of their nests in the fur districts north of Edmonton, since the beginning of the season. The highest price paid for a pair of black foxes is \$20,000.

The animals were bought by C. J. Fleming, of St. John, N. B., from a half breed Indian trapper at Lac la Biche. T. J. McMann, of Edmonton, recently sold 51 fox whelps, all colors, for \$26,000, to James A. Kane, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has fox farms in New York and Pennsylvania.

The exportation of live foxes has become so active in Northern Alberta that Benjamin Lawton, chief game warden, has been requested by the Provincial Government to recommend a closed season, the same as there is for other fur bearing animals. This new law would prohibit the capture of foxes and whelps during the breeding season.

By far the biggest shipment of live foxes ever sent down from the north arrived at Vancouver in August last from Alaska for shipment to St. John, N. B. and Prince Edward Island, where they will be placed on fox breeding farms. Although all pups, they were worth a fortune, their value being placed at \$40,000. One pair of fine black foxes in the lot would, it was said, be worth \$10,000 when full grown. They were caught by trappers and Indians in the far north. The lot included black, silver tip and red foxes.

It is reported that a good many of this season's fox pups bred on fox ranches in Prince Edward Island have died of tuberculosis.

P. M. B. in "Conservation" has the following to say as to the future of fur farming in Canada:

Much has been heard respecting the fabulous prices paid for silver-fox skins, and, stimulated by the hope of big profits, many companies have gone into the business of farming foxes.

Now, the value of a silver-fox pelt is largely subjective. Its cold-excluding power and its wearing qualities are not any greater than those of an ordinary dog-skin. The fox fur is more beautiful, but beauty alone cannot account for the great difference in price. The high price of the fox is due to its rarity, and its rarity is prized because it pleases the vanity of the wearer to display something that ordinary people cannot afford. At the present time, therefore, fur-farming merely panders to the luxurious tastes of a few rich people. Society as a whole would be little the poorer

# Clark's Camp Delicacies

## VARY YOUR DIET



when in camp or on hunting trips. There is nothing easier. CLARK'S have the assortment you need.

Beef Steak and Onions, Irish Stew, Boneless Chicken, Pig's Feet, English Brawn, Jellied Veal, Cambridge Sausage, Tongues and Potted Meats in tins or glass, Soups in all varieties, Etc.



## AND DON'T FORGET

# Clark's Pork and Beans

W. CLARK,

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MONTREAL

# Specially Appointed Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers

## To His Majesty King George V.

### PRICES OF TWO USEFUL TROUT OUTFITS

(1) 9 to 12 ft. cane built Trout or Bass Rod, 3 piece, 2 tops, pat. lockfast joints, cork handle, improved fittings, agate butt and end rings—£4.19.0 or \$24.11. 33-8 contracted "Perfect" Reel with Agate Line Guard £2, or \$9.74. Double Taper "Corona" Line 35 yards, 15|- or \$3.65. In all \$37.50.

(2) 9 to 12 ft. cane built 2 piece "Perfection" Trout or Bass Rod, suction joint agate butt end rings, cork handle with pat. Screw grip, £3.2.6 or \$15.22. 3 3-8 "Unique" Reel 18|6 or \$1.50. 30 yds. D. T. Tournament line 8|6 or \$2.7. In all \$21.79.

SEND CASH COVERING ORDER, BALANCE CAN BE ADJUSTED.

CATALOGUE 1912—300 flies in color FREE

THE GREATEST FISHING ROD AND TACKLE MAKERS IN EUROPE  
51 Gold and other medals

Illustration shows handle of one of our celebrated cane built rods. The hand cannot come against metal work. The reel fitting is our Pat. "Screw Grip" The reel is one of our "Perfect" ball bearing agate line guard regulating check reels, 3 3-8 Diam.



# Hardy Bros. Ltd., Alnwick, England

if every silver-fox ranch went bankrupt tomorrow.

Is this to be the future of the industry? Or will the fur-farmers, once the boom is over, settle down to the prosaic business of providing common furs for people of moderate means? Not till this comes to pass will fur-farming take rank with other occupations that furnish us with staple articles of clothing. It can never become as important or as fundamental as sheep-raising or cotton-growing, but it should certainly take as high a place in the world's economy as rearing silkworms. The enterprising breeder of "silvers" is entitled to make all the money he can, but the keeping of animals for fur will be more of a national asset and will be on a more permanent basis when we hear less about five thousand dollar foxes and more about five dollar raccoons.

Messrs. Cormack and Mackie, solicitors for the Edmonton Silver Black Fox Company, which was organized recently under the laws of Alberta with an authorized capital stock of three hundred and seventy thousand dollars, to operate a fox ranch in Waldermere, a suburb of Edmonton, have drafted a measure, to be submitted at the session of the provincial legislature this fall, to prohibit the exporta-

tion of live foxes until they have been kept at least a year on a ranch within the province. J. Leonard Paul, organizer of the company, said that the measure, if enacted, will do more than anything else to put the live fox industry in Alberta on a sound and permanent basis. At present, northern foxes bring a much lower price than ranch bred animals.

A black female fox, valued at four thousand dollars, escaped from the ranch of T. L. Borrowman & Sons, Wyoming, Ont. The animal was imported from Newfoundland, where it was trapped last spring.

The following is a copy of a letter received from Prince Edward Island showing the popularity with which Dr. Croft's book is being received.

Montague, P. E. I

Rod and Gun Press;

Woodstock, Ontario.

Dear Sirs:—

Received a copy of "The Culture of Black and Silves' Foxes" by Croft. Please quote best price of one lot of ten and another lot of twenty-five copies, cash with order.

Respectfully yours,

L. M. McKinnon.

## Two and a Half Hours' Catch at Lake Wabamun



The party in the accompanying picture, which was sent us by Mr. J. N. Hoover of Edmonton, consisted of nine Edmontonians, several of whom are from Southern Ontario. They went to Wabamun, a beautiful lake forty-five miles west of Edmonton, some fourteen miles long and from one to four miles wide and getting up at the call of the myriads of water fowl for which Alberta is widely known, commenced trolling their lines. In little more than two and one half hours they had secured 173 pike, varying in length from two to two and a half feet.

*"The Winter, the brightness that blinds you,  
The white land locked tight as a drum,  
The cold that follows and finds you,  
The silence that bludgeons you dumb,  
The snows that are older than history,  
The woods where the weird shadows slant,  
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,  
I've bade them good-bye—but I can't."*

ROBT. W. SERVICE

You have felt the fascination of the Winter, a desire to get out and roam at will through snow-clad rivers and ice-bound lakes. Then why not gratify that perfectly natural longing of a healthy man: "hitch yourself to a pair of

# "STARR"

## Hockey Skates

and strike out."

"Starr" Skates are strong, firmly braced, flexible—real friends to the Sportsman—they are especially tempered and welded and keep their cutting edge through the whole season.

They are made in all styles and at all prices.

*All "Starr" Skates are unconditionally guaranteed, and are equally good for artificial or natural ice.*

The Skate shown below is the "Starr" Regal Featherweight. It is the fastest skate in the world—graceful, light and strong, and reasonably priced.

Hitch yourself to a "Starr" and enjoy Winter life.

Manufactured by the

**STARR MFG. CO. LTD.**

**DARTMOUTH**

**N. S.**

Branch, 122 Wellington St. W.  
Toronto

Write for illustrated catalog.





# THE TRAP



Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.

## TOURNAMENT DATES

December 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.—Grand International Registered Shoot at St. Thomas. Three days Blue Rocks, Two days Live Birds.

### The St. Thomas Tournament Program

"We are mailing you to-day," writes Mr. W. J. McCance, Manager of the St. Thomas Gun Club, "a copy of our 1913 program. About November first we shall be mailing about three thousand of these to shooters. You will note that our target events are twenty bird events, class system, division of money 30, 25, 25, 20%. These twenty bird events and this division of money seem to suit the shooters everywhere and they all say that this is the proper division of money as all our events are for twenty birds.

"You will also notice that each day of the targets we are giving away a Trap Gun, a Gold Watch and a Walrus Club-bag as high average prizes and \$10. in gold for the high gun in three days.

"We are offering as well, special inducements to bring out the lady shooters and are making special preparations for their comfort. We have had several enquiries from lady shooters for programs and are giving a \$50 gold watch for high average and a handsome lady's umbrella for second high average. The ladies are eligible for all events and prizes in the program.

"Up to date we have booked some twenty-odd professional men from the States. As there are always three times as many shooters from the States as there are professional men this should mean about 100 shooters from there."

### St. Hubert Gun Club.

At a weekly shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club, George Easdale of the Ketchum company, won the club spoon. There was a strong wind from the west blowing across the grounds making high scores very hard. Scores:—

Dr. T. G. Smith	25	25	50
Geo. Easdale	19	22	41
V. V. Rogers	19	21	40
W. Cameron	16	22	38
W. C. Little	20	16	36
A. M. Dechene	19	17	36
R. Sibbitt	17	17	34
J. Booth	17	15	32
J. B. Bunn	18	15	33
W. Williams	16	15	31
W. J. Corby	12	18	30
J. Booth, Jun.	11	15	26

Extras—Corby, 84x125; Easdale, 81x100; Rogers, 70x100; Booth, 14x25; Sibbitt, 14x25; Bunn, 10x25.

Mr. Blyth Beattie, the crack shot of St. Hubert Gun club, distinguished himself in the tournament at Ogdensburg, where over fifty of the best shots in America took part. Mr. Beattie won the grand aggregate prize, carried off the thaca gun for the third year in succession and tied for first and second place in the Merchandise event. The latter prize was split. Mr. Beattie carried off the majority of the honors and his clubmates of St. Hubert's are naturally delighted with his sweep against Uncle Sam's leading guns.

The fine weather brought out a large number of shooters at St. Hubert's traps on Saturday afternoon Sept. 6th, and some good scores were made. Mr. J. W. Brown was high gun in the spoon competition with 46 out of 50 birds shot at. Saturday also was the closing shoot for the trophy, a silver watch bob, donated by the Stevens Arms Co., for the four best scores out of the preceding six weekly shoots. Mr. W. Williams, one of the veterans, proved himself to be still one of the club's best shots by winning the trophy with the good score of 174 out of 200

The scores were as follows

J. W. Brown	Shot at	25	25	50
W. L. Cameron	broke	23	23	46
W. C. Little		22	23	45
		21	23	44

W. Williams	22	20	42
A. W. Throop	21	21	42
C. J. Booth	21	20	41
Dr. Smith	21	20	41
C. Bethune	21	19	40
Dr. Pinard	19	21	40
A. Moore	20	19	39
R. S. Sibbitt	23	16	39
A. T. Phillips	18	19	37
W. J. Mamby	18	19	37
G. Easdale	18	18	36
C. White	20	15	35
J. B. Bunn	19	15	34
J. R. Booth, Jun.	21	retired.	

Extras at 25 birds—Mamby, 20, 16 and 20; Bunn, 17 and 18; Easdale, 22, 21 and 23; Sibbitt, 16, 16 and 19; Bethune, 13; Pinard, 14, 19 and 17; Brown, 20; Little, 19; Phillips, 17.

### Peterborough Gun Club's Last Shoot of the Season.

At the regular shoot of the Peterborough Gun Club, held on Thursday evening, Sept. 4th the following are the scores at 25 birds:

J. Loucks	20
O. E. McGaw	18
H. Cook	17
H. Routley	17
C. Mills	16
C. Wood	15
R. Tivey	14
C. James	13
W. M. Lang	13
L. Hall	12
A. Mitchell	8

After the regular shoot a new shoot was introduced by Mr. McGaw, called a rabbit shoot, in which the shooter advances towards the trap with his gun, before the elbow, and the bird is released at any moment unknown to him. This was a five (5) bird event, and Mr. McGaw gave three prizes to the value of ten dollars for the three highest scores, which were won by the first three named.

L. Hall	4
J. Loucks	3
H. Cook	3
C. James	1
C. Mills	1
O. E. McGaw	1
C. Wood	1

In shooting off the tie Mr. J. Loucks took second place. This was the last regular shoot of the season and also completed the competition for the summer prizes, with the following results:

- 1st. C. Wood, silver cup, presented by Mr. O. E. McGaw.
- 2nd. Mills, silver cup, presented by Mr. O. E. McGaw.
- 3rd. H. Cook, leather gun case, presented by the Nobel's Powder Co.
- 4th. J. Loucks, game bag, presented by the Peterborough Hardware Co.
- 5th. H. Routley, Thermos Lunch bottle, the Kingston Hardware Company.
- 6th. R. Tivey, one hundred loaded shells, by the Club.
- 7th. L. Hall, box cigars.

### Sixth Annual Fruit Shoot at Jordan Station.

The sixth annual fruit shoot held by the Winchester Gun Club of Jordan Station on Saturday, September 13 was the most successful ever held by the local club. The attendance of shooters was very large, coming from Hamilton, Buffalo, Galt, Toronto, St. Kitts and nearby towns. A strong north wind blowing across the traps made the flight of the birds very erratic, and consequently the scores were not up to the usual standard. The club gave away as prizes more than 150 baskets of fancy selected peaches in the regular events. There was also an attractive list of special prizes given to the high average man. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:



Dominion Big Game Cartridges

HIGH VELOCITY  
DEEP PENETRATION  
DEPENDABLE ACCURACY



The Canadian Sportsman's Choice

	Shot at.	Broke.
Eberhardt, Buffalo	100	77
Patterson, Buffalo	100	87
L. Cranston, Buffalo	100	62
C. Cranston, Buffalo	100	60
Singer, Niagara	100	71
Woodruff, St. Kitts	100	67
Beam, St. Kitts	100	90
Killmer, St. Kitts	100	86
McLean, St. Kitts	100	70
Powell, St. Kitts	100	71
Blank, St. Kitts	100	86
Konkle, Beamsville	100	79
Luery, Beamsville	100	61
Dunk, Toronto	100	81
Marshall, Galt	100	94
Sherwood, Galt	100	78
Pickering, Galt	100	65
Cowan, Galt	100	62
Edie, Cayuga	100	81
Munro, Thorold	100	82
Ward, Thorold	100	73
Long, Hamilton	100	83
Raspberry, Hamilton	100	79
Marshall, Hamilton	100	77
Carr, Hamilton	100	75
Choate, Hamilton	100	72
Wilson, Hamilton	100	79
Watson, Hamilton	90	70
Sturt, Hamilton	90	78
W. Raspberry, Hamilton	60	40
Hunsberry, Jordan	50	48
E. Fisher, Jordan	50	46
Caskey, Jordan	50	47
Rittenhouse, Jordan	50	45
O. Fisher, Jordan	50	45
Culp, Jordan	50	45
Campbell, Jordan	50	44
Ball, Jordan	50	42
Heckadon, Jordan	50	42
Ihigh, Jordan	50	40
Bauch, Jordan	50	39
Jones, Jordan	50	39
Wismer, Jordan	50	37
Davidson, Jordan	50	37
P. Hodges, Jordan	50	37
Doubrough, Jordan	50	36
S. Hodges, Jordan	50	34
Boulton, Jordan	40	30
Moyer, Jordan	40	30
Crowe, Jordan	40	26
M. Honsberger, Jordan	40	35
Spence, Jordan	40	32
Wickens, Jordan	40	28

Those Buffalo boys are a warm bunch, never letting up until the last shot was fired.

Eberhardt of Buffalo won the Sweepstake event with a straight score.

As usual the Hamilton boys were down strong, coming mostly in motorcars and "Freddie" Watson's and Edgar Sturt's car looked like a load of hay when they had all their fruit piled in ready to start for home. They won about 20 baskets of peaches.

Charlie Choate and Milt Carr won so many baskets that they had to hire a dray to take them to the station to ship home. Milt says it was the best shoot ever and then some.

President Honsberger of the local club was mighty popular with the ladies as he passed around basket after basket of red, juicy fruit. He knows how to get 'em back next year.

**Winchester Gun Club Shoot.**

The Winchester Gun Club held a monthly shoot on Saturday, Sept. 6th, and as the weather was fine the crowd of shooters in attendance was very large. Some excellent scores were made. The scores were as follows:

NAME	Shot At.	Broke.
H. W. Hunsberry	50	47
W. Caskey	50	47
O. Fisher	50	45
J. Rittenhouse	50	45
E. Culp	50	45
E. Campbell	50	44
F. Fisher	50	43
F. Ball	50	42
A. Heckadon	50	42
A. High	50	40
K. Burch	50	39
J. Jones	50	39
H. Davidson	50	37
A. K. Wismer	50	37
P. Hodges	50	37
C. Donbrough	50	36
S. Hodges	50	34
D. Konkle	40	31
M. Honsberger	40	34
J. Spence	40	31
W. Moyer	30	18
C. Boulton	30	16
O. Crowe	30	12
M. Wickens	20	12

**Tillsonburg Tournament**

Attendance at the two-day shoot of the Tillsonburg Gun Club held Sept. 10th and 11th was good, many from outside points taking part in the shoot, which took place at the fair grounds. A large tent was on the grounds and seats were provided for spectators. The shooting was excellent.

H. C. Bates of Ridgetown was high gun in the first day's shoot, S. G. Vance, A. E. Millington of Toronto and John Wanless of Windsor, tied for second place. Roland Day of London, Fox, of Toronto, and H. Smith of Chatham were even with four misses.

Seventy-five birds were shot at in five rounds by each contestant, except P. Neale, who shot at 60.

**Comments by a Local Member**

Billy Marshall of Galt was going like a "house afire" and pulled down the High Average Prize. Billy also won a case of canned goods as first in the special event.

The Galt "boys" took over 25 baskets of big red peaches home with them.

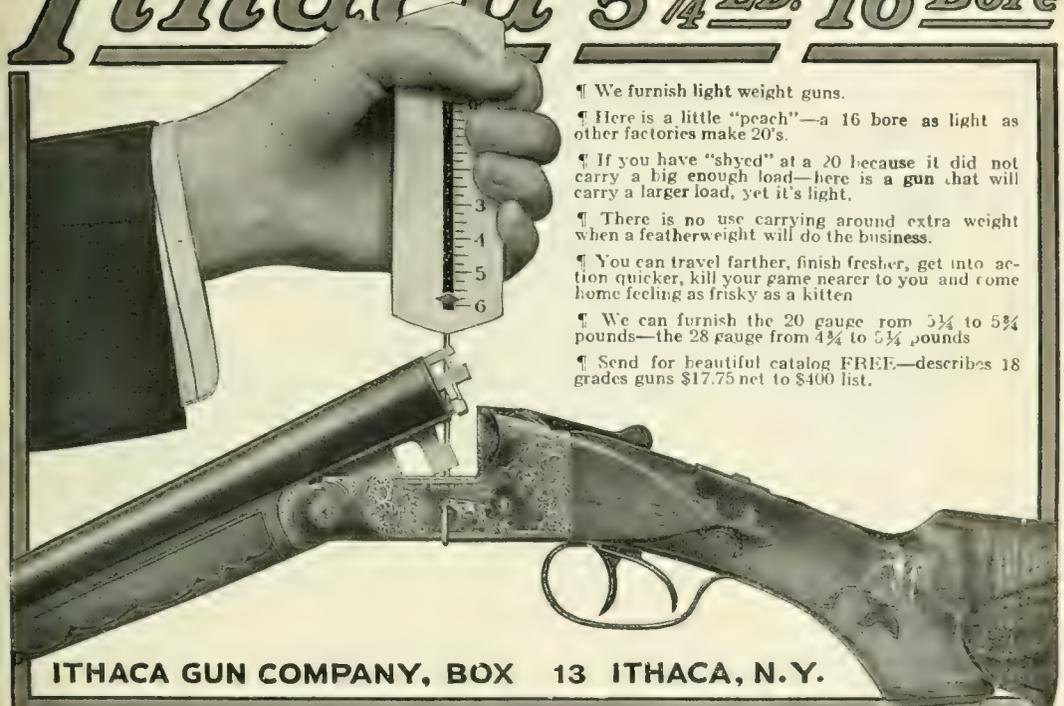
Dr. Beam, as fresh as ever, won the second High Average with the good score of 90.

Patterson of Buffalo was right after the Doctor for third High Average with 87.

The second day of the annual shoot at Tillsonburg brought forth some very good shooting, C. S. Graham being high gun in the 15 bird shoot with a score of 147 out of a possible 150. H. B. Bates and S. Vance tied for second place with scores of 142. The weather was ideal for the contestants and there was a large attendance of spectators throughout the afternoon. The scores were:

G. N. Dunk	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
H. B. Bates	11	11	12	12	13	13	13	13	12	10-120
J. Vance	15	15	14	14	15	15	13	15	14	13-142
W. Hart	9	15	15	14	13	13	13	12	13	15-132
W. Thorold	13	13	14	14	15	13	13	12	14	13-134
W. Q. Ely	11	14	11	14	15	12	13	12	14	12-131
A. E. Millington	12	12	14	13	15	14	12	13	13	13-131
F. I. Fox	15	15	13	13	14	14	14	15	15	11-139
R. Terceyck	14	15	11	14	15	10	12	13	13	12-139
P. J. Booth	12	10	15	14	14	15	15	15	13	15-138
D. Smith	13	12	13	13	8	8	10	7	14	14-105
H. Smith	15	14	15	10	13	11	11	12	9	13-123
S. Vance	15	13	11	11	15	12	13	13	15	12-130
R. Day	15	14	15	13	15	15	15	14	12	14-142
W. G. Pow	12	11	12	13	15	12	15	13	14	15-136
W. C. Vail	13	11	13	13	11	13	11	10	13	11-119
W. J. McCance	14	15	11	10	11	12	15	13	12	13-129
H. Mahler	12	7	9	11	8	7	11	11	9	11-96
G. Perry	9	11	10	13	11	11	13	13	13	14-118
F. Galbraith	11	11	12	13	12	11	11	13	12	14-120
K. C. Turnbull	14	11	14	14	13	15	14	14	14	13-136
	10	11	12	11	11	13	12	13	13	14-126

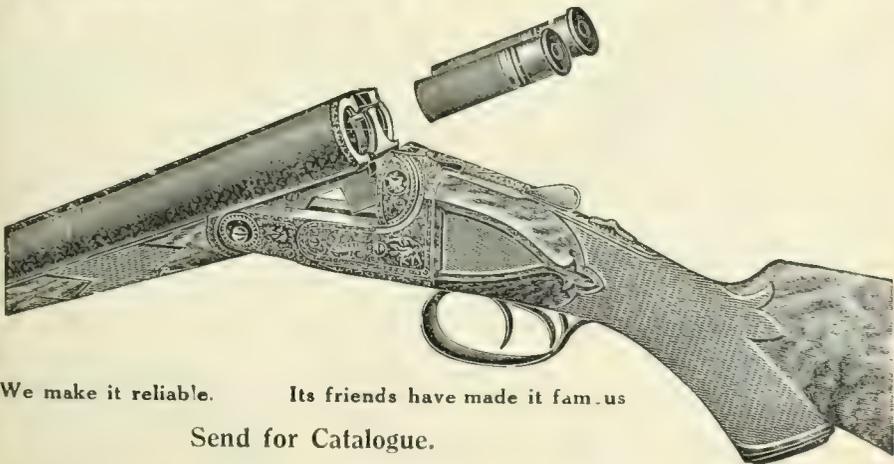
# Ithaca 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> Lb. 16 Bore



- ¶ We furnish light weight guns.
- ¶ Here is a little "peach"—a 16 bore as light as other factories make 20's.
- ¶ If you have "shyed" at a 20 because it did not carry a big enough load—here is a gun that will carry a larger load, yet it's light.
- ¶ There is no use carrying around extra weight when a featherweight will do the business.
- ¶ You can travel farther, finish fresher, get into action quicker, kill your game nearer to you and come home feeling as frisky as a kitten.
- ¶ We can furnish the 20 gauge from 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> to 5<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> pounds—the 28 gauge from 4<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> to 5<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> pounds.
- ¶ Send for beautiful catalog FREE—describes 18 grades guns \$17.75 net to \$400 list.

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We make it reliable. Its friends have made it famous.  
Send for Catalogue.

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A. W. Fisher	14	14	14	13	13	12	14	13	15	15—137
A. P. Aitchinson	13	14	10	10	15	14	13	15	14	13—131
W. Miller	14	11	13	10	13	11	10	10	10	8—110
C. S. Graham	11	15	14	15	15	15	15	14	15	15—147
G. Tilson	14	13	10	13	11	12	14	9	12	12—140
T. Taylor	14	13	15	13	14	13	14	11	12	14—133
J. Mader	14	10	15	11	13	11	12	13	15	11—125
H. Long	15	14	12	13	15	14	14	14	14	15—140
J. Payne	14	13	13	10	9	10	13	14	14	—123
A. Glover	15	14	12	13	13	13	9	15	12	12—128
W. Foster	5	3	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	—15
C. Leach	5	8	12	13	10	..	..	..	..	—48
W. Mander	12	13	12	13	11	12	15	15	12	14—130
P. Neale	10	13	12	14	11	13	10	12	11	13—119
Williams (sixth event)	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	15	15	11—70
Dobson (sixth event)	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	15	13	14—67
Staples (sixth event)	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	15	14	14—62
Nichols (7th event)	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	10	13—47
Garvin (7th event)	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	14	12—49

Dr. Teneyck won long run prize with 66 straight.

H. Smith, Chatham, won special miss-and-out event with score of 32. Nelson Long, Hamilton, second with 18

#### Chatham Gun Club Shoot.

The Chatham Gun Club held a weekly shoot on Friday evening, September 5.

The last match for the tie between H. Smith and J. A. Aitken was shot off, Smith winning the trophy with 190 birds of a possible 200, Aitken broke 186.

The following were the scores:—

J. A. Aitken	23	25	23
H. Smith	24	50	46
F. Smith	19	50	41
Wells	20	50	41
Hicklin	16	25	16
Willard	17	50	33
Gray	16	15	30
Nichol	19	50	38
Taylor	18	50	38
J. W. Aitken	20	25	20

#### Last Shooting for the Season at Saskatoon, Sask.

The last competition of the season in connection with Saskatoon Gun Club took place on Labor Day, and was splendidly successful. The revival which has this season marked the activities of this club are in large measure, it is said, due to the well-delivered energies of the secretary S. E. Fawcett, and to those members who have made an almost perfect "score" in the matter of attendances. Frank H. Semmens, who previous to the half-dozen occasions on which he had "tried himself out" at the local grounds had had no experience of trap-shooting, was a real "dark horse," for he managed to secure two out of the four competitions arranged by the club. Following are the scores made:—

First event, 5 birds—Frank H. Semmens, 14; H. D. Kennedy, 13; Art Coombe, 11; C. I. MacNab, 11; Gordon Marr, 10; S. E. Fawcett, 10; C. E. Strickland 7; A. A. Ross, 7; O. L. Lemery, 6; J. J. Olmstead, 6; G. N. Hughes, 5; J. F. Diefenbach, 4.

Second event, 20 birds—F. H. Semmens, 16; O. L. Lemery, 16; Art Coombe, 15; W. McLean, 15; H. D. Kennedy, 16; A. A. Ross, 15; S. E. Fawcett, 15; C. I. MacNab, 14; Gordon Marr, 14; J. Olmstead, 12; G. N. Hughes, 10; C. E. Strickland, 8; J. F. Diefenbach, 7; B. W. Gillespie, 6;

Third event, 25 birds—F. H. Semmens, 23; O. L. Lemery, 22; C. I. MacNab, 20; Gordon Marr, 19; W. McLean, 16; S. E. Fawcett, 17; G. N. Hughes, 16; Art Coombe, 16; H. D. Kennedy, 15; Mr. Grant, 14; A. A. Ross, 14; J. J. Olmstead, 11; B. W. Gillespie, 8; J. F. Diefenbach, 7.

Fourth event, 15 birds—W. McLean, 13; Gordon Marr, 11; J. F. Diefenbach, 11; F. H. Semmens, 11; C. I. MacNab, 10; H. D. Kennedy, 10; A. A. Ross, 10; O. L. Lemery, 9; Mr. Grant, 9; G. N. Hughes, 8; J. J. Olmstead, 8; S. E. Fawcett, 6; Art Coombe, 5; C. E. Strickland, 5.

In the second event three men—O. L. Lemery, F. H. Semmens and H. D. Kennedy—tied for first place with 16 points, and the shoot-off took place on Thursday. So evenly are the men matched that in the first round each scored 19 out of 20, and they did better still in the decider, but Lemery got home one point ahead of his rivals, the scores being:—Lemery, 20; Semmens, and Kennedy, 19.

#### Trap Shooting at the Calgary Golf and Country Club.

Since trap shooting was inaugurated at the Calgary Golf and Country club a large number of members have taken up this sport. The second match was shot off on the afternoon of September 10th and competition was keen. H. D. Hill took first place, closely followed by G. S. Orde and W. A. Georgeson. While the majority of the contestants were novices, some splendid shooting was recorded, and Dr. Gunn in practice took twenty birds with 25 shots. The wind and light made good scoring very hard, but all members were satisfied with the progress made, and signified their intention of issuing a challenge to the Calgary Gun Club before Christmas.

The "Valley-Roberts 16' Hydroplane" on her trial run obtained a speed of 31 miles over a measured course driving a 17 x 30 two blade propeller 1300 r. p. m. Quite a number of these hydros designed by the Valley Boat & Engine Co., are now in commission in the Central West, the special attraction being the extremely light weight power plant consisting of a fifty horse power motor manufactured by the Roberts Motor Co., Sandusky, O., weighing but 195 lbs., and complete with reverse gear, pressed steel frame unit construction and elevated safety rear starter exactly three hundred and seventy-five pounds.



The Remington-UMC Cubs never find a "bad one" in their metallics.



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# The Gamy Trout

As is well known, trout spawn in shallow water on fine gravel beds, in which they make a small hollow as a nest. The spawning beds may be a shoal in the lake or in some stream which the fish ascends for that purpose.

The eggs do not hatch until the following spring.

The sexes differ much in appearance at this time, especially in large fish.

The head of the male is longer, the lower jaw sometimes hooked, the mouth and teeth larger, and the coloration is more brilliant, the belly and some of the fins often being a brilliant red.

The body of the male, too, has a thick coat of mucus, almost, or quite obscuring the scales.

According to circumstances a trout may attain in two years only three or four inches in length, or it may attain ten or more inches.

Under favorable conditions in circumscribed localities like a small brook, trout often reach maturity when only four or five inches long, and while still bearing the marks of young fish. Again, mature trout have been seen of not over five or six inches in length in which these marks of youth had nearly or quite disappeared, and the male fish was a facsimile of its large brother of the lake.

In lakes of considerable size trout nine and ten inches long remain immature.

The food and game qualities of this fish are so well known to most fishermen that it is unnecessary to say much on these points. Trout vary in these respects in different waters, and also, of course, with the age of the fish.

Specimens nine or ten inches long, with pink flesh, taken from a cool stream or lake come very near to being the proverbial "dish fit for a king."

The cause of the pink or reddish flesh of the trout is a much discussed question which has not, so far, been scientifically investigated. But many believe that the food of the fish has nothing further to do with it than its fattening effect on the fish.

It is the flavor of the fat that gives the peculiar delicious flavor to trout so colored, and the plumper and fatter the fish the more highly colored is its flesh.

A white-meated trout may be plump, but it is of leaner flesh and lacks the flavor of the other. Small trout in cold or spring or mountain brooks are usually white-meated.

Food is scarce in such places. Trout otherwise red-meated lose at the spawning time the red or pink tint to the flesh and also the good flavor.

The same qualities of the fish are not always commensurate with its size, and are sometimes apparently in inverse ratio; the larger the trout the less gamey.

The bulk of the eggs are usually taken in January, February and March, and the average yield from each female is about 900 eggs

A few of the females spawn when two years old, but about one-half of them begin at three years.

The egg is from one-fifth to two-ninths of an inch in diameter; it has a rich cream color when first taken, changing to pink or flesh color before hatching.

This species will live in water of a much higher temperature than the brook trout will endure, and it thrives in tidal streams and even salt water.

The rainbow trout is a lively and acrobatic game fish.

It is pre-eminently a fly fish and a good-sized one on a light fly rod will tax the skill of the angler and cause more of the proverbial ecstatic thrills than almost any fish of its size, excepting, perhaps, the steelhead, which, by the way, might be more successfully cultivated and acclimatized in eastern waters than the rainbow, as it has become well established in the cold waters of Lake Superior.

The rainbow is highly esteemed as a food fish.

The lake trout is sometimes known by the name of "laker" or "lunge." In Maine it is frequently called "togue," and in parts of New Brunswick, "tuladi," and, erroneously, in other places, salmon trout. In the Great Lakes it is "namaycush," "Mackinaw trout," etc.

The lake trout is common over the northern part of the United States as far west as Lake Superior and extends northward to the Arctic regions. It occurs also in the Columbia and Fraser rivers and on Vancouver Island.

This fish is a frequenter of deep water, especially in the summer time, approaching the shore or shoals at times for food, and in the fall for spawning.

It is a voracious feeder when it feeds, but like other members of the salmon family, it has its caprices; or at least, periods when it will not take a hook.

It eats small fishes of almost any kind. Its spawning time is in September and October. The eggs do not hatch until spring, when the waters begin to warm.

As a game fish it is not remarkable, and it is inferior as a food fish. Opinions and tastes differ, however, regarding these qualities. The usual method of capture is by trolling in early summer, at other times by still fishing with live or cut bait.

Cut chid is considered a good bait, and sometimes these morsels will be taken in preference to a whole minnow.

The lake trout seldom takes a hook between the last of June and the first of September.

This habit of refraining from gratifying the angler or fisherman in summer, while the water is above a certain temperature, the degree of which is not definitely known, is common to other members of the salmon family.

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# Tuna Fishing in Nova Scotia With Rod and Line

MANY Nova Scotians, says the Shelburne N. S. "Gazette", have heard of the albacore and the horse mackerel, without supposing that this fish is in reality the tuna, which attracts sportsmen from all over the United States and Canada to California, where the best known grounds in the world are found in the neighborhood of Catalina Island.

The following article on Tuna Fishing will give readers of ROD AND GUN an idea of this sport as it exists on the shores of Nova Scotia.

The Tuna is a fish that has been known in various places by many names, as tuna, tunny, horse mackerel, mackerel shark, herring hog and albacore; the last mentioned is not correct as there is a fish of that name very much resembling the Tuna; but it never runs as large.

Tuna are found in the Mediterranean, Madiera, the coast of California, and along the Atlantic coast from New Jersey to the Straits of Belle Isle; but the largest Tuna and in greatest numbers are found all along the Nova Scotia coast from Yarmouth to Cape Breton.

Californians were the pioneers of Tuna fishing with rod and line and by everybody who tried it, it was considered the king of sports, so much so that Mr. Charles F. Holder started the Tuna Club of California one of the qualifications for membership of which was landing a Tuna of over a hundred pounds, with a rod and line of a certain specification, his sport became at once so popular that sportsmen from all over the United States and Europe tried their skill to gain the Club's blue button and win a prize for record Tuna.

In 1902 a member of the Tuna club happened to come to Sydney, Cape Breton, and chanced to see a horse mackerel, as the local fishermen called it, but which he told certain Sydney gentlemen was the Tuna that had made Santa Catalina famous amongst the world's sportsmen as the home of the gamiest fish that swims the seas.

He painted the sport in such glowing colors that several gentlemen invested in tackle and tried their skill but without any further success than hooking a few fish, which they were never able to bring to the gaff; as the fish were larger and stronger than the Californian Tuna; and although several members of the Tuna Club and other sportsmen from the United States, England and Canada tried their hand

at landing these monster fish with rod and line, it was not until 1911 that Mr. J. K. L. Ross succeeded in bringing to gaff a six hundred and eighty pound Tuna after a four and three-quarter hour gruelling fight, thus breaking the world's record of two hundred and fifty-one pounds that had stood since 1899. The next year he landed a five hundred and ninety-two pound Tuna in one hour and ten minutes and this year he landed a six hundred and eight pound fish in fifty-five minutes. Mr. Ross spent three seasons at the game before he found out how to fight these fish to a successful finish.

At the beginning Mr. Ross was handicapped by having to find out everything for himself as no game fish of this size had ever been landed with rod and line before, and the same tactics that would land a two hundred pound fish were of no use in handling a fish of over five hundred pounds, and he lost sixty to seventy-five Tuna before he landed one. Then again when first starting in Nova Scotia there were no boatmen that knew the game; but now he is ably assisted by Capt. W. L. Ross who has been with him in the boat ever since 1908 and now knows just as much about the game as he does himself.

In 1910 he came to the conclusion that he would need two men in the boat with him if he were ever to bring one of these mighty fish to gaff, the fisherman at the rod, a man at the oars and the other man with the gaff; and his crew now is Captain W. L. Ross and Percy McRitchie.

Mr. Ross now claims that any Tuna (certainly under seven hundred pounds) can be landed fairly with rod and line under the following conditions: The fishermen must know the game to be played from A to Z.

He must likewise be physically fit for a gruelling struggle of one to three hours depending on the size of the fish. His two boatmen must also know the game and make no mistakes, the tackle must be without a flaw, and the boat must be seaworthy and able to turn quickly in its own length. When all the above conditions are complied with the sea fairly smooth and if neither the fisherman nor the boatmen make any mistakes then the Tuna should be brought to gaff in less than two hours; but let one error be made and the Tuna goes free as he does many times. This is true fishing, a possible landing; but with everything in favor of the fish.

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# Thirteen Hundred Miles by Canoe

**T**HIRTEEN hundred miles in a light chestnut canoe, going as far north as Fort Vermilion, Alta., is a trip recently completed by C. D. Melville, a member of the Dominion Fisheries Board, and John McKenna, also of Edmonton. The trip afforded Mr. Melville opportunities to investigate the fishing possibilities in the north country. He reports that lakes literally teem with all kinds of fish, with white fish predominating.

Messrs. Melville and McKenna left Edmonton for Athabasca, 97 miles north, on July 20, and from the last named point they paddled along the Athabasca river to the Pelican country and then made a portage of three miles to Pelican Lake. After crossing the lake the canoe was sent along a small creek for several miles and a two mile portage was then made. This brought them to Sandy Lake, which is the height of land between the headwaters of the Athabasca and Peace rivers. Sandy Lake is said to be inhabited by the best white fish in Alberta.

After paddling the entire length of Sandy Lake creek, the canoeists came to the Wabasca lakes. These two lakes are joined together by a small stream and are of enormous size. At this time of the year the country was flooded.

They then paddled along the Wabasca and Loon rivers until the Peace river was reached. The Wabasca and Peace rivers have a drop of nine hundred feet in a distance of three hundred and twenty miles. Game is abundant and a large number of bears and moose, besides small game were seen. Two bears and two moose were shot by Mr. Melville as he and Mr. McKenna skirted the canoe along the banks.

At this point indications of asphalt, sulphur, iron and different kinds of ore were found. When the canoe entered the Peace river, which

is two miles wide at that point, there were seen several islands which added beauty and attractiveness to the river. The banks are from fifty to a hundred feet in height.

Thirty miles south brought the two men to Fort Vermilion. The settlement is ten or fifteen years ahead of time. The Hudson's Bay Company has a combined flour, saw, shingle and planing mill. These mills turn out everything necessary to build a house. There are residences at Fort Vermilion that would be a credit to cities of one hundred thousand population. The only material they lack is plaster for the walls and ceilings. Fifty white people live at this point, and there are hundreds of natives. The saw mill turned out one hundred thousand feet of lumber last year and it has orders for more than it can handle this year.

The two voyageurs visited the provincial government's experimental farm, six miles south of Fort Vermilion, where they saw the sun dial from which the time is taken, and it was shown that the time there is an hour slower than Edmonton time. They also visited the Lawrence Farm nearby which has been conducted by the Lawrences for the last seventeen years. On this farm there are three hundred acres of wheat averaging eighteen bushels to the acre.

From Fort Vermilion, three hundred miles was covered against stream to Peace River Crossing, where the canoeists crossed a trail for ninety miles to Grouard. This trip was made with the assistance of freighters who were crossing the country. At Grouard they embarked on the north shore of the Lesser Slave Lake to the narrows and then canoed down Lesser Slave river to the Athabasca river to Athabasca Landing and took the train to Edmonton.

---

## The Reindeer in Northern Alberta

**M**r. A. J. Bell, who has charge of the northern Indian agencies, on returning to Edmonton some time ago from the silent north, was accompanied to civilization by Mrs. Bell, their two children, born at Fort Smith, and Nathaniel Gear, chief herder of the government's reindeer, brought from St. Anthony, Nfld. to northern Alberta, and Mrs. Gear. The two last named are natives of the Labrador coast. Gear learned the management of the reindeer from the Laplanders and formerly had charge of Dr. Grenfell's herds in Newfoundland.

"Some time ago I made the proposal to the Dominion Government that the buffalo in the Fort Smith district be confined by a fence in the peninsula between the Peace and Great Slave rivers", Mr. Bell said. "This would

afford better protection to the animals. The fence, 125 miles in length, would cost about \$103,000. The buffalo in the northern district have every mark of resemblance to bison of the plains, but constant living in the heavy timbered country has made them much wilder than the prairie buffalo. They are almost unapproachable. As these animals are protected, no killing being permitted, there should be a rapid increase in their members."

"While paying treaty at Fort Resolution recently", Mr. Bell said "a great dance was given in my honor, it was a remarkable spectacle, totally devoid of the barbaric display one might expect. In the circle 200 braves moved in a slow rhythmical dance with only the music of their voices. It rose in a vast hum a queer swaying drone, unlike ordinary vocal

music. There were no wild, ear splitting shrieks that are usually supposed to be part of such performances. The tune stuck oddly in my mind and some time later when I was home I hummed it over and my wife recognized it as similar to an Americanized Indian song, called 'Red Wing'.

"I was accompanied on my trip to Fort Resolution by Professor Mason, of Philadelphia, who is spending a year in the country in the interests of the Smithsonian Institute, gaining ethnological data on the various races. He had a large gramophone, a large number of disks, into which he is having representatives of various tribes sing the tribal songs. He told me recently that from the study he had made he concluded all the languages spoken in the country were varied dialects of the Chipewyan, which is the main language of the north".

Mr. Bell also reported that there were musk oxen north of Fort Smith, where Dr. Wheeler of Buffalo, is on a hunt. Dr. Wheeler started from Fort Ray a year ago, but when last heard from he was still on the trail. He sent word to the fort recently that he would remain until he bagged at least one ox, even if he had to stay another year.

"The reindeer at Fort Smith are thriving, Mr. Bell said, and we expect they will increase rapidly. Of a herd of 46, brought from Newfoundland in 1911, 19 animals died on the route, due chiefly to the rush in shipment."

R. Campbell, director of forestry, says in his latest report which includes the correspondence of E. F. Drake, who accompanied the animals

from Newfoundland to northern Alberta, that prospects with the experiment will be successful, adding:

"Reindeer cannot be taken across Canada during the summer months, as they will not stand the heat. They cannot be taken across in winter unless provision is made for reindeer moss near Edmonton, as the rivers are frozen, and they cannot be transported beyond that point. They cannot be moved in the spring, as that is the fawning season. There is, therefore only the short season left between the close of the summer and the "freeze-up" of the northern rivers."

E. F. Drake, reporting on the shipment of reindeer to the north country, recommended the purchase of 200 animals, mostly young does, to be shipped this fall. He said that with the railway in operation to Athabasca Landing, Alta., the trip from Newfoundland to Fort Smith could be covered in a month and with small loss, adding:

"As an alternative I would suggest attempting to capture and domesticate young barren-ground caribou, which migrate southward to the vicinity of Fort Smith every winter. There is little difference between the species, except in size and formation of horns; if there is any difference in size the caribou is slightly larger."

Mr. Bell, who has been in the north country since 1883, was one of the first men to make the overland trail from Fort McPherson to Dawson, in the gold rush of 1908, covering the entire distance by dog team without relay and on the original load of grub.

## £25 in a Crocodile

A Natal (South Africa) reader of ROD AND GUN sends the following clipping with reference to the finding of twenty-five sovereigns inside a crocodile.

"Three Johannesburg sportsmen, Messrs. Godfrey De Villiers, S. S. Schleyer, and F. Hind, while hunting for water buck recently on the banks of the Komati River in Swaziland, shot a crocodile and on opening it found to their amazement twenty-five sovereigns, in addition to eight heels of deceased bush buck, a quantity of stiff hair, a number of stones, etc. Three of the sovereigns were Kruger coins, and the remainder were of the Queen Victoria design. The latest date of any one of them was 1902, and therefore it was permissible for the hunters to assume that they had been inside the crocodile for at least ten years. The theory was further borne out by the fact that the crawling treasure trove was an old male of fully twelve feet in length, while the surest guide of all was the fact that the sovereigns were considerably worn, the

milling on the edges having completely disappeared. It is surmised by experts that the coins were unaffected by gastric juices, but that the stones alongside which they were found must have rubbed the edges away in the course of years.

"The manager of the Standard Bank, Johannesburg, who examined the coins, stated that the "rubbing off" which they had been subjected to had reduced their value to about 16s. each. However, the firer of the first shot, Mr. De Villiers, was made some pretty good offers for the coins. One of the coins was presented to the owner of the land upon which the animal was shot.

"Possibly some one who was walking along the banks or through the river was attacked by the 'croc' and eaten. It may have been some unfortunate native who was making his way home having garnered the coin by labor on the Rand, or it may have been a white man with money in his belt who was hauled off his horse while crossing the stream."



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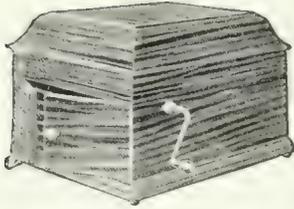
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Woodstock, Ontario, December, 1913

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THE PUBLISHERS



Bringing Home the Trophy after a Deer Hunt in the Sudbury District

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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. 15

WOODSTOCK, ONT., DECEMBER, 1913

No. 7

## Hunting the Hair Seal In Newfoundland Waters

A. C. DUDER

**I**T was in the spring of 1906 that I decided to make a voyage to the ice-fields of Newfoundland, in quest of seals.

Knowing several sealing captains sailing from St. John's, my choice of a ship was soon made. On interviewing my friend, the captain, I was told the fleet would sail the next day, and was advised to get my "crop" aboard early and stowed away in readiness for an early start in the morning. The crop, by the way, is the term used for one's outfit and consists of numerous odds and ends, including a bottle of liniment, knife and sheath and package of 'Radway's' for making brackish water drinkable.

Early on the morning of March tenth we were ready for the start. St. John's harbor was a sight; cables were rattling, hawsers creaking and sirens blowing shrilly. Imagine if you can, twenty steamers, each carrying from one hundred to two hundred men, fighting amongst themselves for posts of vantage at the bulwarks, to wave to their friends and sweethearts, as they gaily steamed down the harbour; blend with their noisy shouts, the cheering from some thousands of throats and still add to this, the deafening shrieks of twenty siren whistles and you have some idea of the pandemonium that reigned. In the race for the "Narrows", the harbour outlet, our ship was last, her

chains having become fouled with those of another steamer. At last however we were ready and when we got clear of the pall of thick smoke which hung over the harbour, we put on full speed and soon came up to some of the slower vessels. After an hour or so of steaming, we came to Baccalieu Tickle, and found that nearly every ship of the fleet was jammed.

I might state here, that the seal we were in search of, was not the valuable fur-bearing species of Alaska, but the Harp, so called on account of a large black spot on the back resembling in shape a small harp. This seal is valued chiefly for its fat, which when refined, makes a fine grade of lubricating oil. Intense excitement prevailed among the men, some of them, like myself were making their first trip, and all were anxious to get to the seals.

The one ambition of the Sealer, be he on the lower deck, or walking the bridge is to get a load of fat and be home first with all colors flying. After several hours of butting the ice and blowing up pans with dynamite we managed to make a channel through the heavy ice and finally struck the slob, which was much easier to negotiate. Some of the ships behind us had their crews out on the ice ahead of them; some were hauling on long hawsers attached to the bow

of the ship, others were blowing up pans with small charges of powder, in an endeavour to gain the channel we had cleared. Next morning there were only six ships in sight and we were in open water and making good headway. Two or three days later, we struck the first white-coat (seal three or four weeks old) and the old custom was observed, i. e. the seal was taken aft to the cabin, where the officers of the ship all stood in their respective places around the cabin-table, while the captain took his sheath-knife and cut off the tip of the seal's tail and strung through it a piece of thin wire about six inches long. Drinks were then served and the captain spoke a few words pertaining to the voyage, then he took up the tail by the piece of wire and stirred it around in his drink. Each man in turn followed his example and when the tail had gone the rounds, it was tied up to a beam over the captain's head and remained there as an emblem of good luck for the rest of the voyage. Toasts were then drunk and the man who killed the seal sent for. When he had polished off an extra large bumper, the party broke up.

Seals were seen every day from this on, but not for a week or so did we come across them in sufficient quan-

ties to warrant putting the men on the ice.

Every sealing steamer is fitted up with two barrels, one at the top of the fore-mast and the other on the main; there is always a man in one or the other of them, when the ship is going through ice. His business is to pilot the ship through rifts in the floe and to keep a look-out for seals. One day, late in the afternoon the look-out hailed the deck and said there was a large patch of seals ahead; the captain immediately went up to the "crows nest" and took his bearings, he then ordered the engineer to bank his fires and told the men to be ready for an early call. All hands turned in early that night and were up before the sun next morning, making their final preparations for the slaughter. About one hundred and sixty of us got over the ship's side that morning, each man being equipped with gaff, rope and knife. We left the ship in single file, headed by one of the officers with a compass as the patch was a long way off and could not be seen from the deck owing to the rough ice; about two hours of tramping brought us up to them. There were some thousand white-coats and quite a few old seals; these latter on our approach, made for their blow-holes



The First Whitecoat



One of the Crew Jammed in Baccalieu Tickle

and disappeared. The white-coat is nothing but a ball of blubber, having from three to four inches of solid fat next his skin, and is practically helpless until he is about a month old. When we had divided the men into small groups and surrounded the patch, the work of slaughter began. One tap on the head with a stick is enough to put a seal out of business. In a very short time, those men were the centre of a very busy scene; some were killing, some taking the pelt from the carcass, while others were hauling them to certain large pans where they were placed in large piles and the ship's flag planted on top. These pans were to be picked up later on by the steamer.

During the after-noon we had a fall of snow and as we were some distance from the ship, it was impossible to see her through the thick atmosphere.

The men in charge knew of course where she was as they had her bearings.

When it was time to quit work for the day, some of us voiced our opinions as to where the ship lay; as the wind had shifted in the meantime, some of those opinions were very erroneous.

Needless to say, we reached the ship in due course and, with the exception of a good many cut fingers, were none the worse for our first day on the ice or rather so we thought at the time. Next morning however, groans and moans were heard on all sides; the greenhorns were paying for their experience; they could be seen going about with boiled tea leaves clapped to their eyes. They were ice-blind; some had it bad, but most of them had only mild attacks.

The pain is intense and the sufferer can see nothing but a red glimmer of light for some time after being stricken. The attack seldom lasts long, and in most cases the person afflicted is all right in a day or two. When the roll was called there were quite a few unfit for duty. Exper-

ience though is a good teacher and thereafter everybody was careful to keep his goggles on while under the glare of the sun, with the result that there were no more sore eyes that trip.

That day, and for days afterwards, the routine was much the same as on the previous day. While the men were on the ice, the ship, with just enough men to work her, was engaged in picking up the pans of fat which bore her flag.

Not until the captain had decided to steam farther north in search of old seals was there much change in the daily programme. Rifles were then overhauled and ammunition served out to the gunners, of whom there were twenty-five. Each gunner is accompanied by three men, known in sealing parlance as "dogs;" these "dogs" carry the bulk of the cartridges and take the pelts off all seals shot by their gunner. We steamed for two days through very heavy ice and then got jammed; for a whole week we did not make a mile of headway. However, everything comes to him who waits and at last came the change of wind which extricated us from our monotonous position.

Pretty soon we came up to a patch of old seals basking in the sun, but as they were rather restless, small execution was done. Killing an old seal is a different matter altogether to killing the young. In the first place they can't be got at unless the ice is 'rafting' and their blow-holes nearly all closed up; consequently they have to be shot, but if you cut off their retreat to the water, it is an easy matter to come up with them and prepare to do battle with clubs. Sometimes though, an old seal, maddened with the loss of its young, will show fight and is quite a formidable enemy, as many a man who has come in contact with those sharp flippers has found out to his cost.

Next day, the ice was very loose and all hands were called aboard at dinner-time as it was very difficult to get about. A goodly few were drenched to the skin as a result of miscalculating distances between pans. After dinner the ship's boats were lowered and the gunners with their "dogs" put off in search of old seals; they returned very shortly though, as there was a swell coming up and danger of their boats being stove in by the ice. The next week, while



"Jammed:" Men Clearing Away Heavy Pieces of Ice From Ship's Side



Towing Seals to a Pan

the ice was loose, was spent in picking up odd seals here and there and occasionally shooting at them from the deck. One day I bagged an old 'Hood' from the bow of the ship; the most curious thing about this seal is that the top of his head is almost bullet-proof, being covered with a thick grizzly skin, which puffs up when he becomes infuriated, thus making him impervious to the blows of a gaff or club; indeed, there are a few men who care to make his acquaintance unless armed with a rifle. The weather up to the present had been ideal and the going, good but we were soon to have a change.

The wind sprang up and the ice which had hitherto been dotted with lakes of water, began to close in and before very long we were again jammed, this time, hard and fast.

We were in this position for eleven days before the wind and current again broke up the ice.

It will be well here, to give an account of how we passed the time during our enforced stay in that spot. There were one hundred and seventy of us and we all had to be amused.

Various were the ways we went about it. One man—he was not making his first trip—produced before the astonished eyes of his shipmates an old foot-ball, made of rags, and there on the bosom of the old Atlantic, we had many a scrimmage. In the evenings some of us gathered in the "Lobby" where each man in turn had to spin a yarn or put up with the consequences; the penalties inflicted were of such a nature, that rather than put up with them, nearly everyone had 'something' to say; it was most amusing and we were kept in shrieks all the time.

One young chap, "lacking in powers of elocution" had his boots removed and his stocking feet tied together; an old empty molasses puncheon was then placed in the middle of the room; empty in one sense of the word, but containing enough sour molasses and molasses sugar for the purpose of the committee appointed to see that the sentences were carried out. In this, the prisoner had to stand for one minute. Another received the contents of an old flour barrel over the head and down his neck and back.

Jokes and pranks were the order of the day. One afternoon about a dozen of us went for a walk on the frozen pans, taking nothing with us but our gaffs; we had gone nearly a mile, when we came to a pinnacle of ice much larger than any we had passed since leaving the ship; one of our party, more venturesome than the rest of us, went up to the top to reconnoitre: he had hardly reached the summit when he let out a yell and came stumbling down that berg a trifle faster than he went up.

When he was able to speak, he informed us between gasps, that there was a large polar-bear asleep on the other side. Before we had time to make up our minds to fly, it was seen that such a course was not necessary, as Mr. Polar Bear was already some distance from us and covering the ground as fast as ever his clumsy legs could carry him; evidently he received a bigger fright than we did. After that experience we didn't venture far without at least one rifle between us.

When the ship was again free to continue her voyage, it was seen, that she had received a bad squeezing and was making quite a bit of water, so much that her pumps had to be kept going pretty well all the time until we reached port.

One morning we went out "swatching", another sealing term which

means shooting seals in the water when they come up to blow; this is great sport, as the seal only shows his head above water for about ten seconds and then disappears. If you are successful in plugging him in the throat, he will float for some time otherwise he will sink immediately. It is usual while shooting seals in the water, to have two or three men in readiness on a pan of ice and as soon as one is killed, they paddle out, stick a gaff in him and haul him to the side of the lake of water, where he is pulled up on the heavy ice. Swatching is only resorted to when the steamer is unable to get through the ice, as it is very slow work and unprofitable on account of the number of seals which are sure to sink.

During the whole voyage we were always in sight of some of the other steamers. One morning the look-out reported a file of men making their way towards our ship. Our captain knowing that something out of the ordinary had happened, shut off steam until they came aboard. They climbed over the bulwarks, threw down their packs and began filling their pipes as if nothing unusual had happened.

They proved to be part of a ship-wrecked crew and their story was one not unfrequently heard in Newfoundland. Their ship had lost a propellor and was crushed in the ice.



A Wrecked Crew Taking to the Ice after the Steamer has Sunk

As the season was now practically over and our coal supply getting low, the captain decided to bear up for home where we finally arrived on the third day of May, all well with the exception of one man who had contracted a chill which developed into pneumonia. We found on entering

port that we were the last arrival and so, locked the doors to the ice-fields for that year. The fleet had suffered considerably, three of the wooden ones having gone to the bottom and the rest were all more or less damaged.

## A Lonely Fur Factor

### A Day at Wakeham Bay on the Labrador Coast

BERNARD MUDDIMAN

THE good schooner Marie was bound from Halifax, N. S., for Fort Churchill, the renowned Hudson's Bay Company Station. We had no intention of putting into Wakeham Bay on the Labrador Coast. Indeed I had never heard of it; but it was there that it was fated I should meet the great North face to face for the first time. For days we had been held back by ice. Indeed during the last week every night I had been wakened in my bunk by heavy ice jolts against the side of the ship. But the good old Marie creaked on. More than once I rushed up on deck to see a collision with a big berg. Often though they would tear our rigging, some wave would pull them from us a little, saving us from serious injury.

Nearly every other day a heavy gale would blow up, the rain lash down in torrents. "Black as ink". Skipper Tom would say, adding, "It's all right now, we have headed about and won't attempt ice till morning." Then when morning came we would be up against it again—a regular sea of ice.

So we crept on till one fine day, the 28th of July to be exact, we were about thirty miles off Baffins. About noon, ice appeared very thick ahead. However, we zig-zagged on until the entire horizon was apparently one compact ice jam and as calm as a mill pond. I went below and began to write up my diary. As I was writing

I heard a yell—"She's leaking!" Skipping up the companionway, I found the stem had been parted from the ship by an immense iceberg's friendly pressure and you could hear water running in. Every one was cracking a joke—"Pack your bag! Pack your bag!", but there was no doubt the damage was serious. By sounding, it was ascertained we were leaking at the rate of four feet an hour and our draft was only fifteen. The ice around us was so thick that you could walk from one "floating grave" to another. The only really pleased man seemed to be Captain Tom, as he had said we should have a stem plate put on when we were in Halifax. At the time however the slips were too busy and we had decided to risk it.

All the afternoon we unloaded her like fiends on to ice packs and threw ballast overboard. This raised her bow about two feet higher out of the water. But when I asked the next morning how she was going, "Six feet of water" came the reply "and gaining all the time." The water indeed was just up to her floor and this was in spite of continual pumping all night with the one available pump. It was a lonely spot on deck with the pump grinding away and the leaking boat surrounded by pan ice ending in veils of mist. We shifted more cargo and successfully plugged the leak by surrounding the stem with ashes held in position by a jib. This was sucked in and acted as a stopper.

Our hardy Newfoundlander, Skipper Tom, said he had seen many a boat last out all summer stopped in that way. It was thus with a "broken nose" we put into Wakeham Bay.

My first knowledge of our arrival was obtained early in the morning by Skipper Tom crying down the hatchway "We be just agoing to make the Bay—do you want to see the entrance?" As I was too sleepy and perfectly satisfied at not being at the botton of the ocean, I decided to turn over and "take a chance" on seeing it on our departure. Two hours later, however, on going on deck I found we were anchored in the best little natural harbour I have ever seen. Numerous islands blocked its entrance and it was guarded from all winds by a steep monotonous shore—800 to 1300 feet high. These heights were rocky and precipitous, covered in patches, although it was the first of August, by snow as well as moss. To add to my first impression, though quite clear for five hundred feet up or more, the fog had not yet risen over the mountain peaks thus lending to them the appearance of an even greater height than they had. It was dull and raining. Subsequently I learned it had been raining for fourteen con-

secutive days previous without a five minute break.

On going ashore we found a natural slip had been used by Government vessels and was marked by guyed poles. As it was neap tides and the tide was about eighteen feet which was sufficient for our purpose, we worked her in. Then we went over to the Revillon Bros. Trading Post and were met by the agent. Like all northern factors he had his story but I did not know it then and that, as Kipling would say, is another story. Suffice it to say he was a member of a well known Montreal family and was about twenty-three years of age. He would, however, have readily been taken for well over thirty—this being due to a heavy beard and exposure up North for six years. He had a very good house and seems to be treated very well by the Company.

"Living," he said, "is as good here as in Montreal, except for lack of companionship. I nearly went crazy here last winter all alone. It seems strange to talk English after all these months."

Such expressions and his great delight at seeing us and hearing from the outside world gave one an idea of his lonely life.



The Trader, Eskimos, and some of our Crew



An Eskimo Family

Our next visit was to the newly arrived Eskimo Camp, which was composed of six or seven tents.

The lonely fur factor who accompanied us, informed us that this tribe were, practically, free from any white contact. This could easily be realized when one of them said to him: "I've not seen these men (that is, we who came from the Marie) before." Every Eskimo knows everybody in his country. We were entire strangers and probably they had never seen so many white men together before as he subsequently asked: "Are these all the whites there are?" It should be borne in mind this questioner was a grown man and more intelligent than the average Eskimo. Their tents, we found, were made of old sails, for the most part patched in the front and rear withskins. Lifting the flap of one of them we found two or three families inside, less the males. All these women were busy either sewing boots and mitts or chewing skin to render it soft for these articles. This last is a duty that every Eskimo woman performs for her man every morning on his boots if they are at all stiff. They "carried on" in a very unconscious way and were at the same time apparently glad to see us

and beckoned us inside. This good humour and happiness I found later to be a trait of theirs, as they are always smiling, except when trading. We had been here but a short time when the bucks arrived and ordered the women around in a quiet way giving us greeting. The Eskimo for "How do you do?" sounds very much like "Hoek-shin-eye." As I attempted this they smiled harder than ever and poured out a perfect stream of talk, until I had to shut them up by explaining to them it was all right and offering them tobacco. But they would have nothing to do with our pipe tobacco. It was too mild. They wanted "black" tobacco. Indeed every Eskimo man, woman and child chews and smokes about ninety-nine per cent. of their time.

As the factor had by now left us, it was most difficult to make them understand we wanted to trade. In fact all our Eskimo efforts and signs proved unavailing. On leaving the tent we saw a number of "fussed up" squaws going up to the post. It seems they always turn out in their best when they go to trade. The squaws still wear harem skirts, but more sensible than some others prefer petticoats when their bucks can get

them from the Company. It was funny to the verge of pantomime to behold some of the clothing mixtures that this procession wore. Some bucks solemnly went first in Eskimo outfit up to their waists finished from there by an old coat and Christie which they had already traded for with some more astute members of our crew.

On the way back from the "Husky" Camp—or smell, as one of us not inaptly named it—we looked into the Company's store-rooms through the windows. Two small sheds composed these stores and they seemed to be crammed full of furs. In fact of their contents we could only catch a glimpse as the Company does not publish how much fur it obtains, since for all they know one of us might have been sent to explore for the Hudson's Bay Company. As it was we saw many white fox skins, a couple of polar bears and others such as beaver, ermine, etc.

We passed the squaws on their return to their camp. They rather reminded one of a flock of sheep being guided by the eldest, a terrible looking woman. On looking back we saw them flee hastily into the tents with their purchases.

Later at lunch, the factor spoke at considerable length on this curious race. He had found them a happy, fearless people with a real appreciation of humour. Of this last trait I had no doubt on the next afternoon, when they saw me attempt to paddle a Kyak. They have very primitive ways, eating raw fish and meat. If these are not to be had they eat blubber. They do not object no matter how putrid or rotten the meat is, but eat it all the same and with apparent impunity. They like white man's food but this, however, does not agree with them. The fish they usually eat is trout which is obtained plentifully along the shore. I imagine they do some spearing as well as use the lines and nets the Company sell them, for the Doctor and I saw two or three youngsters practising on a dead fish. They would crawl up and with a shout spear it. We found these

happy youngsters more than amusing. But to return to the Eskimos' food; they eat gulls' eggs. A favorite dish is walrus skin, which, the factor says, is very good indeed. I may add that at times they also boil these edibles. Their chief drink is strong tea, the leaves of which have been macerating, I should say, in the same pot for years. They do not know liquors at all as yet in the Wakeham Bay District.

In their relations one to another they have all the apathy of savage life. In fact they are, to put it brutally little better than animals; although, I must admit, a subsequent closer acquaintance with them has caused me to fancy that they feel perhaps more than we believe. Parents and children, however, soon forget each other. They will allow an old man or woman to starve to death. If one has plenty and the other is short, a fight ensues. There are a few Christians in some of these outfits, and the Bible has been translated into their tongue by Dr. Peck, the famous missionary. Some of the well known sayings have had to be rearranged in accordance with Eskimo ideas. "A bad tree bears no fruit", re-appears as "A log that gives no apples is no use for blubber" for apples are the only fruit known to the Eskimos. "Christ went through the gate of Gethsemane and sat in an Olive tree," becomes "Christ went through a hole in the wall and sat on a greasy stick."

In appearance the Eskimos resemble Mongolians with black, wiry hair. They are short and stout especially the women. Their powers of covering long distances in the far North do not impress one at first sight as they wobble along. But they travel over a great deal of ground without fatigue in spite of this ungainliness. I shall never forget seeing one of them wobble up to a mirror on the Marie and look at himself for the first time. He called another and together they burst out laughing treating it as a huge joke. Perhaps the onlooker had the greatest joke. They cannot think of any number high-



Husky Pups

er than four hundred. This they reach by twenty times twenty. The unit twenty is the number of fingers and toes. After twenty the next number is twice twenty and so on to twenty times twenty. Beyond that anything becomes as countless as the number of stars or sand on the sea shore. They are improvident as Indians are supposed to be. They eat and live on the best, while they can, then chew seal-skin and starve till better luck returns. This makes them very dependent on the Company and the Agent keeps them under his thumb, as they both fear and look up to him. To attain this respect he will not allow them to remain at the post for longer than two days at a time feeding them free for that period. Otherwise the Company treats them well at all times, preventing them from buying or selling foolishly. It gives them fair prices for furs.

The Company also seems to follow a similar policy towards the trader. He is allowed for all his own trapping half market price. His usual catch amounts to about \$200. All told he makes at least \$800 to \$900, and has no expense. His main interest in life seemed to be his dogs, which were the finest huskies I have ever seen. Twelve dogs made his team and this

year he had collected fourteen beauties. The finest of all was a great black bitch with a magnificent head. Of her he was inordinately proud as he had had great trouble in obtaining her, since the Company never forces the native to sell. All his dogs were unusually tame, but would do nothing for anyone but their master.

After lunch the Doctor and I determined to put on sealskins and long boots and go hunting as planned in spite of the rain. We climbed up a hill of about 500 feet in height and covered with many bright coloured flowers including daisies and buttercups. The others were for the most part very delicate, bright-hued flowers like small poppies. We then descended a very steep slope to a lake. In the middle of this was a small island covered, we were told, with nests. We could see the birds rise in a flock as the Doctor shot at a duck but we could not wade out to the island to get it. We wandered down the valley to the sea shore and thence a mile or so to a point where there were generally plenty of birds, but had no luck. As we were then at the foot of a mountain we decided to climb it and have a look around at the country. Oh! that climb! It was hot—hotter than the tropics. I never

perspired so much as I did in those heavy boots. However, we got there and were well rewarded by a view for miles around. The mountains were wet with the rain and this with the patches of snow shining in the sun and the long narrow bay winding below gave them the appearance of twice their actual height. On coming down I started a landslide and would have completed the descent in much quicker time than the ascent, if I had not stuck in a snow gully and stopped in time to look over a miniature precipice.

When we arrived back at the Marie's slip, it was low tide. The Marie was high and dry, but her deck was tilted at an angle of 75°. I groped along through barrels and other stuff until I got to my bunk. Oh that bunk! Everything was on the floor broken or wet, so I got my sleeping kit and planted myself for the night with the factor. On my way back I found water under the mess table and chairs and looking into the galley, saw the cook swimming.

The leak of the Marie was discovered to be an old one which the ice had started; for when she was built they had spiked her from the inside and split the cut-water near

the keel. It had rotted and so the men had been busy all day, removing three feet of it and putting on a piece of soft wood. On the next day they would fix on a stem plate and side plates. Consequently, the schooner would not leak again unless the hull planks had been started by the weight of the ballast.

The next morning F—and I took the elevations of the peaks. The majority were over a thousand feet and the one the Doctor and I climbed, eleven hundred. In climbing however, it had seemed twice that height.

After lunch I went ashore to do a little trading with the Eskimos as our time was drawing to a close. The Doctor came with me until a more nefarious idea seized him. The Eskimos bury their dead under a pile of rocks. As a rule indeed they have little feeling for their dead crying for about ten minutes after the burial and then never appearing to think of it again. And so the Doctor, perceiving a mound of stones would go off to look for an Eskimo skull.

I went off to one of the evil smelling tents and soon had half a dozen Eskimos around me. It was great sport this primitive form of bartering. I would buy a pouch, for instance, for a plug of strong tobacco. Then



Eskimo Group Going Trading

they would offer me a key or some such article for another. When I saw something I liked I would make an offer. If they refused I would appear to forget it and soon they would come to clinch the bargain. They maintained a solemn face whilst they were bargaining, but as it was concluded they would burst out laughing. They naturally tried to get as much as possible, but if you showed signs of going they quickly finished the barter. One funny instance was the way they admired an old rubber pouch of mine. Consequently I made as though I would not part with it. Just as I was leaving, late in the afternoon, three of them came down and by signs made me haul out the contents of the pocket in which the pouch was. They offered me a pair of seal-skin mitts for it. I pointed out that they were not lined. They then produced a pair of smaller mitts made of fine seal-skin. Turning these inside out I thus obtained a very good warm pair of water proof gloves. They would refuse something such as tobacco, then take a handkerchief, then trade that back for a tie and eventually take the tobacco. I steered clear of one old woman, however, who appeared wise and I imagined she put them wise sometimes. During the afternoon I got for an old tie, my pouch and six plugs of tobacco, no less than seven seal pouches trimmed with beads, a harpoon head, a very, very young caribou and another fine one. I could have taken much more but it was either filthy or useless. Unfortunately once I opened my coat and they saw a college coat—sweater with crests on it and would have nothing but that. They offered me everything from a small box to the best seal skin they had for it and I had a hard time to get away.

I went up to say farewell to the factor and we talked over my bargaining. At the same time he gave me an interesting account of the

Eskimos' clothes. Their outfit in summer consists of a fur cap and mitts a cooly-taun (that is Eskimo shirt with a hood made in one piece,) skin trousers and seal-skin boots or lar-rigans. In winter they wear Northern hareskin socks, bear skin trousers and the cooly-taun is much thicker made out of bird fox and deer skins. They live all winter in the one costume and sleep under and over a musk-ox skin.

As the Marie was already afloat when we came down to the beach, I went aboard in a Kyak. This is a walrus skin shell canoe, long and pointed at either end. There is an opening towards the stern which just allows you to sit with your legs inside. The frame is very well constructed and the skins are put on before they dry and shrink. This is done by the squaws and it is wonderful to see how well the seams are made. These Kyaks are worked by a double paddle whose blades are a couple of inches wide tipped with ivory in order to permit of their use as poles in shallow water. The paddle is wielded by resting its middle on "freeboard" and allowing your off hand to move towards the side in the water and at the same time tilting the Kyak to that side. The speed attained is remarkable. One person in a Kyak can easily beat two in a canoe. If they tip, it is almost impossible to get out, yet the Eskimos go out in very rough weather and are seldom lost.

When I arrived on board they were already weighing the anchor and the Marie soon after began to forge out. Behind lay Wakeham Bay and its solitary trader, with his Eskimos. I could not but help thinking what a number of beautiful women were indebted to him for his furs. His lonely life is the sacrifice that beauty demands. They will never know him. And I, as we cleared the harbour, saw him for the last time.

# Caught by a Halibut in Alaska

HON. WILLIAM OGILVIE

FRED fished, hunted and fowled, but with no luck. He seemed doomed to continual disappointment, except for an occasional small fish, and he was chaffed about it until his distress compelled pity for him. He swore he had hunted caribou with Selous in Newfoundland and Labrador; he had hunted big game in the Canadian Northwest and on the Mackenzie River; he had fished for salmon in New Brunswick; for cod on the banks of Newfoundland; and for other fish in a great many other places. So he appointed himself purveyor to the camp and promised, by his own efforts, to keep us abundantly supplied with fish, flesh and fowl. Though we did not credit him with the skill and prowess he ascribed to himself, we thought there might be something in him, and he was given *carte blanche* as far as ammunition and fishing appliances were concerned.

We were camped on the coast of Alaska about half way up Taku Inlet, and in full view of Taku Glacier. The rain poured continuously all the month of August and the temperature was so low, we were shivering in our blankets more than half the time.

The bays and channels in the vicinity of Taku Inlet are famous for the abundance and size of halibut found in them and Fred laid himself out to catch the biggest halibut in all the waters around there. He said he had assisted in the capture of an eight hundred pounder on the Banks of Newfoundland, and he felt sure he would at least capture a two hundred pounder here.

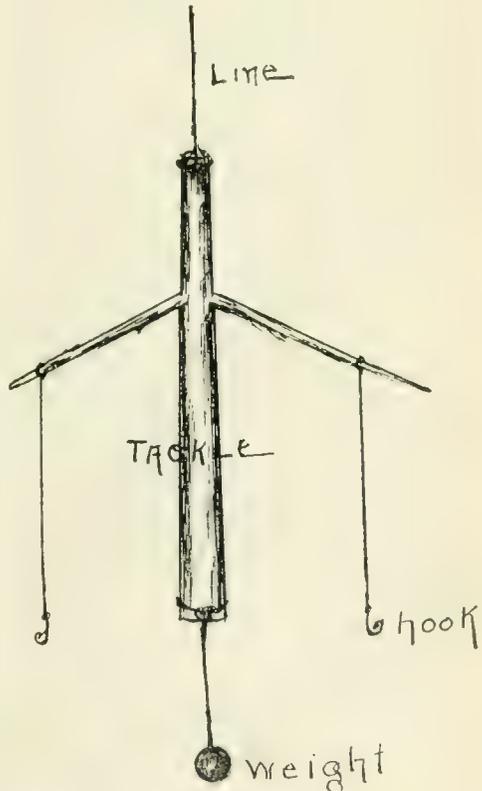
He saw the natives at work fishing and studied their methods, and appliances, and decided to copy them. Now, an Indian halibut tackle is very simple, and very good. The first desideratum is a long straight line; the Indian lines were originally made of the inner bark of some of the native trees, which was spun, and plaited

into as long and strong a line as was wanted, but lines of cotton and hemp are cheaper and better, so we seldom saw the native line. Fred got six hundred feet of hard spun cotton line, about as thick as an ordinary lead pencil. Several large hooks were procured. These were large enough surely for they were of steel, four inches long, and quite as thick as the line. They were attached to what Fred called the tackle, which consisted of a section of a small tree growing two limbs diametrically opposite. The tree, some three to four inches in diameter, was cut off a foot and a half above the limbs, and half a foot below them, the limbs an inch in diameter were cut off eighteen inches from the tree. To the long end of the trunk a weight of seven or eight pounds of lead was tied, and to the end of each limb the hooks attached by a bit of the fishing line at such length that when the lead weight was on the bottom, the hooks hung six or eight inches above it. The main line was tied to the short end of the trunk. At the fishing ground the tackle was put overboard, and allowed to run till the weight touched the bottom, which was easily perceived. It was held in that position till a fish was hooked, and if the fish were a big one then Fred's fun would begin. When the natives caught a big fish they let it tire itself out, bringing it close to the canoe. It was then struck on the head with a heavy stone hammer, and stunned or killed. The occupants of the boat, seldom more than two, prepared to embark it. If unable to pull the fish into the boat they got out, careening it as they did so, till it was filled with water in which condition it was used as a scoop to take in the fish; the water was then bailed out and the fishers got into it from opposite sides at the same time, and continued fishing, or went to camp as was most convenient. □

Fred had the finest and best tackle that could be made, yet he was disconsolate!

One afternoon when the clouds lifted higher than the tops of the lower peaks around, I bailed out our largest canoe, in which Fred kept his tackle, and called on one of the men to come with me. We paddled to near the middle of the Inlet, took a look around, and as the sun began to blink through the clouds at us, and the warmth was very agreeable, we sat quietly while the canoe drifted with the tide. It occurred to me that as our steamer would be at camp in a few days it would be well to know what depth of water was under us, so I could tell the Captain where to anchor. I took up the halibut tackle, and fathoming it off with my arms, dropped it till the lead struck bottom, "Thirteen fathoms," I exclaimed, "not so much as I thought," and let the lead bump from ridge to ridge of the bottom as we drifted along. Suddenly the line caught; the canoe was held up against the tide; I pulled but there was no let go. I called to my man to get up and paddle back, that we had got foul of a rock or something. He lazily responded, but seemed not able to get the boat started, the line kept so taut. I urged him to pull; he replied he was pulling all he was able, and that was a good deal for he was a powerful fellow. After some moments of struggle I noticed that we were fast to something living, for the line began to slip through my hands, and the speed increased so rapidly that the line burned my hands. I held it in such a way that it got gradual headway on the canoe till it was fairly flying through the water. There were only two of us in it, so the draught was not more than four or five inches. While I was holding for dear life, the small cord cutting into my hands, I was calling to my paddler to steer straight, for if we had swerved, over we would have gone. He kept his head, and luckily for us, the fish made a bee line for our camp, otherwise we would have had to cut the line and let it go. It must have been towing us at the rate of ten

miles an hour for most of that run, as I never saw the canoe rush through the water at the same rate before, and we had some good paddlers in the party. As we were nearly a mile out I did not care how fast it went as long as it kept toward camp, though I could not imagine what it was. My comrade was anxiously calling to know what we had, or what had us. I could not tell him, for by this time nearly four hundred feet of line was out, and I could not see anything at that distance. At the end of half a mile, the thing stopped, and we quietly hauled up to it, yet when we were quite close to where it was, I could make out nothing. As we got within thirty or forty feet it turned partly over, I saw its white belly, and knew then we had a very large halibut, it looked so large in the hurried glance that it frightened me, but I had no time to think, for it was off again, express speed, as straight to our camp as it could go. I called back, "It's



Fred's Fishing Tackle

the biggest halibut in all Alaska, keep her straight." The next run was not so long, but it brought us close to our large boat, and for a minute or two it seemed we would be fouled by the anchor line of the boat. However by carefully slapping the water near the fish and directing its movements from the canoe we cleared in safely. Well nigh exhausted, it made a last spurt to within a hundred yards of the shore at camp. We shoed it gently shoreward as it lay on the surface of the water, working its gills furiously. We got it into about three feet of water, and I called to one of the men at camp to throw me a large fish spear we had, the shank of which was over half an inch of steel. I got this by the handle, pushed the canoe as close to the fish as I thought safe, and struck with all my might for the back of the head, but my aim was a little faulty and caught him too far back. He gave a wriggle, and broke the shank of the spear as though it were a pipe stem. The plunge he made, took him quite close to shore, and one of the men waded out with a rock fifty or sixty pounds in weight, and smote him square on the top of the head. It was all over. We dragged him out, and after all the exclamations had been made, and the story of the race had been retold several times, I measured him, and found him, snout to tip of tail, six feet eleven inches, width across back at widest place three and a half feet, and the thickness, after cutting, proved to be over ten inches. We had no way to weigh it, but some time afterward we caught a small one, which I carefully measured and weighed, and as the weight varies as the cube of the dimensions. I cubed them both and found from this method that the big one could not have weighed less than three hundred pounds.

We piled ice on it and ate of it as long as we remained at camp, more than a week.

Poor Fred! His disappointment was great. Though he could not claim the credit of having caught the halibut, he had made the tackle and the halibut had caught us.

### Caught at Dunnville, Ont.



A 36 Lb. Maskinonge, Caught Last Summer in the Upper River at Dunnville by C. F. Smith of East Aurora, N. Y. Martin Green, Dunnville's veteran Angler had charge of the Party.

# Miuke's Claim

A Story of East Kootenay, British Columbia

FRANK HOUGHTON

THE grass gleamed golden brown in the blazing sunlight. The cottonwood and alders along the banks of the Kootenay River shone brilliantly in their autumn hues of orange, russet and gold. Heavenward the tall tamaracks on the uplands shot their denuded branches. New fallen snow on the rugged summits of the Rockies discounted the summer splendour lingering in the valleys, while a faint haze over the Selkirks intensified their deepening shadows. Now and again the jingle of a bell on a browsing pony's neck merged in the whispering murmur of the river. Beside the trail, where it leaves the timber, ere it crosses Bummer's flat there stood a weather stained, smoke begrimed tepee, and issuing from it the strident wailing of a concertina. The player, a slim, fair haired man of about thirty-five, lay prone upon his back. From the wrapt expression on his singularly handsome face it was evident that he derived much pleasure from his extraordinarily bad performance. The sound of an approaching pony's tread distracted him; he paused, sighed and ceased the wailing horror.

"Dan, I suppose," he murmured, and sighing again sat up.

A moment later a swarthy, bearded individual entered, nodded and took a seat upon a packed 'par-flesh'. Drawing a pipe from his pocket he knocked the ashes out and proceeded leisurely to fill it. He was a man quite ten years older than the musician.

"I met Miuke near Hansons," he said. "He and Kootenay Sam seem great telecums these days. They were ridin' together an' that ornary yellah dog followin' them."

The younger man lay down again and once more turned his gaze slowly to the blackened roof, again the wrapt expression softened his eyes,

again he raised the concertina, a gentle wail heralded another painful overture. Dan, in the act of taking some matches from the pocket of his shapps, spoke in his slow, quiet voice: "Paul Rochester," he said, "quit it, for Heaven's sake."

Once more the enthusiast sighed as he laid his instrument with a loving tenderness beside him.

"Now Dan, that little thing that I was practicing is a pearl beyond price, that little wordless utterance — —"

"It's sure a blessing there aint no words to it", said Dan with a slow seriousness.

"That little wordless utterance, as I was saying,"

"I knoo a man once as owned a phonygraph, talk about music, sufferin' cats!"

"Good heavens! a phonograph." The exclamation spoke volumes.

"To speak to a barbarian like you about music is a waste of language and a waste of thought. Perhaps this may interest you," he leaned over and pulling a coat to him took something from a pocket and handed it to the older man. It was a piece of quartz of the size of a man's fist and so rotten that one could almost crumble it in his fingers. When the older man looked at it he caught his breath, for the yellow gold was running through it in tiny threads and it was splashed all over with the precious metal.

"Man dear!" exclaimed Dan and into his voice a scared note crept while he raised it scarce above a whisper—"a pocket?"

Paul laughed. "So that interests you, does it? You Vandal. To think of it, the higher beauties, the utterances of the soul fail to interest, and when I show you a piece of rude material rock, splashed with a yellow——"

"It isn't float, Paul. Great Heavens! man, it's sure terrible rich."

Paul laughed again.

"No, Dan, old roust-about, it isn't float."

"Hang it all, man, tell me——"

"What?" asked Paul.

"What! Great Scotland, What! Can you ask me 'What?' with that before you, where did it come from, man?"

"Do you mean where did I find it, or where——?"

"Where did Nature put it? Where is the lead?"

Paul's face grew grave. "Where did it come from? Ah, that is the real question. Where did I get it is easily answered"

"And where was that?" Dan looked at him.

"In Miuke's blankets."

"In Miuke's blankets?" echoed Dan in bewilderment. He stared blankly at the quartz and turned interrogatively to his companion.

"It's this way," said Paul, "that buckskin cayuse of mine strayed again and I was looking for him. It was over at Four Mile Lake when I came suddenly across a white-tail. It trotted past without seeing me, into some Jack-pine before I could unslung my rifle. Thinking it might stop I dismounted and chucking down the lines, left the pony and followed after the deer a little to one side. I sneaked along as quietly as possible when I saw a little smoke rising from behind some saskatoon bushes and heard the sound of voices. Dropping to my hands and knees I crawled to the bushes and peered through and there, not twenty feet away were Miuke and Kootenay Sam. I thought it a queer place for them to choose for a jaw, so being there I thought I might as well find out what they were talking about. They were talking about this lead, and thinks I to myself, if it is a quarter as rich as they make out, it's a plum and a long sight too fine a plum for a brace of Siwash to tackle alone. I heard Miuke speak of some rock he had taken to his tepee and hidden in

his blankets, but neither mentioned where the lead was."

"But Paul," exclaimed Dan, "you can't jump a claim even though it belongs to a Siwash. It wouldn't be a square deal."

"Hold on, my son, the claim's not staked, they were discussing that. You see if they stake they must do assessment work and they don't want to just yet. So they are going to leave it till next season and chance it as the winter'll be here soon. From what they said I learned that they were on their way to Canal Flat. You say you met them near Hanson's?" The older man nodded.

"After listening a bit longer I sneaked back to my cayuse and rode to Miuke's as though Old Nick were after me. In the blankets I found the rock, sure enough, a dozen pieces at least, rich as this one and big as your fist. And now, Dan, my son, we've got to find that claim if we have to hunt the mountains from Tobacco Plains to Skum-cum-chuck."

"Humph," said Dan, "that's a pretty big contract. Isn't there a shorter dodge?"

"Yes," replied Paul, he looked at him with a bright smile, "there is a shorter dodge."

"And what is it?"

"We'll camp on the little stretch of prairie beyond Isidore's Canyon. That's not more than a mile or so from Miuke's and in the evening I'll cache myself by his tepee. Kootenay Sam is camping with him and I'm bound to hear something more about the claim, maybe I'll find where it's located."

"That's pretty risky, isn't it? That yellow cur'll nose you out, sure as you're alive. Then you'll have the two Nitchees to tackle. Either o' them would cold lead you on sight if they caught you prowling about at night."

"Right you are, Dan. But he who risks nothing wins nothing."

"There's that yellah dog."

"It isn't bullet proof an' dog or no dog, I'm bound to see that claim."

"I'd most as soon shoot a man as shoot his dog," said Dan thoughtfully.

"Well if you don't care to tackle it say so, Dan."

The older man turned to him. "O' course I'll tackle it, Paul, when did you ever know me to turn down one o' your wild-cats?" He laughed a little then added—"Pon my soul, I don't know which o' us is the craziest. But Paul, blame me, if I'd like to see any telecum o' mine run bull-headed into a blind lead where there aint no turnin'."

"Don't you fret, old stockings, we'll find a turning and, by Jove, Dan, we'll find that lead or bust."

The following afternoon found them camped on the prairie near Isidore's Canyon. After their supper Paul rode over to Miuke's. After an absence of an hour or so he returned to report that there was no one about the tepee, not even the dog. Then remarking, "Thank Heaven, I understand the dialect as well as English, if it wasn't for that I wouldn't know where to begin," he stretched himself on his blankets and rolled and lighted a cigarette.

The next evening Paul tried again but returned very soon. He swung from his horse uncinched the saddle, pulled it off and banged it on the ground.

"What's the matter now?" inquired Dan, who had been watching him.

"That yellow dog spotted me, talk about savage brutes, by the Lord! I thought he'd eat me."

"The Nitchees found you, too, I suppose?"

"That's the funny part of it, they never showed up—very likely they were away." Dan merely grunted.

A day or two later Miuke and Sam rode up. They talked to Paul for a bit, then rode on. They hadn't been gone more than an hour when the big yellow dog came loping after them. At the tepee of the white men he swerved, making a detour through the timber to avoid it.

Both Paul and Dan were sitting in front smoking. The dog, a great,

gaunt, wolfish looking brute, was passing at a slow run. Paul uttering an exclamation jumped quickly to his feet and stepped into the tepee, to reappear on the instant with his rifle. The dog was passing at a distance of nearly one hundred yards. An ordinary shot would have missed at such a range, running as it was and jumping timber like a white-tail. But that thin, blue-eyed, fair haired man was no ordinary shot, but probably the best shot, as he was the best hunter and roper, in the Kootenay. Throwing his rifle to his shoulder he just snapped at him as a man might at a woodcock in thick "covert."

The dog was in the very act of clearing a big log, when, in mid air, a 30 Winchester bullet crashed through his brain. He hardly kicked. He was dead before he hit the ground. Then Paul dragged the carcass away through the timber and buried it beneath the rocks.

Several days later, on an evening when Paul was absent, Miuke and Kootenay Sam paid Dan a visit. The Indians pulling the tepee door aside entered and saying "How how," squatted on their heels and smoked for a few moments by the fire in silence. They were both powerful looking men, about five feet nine or so in height. In fact Miuke was counted the strongest in his tribe. Their black hair was braided and surmounted with light colored Stetson hats. Breech clouts were worn beneath their blankets and their leggings were embroidered with beads. The inevitable moccasins completed their attire.

"Where your telecum?" demanded Miuke.

Dan shrugged his shoulders to signify that he did not know.

"Go Steele?"—Steele was the nearest store and collection of shacks, grandiloquently called "town" in East Kootenay.

Another shrug.

Miuke turned and held a short parley with his companion, then spoke again: "What you camp here for?"

"Good camp ground," Dan replied, adding "plenty feed for horses."

Sam gave a short laugh at the answer.

"Damn bad feed," said Miuke. "Indian horse range here all summer. Eat all grass."

"Is that so?" replied Dan carelessly. Then he concluded to do some questioning on his own account.

"Where you go?" he asked, as though deeply concerned about their movements.

"Steele," growled Miuke.

"What you go Steele for?"

Miuke and Sam exchanged glances and spoke to each other in a low tone.

"No savey," finally ejaculated Miuke.

Dan looked at him and laughed.

After another parley between the Indians, Miuke spoke again:

"You see my dog?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Two, three days ago."

"Where?"

"On trail," said Dan, pointing outside.

"Which way run?"

Dan pointed towards Steele.

"I believe he dead."

"Why?" asked Dan. "You no see him?"

Miuke slowly shook his head, and after a few moments the two Indians left the tepee. The sound of their horses' hoofs had scarcely died away when Paul returned. Throwing his saddle to the ground he entered and seated himself before the fire.

"Dan," he said with an air of suppressed excitement, "If I haven't found the lead I've spotted the stream it's on."

"You don't mean it?" Dan eagerly interrupted. "How did you manage it?"

"Do you remember when we were trapping on that stream running into Moyie River, at the foot of the lake?"

Dan nodded.

"Did you notice anything about the formation of the stream bed?"

"Nary a thing," said Dan.

"Well, I did. The bed is filled with brown sandstone pebbles, for the most part a flat oval in shape. Mixed with them was a good deal of quartz in

lumps about the size of a marble and many blue flint pebbles also in evidence. Another thing I noticed was that many of the pebbles were cemented together, half a dozen in a oval shape of the sandstone pebbles."

"I mind," said Dan thoughtfully, "I seen much the same in Sand Crick this side o' the Crows Nest."

"That's right, Dan, but there they are in round lumps of gray limestone and slate. I don't recollect seeing any slate in the stream by Moyie."

Here Paul drew from his pocket several pieces of conglomerate and handed them to his friend, who on, examining them, found them to be composed of pieces of quartz, sandstone and blue flint.

"Where did you get these?" he asked.

"At the back of Miuke's tepee, where I was on the still hunt for information."

"Upon my soul!"

"Now I have another little clew."

"You have? And what in blazes is it?"

"Simply this. Miuke's buckskin is pigeon-toed in the near front hoof. Three weeks ago I was on the Moyie trail, as you know, there were two riders on it just ahead of me. I didn't see them but I spotted their trail and that of the smaller horse turned in the near front hoof. The hind hoofs of the larger horse are badly sand cracked. Sam's cayuse has the biggest sand cracks I ever saw on a horse, not lame. This evening I find stones like those in the bed of that creek, at their tepee. Looks as though the beggars had been here, doesn't it old stockings?"

"Paul you're a wonder."

"Then too," he continued, "unless I'm mightily mistaken the lead's in a bluff on the stream."

"How'd you make that out?"

"That was dead easy, just heard Sam tell Miuke that he fell into the stream when he was climbing, said he fell nearly fifteen feet and nearly broke his back. Miuke laughed, so did I.

The two men for a time smoked in silence, then Dan spoke:

"Well partner what's the next move?"

"To the Moyie, of course, quick as we can."

Two days later they were camped on the stream at the foot of the lake. Early the next morning, Dan carrying his rifle and Paul, a pick, started up the stream. Until nearly noon they stumbled along till they reached a spot where it skirted the toe of a mountain, and rounding it they came upon a bluff of bare rock rising some eighty or ninety feet almost sheer.

"That's the bluff, or I'm a Dutchman," exclaimed Paul and seated himself on a log. "We've followed the right trail so far."

"Looks like it, Paul."

Paul looked about him as he rolled a cigarette.

"We'll have snow before morning," he remarked, "See how the clouds are banking up to south'ard."

As he was in the act of striking a match he started and looked behind him.

"Did you hear that?"

"No," replied Dan, "What was it?"

"I could have sworn I heard a twig snap."

"Maybe a deer," said Dan. "I seen some terrible fresh tracks as we come along."

"Possibly," said Paul carelessly. "But let's push on. There ought to be a gulch round this bluff, if we're right, and the claim should be up it."

Sure enough when they rounded the bluff they came on a canyon or gulch in the mountain, a dry stream bed meandered along its bottom. They followed it up nearly a mile when they entered a sort of basin or amphitheatre in the hills, with a circumference of nearly a third of a mile. Its rough side was a wall of jagged rock terminating in a rock slide; to the north it sloped more gradually and was thickly timbered with spruce.

"The lead'll be in this basin," said Paul.

"Yes," replied Dan, "An' it might take a month to find it unless it's pretty big, but it's too rich for that."

Paul laughed. "Well, Dan, we'll spend a month if it's necessary. To begin with let's prospect the south side first."

They had walked about half the afternoon when the snow began. At four o'clock it was so dark they started back to the tepee. As they neared the entrance to the gulch Paul suddenly stooped down and carefully examined something.

"What is it?" inquired Dan.

For reply Paul pointed to the foot prints of a man crossing their trail. The two men looked at each other and then into the deep shadows of the sombre woods whither those tracks led.

"See," said Paul, brushing the fresh snow from one of the footprints, "only a few light flakes covered the tracks. That man passed within a quarter of an hour."

"An Indian?" queried the other.

"Did you ever see a white man leave a trail like that? Look at it, man."

"But an Indian wouldn't leave his horse," said Dan.

"No, an Indian wouldn't leave his horse, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless he was very near his quarry," replied Paul with a bright smile.

"I wouldn't waste no time huntin' deer round here, when there's that big meady on the Moyie."

"It may not be deer he is hunting. Who knows?"

Dan said "Oh," slowly, thoughtfully. He began to think that he too might guess the meaning of that trail.

"There is only one, at any rate," he remarked presently.

"Yes," replied Paul slowly; "one with three feet of Bull pine before him is better than two in the open."

For the next two days they prospected industriously, but found nothing.

About the middle of the third afternoon, suddenly Paul's voice rang out.

"Found at last!"

Dan hurried to the place where his partner stood. Overhanging was a great jutting piece of rock through which a vein of quartz ran. About five feet from the ground some pieces had been taken out. It was the same rock as the samples found in Miuke's blankets. In width the vein was nearly two feet.

"This is sure great, Paul," said Dan with a broad grin.

They gloated boisterously over it for a little time, till Paul exclaimed: "We must hurry if we want to stake it out before dark. Come Dan."

They planted the discovery post right there. Then cut a No. 1 and No. 2 when Paul stopped to roll a cigarette.

While his companion was preparing for his smoke, Dan was startled to see, not more than thirty paces distant, the figure of a man step out from behind a clump of bushes. The sinister apparition was dim and indistinct in the gathering gloom.

"Paul!" he exclaimed in a tense voice. His partner sprang to his feet, at the same instant a tongue of flame seemed to burst from the dark figure, and the sharp report of a rifle shattered the silence. For a brief instant Dan thought the shot had missed, for he heard the bullet strike with a slap on the rocks behind. But it had done its work before it got there. Paul with a convulsive movement, and a little moaning cry, straightened himself, stretched his hands high above his head and toppled forward on his face in the fresh snow.

Dan had carried his rifle slung that afternoon so that it would be out of the way. The rage and hate he felt hastened his eager hands. He quickly unslung his Winchester, but he was not quick enough. There was another flash of lurid flame, another ominous report and Dan felt a sharp agony in his side and spun around.

His rifle flew a dozen feet away. He staggered, tried desperately to hold his feet, tripped on a branch and plunged headlong. But as he fell thought, with its undreamed of swift-

ness, tutored him. Ere he reached the carpet of white snow he had decided on a line of action. An attempt to cover that thirty paces to his foe was madness, certain death. His one and only chance was strategy. He did not think his hurt a mortal one though it smarted cruelly; and as he lay he loosed a heavy sheath knife at his belt. He saw the Indian advancing towards him with a bold confidence. Paul he passed without a pause, believing him most surely killed. By the side of Dan he halted and dropped his rifle butt so close to him that it grazed his shoulder. He muttered something and then Dan heard him laugh. Then thrusting forward his foot he pushed the limp figure as he might have done a dead deer. 'Twas just the chance that Dan was looking for. With a swift move he gripped the fellow by the ankles and throwing his very heart into the effort he jerked his feet from under him and laid him on his back. Then in a second with a furious oath he was upon him. He drew his sheath knife, and cursing like a fury, he drove at him with all his strength. Two and three times he stabbed him. At first the Indian's struggles were tremendous, but of a sudden they died away and in the dark face under his he recognized Miuke.

Then he rose fearfully to his feet thinking of his partner. He stooped over him and laid his hand above his heart and, God be praised, he felt it beating bravely.

As a matter of fact, Paul was not hurt badly either. The bullet, a small but hard one, had only passed through his shoulder leaving but a tiny perforation and no break. Dan got him back to Steele by easy stages, where a man, half doctor and half gambler, treated his hurt so that in a couple of months he was just as well as ever. As for the wound in Dan's side, 'twas but a scratch, a mere flesh wound.

But the lead? 'Twas nothing but a pocket after all. Not worth the trouble and the bloodshed. Not even worth the yellow dog.

*Author's foot-note. A word of explanation as to some of the Western terms used may be interesting. "Par-flesh," a rawhide case or hold-all for packing goods on a pack-horse; "Nitches," a Western term for Indians;*

# A Plea for the Moose

An Article on the Abuse of Moose Hunting  
by the Swampy Cree Indians

ROY NORTH

THE threatened extermination of the moose is a subject that cannot fail to interest all true sportsmen, though few perhaps are aware of the extent to which the wholesale slaughter of these noble animals is carried on in the seclusion of the northern woods. City men will find it hard to realize the statements here set down and vouched for as facts: but those who have followed the trapping line and wandered through the Northern muskegs, those who have paddled and portaged through the intricacies of countless lakes and un-named rivers, will not read unmoved of a wanton destruction that is as brutal and blood-thirsty as it is criminal.

For some years I was in the employ of a well-known fur-trading company whose principal operations were conducted with the Swampy Cree Indians of Lac St. Joseph and the territory to the north of it. The lake, a magnificent expanse eighty-five miles in length, is known to the Indians as *The-Big-Water-in-the-Muskeg*, and is so called, no doubt, because of the great swamps which stretch away on every hand behind the range of hills bounding its shores. To the south lies the wilderness of New Ontario and to the north the great and almost unexplored province of Keewatin. Formerly the district abounded in caribou, but these deer are now comparatively scarce owing to the encroachment of the moose which have been driven north by the advance of the railways. It is but twelve years since Shekawk, now a chief of the tribe, killed the first moose at Lac St. Joseph, but today these animals may be numbered in thousands and form the staple food of the Swampy Crees, who pursue them relentlessly. Before the advent of the moose this tribe subsisted largely on

fish in the summer and rabbits in the winter, but now the art of rabbit-snaring devolves chiefly on the squaws and juveniles, while the men hunt bigger game.

Skillful trackers and possessed of wonderful powers of endurance, these wizards of the woods find in the moose an easy prey. Even in the summer months, when the men are nearly all employed in freighting supplies from the railway, he gets no rest. Driven into the water by the pitiless attacks of myriads of winged pests, he finds himself face to face with a more dangerous enemy in the person of the Swampy, whose fleet canoe quickly overtakes him and whose unerring rifle lays him low.

If these hunters would restrict themselves to the number of moose required for food, things would not be so bad; but their insatiable appetite for killing never fails to get the better of them whenever opportunity occurs, quite regardless of the shameful waste involved. On a recent trip I saw on one stretch of the river between Perch Ripple and Big Angling Lake, a distance of some twelve miles, no fewer than eleven carcasses of moose lying bloated in the reeds along the water's edge. Not one of these had been used for food.

If the lot of the moose is a hard one in summer, it is much more so during the long, cold winter months, when the snow frequently lies four feet deep and the blizzard howls in fury out of the north. With his shaggy mane frost-covered and his great body gaunt with semi-starvation, the giant deer seeks the shelter of some friendly hill, and there, belly-deep in snow, stoically stands and weathers out the storm. This is the Indian's opportunity. His blanket coat and rabbit-skin mittens keep him warm, his snowshoes enable him to travel fast

and far, the wind roaring in the trees deadens the sound of his stealthy approach, and the tell-tale tracks guide him to the poor brute's shelter. There stands the Moose, a pathetic figure, his shoulders humped to the gale, his senses benumbed with the cold, his back covered with driven snow, a plea for pity if one has pity to give. Then the rifle cracks and the mighty frame falls lifeless. If far from his camp, the callous hunter leaves the meat to the wolves; if near, he may return some days later with a toboggan and haul a portion of it to his wigwam.

In the year 1909, Patagwash, a Lac St. Joseph Indian, proudly told me that he had killed forty-one moose. "And what did you do with them all?" I queried. "We eat some of them", was the careless reply.

As the winter season advances and Spring draws near, the plight of the moose becomes worse, if possible. In the month of March a crust not infrequently forms on the snow surface over which the hunter can travel swiftly, but through which the heavy body of the moose unfortunately breaks, making it impossible to travel far for food. Under these circumstances the moose yards up in company with his fellows in order to keep open the food trails. The cows are heavy with young at this season, and therefore particularly helpless. Surely if there is a spark of chivalry in the human breast, now is the time to spare; but the Swampy Cree knows no mercy, and the moose yard is turned into a butchers' shambles. At such a time the Indian disdains the use of

powder and ball, and falls upon his victim axe in hand. Paskahtaung, a middle-aged member of a neighboring tribe, on one occasion in the severe winter of 1909, ran down a fine cow moose and with his hunting knife put out its eyes in order to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the animal bump against the trees in its frantic efforts to get clear of its assailant. The story, which was told round the camp fire in my presence, was greeted with a chorus of grunts of approbation by his admiring hearers.

Surely something should be done to put a stop to revolting cruelty of this kind and to restrict the blood-thirsty passions of such inhuman monsters. Yet in the face of this practice we are singularly helpless, for the task of adequately policing these remote regions is too great to be successfully undertaken, and so surely as the Indian is out of reach of the eye of the law, he will give rein to his inherent savagery and lust for blood.

I took it upon myself personally to report to the Indian Agent at Kenora some of the above facts, with the result that the tribe met with a stern reprimand from that excellent officer when he paid the district his annual visit. The backwoods Indian, however, is not very impressionable and it is to be feared that the warning fell largely on deaf ears and carried little effect. To prohibit the sale of modern fire-arms to natives might possibly improve matters somewhat, and help to preserve to posterity at least a remnant of the magnificent creatures which still roam the fastnesses of our northern wilds.



# “What Would You Rather do Than go Fishing?”

## Trout Fishing on Hepworth Stream

JOHN M. COPELAND

**D**ID you ever explore the Hepworth trout stream? Did you ever by hook or crook, angle or worm your unworthy self into such prominence as to come within fish-line range of this distinctive privilege at the hands of one or two of the elect who has scared up five hundred dollars to be in the swim? No! Well, hold your whist, if your behaviour is good and the goblins don't get you first, your turn may swing round the orbit before the mud-hens nest again.

Wiarton is up in the vicinity of Lion's Head, though you never hear the beast roar; bears abound only in the store windows and hunting club photographs, but the people of that enlightened and sociable burg live close to the hub of real enjoyment. With mild and fitting provocation, their men folk knock off duty for a fewends on the green and a few hours with the rod and it does not cause them pain, neither do they monopolize the whole melon. Be it remembered however, that Major Sandy Soyle a genial, railroading free lance, influenced my pro tem diploma and we had both been waiting and yearning this twelve-month for a whirl at that Hepworth preserve.

Picture to yourself a real young morning with a fine sample of weather “To go feesh” and the wind “Not in the Nort, Eh What?” Follow with dining car spread at the “Pacific”. A thoroughbred lives there. Include the tackle and wraps, 'bacey and bait and a bracing breeze for forty minutes: shake down the corn flakes, stir well and presto! Eddie an obliging fisher lad with a limousine spills you right on to the bridge of sighs—thrills and sighs for the gamey speckled prize. A fish on the hook is worth two in the brook. The first move was all hands to the rigging, then don your last year's breeks, slip into the waders, distribute the squirmers and we were off together to discover a patch of North Bruce.

Our pleasant and kindly companion, industrious German John, who is some pumpkins on the bowling green, made the first strike ten yards from the door to whet the appetite and later notched up three score more. The major was the next offender. That serpentine stream, the keys to which they gave us, is indeed, an unwilling jade. She surrounds her family with many safe-guards and was loth to offer up her treasure. As I remarked to Ed. Reckine,

Stanley in Darkest Africa had very little more to contend with. It was like solving a Chinese puzzle to know where to break in to the pot-pie.

If one did not sink up to the belly-band in alluvial soil and water cress of this year and last, he had the option of taking a mud bath in the approaches. We thought the successful angler had to be a cross between a kingfisher and a monkey in order to negotiate those slippery trees and the great Blondin, who tight-roped the Niagara Gorge, would have hesitated.

However, getting into the holes was a struggle: getting out from that labyrinth of sticks, stumps and brambles was impossible, so we stayed until the bell rang. The major broke so many hooks and lines he nearly grew peevish. Some days you can't lay up a cent. His companion fell over a submarine pine trunk, musing his linen, By Jove, in that nawsty slime.

But the recompense was right worthy. How those bronze beauties did flash by with tantalizing promise! Then again, how they snapped the bait, and Bingol something has happened and “Heraus mit ihm” into the creel. Note my familiarity with the Kaiser's tongue.

That stalwart, big-hearted emperor of the Germans found your scribe, the sporting deacon disobeying all the axioms of angling and threshing the brook without avail. With characteristic thoughtfulness he instructed me in the mysteries and shewed his luck. Evidently the largest fish reserved themselves for the largest man, as he had them in plenty.

“O consistency, thou art a jewel.” When Old Sol swung over the yard-arm the quintette unanimously sprang, like the famous Irishman, not away from the lunch but at it. Such fellowship, such wit and stories. There was cold lamb, bologna and eggs; (what the hen lays), potato salad, onions and slaw; biscuit, beer and pie—Oh me, Oh my, banana pie. We used the plates right side up and then right side down, a la lumber camp, and not a crumb escaped. No suffragettes were there. Negligeé was de rigueur. Too soon, indeed, came Au revoir, for

“All's fair weather when good fellows get together.”



## Climbing Mumm Peak

B. B. H.

**B**Y Wednesday, July 30th, climbing at the Robson Pass Camp had begun in good earnest. That morning five different parties set out. One of them, led by Mr. W. W. Foster, made a traverse of Rearguard (9,000 ft.); another under the guidance of Konrad Kain went up Resplendent (11,173) although I believe bad weather prevented them from quite reaching the summit; a party consisting of Miss DeBeek, Miss Fowler, Messrs. Prouty, Bourne, Tyler, Hart and Wilson, led by Walter Schaufelberger, made a first ascent of Lynx Mt. (10,471); a party of seventeen conducted by Donald Phillips, started out on the four day trip; while still another party made the ascent of Mumm Peak (9,740).

The latter party at the outset was composed of Prof. Fay, Mr. Westmorland, Mr. Sampson, Prof. C. B. Sissons, Mrs. Sissons, Mrs. Stone, Major Mitchell, Mrs. Mitchell and the writer. A few minutes' walk brought us to the base of the mountain and we picked our way leisurely up through the open timber, stopping to admire the beauty and variety of the flowers that carpeted the way and to glimpse though the trees to our right that beautiful little gem, Lake Adolphus. When we emerged from

the timber and reached a plateau covered here and there with a scrub growth, it was proposed that we rest a while and engage in a round table talk on the condition of the weather, which was anything but propitious. So far as one could judge from that height the summit of Mumm was enveloped in cloud—an uncomfortable looking cloud that might mean either rain or snow. Now, the majority of us were climbing Mumm because we had been told that from it was to be obtained one of the finest panoramic views to be secured in the near vicinity of the camp; and Mumm was so invitingly near the camp site that to scramble up to its summit, even though it did mean a climb of some four thousand feet or more, seemed only a suitable little outing for the third day in camp. But from our plateau the prospect was not inviting. The skies were leaden and the wise-acres among us, after due deliberation, predicted that the summit of Mumm would be a very uncomfortable spot, even though the party succeeded in reaching it, and in all probability we should see nothing at all but dense banks of fog, should we be able to get to the top. In short there was a subtle, unexpressed, but nevertheless apparent consensus of opinion among the men of

the party that the weaker vessels should not be encouraged in proceeding any farther. Whereupon the weaker vessels disclaimed any desire to climb in mist, and possibly rain, and announced their intention of having a picnic in a cosy nook among some shrubbery a few feet distant. Prof. Fay, however, had only a few days to spend at the Robson camp and he was anxious to make the most of the time at his disposal. Mr. Westmorland had come to attempt any serious climbing that might present itself and he was anxious to miss no opportunity for practice. Mr. Sampson—well, possibly Mr. Sampson had visions of reducing his weight. At any rate these three, modern prototypes of the "youth that bore the strange device," bade us a joyous farewell and started off. We watched them until they had disappeared from sight, then after a miniature camp-fire had been built we settled down to the enjoyment of it—and the contents of our rucksacks. Major Mitchell, taking upon himself the office of chef, prepared savoury meat—boiled ham abstracted from our sandwiches and heated on a flat stone—which he served on toast. After this had been disposed of and we had discussed the weather, metaphorically patting ourselves on the back that we had not persisted in spite of the unfavorable conditions, we proceeded to emulate the King of France with forty thousand men and "marched down again."

Mr. Westmorland told us the story of the continuation of the climb the following day. He and Prof. Fay and Mr. Sampson reached the summit, but the climb was quite devoid of the interest that attaches to the ascent of a peak when the day is fine, and when the views to be obtained from the summit repay one for the effort of getting to the top, quite irrespective of the character of the climbing encountered.

"We went up the nose on the south side of Mumm," said Mr. Westmorland, when asked as to the route taken, the shale nose which runs down from the snowfield below the peak itself. From the time we struck the snow we were enveloped in thick cloud. We worked our way upward by the general tendency of the snow slope and the use of the compass. At one point in travelling in this manner we got too far to the right to a place where the snow-slope falls away very steeply, and had to work up again in a more westerly direction to the more gradual slope of the snowfield. When we had been going about an hour the mist blew away sufficiently to allow us a glimpse of a large crevasse to the right. We had only a glimpse, however, and then the mist dropped down on us again. A few minutes later it cleared and gave us a good view of the cliffs above and showed us the direction to follow in order to gain the foot of the snow couloir which we intended to ascend. We worked up the snow in the couloir by kicking steps, and at the point where the couloir narrowed took to the rocks on the right wall of the gulley, on the top of which we again struck good snow. A few minutes took us across this ridge of snow and the line of the rock ridge loomed up through the mist ahead of us. We climbed the easterly end of the ridge by a very awkward corner, then travelled in a westerly direction along the summit of this ridge until we reached a gap across which we could see the highest point of the mountain on the further side. We descended the rocks to the gap and after crossing the snow in the gap a few broken ledges and a steep and long chimney of about twenty feet took us to the cairn on the summit which had been first built by Mr. Mumm and later improved by Mr. Wheeler. We followed the same route when coming down."

# My First Trip North

C. N. HAYES

BEING a lover of nature and a sportsman, in spirit if not in fact of accomplishment, I am a regular caller at Mr. Wood's drug store in Kenora. Mr. Wood always has the last issue of *ROD AND GUN* on his display rack. If for any reason some fellow of similar instincts as myself, beats me to it and appropriates the last copy of the *ROD AND GUN*, I am very much disappointed. However let me add, I get my magazine with few misses, although uncertain mails during the winter cause numerous irregularities.

Let me state my exact position so that you will not imagine I am attempting to pose as a short story artist, much as I should enjoy that distinction, I only wish to add my contribution to the many interesting narratives with which each number of your magazine is so well supplied. I love hunting and fishing, and any sort of camp life is very attractive to me and whenever my line of work has placed me in a location favored with running streams and lakes my spare time has been utilized in acquainting myself with the conditions regarding the fishing to be had in the waters of such a district. Where good clear streams well adapted to the habits of certain kinds of fish existed, I would first make sure that the sources of the same were never-failing and fish foods sufficient and then get in touch with the fish hatcheries, making as large a requisition as I could properly take care of. Upon the arrival of the fry I would transfer it to the different streams and lakes and the result, with one or two exceptions has been entirely satisfactory. In this way much sport was furnished to all in the vicinity as well as to visiting strangers and there are few such who do not enjoy a day's good fishing where the day's results are not merely side-stepping black flies and those "joy-pronged" mosquitoes. Many a stream has been planted in this way

which I have never, myself, been permitted to enjoy, having been transferred to some distant territory. I have kept track, however, of progress through the medium of my friends.

My last move, which was from the United States to Northern Alberta, places me where I have the opportunity of indulging to the fullest extent my fondness for fishing. My first visit to that country was during the winter of 1912. The first 100 miles of the trip, from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, was made by auto and the remaining 300 miles by dog train. This trail leads one through a country that abounds in wild game and is dotted with lakes large and small filled with the finest of food fish. This is also true of the many rivers traversing the country. In my estimation it is as fine a game country as one would care to pass through. We made the trip with four dog teams, four dogs to each team. These were used mainly for transporting our supplies, each team taking care of about 200 lbs. On down hill stretches, we rode and ran alternately. Eight days, including some little delay found us at our destination. I, for one certainly had my eyes opened as to just what driving dogs meant. It meant, from thirty-five to fifty-five miles per day, the days being of from twelve to fifteen hours' duration, and more, if a particularly favorable camping place was to be reached, especially when a storm threatened. Morning as well as evening found us with limbs so tired and stiff that the cords seemed fairly ready to snap and "every little movement caused a pain all its own." Our guides were fine fellows, always in the best of spirits and ready the moment we halted, for a spell, or for the night, to jump in and cheerfully perform whatever they saw was necessary to be done to further the comforts of all, attacking the spruce like a couple of beaver. Hav-

ing a system made it easy for all concerned to keep things right up to snuff. Snow for tea was scooped up with the frying pan and packed into pails, after being well examined, (take my advice and never grab a pail of snow in the Northern woods and expect it to be the undefiled "beautiful" or anything approaching it); just make sure it's all snow, that's all—it's easier on the tea supply and doesn't annoy a fellow so much when it is down. Rabbits are as thick as they can well be and not hinder navigation, but as a source of food they cannot be well replaced. The meat when properly cooked is fine and they are always handy to the kitchen. Several times our stock of fish for the dogs ran out and we supplied that deficiency with the bunnies. The dogs really appreciated them more than they did the frozen fish as they got them in first class condition and would rend and tear them to their liking, bolting fur and all. The dog first through would tackle his nearest neighbor for whatever was in sight, the slow eaters having to be especially taken care of as otherwise their allowance would dwindle considerably. A half grown husky took a liking to our outfit and followed us for days. At meal times he made it his business to get a line on some dog, busy with his meal. Making a rush he would generally get what he went after, and thus waxed fat.

On the third day after leaving Lac La Biche we ran into ptarmigan country. We did not stop to do any hunting, time being precious with us, for having made our usual five o'clock start we felt we could waste no time for hunting except when it was a matter of necessity. Winter mornings when I can take my time and dress by the warm register, I often recall how, when about four o'clock on the trail, DeChambeaux, our guide, would yell "roll out" and we would awaken with a start from underneath our warm feather quilts and stick our noses out into the below-zero weather and find our headgear frozen to the edge of the



1. Dog Team Crossing Willow Lake, Ft. McMurray  
 2. First Building on Author's Claim  
 3. Ox Team Freighting in Peace River Country

blankets. I might explain here that we always slept in the open. We would pile out in short order then, and each pair of us would at once start to roll up our bedding in a tight bundle, covering it with canvas and roping it securely, then packing it in the carryall. Standing about the fire with pitch darkness surrounding us or perhaps the stars twinkling down upon us, we ate our fat bacon and bannock and drank our tea, the latter being of the consistency of homemade lye. Notwithstanding, we would stow away a liberal allowance of this fare and inside of a few minutes the food would be tied in one sack, the dishes in another, and we would be on our way. The dogs were fed by one of the guides during our own meal, then harnessed and made ready for the word to start. Away we went with a whoop down the trail in the darkness, the bells on the dogs sounding cheerful and the biting cold furnishing an added incentive for exercise. The guides with the heavier and faster teams took the lead and we, unencumbered, ran behind, keeping as close to the drivers as possible so as to escape getting our eyes poked out by the brush overhanging the narrow trail and to prevent taking a diverting trail by mistake. The frequent cracking of the 30-30 calibre whips which the drivers could apply with telling effect, would cause the dogs to howl with pain or apprehension.

The evening of the fourth night found us beyond the three Heart Lakes, well past the half-way limits and travelling through some very fine country, a country which will some day pasture thousands of heads of stock and furnish millions of acres of the best farm lands. The entire country, in a northerly direction, from Athabasca Landing right through to Fort McMurray, will in time become the home of thousands of farmers as will also the country to the east, lying in the Peace River district. The native grasses here grow head high on the cleared spaces, the clearings having been done by forest fires which have consumed the once dense growth of timber. Following the fires the grass sprang up

so thickly that it prevented a new growth of trees. I believe this occurs where the land is very rich and this is a safe sign for the land hunter to guide himself by when selecting locations. Wild peas, vetch, etc., grow in rank profusion. This was apparent even at the time of year we passed through the country. The tree growth, and in fact everything growing, combined to prove that Alberta is blessed with plenty of moisture and warmth. At several of the Indian villages at which we stopped, or through which we passed, we were able to get fine potatoes, which had been grown the previous summer. The Indians, (Cree) were hospitable and in no instance did they seem to wish to avoid us or decline to render assistance. We always presented them with some article of food which they were out of, tea being one of the most acceptable stocks in trade, and tobacco being a close second. We started several moose and deer along the way and rarely halted at night when we did not have a dozen grouse stowed away for our evening meal. Often-times we knocked them over with our revolvers. Nearing the vicinity of Ft. McMurray we occasionally noted the numerous salt springs, pure brine proceeding from salt deposits which we saw in bulk form at the oil well at McMurray, the oil drill having passed through a thick strata of salt which required but little purification to render it of commercial value.

The last night out from our destination we heard the wolves start their signals while it was yet daylight and we instinctively felt that this was an unusual thing, but concluded it was no doubt due to the fact that we had that morning procured some fresh moose meat, the odor of which attracted them. We were of the opinion, prior to this, that game was so plentiful that they would not pay any particular attention to us. Now, however, they seemed to wish a closer acquaintance with us. As the dogs were heavily loaded and the weather quite mild, making the dogs a little slow, we travelled more slowly than usual. We decided to camp in a small grove with just sufficient ac-

commodations for our camp, leaving an open space between us and the woods, entirely encircling us, which space the wolves would have to cross in order to reach us. We piled up a good quantity of fire-wood, unlimbered the heavy artillery, arranging things so as to be easy of access, and proceeded to watch their next move. The evening did not end as eventfully as we thought it might, for the wolves kept well out of range until darkness covered their movements, and then they described their characteristic circle near the edge of the bush, giving vent to their feelings by making the night hideous by their yelling. Our dogs, which feared

beat our ingoing time by two days and arrived at Edmonton just as spring was beginning to put in an appearance, bewhiskered and hearty as men could well be.

It was quite evident to us that with railroads into this country and Ft. McMurray the head of navigation, by river, to the far North, and with the immense deposits of asphalt, natural gas, salt, coal, lime-rock, tar and the petroleum which all the old experienced oil experts of the California and Eastern oil fields, affirm must exist in great quantities, with millions of feet of timber, the immense fur country, and the development of the fish industry and manu-



Skinning Moose, Athabasca River

them greatly, kept close to us and would not be driven outside of the circle of sledges. We did not start the following morning until day-break as there were a couple of our number who were inclined to feel apprehensive. We made the fort that same night and spent a couple of weeks picking out a claim apiece. Joining forces, we built a claim shanty on each of them, and departed from there as soon as this work was completed making the return trip home by the same route. Our dogs and ourselves being in first class shape, we

facture of pulp wood from the limitless areas of spruce and poplar for pulp wood, sandstone and fine glass sands, and lastly, and greater than all, the farming country all around, we were especially fortunate in deciding to take up our permanent residence in this favored country. We saw fine vegetables and grains, which proved that in this district agriculture might be made a success of, and noted that conditions improved as one moved westward into the Peace River country.



Our Party in Camp

## A Deer Hunt in British Columbia

R. C. B.

IT was on the ninth of November, 1912, that Ellis T. and I met at Grand Prairie, B. C., for the purpose of going on a deer hunt. We had planned this little outing two months before. I might say here that Ellis was only a boy of seventeen, but big and muscular for his age. He had not as yet had the pleasure and experience of shooting a deer, although he had taken part in two or three deer hunts. We had arranged to make our camp just over the summit of the high mountains, south of the prairie. We intended to take a horse along to carry our duffel up the mountain-side and then picket him out as there was an abundance of grass in the vicinity of the spring where we were to pitch our tent. This little plan of ours had to be abandoned, however, as we got word that there was a foot of snow on the top of the mountain, and to make matters worse, snow commenced falling that very afternoon and continued falling all that night, and in the morning everything was covered to the depth of four or five inches with a beautiful mantle of white. The only thing for us to do now was to get some one to go with us to bring back our horse as we couldn't possibly picket him out in the deep snow. But we could find no one that had the time or inclination to do so. At last a young lady friend of ours, Miss McT. consented to accompany us on horseback to the top of the mountain if someone would go along to ride back with her. We repeated this suggestion to Mr. W., an old bachelor friend of ours, who always liked to believe that he was still young, and consequently had a soft spot in his heart for the fair sex. He gladly fell in with our

wishes, and was only too pleased to accompany us.

It was about ten a.m. when we got started on our little journey up the mountain. Our camping ground was only two miles up from the base of the mountain, but it took us nearly two hours to make it as the going was very hard, the snow being so soft. The horses were continually slipping, owing to their feet balling up with the snow. In one instance Miss McT's horse fell flat on his side, but did not unseat his rider, who coolly stepped off and allowed him to regain his feet. When we finally reached our camping ground our muscles were aching with the strenuous exertion, and even the horses were dripping with perspiration. We lost no time in getting the duffel off the horse's back, starting a fire and getting water up from the spring. Miss McT. took upon herself the task of making a pot of hot coffee to drink with our lunch. While the coffee was brewing, we set to work and pitched our tent. Say, boys, we were hungry! And the way the chicken, bread and butter, pie and cake disappeared was simply marvellous. At two o'clock, we took a few hurried snapshots but the light was not good and then our escorts started on their return trip.

Left to ourselves, we set to work cutting spruce boughs for our bed and getting in a good supply of firewood. We went to bed early that night and after a good sleep were up bright and early, had breakfast and were away by daylight. The snow was about a foot deep, with no crust, which made still hunting comparatively easy. We had been out about two hours when we came upon the

fresh track of a big buck. We took it up and had not followed it more than a quarter of a mile when I heard Ellis, who was a few paces behind me, say "Stop". Just then I heard him shoot. He had seen the buck lying under a tree about seventy yards away and had fired at him while he was getting up. With one bound the buck was out of sight, but on reaching the spot where his bed was, we found that he had left a well-marked trail of blood. I congratulated Ellis on his prowess as a hunter. I was greatly pleased with the cool manner in which he had done the trick. We were soon in hot pursuit expecting to come upon our quarry at any moment, but we were greatly mistaken on that score as we soon found out. We would have left the task of trailing him until the next day but snow began to fall quite heavily and of course that settled the question. After we had followed his track for over two hours, we came to a little creek where we quenched our thirst and ate our lunch. After crossing the creek, the buck travelled up a hill which was covered with fallen timber. The tracks through the fallen timber showed strong indications of weakness. Another couple of hundred yards brought us to the spot where he had made a sharp turn to the right and about fifty yards from the turn we saw him lying down, with his head well up, looking at us. Ellis promptly dispatched him with a bullet in the neck. We bled and dressed him and then sat down and discussed the possibility of ever getting him to camp. We finally decided to leave him where he was until the morrow, and in the meantime to ascertain how far we were from camp, and the shortest and easiest way to it. We followed our track back to where we first saw the buck, then we struck through the bush in the direction in which we thought our camp must be. We had only tramped about a mile, when climbing a hill to get a better lay of the land, we discovered that we were within half a mile

of our camp. While we were on this ridge, I saw a doe standing about seventy-five yards away looking at us. I promptly downed her with a bullet in the neck. As she dropped, another one appeared almost in the same place. I served this one in the same manner as I did the first. We tied our ropes to their heads and toted them down to camp. After eating a hearty supper of bacon, beans, liver and onions and tea and toast we went to bed and were soon lulled to sleep by the sighing swish of the wind though the pines. We awoke quite refreshed the next morning from our bed of spruce boughs, and ready for another hard day's work. We got an early start as we knew that we had a hard task before us if we were to bring that big buck out. We hunted all the way in to our dead buck but saw no fresh signs of deer. To cut a long story short, after three hours of tugging and pulling, bumping into trees and falling over rocks, we got within half a mile of camp when we crossed a very fresh deer track. Leaving the buck on the trail Ellis followed the track while I made a detour to the left in case the deer would circle that way. About fifteen minutes after we separated I heard Ellis fire four shots in quick succession. After waiting for a few minutes, and seeing no deer appear, I struck out in the direction from whence the shots had come. I met Ellis coming back with the news that he had shot another big buck. We congratulated ourselves on our good luck. We had only seen four deer and had bagged them all. After dressing the buck Ellis had shot we marked out a trail on which to bring him out the next day. This last buck had been struck by the four bullets that Ellis had fired at him, but only two would have proved fatal. This was exceptionally good marksmanship, nevertheless, as they were all running shots, down a steep hill, thickly timbered.



Results of the Hunt

The next morning we arranged to hunt for four or five hours before bringing in the buck that we had bagged the night before. We were only out about an hour when we jumped two big does. They flagged us and were gone before we had time to shoot. Just then a big buck, with sixteen points, made his appearance from behind a ridge about a hundred yards away. I drew a bead on him and down he dropped. He gave a few kicks and then lay quite still with his head down hill. I ran up to within twenty yards of him to give him his quietus, but changed my mind as I thought that he was dead already. I then hurried on over the next ridge where the two does had disappeared, but met Ellis coming back to see what I had shot. We retraced our steps to where I had left the buck. On arriving at the place where I had left the deer, I was nonplussed to find that he had actually disappeared. His tracks showed how he had dragged his hind quarters in the snow down the hill for some distance, then his hind feet for a

spell, and finally we could see where he had regained strength enough to use his feet. As we trailed him we found that he was getting stronger as he travelled along. We followed him for four hours and never even got a glimpse of him. Finally we gave him up in disgust and wended our way back to camp, picking up the other buck on our way out. We found that we must have "creased" the buck, thereby paralyzing him for a few minutes.

We had arranged with a packer to bring us up a couple of horses the next day to take our game out. As we had four deer besides our duffle, we concluded to get up early the next morning and take two of them down to the foot of the mountain by hand. We did so and met the packer with the two horses on his way up. We returned with him to our camp and finally reached the Grand Prairie hotel in time for a good, hearty dinner. Needless to say we were well pleased with our outing and we hope to try our luck there again this season.

## A Curious Find in Lake Utopia: N. B.



Indian Relic Discovered by Capt. Jesse Milliken in Lake Utopia, N. B.

THE accompanying reproduction shows an Indian relic which was discovered in Lake Utopia, N. B. by Capt. Jesse Milliken of St. George, N. B. Mr. C. Johnson of the same town, to whom we are indebted for the snap-shot from which the reproduction was made, writes that Capt. Milliken is an old resident of St. George and a sportsman of the old school. He spends part of every summer camping on the shore of the lake and "can cast a fly or sail a boat with the best of them." He knows all the good fishing holes and is always willing. Mr. Johnson asserts, to take his friends for a sail and as a consequence numbers many friends among the sportsmen and tourists who visit this "Prettiest Lake in America" as it has been justly called. While rowing about in Lake Utopia, about three miles from St. George, Capt. Milliken struck an object in the water near the shore. On investigation he found it to be a piece of granu-

lite stone carved out in the shape of a man's head, resembling in feature the North American Indian. The carving was found within a few hundred feet of the spot where an elliptical tablet, on which was carved in relief a man's head, was picked up some fifty years ago, and which is now in the possession of the Natural History museum. Both the tablet and the recent find are considered to be the work of Indians and Capt. Milliken believes they were done by the same hand. It has also been suggested that they are the work of French or even of English settlers, but many who viewed the two relics gave it as their opinion that they had been in existence for many years before the French settled in Canada, and the popular belief is that the two works of Indian art were placed near where they were found to mark the resting place of some great Indian chief.



## The Airedale as an All Round Dog

W. BERWICK

**F**OR a long time the Airedale has stood out in the front rank in Great Britain as the best all round dog living, and in the last ten or twelve years has leaped to the forefront in other countries, particularly in the Northwest portion of Canada and the United States. The Yorkshire workingmen, who originated him, little dreamt that some day their Waterside working terrier (as he was first called) would be the most sought after and popular dog in the world.

It is not the intention of the writer to discount any other breed, or grind anyone's axe, because all breeds have their good points, but the Airedale, when properly trained, can be taught to do anything any other dog will do. Being first bred as a water dog, he will retrieve on either land or water, is used to doing the work of the Pointer or Setter, and will run by scent, giving tongue like a hound, when after rabbits, foxes and deer. You will find him in Muskoka and New Ontario in increasing numbers every year during the hunting season. The one strong feature he has, is in refusing to work for any other than those he knows. His affection is concentrated on his master.

Nearly every Kennel paper has published at different times stories relating to the Airedale's good qualities, and it might be in order to mention one that has recently come to the writer's notice. Early last year, I sold an Airedale bitch to a farmer, who, with his wife, is deaf and dumb, and I was naturally anxious to learn how she was getting on, and how she would take her orders from people

who could not talk. One day a neighbor of the man to whom I sold the dog came in and told me that the "Dummy" had a wonderful dog. I was so interested in what I had heard, that I went out to see for myself, and what I witnessed was remarkable. The woman, at milking time, would come out from the house with her pail and stamp her feet slowly. Thereupon the Airedale would at once go and bring the cows to her on the walk; and as soon as milking was over, the woman would stamp her feet quickly, and the dog would drive them back to pasture, on the run. The man then showed me how he had her trained to kill ground-hogs. He would let the Airedale get the scent of a hide he had there, and then point to the fields. The dog would go and watch there by the hour, and, if I remember correctly, she had killed and brought home something like nineteen, up to that time. The animal also killed three skunks and two weasels last summer. Needless to say this man is very enthusiastic over his Airedale. Another thing I noticed was the way the dog would avoid familiarity with anyone who could talk. Her owner intends breeding her shortly, and he is a great believer in keeping up the quality. This bitch is sired by the well known Stud dog, "Caerphilly Marvel," owned by Mr. P. Bawden, Ridgetown, Ont., which gives more proof of the kind of stock this dog is leaving in this country. Mr. Bawden, in the writer's opinion, deserves the support of all breeders, who wish to keep the Airedale up to the standard."

I have seen the Airedale run rabbits, giving tongue as well as any hound, and retrieving the game after shooting.

Every year the demand for the Airedale is increasing, not only on account of his sporting qualities, but because he has proven of great help to the police, and a great number of cities have installed the canine policeman. As a companion for the home, he is wonderful. He will romp all day with children, and in winter can easily be taught to draw a sleigh. As to fighting, he will not fight unless he has to, and then he can always hold his own. A Scotchman I knew well, brought one over from Edinburgh recently, and shortly after

his arrival, he was asked by a friend, what kind of a dog that was with him, to which he replied, "An Airedale," "Why?" The friend said he had never heard of that breed before, and asked what they were good for? The Scotchman was a trifle angry at such a question as this and answered with some asperity. "The Airedale can do anything any other dog can do, and after he has done that he can turn around and lick the other dog."

As has already been said, the Airedale can be trained for any kind of work needed, and all who know him, agree that he is one of the most useful dogs living, with an individuality all his own.

## A Day at Lake Utopia, N. B.

"Utopia! It Bates Killarney"

W. J. LYNOTT

**T**WO hundred years ago adventurers seeking the source of the Magaguadavic, paddled their canoes through a natural canal running into that river and found themselves gazing on a lake of such surpassing beauty that an Irishman, charmed into speech, cried out: "Utopia, it bates Killarney."



"Kit" Fishes

Since that day lovers of the beautiful to whom nature speaks have ever been wont to say, "Utopia, the prettiest spot in all New Brunswick."

The lake lies cradled in the lap of a thousand hills whose well wooded heights often run up beyond the hill to the mountain stage. It lies about two miles from the town of St. George, Charlotte County, is seven miles long and three broad, possesses so many natural beauties that its charms linger long in the memory of those who visit it. The red granite beaches, of pebbles so fine they are almost sand, are a source of wonder to the visitor until he is told that the mountains all about are red sea granite and that the wear and tear of time has packed the shores of the lake with the particles worn from the hills, by stream and torrent, ice and snow. The beaches are all around the lake separated by stretches of rock and ledge. Maple, birch and oak trees deck the hills surrounding, with spruce, fir and pine enough to rest the eye with an ever changing tint of green. Islands wooded to the water's edge are scattered from head to foot of the lake and here and there a brook flows down the mountain side. Springs of pure water are there and bold bluffs run out into the water making ideal spots for fishing.

The lake is the home of the gamest trout that swim, the cleanest and best fed that are to be found. From April until September a string of fish can be taken any day, with hook and bait, fly or troll. In the Spring big three, four and five pounders are the rule and they are taken at the head of the lake. Here a number of brooks are the spawning grounds of the smelt, a small three inch fish found in the lake. These smelt were taken from the river at St. George some fifty years ago. They were the regular salt water smelt, running from six to ten inches. In the lake as the years passed their young took on the color of their surroundings, became smaller and are

no doubt responsible for the large trout found in the lake—as they form their principal diet, particularly in the Spring. The brooks in the spawning season are a sight. Millions of the little fish fill the streams from side to side, swimming up and up until they are stopped by fallen refuse that often blocks the brooks and prevents further advance by the fish. Schools of the little fellows, often miles in length, may be seen along the shore of the lake and so thickly are they packed in the brooks that one can with ease take them in hundreds with the hands only. The trout feed on them and follow them to the mouths of the brooks. The season lasts generally about three weeks, beginning early in May. Then great catches are made and many enjoy a day or two at the lake.

May 24th, always a holiday, and generally fine, found in 1912 a party from St. George, ready early in the morning for an outing. They were at the lower landing with food enough for a week, with lines, hooks and tackle enough to land a thousand trout—and no gasoline. The six o'clock whistle sounded over the town as the man with the gasoline appeared rubbing his eyes and giving the same old excuse. A few minutes afterwards away we went churning the still waters of the Magaguadavic on our way to Lake Utopia and a day in the open. The trip up the river, in the early morning, with the air cold enough to make the warm rays of the sun dancing over the water agreeable fellows to meet, is one of joy. The eye feasts upon nature's lavish handiwork, the low green inter-vales stretching from the water away to the hills beyond the lofty mountains, with their

clouds of mist rolling up, enfolding in their rising, the forests that are bursting forth in the glorious raiments of Spring. Ahead of us is the river, in places its waves dancing and in other spots so calm that not a ripple disturbs its placid surface. Behind us lies the town with its white towered church and closely built houses. Every turn and bend of the river displays new colors and varied foliage.

In twenty minutes we are in the canal, the connecting link between river and lake, whose currents are reversible. When the lake is high the water flows to the river, when low it flows into the lake. We take fifteen minutes to run through the canal and soon reach our goal, a beautiful beach at the head of the lake. Here a launching is made, food carried ashore, a fire soon started and coffee, broiled steak and "fixings" furnished to satisfy the inner man and woman. We spent the day on the beach, with an old fashioned bat ball game before dinner, and after dinner a running race, jumping match and a tour of exploration into the woods, where we gather sand roses, ferns and sweet smelling flowers. Some of our party motor across the lake where another group of holiday makers are enjoying themselves. The boys refuse to fish so the girls try their luck. We have trout for supper and one young lady carries a dandy to her home in St. John. When the sun is sinking behind a mountain far away we snap our last picture. The Western sky is gorgeous in hue, the sun is a ball of red, the water of the lake is calm and smooth and presents a vast expanse of colored scintillations. The day is closing and home we go through the gloaming, a happy, singing, tired holiday crowd.

## Feather, Fin and Pelt in Manitoba

J. D. A. EVANS

THE trio included in the title of this article are representative of prairie, waterway and forest, the retreat of sportsmen, angler and trapper.

In years gone by the buffalo roamed the plains of Manitoba. To-day the species is practically extinct. In districts north of the Province, for example in the fastnesses of Keewatin, the wood buffalo, a diminutive bison, may occasionally be secured, while a trader who arrived at Edmonton some little time ago from the Slave Lake locality, asserted the existence of possibly the only herd of these animals extant in the world to-day. Within the civic limits of the City of Winnipeg a small number of wood

buffalo, maintained by the government, are confined within a park. Manitoba is not the habitat of the antelope, whose haunts are not extended beyond the eastward confines of Alberta. In Provincial localities, the topographical conditions of which comprise hills and valleys with timbered growth, the Jumping Deer is to be found in considerable numbers. As the advances of civilization penetrate the woodlands the larger species of deer seek sanctuary amidst the forest depths into which man seldom enters. In these depths dwell moose and elk, which occasionally emerge from their retreat and may be noticed in the agricultural districts. The mountain sheep is unknown in Mani-

toba, confining its resort to the scrubby foothills of Alberta while the wild goat skips amidst the precipitous slopes of the Canadian Rockies. There are many timbered localities of Manitoba through which the Cinnamon Bear wanders. The depredations of the coyote, a small variety of wolf, are of frequent occurrence in the poultry yards of the farmers. It cannot be remarked that the red fox is generally known in Manitoba and the same is true of the black and silver species. These are of extreme rarity. The Jack Rabbit erroneously called the English Hare, thrives abundantly upon the prairie while another creature similar to the Jack Rabbit, but more diminutive, namely the Cottontail, exists in great numbers during certain years.

The badger, skunk, weasel, and ermine are plentiful. An occasional loon is to be found while the lynx and wildcat though generally confined to the dense timber will on occasion journey from their lair into settled localities. Within the last few years that pernicious specimen, the common rat, has reached Manitoba, presumably from territory south of this Province, but a perpetual warfare is being waged against this pest which it is hoped may somewhat diminish the inroads, which its advent has made into the granaries of Manitoba's farming population.

Many varieties of the piscatorial tribe there are which we may not enumerate as being native to Manitoba. Whitefish is confined to the great waterways, Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba from which specimens exceeding two feet in length may frequently be obtained. The larger streams, the Red River and the Assiniboine, and a few lakes, also, contain sturgeon, often of prodigious size. In some waters of swift flowing tendency trout may be captured; the catfish, with its horned head and body devoid of scales, inhabits any watercourse or lake in which an extremely muddy surface prevails. Few streams contain perch though pike is plentiful. The Sunfish, so named from the brilliancy of its markings, is

confined to certain rivers; a species of herring and known as the Tullabee, occurs in the shallow reaches of the vast waterways, in particular in Lake Winnipeg. This fish has been dubbed the Sucker, from the peculiar formation of its mouth. This fish abounds and is usually secured by means of gill net and spear. The gravelly bottom of the majority of rivers furnishes the Goldeye, and upon the banks of many streams the snapping turtle may be noticed in its quest for small fry.

The game birds of Manitoba comprise the Prairie Chicken, timid and swift of flight, a bird observable in every rural district. Within the bush, especially among willow growth, the partridge, a member of the grouse family, occurs. In summer months the watercourses are haunted by several kinds of snipe, a few varieties of which may also be secured upon the prairies. Among other annual visitors of aquatic character there are more than thirty species of wild duck which remain until weather conditions make compulsory a migration to warmer climes. The wild goose is represented by a trio of that numerous family and in its flight to the feeding grounds within the Arctic Circle the swan views Manitoba from a lofty height. Myriads of Waveys, a species of goose, may be noticed in the late Autumn on their journey southward. The Blue Crane occurs in stubble fields and sometimes the turkey succumbs to the sportsman's gun, also the pelican, the visits of which are generally confined to the waterways of the northland.

Under the protection secured by stringent penalties for infringement of the law the beaver operates in a few of the lesser streams. The muskrat house of rushes and the retreat of the mink will be found in most marshes of large area or streams flanked by lofty banks. The fisher, marten and otter exist in districts where man does not disturb their movements.

Manitoba's legislation for the protection of its game prohibits the use of firearms in the period which elapses between one hour after sunset and one

hour before sunrise. Poison, snares, sunken punts, night lights, traps, swivel, spring and automatic guns are contrary to the Statutes. The eggs or young of birds enumerated in the

Act must not be taken or destroyed and non-residents of the Province are required to provide the customary license before participating in the shooting which this province affords.

# The Betraying Shadow

## A Tragedy of the Forest

JAMES D. MORRISON

THE evergreen forest stood at the farther end of the great ravine. On either side frowned dark woods of pine and fir, once the happy haunt of moose and deer and fierce-eyed lynx. But now death seemed the sole inhabitant of this rugged wilderness, and a vast silence brooded everywhere. Such was the scene amid which I found myself late one summer afternoon.

Strolling through the forest, I suddenly chanced upon a rabbit's burrow cunningly hidden in the long, coarse grass. Often had I tried to find one of these little homes, but had hitherto been baffled.—Nature had always concealed her children too skilfully. However, on this occasion when I least expected it, I was successful.

Kneeling down I peeped into this snug nest, lined with fur which the mother had pulled from her own coat. Here were three naked little babes, their eyes not yet opened. I lay motionless watching the young bunnies, silently debating whether I should take one, or perhaps two, of them to my home and raise them as pets. But just then the mother came galloping along. I could see by her throbbing breast that she was very anxious about her little ones. I arose and slowly left the scene, determined to visit it again at daybreak.

Now, all the while, a mother fox, urged by the needs of her four hungry cubs, had searched the woods through for prey, but in vain. The sun sank to rest, but still the mother continued her stealthful hunting. One by one the stars began to appear, and the full moon rose in the east; but no food could be found. Vixen, downcast, was stealing along when her keen scent detected something. "Rabbit", she thought, and straightened her ears.

The rabbit was sitting at the edge of a rather deep cut brook, which, owing to the drought of that year, was dry. The unfriendly moon shot its blue-white rays through

the leaves and branches of the low saplings, pouring a flood of light upon all the ground and projecting upon the gray rock-bed of the brook the shadow of the rabbit. Stealing nearer, the fox saw the image thrown upon this strange screen. It puzzled the wary creature for a moment, but that was all. Soon her keen nose detected the whereabouts of her prey.

Bunches of low thickets and shrubbery lay between them and hid each from the other. With the wind in her favor the fox crept up slowly, steadily and surely. How carefully she made every move, lifting and planting each foot with instinctive foresight. Nearer and nearer she drew to her poor prey until finally there was only a small bunch of evergreens between the two.

Warned by a crackling twig, the rabbit rose on her strong hind legs,—but all too late. A faint cry, as of a frightened child, a scuffle, and the grayish form was seen borne away in the mouth of the stronger animal.

Before long Vixen, carrying her hard sought game, reached the mouth of her den. She gave a low call, and in response, four reddish forms, images of her own, rushed from the opening. Then the mother looked on with silent pleasure as her young devoured the warm and tender flesh.

Meanwhile three hairless creatures within their well-lined nest wondered why their mother did not return. Slowly and silently the moon passed away behind the gloomy pines to the west, the darkness deepened, but no mother came. How they hungered, but for them, the fates of the forest provided no food, and gradually the damp chill of the night air penetrated their warm home.

At daybreak, when I visited the burrow again, three cold and lifeless forms told the story of another tragedy of the forest.

# Some Misfires

H. C. HADDEN

IT was bally annoying, don't you know? My guide, Tony, was getting supper ready at our camp and I was just wandering round with my rifle when suddenly I saw an enormous buck deer.

I am sure I should have killed him had not three cartridges, one after the other, misfired.

At the last "click" the noble beast walked away and was lost to sight among the tree trunks.

Annoying, eh what?

When I got back to camp I cursed those cartridges bitterly but Tony did not seem very sympathetic.

When we had finished supper, and were sitting smoking round the camp fire (like Indian Johnnies, don't you know?) I told him again of my ill luck.

"Listen," he said, "while I tell you how I owe my life to a misfire."

I lit a fresh cigarette and Tony puffed away at a filthy old pipe while he told me his yarn.

"About six years ago," he said, "my brother and I decided that we would go trapping up in the North for a winter. Well, we went all right and got our lines fixed up, and our cabins built. We had six of them, and had them in a circle, with about a day's travel between each one. So you see it took us six days to go round each one. We had pretty fair luck for a couple of months, and made good money.

"Then suddenly everything stopped running about the New Year, and nothing seemed moving at all except the wolves. Wolves! By gosh, they were thick. The ground was just covered with their tracks and we could often hear them howling round the cabin at night.

"Then one day my brother took sick. Not seriously, you know, but just enough to stop him from travelling for a day or two. I said that I'd make one trip round the traps while he stayed in camp and got better.

"Well, I made five cabins and only got one little white weasel. Soon after I left the fifth cabin I heard a big bunch of wolves howling quite nearby. Thinks I to myself, they sure must be hungry to be hunting in the day time. By the time I'd got about half way to the cabin where my brother was they were mighty close, and what scared me was that they had found my trail. **and were hunting me.**

"I sure did get excited, and did some pretty fast travelling for a while. I'd left my rifle in the cabin with my brother, but I had a loaded six shooter with me and six square shells in my belt. I figured the wolves must be about half a mile behind me, and I thought that if I could keep up my pace I could maybe make my brother all right.

"When I was about a mile from home I came to a pretty steep hill. Instead of going down it slowly I went hell for leather, full speed. About half way down one of my snowshoe thongs broke. I got badly mixed up with

the webs, and by the time I'd finished rolling down the hill I wondered what the pain was in my leg. When I tried to stand up I found out all right. I'd broken it—broken it just below the knee. I sure was in a fix. I managed to crawl up to a big tree and got my back against it. Then my head went all light and I seemed to see wolves everywhere. When I came to, the wolves were there all right. My revolver was in a holster, and so luckily didn't get jammed up with snow.

"Well, I took a couple of shots, and got two of the wolves. They drew off a bit then, so I loaded up again. I was almost off my head with pain and felt like fainting any time. I couldn't count how many wolves there were, as they kept dodging among the trees, and my head was going round to beat the band. What I could see though, was that there were more wolves than I had cartridges and I sure thought my number was up.

"I guess I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew was that the devils were on me. I blazed away and got two more. When I loaded up again I found I'd only got four cartridges left. I kept shouting all the time in case my brother might hear me. Then they came and sat in a big circle round me, just waiting for me to faint again. They knew I was their meat all right.

"I don't know how long they sat round me like that, maybe ten minutes—then they rushed me again. I blazed away three times and the shooting scared them off again. I made up my mind to keep that last cartridge for myself. I didn't care for the idea of being eaten alive—not by those devils, anyway.

"Well, they came on again, and I shouted and yelled, but that didn't seem to scare them away. I guessed my time was up and I started to hand in my checks. I put my gun to my head and pulled the trigger. I didn't feel any pain, but there was a tremendous bang, and that was the last I knew.

"When I came to, my brother was bending over me.

"'I'm dead,' says I.

"'No you aint,' says he, 'your laig's busted, and your chewed up some, but you aint dead yet.

"'But I must be,' I tells him. 'I've just shot myself.'

"I guess he thought I was light-headed, for he picked me up and carried me to the cabin. He sure was a wonderful chap, for he set my leg fine and dandy, and the bones knit together as if they'd never been broken. When I was nearly well I said to him one day:

"'If I hadn't miscounted those cartridges, I'd be a dead man by now.'

"'You didn't miscount them,' he told me, 'but that last cartridge was a misfire. I came up just as you put your gun to your head, and I sure thought—you were a goner.'

"So that," Tony concluded, "is why I don't like to hear fellows run down misfiring cartridges."

Now, I told this yarn to old man Scott and when I had finished he winked at me—*winked* at me.

"Quite a yarn," he said, "only there's just three points to it. First, Tony hasn't a brother. Second, he's never been up in the North trapping, and lastly, he's one of the biggest darn liars in Canada."

"Well, anyway," I said, "that was bad luck about my buck by Jove."

"Had it a good head?" asked old Scott.

I told him that it had two short curved horns. This seemed to surprise him, and he enquired the color.

"Red and white," said I, "more red than white."

"It sure was a good job you had those misfires," said old Scott, "it sure was. Why that was no buck—it was a cow."

"A cow?" said I. "Oh, a cow deer!"

"A cow deer! One of my darned cows." The old man shook his head sadly, and muttered something about "genu-wine buck fever, by gosh."

Now what did the old chappie mean?

# The Delights of Herring Fishing

## Catching Fresh Water Herring in the Lakes of Eastern Ontario Furnishes Good Sport to the Fisherman Who is Fond of Boating

J. H. S.

**A**S herring do not flatter the devotee of the rod and reel by rising to his feathered lure, they have been refused entry to the list of game fishes. Therefore it is hard to convince an Angler that sport may be had in the taking of this fish.

Although one does not experience the exciting thrill of actual battle that is felt in playing a game fish, yet skill in all that appertains to fishing other than this, and in boating, is severely tested.

November and December winds give one all the fighting one desires; in fact I have seen them overcome the efforts of many a strong oarsman, as he strove to keep the boat's course along the bar on which the net should rest.

To hoist sail after the nets are set, and manage it as the boat leaps and plunges through the choppy waves, before a squall that lashes one's face with snow, and blinds one with frozen spray, with freezing fingers that are numb from contact with oar or net, will require all one's skill and courage particularly if night falls before the nets are set.

The permit that each fisherman must have, costs two dollars, and allows him to fish with a gill net of a certain sized mesh and thirty yards in length. He is allowed two helpers and can catch herring only for personal use, a wise law prohibiting any barter whatever. Thus you see that no mercenary aim excites the herring fisherman though I will admit that I have known exceptions. These, however, usually commit the mistake of boldness or carelessness, and get neatly caught by the game wardens who haunt the fishing grounds during the open season.

Experience has taught us that herring run in largest numbers between ten and eleven

p.m., and three and four a.m. Why this is, I shall not attempt to explain. It is a fact nevertheless. Nets are set at the commencement of the season in quite shallow water, and then gradually farther out, as the smaller fish cease running and the larger ones begin. Some long, flat shoals, such as marl beds, will be good sets at six feet of water in early November, and again twenty-five feet is not too great a depth for December.

The best way to handle them is by the use of a reel slightly longer than the width of a net, and one and a half to two feet in diameter. They should be wound on this and allowed to dry during the day; as nets that are kept wet for days without drying, rot quickly. In setting them, a line attached to a stake, bearing the owner's name, is made fast to the corkline of the net, a heavy sinker is tied to the lead or bottom line, and the boat is started slowly along the bar. This allows the net to fall from the reel as it revolves in the stern. When the outer end of the net is reached another sinker is attached to the headline and, after a final stretch to straighten the net, the set is completed.

Just before daylight the nets should be lifted, as in such shallow water they are easily avoided by the fish, when seen. To find a slender stake while it is still dark, guided only by a lantern, requires a keen sense of direction as well as good eyesight, or a futile search will result. One is well repaid for the search however. The sight of a well filled net, heavy and alive with silver fish that shine white in the lantern light, and glisten far down ahead of the prow like streaks of fire, that glimmer vividly and quickly disappear as the twisting body turns in a vain endeavour to escape, is

something to remember long after memories of the time are dim.

On reaching camp the fish are cleaned and salted, then packed into wooden tubs for winter use. Sometimes an unlucky salmon blunders into the net, either tearing his way through or getting wound up in the many folds that he makes. I have seen three in one net, beautiful fellows, broad of back and tail, and fit for an Elysian feast.

Camp life at this time of the year is anything but a hardship. Almost all game is in season, and fishermen recoup their energies with varied menus, concocted with more imagination than skill, yet extremely welcome to the inner man.

During the days one varies his enjoyment as his taste. Sailing, shooting, trolling, fox-hunting, cooking or cards are some of the many pursuits.

As darkness comes quickly and early, one must begin setting the nets at four p.m. at the latest, if a stormy trip is to be avoided; as the wind invariably rises at dark to blow itself out in the "wee sma' hours."

Then when all outside is trim and supper is over, when we sit about the roaring stove, watching the blue haze rise in fantastic spirals from our pipes, dreaming or lazily talking, enjoying the freedom of the woods as only those may who know its opposite; who would not nod a satisfied assent to my statement, that herring fishing is a delightful sport?

## Duck Shooting Good Sport at Russel, Manitoba

R. D. McINTOSH

**D**UCK shooting in Manitoba is not so good in September as later on and the ducks are not nearly as good although there is far more shooting done during this month as the weather is much more favorable and the water not so cold for wading.

Along in October the mallards start to come down from the north and the shooting begins to get better. The mallards never leave our part of the country until after it freezes up. They feed on the grain fields and usually strike for the barley if there is any. The mallards are very easily decoyed and will come to the geese decoys every time. As a rule we hide in the stooks and wait until they come out to feed. Sometimes they will fly in small flocks to the feeding grounds and other times they will go in large flocks. It makes better shooting when they come in small lots. Sometimes one strikes ground which will stand shooting quite a few times. Sometimes only one shot can be got in a place. Usually however one can get two, three or four shots in the one place. As a rule it is better for three or four guns to be scattered around through the field, or fields, whichever the case may be, and the shooting will be better.

The day we made our biggest count of mallards—four of us—we all had fairly good shooting and there were no two of us in the same place. We kept the ducks flying about right.

I was on the ice where the rushes were fairly thick. Just in front of me was a nice little pond of water which had not frozen over and the mallards were flying there from the stubble. At times they were flying thick enough for forty guns and nearly all of them were within range.

At times I would keep low and let a hundred or more light just to have a good look at their green heads. Then I would show myself and at once a cloud would rise off the surface of the water and seven or eight ducks would drop out of a hundred or more. My gun never needed to get cold, however, as there were always a few flying around and I could have had plenty of shots after I started in with my old dog to gather them up. The day of which I have spoken was the best shoot that any of us had last year and what made it so much better was the fact that owing to the cold we were able to keep the birds.

As a rule when we find a place where they are feeding on the stubble we can generally bag twenty or thirty at different times. At times it requires quite a long wait before they start to fly but they are worth waiting for and a box of mallards stowed away for the winter is quite a treat. They weigh between three and four pounds each.

The smaller ducks always leave here just as soon as the small lakes begin to freeze over but the mallards and the geese stay until everything is frozen up hard.

Our goose shooting does not amount to very much. Sometimes there are quite a few around but it requires more time to hunt them and the distance from town which you have to go to get them is too far. Good duck shooting, on the other hand, may be had anywhere from a mile beyond the town to as many miles as you care to go.

Chickens may be got, plenty of them, at any distance from the town but you usually see more of them after the season ends and when it is not allowable to shoot them.

# Along The Trap Line



## What A Trapper Should Know

GEORGE J. THIESSEN

**T**H**ERE** are many things which a trapper must know in order to be successful.

The author will attempt to enumerate a few of these things although of course it goes without saying that much can be learned only by experience.

Never take a dog over the trap line. This has a tendency to frighten animals.

Never be careless in handling pelts. Have them in as good condition as possible.

Never leave mud in a pelt. Clean it thoroughly before it is placed on a stretcher.

Do not be misled by "wildeat" fur companies. Investigate your dealer before shipping to him.

Always have your name both on the inside and on the outside of a shipment.

It is not advisable for the beginner to tan his pelts. This work can be done cheaper and better by experienced men.

Skunk, civet, etc. become prime earliest in the season. They are "springy" first, too.

With the exception of the skunk and civet none of the small fur bearers should be shot if found alive in traps.

Do not hurry in setting traps.

Choose your trapping grounds early in the season.

Do not attempt to use too many traps. Ten which are well attended to are often better than a hundred which are seldom looked after.

Do not make the mistake of using too many traps in one place as the larger the number the easier they can be discovered.

Wild, cold nights are best for taking the wolf.

On a prairie dog mound dig down and conceal a trap. Under the pan place a wad of cotton or wool so that the fine dirt will not hinder it from springing. In most cases a piece of brown paper placed over the trap before the dirt is used to conceal it will make the set more effective. The clog—a stone is ideal—must be buried also just beneath the trap. Bacon rinds should be placed near this kind of a set.

Natural places are frequently found between logs, rails, trees, etc. Traps placed in these spots usually bring good results. No bait of any kind is needed. Success depends upon the clever concealment of the set.

Haul out on the prairie a load of manure and heap it into a mound. On the top of this conceal a trap. Strange as the fact may seem many pelts will be taken by this set even though no bait be used. A wolf passing the manure pile will almost invariably climb to the top, out of curiosity.

The Camp Fire set is one employed by many professionals with good results. A trap is concealed in a likely locality for wolves, is carefully covered and then straw or grass burned over it. Meat is thrown into the flames the smell of which attracts the animals who dig in the ashes and are caught. Of all the sets that are used to catch the wolf this latter one is one of the most successful.

Snow sets for both the fox and wolf may be made along the lines already suggested. Traps made for this purpose should be whitened by dipping them into a mixture of boiling lime and water.

# Traps Deadfalls Baits and Scents

E. FITZROY NICHOLSON

**T**HERE are a great many steel traps in North America to-day, perhaps the most widely known being the Newhouse, which has been in use for more than sixty years. The Victor, the Hawley and the Norton are built on the same lines as the Newhouse but are lighter and cheaper. The Jump trap is of a different pattern. In it the spring operates inside the jaws. It is very light and compact. The Tree trap is a great favorite with marten trappers. It is not as apt to be snowed under as the other kinds. The Stop-thief trap is made of wire and is used for setting at dens.

The Sargent is a very good trap for trappers of small animals, its main feature being the wide jaws. It does not break the bone. The double jaw feature of the Newhouse and Jump is to be commended. My own favorite is the Victor, which I consider a good reliable trap.

## DEADFALLS

Following is a description of a few "deadfalls" that will come in handy along the trap line. They can be built any place where rocks, poles, boards, etc. can be obtained, and are

suitable for such animals as mink, marten, 'coon, weasel and skunk.

The deadfall illustrated by Figure one is suitable for mink, marten, etc. The fall log is supported by the stick and spindle (A and B). The bait is fastened to B. The stick, A, should be about eight inches long. The bait stick, B, slants obliquely into the pen which is built of sticks, rocks, etc.

The deadfall shown in Figure two is for use at dens but can be baited by building a pen and putting bait in the pen. A is a cord or wire fastened around the fall log. The cord, A, goes up over D and is fastened to the upper end of B. B rests behind C. E E are two crocheted stakes to hold D. When the animal puts its feet on the stick C, the stick B flies up and the animal is crushed by the fall log.

When trapping mink, marten fisher and skunk the trap chain should be fastened to a balance pole which is made as indicated in Figure three, B being the balance pole, A a crocheted stake and C the stake to hold the pole in place. When the animal is caught in the trap it struggles and the pole is released from stake C and as the other end of the pole is the heavier the animal is lifted clear off the ground.

## BAITS

The best baits for weasel and marten are partridge, rabbit, muskrat, red squirrel, fish and all kinds of fowl.

For mink and 'coon I recommend the use of fish (fresh and salted), chicken, red squirrel, all kinds of birds and muskrat meat. Corn and vegetables are good for 'coon.

For fox use muskrat, house-cat, partridge, chicken and rabbit.

For muskrat, carrots, apples, parsnips and its own flesh are good.

Bloody meat of any kind, also fowl, birds, etc., make good skunk bait.

## SCENTS

For Weasel and Marten—fish oil and muskrat musk.

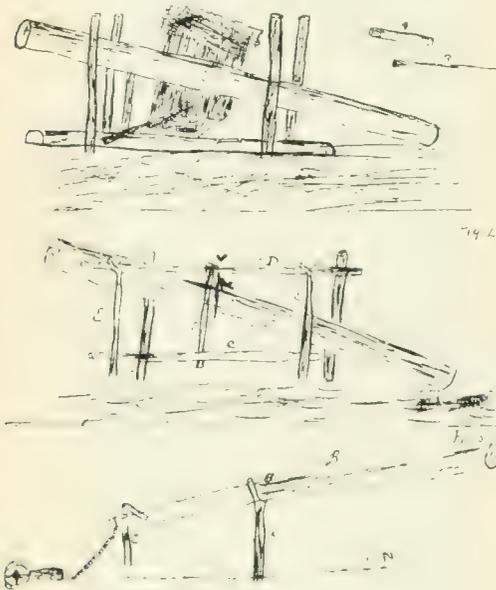
For mink—fish oil and muskrat musk.

For 'coon—fish oil, oil of anise, oil of rhodium, muskrat musk.

For fox—angle worm oil, fish oil, skunk musk, muskrat musk and skunk oil.

For muskrat—muskrat musk.

For skunk—musk (skunk) for Spring trapping, also fish oil.



# Hints to the Amateur Trapper

JOHN HALLAM

OVER one hundred thousand (\$100,000.00) dollars is paid to the farmer boys of Canada each year for raw furs, and many of these boys earn their first real money by setting out a line of traps and capturing the valuable fur bearing animals.

Contrary to the popular impression, it is not necessary to go into the wilds in order to trap, as Muskrats, Mink, Skunk, Raccoon, Ermine or White Weasel and other valuable fur bearing animals abound throughout the farming communities of the Dominion, and it only remains for the observant, active trapper to capture the same and turn their pelts into the big money that they bring on the market today.

Not only does the following of the trap line well repay the boy for the time and energy expended, but it leads him to enjoy the healthful life in the open, and to become a lover of nature. It causes him to become observant and sharpens his wits, when he attempts to match his skill against the natural instinct and wariness of the wild animals, and offers an innocent safety valve to the natural exuberance inherent in every boy having good, red blood coursing through his veins.

It is not advisable or necessary to wait until the trapping season opens before locating places to set the traps, as a great deal of the preliminary work for a successful trapping season should be done earlier. Cubbies should be built, log runways constructed in places frequented by fur-bearing animals and bait placed in the same, so that the animals will become accustomed to their presence and feed in the same before attempts are made to trap them. In passing through the woods and along the creeks and sand bars, look for tracks and signs of the animals; note where they pass in their search for food, examine holes in the ground, and see if tracks do not lead into them with hair on the side of the hole showing that you have found the home of the skunk, a fur that shows increasing value and popularity on account of its black, glossy appearance and good wearing qualities.

As Mink have a natural aversion to crossing travelled roads and prefer to pass under a bridge or culvert all places of this description should be located and an old log or piece of plank placed on an angle against the side of the abutment under the bridge forming a tunnel or passageway, and every mink that passes that way will go through the tunnel you have made. Notice where a log lies across a stream, as land and even water animals will use it as a bridge in place of going through the water, and a trap properly placed there often brings good results.

All these signs tell their tales to the experienced trapper, and if the boy is to make a success of trapping, he must learn to read

these signs, which show him where to set his traps to make success assured.

Good traps in good working condition are very essential for a successful season's trapping, as it is usually the best Mink that escapes from a defective trap, so that before the season opens you should go over your traps carefully to see that the springs are in good condition, and that they work properly. The traps should then be boiled in water with pine, spruce, hemlock, balsam boughs or with walnut hulls, and hung up to dry, as this will give the traps a dark coating, remove the oil, and keep them from rusting. Never put kerosene on your traps as the odor remains for a long time and will warn the animal of the presence of the traps and cause them to avoid being caught.

The farm dog is a valuable animal in his place, but he should not be taken along when you go over your trap line, as Mink and some other animals can scent a dog for several days afterward and will avoid the locality where their natural enemy has passed.

Don't take a crowd with you when looking over the ground to make your sets, nor when you are going over your trap line. Trapping is best done alone or at most with one companion. Don't tell others where you have set your traps, or someone with a perverted sense of honesty may remove your catch from the trap, even if he does not take the trap along with him for good measure.

There is a right and wrong way of setting traps, and you should obtain all the information on the subject possible, and then use your good common sense in determining just which set is the best under all the circumstances of the case, as one boy will catch twice as many fur bearing animals from his traps when they are set properly as will another who has set his traps carelessly and wrong. This means dollars and it is advisable to think out the best sets for the different locations, so that when the season opens you know just what to do under all the circumstances of the case.

These are only a few hints to the amateur trapper. Our firm (John Hallam, Limited, Toronto, Ont.) have received so many thousands of letters each season asking how, when and where to set traps, what bait to use, what the laws are concerning the time to trap fur bearing animals and other information concerning trapping, that for the benefit of the amateur and to give new ideas to the professional trapper, we have published both French and English editions of "Hallam's Trappers' Guide," a book of ninety-six pages covering all of these points which we are mailing free to all interested in trapping, or in the raw fur industry, thus assisting in developing the great Canadian fur industry, and giving pointers to the farmer boy whereby he may derive both pleasure and profit from a life in the open.

# “Adiwiskosh”

## A Tragedy of the Algoma Wilds

A. E. GRAHAM

*The Silent Woods were tremulous with grief,*

*Uneasy thunder shook the lips of night,  
As passed his warriors on with their  
dead Chief,*

*“Adiwiskosh” slain when midmost in  
his might.*

**W**ELL do I remember the little Indian village in which he lived. Nestling at the base of a towering cliff, in the LaCloche mountains which traverse the District of Algoma, and partially encircled by the swift-flowing waters of Tehkemeeek, is to be found an Indian village called Tehkemeeek (meaning Whitefish) in the native tongue.

This village is the abode of a few families of the once famous tribe known as “The Ottawas” who are now scattered in small bands throughout the remote parts of the district.

Adiwiskosh bore the proud distinction of being the Chief of the above mentioned tribe, being a descendant of a race of Chiefs of whom Indian legend speaks as being very warlike, dauntless in battle and wise in council.

It was in the autumn of 19—that my friend Ab. Godfrey and I decided to visit the country in the vicinity of Tehkemeeek where, we learned “Big Game” were numerous, and as the deer season was approaching, we packed our camp supplies, together with a good canoe, and started from Gore Bay, Tehkemeeek being our objective point. Being informed that Adiwiskosh was an experienced guide, as well as expert in a canoe, we decided to engage him to pilot us to the haunts of the deer, some miles inland, among the mountains of which we have hitherto made mention.

Arriving at the Reserve about ten o'clock next morning we at once started out to locate “The Chief” and

were disappointed to learn that he had gone in quest of small game and would not return until evening, and having no alternative we decided to spend the afternoon in following his example.

After faring sumptuously upon partridge and venison, prepared by the Chief's wife and sharing some tobacco with a brave who offered his services for the afternoon, we smoked the pipe of peace, while the busy little hostess moved silently about the tidy house, attending to her duties, in that graceful, easy manner peculiar to the Indian housewife.

We spent a very enjoyable afternoon in search of duck and partridge, the brave who accompanied us carrying an antiquated looking musket, which was so long that Ab. remarked if the Indian wanted to turn around he would be compelled to back out of the woods in order to do so. I was still laughing at Godfrey's shine joke when we emerged from a thicket and stood upon the shore of a beautiful lake, its crystal waters sparkling in the autumn sunshine like a diamond setting in the mountains of granite that surrounded it and we stood spellbound at the beauty of the scene that lay before us.

We were recalled to our present surroundings by hearing a characteristic “ugh”, and looking in the Indian's direction, we beheld him taking careful aim at a flock of the much coveted mallards that came swooping around the corner of the lake. The old musket, in the Indian's hands belched forth and two of the foremost lurched from the flock and lay dead upon the beach, and in less time than it takes to tell, the rest veered off with the speed of the wind and were gone.

What the brave must have thought of us for not obtaining a duck each,

we were unable to tell, for he only gave a piercing glance in our direction, then his countenance took on its customary expression of stoicism.

We were just turning our steps homeward when a tramping sound in the shrubbery close at hand attracted our attention, and looking in Godfrey's direction, I saw he was nervously fingering the trigger of his rifle as though expecting the appearance of a wild animal. A light of intelligence however, flashed from the eyes of the Indian and immediately the tall form of another Indian strode from among the bushes. He was indeed a handsome looking fellow as he stood there scanning us with his jet-black eyes, figure erect and well over six feet in height, and carrying several partridge at his belt. Our surprise was great when we discovered he was Adiwiskosh for whom we had been waiting, and upon our return journey we told him why we had visited his Reserve. Whereupon he agreed to guide us next day to the hunting ground, stating he would help the white strangers, who had come from the land of the Manitou to kill Big Game.

Early next morning we were on the move. Making a portage across a ridge we launched our canoe upon Charlton Lake and were soon dancing over the small waves that played over its crest.

The air was crisp and cold but the exertion at the paddles soon started the blood coursing through our veins, and in an hour we were lost to sight among the labyrinth of hills and intricate windings that go to make up that part of Algoma.

Adiwiskosh entered into the spirit of the occasion, his huge muscular frame swaying with easy grace to the motion of the paddle, and the canoe went romping on toward our destination as ever and anon the loud huzza of the Chief reverberated from the crags which repeated in symphony austere.

An Indian summer morning sun broke over the mountains and wallowed in a perfect halo of crimson and gold and here indeed we beheld the

strong life that never knows harness, here skies that were never stained with village smoke, here the silence that bludgeons you dumb. Oh, the joy of it all, the memory of it comes back to us today and all unsuspecting we raced on to our destination, knowing not of the tragedy that was awaiting us or of the gloom that would fill our minds as we again returned across these placid waters. Yet ever on we went around many a bend and past towering cliff until about mid-day we arrived at a prospector's cabin on the banks of Howery Creek, where Adiwiskosh told us we would lodge during our hunt.

The next morning we were early astir and eager for the fray and daylight found us on the shore of Lang Lake which we reached after a four mile tramp. This lake, our guide told us, was the home of the moose and he instructed us to take up a position upon a ridge close by while he went around the lake and if the big animal broke cover we would be sure to get a shot at him.

We had occupied this position about two hours and were wondering why our guide had not returned when a couple of shots rang out on the air. Starting off in the direction indicated we scrambled through shrubbery and brambles for some distance emerging into an opening where a sight met our view that froze the blood in our veins. Stretched upon the earth lay Adiwiskosh, with a gaping wound at the base of the skull while close beside him lay a great moose, in the throes of death. Both shots had taken effect, but not before the enraged animal had charged and borne down the Chief crushed and bleeding with blows from its deadly front feet.

He was still breathing when we bent over him to lend assistance, but all efforts on our part to restore him were fruitless and in a few moments the noble spirit had taken its flight. The Great Manitou had beckoned and in answer to the summons Adiwiskosh had gone to join the silent majority across the Great Divide.

The stalwarts of his little Band carried him back to his wigwam while

no sign betrayed the measure of their stoical despair.

His wife, mute with grief, shed no tears, this balm to the white woman's heart being denied to the aborigine.

Solemnly and with all the Indian customs and rites, he was borne to his last resting place.

Slowly and sadly we retraced our steps down the leafy way and across the valley of Tehkemeeek where we embarked for our return journey to Gore Bay and as we gazed back over the scenic grandeur of the landscape we were leaving, we thought of Adiwiskosh, when as a boy he had ranged the forest in search of squirrels and birds, with his tiny bow and arrow, and later in life as he strode into vigorous

manhood, he had scaled the mountain side in pursuit of caribou or dashed through wild and tumultuous rapids in his bark canoe. These haunts that knew him in life would now know him no more.

We carried a magnificent moose head home, and today it hangs on the wall in our den, with spreading antlers that cast a shadow from wall to wall, and after the business worries of the day are over, Godfrey and I are wont to fill our pipes and through the wreaths of smoke gaze at the head of this Monarch of the northern woods for the possession of which as a gift to his "white brothers," the great Adiwiskosh met his sad and untimely death.

## A Fine Maskinonge Caught in Moira Lake Near Madoc, Ont.



This 'lunge which was caught by Mrs. J. T. Cockran of Toronto in Moira Lake, near Madoc, Ont. weighed 19 pounds and was landed without any gaff. "When Mrs. Cockran brought the maskinonge close to the boat," writes Mr. Cockran, "I managed to place my finger and thumb in the eyes of the fish and just as soon as I did this the fish ceased to struggle. By so doing one can raise a fish just as easily as a kitten is lifted up by the back of the neck. Mrs. Cockran got hold of another very large maskinonge. This fish broke the line and after he got away jumped twice out of the water and tried to take the spoon out of his jaw. Fishing in Moira Lake last summer was good, pickerel and black bass being very plentiful."

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THE PUBLISHERS

With a view to minimizing the number of shooting accidents in that province, the Game Act of Saskatchewan has an amendment as follows: "Every person who while hunting or apparently hunting any game shoots at or wounds any other person whether by accident, mistake or otherwise under circumstances which would not constitute a crime under the provisions of The Criminal Code of Canada shall be guilty of an offence and liable to a fine of not less than \$500 or more than \$1,000, and in default of the payment of said fine to a term of imprisonment of not more than six months; and any license under this Act which may be held by the said person shall be revoked and cancelled and no such license shall for a period of ten years after such conviction be issued to such person."

Under this provision, J. S. Fowlie who in October shot and accidentally killed C. S. M. Turner, both of Prince Albert, Sask., was fined \$500 and had his shooting license cancelled, being debarred from shooting for ten years by the Royal North West Mounted Police at Prince Albert. Both were real estate men and the tragedy occurred a few miles from Prince Albert. Fowlie, who was on the back seat of an automobile, shot at a rabbit and Turner, who was on the front seat,

got the full charge in his neck and head, causing instant death.

Under the title "Game Laws for 1913" the Department of Agriculture at Washington have issued a very complete little bulletin containing a summary of the provisions relating to seasons, export, sale, limits, and licenses.

Among the provisions noted which have particular reference to Canadian legislation enacted during the year are the following:

In order to minimize shooting accidents Manitoba requires hunters to wear a white coat or sweater and cap, and Saskatchewan insists that those who hunt big game must wear a complete outer suit and cap of white.

British Columbia requires license applicants under sixteen years of age to furnish written consent of parent or guardian.

Four provincial game preserves, namely, Riding Mountain, Spruce Woods, Turtle Mountain and Duck Mountain, were created in Manitoba.

Saskatchewan provided a close season throughout the year for all big game south of latitude 52 degrees.

License measures received consideration in four Canadian provinces. In New Brunswick




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and Saskatchewan resident big-game licenses were increased from \$2 to \$3. Alberta demanded of residents of cities in the southern part of the province a \$1.25 bird license, and a resident big-game license throughout the province. The fee to farmers and their sons residing on their own land, however, was reduced to \$1.

Formal notice from the Marine and Fisheries Department has been served on the Gananoque Power Co. to build a fish way at the dam at the outlet of Charleston Lake. This is said to be a result of the formation of the Fish and Game Protective Association, mention of which was made in the August issue of ROD AND GUN.

An enjoyable sportsman's book and one sure to appeal to all lovers of the out-of-doors, is "Trails and Tramps in Alaska and Newfoundland" by William S. Thomas, author of "Hunting Big Game with Gun and with Kodak." The former book, which is issued by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, is a refreshing account of personal hunting and camp experiences in widely separated parts of the North American continent, including chapters on the following: Cruising and Hunting in Southeastern Alaska, Observations on Kodiak Is'and, Hunting Big Game on the Kenai Peninsula, A Trip to Newfoundland, Hunting with a Ferret, A Night Hunt, In the Springtime, A Plea for Protection. The book is a record of the pursuit of big game and small game in regions not readily accessible to man and the author has used his camera to record with exceptional fidelity the life of the creatures of the wild. 150 fine illustrations including birds, fish, and animals in their natural habitat, as well as other subjects, brighten the pages of this entertaining book.

Port Nelson is to be the terminus of a railway that will bring the wheat fields of the west a long way nearer Liverpool than the route by the St. Lawrence. But before vessels can be loaded at Port Nelson an artificial harbor and sea wall will have to be constructed, and this will necessitate a vast amount of dredging, for which the present vessel is intended.

With the completion of the railway the last great hunting ground on the continent will be opened up to those who can afford the expense. Ducks, geese and ptarmigan are found here in countless thousands, and thousands of geese are salted every year for consumption in the winter. Vast herds of barren ground caribou travel up and down through the treeless wastes to the north and west. The H. B. Co's factor at Churchill told a correspondent of the Toronto Globe, that on the preceding year no fewer than twenty thousand deer tongues were shipped to England from Hudson Bay. When asked if such a slaughter was not likely to exterminate them, he said he did not think so, for after more than twenty years in the country he had never known them to be so numerous as during the preceding season. The same, it may be mentioned, was said regarding the buffalo of the prairies, and where are they to-day?

With the building of the railway there will be an influx of hunters from all over the world, and not all will be sportsmen. It will then be up to the Government to see to the rigid enforcement of the game laws even in that far-away country.

Michael Carney, a farmer, residing near Westport, Ont., killed a bald-headed eagle recently. The big bird was sitting on a fence, watching a flock of hens and chickens. When Mr. Carney saw it he picked up a broom-handle, and, throwing it, struck the eagle with such force that it was stunned. It was then quickly despatched. The measurement was seven feet six inches from the tips of the wings.

The Federal migratory bird law was recently made effective by a proclamation by President Wilson. The protection of the United States Government is now the safeguard throughout the land of the birds which change their habitations with the seasons. The wholesale slaughter which threatened the extinction of many species has now been checked by the enactment of a protective statute, nation wide in its application.

An aspect of bird life so far entirely neglected is found by W. P. Pycraft in his new work on "The Infancy of Animals," in the glimpses we get now and then of the appalling death rate among nestlings.

Death by violence seems to account for more victims than disease. For the latter a fairly high power of resistance seems to have been established, and internal parasites at least can be tolerated to a quite surprising extent.

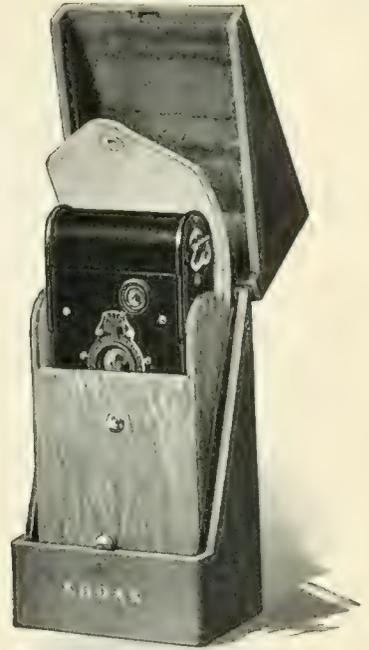
A half-fledged blackbird disembowled by a dog showed two or three almost full-grown tapeworms, besides other parasites—yet the bird had not completed its first three weeks of existence.

Among species that breed in large colonies the mortality is painfully obvious, an illustration being the great breeding colonies of jackass penguins and cormorants on Dassen Island, Cape Colony. In 1906 J. M. Nicholl found a "rookery" of jackass penguins estimated at 9,000,000 birds with an enormous horde of cormorants and thousand of gulls and sacred ibises. The penguins, nesting in holes, were fairly protected. But the eggs and young of the cormorants seemed to give subsistence during the breeding season to the gulls and ibises and great dexterity was shown in seizing such food in any unguarded moment.

Relative to the possibilities of oyster farming, which is now beginning to receive attention from the people of the Maritime Provinces, some interesting facts which indicate the practical value and the increasing necessity of the development of the oyster farming industry are given. The price of oysters by the barrel during the past three years has been steadily maintained at from \$7.00 to \$10.00, whereas from ten to fifteen years ago the price was about \$2.50 per barrel. This great increase in the price of oysters has been due to the increased demand upon the supply

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from maritime Canada. Nearly three-fourths of the entire supply, it is said, is now marketed in Montreal. The remaining one-fourth of the supply marketed throughout the Maritime Provinces is composed of the P. E. Island, Buctouche and Bay du Vin oysters. In quality the P. E. Island stock is considered the best, with Buctouche and Bay du Vin product coming a close second. The close season for oysters is from April 1st to Sept. 30th, with a little alteration in the dates for certain localities. During the close season importation of oysters from Boston is heavy and is met with a duty of 25 per cent. on shell goods and a 10 per cent. duty on opened stock. The American shipments are in some respects preferable to the home stock, because the Boston oysters are more carefully packed and of a more uniform size; whereas P. E. Island shippers are decreasing the size of their barrels and are careless in the packing of their goods. The oysters are very prolific under cultivation, and the demand and prices received render their cultivation a very promising industry. A company is now being formed in New Brunswick for the cultivation of oysters, and it has secured for the purpose large tracts of suitable land.

A few days after the opening of the season for big game in New Brunswick, John Dalton, issuer of game licenses for the Newcastle district had issued 100 licenses for residents and thirty for non-residents. Among the American sportsmen who went after big game into the woods of the Newcastle district were: H. J. Cummings, M. D., and sons, James H. and C. S. Cummings; C. A. Vossburgh, A. R. Kebler, D. R. Speer and John Bellinger, St. Louis, Mo., Thomas Tansey and Alfred Tansey, Chas. S. Hibbard and John D. Sellers, Philadelphia; L. Logie, Detroit; P. A. Hartman, R. Oenslager and W. S. Ray, Harrisburg, Pa.

The first day of the shooting season in Albert Co., New Brunswick, saw four deer brought down one being shot by Coonan Robinson of Chemical Road, another by Wm. Mahar, of Riverside. Mr. Mahar got his in the morning, just after he had bought his license, the deer being out in an open field near the village of Hopewell Hill. Deer got very tame during the summer, coming out into people's gardens and feeding around near the houses.

A despatch from Charlottetown early in the fall stated that a large body of mackerel was in eastern waters at that time and it appeared as though the natural increase had overtaken, in a measure, the destruction caused by the American seine which has been used less and less the last few years as no fish could be found to seine. On the twelfth of September good catches were made from South lake to Red Point, in fact the best for thirty years, it is said. Record catches were also made at Basin Head, where Mr. William Coffin and Mr. Seth McLean had the distinction of hooking and landing over a thousand mackerel.

The Secretary of the Canadian Forestry Association, Canadian Bldg., Ottawa, announces that the Report of the Fifteenth Annual Convention held in Winnipeg, on July 7, 8, 9, is now available. Copies may be had free upon application to him.

The Convention, was replete with papers and discussion of the highest order on the questions of fire protection, legislation, reserve management, tree planting on the prairies, and the educational and propagandist activities of the forestry question.

Charles Drysdale of Greenhead, N. S. was wakened early one morning in September by the sound of a horse racing up the road to his barn. Mr. Drysdale jumped out of bed, hurriedly donned his clothes and got to the door when he saw his horse, which had been left in a pasture the night before, coming full tilt, chased by a fine big bull, which jumped the fence and made off for the woods when Mr. Drysdale shouted at him.

A fisherman at North Rustico, P. E. I. made a great find—a monster lobster, which had evidently been washed ashore by the gale which had raged off that portion of the coast. It was alive when he found it and in fact when on the following Saturday he brought it to Charlottetown it was still living. It weighed between fourteen and fifteen pounds and from the tip of its tail, to the end of its outstretched claw it measured thirty-one inches. Evidently it was of considerable age as sea moss was thick upon it while there was a barnacle of considerable growth on one claw. That barnacle was inhabited by some member of the phylae family. Such a unique monster as this could not be supposed to meet the fate of the ordinary fish of this species and has been put into the hands of a taxidermist who will mount it and thereafter it will be used to adorn the office wall of Mr. Hornby of Charlottetown who has already another mounted specimen of lobster weighing seventeen pounds and measuring thirty-four inches.

Mr. J. H. de Roche of Moncton, N. B., sends us the following account of an encounter which Mr. John O'Neill, a well known Moncton merchant had with an infuriated bull moose in September last. Mr. O'Neill left for Kent Junction one Sunday evening in September to visit his old hunting grounds and try his luck for deer and other small game. He was armed with a number 12 inch double barrel shot gun and went into the woods on Tuesday afternoon, down to the Kouchibouguac river, where the deer go to drink. Thinking that he might be fortunate enough to see a deer, he loaded his gun with two bullets, the only two he took with him, from his pack. He stayed at the river till dusk but failed to see a deer. He then decided to return so as to get out before dusk. On his way out he had to cross a small spring brook, where he refreshed himself with a drink of good cold water. This rivulet he knows well, having often filled his water bottles there when on his many fishing and hunting excursions. Around this brook

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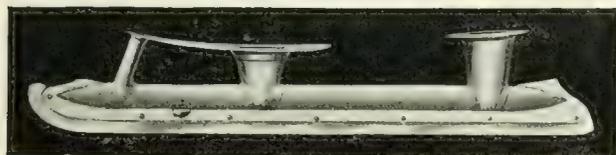
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for a distance of some yards there is a dense growth of young alder trees and other small bushes. Before coming to the brook Mr. O'Neil heard a tremendous breaking of trees, branches and rain-pikes, about 500 yards away, where stands a much larger growth of trees. In all his twenty-five years' hunting Mr. O'Neil declares he never heard such cracking of trees by moose. He was unable to define the cause, as he could hear no call. An old portage road leads from the river to the railroad track. Three men, one of whom was Mr. Warman, the game warden of Kent County, had passed along the road about five minutes ahead of Mr. O'Neil. They saw a big bull moose, and not being armed, they tried to frighten him off. The moose was a good distance away but seemed to show fight, and the men immediately left the vicinity. Mr. O'Neil was hurrying along the road so as to get a glimpse of this big denizen of the forest, as by the cracking of trees, he considered him to be a formidable beast. When going up a slight incline in the road, another big bull stepped out of the thicket, onto the path, about fifteen yards from Mr. O'Neil. This was the big bull seen by the three men above referred to. He was greatly enraged, apparently waiting to try conclusions with the other big fellow that was rushing his way. Seeing Mr. O'Neil, he roared, as only an enraged bull can, tossed and poised his immense antlers, preparing to charge. It was a battle to the death. Mr. O'Neil having no rifle to kill big game, was in a very precarious position, being alone, and not even a large tree in sight. He fired and luckily hit the moose, directly back of the ear, which felled him to the ground. The bull soon regained his feet, still roaring, and charged again when Mr. O'Neil fired his second and only bullet, which passed through the animal's lungs. The monster fell a second time but regained his feet and hobbled away into the thicket. Lighting a match Mr. O'Neil looked among his ammunition for a stray bullet, but could find nothing but cartridges. Undaunted he dropped his gun, and armed with a small hunting knife, he gave chase. He had only the light of the moon to guide him and after several minutes' search saw his victim on the ground, in a position as if to rise again. On looking closer Mr. O'Neil saw that one of the front feet was thrown back in such a way that the moose could not quickly rise. Mr. O'Neil then sprang on the animal's back, grasped the immense antlers and quickly dispatched him with his hunting knife.

The antlers have a spread of fully fifty-three inches in width, with twenty-three points. The carcass, when dressed and viewed by old moose hunters, was declared one of the finest ever seen in that section of the country. Mr. O'Neil having already several mounted heads, only brought back the antlers from which he intends to have made a unique chair.

A Windsor, Ont., girl, Miss Lottie Moir, while in California, landed a black sea bass weighing 240 lbs. which she had hooked herself. The big fish was secured after a struggle

of one hour and a quarter, off the shores of Catalina Island on the coast of California.

Mr. Robert Winter of Seaforth, had an exciting experience when he discovered in his father's garden a large snake, which he proceeded to dispatch. The reptile proved a harder proposition than he anticipated, and he was obliged to call on his father for assistance before it was killed. The snake which was of a spotted variety, measured eighteen feet in length and was supposed to have escaped from a circus that had exhibited in an adjoining town.

When compared with the strength of man, says a writer in "Our Dumb Animals", the strength of an insect is most remarkable indeed. For instance, the busy little ant can carry a load forty or fifty times as heavy as himself, and the ordinary beetle can propel a burden a hundred times its own weight. The insignificant house-fly gives a hundred strokes of his wings in about two seconds, thus enabling him to go a distance of thirty-five feet in that time.

Perhaps the most wonderful of all insects is the dragon-fly. It goes through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and can stop instantly, or change its course backward or sideways without lessening its speed or changing the position of its body.

One little honey-bee will hang suspended from a limb, while from his body a hundred others will depend—one holding to another, chain-fashion; and one cannot see that the first bee wavers or finds his load heavy.

The Canadian Northwest Mounted Police are investigating the reported murder by Eskimos of the well known American Explorer, Harry V. Radford, who has been absent for some considerable time in far Northern Canada.

The canneries of northern British Columbia report a lean year for the season past, the sockeye salmon pack totalling only 180,000 cases. The average pack of the last sixteen years was 750,000 cases. Puget Sound canneries, however, report a big season. The Fraser River pack amounted to 500,000 cases this year, against a million in 1911.

The expedition to Northern Manitoba conducted by Herbert K. Job, State Ornithologist of Connecticut, in co-operation with the United States Government, to continue investigations in the propagation of wildfowl, returned successful. Since the latter part of May the party were in camp on the shore of Lake Winnipegosis, a wilderness of muskeg and poplar forest, abounding in moose, deer, wildfowl, grouse and many other sorts of game and fish. Under permit from the Canadian Government, about 200 young wild ducks of ten species, which were mostly hatched in incubators and raised by Mr. Job, were brought out, and most of them safely landed in Connecticut. The species specially sought was the canvasback, of which a considerable number were raised, the other kinds obtained



being the redhead, lesser scaup or broadbill, goldeneye or whistler, pintail, mallard, gadwall, shoveler or spoonbill, green-winged and blue-winged teal, and also the American coot or mudhen. The hatch averaged ninety-two per cent. exactly the same as on the expedition of last year. A great amount of valuable data and hundreds of interesting and novel photographs were secured, amid exciting and dangerous adventures. The expedition also comprised the party of A. C. Bent, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, who is preparing the Government work on "Life Histories of North American Birds." F. S. Hersey, of Taunton, Mass., assisted in the latter work, and George Curtis Job, of the senior class in Yale University, in the wild-fowl research.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. McChesney, Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Arthur and Mr. and Mrs. John McChesney of Spokane, and Clyde Hook of Edmonton, and a cook and two packers left Edmonton the night of September 25 for the north country in search of grizzly bear and other big game.

A carload of provisions and equipment was sent forward from Edmonton to Thornton, Alta. There were three boats, each twenty-two feet in length, also oil silk tents, such as are used by Arctic explorers and every other convenience necessary for a trip through practically a wild country. Two trained bear dogs were taken on the trip, one brought from Washington, having a record of ninety bears.

Leaving Thornton, which is on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, west of Edson, the party embarked in boats and paddled down the McLeod river to the Athabasca river, thence to Athabasca, Alta. The entire trip comprises a distance of some 800 miles, nearly 500 of which are by water, six weeks being required to make it.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Commission of Conservation has recently been issued. This publication contains a report of the proceedings of the fourth annual meeting held in Ottawa on January 21-22, 1913, including summary statements of the work done under the various committees of the Commission.

Masquerading as sailors and carrying a bright colored parrot to help establish their identity as such, three men who claimed to be sailors from a tramp steamer plying between Montreal and New York, were arrested on Front street, Toronto, as they were selling a number of furs which they alleged were genuine black fox, but which upon investigation proved to be only dyed rabbit skins.

Very seldom, indeed, is the sturgeon, the finny monster which Edward II made a royal fish, and which, when caught in the Thames, becomes the property of the Crown, captured in English waters nowadays, according to London Tit-Bits.

For this reason not a little interest was aroused recently when it was announced that

a sturgeon nine feet nine inches in length, weighing 439 pounds, had been caught in the River Delph, at Welney Washes, near Littleport, Norfolk.

This fish, which, according to the estimate of a salesman at Spitalfields, who ultimately sold it for £6, would provide a meal for nearly one thousand people, had been noticed in the river, and attempts had been made to shoot it. But the cartridges used were loaded with shot too small to have any effect on the sturgeon's hard skin. A large net, therefore, was drawn across the water top to prevent the fish from escaping down the river, after which a boat was rowed alongside the fish, when one of the men succeeded in forcing a large and powerful hook attached to a strong pole into his throat. This enabled him to keep its head out of the water just long enough for the fish to be killed with a gun.

Some idea of its size and weight may be gathered from the fact that five men were required to land it. This, however, is by no means the largest sturgeon which has been caught in English waters. The record was a fish weighing 460 pounds, while in the North Sea fish weighing as much as 562 pounds and 735 pounds have been captured by trawlers.

It is pointed out that one of the most remarkable facts about the fish netted in the North Sea is that they are similar to the American species, whence it would seem that the specimens caught from time to time in our waters must have made the voyage across the Atlantic, since the fish appears to have died out as a regular inhabitant of British waters.

Sturgeons pass the greater part of the year in the sea, but periodically ascend large rivers and it was due to this characteristic that the specimen was caught recently in the River Delph.

Not only do they attain great size and weight, but according to the estimates of some experts, they sometimes live as long as 200 years.

The partridge season in Newfoundland opened on September 20th and early that morning sportsmen all through the land, according to a despatch from St. John's were posting through to the wilds in search of these aerial "speckled beauties." Partridge are said to have been somewhat scarce, due probably to the cold weather that prevailed during the period when the young were in the nest. The cold June weather, it is thought, killed many young partridge. The weather too during the early part of the open season was so fine that the sportsmen complained that the birds took to the covers making it hard for the dogs to locate them or to get them out.

Some of the St. John's sportsmen advocate a close season in some sections of the country to prevent practical extermination of the partridge and one shooting expert suggested that every third year for a while be a close year.

Notwithstanding some apparent scarcity St. John's sportsmen, some of them, secured very fair bags during the open season this year.



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"I have just sold a collection of specimens for \$216, which makes in all \$700 I have earned from my taxidermy work, and it is all due to your excellent course of lessons."—J. T. Stanton, Klammath, Ore

"Since taking your course last year I have made over \$675 by selling my specimens, and doing work for others. Your lessons are fine, and every sportsman should join the school."—H. C. Hammond, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Every Airedale fancier should have a copy of Mr. R. M. Palmer's book "All About Airedales." This book is brimfull of general information of value to dog lovers, and owners, breeders and fanciers. The illustrations are also very interesting, having been selected from photographs of noted dogs and rare scenes. While the fund of information concerning the Airedale is most extensive, that part of the book which describes the care of this dog, etc. is just as applicable to dogs of other similar breeds. Mr. W. Berwick, Shelburne, Ont. handles this book in Canada.

Benjamin Lawton, chief game guardian of the province of Alberta, reports that the lieutenant-governor-in-council has extended the close season on Hungarian partridge and Hungarian pheasants until December 31, 1913. This order, he adds, covers all parts of the province where these birds are to be found.

"From time immemorial canoeing has been the favorite American aquatic sport. The Indian travelled from lake to lake and carried his canoe in a manner similar to the method we employ today. No writer of history or fiction connected with the Red Race has left the canoe out of his stories. The canvas canoe of today is worthy of this day and generation. We find hundreds of them in cities and towns that are situated in proximity to rivers and lakes. Experienced canoeists never start out without a proper repair kit. A valuable factor in this outfit is an emergency box of Jeffery's Special Marine Canoe Glue, manufactured by L. W. Ferdinand & Company, 201 South St., Boston, Mass.

Argentina, a country with only half the population of New York State alone, has twice furnished the winners of the Pan-American Rifle Championship, and only a few weeks ago at Camp Perry, Ohio, was the chief contender

against the United States for the long range rifle championship of the world, losing the match by but one point.

In such company Gregoria Pereira received the training which enabled him to make two world's records at the great international meet. Shooting for Argentine, in the Expert Rifle-men's Match, Senor Pereira, using Remington UMC ammunition in any army rifle, scored 98 out of a possible 100 points at 300 metres—nearly 1,000 feet—from prone position. Again in the Individual International Army Rifle Match, the Argentine marksman, using the same ammunition and rifle, made 186 out of a possible 200. Both of these scores are world's records that will undoubtedly stand for a long period.

Gun manufacturers tell us that they frequently receive letters from grown up boys to the effect that their parents will not permit them to obtain a rifle because they are not old enough to properly understand and use a rifle. Even where "daddy" was brought up in the country and handled a gun, himself, from his ninth or tenth year, he is often very timid about allowing his boy the use of a rifle. Messrs. Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., however in proof of their contention that they can furnish even a small boy with a suitable rifle which he may be trained to use with care and efficiency, give the following particulars in regard to Durbin Bowser, a seven year old rifle expert of Gary, Ind. This little chap possesses a .22 calibre Marlin Rifle and at the age of five years scored thirty-seven out of a possible 50 at moving targets. Recently he scored eighteen Bulls Eyes out of a possible twenty shots. A member of the Gary Gun Club and the youngest holder of a hunter's license in the State are two distinctions enjoyed by young Bowser, whose father is Mr. Emerson Bowser, chief of police of the Indian Steel Co. of Gary, Ind.



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# OUR LETTER BOX

## Co-operation to protect Migratory Birds

*Editor, ROD AND GUN;—*

Mr. William Hendrie of Hamilton, Canada, has informed us that you are very familiar with game protective matters in Canada and I am venturing to write you on this subject.

Under a resolution of the United States Senate, passed early in the summer, the President was authorized to negotiate conventions with the various nations, including Great Britain, for the protection and preservation of birds, and I have been asked by the authorities in Washington to make suggestions in regard to the terms of such a convention.

You may know that a law was passed last spring by our Congress with reference to migratory birds, placing them under the control and protection of the Federal Government, and the regulations to be made in connection with that law will be put into force this fall. This association was in the main responsible for the passage of the law, and we are desirous of having the co-operation of the sportsmen in Canada in protecting the birds which migrate between the two countries.

I would like you to make suggestions to me as to the provisions which would be agreeable to the sportsmen in Canada to be embodied in such a treaty, and I would like also to have the names and addresses of the gentlemen in the various provinces who could advise me as to the sentiment in their respective localities in regard to what would be agreeable to the sportsmen.

Trusting that you will be able to be of assistance in this very worthy matter, I am,

Yours very truly,

Wm. S. Haskell,  
Counsel

American Game Protective and Propagation Association, Woolworth Bldg.,  
233 Broadway, New York.

*Ed. Note.* We would recommend that those of our readers who have suggestions to make along the lines indicated write direct to Mr. Haskell at the address given.

## "Keen on Trying Flapjacks"

*Editor ROD AND GUN:—*

I have ordered through my bookseller a camping book which I am expecting and also by this same mail a copy of the latest issue of your magazine. I should very much like to know how to make "griddle cakes" and "flapjacks". I see in your September number how one "Bill" and a certain "Slim" regaled themselves on an excellent feast of "flapjacks" and "griddle cakes" cooked by Mrs. Bill and Mrs. Slim. I am very keen on trying flapjac ks."

I receive a great deal of interest from your publication and my only regret is that I am unable to be in such a beautiful country as is described therein.

Thanking you in anticipation

Yours faithfully,

Henry Moreland, Jr.

Gloucester, England.

*Ed. Note.* This enquiry might well lead to our having a symposium on "flapjacks."

## From Prince Albert, Sask., to Natal, S. A.

*Editor ROD AND GUN:—*

Please find enclosed one dollar for renewal subscription to ROD AND GUN for another year. Here's wishing the magazine continued success. I send my copy every month to a friend in Natal, South Africa, and he, like myself, looks forward with interest every month to the coming of ROD AND GUN. He would, I am sure, if he were here, unite with me in good wishes for the future of your publication.

Very sincerely yours,

Alex. F. Seath.

Prince Albert, Sask.

## Fine Sport at Athabasca, Alta.

*Editor ROD AND GUN:—*

Enclosed please find the sum of one dollar which pays my subscription to your valued magazine until July 1914.

We have had fine duck shooting this Fall and partridge and chicken are plentiful so anticipate fine sport on the first of October. The country is full of bear this year and homesteaders frequently meet them going home from town in the evening. They are however quite harmless.

Yours sincerely,

Chas. E. Nancekivell.

Athabasca, Alta.

## What Would you Sooner do than go Fishing?

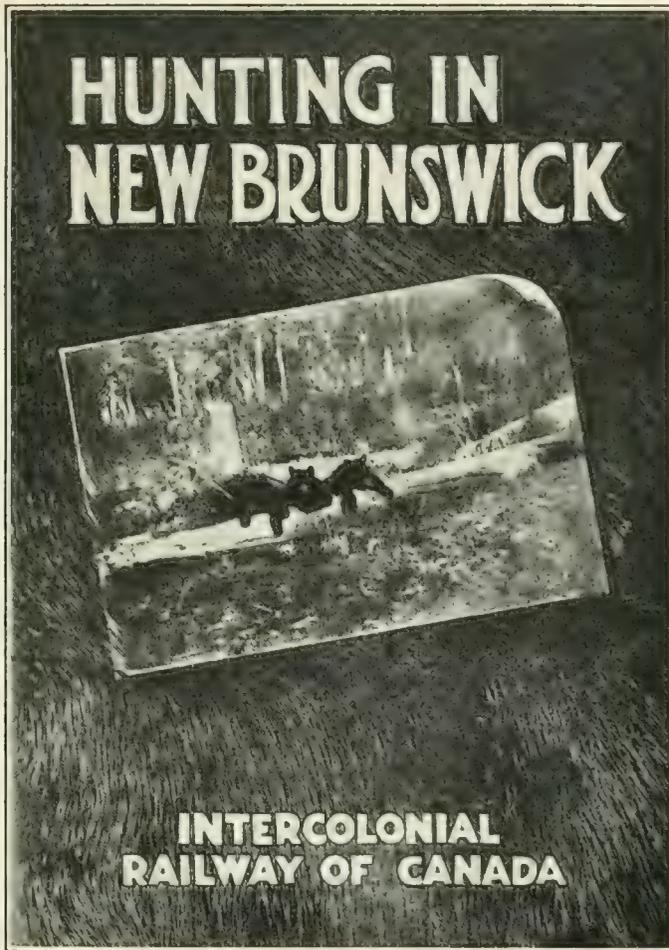
*Editor ROD AND GUN:—*

Under the above caption I am sending you a few lines regarding a recent short and pleasurable experience after the trout on the preserve in from Wiarton and Hepworth. Some of the members you probably know. Those I allude to are Dave Huether—a man, in every way you take him, Jack Siemon, manufacturer and bowler and Ed. Reekine, with many friends. Fred Terry of the Great Northern Railway was with me. It may be the recital will appeal to you and be printed.

Yours truly,

John M. Copeland.

Toronto, Ont.



A graphic description of a true sportsman's actual experiences in the big game forests of New Brunswick as depicted by the hunter himself. It relates his wonderful success in securing the full quota of big game under a New Brunswick license. The book is finely printed, with a cover page of unique design and is artistically illustrated in duo-tone.

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Intercolonial Railway,  
Moncton, N. B.**

**"Cheap at the Price"**

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:—

I received the book on the Culture of Black and Silver Foxes and think it cheap at the price, and very useful to fox men.

I have three brothers in the fox business, one in New Brunswick and two in Prince Edward Island. I would like you to send them each a book if they have not ordered one from you already. You may tell them I recommended it. Their addresses are: Mr. P. J. Cahill, Moncton, N. B., Mr. E. P. Cahill, 1279 Main St., Hartford, Conn., and Mr. Walter Cahill, Alberton, P. E. I.

Yours truly,

F. Cahill.

Vancouver, B. C.

**Some Notes on Sport at Penticton, B. C.**

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:—

I am sending you along with a short article, "Reminiscent Shots" some notes on Sport at Penticton.

The season on grouse and deer opened here on the first of September. Grouse were more numerous than for some years and good bags were made.

Quite a few deer were also killed, amongst them being a record buck shot by a Provincial constable, Mr. R. McDonald. The dressed carcass of this buck, without hide, head, shanks or entrails, weighed 211 pounds. The hide weighed twenty-one pounds; the fat on the haunch was two inches thick.

Yours truly,

"Wasecha Hoska."

Penticton, B. C.

**Uncertain as to his Rifle**

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:—

I would feel obliged if some reader of ROD AND GUN would give me some information with reference to the possibility of getting a specimen of the Canadian lynx anywhere

near the city of Winnipeg, that is to say, within a reasonable train's journey. I desire a lynx skin for my collection. I do not want to buy same as I wish everything in my collection to be of my own shooting.

I have purchased a .401 Winchester Self Loading rifle and should be glad to have an opinion on the same. I purpose using this for moose, elk and deer. Is it too powerful for coyote and small game? I can get a .303 Savage. Would this be better for smaller game? I would not attempt to shoot anything smaller than wolf with this, as I use a .22 hollow nose bullet and a Savage .22 Single Rifle for the small birds and squirrels.

I have received your magazine since 1909. When in England I got it from the Globe office in Charing Cross.

Yours truly,

"Winchester .401."

Winnipeg, Man.

**Salmon or Grey Trout?**

*Editor* ROD AND GUN:—

For the enclosed twenty-five cents will you please send me ROD AND GUN containing the article on how to house and feed foxes in captivity? I intend keeping foxes at the Shawinigan Club and expect also to procure some reindeer from Dr. Grenfell of Labrador.

Can your readers tell me what is a salmon trout? Do not forget that the salmon has a square tail and the grey trout a forked tail. I got one day last year a grey trout of eight pounds weight trolling and the flesh of this trout was as red as that of any salmon I ever saw. That looked to me like a salmon trout, *but the tail was forked.*

Yours truly,

L. A. Boyer.

Westmount, P. Q.

We invite all our readers to contribute to OUR LETTER BOX department.

## Hudson's Bay Company to Explore The Arctic Circle

AUGUST WOLF

UNEXPLORED territory across the entire north edge of Canada, within the Arctic Circle, will be penetrated by the Hudson's Bay Company, which, under the new policy of vigorous aggression, has sanctioned plans involving a total expenditure of \$20,000,000. This appropriation, it is officially announced in advices received in Edmonton, includes the cost of a fleet of steamships to be placed in commission on the delta of the Mackenzie river, the establishment of a new line of fur trading posts and the development of the stores in various parts of north-western Canada.

The company recently placed in commission its first permanent vessel to ply along the west coast of Hudson bay. It is an 1,800-ton auxiliary steamship, sent out from England. The company has also called for tenders for two auxiliary steamers of ocean-going size, to be ready for launching early next spring. These vessels will be used on the Arctic ocean, about 2,100 miles north of Edmonton, for handling shipments to and from the Mackenzie river delta.

Just what this new order of things means hardly can be grasped by readers not thoroughly familiar with the vast expanses of un-

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Does that heading interest you? Then read what follows.

The Model 10 Visible Remington has a mechanism found only on Remington-made machines—the *Column Selector*.

The Column Selector *eliminates all hand adjustments of the carriage except line spacing.*

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It comes down to this:—*From the standpoint of your own pocketbook you cannot afford to use any typewriter which lacks this new time saving feature.*

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Seeing is believing. You are cordially invited to call at any Remington office *and ask to see a demonstration of the Remington Column Selector.* We will be glad to show you just what the mechanism is and how it works. We will write a letter with it and the same letter without it. We will show you just how much time it *saves* and why. And your coming will put you under no obligation. We simply wish to show you, and every one who is interested in typewriters, *the latest time and labor saving achievement in this field.*

**Remington  
Typewriter  
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occupied territory, north of the capital of Alberta, the most northerly city of the 70,000 class on the American continent.

Conrad Siems of New York, who was managing owner of a series of trading posts in Alaska in the early '90s, has prepared a monograph at the request of Rt. Hon. Robert L. Borden, premier of Canada, in which he deals with several phases of development, including the raising of reindeer on a commercial scale. He says the dominion government could afford to go into the matter thoroughly.

The question raised is: "Will the great stretches of Arctic territory which Canada owns ever be of real benefit to mankind? Alaska has its minerals, but if there be no minerals in the country east of the mountains belonging to Canada, what is there to support a population? As far east as Labrador, where the Eskimos and a few missionaries reign supreme, there are immense areas which ought to be turned to some account for the good of Canada and humanity in general. It seems to be possible to grow high class grain and vegetables up as far as the Arctic circle.

The Canadian government inspector of Indian posts, who was recently in Ottawa, exhibited vegetables grown at Fort McPherson, 2,100 miles north of Edmonton, by water course and portages, that would have done credit to a well kept farm south of the 49th parallel of latitude. Territory capable of producing foodstuffs has an assured future, but it is the great Arctic wastes, where now the trappers and hunter and nomad Eskimo alone disturb the solitude, that will in future years be the subject of statesmanlike concern.

The most obvious of all uses is the propagation of domesticated reindeer. It will furnish nourishing meat to a population that must have meat to exist. In fact, the reindeer is said by some experts to be the coming rival of the beef animals of our civilization. It may yet furnish the meat our exhausting commercial processes would deprive us of by the depletion of the cattle supplies of the world.

Discussing the subject of reindeer propagation and its possibilities Mr. Seim says in his monograph that while in Alaska he was attracted by the proposition that the domesticated reindeer of Siberia should be imported in sufficient numbers into Alaska to form a good reserve of incalculable value to the mining population.

Mr. Seims undertook to carry out a scheme of bartering for reindeer with the Siberian nomads, and enlisted the support of a high church official who had been superintending mission work in Alaska. This churchman appropriated the idea and campaigned in the United States on behalf of the reindeer propagation movement, finally inducing the United States government to get Russia's consent to the exportation of domesticated reindeer from the Siberian nomads' herds. These nomads, the Tschukschees, were averse to selling reindeer for export, because it would lessen their trade in reindeer hides for the Eskimos of the North American continent, but finally an American government purchasing station was established; Mr. Siems was placed in charge.

After much trouble and some risk, he had collected several hundred deer, conditions began to look promising. But, through mishap, the transports which were to have come for the deer did not arrive until very late. The Spanish-American war had diverted attention. Then, after being transported, the deer were driven a thousand miles in Alaska to Port Barrow, where whaling crews were reported to be starving, but of course this was a failure.

Stories of starving miners in Dawson stirred the United States Congress to appropriate \$500,000 to buy more deer in Lapland. These animals starved to death on the sterile Alaskan coast. Then it transpired that the Treasury Department had not obtained Russian permission for the exportation of the deer, after all, and the United States had to replace them. The mix-up was so complete and gave the deer importation idea such a black eye, that it was dropped with a thud. The result of the mismanagement of the whole scheme was the closing of the Siberian outlet for the deer and the formation of an unsympathetic public opinion on the scheme.

Mr. Seims points out in his monograph that the fiasco does not alter the merits of the reindeer as food animals, or their values in countries whose conditions are the counterpart of Siberian conditions. The difficulties that would have to be faced by any Government seeking to transplant the domesticated reindeer to new territory would be to obtain efficient herders. The Eskimos are too much given to hunting and trading to keep herds. He thinks that French Canadian habitants would be the most suitable of any class of pioneers for such work.

When the first Siberian herds were transplanted to Alaska, Tschukschee herdmen were brought to teach the Eskimos to take care of the deer. Then it was determined to try Laplanders as teachers. Most of these broke away when the discoveries of gold were heralded abroad, and became rich owners of mining properties. One of the richest men in Alaska to-day is a former herder. It was soon evident that it would require years and years to metamorphose the Eskimo into a patient, careful keeper of herds. So the industry has not progressed in any particular. Yet the stretches of the North are capable of sustaining 10,000,000 reindeer. The pastures are rich, though buried under snow most of the time.

The reindeer is one of the most easily herded of animals. A few herders and several dogs can look after thousands of them. They are able to locate the moss pastures under three or four feet of snow. They never stampede in a blizzard, but keep on feeding. The meat is nourishing and palatable. Every essential condition for a successful transplantation is on hand. What is necessary is practical and businesslike handling of the infant industry.

A small herd of reindeer was brought to Edmonton several years ago and sent to Fort Smith, where, it is reported by recent arrivals from the north, the animals are thriving.



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# George Simpson, Explorer and Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company

**T**RAILS used by George Simpson, explorer and governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, in crossing the Canadian Rockies on his tour of the world in 1841-2, were located recently by the discovery of a fallen tree, bearing these letters and figures G. S., I. R., 1841—carved deep in the wood, in the Simpson pass on the great divide between the Pacific and the Atlantic oceans.

James Brewster of Banff, Alta., who found the tree while searching for traces of the explorer's historic passage through the Rocky mountains, and others, who have examined the relic, believe that the initials are those of Sir George Simpson and his guide, James Roland. This opinion is concurred in by John M. Gibson, who is gathering data to complete the records of David Thompson, geographer in the early days of the Northwest Trading Company, at this time a rival of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The life of Sir George Simpson, in whose honor Fort Simpson, north of Edmonton and the pass were named, is one of the most picturesque chapters in Canadian history. It deals with a man of definite convictions, of vigor and vim, of loyalty and stern justice in all things concerning the government of all under his jurisdiction. He came to the northwest from England to take charge of the affairs of the Hudson's Bay company in 1820, when the trading post in Edmonton, erected in 1795, was known as "the last house in the world."

Showing his ability to assume control of the big enterprise, by the time of the Papineau rebellion, 1837-8, he took up his headquarters at Lachine, Quebec near Montreal, and visited Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, once a year. He was a staunch loyalist and bent every effort to crushing the rebellions, and as a reward for his services in the Papineau and Mackenzie outbreaks he was honored in 1839 with a knighthood.

Two years afterward Sir George took up his tour of the world, leaving London on March 3, 1841. He was the first man to undertake a trip around the world by way of Canada and Siberia. With canoe and pack horse he

crossed the North American continent, took ship from Fort Vancouver for Siberia, and reached London on his return journey in nineteen months, twenty-six days from the time of starting. He retired from active government of the colony in 1849, leaving a local governor in charge.

There was considerable feeling in Canada after 1838 that the lands in the North West, not actually owned by the Hudson's Bay company, but held under a crown license for trading, should be thrown open for settlement. This reached its height shortly before the date when the license would come up for its second renewal. A committee was appointed by the British government to investigate.

Sir George Simpson fought the application to permit settlement of the lands, with all his old time vigor. He was the principal witness before the committee, and assured that body that nothing could be grown in the west. He described how, even in the summer, the earth was frozen only a foot beneath the surface. However his testimony was refuted by passages quoted from his book describing his trip around the world which told of the fertility of the land bordering the Red River, describing in flowery language the wealth of vegetation that covered the earth, and prophesying the day when steamers should ply to and fro on the river between large and flourishing cities.

The Hudson's Bay company lost the case, but before its trading license expired the chieftain of the fur company passed away at headquarters in Lachine in 1860.

Millions of dollars' worth of furs, from the costly black fox to the lowly rabbit, have been taken out of the northern parts of the provinces of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba since that famous controversy, which resulted in opening a veritable empire in the North West. The land between the Great Lakes and the Pacific ocean has given up enormous wealth in grains, grasses, roots, timber and minerals and become the homes of several millions of prosperous and contented men, women and children from all parts of the civilized world.



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Because the Body-Building Power of Bovril has been proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

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## Half-bred Karakule Lamb and Mother

The first step towards raising animals for their fur, says Mr. Walter Jones, was taken years ago when karakule sheep—a domestic animal from which the Persian lamb and broadtail are obtained—began to be bred for its pelt. Up to recent years this animal was the only example of a valuable fur-bearer in captivity. It is a domestic animal merely, but because of the difficulties in travelling, in language, in knowledge of good stock, in quarantine laws and in remoteness of the district in which they flourish, it would be very difficult to secure specimens for breeding purposes. Latterly, exceedingly optimistic reports of successes in karakule 'crosses' in Germany and the United States have been re-

ported. If the Persian lamb can be produced in America millions of dollars will be saved annually, as the use of this lasting and handsome fur is increasing steadily. That the business is regarded in Russia as an important one, is indicated by the calling of a convention of breeders at Moscow (October 1912), at the Czar's special request. As a possible source of future fur supply, the karakule crossed with lustrous woolled sheep like Lincolns and Cotswolds appears to be one of the most promising. Experiments made recently have produced lamb skins of magnificent gloss and curl. It is now proposed to domesticate this animal in Prince Edward Island.

## An Ontario Pioneer Lady's Story

JAS. E. ORR

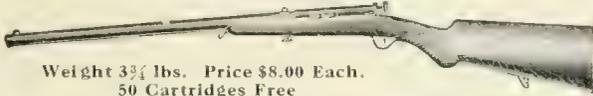
**I**N a beautiful farm in the county of Middlesex live an interesting, old couple, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Glen. Mr. Glen has been a successful fruit farmer but of late years has been giving his attention to the care of bees and the production of honey. The couple are pioneers, having come this way in the days of the early settlement of the county. Mrs. Glen was born not very far distant from her present home, seventy-five years ago. She was nearly thirty years old, she says before she saw a stove. All the cook-

ing in those far off days was done over the fire in the old hearth.

Those open fire-places were comfortable and very easily managed when one became accustomed to them. One could bake, boil and do other things necessary to the art of cooking with great satisfaction upon their blazing fires. Daily a big back log was placed in position and this would sometimes last longer than one day if well buried in the ashes. After the back log had been placed in position plenty of smaller wood was put on

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and soon a rousing fire was roaring up the chimney.

The mantelpiece was usually very large and was, perhaps, the most useful, as well as the most ornamental part of the little log house. Upon it were placed many articles of interest and what we would now consider old curios, such as the well polished brass candlesticks, the snuffers and tray, also the lighters. The latter were made by deft fingers rolling long strips of paper together, and were afterwards used to light a candle or pipe, just as we now use a match for the same purpose.

The flour in those days was of excellent quality, for the wheat was as plump as peas and no such bread do we see now-a-days as was baked in the bake-kettles of long ago that were buried in a heap of live coals.

The gatherings of the family and friends about the hearth-stone were indeed very enjoyable."

Bears were continually doing mischief as they loitered around the clearings and the small homes of the settlers. One of my relatives, continued Mrs. Glen, who was named Campbell, lived some distance away. One night he was called out and ran across a bear who gave chase. Campbell's good dog was with him but the bear proved too much for them both and as the man ran for his life over the uneven surface of the rough, new land he found his strength beginning to wane. His only hope of safety was a small tree which he at length reached but not in time to entirely escape the bear who grabbed a great, angry mouthful from the calf of one of Campbell's legs. The poor fellow suffered intensely but for a time was glad to be safe from any further molestation. After a rest and a rude binding of the injured leg it became apparent that he must get the flow of blood stanchoned and some better treatment for his wound. He coaxed the dog to fight the bear and thus draw him away from the tree. The dog, encouraged in this way, did his best to attract the bear from the tree and once when the dog and the bear were spitting a few rods away, Campbell unobserved, escaped from his prison and made a desperate attempt to reach his home, which was about a mile away. He had obtained a lead of about eighty rods before his absence was discovered and although handicapped through loss of blood and severe pain, with the dog's kind assistance, he won out and reached home in safety. As was to be expected, the wound given him by the bear caused him much pain and as a result of it he was lame for the remainder of his life. No doubt he owed his life to the brave fight put up by his faithful dog, as owing to his unflinching attack the bear was kept somewhat at bay. For many years afterwards man and dog were daily companions and the best of friends.

It was a common occurrence to hear of a bear in a farmer's pig pen. On one of these occasions a stalwart farmer's wife found a half grown bear attacking her pigs. She came after the young gentleman bear with a butcher knife and did not waver until she had driven bruin from the pen. The young bear bore away with him several jabs from the knife blade which the woman had thrust at him.

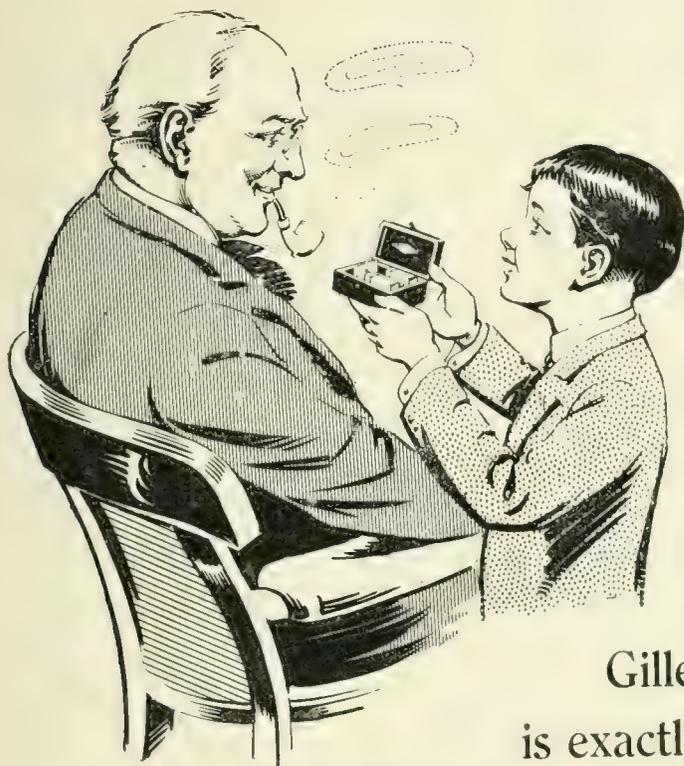
Around my father's home in the early times the wolves used to come in great droves and many times we would hear them killing the deer. The poor deer would bleat piteously but none of our men dared venture out to their aid. In fact we had to put bars across our one little window to prevent the wolves from jumping through at us. They were very cunning and awfully treacherous and would molest either man or beast whenever there was an opportunity.

A Scotch neighbor in coming from a dance late one night or early in the morning was waylaid by a pack of wolves and had the run of his life to outwit them. As soon as he heard them coming, about two o'clock in the morning, he hastened along the newly made road. His experience told him that they meant business for he could hear the wolf leader calling his band together with that peculiar long drawn, slow whine, and the answer from the other wolves back in the woods to their leader again. This Scotchman had his bag pipes with him and as he was running for his life he came to a newly erected log house. As yet the house had no roof on it and its only opening was a rude door. Through this door the Scotchman ran with the wolves in hot pursuit. In a moment the man had gained the topmost log while the wolves surged in at the open door. They could not climb so their victim was safe as long as he clung to his perch. Before morning dawned the Scotchman gave the wolves several selections on the bagpipes, playing several old Scotch airs as only a true Scot can play. The wolves, however, were distinctly lacking in appreciation, evidently preferring to have a taste of the man's blood. After working himself gradually around to the door, by a dexterous movement the man managed to close it securely, thus making prisoners of the wolves who were penned securely in the enclosure. A few hours after daylight some old and true Flintlocks were poked through the apertures in the logs of the unfinished house. There was many a flash and bang and hostilities did not cease until every wolf had been given his quietus.

A little south of our house, on our own farm, a big panther was shot. Mr. John McPherson in going through the woods discovered this savage monster lying asleep beside a fallen tree. Cautiously he slipped past it and then ran for help and firearms. Soon several men came and before it awoke they had shot it. We were all very glad for these animals were in the early days a great source of danger and mischief while their midnight cries did not by any means add to the pleasure of the early settlers. Bears, wolves, panthers, etc., have all disappeared from this part of the country to be seen never again.

In those early days porcupines, too gave us considerable trouble. They would thrust their quills smack into a dog's skin and as the point of the quill is shaped similar to a fish-hook the quills would remain in the unfortunate dog until cut out. The quills would also enter the clothing of a man or woman and if they struck the bare hands the result was very disastrous.

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# Notes on Foxes and Other Fur Bearers

For the promotion of fox culture in the London, Ont. district the Water Commissioner of that city advocated a special water commission cup to be presented to fox breeders exhibiting at the Western Fair. There are said to be over twenty fox farms in this district and the Water Commissioner was of the opinion that some action should be taken to promote the industry, which is only in its infancy, as much as possible. "Fox farming is in about the same stage now as chicken farming was forty years ago" said the Commissioner in making his suggestion. "The chicken industry has been fostered and developed through exhibitions and prizes and the same methods should be adopted to help along the fox raising industry."

Fox farming, which has created the rush of 1913, is a continuation of the ancient custom of domesticating wild animals. The sheep, the goat, camel and other animals are utilized for the prime necessities of clothing, meat and transportation, but the newest animal in the domesticated class—the black fox—is useful only for ornamental clothing, and is in the class with the ostrich, bird of paradise and sea otter, though the two latter are not domesticated.

Neither can it be claimed that the fox is fully domesticated. So ingenious are the methods of housing, fencing and coraling these animals that they are kept in environments not far removed from the wild state, but are fed, improved and cultured similarly to other domesticated animals.

Although the black phase of the fox is exceedingly rare, an occasional one is captured. This fact adds zest to the business of hunting but it really increases the practical difficulties of the fox rancher. Any fox captured while running at large is the property of the one who captured it. It would probably be impossible to win a suit for ownership under the present laws even if it could be proven that a fox escaped from the ranch of the plaintiff.

A new feature of the work to be done at the Ontario Veterinary College this session will be a course for the study of the complaints of wild animals in captivity. The gentleman who took that course at Bronx Park, New York, will superintend this part of the College's work. Study along this line is important because of the wild fox industry where a veterinary is employed the year round in some cases.

The magnitude of the profits made in the fox-raising industry is indicated by the fact that Prince Edward Island companies engaged in the industry paid dividends for this year amounting to \$1,500,000, after the September delivery.

Mr. J. E. B. McCready, of Charlottetown, has prepared a return showing that companies having a total capitalization of \$8,405,900 have been incorporated, by special Acts of the

Prince Edward Island Legislature or by letters patent, to breed foxes in captivity. Two other companies, the Silver Fox Ranching Company, of Alberton, and the Tuplin Company, secured their charters in Massachusetts and in Nova Scotia, respectively. Their capital amounts to \$600,000 bringing the total capitalization of incorporated companies engaged in the industry up to \$9,000,000 on August 12th last. There are, moreover, more than 120 ranches not owned by chartered corporations.

## 2,381 Captive Foxes.

Statistics being compiled by the Government of the Province indicate that there are 232 fox ranches on the Island and 2,381 foxes in captivity on them. The animals are classified as follows:—

Old silver blacks	612
Young silver blacks	683
Old patches	220
Young patches	223
Old reds	337
Young reds	244
Old cross	14
Young cross	18

The sworn valuation of the young foxes this year is \$3,635,787, and the complete figures will probably show it to be \$3,700,000. The following estimate has been made of the value of foxes in captivity:—

642 old silver blacks at \$7,500 each	
.....	\$4,715,000
683 young silver blacks at \$8,000 each	
.....	5,464,000
1,056 other grades at \$1,000 each	
.....	1,056,000

Total ..... \$11,235,000

Add to this total the value of the ranches, and the result would seem to justify the assertion of Mr. J. Walter Jones, the Canadian Government expert, who has been studying the possibilities of the fur farming industry, that practically all the available capital of Prince Edward Island had been invested in fox farms. Fur farming is still an infant industry, but it has grown rapidly, and ranches on which foxes, mink, skunk and other fur bearing animals are raised have been established in Ontario and other provinces, as well as in Prince Edward Island.

## More Foxes Trapped

For a time ranchers made large sums from the sale of live foxes for breeding purposes to other persons taking up the industry. Of late, however, the increasing supply of animals of the rare breeds from the northern latitudes has caused the price of the animals to fall from fifty to twenty-five per cent. A single shipment of 126 cub foxes, valued at \$100,000, was received not long ago at Vancouver from Skagway, Alaska. It included red, black and silver foxes which had been purchased from Indian and white trappers in Alaska and the Yukon territory, and were consigned to fox farms in Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and the Eastern States.

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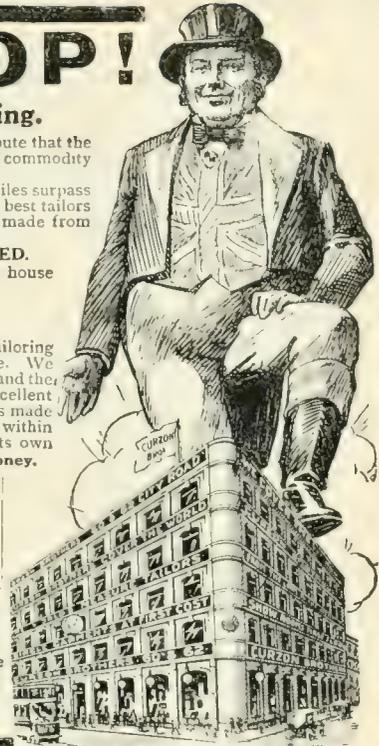
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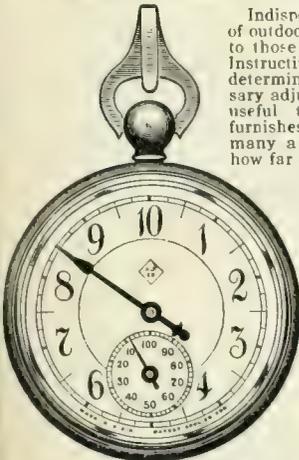
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THE PUBLISHERS

## The Trap Shooting Game in Canada

(“It is One of the Most Wholesome Recreations—Clean and Honest and Playing No Favorites”)

S. E. SANGSTER (CANUCK)

**S**OMEWHERE around ninety per cent. of men have an inherent love for the open—either with rifle or gun—and naturally any scheme that permits of practical use of either during the close seasons on live game is one that to a large degree must find favor, especially with those sportsmen of the city or town to whom any valid excuse for getting outdoors is eagerly sought.

Consequently, to the scattergun enthusiast, the game of slamming seven and a half chilled shot after the elusive aerosaucers is one that has readily found hearty support. The idea had its birth in the United States, where it has been mothered and fostered by the arms and ammunition manufacturers and put on a systematic basis in all its departments. It is only within the past ten years that it has shown any material and steady growth in CANADA, due partly to the youth of the country and partly to other causes, several of which still deter many from following the game up.

The game as a recreation is wholesome, clean, and honest playing no favorites. 'Tis true a man may at times draw a string of hard angle birds while the other fellow is getting the

easier straightaways, but that is pure luck. As a recreation it proves to be the most fascinating game the writer has ever experienced and this is heard everywhere. It is always a case of *the next time*, even from the start. Today you climb to a big score and feel fine over it, determining to run just a few birds higher next time; next time you probably take a drop and find yourself away down, when you grit your teeth and say “*next time* I'll get going right.” And so it is constantly a game of ‘next time’ week in and week out—Club shoots and big Tournaments.

The essential requirements to make a reasonable success of this sport are a natural liking for the shotgun game; a gun that fits its owner (and this is a vastly important factor to ultimate success), a careful study of one's personal weaknesses—generally some angle proves the hard one—and the ability to learn by experience and when one mistake is discovered to right that fault and always remember what lesson each day at the traps teaches.

One has not to be of large stature to take up trap-shooting as a recreation, in fact some

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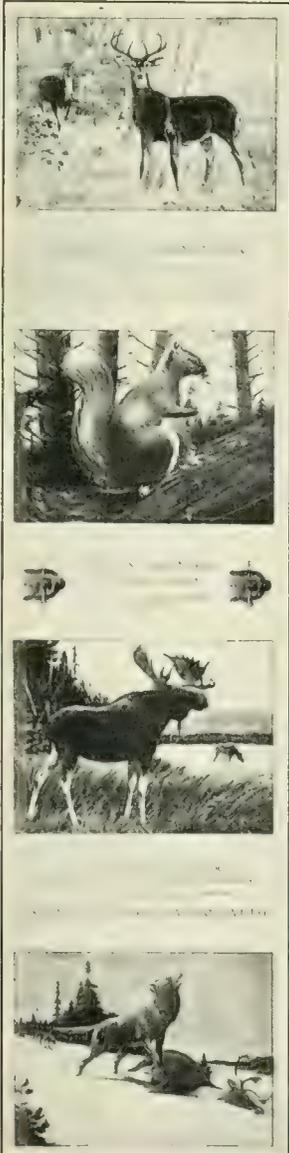
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of the cleverest shots of the world are small men. Even the ladies are beginning to take it up and are making good at it. Of course a hard three day grind at two hundred targets per diem is gruelling and requires a stamina to stay with it around the last day, but light loads and well-balanced guns are today making things easier for the lighter shooters. It is the best antidote I know of for nerve and brain fatigue, and is a sport for red-blooded men and women, serving as an excellent substitute for the live bird game when that is impossible.

Over the line it has developed rapidly during the past few years and has been put on a basis whereby the man of average means can follow it up; instead of the former system when the afternoon at the traps means using anywhere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty shells, and a sweepstake system prevailed—to the benefit of the better shots at the expense of the young beginners—we now find the afternoon's program kept down (so far as the regular events go) to fifty birds and no sweepstake entry save among those who so desire.

"What does the game of trap-shooting do for a man?" is a question easily answered—look at any follower of the game and see it for yourself. It makes a fellow into a clear-eyed chap with nerves of steel, unflinching action and decisive judgment—and he carries these valuable assets into his business life. Few recreations, if any, are as scientific as trap-shooting—for it demands consistent and rapid calculation of angles, lead, speed and wind effect—and this must be done like a flash. It serves as no other sport does as a brain-fag sweeper, demanding, as it assuredly does, keen concentration of thought. The aerosaucers (made of river silt and tar) with their swift flight—greater than that of even a teal—demand quick attention when they flit out and up from the traphouse and long runs require all the factors above enumerated.

That trapshooting appeals to the real sportsman—he who in season tramps the uplands or grouse thickets or hies after the mallard or redhead and bluebill—is amply illustrated by a glance over the entry at any of the big Canadian Tournaments and the names on the register of any of the Gun Clubs. Fully ninety-five per cent. are practical sportsmen who shoot afield in the open—and consequently there seems no stronger move in the direction of proper game protection than to increase the trap-shooting membership. "Does trapshooting help in field shooting?" It most assuredly makes the experienced wing shot a great deal *faster* and helps the beginner to become a practical field shot in half the time he would without such practical instruction in handling a scattergun. It will not, however, make a perfectly green shooter into a wing shot—he must learn that game by practical experience—but it will materially help him in accurate and rapid handling of his gun, judging the angles of the birds and where to hold.

That the ladies will take up this sport as a recreation suited to them is certain. It is fully as suitable a game for the fair sex as is golf and already there are a number of women in

the States who are regular attendants at the Club shoots, while in Canada a number are beginning to turn out.

The game is one that recognizes no caste and stamps a man as a man on his merits—his success or failure at the game rests entirely in his own hands and, further, it is the only game where both sexes meet on the same footing. Essentially it is a recreation for the red-blooded man and woman—hence the reason why it attracts a following who as a body are unsurpassed; as humane, "white" and congenial a gathering of men and women as we can find anywhere on this planet. If you have not yet tried this fascinating sport, seek out the Secretary or one of the Committee of your local Gun Club, go out to their next practice and learn what pleasure and benefit can be derived by you from an afternoon back of the traps; it won't, I venture to state, be your last trip out.

A few hints to beginners may not be amiss as a wind-up to this little essay on the game. Some of them may be found of practical use to someone—and if so, then the writer is satisfied.

#### SHOOT WITH BOTH EYES OPEN—

This is a factor of considerable import to the beginner. Do not learn to shoot with but one eye. Use both eyes—you *need both*, and often will wish you had a third. The little clay targets will steal out on you sometimes, especially when the background is dull. Adhere to this rule—if you now use but one eye, start in with both and keep at it until you master the situation. If you need one eye for baseball, billiards, pool, tennis, or golf, you most assuredly require both to connect with a little target travelling some ninety miles an hour.

**AIMING:** *Do not aim at the target*—look at it with both eyes. Your hands will swing the gun barrel instinctively to where your eyes are focussed—*disregard the sights on the gun*; if you start hunting for the little bead you will never catch up to the target. Look where you want to put your load of shot—remember that it is a true axiom that *the hand follows the eye*—and it will result in consistent execution. Remember that you do not, for instance, look at the racquet but at the ball in tennis—at the ball not the cue in billiards—at the ball not the bat in baseball. "*Keep your eye on the clay target.*"

**LEADING:** This is a vital question—where to hold; on a quartering target—i. e. a target that angles from the trap across your front—a lead is necessary sufficient to put your load where the target is when the shot travels from your gun to the meeting point. The main thing is to find just how much *you* find it necessary to hold ahead and then keep on following *after* you pull the trigger until you see the bird smashed. Straightaways look easy and *are* easier in many ways than the angles. But don't get careless on these—for they require care. A "pop-up-straightaway" looks a "cinch"; the reason it is often registered in the score as a lost bird is because it looks so simple the shooter is careless and *edges it*—or often the target is angling slightly and not noticed. They are going out fast, too, and as a general statement

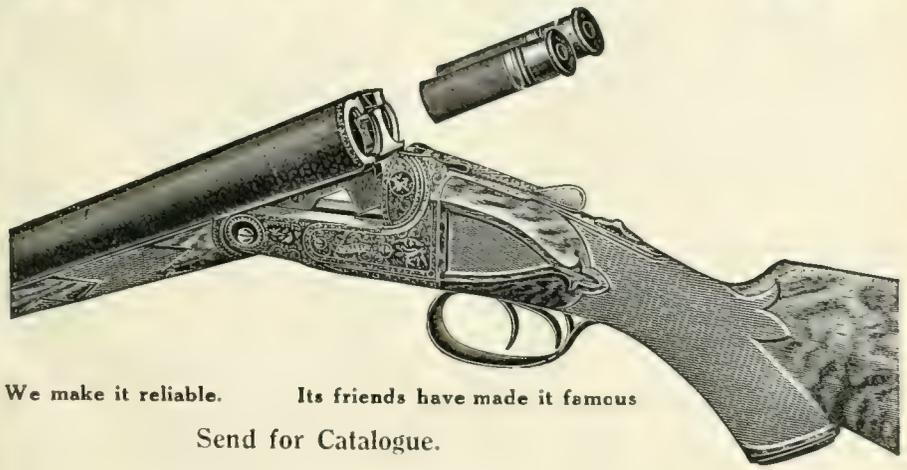
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one might say use as much care as with the angles, but shoot quicker, thus getting the full benefit of the gun's pattern.

**TEMPERAMENT:** The temperament of a shooter is a very vital factor in ultimate success. Naturally a high-strung, quick-tempered shooter will find his work cut out—as he must at all times learn to keep cool and not worry over trifles. Once let such a shooter learn to school himself and take things quietly when little things happen—as they will frequently—and he will be in line to become one of the best experts in the game. The big axiom to always keep in mind is *don't worry—don't let it bother you* if there is a member of your squad who is a slow shooter—who is deliberate in his movements and who has his own ideas of how to do it—*don't mind* if you drop a target through carelessness—“forget it”—get that next one; *don't worry* if the Puller balks you (refuse the target)—or if the target breaks as it leaves the trap, you have another coming to you. *Don't worry* if the scorer mixes up your score—mistakes will happen and it wasn't intentional—*don't worry* if the chap next you tells exactly how he missed that bird; pay no attention to him but keep your own work in mind.

**THINK OF ONE THING ONLY:** Never let your mind wander to something else—but *concentrate* on your target—not the one you just shot at and, perhaps, missed, but the one *now*. Many a long straight has been broken by this. The writer was once guilty of thinking about the shell in his gun on his sixty-eighth bird when he had sixty-seven straight—it was one of those slightly angling straight-aways and it's “going yet”—mind wasn't all on the job of locating the target and getting to it. *Key* yourself up and *stay* keyed each and every time you call “pull.”

**STUDY LOCAL CONDITIONS:** Watch the squad before you—note the wind and how it affects the angles; it will probably drive one up and drop the other down. If the wind is high and consequently making the birds “tricky”, quicken up on them—you may miss a few but when you get going right it will help make your scores far better. Once a target gets into the grasp of a gust of wind you will only break it by luck.

**REMEMBER THAT WINDS DRIFT SHOT:** No. seven and a half shot has a far bigger drift in thirty-five to forty yards than you might believe possible. If you swing on an angle going with the wind (*down wind*) your lead need not be increased as the drift will equalize things—but on a target going into the wind more lead is required to allow for drift. A straightaway with a driving wind will usually drop quickly, necessitating holding low on it.

**DO NOT TALK** in your squad to other members—it is one of the things never to do and *do not move* from your position to the next *until the man below you has shot at his target*.

There are a hundred other “do's” and “don'ts”, but these will all in turn be learned by experience. The above are just a few of the main items—get out and when each lesson is learned *remember* it. You'll become a scattergun enthusiast once you get the hand of things and the microbe gets into your blood—and it'll get there just as sure as the fisherman gets the fever to hike to some stream or lake every spring when the snow goes. The future of the game is bright and the cleanliness and development of trapshooting as a wholesome recreation is in splendid hands in the present followers.

“The result of the individual Palma—a long range match of fifteen shots at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, which was recently decided at Camp Perry, Ohio, should prove a good advertisement for the Ross Rifle Company” says the Army and Navy Gazette of Oct. 4th. “Of the first ten competitors, six, including the first, second and third, were Canadians, who used their service Ross rifles with special 303 ammunition made up for them by the Ross people. This particular combination of rifle and 215 grain-pointed bullet has been found to be a great success. It is a low velocity cartridge but there is no fouling, and up to, 1,000 yards, at any rate, it is extraordinarily accurate.”

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# Protection of Migratory Game

## 1913 Legislation of United States Congress—Ontario Law— Need of Action by Dominion—Feather Proviso

Migratory game birds have, particularly during the last half century, been slaughtered in great numbers in both Canada and the United States. To such an extent has this gone on that some species, notably wild pigeons and some of the cranes, have been exterminated. The countless thousands of pigeons, which even fifty years ago darkened the sky while making their migratory flights have entirely disappeared. The great railway lines across the prairies have opened up for settlement the finest duck-breeding grounds on the continent, and the result has been their practical extermination in certain sections.

Aside from their value for sport, a large number of species of migratory birds prey upon injurious insects and are, therefore, of great economic importance. That this constitutes sufficient reason for their preservation goes without saying.

Last March, the Department of Agriculture at Washington was given authority by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, to formulate regulations prescribing and fixing closed seasons for game birds which do not remain permanently in any of the States. These regulations were prepared and became law on October 1st. By this law the protection of migratory game birds in the United States is made a federal question, and specific provision is made, for co-operation with any of the States that may enact legislation along similar lines. The regulations provide for a division of the country into zones with special restrictions applied to each. Provision is made for a general five-year closed season for certain species such as the sandhill and whooping cranes, curlew, and a number of shore birds, and, in general, the closed seasons have been carefully defined.

However, it is recognized that the problem is an international one, and the American

Game Protective and Propagation Association is actively engaged in an effort to interest Canadian authorities in this very important matter. Protective legislation in either country is of little use unless corresponding protection is provided in the other. The willingness of Ontario to co-operate with the United States in this matter is shown by the fact that, for years, it has had on its statute books a law giving the Lieutenant Governor in Council power to forbid the "hunting, shooting or sale of any migratory game which may at any time be in danger of extinction, for the same period and in the same manner as the same is at any time forbidden in any two or more of the United States of America, one of such States being New York, Pennsylvania or Michigan."

Each province provides for the protection of game within its own borders, but, in the case of migratory game, involving as it does international questions, legislation by the Dominion Government is also required if efficient protection is to be extended to this important national resource.

On September 2nd the Democratic Caucus of the Senate voted to restore to the Tariff Bill the House provision which was passed at the earnest solicitation of the Audobon Societies and the New York Zoological Society which provision provided for the prohibition of the importation of wild birds' feathers into the United States. On September 3rd, the Senate passed the proviso without opposition. The clause absolutely prohibits the importation of the plumage of wild birds into the United States except for scientific and educational purposes. On October 27th under the new tariff six hundred dollars worth of plumes were taken from Miss Edna McLaughlin of New York. Miss McLaughlin was returning from Europe and the aigrettes were seized by the customs inspectors at New York.

## Reminiscent Shots

WASEECHA HOSKA

EVERY man whose favorite sport is shooting, can recall successful shots which in connection with the accompanying incidents, remain imprinted upon his memory; so, with the editor's kind permission, I propose to relate one such reminiscence.

In the Fall of '81 the writer was one of the Mounted Police Escort who took the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor General of Canada, on his trip through "The Great Lone Land."

I can assure your readers that the trip (from Manitoba across what are now the Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta and

down the eastern side of the Rockies to Fort Shaw, Montana) was no picnic to the fifty odd "Riders of the Plains" who took part in it, whatever it may have been to His Excellency and his staff; Reveille at 4 a.m., to bed at 10.30 p.m., every third night on picquet, covering forty-four miles daily in the saddle, striking and pitching some twenty tents every morning and night, with lots of other little jobs to do, did not leave us much time for sleep or recreation; add to this a menu which rung the changes on hard tack, sow belly and tea, with occasionally as a treat, a few pota-

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toes, and you can understand how we hankered for fresh meat.

As we were in light marching order, it was not without some difficulty that I managed to pack my gun along concealed in my bedding.

We were crossing the great plain between Battleford and Calgary in September, making our own trail, our guides being a halfbreed, and the Indian, Chief Poundmaker, who afterwards made things happen in the vicinity of Battleford in '85.

The sloughs and lakes along the line of march swarmed with the migrating waterfowl, and as I rode along, I cast envious eyes at them; at the noon halt I sometimes had a few minutes of leisure, but as two members of the Staff named Col. de Winton and Capt. Percival always went ahead and selected the halting places, and, as they were keen wildfowlers, they had the slough or lake as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, by the time I was ready to go into action.

However just before arriving at the Red Deer River, someone dreamt that there were buffalo in the neighborhood, and at the noon camp on a nice little lake, the ducks were left undisturbed for fear the suppositious buffalo would hear the shooting.

I took in the landscape as soon as I arrived, it was a tempting sight, flocks of ducks of different varieties were sitting on the banks preening their feathers or floating on the water. On a little sandy point in the foreground, a

large bunch of American Widgeon were sunning themselves and the musical "whee-wiw" of the drakes filled the air.

I got through my duties in record time, got my gun, shoved the stock inside my serge jacket and the barrels inside my breeches, hung a towel over my shoulder and with three cartridges in my pockets, sauntered down to the sandy point ostensibly to have a wash, and, when within easy range, assembled the gun, loaded and gave them one barrel on the water and one as they rose, jammed in the other shell and killed a couple of cripples to the accompaniment of a chorus of shouts which arose in the camp. On looking around I saw several figures rushing towards me, but I went on picking up my birds and had gathered nine when Col. de Winton accompanied by several flunkies arrived on the scene. The Colonel was almost in a fit of apoplexy as he demanded in lurid language what I meant by disobeying the order not to shoot for fear of disturbing the buffalo? I put on an innocent air, and, as he had no authority over the Police, asked when the order had been published. This cooled him off and I retired in good order to my tent, passing Superintendent "Billy" Herchmer, our C.O., on the way. There was an amused smile on his face (may the sods rest lightly on him) and I knew I was safe.

That night our mess had fried duck on the bill of fare, though, by the way, we did run into buffalo the day after.

## Count de Lesseps and Party in the Yellowhead Pass

AUGUST WOLF

Count de Lesseps, who made his mark as an aviator in France, and his wife, who was formerly Miss Mackenzie, daughter of Sir William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern Railway company, accompanied by Frank McCarthy and the Misses Bertha and Ethel Mackenzie and Joseph and William Herrington, guides, returned to Edmonton on November 1, from a hunting trip of three weeks in the Yellowhead Pass of the Canadian Rockies. They brought with them a grizzly bear and other big game, including mountain goats and sheep.

Every member of the party was elated over the expedition into the mountain wilds; all could have told of a thousand and one experiences which they encountered during those three weeks of real "roughing" among the crags of the monarchs west of Edmonton.

"The Rocky mountains are beautiful and the game is almost beyond expectations," said Count de Lesseps, who is an ardent sportsman. "The ladies were fascinated with the exquisite beauty of the mountains, and all admired the rugged scenery, which probably has no counterpart in Continental Europe. We are now waiting for another similar ex-

ursion and hope it proves as successful as the one just concluded."

"For myself I might say that I am more than favorably impressed with western Canada," Count de Lesseps said. "Its progress and the development and settlement of the country has been truly remarkable, while the growth of the cities, especially Edmonton, with its population of 70,000, is truly marvellous—all the more so when we recall there were less than fifty souls here twenty-eight years ago. I shall be greatly disappointed if you do not have 500,000 people in the next twenty-five or thirty years."

Count de Lesseps and his wife were the central figures in an interesting romance which began in Toronto two years ago and culminated in their marriage. It was at the time of the airship meet which took place there in the autumn of 1911 when the Count made a number of sensational circles around the spire of the city hall. Among the eager crowd which watched his progress was Miss Mackenzie who became an ardent admirer of his bravery.

The evening of that day Miss Mackenzie was one of the guests at a little dinner given in honor of Count de Lesseps. Miss Mac-



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We are receiving many letters from users of Ross Rifles concerning their successful hunting trips.

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kenzie sat beside the guest of honor. It was not long before Dan Cupid busied himself as never before and in a short time the rumor was abroad that an ardent attachment was formed, culminating in their marriage; but before she would consent to the wooing of the count he was persuaded to promise to renounce his favorite sport.

Speaking of aviation, Count de Lesseps said the time is fast approaching when an aviator would cross the Atlantic ocean in a

heavier than air machine. He could not conjecture how far distant that day would be but he felt that the crossing would be made in this generation. He spoke of the wonderful feats being carried out at the present time, of the crossing of the Alps and the St. Petersburg to Paris flight of about 2,000 miles, the flights over the English channel and of the performances of the upside-down aviators. All of these, he said, are wonderful.

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## Man Can't Exhaust the Fisheries

Man cannot possibly exhaust his supplies of fish no matter how prodigally or wastefully he treats this great natural resource is the opinion of Dr. Edward Prince, Dominion Fishery Commissioner who discussed many problems affecting this industry before the Canadian Club in Halifax recently. Much remains to be done, particularly in Canada, to improve the methods of catching, handling, preparing, transporting and marketing fish, and wider markets can be secured for this product, Dr. Prince demonstrated, but as regards the important question of supply, he clearly showed there was no reason for alarm. For a time he said, certain localities might be fished out, but there was no possibility of denuding the great breeding grounds of the ocean depths. Here secure from man's assaults, the fish could always retreat and from these reserves, they would gradually replenish districts which had been fished out.

In beginning his lecture, Dr. Prince referred to the numerous occasions he had spoken in Halifax on fishery topics in the past twenty years. In that period there had been changes in this industry, but some of the old problems still existed, while new phases of others had cropped up. Some of the most important problems before the scientific fish observer today bore relation to the lobster industry in which Canada leads the world. Was there any danger of this fish being extinguished? Could larger markets be secured for it? This latter question the lecturer said could also be asked in reference to practically all our fisheries. If the demand for them can be increased, can the increase be supplied? Are all the resources of the sea being utilized or are many still being wasted? Can the various processes intervening between the catching of the fish and its delivery on the consumer's table be improved to give a better article? These are only a few of the questions to be solved. Dr. Prince then went exhaustively into the question of the supply of fish and showed how depleted fishing districts recuperated by the gradual accession of fish from other

districts, and then demonstrated how the greatest fishing resources of all, the oceans, depths were practically immune from man's depredations.

He quoted many authorities as to the extraordinary reproductiveness of fish, and showed how scientific observers in Norway had reported shoals after shoals of cod, between one and two hundred feet in depth, any one of which would contain more than the total annual Norwegian catch. He also showed how the amount of fish caught by man was far less than that destroyed by fish themselves as food.

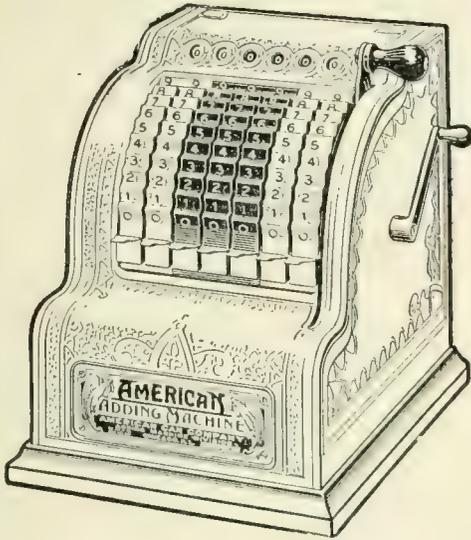
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Messrs. J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., will send free to any ROD AND GUN reader a copy of their new general firearm catalogue No. 53. This embodies detailed descriptions and furnishes a most complete number of Christmas suggestions in the firearm line. A Stevens rifle or shotgun makes an appropriate Christmas gift for a boy. Particular attention is called to Stevens Little Scout, Favorite and Visible Loading Repeating Rifles.

He is a fortunate man who has not at some time punched a hole in his boat or canoe. Usually the hole is under water and there is no boat builder within fifty miles. If the boat isn't the man's own property his heart comes up in his mouth. If the boat is hired he gets a sharp pain in his pocket book, besides a "gone feeling" in regard to the way he is to get home. All this is very common, but needless, like many other sorrows. A box of marine glue such as is put up for just such occasions makes a man independent of such accidents if the boat is his own, and enables him to "argify" with the owner in a very satisfactory manner.

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ONTARIO

# Incubator Hatches His Diamond Back Terrapins

DR LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A. B., M. A., M. D. (JOHNS HOPKINS)

**A**T the Isle of Hope, a suburb of Savannah, is the only terrapin farm in the world where diamond backs are hatched and reared by artificial means for commercial purposes. A. M. Barbee, the proprietor of this unique industry, has solved the problem of terrapin propagation. He claims to be able to hatch and rear more young terrapins than can the females themselves because of the protection he affords the eggs and young from their natural predatory enemies. Mr. Barbee hit upon his method of incubation accidentally but it probably means the prevention of the extinction of the diamond back.

The terrapin farm is one of the show places of Savannah. Thousands of people visit it annually. Five hundred baby terrapin were sold to tourists as souvenirs last winter. There are now more than five thousand terrapin on the farm, not including a similar number that have not yet reached a marketable age. New eggs are hatching out every day. The terrapin know Mr. Barbee's voice and step. They will come at his call and eat out of his hand.

The pens are all classified. The bulls, the cows and the heifers are all carefully separated except when they are mated for breeding purposes. The terrapin intended for the market are kept segregated from the others, and there is a special hospital pen, where sick terrapin are isolated from the well ones.

Artificial incubation of terrapin eggs has heretofore been considered an impossibility. There are now five thousand eggs in the incubators and the little terrapin are coming out every day. There are fifty incubators on the farm. Incubation in the hatcheries requires approximately twelve weeks' time, which is about twice as long as would be necessary under normal conditions. Out of the five thousand eggs now in the incubators Mr. Barbee expects that he should be successful in raising four thousand five hundred terrapin.

Barbee has been in the terrapin business for twenty-three years. Starting with one craw and a few terrapin he has built up the industry until he is now recognized as the most expert terrapin man in the country. The terrapin are divided into three sizes. The largest are known as the count, and measure about

six and one half inches. The next are known as the halves, and measure about five and a half inches. These are the fine marketable terrapin and can always be counted upon to bring fancy prices. There is also a smaller size known as the quarter.

The farm on which the terrapin are kept is one hundred and fifty feet long by sixty feet wide. It is securely inclosed and roofed, but is well ventilated. The entire place can be flooded with water at will. The pens are always flooded when the terrapins are fed, which is usually about three times a week in the spring and summer, and not at all in the winter, when they bury themselves deep in the sand for their annual hibernation.

The pens are sunk several feet beneath the surface of the earth, and timbers are sunk several feet below this surface to prevent the escape of the animals by digging. A foundation of brick was found to be impractical because the terrapin will scratch at the brick until they wear their claws away. Mr. Barbee has had to dig as deep as three feet to unearth terrapin for the winter trade.

The trouble in raising terrapin heretofore has always been that the animals, when in confinement will invariably eat their own eggs. It was many years before Mr. Barbee was able to overcome this trouble. Even after he had perfected his incubator he could not fill it because the eggs were either destroyed or were scattered all over the pens, buried out of sight, sometimes at some little depth, which necessitated spading up the entire farm each day to secure them. This process was so disturbing to the terrapin that it was abandoned.

One day, after feeding, a hillock of sand was left in one of the pens, by the receding water. The following morning Mr. Barbee found this hillock literally sown with fresh eggs. He has since learned that terrapin always seek elevations in which to deposit their eggs, and has only to turn the sand over with his hands to uncover the eggs.

It is hard to believe that these ungainly creatures would exhibit any intelligence. They know Mr. Barbee, however. He has a peculiar clucking sound with which he calls to them. The terrapin will crawl over Mr. Barbee's feet and almost up his leg to reach their food.

## Rare Fish That Cannot Survive in Ordinary Water

**I**N certain parts of Jamaica and Cuba there are hot springs so torrid that on the hottest noondays of a midsummer sun in New York is lower in temperature than these same ponds. An eminent Harvard scientist who recently visited these springs on an expedition of exploration and discovery, has just reported the results of some interesting experiments.

He finds that dozens of varieties of strange fish inhabit these hot baths and when these

same fish are placed in ordinary river water they very soon die. None of these fish can survive in tepid water, let alone the moderately cool waters of the ocean, rivers, and brooks. The fish are closely related to trout, sun-fish, perch, bass, and the common prey of the American angler.

When the investigator took the well known piscion inhabitants of the nearby waters and put them in these west Indian hot springs they were all killed and looked as if they were

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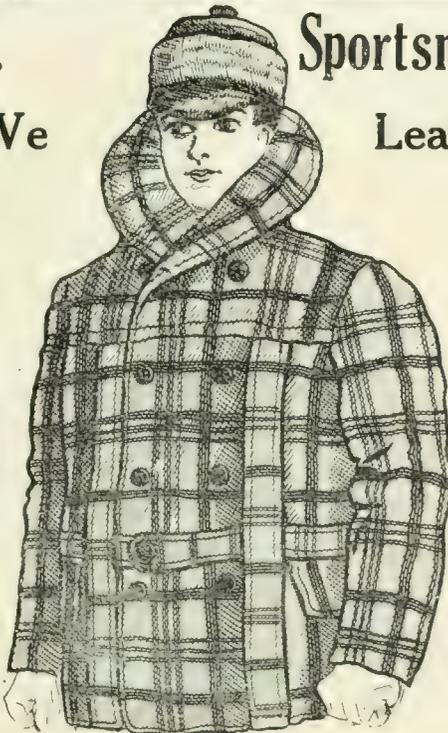
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"partially" cooked." Yet the fish native to these thermal waters were disporting themselves most happily.

More or less analogous to this behaviour of the hot water fish, are the actions of creatures such as fish and spiders that inhabit caves. The Indian cave on the Potomac, the Luray Caverns of Virginia, and the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky all have fish in them that are

commonly considered blind. They have well developed eyes and should as far as their anatomy is concerned be able to see as well as other fish.

When, however, they are caught and taken to ponds, museums, aquaria, and other places for study and observation, these fish make at once for the dingy, dim, and unlighted crevices. If they are placed in a brilliantly lighted lake or aquarium, their lives are soon cut short.

## Unique Pow-wow

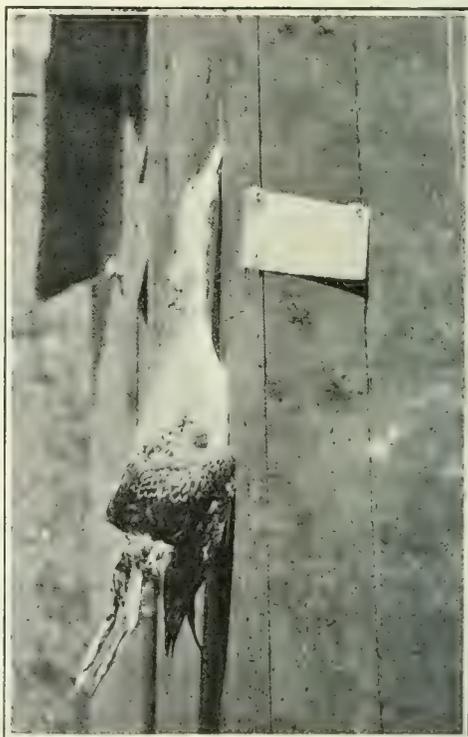
### Manitoba Indians Pass Resolution to Guard Against Fire

Probably nowhere else in Canada is there a stronger co-operative spirit in forest fire protection than has been developed by the Chief Fire Ranger of the Dominion Government among the rangers, Indians, trappers and packers of the Northern Manitoba Fire District. The work among the Indians has been especially beneficial, for in the past they were notoriously careless, especially in leaving camp-fires burning. But, largely owing to the energy and initiative of the Chief Ranger, the attitude of the Indians has been changed from one of indifference to one of keen interest, so much so, that that official writes: "The conservation of the forests has become as red-hot a topic out here as real estate in the West."

Recently, when treaty-money was being paid to the Indians at Cross Lake, a special council meeting of seventy-five to eighty Indians was called, at which an animated discussion of forest fire protection took place. The Chief Ranger writes:—"While the meeting was in progress, the Indian Agent and party came, but to the surprise of many the meeting held interest till, by a standing vote, all asserted their willingness to help in the protection of the forests from fire. The chief and councillors wished me to convey to the Director of Forestry at Ottawa this, their resolution."

Whenever possible such councils are attended by the Chief Ranger and all Indians promising to co-operate with the Dominion ranges are presented with a metal badge of office. The most intelligent of the Indians are engaged as regular fire-rangers by the Dominion Government and do very conscientious work. Although the patrol is difficult, being done wholly by canoe, and the weather is often inclement, the eighteen fire-rangers in this district average about eighteen miles a day, including Sundays throughout the summer.

During the whole season, no serious damage was done by fire although many incipient forest fires were extinguished, a fact that speaks well for the efficiency of the patrol and the value of the co-operative spirit inculcated in the Indians.



### Blown Against a Door and Killed

The accompanying reproduction shows a diver that was blown in a furious wind against a door in the Niagara Falls Park. The impact was so great, not only was it instantly killed, but its beak penetrated and actually split the timber, and the bird hung there dead, when it was found and photographed.

# Ontario Northland An Attractive Hunting Ground

W. W. Fox

THE season opened for the hunting of moose and red deer throughout Northern Ontario in all places north of the C. P. R. main line on October 15. The first arrivals put in an appearance three or four days before the opening day, so as to have their camps prepared and the ground looked over preparatory to beginning the hunt. Every north-bound train on the T. & N. O. Railway carried its quota of men, dogs and guns, and in several instances women dressed in leggings and short skirts ready for the bush accompanied their husbands. At many of the stations there was an unusual bustle as hunters and hounds disembarked, and the station platforms were strewn with dunnage bags, pack sacks, tents, canoes, and cooking outfits. Everyone wanted his outfit at once, and the baggagemen had their hands full trying to please the crowd.

Timagami is a favorite jumping off place, as from there the hunters can go in almost any direction by water, Englehart is another railway terminal, some sportsmen going by waggon towards Abitibi, while others take the branch line to Charlton, and there go for twenty-five miles or more up the river and lake to what is known as the Montreal Portage. This has always been a favorite resort for moose and it is moose of course that the hunters are after who go this far north. Of late years a few red deer have been seen there, but they are very scarce. Those who are looking for deer never think of going far north from the line of the C. P. R. The red or Virginia deer is usually hunted with dogs, the hunters placing themselves on the runways and taking their chance of the hounds driving the animals past their post.

Still-hunting or stalking is practised by a few of the old-timers, but with the army that now invades the forest it is a risky piece of business to hunt in this, the most sportsman-

like way. So many novices blaze away when they see the bushes move that it gives one a creepy feeling to do any still-hunting where there are hounders in the neighborhood.

In moose hunting dogs are of no use and one must stalk or "call" the game. It is arduous work, and many weary miles often have to be tramped over rocks, streams, fallen trees and brushwood in pursuit of the monarch of the forest. Unlike the red deer, the moose shuns the habitations of man, and year by year is retiring farther into the great forest solitudes. Moose hunting is no child's play, and the man who can only sit on a runaway and wait for the dogs to drive the game to him may consider himself a sportsman, but he is not in the same class with the sturdy fellows who go after moose. According to the game laws, only one moose, and a bull at that, can be taken by the hunter, and to do so he is taxed five dollars for a license. To kill an animal as large as a horse and drag it through two or three miles of bush to the water is good, hard work, and then to take it perhaps twenty or thirty miles out to the railway is a little more added to the haul through the bush. In such a case the animal has to be cut up for convenience in handling, but after the work is all finished the true sportsman feels fully repaid when he attaches his coupon to a good head and sends it to a taxidermist to be set up. Later on it will decorate his hall or his den, and prove a never-ending source of pleasure when he tells his friends how he came by it.

It may be just as well to remind some thoughtless ones that it is not alone necessary to buy a license, but the hunter must have it on his person when in the woods, otherwise he is liable to a fine for his negligence. The carrying of firearms in the woods where game abounds is *prima facie* evidence of hunting if the man so

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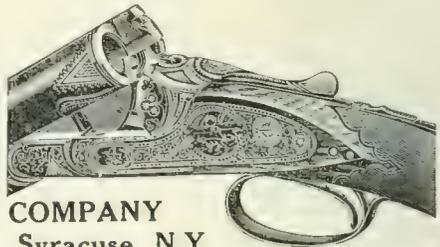
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found is without a license. A game warden has no other course than to summon him before the nearest justice of the peace. Sunday hunting is also illegal, as well as shooting after sunset or before sunrise. No common carrier, such as railway or express company, can accept for shipment any game without the necessary coupon being attached to it.

Even away up in Northern Ontario the game laws are well enforced, and it will save trouble to the hunters to make themselves familiar with their provisions. In the old days of thirty years ago there was no limit to the number of deer a man might take. I have known one party take fifteen in three days, and another party near Renfrew got eighty one fall and sold them. Such wholesale slaughter, however, has passed never to return.

The weather in the North is simply delightful at this season. Warm bright days with cool nights prevail. Old country people tell of the delightful weather at this season in Scotland.

With miles upon miles of purple heather, and the variegated colors of the autumn foliage, with here and there a glimpse perhaps of blue sea and azure sky, grouse hunting will no doubt attract many. Up in Norway and Northern Russia, where game has been preserved for generations, the forest is at its best in October, but only the rich can enjoy the hunting. But of all the northern lands Northern Ontario and New Brunswick lead in the magnificence of autumn coloring. Some day the big outside world will realize this, and when it does we shall have sportsmen coming in not only from the British Isles and the United States, but from Germany, France and Russia. Switzerland has been so systematically advertised for years that thousands visit that land every season. But Canada can go old Europe one better in the magnificence of her scenery, and in the attractiveness of the northland as a hunters' paradise.

## Beaver Ranching in Ontario

A writer in the *Toronto Globe* suggests that beaver-ranching in Ontario might with careful development become as profitable as fox-ranching in Prince Edward Island. He points out that the northern part of the province has been for ages the ideal home of the beaver, the fox the mink and, other fur-bearing animals. The strict protection accorded in Algonquin Park has increased the beaver colonies there to such an extent that a thousand a year can be taken without depleting the colonies. From this the writer deduces that the establishment of beaver ponds, effectively fenced, properly guarded, and carefully managed would open up a new and important source of wealth in this province.

Birch and poplar, the chief food of this largest of surviving rodents, are abundant in the northern woods.

They seed readily and profusely, and the soft-barked shrubbery is soon reproduced. The difficulty of fencing a beaver pond would be greater than is encountered in fencing a fox ranch. The beaver is a builder rather than a burrower, but his strength, ingenuity and gnawing power would have to be considered in designing enclosures. It would be necessary also to consider the danger of loss through spring freshets, for he must be allowed to spend his winters in compact houses of his own construction, with exits below the ice and free access to his store of green branches fastened in the bottom.

Fur-farming might be made an attendant enterprise of reforestation by the Department of Agriculture and one which would yield large and continuous returns.

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# ROD and GUN in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, January, 1914

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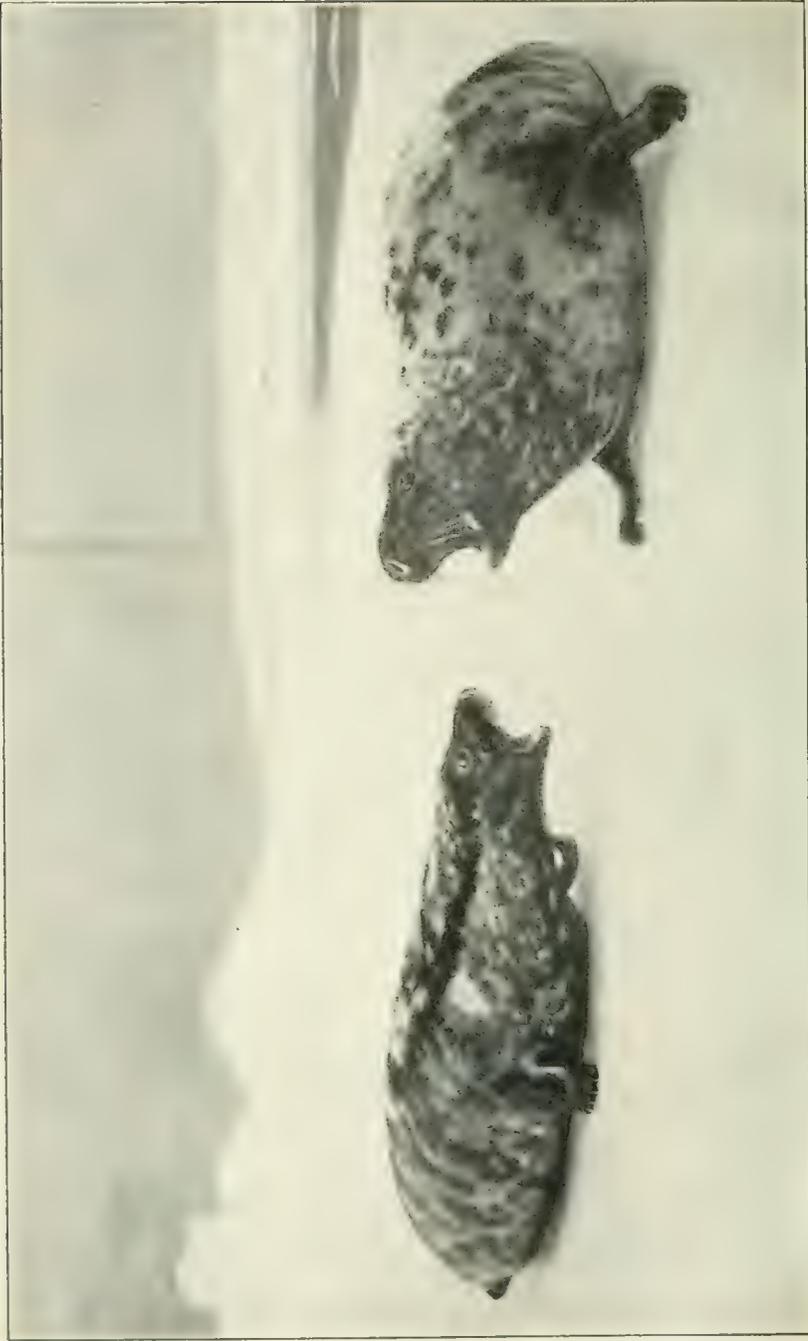
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THE PUBLISHERS



*Courtesy of Northern Ventures Ltd.*

**Seals Fighting on the Ice**

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. 15

WOODSTOCK, ONT., JANUARY, 1914

No. 8

## AN EXPEDITION INTO THE ARCTIC REGIONS

The Story of An Adventurous Trip from St. John's Nfld.  
to Baffin's Bay

G. B. G.

*(The lure of the wild has a fascination for A. W. Scott, born in Owen Sound, known in many parts of the world as "Lucky" Scott. The title was partly gained by the fortunate ending of many thrilling experiences, and partly because of good fortune in experiences in numerous mining districts. His early life in the house of his father, a Methodist minister, gave little indication of his restless disposition. His blood, however, inoculated with the adventure microbe, life in ordinary civilization becomes irksome to him after a short stay. He is the typical pioneer, one of the class of men who have wrested from the wilds the wealth of the civilized world. Their reward is chiefly in the zest of so doing; the feeling of power which men gain, whose lives are spent in a never-ending battle with nature, and the dangers that attend it.*

*"Lucky" Scott's adventurous spirit has taken him into many parts of the world, and his experiences have been filled with that danger which merely adds a zest to the exploits of the true wanderer.)*

**"L**UCKY" Scott and some of the argonauts that went with him early in the summer of 1912, in quest of a golden fleece that was supposed to be hidden up in Arctic regions drifted back to New York, and reported that no gold was found, at least of the sort that could be taken away with profit, but there were whole heaps of adventure, including the rescue of a ship's crew from the ice and a few narrow escapes of the sort that Mr. Scott has grown accustomed to; and such a store of furs, ivory, whalebone, and other valuable commodities were brought back, that the leader of the expedition figured out there ought to

be a handsome profit for "Northern Ventures, Ltd", as the company interested is called.

Incidentally the members of the expedition did missionary work of a certain kind while in the northern latitudes. They taught the Arctic belles the American turkey trot, to the accompaniment of ragtime tunes from phonographs, and it is anticipated that this winter many an igloo will lose its somnolent characteristics, and echo with Eskimo endeavors to perpetrate the "poultry of motion" as some one has termed the dance, admitting, of course, that an igloo can echo.

Of course, Mr. Scott is not "Lucky" by name. He is A. W. Scott of Toronto. "Lucky" is a characteristic that has been his in mining and other ventures. His companions—and most of them, it is understood, were shareholders in the company—were Americans and Canadians. They included S. Osgood Pell, Alexander Gillis, George Monteith, Dr. J. G. Knowlton, Frank Vassar, Arthur Langan, Ernest Howland and Harry Howland. At a reunion in the Social Hall, at the west end of the Waldorf Astoria, held shortly after the return of the party, Mr. Scott, with an occasional consultation of the diary he carried in his vest pocket, when it

came to giving a date, told the story of the trip.

"We chartered the Neptune, an old sealer two hundred and five feet long, at St. John's", said Mr. Scott. "She was the boat that had been engaged by the Dominion Government many times for Arctic expeditions, and was used in the Greeley Relief Expedition. She carried, besides our party, a crew of twenty-four men. Of course, our main object was to look for gold.

There was another expedition, commanded by a Capt. Munn, an Englishman, that left St. John's twenty days ahead of us. They had an old British gunboat, called the Algerine, which had been reconstructed into a sealer. We both started for supposed goldfields on the Salmon River, a tributary of Pond's Inlet, on Baffin's Bay, in latitude seventy two degrees, twenty minutes north. Their ship was crushed by ice in a gale on the sixteenth of July and sank. The crew took to the ice with pro-

visions of only three barrels of biscuit. We picked them up at Button's Point on August first.

"We left St. John's, July fifteenth, and struck ice just as we were entering Davis Strait. According to the old sealers we had on board, the Neptune was the first ship that ever went north through the Middle Baffin's Pack. We bucked the ice for six hundred miles, and several times it looked as if we might be stuck in a pack for eighteen months. The only diversion in this time was afforded by polar bears, of which we killed many. It was on this part of the journey that we got a young polar bear that Osgood Pell brought home for the Bronx Zoo. We had killed its mother and I lassoed the cub while it was swimming.

"We were nineteen days in this ice, clearing it at Pond's Inlet. There Vassar and myself left the ship and went ashore to prospect for gold. We took no provisions, intending to depend upon our rifles. We made the



"Lucky" Scott Preparing to Leave with Dog Teams and Exploration Parties for Salmon River in Search of Gold



Ivory Traders

journey with a small dory, a sledge, and dogs. It was twenty days before we could get back to the ship, and those on board thought we were lost, and spent the time in trying to reach us, but the ice kept them away. We had expected to get back to the ship in three or four days. The journey ashore had to be made over ice through open spaces of water. It was twenty-six miles to the shore, and it took us from early in the morning to nightfall. We had taken Eskimos on board, and with us on the journey to the shore were four of them, two men and two women.

"We found the country thereabout was inhabited by Eskimos, and we traded a good deal with them, getting many furs and much ivory, and some valuable whalebone. The biggest animal in the region is the polar bear, and there are lots of duck on which we practically had to live.

"We spent the whole time ashore in prospecting along the banks of the Salmon River. The country proved to be of a gneiss and granite formation which gives a slim prospect for gold. In fact, there is no gold in the region. We did find copper, and immense deposits of bituminous coal.

"While we were on shore, the men on the ship became alarmed for us, as they knew we had taken nothing to eat, and outfitted two expeditions in the attempt to reach us. They kept trying to drive the Neptune in our direction, but the pressure of the ice was too much. Then one day Vassar and I and one of the Eskimos made an attempt to get back to the ship. It was a terrible journey. One of us or another was overboard most of the time. Night came on and we had left the dogs ashore and carried the boat over the ice and paddled it between the floes. Every few minutes it filled with water and we had nothing to

bail it out with but our hats. A heavy storm came up when we had got within a mile of the ship, and we could get no further, but we had to make our way back to the shore. I have had many narrow escapes, but that night I guess I was closer to the last day than ever before in my life.

"The next day the ship managed to get into a harbor but she could not make the place where we were. She was cornered by the pressure of the ice to Eclipse Sound, about twenty miles away from us, and some of the company and some of the Eskimos made their way over the ice to us. Then the Neptune managed to get out again, and took us aboard, together with several Eskimo families, and fifty dogs. We attempted to reach Arctic Bay, to the north, as we wanted to take a look at the reported copper strike, but we encountered such heavy ice in Admiralty Inlet that we were forced back, and had to run south for shelter.

"At Admiralty Sound we met the most northerly Eskimos. They came on board, and proved to have a good deal of fur and ivory. We traded liberally with them, giving them every thing they wanted, such as tobacco, flour, biscuit, hard wood, iron and fox traps. Also we let them have guns, ammunition, and phonographs. These people are very fond of music, and have much talent in a musical way. If you hum over a tune once an Eskimo can immediately play it on a concertina. The women are good waltzers, too, and immediately learned the turkey trot, which some of the younger members of our party taught them, and dancing helped us to while away some of the evenings. We took the Eskimos on board to scrape the animal skins and make us fur clothes.

"We encountered a great many icebergs on the way back to Pond's Inlet, some of them further south than we had seen bergs on the previous trip. We had once to tie to a pack and wait for the weather to clear



S. S. Neptune in Heavy Ice



An Eskimo Group

but the ice forced itself around us to such an extent that it looked as if we should get jammed. We made an attempt to reach the musk ox country, though our coal was running short, 550 tons having been burned already, but every time we were turned back by heavy ice, until finally we ran to Button Point for ballast and water. Here, on account of heavy sea, we could not take either on board, so we decided to come south, and left September 2nd for Blacklead Island, about one thousand miles from where we then were. This island is the most northerly point where a missionary station has been established. There the Rev. E. W. T. Greenshield, a Moravian missionary from England has been working for twelve years, and if ever a missionary has served his Master faithfully, Mr. Greenshield has, according to the evidences about there. He wanted some supplies, and asked to be allowed to pay for them, but we gave him a boatload of things, and threw in a phonograph and fifty records.

"I was almost forgetting that while attempting to make Blacklead Island we went on the rocks. We were steaming when we struck. We had an Eskimo for pilot, named Tom, and I want to tell you that those people know a lot about charting. Why, they can draw a coast line three hundred miles long, and not miss a single inlet. While on the way down we were in a fog, and Tom came to me and said we were too near the shore. The Captain was on the bridge.

"Tom squatted on the deck, took a piece of chalk, and drew on the deck a crooked line, showing the coast line. 'Over there', he said, pointing ahead, 'is this headland. We are almost on it.' I rushed him up to the bridge, and the Captain handed the wheel over to him. Tom threw the helm hard down. Just as we turned, sure enough, an enormous jagged cape rose out of the mist in the course we had been steering.

"There were twenty-eight feet of tide at Blacklead Island. It was about



Trading for Ivory



Polar Bear Cub (Lizzie) and Her Mother



An Eskimo Mother

eight o'clock in the evening, when we attempted to make it, and our skipper misjudged the tide, and the first thing we knew we were upon the rocks. All our false keel was carried away, and by forming an endless chain of men we shifted the ballast, and, having put out a kedge anchor, we worked the vessel off when the tide came in.

"The missionary at Blacklead Island had only one white man there with him, a Dundee trader, and this recalls that just as we were getting ready to leave the island, a boatload of Eskimos arrived there and reported the loss of a vessel called the Sedni Satni, belonging to a Mr. Grant of Dundee, Scotland, and commanded by a Captain Cannon, with a crew of eighteen, and sixty Eskimos. This practically wiped out a settlement of Eskimos, who had been taken on board to hunt for walrus. The Sedni Satni broke down in a gale and nothing was seen of her afterward but wreckage. She is supposed to have gone down in June. This story was shouted to us by Mr. Greenshield from his boat as the Eskimo craft came alongside of him.

We had a rough passage down to St. John's, arriving there September

the fifteenth. No, I do not consider the expedition a failure. We brought back between ten thousand and fifteen thousand dollars worth of furs, three thousand pounds of ivory, which is worth two dollars a pound; two hundred and fifty pounds of right whalebone, worth five dollars a pound; about one hundred white and blue fox skins, five thousand five hundred feet of moving picture films, and one thousand six hundred photographs.

"There is much talk up in those regions about Peary and Cook, and the controversy is still fresh among the Eskimos. No, I won't tell what they are saying. I don't want to get into an argument. But I do want to say that everybody who has gone up there and traded with the Eskimos has robbed them, and I will exclude



"Lucky Scott"

none. The natives have had no incentive to hunt. I simply turned them loose among my stock, and let them take what they thought was fair in exchange. Yes, I had a few gum drops, but not many. I took up what was useful. I had eight hundred pounds of tobacco for them. They all want this, and men, women and children smoke. Why, I met a man who had once made a journey of six hundred miles to the south, accompanied only by his dogs, just to get a supply of tobacco. When we got to Admiralty Inlet, old Chief Nassau, a fine old man nearly one hundred years old, greeted us with the remark, 'Heap hungry tobacco.'

"We passed a great many whales up there, and there is no question that whaling will be revived. There will be two or three ships going up after whales next year.

"An Eskimo can do with a match what no white man can. He can split one safety match into four good matches. Then when one quarter is burned, twenty people can light their pipes from it.

"One night, while going up the Salmon River we saw two birds, of which I had never heard before. They were so big we took them for polar bears. The sun was up at the time, and we could see well, though by the clock it was night. We followed those

birds for miles. They did not attempt to fly, but the nearest we got to them was half a mile. The Eskimos called them 'deer birds,' and they say they come from the south. They are afraid of these birds. The two we saw were fully five feet tall, were white, and had a red splash down the back.

"No, you couldn't call our expedition a failure, when you take into consideration the fact that we saved the lives of twenty-four men. The crew of the *Algerine* had remained practically in the spot where their ship was lost. They had few blankets, and most of them were suffering from cold. They were living on an allowance of four biscuits a day. A day or two before we reached them, three of the party had started to find the government cache at Albert Sound, and if they could have brought provisions back from this they could have subsisted two months. They had planned to head for the south in small boats, but if they had started they would never have got through the ice. We picked up the three men after we had got the main body.

"One curious result of the report of gold in Baffin's Bay was that when we got to St. John's we found a lone Swedish prospector who had come all the way across the continent from Nome to try his luck up there."

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## Sealers Claim Compensation

When Justice Audette returned to Victoria from the east in November to resume the hearing of the sealing claims, he was confronted with one of the most gigantic tasks that any judge of the Dominion bench has had to deal with. Before he left to sit in Halifax, N. S., the commissioner heard the claims of about seventy-five sealers and was well launched in the heavy claim of the Victoria Sealing company.

After Justice Audette left Victoria nearly 700 Indian hunters called on Captain George Kirkendale, shipping master for their time certificates and had their claims for compensation from the Dominion Government made out. Not even the claims of the natives who are now in the happy hunting grounds are to be overlooked. Sons and other relatives are looking after their interests.

The Indians have come from the Queen Charlotte Islands and all the reservations on the coast of Vancouver island to have their claims made-out. It may be somewhat surprising to learn that there were 700 natives interested in the sealing business as hunters. Some of the men were out every year from the early days of the industry according to a report up to 1911, when they were forced out by the Pelagic sealing treaty. Judging from the claims of the Indians, the Dominion government will have a heavy bill of compensation to pay. The total amount which the natives are looking for will run well up to \$1,500,000. The hunters are of the opinion that all they have to do is to prove their claims and the amount they ask as compensation will be paid over to them.

## Old Time Actions and Rifles

A. B. GEIKIE

IT is a well-known fact that most of the actions adapted to the early models of breech loading rifles cannot be improved upon one whit. By this assertion I mean that the principle involved in the actions of such rifles as the Sharpe, Ballard, Evans, Burnside, and other such "old timers" are equal in every respect to the most modern of rifles, and in many cases superior.

What is the Winchester Single Shot Lever Action rifle but a take-off on the Sharpe models of the falling breech block action and what is the famous Marlin rifling but a copy of the Ballard system of grooving? These old timers, as mentioned above have indeed stood the test of time and it speaks well for the inventive genius of their respective inventors.

One model especially holds my sincere regard as a well-made hard and strong shooter, and that is the Sharpe's "Old Reliable" of 50 caliber, real catalogue name Sharpe "Borcharat" Model, in use and I believe manufactured as late as the early seventies. It was rightfully named for never did it fail its proud possessor and many a time has its sharp crack proved the death knell to hostile Sioux attacking the prairie schooner.

Most of these rifles may still be procured from Francis Bannerman, 510 Broadway, New York City, and a copy of his large catalogue is obtainable for fifteen cents, which lists most any of the old rifles, such as are referred to above.

With reference to revolvers, of say the Civil War Period, I am the proud possessor of one of "Sam'l Colts" original cap and ball "Revolving Pistols" as I believe they were then called.

It is fitted with  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inch octagon barrel, bead front sight rear sight being simply a notch in lip of hammer. The gun is 36 caliber, the

cylinder being six-chambered and engraved with the naval battle scene between the American and Mexican fleet in 1843. This cylinder is stamped "Engaged 13, May 1, 1843." This engraving was placed on these guns in honor of Com. Moore, who commanded the American Fleet. The straps and trigger guard are of brass with German Silver Finish and the trigger pull is light and sweet—equal, if not superior to anything on the market today in its line.

I also own a Colt Cap and Ball revolver, which has been converted to take metallic ammunition by the changing of the cylinder, etc. It is 36 caliber also but 5 shot and is not at all accurate, the reason being, I think that in changing the cylinder to take centre fire ammunition accuracy has been sacrificed to speed.

There is one rifle I shall make a few remarks upon—that is the Spencer rifle and carbine invented by Christopher Spencer, now living in Windsor, Conn. He displayed his remarkable genius when young and his first invention of note was the rifle bearing his name—brought out when he was nineteen years of age.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Spencer, through the kindly help of President "Abe" managed to secure a large order for his rifles for the use of the Union soldiers. They proved a good investment and gave good service though certain officials were down on the guns for certain reasons. These weapons were adapted to the 50 caliber rim fire ammunition and one occasionally runs across one in his travels though they are rather scarce on this side.

In closing I will say I would be pleased to hear from anyone similarly interested in these old and now discarded rifles.

## Famed Grassy Lake Moose Slain at Last

The big moose of the Timagami has been shot at last. The giant animal, whose immunity from the bullets of the hunters' rifles had become almost a proverb in that district, will no longer roam the woods, and only its memory remains to form the basis of legendary tales for the benefit of future travellers. In the days to come, round the camp fires at night, stories will be told by the veteran hunters to their younger brethren of the famous moose of the Timagami, and its numerous miraculous escapes from their usually reliable rifles.

By popular report the animal bore a charmed life. Hunters and Indians have known of its existence for years past. Yet never was a shot fired at it that took effect, though many have tried to end its career. Often has it been

seen, in places, where escape seemed impossible, but always it got away. Little wonder that its fame became known far and wide, and people came to believe that the moose was under the special protection of the spirits of the woods.

But now it is gone, and its career was terminated by a Cobalt hunter, Milton Carr was the man who at last brought down the famous moose of the Timagami. And a magnificent animal it proved to be. Eight feet in height it stood, and its horns measured from tip to tip fifty-one inches. The spread would have been still greater had not the horns turned upwards. Its captor sent the head to his home in Hamilton, to be mounted and preserved as a visible tribute to the monarch of the bush.

# PRINTS FROM CANADIAN TRAILS

H. MORTIMER BATTEN

## *The Romance of the Buffalo Herds*

WITH the departure of the buffalo much of the atmosphere of romance departed from the wide horizons of the west, and we who write boys' stories to-day often enough turn for new inspiration to that historic period when Western Canada was under the jurisdiction of the Hudson Bay Company—when the buffalo made their way southward each fall in tens of thousands, and when the prairie Indian might faithfully be depicted in colors he has long since ceased to wear. To the man of northern blood the vastness of the prairie is inconceivable; figures merely produce a sense of numbed incomprehension upon the mind, and when we speak of the buffaloes moving back and forth in tens of thousands, we convey no adequate picture as to the real magnitude of their spring-time and autumn migrations. Let us therefore follow the buffalo herds in one of their annual gatherings.

The snow is not yet gone, but the stirring and wakening of spring is in the air. The sun is going northwards, and far above the Mississippi and the Red River millions of wild fowl are speeding northwards too. South of the Missouri the buffalo herds, straggling over the prairie, become restless with the warming touch of spring. They are moving about in families—in little batches of ten or a dozen—and now and then an old cow is seen to raise her head, sniff loudly, then shaking her horns to move a few steps from her feeding place. Her head is towards the north—she never moves towards the south, and presently, as another herd comes into view, the two combine and together move steadily northwards. The move becomes a general one. From every ridge and over every divide more buffalo come into view, and thus the herd grows and grows till it gains the dimensions of a

vast army—an army covering a space of perhaps four hundred square miles, every member of the colossal gathering obsessed with the one desire to travel north.

But death lurks by the way. All winter the herds have been accustomed to moving back and forth across the frozen rivers, and they do not know that now spring has come, the ice under the snow is no longer safe. Thus as the vanguard of the great army tread out upon it, a mighty booming and rending is added to the multitudinous rumble of hoofs. The leaders, bellowing and, struggling, crash through the ice, while behind them rank after rank is forced into the water by those coming behind. In a minute or so the whole margin is black with the frantic, struggling cattle, while up and down the river the booming of the ice bears evidence to the fact that on either side a similar tragedy is being enacted.

Thus, in the early days, thousands of buffalo met death each spring. Immediately the ice on Red and other rivers began to break, their carcasses would be seen drifting out with the floes, and some idea as to the number that perished is given us by the following record from Henry's Journal:—

March 28th 1801.—Ice on Red River breaking up, bearing great number of dead buffalo which have been drowned while trying to cross.

April 1st:—River clear of ice, but buffalo continue to drift in entire herds. They form one continuous line in the current day and night.

April 18th:—Drowned buffalo continue to drift, and many have lodged on the bank.

May 1st:—The stench of the vast numbers of drowned buffalo is intolerable. The number of carcasses lying along the bank passes imagination.

Thus for a full month each spring the prairie rivers bore southwards their cargo of buffalo meat, to be

stranded eventually on the mud-banks of the Mississippi; and it is a fact that islands exist in the Mississippi to-day that were originally built up by the carcasses of buffalo.

The blizzards too, accounted for vast numbers of these animals, and after a blizzard of exceptional violence complete herds were to be found standing in the hollows of the plains, every animal frozen stiff with its head towards the wind.

In addition to the elements, the grey wolf or buffalo runner was perhaps the most potent enemy of the cattle before the whiteman put in his appearance. The wolves followed the herds in great numbers, and doubtless kept them fit by picking off the weaklings. But not only the weakling went to fill the maw of these hungry prowlers. If a calf became separated from the herd he was speedily hamstrung, and thus made sure of for a later date even if his mother and kindred rescued him immediately. With the calf standing under her belly the mother was capable of putting up a good fight, and soon the sounds of battle would attract one or two bulls to her rescue.

The buffalo were much to be admired for the manner in which they clung together, and helped each other out of dangers and difficulties. Indeed they seemed to possess a great love for one another, and if an old cow was killed or wounded the younger members of the herd—probably her children—would often refuse to leave her, even though it meant death to remain. This reveals a high standard of social intelligence; the instincts of a wild mother prompt her to remain by and protect her young, but it is seldom the young will put up a noble defence on behalf of the mother.

In the days of the buffalo herds, the wolves were very plentiful, and since the wild cattle were their staple—if not their sole—means of support there is no doubt they must have killed a great number of healthy calves. The prairie Indians too lived largely upon the buffalo, and one of their most common means of killing

them was by enticing them into a corral by means of a false trail. Thinking they were following in the wake of another herd the buffalo were easily trapped, whereupon a bloody massacre ensued.

But in spite of their many foes the wild cattle managed to hold their own until the whiteman put in his appearance with the death-dealing weapons. Then professional buffalo hunters began to follow the herds north and south, killing unscrupulously throughout the season. The buffalo existed in such numbers that at first it was thought that the supply of buffalo meat was inexhaustible. Factories were started for canning their tongues, and tons of meat were allowed to rot out on the prairie. Each spring buffalo hunts were organized on a gigantic scale, and the work of destruction carried out systematically. Indeed the buffalo hunting expeditions were conducted on strict military rules; pickets were posted each night and scouts sent out to watch the prairie for the expected herds.

In the year 1882, two hundred thousand buffalo were killed; in 1883 forty thousand; in 1884 three hundred, and in 1885 the record comes to an end with the entry that disease and famine were running rampant among the prairie Indians.

### *The Home of the Beaver*

Probably the intelligence of no animal has been more over-estimated than that of the beaver. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering the stories told concerning these animals by those able exponents of fiction—the early North American settlers. From them we learn that the beaver made a regular practice of driving twelve foot stakes into the ground to support the dam; that by casting some magic spell upon the wood it collected for food, it caused it to sink to the bottom, and there remain till convenience fraught the spell to be broken. Also that this remarkable rodent was in the habit of felling trees two feet in diameter within an

inch of the place it desired them to fall.

It is very doubtful whether the beaver is higher in the scale of intelligence than other animals of the class to which it belongs, though it would certainly seem that this animal possesses a gift for home making only approached by that of the muskrat, while both these animals appear to profit readily by previous experience—in other words, to possess something in the shape of a memory.

The memory of most animals is an extremely vague affair. The cow throws its tail into the air and bolts immediately it hears the hum of a gadfly—not because it remembers having been bitten by a gadfly, but simply because that particular sound is associated in its mind with certain unpleasant sensations previously experienced. Quite different is it when an animal having found its home destroyed by flood or gale sets to work to construct a home stronger and more substantial than the last, which will withstand the force of the elements.

It is unnecessary to say that the beaver never drives stakes to support its dam; nor does it cut heavy timber for that purpose. Let us follow the work of two pioneer beavers in the construction of their home.

Journeying up some tiny creek or brook—possibly not more than twelve inches in width—the two eventually decide upon a favorable site, where poplar and aspen are plentiful, and where the earth is of firm clay formation. Their first act is to dam the brook with light sticks and mud, (heavy timber is seldom used) and as the water overflows, the dam is extended on either side, and given a slight curvature towards the current. The extent of this curvature depends entirely upon the volume of water—the greater the volume, the greater the curvature, and here we have distinct evidence of the beaver's engineering intelligence. Were the dam built straight its extremities would be washed away while under construction and this the

beaver has learnt to overcome by building against the current.

Night after night the pair work steadily, till at length a pond large enough and deep enough to answer their immediate requirements is produced. In the meantime trees have been felled on either side, their branches shorn off and carried to the dam, but unless the tree actually falls into the water it is left lying on the bank. Logs of considerable weight are sometimes used, especially where a number of beavers live together and can help each other with the work of transport, three or four of them pushing and tugging till at length their object is completed. Their strength is remarkable, and by steady perseverance they have been known to accomplish lifting feats which, had they possessed a higher standard of intelligence, they would never have attempted at all. A beaver will struggle for days with one log much too heavy for him, while, were he less ambitious, he would accomplish far more by distributing his energies elsewhere.

“Beavering” is, of course, an expression of contempt used to signify bad axemanship. When the beavers fell a tree their one idea is to get it down, and they leave the rest to nature and Providence. Should there be more than one of them employed a sentry is posted to watch the top of the tree. Immediately it begins to move he dives, slapping the water with his tail, whereupon the whole colony scatters for shelter as though frightened by the noisy consequence of their own labors. If the tree falls into the water it is by a stroke of good luck; if it falls in some other direction they proceed to cut it into convenient lengths and haul it to the dam.

Both in the Rainy River country and Algonquin I have heard beavers at work felling timber during the night, and the noise they made about it was really surprising. The dams I have seen were, without exception, made of light branches and mud, though some of them must have been of considerable age, with the result that the branches had rotted away

and the dam become so overgrown that it resembled a solid formation of earth.

The object of the dam is, of course, to provide the beavers with a sufficient depth of water to enable them to secrete their food and evade their enemies, and sometimes one of these structures will support a volume of water many hundreds of yards in extent, and of a maximum depth of, say, sixteen feet. The dam is repaired each year, and as the colony grows each individual beaver seems to consider it his or her duty to put in a little "dam work" each night. The beaver that neglects this duty is turned out of the colony, and becomes an outcast, living on his own. These outcasts seldom found colonies or make dams; they usually live in burrows in the bank, and are called "bank beavers". The idea that the bank beaver is of different species from the dam beaver is altogether wrong. So far as I know Canada contains but one species of beaver, which is rather larger than the European variety.

Dam building is not the most remarkable feature in the home making of these animals. Pioneers have ever realized the infinite blessing of water transportation, and evidently, some time in the dim past, there lived a beaver who hit upon the happy notion of constructing canals. As the timber about their home pond becomes scarce, the beavers are compelled to make a tedious and perilous overland route to the adjoining bush, and also they encounter the difficulty of dragging timber through the stumps and snags of the clearing they have already made. When this stage is reached they begin to dig canals from the dam to the adjacent timber belt, and along these canals they pass in the fulfilment of their toils. They swim back laden with branches, which are stowed away at the bottom of the pond for winter food, and as the clearings again extend the dams are extended also, so that in due course the whole vicinity of the home is interlaced by a network of artificial cuttings.

The lodges are merely huge piles of sticks, and inside them, above water level, a chamber is hollowed out in which the animals live. The entrance to this chamber is about two feet below the surface, so that there is little danger of the occupants being frozen in. Such air as the chamber contains evidently filters through the roof, for the lodge is never provided with ventilating shafts like the home of the muskrat. The roof of each lodge is the common property of all, and there the neighbors are at liberty to besport themselves, with the result that it constantly requires attention to prevent it from caving in. There are advantages, after all, in becoming a bank beaver!

Thanks to the extended close season, beavers are now more plentiful in Canada than for many years past. They are far more common among the head-waters of rivers than upon the reaches lower down, probably because a beaver, looking for a mate, invariably travels up stream.

Canada doubtless owes her existence to the beaver, and for many years thousands of acres of land, now thickly peopled and under the plough, were regarded as valuable in exact proportion with the number of beaver pelts it was capable of yielding. The beaver is now of comparatively small value to the country, yet, since it was he who enticed the pioneers into the heart of the untrodden wilderness, he is worthy of his place as emblem of the country for which he has done so much.

### *The Wolverine*

Measuring about three feet from tip to tip, dark brown in color, shaded with pale grey, and of low, bear-like build, the wolverine is one of the best known, though most seldom seen, of Canadian animals. Unlike other members of the family to which it belongs, this animal keeps to no particular hunting range, spending its time wandering from place to place, and profiting, whenever possible, by the labors of more industrious people of the woods. His

slovenly, disreputable gait and general unkempt and bedraggled appearance proclaim the wolverine on sight a hobo and a thief, though in spite of his unprincipled habits he is, like his cousin the fisher, a fierce and fiendish fighter, and when roused he seems to possess no knowledge as to when he is beaten.

A French Canadian in Quebec once witnessed a battle between a wolverine and four timber wolves. Two of the wolves were lamed at the beginning of the encounter, but still assisting their companions they quickly disabled the wolverine, forcing him to seek sanctuary in the branches. No sooner had the smaller animal reached a place of safety than, disabled and probably mortally wounded as he was, he dropped, spread-eagle on one of the wolves, his powerful jaws gripping its throat, and in this attitude he was torn to ribbons, making no further effort in self defence.

The wolverine is not only hated by man on account of his thieving and mischievous disposition, but by other wild denizens of the woods. As soon as settlement begins, the deer come back; with the deer come the wolves, and following on the heels of these remorseless hunters, comes the wolverine. So far as I know, the wolverine is never found in forests where deer and wolves do not exist.

The reason why is obvious. The chief food of the wolverine is venison, though not being fleet of foot it is far easier for him to rob the wolves than to kill for himself. Indeed, the only manner in which the wolverine can accomplish the latter, except in the early spring when the fawns are about is by careful stalking—pouncing out upon the deer from the verge of cover, and trusting to the final leap taking him near enough for him to procure a proper hold of the quarry. But deer are very wary and watchful, and though many stories have been told about the wolverine as deer killer it is doubtful whether many but the maimed or decrepit are outwitted by him. The helpless fawn crouching under a windfall or the old stag run to a standstill by wolves may occasion-

ally fall victims, but most of his time the wolverine spends sneaking after the wolves in the hope of profiting by their labors.

It is difficult to collect information concerning the hunting habits of wild animals that haunt only the densest forests, which man himself has difficulty in penetrating. Only by observing the signs in the snow can anything be learnt about them.

Trappers of the far north are of the opinion that the hunting call of a wolf pack is quite sufficient to bring any wolverine in the vicinity towards the scene of the chase. Having located the trail, the wolverine follows it by scent, only taking to the timber as he draws perilously near the scene of the kill. Passing from branch to branch, he presently gains a position directly above the banqueting pack. The wolves see him, and knowing quite well what is in store, proceed to make fruitless endeavors to leap into the timber. The wolverine, in the meantime, discharges over the carcase of the kill a quantity of evil-smelling fluid, so vile and pungent as to cause the wolves to vomit immediately, should they become contaminated by it. Having thus made sure that no animal but himself can devour the remainder of the meat the wolverine passes from branch to branch out of the vicinity, the wolves soon realizing the futility of following. Should they do so for any considerable distance, the wolverine curls himself up and sleeps on the branches, returning to the carcase when at length the coast is clear.

The natural result of such procedures is that a deadly enmity exists between the wolverine and the wolves. The wolverine nests underground among the rocks or in hollow timber beneath the underbrush, and it is believed by many northern woodsmen that wolves will collect into packs (at this time of the year they are living in pairs) for the purpose of rooting out and destroying the young of the wolverine.

A Hudson Bay trader in Ungava, travelling across the barren lands, saw a wolverine crouching in the snow

surrounded by six or seven wolves. The latter moved restlessly back and forth, or lay down at intervals, without apparently looking at their projected quarry, while the wolverine, crouching in the centre of the circle, awaited his doom.

The Indians of the barren lands of Labrador rely almost entirely upon the migrating caribou for winter sustenance. When the great herds of reindeer go south in the fall, the Indians lie in waiting for them, killing sufficient meat to keep them from starvation during the months of darkness and desolation. The meat, as killed, is packed into caches—either high in the trees, well out of reach of wolves, or in some natural cave, which is barricaded with rocks and timber. When the last deer have gone south, the barren lands are almost destitute of life, and should anything happen to their store the Indians are confronted with starvation.

I have already shown that the wolverine is a deadly enemy to the wolf, though were his activities limited to such depreciations a law might be passed for his protection. But no less he is hated by woodsmen. In countries where these animals exist, food must be cached under a foot of ice. Should it be left in the timber in the ordinary way the wolverines are sure to locate it. It is almost impossible to hide a cache so skilfully, either underground or in the trees, that they will not discover it. Having reached the interior the animal gorges itself to repletion, then either contaminates the remainder or drags it out and caches it elsewhere.

Thus entire tribes of barren lands Indians have been wiped out of existence through the activities of the carcajou, while forest rangers, prospectors and surveyors, returning from long journeys through silent regions, have reached the scene of their cache to find the wolverine has been there before them, and thus, at the moment of high hopes, discover themselves face to face with hunger and hardship—or even death. No one but those who have felt the pinch of the northland, who have suffered

famine and privation, upheld by the knowledge that “soon we shall reach the cache,” can quite imagine what such a loss must mean.

There is, however, one way of keeping the wolverine out. A timber barricade is of no use; even though the logs be as thick as a man's body, the wolverine will gnaw a way through them. Meat can be cached under water, but dry stores can not. The safest way is to cache them in the branches, then to each branch surrounding the cache to attach bells or some other contrivance that will create a metallic jingle. Even this measure, however, is not infallible, as it is quite possible for the alarms to be put out of action by frost, or muffled by a heavy snowfall.

Trappers destroy the wolverine whenever possible. The fur is much used for parki trimmings, as it is the only fur which will not cake in extreme cold. But apart from this a wolverine on the trapping ground is likely to become a great nuisance. Not only is there a danger of his raiding the trapper's cabins during the latter's absence, and appropriating such articles as take his fancy, but he will rob deadfalls as fast as they are set, taking either fur or bait. The bait he secures by reaching it from the top log, and thus escaping unharmed should he spring the contrivance. It is said, too that like the timber wolf, the wolverine will spring steel traps by scattering snow and twigs upon them.

The writer's brother once observed a tepee decoration which depicted a wolverine (presumably) deliberately springing a steel trap by means of a cedar branch; but evidently the artist possessed the faculty of imagination, so uncommon among Indians. The picture proved, however, that these masters of woodcraft possessed a very high opinion of the wolverine's intelligence.

The wolverine is extremely difficult to trap, but all the most intelligent wild creatures are possessed of a great sense of curiosity—a desire to learn more concerning such things as they do not immediately recognize or un-

derstand. The wolf is attracted to the poisoned bait by means of a black feather which stands out conspicuously against the snow, and moves in the breeze. The tiger is enticed within range by means of a swinging lantern. The wolverine is even more easily deceived, for he is very short-sighted. The trap is set on the top of a log or rampike, in such a position that the animal cannot investigate it closely, and will have to reach up a tentative paw. In place of bait, something conspicuous is used, such as a wing of a partridge. The wolverine is always suspicious of a bait, and the only way of bringing about his capture is by thoroughly rousing his curiosity.

I have little doubt that this hated prowler of the northern woods would attack man unhesitatingly if brought to close quarters with him. Two forest rangers in northern Ontario caught one in the act of swimming a lake. The animal turned and made for their canoe with great ferocity as they drew near. One of the men poked it off with a paddle, which was quickly ruined by the powerful jaws.

They prevented the brute from landing, finally driving it into rapid water where it was drowned.

Another account which I have no reason to disbelieve came from the Tete Jaune country of B. C., where a little Scotchman was deserted by his partners, suffering great hardships ere he regained civilization. The Indians at the Fork provided him with some dried fish, but one night, when in a weak and exhausted state, a wolverine paid a visit to his camp and stole the fish from under his very eyes. Evidently the animal was well aware of his enfeebled condition, for his efforts to drive it away met with no permanent results.

The wolverine exists in the northern forests of Europe and Tibet as well as those of America. Closely related to it, and of the same unloveable disposition, is the Tasmanian Devil. In B. C. the wolverine is generally known as Skunk Bear, a name which was derived from its appearance, and from the obnoxious trait of character earlier alluded to.

## Snowflakes

JACK N. CRITO

These wintry nights when north winds blow,  
And whirling mists of falling snow  
Drift slanting past the street-lamps' glow  
    In feathery wreaths of gray,  
When fleecy snow-flakes softly fall,  
And wrap the earth in ghostly pall,  
Somehow, these stormy nights recall  
    Old times, long passed away.

And thoughts go drifting back again  
Across the gap 'tween NOW and THEN,  
To days of "castle-building," when  
    We dreamed, as dreamers do;  
And as the wind-blown snow and sleet  
Sweeps down the half-deserted street,  
Old mem'ries fond and faces sweet  
    Seem passing in review;

While Fancy flies on wings of Thought  
To scenes far-off, but not forgot,  
Back to a well-re membered spot  
    Where Winter "comes to stay;"  
Where, down the steep pine-clad hillside  
In costumes gay, the coasters slide,  
And merry groups of skaters glide  
    Around the land-locked bay.

And one fair girl smiles brightest 'mong  
That laughing, care-free, joyous throng—  
Her tender face, forever young,  
    Dwells yet in memory;  
As gleams the changeless Polar star  
To guide the toil-worn mariner,  
So shines her proud sweet face, afar  
    Across Life's troubled sea.



Pursuing the Moose

## RIDING A BULL MOOSE IN QUETICO RESERVE, RAINY RIVER COUNTRY

### An Exhilarating Aquatic Sport

**T**HE following is the story of a somewhat unique Canadian aquatic sport,—exhilarating too, one can well imagine. The photographic reproductions, for which we are indebted to the Canadian Northern Railway, which runs through the Rainy Lake district in which the pictures were taken, only imperfectly indicates the excitement of this adventurous game.

On the far side of the lake, in a deep bay were several moose which we proceeded stealthily to approach. The bay was long, crescent shaped and off its mouth two large rocks gave some secrecy to our approach. But one of them saw us and the whole party plowed ashore and trotted across a marsh to the woods. They went hesitantly, with backward glances as if reluctant to leave the attractions of the lake. So we lay in ambush behind the rocks and awaited developments.

It was not a long wait. Far on the left of the crescent, a moose broke cover and stalked leisurely into the water. It was a bull, and though the

horns were not large, Bob decided that he would do. It seemed as if he would never wade out and begin to feed, and George and Bob in their canoe fretted impatiently. Perhaps he was surprised at the absence of the others. But evidently reassured at last, he walked far out to the gently sloping bottom and ducked under.

"Now go!" whispered Mrs. Pink.

From behind our rocky screen we watched the approach with bated breath. Breaking the surface at one end of the crescent rose the black back of the quarry, and hugging the shadow of the shore from the other sped the canoe. There was nearly half a mile to steal. That antlered head would rise dripping from the water, when paddles would poise motionless in mid air and the canoe would come slowly to rest. As the distance decreased they paddled more cautiously and stopped quickly. After a leisurely survey the head would again plunge under.

While still far apart, the moose spied them. He stood rooted, with head twisted sideways. Then turning



(1) Mounting the Moose  
(2) Getting into Position  
(3) The Rider Triumphant

toward shore he stood still and watched, while the paddles dipped rapidly and the canoe skimmed over the remaining arc of the crescent to block his retreat. To us it was inexplicable, as it seemed that he had plenty of time to escape; but from our angle of view we were under an optical delusion. The canoe would have won, though narrowly and the bull calculated this instantly; but not until they were directly behind and swinging toward him did he take to deep water.

The celerity with which the captain manoeuvred us from our moorings and got full speed on the engines sent us fairly leaping from our sheltered

dashed into range. Bob had the stern but turning on the thwart made him bow paddle. While I was changing the film, George was placing him in position for boarding. He ran alongside from behind until the bow of his canoe brushed the velvet of the antlers. Stepping deliberately out, Bob dropped astride. His legs were doubled at the knees in case the bull should strike, and at the moment of falling he grasped one ear and then the other.

It seemed for an instant that nothing would happen. Then, slowing his pace, the moose kicked upward alternately with his hind feet, grazing Bob's legs where they clutch-



The Moose Swimming to the Shore

berth. In the waist of the ship she herself spurned the water with vigorous blade. Between gasps she cut in with a count or two and an order to the bow to shorten a stroke. I think that the bow was excited and thought more of the forward battery than of keeping the time. In the stern, Pink, as quarter-master at the wheel, kept the head a point or two in advance of the pursued. And so, with all the bone in her teeth that a canoe can carry, we swept down on the bull when he had gained hardly the middle of the lake.

Shipping my paddle, I ran out the bow chaser just in time for an opening shot before George and Bob

ed at his ribs. This occupied only a few seconds, when he rapidly changed tactics. First he shook himself, scattering spray in all directions. Failing in this, he dove head first in a more desperate attempt to dislodge that clinging terror on his back. It was not a deep dive, nor a long one, for the bull was winded with his long chase, but it made Bob grasp for the more stable support of his antlers to save being pitched over his head, while he strewed muttered imprecations on the troubled water.

Twice this was repeated. But a bull moose has no inbred mastery of the bucking art, and his resourcefulness was exhausted. His breath

came in mighty gasps, like the panting of a huge locomotive in a trainshed; and he swam steadily for shore. The camera caught the elation of Bob as he swung his black felt in the air with a whoop of achievement, after which, diving backward over the stern, he swam for his canoe.

"Head him off," he called, "and I'll do it again." There was one film left, so we shook our paddles in the face of the moose while Bob wriggled over the bow of his canoe. This time we were full broadside on and I held the fire for the splash.

"What'll I do with him now?" inquired Bob, in the confidence of one who has conquered his mount.

"The films are all gone. Might as well let him go, or he'll be all in."

Evidently, however, the bull wasn't so tired as he had looked, for he trotted strongly into the woods while Bob clambered again into the canoe with conflicting expressions of triumph and reluctance.

Poor Bob! I am afraid that he will always feel that the proofs of this little adventure are extremely inadequate.

## AFTER MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN MANITOBA

H. C. LOTT

THE district near the mouth of the White Shell River where it empties into the Winnipeg River was, in 1910, the scene of a successful hunt with rifle and camera. The Manitoba big game season lasts only from December 1st to the 15th and therefore the number of filled licenses depends largely on the weather conditions during those two weeks of "still hunting."

On December 3rd, David, George and I set off from the nearest point on the railroad to locate our camp, which was to be a partly completed log shack, eleven miles away, which was being built for a survey party by the well-known Indian guide, Butcher and two "breeds."

The trail, made by his dog-team a few days before, was easy to follow in the dense bush, but when it emerged on to the ice of the river, it was invisible, the wind-driven snow having obliterated all traces. Had the ice been strong enough the whole trip would have been down the Winnipeg River with only a few diversions to short clean-cut portage trails at the falls. But the quiet bays were the only safe weight-bearing parts of the river,

where we found the trail, by feeling with our moccasined feet for the frozen ridge under the snow.

Reaching our destination at 3.30 p.m. we found Butcher with his two helpers packing the chinks of the half finished shack with moss. Though he had almost completed a day's work and had made a few short journeys for wood with his dogs, he readily agreed to drive them to our starting point and bring back our blankets and provisions that same evening. This twenty-two mile trip through the bush, the trails strewn with fallen trees, was very different to the usual run on the river ice, and must have sorely tried the old fellow, who was over sixty years old. While waiting for him we sat under the sloping Indian shelter in front of a great campfire, by the strong light of which one of the photographs shown was taken.

Soon after midnight the dogs, drawing the neatly loaded sleigh, arrived, followed in a few minutes by their master uttering maledictions upon their heads for having bolted from him when he had stumbled in the dark. A hot supper and a few drops from the "medicine bottle"

soon brought the old fellow back to his customary cheerfulness.

That night's temperature, according to the nearest city's official figures, fell to twenty-six degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) but no fire was maintained in the shack during the night.

Next morning, Sunday, was spent in cutting firewood, for the next few days were to be strenuous ones, and it was desirable to have a good supply right at one's hands. By the afternoon the old Indian was sufficiently rested to accompany us on a reconnoitering expedition but we found no

in the muskeg. And so we stumbled back to camp to a hot supper and to welcome sleep.

Getting up at day-light next morning we found the temperature was rising and that an inch of soft snow had fallen. A light wind would have made it ideal for our purpose, but we had to be content with the calm. Making breakfast and packing lunch in the tea-pail, we shouldered our rifles and set out. Owing to the difficulty of walking noiselessly in snowshoes, we again decided to go without them, but the Indian wore them and



One of the Caribou—David's

fresh tracks except that of a cow moose.

On our return to camp the snow shoes of our guide enabled him to set a hot pace through the muskeg, which to us, in moccasins only, was like walking though a country filled with sponges and with a few stumps and fallen trees scattered about, the whole levelled off with soft deceiving snow. It was as hard work as mountain climbing for one did not know to within two feet where solid bottom would be found. Sometimes it was on a stump an inch below the snow surface; the next step would end in a hole

was as silent as ourselves, owing partly to his great experience, and also in no small measure to the cushioning effect of the gaudy coloured tassels which decorated the shoes, and which acted as buffers when the wood collided with small trees and stumps.

We went a mile down the river before we left it to enter the bush, and then began the nervous tension as we strained all our faculties and senses to outwit our unseen competitors, for still-hunting is a much more evenly balanced match than the poorer sport of calling moose and waiting for the victim to turn up and be shot at.



The Dog Team at the Camp

None came, and no fresh tracks had been seen, so we gathered a few sticks with as little noise as possible and lighted a fire in a tamarack swamp, and had lunch. Within a few minutes of our rising we came upon fresh tracks of a moose, which Butcher

decided was a cow. Following this we found it joined by another, also a cow. After an hour of careful tracking we came to the foot of a hill; Butcher taking off his snow-shoes and jacket, signed to us to go light and follow him; so in a single file, and



By the Camp Fire

carefully placing our feet into his own tracks, we went to the top. From there we saw three great black forms lying quietly in the valley, two hundred yards away—two cows and a bull.

The novice may exclaim, "How easy it was to approach so closely"; but a description of the precautions taken by the Indian to ensure this end would require much space; besides a greater ability than the writer possesses.

David, who distinguished the bull first, opened fire, and sent a bullet through both knee-caps—so we discovered afterwards. We followed up with a few well-placed shots, and the moose lay "hors de combat" before the cows were out of hearing. Skinning and cutting up our quarry occupied an hour, and we had a long trudge back to camp in the dark, where we were ready—in a way that a city dweller rarely is—for a good meal; and a clean-up of our rifles before turning in.

The next morning a deadly stillness boded ill for our chances of a repetition of the previous day's success. However, after a breakfast of moose steak, which, for lack of salt (forgotten, as some one thing inevitably is) could not be called, by the most enthusiastic, as tasty, we set out in a different direction to the previous day, threading our way through the forest valleys, which alternated with rocky pine covered ridges.

There were many old tracks in the valleys, and the young poplar growth looked as if it had been mown with a reaping machine at a height of four feet from the ground, so level had the tops of the bushes been eaten off by the moose.

Lunching at the summit of a high ridge, we sat and in low tones de-

bated our chances. Soon after our start we came to the recent tracks of a caribou. It seemed almost hopeless, with the lack of wind, to follow up the trail of so acute-sensed an animal, but the fates were kind and the foot-prints multiplied in a very encouraging way for we were coming on behind quite a bunch of caribou of all sizes.

They had traversed the valleys quickly, but at each treed edge of rock there were signs which indicated that they were feeding off the lichens from the jackpines, and from the moss under the snow.

From ridge to ridge we silently made our way, with every sense on the alert and feeling with each foot for solid ground beneath the snow, before daring to trust our weight upon it. At last, after almost despairing of catching up with the herd before dark, a cow caribou was seen with her head turned towards us. A few more silent steps forward in her direction revealed a bunch of about thirty quietly feeding. At our first volley they all rushed towards us and when seventy-five yards away, they discovered their mistake and scattered in all directions.

As a result of our fusilade, two fine bucks fell—our licenses were filled and the game was ours.

We did not stay to skin and cut up these, but returned straight to camp. I left the following morning, leaving David and George, who stayed another day and helped the Indian in his task of cutting up the meat and loading it on the sleigh, which the dogs hauled back to civilization.

Thus ended our three days' holiday, of which the recollections are still perfectly distinct, and afford pleasant subjects for day-dreams.

# THROUGH MUSKOKA WATERS

J. L. C.

SEPTEMBER 10th dawned bright and clear, much to our relief, as the previous year, we had started off in the rain and returned in the rain. This year, we felt that our trip was commencing under very favorable auspices. As the result of very strenuous hustling the day before we were ready with our canoe and dunnage in time to catch at 9.30 p.m. the small steamer which plies between Orillia and Washago. A pleasant run of eleven miles brought us to the middle branch of the Severn River, where our trip really began. A short portage past the old mill dam at Washago and we were soon running down stream with a favoring wind and current. Gordon in the bow was lookout man, and had first shot at any ducks we happened to see; George in the middle did the work and kept things moving while Jack in the stern had the responsibility of keeping the

canoe headed for the Great Unknown, and of handling the camera.

At Wasdell's Falls we had another portage of some hundred and fifty yards. Here the Hydro-Electric dam was in the course of construction and a large gang of men were at work, all of which spoiled the beauty of the spot from a scenic point of view. Our next stop was at Severn Bridge, where we purchased a few provisions that we found we had overlooked in the hurry of departure. At Sparrow Lake we found a choppy sea rolling, and so got a launch to run us across in order that we might avoid wetting our outfit, and incidentally, ourselves. As luck would have it, we took a wrong turn out of Sparrow Lake and paddled a couple of miles out of our way, but a Good Samaritan in the form of a lone duck hunter showed us a portage over the hills whereby we got back into the river again. Some three miles down stream we camped for the night on a grassy point, near a doctor and his wife from Detroit, who were also on a vacation. They had started the day before us and had an outfit for three weeks. They certainly had things down to a science. A gentle rain that night played havoc with our exposed provisions, as we had neglected to cover them up, but we awoke next morning to find the sun shining brightly and everything fine. We said goodbye to our companions under canvas and after a brisk paddle against a stiff wind and sea reached the power plant at Hydro-glen. This is the source of supply for the town of Orillia and necessitated a long carry, but by this time we were beginning to feel the Call of the Wild and were ready for anything that might offer. A short pause for dinner, and we were off, reaching Buckskin about five o'clock, where we found a nice spot on a jutting point for the tent. We gathered a quantity of dry ferns which made capital beds under



A Lonely Grave

our blankets, and spent a very comfortable night.

Next morning was Sunday, so we slept late and took things easy, but as the afternoon was so clear and quiet we thought it best to take advantage of the opportunity and cover as much ground as possible before night. We reached the Big Chute about three o'clock, carried our stuff past the rapids and on into the pool below. Here we had some good fishing, catching several fine bass and a pike, and only the loss of our troll prevented our getting many more, as they appeared to be very plentiful. We then went up stream to the right and took a peep at Six Mile Lake, then back past the Little Chute into Gloucester Pool. The view, as we rounded the last huge rock and paddled out into the Pool, with the sun sinking in the west and throwing long shadows across the water, was really one of the prettiest we saw on our whole trip, but it was getting on in the evening and we had little time to enjoy it. We stopped that night at "The Moredolphons' Camp." A number of Americans came up from Pittsburg every two weeks by special train over the Grand Trunk to Waubaushene and from thence by boat to the camp. No expense had been spared to make their stay enjoyable. There are cottages for those who do not care to go to the extremes of camping out in the open and platforms and level spots for tents to be pitched for those who want to enjoy to the fullest the real camp life. They have accommodation for about two hundred, employ a chef and have a complete cooking outfit, dining hall and dancing pavilion, boats, canoes and in fact everything that can render their stay pleasant. We were glad enough to be under cover that night as the thermometer went away below freezing, and sleeping in a tent on the ground under such conditions is apt to leave something to be desired.

After bidding goodbye to our hosts we were off again next morning, through the islands of the Pool, and with a strong south wind behind us

we headed for Go Home Bay among the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay. This is a long indentation, no more than fifty yards across in places, and running inland a couple of miles, ending in a wonderful little lake surrounded by high hills and with a beautiful little wooded island in the middle. The portage path from this lake is marked by a big rock over a hundred feet high and the view of the lake, island, surrounding country and hills from the top we thought was well worth the trouble of climbing up. A couple of hours' paddling brought us to the Royal Hotel and store at Honey Harbor, where we laid in a few necessary supplies and got some directions. We took advantage of a friend's standing invitation to visit him at his island home, much to his surprise, when he returned later in the evening. We heard:

"Look, there's somebody on our island. Well, and if they are not putting up a tent. What next?"

A good laugh followed when explanations had been offered; and we were made heartily welcome. Next morning our host offered to run us in his launch up as far as the mouth of the Muskosh River which was our destination, and needless to say we were very glad of the lift, as it is a hard matter to find one's way among the countless islands which dot the shores of the Georgian Bay. Thirty Thousand Islands they are called, and from the view we got of a few of them, I don't think the name is an exaggeration.

A most delightful run of a couple of hours, winding in and out among the islands, brought us to the Muskosh, where we parted with the launch and resumed our paddles. We had been over most of the trip before so far, but we all felt as the launch was left behind that we were embarking upon absolutely unknown territory, with only a railway map as a guide, and the haziest of ideas as to the course. We only knew we had to keep on upstream until we reached Bala. To make matters worse the river was particularly low just then,



The Moredolphton Club, Gloucester Pool, near Waubaushene, Ont.

and this made what little water there was remaining, run very swiftly, with many a rock and snag showing which would otherwise have been covered. In places we had to land and drag the canoe upstream with a long rope, in others we had all we could do to push it along with paddles against the river bed. And then of course it was necessary to make complete portages, carrying canoe and outfit over the rocks, distances varying from a few feet to a quarter of a mile. In all, from Orillia to Bala, we made some thirty portages, and as each one meant three trips apiece, it represented a lot of work.

After our first carry past a waterfall some eight feet high where the Black River joins the Muskosh we entered

into a series of small lakes, some two, and three miles long and half a mile wide, with many long bays and channels between islands. More by good luck than anything else we generally chose the right passage, although we took an occasional wrong turning. As we neared the end of the second lake a fine rain commenced to fall, which soon increased to a smart shower, forcing us to land and put up the tent to keep our dunnage dry. The spot we chose was anything but suitable, being half way up the side of a big hill, with long grass and shrubs and at some distance from the water, but the rain gave us no time to look for a better spot. After the tent was up we had a change of clothing and fortunately it stopped raining long



View of Gloucester Pool from the Moredolphton Club



View from the End of Go Home Bay

enough for us to get a fire started and some supper cooked. We kept a roaring fire blazing all evening until the rain put it out and sent us off to bed. It continued to pour all night and next morning found it still coming down, so there was nothing to do but to sit around and wait for it to stop. After dinner there were signs of its clearing, so we broke camp and started across Flat Rock Lake, reaching Flat Rock rapids about three o'clock. From there upstream a quarter of a mile we had a couple of the hardest portages of the trip, but we were soon on our way again. An amusing incident occurred a short distance farther on. Gordon who had charge of the gun, landed to take a shot at some ducks which we could see around a bend in the river ahead. The ducks saw him land and flew

right towards us; Gordon dropped on one knee and raised the gun; we listened for the report but none came; the ducks flew gaily away and the air was thick with exclamations. Visions of broiled duck for tea faded as the hunter ruefully examined the gun which was a repeater and to which he was not accustomed. After a few "pointers" upon shooting from all sides, we took him on board and paddled on. We got a couple of small bass which came in very nicely later on, but as we lost our troll at the Little Chute we got no big ones. In the meantime down came the rain again, but as the banks were most unsuitable for camping we paddled on, until eventually we found a nice little patch of dry sand under some trees at the foot of the Big Eddy rapids. The Big Eddy is a pool about



Sunday Camp at Buckskin

three hundred yards across, circular in shape and apparently very deep. We heard afterwards that it is supposed to be about the best fishing spot on the river, but as we had no bait we had no way of confirming this. The last couple of miles before we reached here, we saw a great many deer runways, leading to the water, and that evening as the fire burned up we heard a crashing of branches across the pool and the noise of some animal making off through the woods. Later on we heard a lot of rustling in the bushes just behind the tent, but after a little chaffing on the question of scares, we paid no attention to it. Next morning there were deer tracks plainly to be seen in the sand, within one hundred feet of the tent, leading from the bushes to the river. No doubt this pool was a favorite drinking spot for the deer as it is lonely enough. We were there for two days without seeing a soul. We saw partridge, ducks, owls, fish, eagles and black squirrels, and with good fishing also, it should be a very good spot in which to spend a vacation.

Next morning we were up with the sun as it was a fine morning and we wanted to make up for the time lost on account of the rain. We carried past the Big Eddy and a couple of smaller ones just above it, then on through short stretches of water with falls here and there, where the river winds and turns in a most bewildering manner, until noon, when we stopped and boiled a little rice, which, with coffee and marmalade, was all we had left. We had been longer than we expected and our provisions were nearly gone. No bread, bacon, eggs, meat or biscuits remained. The fish we got the day before were very welcome then.

We had been told that there was a mile portage ahead of us, and had been expecting it all the time. Finally, about 2 o'clock that afternoon we

came to a spot where the river was all rapids as far as we could see. We saw a path leading up a slope and then straight on through the woods, and we realized that we had at last come to the "Long Portage." We met a teamster on the way who gave us some directions as to the course we should take when we struck the river again. A short paddle of a few hundred yards brought us to the place where the Moon and Muskosh rivers join. Here we turned to the right, and after exploring the river at the foot of the Moon Chutes, we had another long portage to the river above. From thence our course was due east along what was almost a small lake, and we now saw abundant signs of civilization, there being cottages and camps on every side.

A paddle of about three miles brought us to the wharf at Bala, which we reached about 6 o'clock Thursday evening. After tea we turned in early as we had planned to catch the boat at 7 o'clock next morning for Gravenhurst, as that would save us half a day's time. After we got our luggage on board, the fog was so dense that the steamer would not start out until it cleared off somewhat. At last we were off, and enjoyed a most delightful sail through Lake Muskoka to Gravenhurst. (Muskoka wharf). The warm sun soon dispersed the mist and we had a splendid view of the far famed Muskoka lakes at their best, as there was not a breath of wind, and the shores all round were reflected in the water, thereby adding much to the beauty of the scene.

From Gravenhurst we caught the train which got us into Orillia about 2 o'clock, and after one more portage from the station to the lake, we paddled up the shore to the boathouse, a very sunburned and hardlooking trio, but with vivid recollections of "the best trip yet."



## THE FOUR DAY TRIP

DONALD PHILLIPS

ON the morning of July 30th at 6.20 a.m. a party of seventeen, including Messrs. B. Darling, L. Jeffers, C. S. Thompson, J. C. Tyler, H. M. Johnson, F. W. Godsal, A. F. Armistead, Robt. McIntosh, Dr. Cooper Johnston, K. D. McClelland, Misses K. V. Hallowses, J. B. Wilcox, C. B. Hinman, P. Pearce, Mrs. MacCarthy and Mrs. McIntosh and the writer, started out on what proved to be a most interesting trip and one which occupied four days in the making.

About one hour after leaving our camp on Robson Pass we reached the foot of the glacier below Mural Pass and glissaded down a steep snow slide across the end of the glacier to another steep snow slope which led up to the end of the Pass. This slope was very steep and exceptionally hard, being slide snow, and it took us fully an hour to get to the top. At the Pass there was a very steep chimney and much loose rock on either side of the chimney, which blocked the way. I therefore decided to take my party around to the left and up over the ledge. Three ropes went around over this ledge but Mr. Darling asked permission to take his rope of four, comprising himself, Mrs. McIntosh, Mr. Thomson and Dr. Johnston, up over the chimney. The three ropes got around the snow slope before Mr. Darling got his party to the top of the chimney. On account of the danger from falling stone, they found it necessary to unrope and had to pull one another up, one at a time, (Mr.

Darling going up first) while the others went under a ledge of rock in order to avoid falling stone. Meantime it had been very cloudy and when we reached the summit the clouds closed in so that we were not able to see any distance. We went very carefully and easily down the snowfields of the Mural glacier and when down a few hundred feet got below the clouds and found the snow fairly good going, although in some places it was fairly deep. Several crevasses were encountered into two of which the leader broke but did not go through.

We crossed the snowfields to the first line of cliffs and over close to the foot of Mt. Gendarme, which however we did not see on account of clouds. We had lunch here and waited for an hour hoping that the clouds might lift so that we might climb Mt. Gendarme. The clouds however showed no disposition to favor us and at the end of an hour we started down the cliffs and after an hour or more good rock work got down to the glacier below and crossing it went up on the Alps where the party were elated to see three goats. Crossing the Alps for a mile or so we again dropped down on to the glacier where it is covered with broken rock and glacier cones and from there made our way in to the smoky Camp about five o'clock.

The following morning we started out from camp about 6.30 going up Yates Torrent to the Coleman glacier which we crossed to the



*Photo by Miss Elsie Gray*  
**"Going up to the Fly Camp of the Robson Party"**

Pass between this glacier and Terrace Creek. We then climbed around the corner of a rock ridge and along towards Moose Pass over the big snowfields and on up to the top of a rock ridge some 9,600 feet in altitude where we rested for an hour and looked down over peaks in all directions. We could see them some seventy or eighty miles away towards the head of the Columbia and Athabasca. Mt. Bess and Mt. Chowen, the latter crowned with a magnificent snowfield, were in splendid view as were also Mt. Robson, Lynx, Whitehorn and other peaks for miles on either side of us. From this vantage point we picked out a mountain for the next day's climb. This mountain was situated north of Calumet Peak and we decided we could get from it a better view than from Calumet, which we had intended climbing when setting out on this trip. I believed also we might get from the top of this unnamed peak a view of Twin Tree Lake, which was not possible from Calumet, and a view also of some very large mountains away to the north-west which were hidden behind Mt. Chowen.

We followed this ridge from our resting place down to tree line and then down to the big gravel flats below Moose Pass, at the head of which Moose Pass Camp was located. We nearly had a catastrophe here, for one of the men of the party fell in crossing the creek and came nearly being swept under a log jam. Just

above the jam however I was able to fish him out by wading out and catching him in his headlong career.

Our second night was spent comfortably at Moose Camp and the third day of our expedition we started at six o'clock and going up over the Alps and rock ridges along the side of the Calumet glacier until we got past all the seracs and bad crevasses, got out at last on to the snowfield. We went around a high mountain that stands isolated in this snowfield and after crossing several miles of snowfields reached the foot of the peak which we had picked out the preceding day. Right at the foot of this peak there was a depression in the glacier and this depression was filled with water, forming a charming lake of deepest blue. The water was very clear and we could see crevasses and holes in the ice at the bottom. After getting over a bergschrund at the edge of the cliff we went up a long rock ridge to the edge of the snowfield that leads up towards the peak, the summit of which we reached at 11 o'clock. True to our expectation Twin Tree Lake lay almost at our feet. We could see down the valley of the Big Smoky almost to the foothills where the river swings to the east and leaves the mountains. We could see the mouth of the Muddy River, also the Jackpine River, fifty miles down the Smoky from where



*Photo by W. A. Tyler*  
**Seracs on Mural Glacier: Not very Good Going**



Photo by Prof. Freeborn

#### Starting out on a Two Day Trip

we were. In this direction a large forest fire was burning. The large mountains to the north were in view, though their summits were covered with clouds. The largest of these mountains looked as though it might be second in height only to Mt. Robson, though it may be that distance lent exaggeration to the view. The mountain referred to is on the watershed of the Little Fraser Smoky, (so called to distinguish it from Big Smoky on the Alberta side) and the Clearwater, which runs into the Fraser on the north side. We could also look into the valley of the Beaver River which runs into the Fraser about forty miles below Tete Jaune Cache. We could see the valley of the Stony River to the east and several of its branches as well as many small and beautifully colored lakes. The panoramic view from this peak was very fine and on a subsequent trip we saw it under even better conditions, as the day was exceedingly bright and clear and the view on all sides particularly fine. We built a cairn on the summit and then descended to the rock ridge below, where we had lunch, and then crossed the snowfields again to a long rock ridge which led up to near Calumet Peak where we again crossed a snowfield that led us to the east side of Calumet. Four of our party, Mr. Arnistead, Mr. Jeffers, Mr. Tyler and the writer climbed to the summit up a very broken rock ridge. It did not seem advisable to take any more of the party up and after descending to the party below, we came down over the glacier to Moose Pass, passing some very beautiful ice caves, and were down at the camp at 8.30, after having been out fourteen and a half hours. The ladies came in on the lead, some of the men ar-

iving an hour later. Miss Pearce, Mrs. McIntosh and Mr. Godsall, who had remained at camp during the day, reported having explored Moose Pass and a lake about a mile to the north on some Alps behind a rock ridge. One of the packers from the Smoky Camp accompanied them on this expedition. Moose Pass is singularly beautiful with delightful park land and an abundance of wild flowers and in the course of a morning's walk one lady who came with a later party picked fifty-eight different kinds of flowers.

Our fourth day out we started at 7.30 a.m. and after crossing Calumet Creek and climbing a steep slope up the side of Motto Mountain crossed Motto Pass and dropped down on to the Coleman glacier, where one of our members distinguished herself by falling very quietly and unostentatiously into a crevasse, going down for about twenty feet and being duly rescued and brought back to solid ice. After lunch on Snowbird Pass—where we encountered a flock of ptarmigan which were wandering about like chickens in a barnyard, we crossed over the shoulder of Ptarmigan Mt. and dropped down on to the Robson glacier where we met Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Foster, Mr. MacCarthy, Miss Fowler and Miss Gray, who were going up to the fly camp of the Robson party who had succeeded in climbing Mt. Robson. We reached camp at 3.30 that afternoon, completing our four day expedition. Later the writer conducted a smaller party on a two day trip, making a second ascent of the unnamed peak north of the Smoky Camp and returning via Smoky Camp and the trail to the main camp.

## Club Notes

A meeting of the Winnipeg Branch of the Alpine Club of Canada was held on Tuesday, November 14th at Havergal College with Mr. R. F. McWilliams in the chair in the absence of the chairman, Mr. Justice Galt. After the Treasurer's report had been read, Dr. Bell read an account of the Club's activities during the preceding year, laying particular emphasis on the various lectures which had been arranged with the idea of fostering a love of mountaineering, as well as on the two series of First Aid Lectures which had been given during the winter. The nominating committee then presented their report, which was accepted by acclamation.

Chairman, Mr. Justice Galt; Con-venor, Mr. Aldritt; Sec-Treas, Miss Margaret Springate; Without office, Miss Greenway; Ex. Officio, Dr. F. C. Bell; Advising Committee: Miss M. E. Norrington, Miss G. M. Shewell, Mr. I. F. Brooks and Mr. Holmes Graham.

The business portion of the evening being over, the Very Rev. Dean Robinson gave a most interesting account of his rambles with his son in Switzerland during the summer, with many helpful suggestions for walking tours in that mountaineers' Paradise.

Refreshments were afterwards served and a pleasant half hour spent in comparing summer experiences.

Dean Robinson of Edmonton who was much missed at the Canadian camps this summer, went to Switzerland instead and got to the top of the Blumisalp Horn, the Clariden Horn and other peaks. His son, an Eton master, had a marvellous escape. Climbing the Gabelhorn the rope on which he was with a guide and another man was swept down 2,000 feet by an avalanche and in their course, they jumped the bergschrund twenty or thirty feet. Robinson recovered consciousness and found the others still roped but buried in the snow. He dug them out, both being unconscious, and the guide's ribs broken. The whole thing was seen from the Club hut. The relief party containing eight guides had great difficulty in getting them down. Mr. Robinson was so little damaged that he walked down to Zinal the same evening.

Edmonton now has a section of the Alpine Club of Canada. The organization meeting took place on October 15th when the following officers were elected: Pres., E. L. Fuller; Sec'y, N. R. Lindsay; Executive, Miss P.

Walker, Miss K. Sharpe, Messrs. J. McDougall and P. S. Bailey. The initial meeting of the section in November last took the form of a skating party to McKernan Lake, Strathcona; about forty were in attendance when a most pleasant time was had. Regular monthly meetings are to be held, the special attraction at the December meeting being a lecture on the Canadian Rockies by Prof. Allen of the University of Alberta. Already the section are talking of their "annual dinner" which is being planned to take place in March.

Edmonton had nineteen members at the Lake O'Hara camp.

Mr. P. M. McGregor, who represented "The Mountaineers" of Seattle at the Sherbrooke Lake Camp in 1911 has sent an interesting letter and photographs illustrating the 1913 summer outing of his Club. "The Mountaineers" were on the march for two weeks and their itinerary comprised a walk of some 365 miles, including the ascent of Mts. Seattle, Olympus, Barnes and Christy.

Mr. P. L. Tait of Toronto recently gave a descriptive lecture on "A Trip through the Canadian Rockies with the Alpine Club" before the Carlton Young Men's Club of Toronto, the lecture being illustrated by a very fine set of lantern views which Mr. Tait has made from his photographs taken at the various summer camps of the Club.

Mr. Mitchell, "so diplomatic and so emphatic," is taking a prolonged holiday, part of which is being spent in England. During his absence the secretarial work of the Alpine Club is being attended to by Mr. Paul Wallace, whose present headquarters are at Sidney, B. C.

Mr. Otto Frind is climbing this winter in New Zealand and expects to be away from Canada six months.

Miss Elsie Grey has contributed an entertaining account of the Cathedral Camp to the Bishop Strachan School Magazine.

Mr. L. S. Hopkins, Curator of the American Fern Society, Kent, Ohio, has written the secretary asking if any of the Alpine Club of Canada members are interested in pteridophytes and would exchange. He will be happy to send copies of the American Fern Journal to any members really interested.



# BULL MOOSE AND THEIR HORNS

Replies to Mr. Hamilton Fisher's Article "The Bull Moose and His Enemy the Wolf" in the November Issue of Rod and Gun

## Summer Observations of Moose in Northern Ontario

C. H. HOOPER

THE writer was much interested in an article which appeared in the November number of ROD AND GUN, called "The Bull Moose and his Enemy the Wolf," which was written by Mr. Hamilton Fisher.

In this article Mr. Fisher claims that the moose of the Yukon district (which have come under his observation for many years) do not shed their antlers at all, but retain them for purposes of defence all the year round.

It may be possible that the moose of the Yukon differ from moose of other parts of Canada, just as the barren ground caribou differ from the woodland variety, in respect of both male and female of the former carrying antlers.

It is known that the largest "heads" sometimes of seventy-two inches spread—are to be found among the Yukon moose—few animals of Eastern Canada ever approaching these dimensions. This fact would go to support Mr. Fisher's observations.

Yet the contention, so radically opposed to the widely prevailing idea regarding the habits of the moose, the contention that they do not shed their horns, that the expression "in the velvet" has no application to the moose, is one which, in the opinion of the writer, will be disputed in many quarters.

My own observations of moose in the last three summers in Northern Ontario have led me to a contrary belief. This summer (1913) I went into the woods on June 15th, in the thick of the fly season. I have always noticed that one sees much more big game while the flies are bad than at any other time of the year. With the intention of securing good photos of moose I took my fly-proof tent, a quantity of fly-dope, a pair of gloves—and disappeared from the haunts of men.

For two months I "hunted" moose and deer, bears and any other big game that came my way.

By disregarding the frightful attacks of the flies, and camping on marshy lakes and streams; by invariably carrying the camera open and ready in the canoe; and by paying my whole attention to business, poking about in the canoe at all times of the day, I managed to get some twenty good views of moose at an average distance of twenty-five feet.

Some, of course, I approached within touching distance others were alarmed too soon and withdrew before I could secure a view.

Occasionally two or three magnificent bulls would lie in sight together in some watery muskeg, making it most difficult to approach and photograph one, without one of the others catching sight of me and giving the alarm.

In this way I had opportunities of studying the habits of the animals in exchange for my temerity in facing the flies. I do not think that a day passed in the two months from June 15th to August 15th, in which some big game did not turn up, though during June and the earlier part of July the moose and deer were constantly in sight, seeking a respite in the water from the incessant attacks of the flies.

I saw plenty of young and old bulls in June but never a pair of antlers. There can be no question of mistaking the sex or age of animals which one can approach closely enough to touch with a paddle.

By July 1st the bulls possessed horns, some fourteen to eighteen inches long, and "covered with velvet." These I had ample opportunity of examining at close quarters. The rapidity with which these stumps developed was amazing.

I have heard Professor Prince in lecturing on wild animals of Canada give his opinion, based on observations of moose in confinement, that their horns gained two pounds in weight per day. This would give about two months for an averaged sized pair to come to maturity and this I find is about right.

By August 15th I saw many large, beautiful and fully developed heads, quite clear of velvet; and I also saw many small heads, also clear of velvet.

Another argument, in addition to the evidence of my eyes, was contained in the fact that in travelling through the north country one finds plenty of odd horns dropped about singly in the forest. In spite of the fact that most of these are eaten by mice, yet one cannot go far without coming across them. They are not left by the sportsman for they occur far from trails, in fact anywhere in the forest; they occur singly. How can they be accounted for?

Another statement made by Mr. Fisher is that the bull moose protects its young.

This, I dare say, applies in winter when the family is together, the calves then being six months old. In the summer however I have yet to see a bull moose anywhere in the vicinity of a calf. Time and again I have approached the cow and calf together, sometimes two

cows together, and on rare occasions two bulls together, but never a bull near a calf.

I have chased calves until the cow resented my interference and prevented my landing from the canoe until her offspring had had time to land and get away.

I have smacked bulls on the back with the paddle when they were engaged in feeding with head submerged, producing a volcanic-like eruption in the water as they burst through the surface and charged for the forest.

I have had a young bull moose stumble over the tent ropes at 6 o'clock of a sunny afternoon in June, and the camera and I in the tent.

I have found bulls shot out of season in June, July and August.

I have taken no one's word, Indian's or white's, in regard to the habits of moose; and I have arrived at the conclusion that *in Ontario the bulls shed their antlers every year.*

## A Quebec Hunter's Opinion

W. H. FORD

**I**N your November issue appears an article by Mr. H. Fisher, "The Bull-moose and his Enemy, the Wolf." Mr. Fisher refers to having spent two years among the moose around Dawson City, and he states positively that they do not shed their antlers yearly, but only when engaged in mortal combat, or when their antlers are caught in the forks of trees. The writer has never hunted moose as far north as Dawson City, but has in several other parts of Canada, and cannot see why the moose around Dawson City should be any different to the ones elsewhere, which, as well as other members of the deer tribe, I know positively do shed their horns annually.

I cannot recall having seen a moose in captivity, as I believe they do not thrive when confined. However, on the first of September I killed a very large bull-moose, with horns

in velvet. I saw another killed on the same day, and also saw another, which, however, was not shot at, and both of these had horns in velvet. This statement can be verified by two other parties. I also found on the snow, while hunting in the Lake St. John (Quebec) district, an antler each of three separate caribou, and it was plain to be seen that these antlers had been shed naturally. These antlers I now have, and they can be examined at any time.

In order to verify the fact that members of this tribe shed their antlers annually, one has only to visit, at different intervals, any zoological garden where herds of these animals are kept. In the fall and early winter, the males can be seen with full sets of antlers; later on, towards the end of January, the same animals can be seen "butt-headed," or without antlers; a little later again, the antlers of the same animals will be found in velvet; and then again in the fall, they can be seen with full sets, clear of velvet. This is a matter very easily proved.

If the horns of moose were perpetual, and these animals fight as fiercely as Mr. Fisher claims, then why don't we find more frequently, antlers in a mutilated condition? An antler would not always (in fact, very seldom) get knocked off completely. On the contrary, I am inclined to think the various points would be chipped and battered, and in the course of a number of years, the antlers would present a very dilapidated appearance; but, as every hunter knows, the average set of antlers found on these animals is in fairly perfect condition. Therefore, to my mind, the fact that these antlers are found in perfect condition each fall, shows conclusively that new antlers have taken the place of old ones and corrected any mishaps which might have occurred during the mating season, which is the time, I understand that most of the fighting is done. I believe that these animals are not inclined to fight when horns are in velvet inasmuch as they are very sensitive.

I once caught a fawn, which I raised to maturity. Being a buck, I had an excellent opportunity of studying the thing out. I enclose herewith a Kodak picture, showing the



Mr. Ford Feeding a Fawn from a Milk Bottle

writer feeding this fawn with milk from a bottle.

I hope this article by Mr. Fisher will lead to further discussion on the subject, because it is a statement I have never before heard made, especially so emphatically, and by one who has lived two years right among these ani-

mals. Personally, I feel certain that if the moose around Dawson City do not shed their horns, they are different from moose anywhere else in the world, and if really a fact, I believe that other readers of your magazine will have learned something.

## GAME AND GAME PROTECTION IN ONTARIO

(Being just a few Pertinent Comments as to the Game Situation  
in Ontario and Some Sidelights on the Non-Resident  
Situation along the Ontario-Quebec Border)

“CANUCK”

GAME conditions in Ontario may be said, I think, to have remained about as in the past few years. There have, undoubtedly, been a great many cases of unlawful shooting of feathered game, notably partridge, (grouse), in the northern portions and particularly from personal experience might I say this of the Parry Sound District, all the way from Killaloe up to the Georgian Bay. This is primarily due, especially in the more unsettled sections, to a lack of oversight of the game laws by anything like as many overseers as are required.

Deer were more in evidence this year than for a long time and the promises of the summer were amply fulfilled. Some excellent bags of duck were secured here and there, but most sportsmen were badly handicapped by low water and, especially for marsh shooting, this resulted in light bags. For instance the Conroy marshes, twenty miles south of Barry's Bay on the Grand Trunk Railway were away off the past fall, and sportsmen failed to see anything like the quantity of birds here that they have in the past.

A question that seems to have caused more or less trouble around Ottawa and Hull is the crossing of Ontario persons into Quebec and of Hull men into Ontario on resident licenses. It is practically impossible for an overseer, under existing conditions at least, to effectually prevent this absolutely. However, I feel warranted in saying that most of the complaints are unfounded and are the result of more or less local personal spite on the part of a few disgruntled people. One case in point—a man who works in Hull but whose home is in Ottawa has been claimed to have hunted in Ontario on a resident license; it seems to me it is all a matter of good judgment in such a case as that cited, even should it exist.

The root of the trouble seems to me to be the policy followed of appointing men to act

as *overseers* without sufficient salary to enable them to devote their entire time to the work. Surely, with the revenue produced from non-resident and resident licenses (both game and fish), Ontario should be able to have capable men appointed and to pay them a reasonable living salary.

Luckily, so far as the Ottawa district is concerned, it may fairly be said that the Department has an efficient man in Mr. Loveday. His record of cases and convictions during the past ten years is one worthy of attention. I, personally, do not know of all recorded during the past year, but there were some twelve to fourteen cases made and convictions secured for shipments of fur (beaver, rat, etc) illegally sent, and of recent occurrence at least two cases of illegal shipments of partridge and duck; in a number of these cases fines of fifty dollars were imposed. One feature that seems to stand out is that over ninety per cent. anyway of cases made by Loveday result in convictions. Despite all the personal enmity that he, like many other overseers in the country has run up against, all real sportsmen will back him in his good work. Too many disgruntled persons have the habit of trying to “get even” with enemies through the overseer, and in many cases where a good man in this position refuses to enter action unless these persons are ready to give satisfactory evidence under oath, he is howled down by them.

There seems to me to be one mighty big blot on the Ontario Statute Books in the deer hounding matter. I have come in contact with many good sportsmen during the past three or four years in Ontario's cities and towns who have been strong in condemning it. As regards the hunters resident in the deer country itself, they are practically unanimously in favor of having it absolutely abolished. A fair statement is that eighty-five per cent of sportsmen *who are disinterested*, are flatly against *hounding*—from the practical

hunting viewpoint, from the humanitarian viewpoint and from the preservation viewpoint. I need not go into this in detail here as regards the meat of the dog-run deer, the percentage of deer killed in the water before dogs, and all the other aspects; sufficient to say that every state in the Union has shut down absolutely on hounding—and Quebec—*Quebec*, mind you, that so many of our 'sportsmen' have delighted in calling medieval in its game laws, has started in the direction of following suit; New Brunswick likewise.

Ontario's game laws have been made, revised and again altered time and time again, and in the great majority of cases there has been a personal element behind each movement that has urged this and that from selfish desires. Hounding should certainly go, despite the defence of the dog men.

Then, too, we may fairly refer to the clause which demands that a nonresident shall donate fifty dollars for the privilege of killing big game; he can kill just one deer (if deer only he may happen to want) but he shall pay this same fee. Let us glance, in considering this, at the situation in New Brunswick and Quebec. New Brunswick asks fifty dollars 'tis true, of the nonresident to kill a moose and caribou, as well as deer, but the season is open from September 15th until December; a special license is obtainable for *deer only* for the sum of ten dollars, good during any part of the above open season. Quebec asks twenty-five dollars for big game (moose, caribou and deer)—in that part east and north of the Saguenay this entitles the holder *to kill four caribou as well as moose and deer* with an open season from September 1st to December in most of the Province's game country. Ontario as already stated, demands fifty dollars and its longest season opens only on October 16th for *one month*. In the country involved, north of steel and much of it *almost edging the Height of Land*, the season should lift at least as early as October 1st; and I fully believe it asked quite as much as the territory warranted prior to 1906, when twenty-five dollars was the fee. Again, this increase—as have been so many of our game laws—was engineered by 'interests' with selfish ends in view. It seems to me time that Ontario put her game resources on a par with those of

other provinces and competed for the revenue obtainable under practical legislation as regards season and license—and most assuredly present legislation is *not* practical.

Another farcical clause in the present non-resident laws prohibits an outside sportsman—after he has paid in his little fifty dollars—from taking home *even one pair of grouse*. Surely he has paid enough to entitle him to at least, say, twenty birds. It surely is not asking too much to expect he can take that number out with him for his own use.

Game laws should be enacted from a practical, unbiased attitude and we need a little—just a little—common horse-sense in legislating here just as in ordinary matters. It seems to me there is room for much practical revising of our present laws, both as regards the non-resident sportsmen who come over here and spend from \$350 to \$500 on their trip and also regarding the resident sportsmen, especially in the latter aspect bearing on the *hounding* now sanctioned.

I may have trod on some pet corns in dealing as plainly as I have done, but most of those so injured are undoubtedly self-interested, which I am not. I hold no brief for any clique nor element, but I do urge revision from the standpoint of fairplay and practical common sense, *in comparison with conditions existing in our two eastern Provinces*—three in fact, if we wish to include Nova Scotia—and because it seems to me Ontario should seek her share of the patronage of outside sportsmen who are a big asset and who do more to put funds in the Provincial coffers than the resident ones do in most cases. Let us have just a little common sense and let us have it quick.

#### A Platform I Think Practical and Sane

1. Stop absolutely deer hounding.
2. Stop, equally absolutely, the sale of duck.
3. A moose and caribou open season in the Northern District from October 1st to November 15th.
4. A non-resident license for one moose, one caribou and one deer of \$25.00 (or not more than \$30.00).
5. A special '*deer only*' non-resident license of \$10.00 (or not more than \$15.00).
6. A non-resident, in either case, to be allowed to ship home a limit of 20 grouse on his game license.

## Shot a White Moose

J. B. Tudhope, of Orillia is a proud hunter, having brought down one of the rarest freaks of the animal kingdom a white moose. Mr. Tudhope went in from Kenney's siding on the T & N. O. Ry. with a party of hunters, and while out on the trail was astonished to be

confronted with a moose which was everything a moose should be except in color. but his wonder did not interfere with his aim and the lord of the forest fell before his rifle. Dr Campbell of North Bay was with Mr. Tudhope when the white moose was bagged.

# FISHING NOTES

## Black Bass—King of the Lakes (Article 1)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

**I**N fly-casting for the trout, the capture of the well known *Salvelinus Fontinalis*, we have a pastime for the angler that is worthy the attention of any thoughtful man; fly-casting is certainly the poetry of fishing and brings results under conditions that demand of the angler, patience, keenness and native ingenuity—also a vast knowledge of the habits of the fish, the best sort of flies to use and so forth. The trouting pastime holds out to mankind an unrivalled opportunity, if he is in the country where the fishing is anywhere near up to the standard; though its enjoyment is never in how many fish are taken but how well and skillfully the few are taken.

I shall however leave the trout and the taking of him for another chapter, and shall for the present occupy myself with a discussion of the black bass and the manner in which he may best be brought to net. The black bass is one of the representative fish of this continent, and for fighting qualities, for sheer, outright pugnaciousness he has hardly an equal, not forgetting the vivid battle a good trout will put up when taken out of cold waters. But the bass is a fish that is typically American, or Canadian. It is more what we like to call, "our fish." And it can fight. But get a fighting fellow on the barb, play him right and you will need no more excitement to cool the fever in you. The black bass of the States is as nothing compared with the bass in the cold northern lakes of Canada. Here the springs at the bottoms of the lakes keep up a steady stream of pure coldness which is much loved by the fish, and here they may be taken, every form among them having an individual vim and energy in him—a good fish even if it is small. In the States the waters of the lakes in midsummer are warmed out; the fish are sluggish and as a matter of fact they cannot give one the battle for which the Canadian fish are noted. Many a man who has gone into the wilds of the north has found this fact to be very true. The black bass of the north is a pure aristocrat and of no mean order at that. He is a worthy follower in the footsteps of the husky fellows. He was classed as inch for inch the gamiest fish that swims, many years ago, by James Henshall and the term has held good to this day. As the game is gradually withdrawing more and more hunters are turning to the fishing pastime for sport, for there is always an abundance of fish to draw from even though game is becoming scarce.

The black bass is easily planted and will hold its own under quite rigorous conditions. It is a fish well known to all, and one worthy of anyone's attention, for, given a good lake, a fairly good outfit, the patience and a little bit of ingenuity, the bass fisher is always treated to some luck for his day's fishing.

Black bass spawn in the late spring, or the early part of June, sometimes later. It all depends upon the temperature of the water at the time of spawning. I have known bass as late as the middle of June in the cold northern waters holding back their spawn waiting for a more favorable turn in the atmosphere. But as a rule where the season is not backward they will cast their spawn some time in May and will then be ready to catch if the fisherman choose to go out in that early season. In the spawning season the bass come into the waters, the shallows, and will then be seen swimming about in vast numbers. In some instances they will not take bait, but it is a fact that with the use of surface baits they can be taken in this season but much care and consideration must be used in the performance if complete success is to be attained. I am writing these articles mainly for those who have never held rod in hand and desire a few pointers that will lead them to bait casting success. In the wild northern waters fish may be taken very easily enough for in this untamed, uncivilized state they have not been forced, in the name of self preservation, to understand the difference between the artificial or the real; and naturally they are easily taken. But in waters in civilized regions, they are perfectly wise in many instances to the lures employed to hasten their capture and therefore they are much harder to catch as a rule.

The first thing that will fix itself upon the mind of the beginner as he patiently enough goes about his fishing, is that the black bass is a queer fish in its actions. This will cause him to at once set about studying his subject. He will be treated to a world of knowledge, hitherto unbarred to him. The bass is a queer fish. Its shifting notions are history. To properly circumvent one of these mighty ones demands a little bit of skill and not a little patience. You will find that a bass will as likely as not take one variety of bait one day and the next will totally fail to be fascinated by that bait or any other. Then again while he may like an artificial bait to-morrow he will better take to a frog or live bait. Then again he may sulk; and flirt his tail on your lure. All these things must be remembered if your success in the beginning is not measured in big strings. A few good fish well caught under such conditions as these gives you a right to a name among the fellows who have gotten there through the school of experience. Fishing loses its power for appeal when the practice ceases to be a pleasure and is wholly a matter of profit, the mere seeking for the big string being the sole star in the horizon of the fisherman's endeavor. Before I delve into the matter of rods and reels I shall tell something about the baits to be used and how they are to be used.

There are two varieties of baits upon the market for use in catching the black bass. Either style is good and will catch fish if properly used. The surface bait is one constructed of light wood and will float, when trolled in, on the surface of the water. It will not sink under the water. The underwater, or submerged bait, is constructed of heavier wood or is leaded and will sink under the surface of the water about six inches when trolled with an ordinary slow speed. It is important for the beginner to realize that the surface bait is best used in the early part of the season when the fish are in the shallows; the submerged bait comes into prominence later on in the season when the bass have retreated and are found in deeper water. However be it noted that the bass stay under the lily pads, beside obstructions, etc., and then the surface bait is good. In fact it is good the whole season through, but particularly so in the early part of the season when the fish are in the shallows.

At the present day there are so many baits put on the market that one is very readily enough confused and often at a loss to determine just what to give recognition to and what to exclude from his outfit. It is well to go over these baits very carefully for there are many of them that are quite useless and made only to catch your pennies. In this day of commercialism people suffer similarly when they wish to buy artificial baits as when they buy their means of sustenance. Therefore it is always wise to go over these baits and take them at their face value. Many are poorly made and are not attractive. It is important that the bait present an attractive appearance, that it be shaped like something living and native to the fishes' habitat; it must be so fixed out that it will not catch all the weeds the lake is heir to. Now just go over our American artificial minnows and other various and sundry appliances and you will realize that very few can hold their own against the points which I have enumerated. In noting the fact that the creature of wood should resemble some living thing native to the fishes' natural habitat, it is noticeable that the frog is most often closely imitated. The frog is the downfall of the bass. Live bait is always the best—not once, but all the time. A bait that forges through the water will, it is presumed, act like a swimming frog and therefore so fool the bass that he will snap it up. I know of some baits that plow through the waters of the lakes like dredge boats and any bass which would take it for a frog is not worthy the name of—Black Bass! But such baits are to be found—and they are just the ones that must be excluded from the outfit. Consider that the prices of baits are well in keeping with the so-called high cost of living, and if you are going to buy and buy till you find the right bait you will find yourself put to considerable expense.

In these articles I shall not be given the opportunity of naming any bait by name, a self imposed restriction. I have before this in many instances when writing on this subject named certain baits, rods and reels, the result of which has been that I have been raked over the coals, the general verdict among the manufacturers, as against other manufacturers

being that I was in their employ and therefore but an advertising man under despicable, under-hand circumstances. This has been proven untrue; but I will not again put myself under any obligations however small. I shall give the reader an idea of what to expect, and he must judge and purchase for himself. The best I can do in all of these articles is to warn the reader that there is a perfect mass of inferior stuff on the market and this is just the material you should not countenance, for it will be at your expense. Avoid all baits, whether surface or submerged that on the face of them show a mass of needless and inferior features; also it is not necessary to have the whole bait coated over with hooks. Some of these baits have hooks on the sides and on the back; some even have a hook in front to catch evidently the fish that strike from the front. There is one gang of three hooks to the gang, on either side, and one trailer with a spinner. That properly identifies in your memory the many hooked baits. They come in all varieties of color from purple to lavender of which I shall speak later. As I have mentioned, shun all baits that look "fussed up." The most sane bait is the bait of few hooks. There is a small bait with a spinner in front, no hooks on the body, but a trailer gang of three hooks hid in buckhair—that is a very nice bait and one well worth your money. But I will not condemn the baits with the hooks on their sides. They have a purpose. There are bass who strike from behind, or follow up a bait. But the majority strike against the side, wherefore the use of the side gangs. I have practiced for results in this line and have found that the small-bodied bait with the trailer gang is also as good as the bait with the side gangs. For an underwater bait I think it is one that should be in the outfit. I have on hand practically all the artificial minnows put out on the market but were I to discard any, I surely would not drop this little bait. Then for a surface bait there is one I would always be sure to keep. It is a bait made of light cedar—Spanish cedar I believe if I do not mistake; it is enamelled white; it has two red ears in front; behind it has two feathers and they are red and in it there is one hook. When trolled through the water it is a perfect imitation of a swimming frog, and it throws up two rolls of water over the ears in front. The head of this bait is so elevated that it guards the hook behind, thus making it one of the most perfect baits, of a weedless nature, on the market. It is one of the best known of baits and when used either in the pads or in the shallows, or at any time of the season for that matter it is a winner. This bait also is so shaped that when it is sent through the air it is a good imitation of a butterfly swooping down. Bass, it is a well known fact, see for a distance of fifty feet and this bait flying through the air is often the cause of many an old fellow's demise. In selecting your baits get a color scheme that is sane. There are more insane departures on the market than one can think of. When I go over my baits I often laugh to think what people will do to make money. White and green are always good colors; gaudy, dazzling colors should be shunned; and do not get a

bait that looks and acts like a stick of colored candy. Have it one color or a sane blending of two colors. A lot of cheap notoriety is connected with many of these baits. They are largely advertised but of very little use. The best baits have their reputation sealed. A study of the experience of others will direct you in choosing the right bait. Always get good material. Keep well known brands in mind.

In using the surface bait in the spring cast ahead of the fish and cast so that the bait will fall as lightly as possible to the water. Then troll it along easily now and then twitching the end of the rod so as to give the bait an additional appearance of life. Let a bass snap up the bait before you set the hook; and do not set it too quickly or you may lose your

fish. If you catch a fish in one place there again for you will be liable to catch the mate to the one you have just taken. Bass run in pairs especially in the spawning season. Change off. Have at least three or four representative artificial minnows on hand; if you find that one bait is not working just right then shift to another and so on till you find the right minnow. If the fish in a certain place are not taking well then move on but return; and in returning try and so conceal yourself that you are not seen by the fish. Cast from a vantage point and always be as cool and composed as possible. Bass may be taken with the fisherman in plain sight, when in the shallows in the spring, but not every time. Patience and skill are not to be despised for they are invaluable!

## THE AMERICAN INDIAN LANGUAGE

R. J. FRASER

**T**HE Indian language is a perfect one,—it cannot be altered to be improved upon.”

Thus spoke Pere Richard, Jesuit missionary of the Objibways of Lake Superior. We were seated in the cabin of the “Missionary”, the little auxiliary sailboat in which the Father patrolled the shores of the lake, visiting and ministering to the scattered members of his dark-skinned flock.

“But one would suppose, Father, that during the many years and generations in which the two races Indian and white, have intermingled and intermarried, the native tongue would have been greatly affected by the other, and have suffered many changes. We presume the Indian to have been an illiterate person until he came under the influence of the white race, and that the teaching of your predecessors and yourself would have introduced a new and improved method,—a more scientific and modern one,—of construction of their language.”

“You are wrong there, very wrong”, replied the missionary. “In spite of the intimate knowledge which we have gained through several centuries of intercourse between our northern Indians and the whiteman, our people

still have many false ideas about the former. Canadians in general are very ignorant regarding the noble language of the American Red man.

“The American Indian, notwithstanding his long connection and intimacy with the whites has been generally considered as coming under the head of a class of untutored savages. A study of his language dispels such illusions and leads one to raise him from this degrading designation to his just rank among our species. His mental powers are of a far higher order than is commonly supposed.”

“Of all the American Indian tribes perhaps the Algonquins and the Iroquois have been to us the most interesting,—certainly so from a historical viewpoint. The former race stood out in relief as one of the most conspicuous amongst the many nations of northern America. From their great numbers and subdivisions as well as the large extent of territory which they at one time ruled and inhabited, they derived a paramount distinction. Because of their long intercourse with our race, commercially and otherwise, they ought to have a strong hold on our affections. Theirs, the “Algie” tongue, is the mother tongue of a great many of the

northern tribes. The Montagnais of Quebec, the Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Objibways and Chippewas, the great Cree family, the Chippewyans, and others, all speak dialects which are derived from the Algonquin language.

"No Indian dialects present more similitude than the Santeux, or Otchipwe dialect, which is the correct name of the language of the Canadian Objibways and Chippewas, and the Cree language. This latter dialect is the one spoken by the Indians and half breeds of Manitoba and Keewatin. The Otchipwe, which is nothing else (with but few variations) than the Algonquin tongue, forms one of the daughters of the great Algic family. Otchipwe harangues were heard, in olden times, on the borders of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi rivers, on the shores of Lake Superior and Hudson Bay, and even as far west as the immense plains of the Red River and the Saskatchewan. The names of rivers, lakes and of divers places are still in use to attest, in future times, to the existence of these languages, and reclaim their rights of just possession.

Henry R. Schoolcraft, a prominent student of Indianology, said—"The true history of the Indian tribes and their international relations, must rest, as a basis, upon the light obtained from their languages."

Bishop Baraga, an Oblate missionary to the Chippewas, published in 1885, a grammar and dictionary of that (or more correctly, the Otchipwe) language. He claimed that fifteen thousand natives, scattered about the shores of Lake Superior, and the surrounding inland tracts, spoke this tongue. Several other tribes spoke the same tongue with very little alterations.

"He who cannot understand Otchipwe," he wrote, "can readily converse with Indians of these other tribes, and besides, quickly gain a speaking knowledge of the dialects of several others."

"It is a perfect language," repeated Father Richard. "That is why it has not been altered. It is a natural one; as Hebrew, Greek, and Latin are

natural languages,—differing from French and English, which are artificial ones."

"Why," he continued, "I have manuscripts written in the Otchipwe tongue three hundred years ago, and the language is that of today. The Indian learns to read and write it quite readily, in the native characters, of course. Unfortunately the Indians are dying off so rapidly that the language is fast disappearing. There are not now so many true bloods left, and the half-breeds, though speaking their own tongue fluently, prefer the French or English.

"The Indian's language, again, is a natural one because he has never been taught it. He has really acquired it. It is, in its largest sense, a matter of progressive and systematic learning from childhood up to the age of maturity. He arrives at this latter age without any artificial helps, but instead, by a natural, necessary, progressive development. Here, now, he has his stock of materials, his nouns and descriptive adjectives, with which to form his figurative expressions. These are to the native personal and peculiar. Not every Indian is an orator, and it has been no uncommon thing to see a distinguished chief employ some more gifted tribesman to deliver his flowery harangues."

"Why, then, does a whiteman find it so difficult to master the Indian tongue?"

"Well, as I've already stated several times, this, the Indian language, is perfect in its own way, and has many beauties not to be found in our modern languages. But, it is a language of verbs. In a word, the whole structure of the Algic language, and the Huron and Iroquois dialects as well, depends upon the verb. It is the supreme chief of the language and draws into its magical circle all the other parts of speech, and makes them act, move, suffer and even exist in the manner, and in such situations as are pleasing to it. This is the great characteristic that distinguishes the Indian language from our own and

other European ones—the peculiar structure and powers of their verb.

“In fact, the whole fabric of the language is of a peculiar form, as compared with European ones. The Indian groups and arranges his ideas to suit himself; we, who speak the modern languages, are confined within the rules of syntax. In the native tongue long expressions in French and English are often shortened; short ones are lengthened. Still, it is a system complete in its mechanism, and has proven quite adequate to the natives’ needs. The Indian may often be in want of a name, yet he is never left in a quandary,—he simply defines or describes the object. Thus his language has become a descriptive one. It is also, most abundant in specific or concrete terms, but lacking in abstract or general words. Thus, for instance, for the varieties, sexes, and ages of a single animal there are a multitude of terms, but no general word for the animal.”

The abundance of lengthy, flowery descriptives is peculiar and common to all the dialects of the American Indians. While barren of terms for expressing general conceptions and ideas they are most opulent in terms for the particular designation of natural objects. Until one has acquired the art of embellishing the substance of his speech with a multitude of natural descriptives he is far from being a master of the language. A council was being held by one of the many branches of the Crees for the purpose of discussing the relative merits of Government treaty money and of land script, which was soon for the first time, to be distributed to the members of the tribe. A script buyer and a missionary were both present and each in turn addressed the assembled Indians. The former advocated the acceptance of the script by all who were entitled to receive it; the latter exhorted all to become treaty Indians. Although the missionary had a little Cree blood in his veins, and for over twenty years had been a diligent student of the language, his opponent had still the ad-

vantage. He was halfbreed and since childhood had spent most of his life among the Crees of Keewatin and the west. He spoke to the Indians in their native idioms with all the forceful eloquence of the deliberate Cree. Time after time he repeated his arguments, yet never in the same words, calling into use an apparently inexhaustible fund of flowery descriptive phrases. The result of the contest was, that the majority of his hearers, heretofore staunchly loyal to the missionary fell to the other’s unsound ideas,—swept away by the speaker’s fluent interpretation of the beautiful natural metaphors of the Cree tongue.

The Iroquois tongue, as spoken by the Six Nations and some of the neighboring tribes, presents more difficulties to the student than any of the Algic dialects.

It is a branch of the Huron language and Europeans have ever found it hard to learn. Grammarians tell us that it is not so much because of the mental processes which the language expresses, as the inherent difficulties of inflection and articulation. A remarkable peculiarity that separates the language of the Iroquois stock from their Algonquin neighbors and the western tribes, is the absence of labial consonants from their dialects. A writer once said that it is this feature of the Iroquois tongue that permits the native to talk perfectly with his pipe between his teeth.

“Some have absurdly stated” said Father Richard, “that the Indian is often obliged to gesticulate in order to make himself understood by his fellows. That is untrue,—absurdly so. Why, the Red Man, even in his most uncivilized state, could always give expression to his thoughts with precision and fluency. This he could do, too, in the dark, or otherwise, when gesticulation would be useless. No, the Indian language is a faithful interpreter of the understanding and of the heart. Gesticulation is quite foreign to their speech. Most of the dialects, like the Otchipwe, gave a languid manner of expression, quite

in harmony with the cautious Indian character."

"The Eskimo tongue agrees somewhat in form, in leading peculiarities of grammar, with the Algonquin languages. These two, often called mother tongues, may be inferred to belong to the same high generic family. Again, fundamental analogies with European tongues which pervade and form the basis of the Algic system show clearly an affinity between the languages of the two continents."

Many authorities agree on the theory that the ancestors of the American Indians are of Asiatic origin having crossed over to this continent by way of the Behring Straits. As evidence of a former intimate connection between the two lands by way of this northern passage, Father Richard told an interesting story. A good many years ago, a Jesuit missionary, who had been stationed among the western Indian tribes, was ordered to Tartary. There he met a squaw whose language he understood almost perfectly. She told him, that some years previous to the time of his visit, she had been carried away captive from America by a band of Tartars, and that these people used to periodically raid the coasts of northern Alaska.

Today, the Jesuit missionaries in Alaska minister to the Indians on both sides of the Straits, crossing and recrossing, in winter time, with their dogteams on the ice. They have found that the two divisions speak the same tongue.

"Thus, you see, the study of the Indian language leads us deep enough into the history of nations to establish an intimate relationship between the primitive inhabitants of the Old and New Worlds. This alone should be incentive and reward to the student of Indianology."

Gradually the old priest, as he delved deeper into the beauties of this, his pet study, became more and more imbued with the spirit of his subject.

"But," he continued, "we have an interest in these Indian dialects that rises above mere literary curios-

ity. The Indian names now permanently attached to our cities, lakes, and rivers, should have a peculiar interest to us all. Throughout all generations their language will continue to be spoken in our geographical terms. No one can turn to the lake, or river, or stream, to which the original lords of the land have bequeathed a name, without confessing that the Indian has perpetuated himself by a monument more eloquent and more imperishable than could be erected by mere human hands."

"Although obliged to disappear before the white man, the former savage has compelled his invader to adopt and preserve these denominations. The descendants of the Indians have kept, with great fidelity the names of their ancient localities, and have bestowed them upon our villages and cities, as they have successively appeared. It is but a fit tribute to our Indian predecessors to record the baptismal names of our rivers, lakes and streams, and also of their ancient sites."

In a list of the lakes of the United States, published in 1885, for the Fisheries Commission, two hundred and eighty-five bear Indian names. A larger proportion is shown in our rivers and streams. In a list of the principal rivers, flowing into the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, but excluding those of the St. Lawrence basin, seven hundred and twenty-four have Indian names. If we added to these the Indian names of the St. Lawrence valley, those attached to the waters of the Great Lakes, the Saskatchewan, and the numerous other great northern and northwestern watersheds, and the lakes and streams of the Pacific coast, the list might easily be doubled.

One must bear in mind that these have all not the true pronunciation, but have been disfigured by the early voyageurs and trappers, who by mispronunciation destroyed and rendered them incomprehensible, in spite of the reclamation work of Indianologists who were anxious to preserve the true pronunciation.

# A TWO WEEKS' OUTING

## The Diary of a Trip After Big Game in Northern Ontario

NELSON VANIDOUR

**L**EAVING Leamington, Ont., we went to Windsor by street car and from there were conveyed via the C. P. R. to Bisco, arriving in Bisco on the morning of October 25th. The following day at 1 o'clock we left by boat for Bisco Landing, a distance of twelve miles. By five o'clock we were at the Landing and had unloaded our duffle. We unpacked our goods and in addition to the bunks that were already in the shanty there we made two others. As the next day was Sunday we did very little but loaf and take some pictures.

The following day was devoted to cutting a supply of firewood. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we went moose hunting but though there were lots of signs we encountered no game.

On Saturday we set out after the deer and one of our party, Mr. Scratch, succeeded in landing a two hundred and forty pound buck.

On Monday I was fortunate enough to secure a big buck which weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The following day I said to my partner: "We will follow this road away out and see what is to be seen". He acquiesced and we followed it until about twelve o'clock. The snow was going fast. Finally I said:

"Here is a big buck. We will follow this." We did for about one mile straight back from the road. When we got back that far we lost the track as the snow was all gone on the south side of the hills. My partner went in the gully and I went on top of the hill. I saw a big hole going under an old stump so went and took a look at the hole. What was my surprise to find a bear in the hole with his head lying on his paws, sound asleep, apparently.

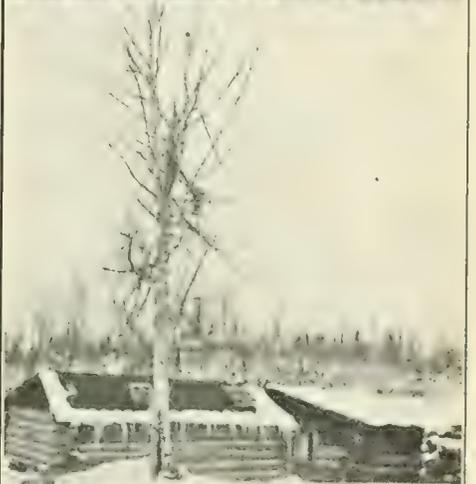
I pulled up and took aim just back of the ear and he rolled back in the hole. My partner came running up and wanted to know what I had shot. I told him I had shot a bear.

"Where is it?" he asked.

"In that hole."

"Let me shoot it," he insisted and I had a hard time to keep him from shooting at my already dead bear.

We got a stick and managed to get one hind leg out a little way. We then tied a rope on it and started to pull the bear out. Then we tied a rope around a tree and took the other end of the rope and tied it to the other hind leg and pulled him. He was sure enough a dead bear. We had to carry him—he weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds—one mile through the bush to the road and about eight miles along the road to camp. We had gone about one mile along the road and were resting when one of our party came along,



1. My Pal
2. The Shanty
3. Resting with the Moose

having been lost for four hours. He had been doing some tall stepping towards camp, without appearing to get any nearer his destination. While we were talking to him two more of our party came along and the five of us carried the bear to camp. I have since had it mounted in a rug.

On Wednesday, my partner, Mr. Wilkinson, myself and an Indian whom we took with us from Leamington, started out along the road and went for a distance of about fourteen miles when a moose got up more than a hundred yards from the road. We downed him, skinned and hung him up and started for the camp, which we reached about five o'clock.

We fixed up an old wagon and at seven o'clock the following morning a party of ten,

four pulling the wagon and the other six walking ahead, we set out for the moose. We got to the place where we had left him at 10.30, loaded on the moose and started back. We lunched at 12 o'clock and reached the camp at 5.30. The boat was waiting for us so we had perforce to pack up and go.

We got to Bisco at 9 o'clock, repacked our goods and were all through by 12.30. The train however did not arrive until 4 a.m.

We reached home on Saturday morning.

Our party consisted of Nelson Vanidour, I. Vanidour, F. Wilkinson, A. Wilkinson, E. Pickle, A. Scratch, R. Scratch, H. Burrows, R. Hepworth, C. Kioyshki.

## PHEASANTS IN SOUTHERN OKANAGAN

WASEECHA HOSKA

**P**HHEASANTS have become an established institution on Vancouver Island and the Coast of the Mainland of B. C., but efforts to introduce them into the interior, generally have not been successful, depth of snow and zero weather being too much for them.

In the Southern Okanagan Valley, which runs from Penticton at the South end of Okanagan to the Boundary Line and has so mild a climate that the Almond, Peach, English Walnut and European Grape are grown, with a snowfall of eight inches or less, seldom lying on the ground for more than a month during the winter, it has been left to private enterprise to make the experiment.

In June 1911, Mr. J. Thomas of Okanagan Falls (about twelve miles South of Penticton) got a setting of pheasant eggs from New Westminster, putting them under an Orpington hen, which in due course brought out fifteen chicks. Making the mistake of keeping them shut up in a small pen, ten of them died; Mr. Thomas then moved them into a pen twenty feet square on the grass, with the result, as he says, that "they did nothing but grow". In a short time they were able to fly over the six foot netting, but they returned to their foster mother every night until October, when they started out on their own account.

During the winter of 1911 and 1912 they would feed more or less with the poultry, but as soon as spring came they scattered, one cock and two hens going to a neighboring farm belonging to Mr. Matheson, the remaining pair staying on Mr. Thomas' farm. In the fall of that year quite a few birds were in evidence, and in the fall of 1913 it was estimated by Mr. Thomas that there were 250

birds in the vicinity, and so numerous had the cocks become, that the Provincial Government authorized an open season of three days (Oct. 15th, 16th, and 17th) for their destruction.

It was the good fortune of the writer to partake of Messrs. Thomas's and Matheson's hospitality on the second day of the open season and to indulge in what, to him, was the novel experience of Pheasant Shooting.

I am not going to relate my experiences, as this is an article on pheasants,—suffice it to say I got a brace of fine cocks, saw about twenty-five hens and some cocks which were not shot, and spent a most enjoyable day in perfect weather, with a few congenial spirits.

The farms of Messrs. Thomas and Matheson are ideal, whether from the view point of the lover of rural scenery, the agriculturist, or the pheasant shooter and in conjunction with the sunny, warm and early springs of the Valley, it would be an ungrateful "Bird of Phasis" who would not increase and multiply its kind.

Writing a couple of weeks after the close of the short open season, Mr. Thomas says: "I saw twenty-one birds near the house today, fourteen hens and seven cocks; in fact they seem as numerous as before the shooting."

The provincial Game warden has intimated that he will send a consignment of birds to Okanagan Falls and Penticton in the spring of 1914, so that a strain of fresh blood may be introduced.

I forgot to say that some thirty cocks were shot in the three days' open season.

In view of the great trouble taken to raise pheasants by artificial means in the Old Country, the results from Mr. Thomas's five birds breeding under natural conditions, are remarkable.

# THE BURNING MOOSE

ROGER ST. STEPHEN

THE Maritime express from Montreal was crowded. Four chance companions shared a double seat. When the train stopped one left and a young man quietly took his place. He was nicely dressed and wore an ordinary sack-coat that fitted well his slender figure. He was youthful, even boyish in his appearance, and one might have taken him for a young "drummer" only he appeared too deferential for that.

Of the other three, whom we shall call Tom, Dick and Harry, Harry had travelled the farthest, having been on board all night, and besides being tired and listless as travellers sometimes become in transit, was peevish and inclined to be caustic in his remarks. His elbow rested on the window-sill and his chin in his hand. Sometimes he fumbled a locket that hung from his watch chain, occasionally opening it to look within, and when he did so a softer expression overspread his face and he became noticeably impatient of delay.

"There's a minister," said Tom, glad to have an opportunity to direct his attention from himself. Harry deigned to look out the window at the crowd on the platform.

"Yes, there he goes," he muttered grumpily, "shaking hands as usual and smiling a sickly smile over his dog collar. I never met one yet that could tell a decent story, one that wasn't wishy washy."

"Don't be so peevish," laughed Tom. "Evidently your acquaintance with the cloth has not been very extensive."

Just then a truck with a crated moose head rattled past and conversation ranged around it—its probable spread, where it was shot, where bound, and so on to stories of moose hunting of truth and fancy. One led to another, the latest one, as is usually the case, going one better than the one previously told. The newcomer gave close, interested attention, inter-

jecting from time to time appropriate remarks.

Then when all three had taken a prominent part in the story telling, all eyes turned towards the newcomer.

"I haven't known you fellows very long," he began, "but, I think I am safe in telling you what I have told no one else. You know it is a fact, in New Brunswick as well as in other countries where there are good game laws and good game, that often the best stories of hunts contain incidents that are not safe public property. Indeed there are certain elements of lawlessness that appeal to men much the same as a sentimental love story does to women."

This hint thrown out by the newcomer was sufficient to make his hearers "sit up and take notice", and his appeal to their honor made them his sworn confidantes so that they would have prevaricated or fought to defend him had the dark things of which he was about to speak come to light. He proceeded:

"I was in a part of the country drained by the grand old Mirimichi—pardon me for not being very specific—and was about eight miles from where I wanted to go. At this place was a certain person whom I was particularly anxious to see. I had only that night and the next day free. All that fall my chum, Hugh, and I had been looking forward to a moose hunt, but I had not been able to find the time for it, although I did long to break the monotony of work for a few days and take a few day off in the woods, of which I was very fond. Hugh was to secure guides and get everything in readiness, for he was practically on the ground, and then to notify me. We had expected to go about the time of which I speak but having had considerable else to think about I had for the moment forgotten it, having heard nothing from him. Anyway, one day would have been of very little use and I determined to spend

the little time I had then at my disposal in pleasant company—with my fiancée.

“It was past eleven o’clock at night when I climbed into my wagon and picking up the reins with no little satisfaction, gave the Black Prince the word he was impatient to hear. Kind friends insisted upon my accepting a lantern, which I attempted to refuse, but which they urged upon me, and for which I was afterwards very grateful. Although I knew the road thoroughly well and had done no end of driving in the night I found that on this night it was so utterly dark that I was forced to stop and light the lantern which I had been too proud to leave burning. My thoughts were not unpleasant ones, as you may imagine, and I drove along without a fear. The Black Prince was jet black, a fine, large, strong driver, and his record on the track was 2.27. We understood each other perfectly and I would have trusted my life to that animal. He always seemed his best on that particular stretch of road and many a secret I confided to his discreet ear.

“I had gone through about five miles of woods, all good moose and deer country. On several occasions in driving through I had seen deer and moose and just that fall a man had shot a moose without getting out of his wagon. In the darkness and stillness of the night the thought came to me that this was the rutting season and that not improbably there would be a bull moose right around me. What if one should be attracted by the rumbling of the wagon or by the light and come out and attack me? Moose at that season often go towards any unusual sound, and a light will attract many creatures of the wild. I confess, boys, the thought made me nervous. I laughed at my own fears, however, and speaking to Prince asked him how far behind he would leave a moose if one did come out. We were through the thickest of the woods by this time and I heaved a sigh of relief. About a mile of open bush that had been burnt the year before, a mile and a half of

splendid road, and then I would be at my desired haven. As I passed from the heavy woods, I touched the reins and the Black Prince started on his faster road gait—a long swinging ten mile an hour trot, when—Heavens! I can feel it all yet—there was a crash on my right and before I could get my heart far enough out of my throat to catch my breath or crush my hat down on my bristling hair, a monster sprang out of the woods right on to the road. It seems to me I never saw such an animal, and as for antlers, really it did look as though they were (as every farmer says when he sees a moose) like a sulky hay rake turned upside down and about that wide. Have you heard a guide call moose? I have heard some wild noises made by amateurs that I am sure scared everything, moose and all, for miles around, but neither amateur nor professional could have made a noise like that. It shook the earth, making the wagon tremble and myself to shake like a leaf. Black Prince at the first crash, bolted then stopped and at the awful roar which the moose emitted gave a wild snort of abject terror and shuddered so fearfully that I was afraid he would have fallen. Recovering himself in an instant he started—did ever mortal horse go so fast? Away we went, seeming absolutely to fly through the air. My heart exulted; soon the moose would be left far behind. But was he? He could have run rings around us. That long legged, big antlered ungainly brute just played with us. Capering like a stall fed steer he gave his mighty head a toss and caught the wagon below the axle. I thought it was over and knew that, in this case, my last hour had come. But the wheel struck a tree and righted. The horse was nearly thrown off his feet. Meanwhile the moose tore up the ground with his feet and roared. The next toss all would be over.

“But another fear possessed me. Would the moose forget the light, which seemed to attract him, and make for the horse? The thought almost froze my blood. What could I do? By this time I was as cool as I am now and was able to think clearly.

I had a bar of iron about fourteen inches long in the carriage, but a knitting needle would have been quite as effective. To put out the light would have left me even more helpless than I then was and would probably have turned the moose's attention to the horse. Just then he was at my right and his spreading antler was within easy reach. Like a flash an inspiration came to me. Leaning over a little I quickly hung the lantern on a branch of his antler. The handles slipped into a natural lock formed by one spur over-topping another. For an instant he trotted along like a big dog, in attendance upon us, seemingly proud of his decoration. Then he shook his head and the lantern wavered—it looked like a conductor's signal. All at once it dawned on the moose that this thing was fastened to him, was haunting him. He gave a mighty lunge at it that would have pierced armour but the lantern eluded him. Shall I ever forget the awful roar that came from the terrified moose as it came to him that he could not rid himself of this ball of fire. Throwing himself back upon his haunches like a calf that had got its head in a bucket or basket, and rearing, he wildly pawed the air. Reason failing and the unearthly, uncanny thing haunting him, the courage that would have faced a lion or an express train gave way to panic and with another roar of terror and agony he sprang like a thing demented out of the path and plunged into the woods. A few leaps and there was a crash; I heard glass breaking and saw something like a sheet of bluish flame. He had broken the lantern and the oil running over his body had caught fire. Talk about Conan Doyle's hound of the Baskervilles aglow with phosphorous. That was to this as a cat is to a horse. That moose must have been nineteen hands high at the withers and he was a roaring flame.

“All this happened in about five seconds of actual time measured by the clock, but measured by impressions and feelings and nerves it must have been several years at least be-

fore I saw the moose actually pass from my sight.

“Meantime the Black Prince had recovered his speed. How he did go! I am sure he had never made such a record on any track.

“We had covered about a mile since the moose had sprung out and this left the mile and a half of good road where I usually spurted. This night although I did my best to quiet the Black Prince I was not successful. We must have gone not less than a mile in 2.30 at the very outside. He was fairly foaming and he did not stop until his nose was against the barn. At the sound of the carriage the door of the house opened and May came out. She had evidently been watching for me. The boy took Prince and I gave some hurried orders and ran around to meet my fiancée. Hurriedly she told me that Hugh had left word as regards the hunt, that he was in the woods then and expected me to join him. I was peremptorily ordered off as this was the only day I had to spare. Though she hates guns, May had a rifle, cartridges, compass and everything that I needed, ready. With time only for a hurried good-bye she pushed me from her. The express train was at the station, which is only a few steps from the house. I ran and sprang on the train without stopping to buy a ticket. The train was a little late and Jack Martin was the driver. He was making up time and he could do it if any man could. The express usually went the sixty miles to the next station in two hours but we did it in ten minutes less. Herb was waiting for me with Nigger, next to my own, the fastest horse in that country, and he was a far harder driver than I. I jumped into the rig and away we went. Three miles of good road, then the wood road. Two miles through the woods brought us to the camp, our base of supplies. Herb looked after the horse while I, taking my rifle and a lantern, went right on to the place where Hugh and the guide were lying out. They had called in the evening and hoped that moose would be around in the early morning. It was scarcely a mile to

where they were and the road I knew well. Having got about half way I heard something come crashing along. Springing aside I turned down my light. I heard voices and then saw a lantern. It was Hugh and the guide. I called them but they paid no attention until I stepped out in front of them. They were blowing like race horses. By the light of the lantern the large whites of Hugh's eyes shone ghastly, while the half breed's face was pallid and more ashy-grey than death. Hugh was a big, strong, cool man with about as much fear as a tigress robbed of her cubs, but he was clearly unnerved.

"'Never in my life have I seen anything to equal it,' he stammered.

"'It may have been escaping gas or possibly the eccentric play of a stray electric current, but whatever it was, I cannot stay here.'

"I tried to get him to describe the thing he had seen.

"'Saw? Me!' jerked out the half breed, catching my question.

"'De Hell Devil,' said he and went away like the wind, with lowered head not looking where he went, only following the path. He caught Herb, who was trying to overtake me, in the pit of the stomach and knocked him into 'de boosh.'

"'Tell us what it was like, Hugh, don't you get silly,' I counselled.

"'Well, it was like a ball or sheet of fire that crashed through the woods seeming to tear the trees down with it and it smelled like coal oil and burning hair or flesh. I'd advise you not to go back. If it is gas it will be dangerous, but, he added with startling emphasis, 'it wasn't gas.'

"With these words he turned and walked away. I asked Herb what we should do. He replied that we would go back and shoot the moose they had called up. Hugh was a minister with a scientific training and Herb thought they were namby pamby things anyway. (The newcomer glanced at Harry with a twinkle in his eye and the latter assented vigorously).

"Strange it never occurred to me until we were snugly in our nest up a tree that this could be none other than

my moose. But what a distance it must have come! By rail it was sixty miles and by the woods it would be longer, for the moose would have to make a segment of a circle. Could the beast have done it? Could he go faster than an express train making up time? Yes, after the way he had played with Black Prince, I could credit anything with reference to his speed. I told Herb the whole story. After I was through he asked me if I had seen old Charlie at the Cross Roads that day. Charlie was a very decent fellow who often bought horses at a good price from Herb, so the question was legitimate, but it afterwards came to me that Charlie was a vendor of the ardent, which Herb despised. I am sure he thought the whole pack of us were fit only for an asylum. Thinking it all over since, I have been impressed by one thing namely, that the moose, the unsophisticated half-breed, and the educated man of science with all his fine theories, all acted similarly in the presence of the mysterious, the breaking in of the supernatural.

"We had not long to wait before morning dawned. Herb gave a little call or two and soon we heard animals. As the light grew brighter objects became more distinct and we made out two fine bulls. They hunted around suspiciously but a little low grunt overcame all caution and they trotted up to within easy gunshot. We each took one—the one nearest to us. After bleeding and opening them I worked at skinning and Herb went for the horse and the two front wheels with the gear, of the truck wagon, which makes a dandy sulky to go over all sorts of rough places for game. We loaded one carcass and went out to camp. Seeing that I could catch the train outbound, I took my moose head and scalp and Herb drove me to the station, where I sent the head on to town and went back to the house while Herb stayed to look after the meat. After a good hour's talk about the hunt with May, not to mention other things, I started to town with Prince, who looked none the worse for his fast drive. As we

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neared the scene of our adventure, however, he grew very restive. We were within a few hundred yards from where the moose had sprung out upon us when, merciful heavens, there was a crash to our right—the opposite side to that of the previous night—and looking towards the place from which the sound came I saw such a sight as I hope I may never see again. It looked like a blackened skeleton of some antediluvian creature, disturbed from its sleep of centuries and doomed to walk the earth again, or like Coleridge's ship with "her ribs through which the sun did peep," while two great light spots seemed to burn like coals of fire. But the head and neck were those of a large well antlered moose. The creature seemed to totter along, labouring hard, as though to get to some destined goal. How I controlled the horse I do not know. The phantom struggled through the woods, staggered, and then fell dead on the road just on the spot where it had nearly twelve hours before, sprung out before me.

"Tying the horse I examined the body. It was the remains of an immense moose, charred and horribly burned. Scarcely a speck of flesh was left and the two lights were the two big bones of shoulder and hip where the fire still burned. On the antler hung the twisted frame of a lantern. The neck and hair were perfect and untouched by the fire. What a spread! The one I had sent from the camp I had thought a beauty and so it was, but it was nothing compared with this. With arms extended wide I could not reach across it, and most men can reach six feet. The spread was at least seventy inches and there was a standing offer of one thousand dollars for a seventy inch spread. What visions were conjured up in my mind. I lost no more time and after no end of trouble by finally throwing the lap rug over his head, I got the horse past. Calling at the first house I came to, I sent a friend back to skin the neck and save the skull and antlers and then hurried on to town.

"A wealthy Englishman saw the head that I had sent on by freight

and offered me \$350 for it which I gladly accepted. It was worth in the local market about \$25 or \$50, for good heads in this vicinity are plentiful and cheap, but it pleased him and I did not object.

"Then I made use of the telegraph. The local Government said they would make good their offer at \$1,000. The C. P. R. said they were sending an agent; Ottawa offered \$1,500 and New York Naturalist's Society asked that it be held until their representative should arrive. I played the latter two against each other and, to make a long story short, sold it to the New Yorkers for the fabulous sum of \$5,750.

"Happy? Well, I should say I was. I could now get that \$75.00 solitaire ring that I coveted for May (here Harry nervously slipped his fingers into his vest pocket) and we would have that trip to the old country that we had both so often talked about.

"We stood over the head talking for a few minutes before going down to the bank to get the money when I stepped the chief of police.

"Very sorry, he said, but I must serve you with this paper.' I took it as a joke for I knew him well. Seeing he was in earnest, however, I demanded what he meant.

"Breaking the game laws, he replied. 'You are charged with killing two bull moose in one season.'

"It flashed upon me that this was true but I did not want to give anything away. Of course you can understand that the whole story of my midnight adventure and of the shooting of the moose the following day had gone like wild fire through the country and had appeared in big headlines in the papers, while I became for the moment a popular character here.

"Very well,' I answered. 'I'd rather pay the fine than have the trouble of a suit. Just wait until we get this head boxed up.'

"I must seize the head,' he replied with official coolness.

"I protested loudly and so did the Yankee, but you might as well have talked to the engine. This chief was

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a true English Bobby and between you and me, I do not think there is much of the romantic about them when they are on duty.

"He took charge of the head while the Yankee blessed him, and did what he could to cheer me up, saying he would wait over and see me through.

"The trial came on. My lawyers worked like Trojans. They first demanded proof, but there was the twisted lantern frame and the uncorrected and undenied reports. They urged self defence but were told the law was plain and that I should have put in a claim for damages and not have taken the law into my own hands. They urged that even if I had caused the death of the two moose the first one killed was mine and that the law could seize only the one that was unlawfully killed. This would be the other head, but the Judge ruled that this moose had *died* last. They argued that all the court could do was to fine their client, but the court replied that it could seize what had been unlawfully killed. The lawyers tried subtlety, palaver—I confess it—*consideration*, but nothing, not even 'extenuating circumstances' were entertained and they advised me, at last, that it was useless to appeal.

"Later I learned that the Government was sadly in need of funds and it fairly gloated over the opportunity of pocketing \$5,000. When I saw this I gave up hope. The court and the lawyers did reduce expenses to the very lowest. The trial and costs amounted to only \$100 and they remitted the fine, so that I still had \$250 to the good from my other head. I decided I would get the ring, and May and I would have a trip to Toronto or some other place nearer home.

"We were about to leave the court when an officer stepped up and served me with other papers. These were indictments for starting fires in the woods. Where had I ever done such a thing? It was soon made plain to me. That cussed moose had run past a dead spruce or other timber about every mile and had started fires everywhere. He was my property till he died—and then he was not

mine. I asked to have the cases brought on at once. There were no less than ten counts and the fine would not be less than \$50 each. Two of the charges were from Maine. Think of the distance that moose had travelled in twelve hours. We calculated it at 500 miles or thereabouts. It clearly shows that that part of Maine should belong to Canada.

"My lawyer—I shall always think more of lawyers after this—in some way I am not prepared to say how—got all to withdraw their cases except our fire warden, one of my own acquaintances and a young man, too. He, however insisted on pressing his case.

"The trouble with him was that he thought he had won May before we had become intimate. (At this, Harry sat up.)

"Well, my fines and expenses amounted to \$225. I had now left only \$25. I decided to buy a good rifle in memory of the whole affair and I would save a little each month until I had enough to buy the ring. Why didn't I appeal? Because the wardens had agreed that they would withdraw on condition that the whole thing was hushed up so they would be cleared themselves. If I appealed the whole lot of them would have to come down on me.

"You'd better believe I was in a towering rage and a dangerous customer to meet. When the lawyers made their last appeal to the local fire warden to withdraw his charges he laughed and gloated over his victory, pluming himself, however, on his fidelity to his oath and his conscientiousness in the discharge of duty. He also delivered himself of a nasty slur to the effect that I had been so much in love that I had set the woods on fire. Burning with rage I handed him a ten dollar bill before the Judge and lawyers and when he took it he asked impudently:

"'What is all this for?'

"I replied: 'To pay the marriage fee.'

"The whole court knew the story and they applauded and laughed while the fellow's cheeks burned as no



## The Double Track Way Through Canada

Fast Limited Trains are operated between Portland, Me., Boston, Mass., Montreal, Que., New York, N. Y., and Toronto in the East to Chicago, Ill. in the West and through connecting lines all points in the Southern and Western States and Western Canada are reached.

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The equipment on the trains of the Grand Trunk is of the highest standard. Electric lighted Pullman Sleeping Cars on high trains and high grade Parlor-Library, Dining and Parlor-Library-Cafe Cars on day trains.

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Passenger Traffic Manager  
MONTREAL

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General Passenger Agent  
MONTREAL

fire had ever burned. It was worth the loss to see his chagrin.

"As I watched him I was afraid that he might take fire and that I would have another burning animal on my hands. In this case, however, I knew that the head was not worth much. He got his share of the fines, \$75 in all, and I wished him joy with his booty.

"They rubbed it in unmercifully, asking how he had lost his girl, suggesting that his sagacity as a warden should reinstate him in her affections. I could stand no more and rushed out in a white heat. Suddenly I stopped. The seventy-two inch moose had been in court and it was now in a wagon at the door. There stood Herb taking a long, last look at it. The driver of this rig was standing near waiting for further orders. I thrust the remaining \$15 into Herb's hand. 'Quick,' I said. 'Give the fellow a drink and the money. Take him out of the way.' In a jiffy they were out of sight.

"The man found his horse and rig an hour afterwards, but there was no head in the wagon. Herb had the Black Prince ready by the time I got to the stable and I—well I am here.

"There is no clue to the robber. Some think the head was thrown into the river, some that it was hidden or sent out of town, but the whole thing remains a mystery. One thing is certain, the Government got no \$5,000 no, nor \$5.00 out of my head."

"Good, Hurrah," yelled all three listeners.

"Did you hide it or did you send it to the Yankee?" asked Tom.

"Oh no one knows what became of it but I have decided to take a little holiday in the States till my nerves cool off a bit and the fuss blows over. I don't want anybody to know," he added with a meaning look.

"No, no, never fear," chorused Tom, Dick and Harry. "You can trust us."

"But what about May?" sheepishly asked Harry. "Did she get the ring?"

"Yes, she got a \$75 ring out of the money the warden got from the fines."

"What, went back on you? Surely never. Gosh!" exclaimed Harry and fell back in his seat with closed eyes.

"Oh no, you misunderstand me. The warden owed me some money which I had forgotten all about, but my lawyers didn't and they garnished his plunder and May got her solitaire.

"Why what station is this? Gracious, I must get off here. Good-bye boys. Time passes quickly when one is in good company," and with a smile he hurried off and in a minute the train moved on.

The three watched him and many were the expressions of admiration and sympathy.

"Good boy. Great head. Blame shame if he loses the \$5,000. Hope he'll get the head safely delivered. Good for May, she was all to the good, etc., etc.,"

Just then some one from the back of the car made his way up.

"Hello Harry," he cried jovially. "I'm glad to see you were in such good company. When did you get into good society and so mighty interested in theology?"

"Jack, I declare. Did you know that man with us?"

"Know him? Didn't you? I know him to see him but have not the honor of such an intimate acquaintance as to slap him on the back as I saw you do, Harry."

"Oh shut up. Who is he?"

"That sir is the Rev. Andrew Johnson, M. A., B. D., Ph. D., D. D., etc., just returned from Germany where he took his Ph. D. with great distinction. He has been called to the biggest church in the United States with a salary of from seven to ten thousand dollars a year and assistants to do everything but sign his name. There is nothing very namby pamby about him is there?"

"Oh!" The three sat in stupefied silence.

"Say," said Tom. "Do you know if he was—was—had a law suit lately about, er—about hunting or anything like that?"

# BIG GAME HEADS

TO BE  
Mounted By

**Oliver  
Spanner  
& Co.**



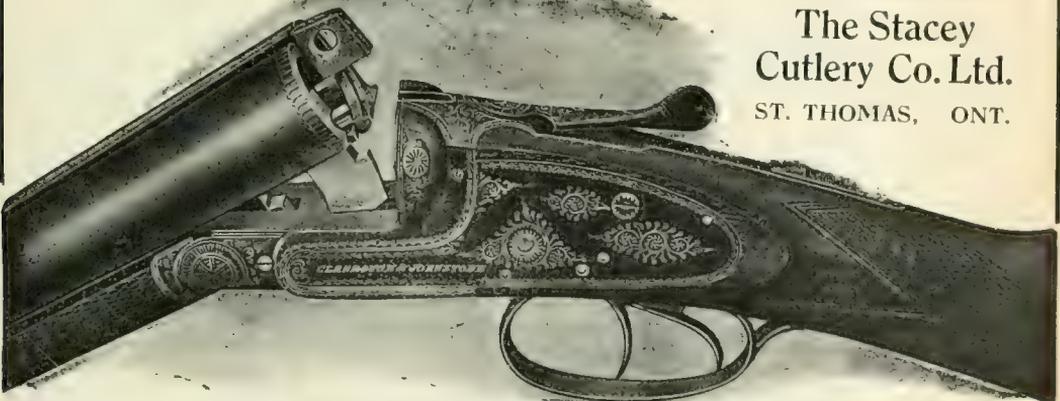
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WRITE THEM FOR CATALOGUE

"Why man he is just home. He's a dandy. You should hear him preach."

"Is—is he married? asked Harry."

"Yes, has been for two years."

"By golly, I have it," yelled Dick. "I have it sure as fate," and he laughed uproariously, while the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I don't see anything funny,"

snapped Harry, "about a pack of lies."

"Don't you remember?" giggled Dick, "what you said about the minister at—station? That you had never heard one who could even tell a decent story?"

Harry collapsed.

"B-b-b-by Gum," he gasped. "I know one now."

## TORONTO KENNEL CLUB FIELD TRIALS

T. R. DEGEER

ONCE more has the Toronto Kennel Club demonstrated that it is entirely feasible to conduct a field trial for Beagles and Harriers. Wednesday, October 22nd, 1913, the second annual field trials of the above club were held in the neighborhood of Wilcox Lake, Ont. The Club chartered a private car from the Toronto & York Radial for the convenient transportation of those desirous of attending the meet. Among those present were Messrs. T. E. Milburn, Arthur Atkinson, president Toronto Kennel Club; Geo. Tetaert, E. Sharp, W. C. Demmit, J. Aldersley, W. J. Archibald, Sam Pearsall, Dr. G. M. Trewin, Sid Perkins, C. Farrow, J. H. Webster, Dr. J. A. Campbell, A. Young, John Cornell, T. R. DeGeer. Ernie Jury motored out with a party as did also J. Miller.

The day dawned dull and cloudy with every prospect of rain before night, little wind and enough dampness in the air to make scent hold good. Dryden's Corners, where the trials were held, affords pretty nearly every kind of going except swamp. Most of the hunting was in cover and second-growth poplars. The executive did all in their power to make the visitors welcome, and the hot lunch brought to the field was very good indeed. We were disappointed in not seeing any of the Guelph fanciers present, and hope they will consider favorably next year's trials and make some entries. The day will surely come when it will be one big feather in the cap of the individual who owns the champion field trial Beagle or Harrier in Canada.

The quality of the work done by the dogs was on the whole good, but the ability shown by Queen of Trumps in the Beagle class, and Ring in the Harriers was of high order. T. R. DeGeer and Charlie Farrow, respective owners may well be proud. Tireless hunters these dogs, very careful in hunting out the likely places. Ring was so quick in his movements while doing so that it was a difficult matter to follow him. He drives tremendously fast. Tony, Will Archibald's entry, considering his age, is a fast worker, too and especially good on a warm drive; his casting is wide and

rapid. Just yet a while he lacks the experience of the winner. He will probably be seen to better advantage another season.

Class A. Beagles 13 inches and under, Bugle, dog. Owner T. R. DeGeer, Toronto. This dog was put down in a second growth scrubby bush of about five acres; after a diligent hunt of half an hour nothing was started. We then moved over to the corner of the 2nd concession west, which looked good. As we were late getting away, the dog was well on, and it was decided to run Class B. 15 inches and under.

Mr. Young, the owner of Spot, was asked his opinion of allowing Bugle to run with the bigger hounds, he having no objections. Class B, was called, consisting of Queen of Trumps, T. R. DeGeer, owner; Wee Melody, T. R. DeGeer, owner; Spot, A. Young, owner; These three and Bugle were cast off all in charge of their respective owners. After hunting out a lot on miced ground without a whimper that denoted business outside of some cover, the crowd started a rabbit and the hounds were faced nose on. Wee Melody opened first and all harked to and between them made things hustle through the woods, but the fur proved too clever. Queen of Trumps hit the trail eventually and was joined by her Kennel mates; Spot being thrown out, was never again in on this run. His owner said he had holed the rabbit. He may have holed a rabbit, but it was not the one originally started, as DeGeer's hounds ran their quarry after a check of only a couple of minutes, down past me and on past several of the spectators back again pretty much in the same course as first, then over a rocky knoll to a check. Queen of Trumps struck the proper chord and carried us at a merry pace with one check. When the other dogs got in and drove to a boggy water hole in a hollow near some cedars to a loss. Time 2 o'clock, and as the Harrier class was scheduled for 2.30 these hounds were called up. Hounds worked well together, harking well to one another at the first note, but Queen of Trumps, proved herself superior to her wider and more intelligent casting, and always

# The Art of Figure Skating

To those who have never done any fancy skating, an unexplored field of pleasure is indeed open.

The graceful swings and easy movement of the ice waltz, the delicate and intricate figures performed by fancy skaters are the envy and admiration of all who see them.

Figure skating is indeed an art and a very attractive and pleasant one at that, and yet all one needs to partake of this pleasure is proper equipment and a little practice.

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are the first requisite of any one who wishes to start Figure Skating. The G. B. Starr Figure Skate shown here is one of the most favorite styles of figure skates. While being designed for the trained skater, they are at the same time an excellent skate for the use of the amateur.

They are made of the highest quality of steel, specially tempered and welded, beautifully plated and polished.

**All good Dealers sell  
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DARTMOUTH, N.S.**

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had the speed awards and the nose of the others.

Class A. Beagles, 13 inches and under 1st Bugle, 2nd, Jack, 3rd, Nell.

Class B. Beagles, 13 inches and under 1st. Queen of Trumps, 2nd, Wee Melody, 3rd, Spot.

All aged Class, 1st, Queen of Trumps, 2nd, Bugle, 3rd, Wee Melody.

Harrier Entries.—Spot and Ring, C. R. Farrow, owner; Jack, Jas. Miller, owner; Tony, W. J. Archibald, owner; Lulu, H. Sparrow, owner, and Jack, Jas. Miller, owner.

No time was wasted with the big hounds. They were liberated at the edge of the road and all went to work in a business like way, and soon were tonguing. Ring's keen nose worked out a circling train in rapid form, being quickly joined by the other dogs, driving extremely fast right on up through the bush on over the ridge, where Lulu and Jack got thrown out. Here comes puss. On came the dogs fairly flying; brilliantly they ran down past me, Ring leading. He is a corker on a hot drive. I almost thought he flecked the hare once or twice, as he passed me, but could not get a fair grip, Sport and Tony loping him on either side. The pace was too much for the rabbit; it was hole or death and he took to the burrow.

These hounds took no time for breathing or resting up. They were within five minutes "hammer and tongs" after another. This rabbit was viewed going over the ridge by me. On a cast Tony picked up a turn or two, but Ring always had the speed to take the lead and did most of the driving. On over the ridge they go, across the open, and packing well gave us the prettiest hunt so far. A slushy swale checked the race. Off again over the lower end of the ridge where they holed the rabbit, going towards the road. About this time Mr. Young called Mr. Sparrow's entry off, so we will make no comments, as he forfeited all the dog's chances by his action. Mr. Miller's entry did not show up very well, but will say I have seen him run hare extremely well, being an industrious worker, true and willing, though he prefers running alone.

At 4 o'clock hounds were called up.

Awards.—1st Ring; 2nd, Tony; 3rd, Spot.

Before leaving for home a purse was subscribed to by a couple of medals to be presented to the owners of best types of Beagle and Harrier conforming to the show standard, which were won by T. R. DeGeer's Wee Melody and C. Farrow's Spot, respectively.

Mr. Harry Taylor of Toronto was judge at the Field Trials.

## Amendments to the Alberta Game Act made at the Last Session of the Legislature

A close season for prong horn antelope until October 1st, 1917, is one of the amendments made at the recent session of the Alberta Legislature.

The close season for ducks and swans which formerly opened on August 23rd, has been put on a week, making the season lift on September 1st and end as formerly on December 31st.

An open season has been provided for Hungarian partridge during the months of October and November with a limit of five birds per day and twenty-five in a season. No person however shall buy, sell, barter or exchange any of the said birds.

The close season on Hungarian pheasant has been extended until October 1st, 1920.

The open season for prairie chicken, partridge, etc, has been extended one month. Chicken therefore may be shot during the months of October and November.

Foxes are now protected between the first day of April and the first day of November.

Power is given the Lieutenant Governor in Council to frame regulations regulating the buying, selling and exporting of big game,

game birds, and fur bearing animals reared on game or fur farms.

It has also been provided that any person found within an enclosure of any kind surrounding a game or fur farm shall be liable to a fine of not less than \$50 and more than \$200 and costs.

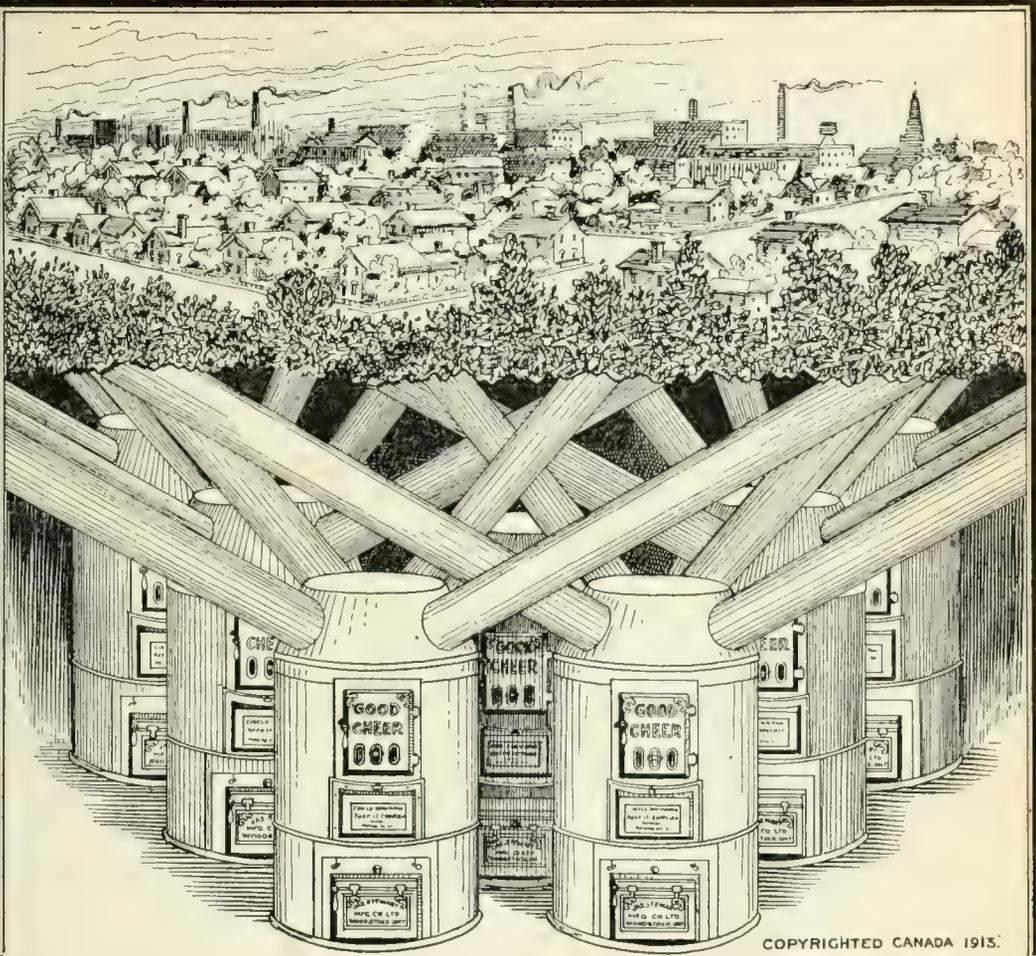
The use of any contrivance for the purpose of deadening the report or sound of any fire arm is prohibited.

A non-resident Trapper's license will in future cost \$25 instead of \$10 as formerly.

A resident of the Province residing to the south of the 55th parallel who does not reside upon a farm as a farmer will be required to purchase a license costing \$2.25 before hunting or shooting any game bird.

Increased power to search for game illegally taken is given to game guardians.

Each and every purchaser of a game license will be required to wear a button provided by the Department and to display the same in a conspicuous place on his coat when hunting under license.



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**WARM AIR FURNACES**

the degree of winter comfort, health and economy which the community would enjoy is incalculable. Dry, hot, dusty air is the menace of the ordinary furnace, and you should know something of the value and necessity of humidity in heating. Ask your dealer for a “Good Cheer” Furnace Catalogue, or write to

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# ALONG THE TRAP LINE



## Things a Trapper Should Know (Continued)

GEORGE J. THIESSEN

Visit traps set for small animals every morning.

Be as humane as possible in killing fur bearers. Do not torture them.

Do not experiment with freak sets.

Mark all traps so they can be identified; also examine them carefully before setting to see whether any are defective or not.

The best time to trap the skunk and civet is in the breeding season, usually in February or March.

Traps set in water need not be handled with gloves as there will be no scent.

Meat baits are usually best covered with light brush, etc. If not, the decoys will be bothered by crows, hawks, etc.

Study tracks and signs of fur bearers. The more you can learn about them the greater your catch will be.

As a general rule the trapper who sells often and keeps in touch with the market makes the most money.

Short wires, about thirty inches long, often prove of great value in making sets.

Do not have your pelts ragged. A sharp knife should always be used for skinning.

Skin all animals as soon after they are caught as possible. Never dry pelts over a fire. Remove all flesh and meat from them.

Trapping is hard work. Remember this before you start out after pelts.

During extremely cold weather most fur bearers are hardest to catch. At this time of the year, however, the animals have the finest fur.

A pelt that turns black, brown or blue on the flesh side is not prime. Remember this when shipping.

Traps should not be greased with machine oil. Lard without salt in it is an ideal lubricant for them.

## Enquiry Department

*There are a number of firms operating, who by "wild cat" lists, etc., annually cheat trappers of America out of millions of dollars. I have been fighting this class for years. "ROD AND GUN" published some of my exposures not long ago, for the owners of this magazine, like myself, are against "fake" buyers.*

*I should like to hear personally from those who have been cheated in selling furs in the past, and also from those who have furs to sell or expect to have. Address me, enclosing stamped envelope for reply,*

G. J. THIESSEN,  
Rod and Gun,  
Woodstock, Ont.

### How—When—Where

Q. How do you catch marten?

A. Marten are very easy to take. Any good scent will attract them. As a general rule, you will find them most numerous in hilly, woody country. Build pens and place a piece of meat in the back part saturated with a good decoy. Guard the bait with one or more traps. In making sets of this kind, it is well to guard them from snow, so that they will not be covered up.

Q. Why is it that some firms are able to quote higher prices—from 20% to 30% higher than others?

# "CHALLENGE" COLLARS

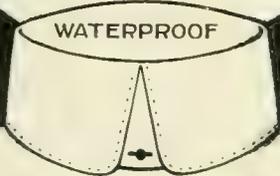
The Acme of  
COMFORT  
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They have the same dull finish, texture and fit as the best linen collar, and won't wilt or crack. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth.

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No. 26 is a Tarpon, Tuna and Surf Fishing Rod that has a record of a 500-pound shark caught off the North Carolina coast (no "fish" story). KEEPS ITS SHAPE. Cannot warp. Measures 6 ft. 9 in.; weighs 26 oz. Heavily nickeled over copper, then 3 coats of enamel baked on. Your dealer has No. 26 or any other "BRISTOL" for any kind of fishing. If not, we'll supply you. Write for the new

"BRISTOL" Catalog—FREE

The 1914 "BRISTOL" Calendar is a full-color reproduction of Philip R. Goodwin's painting, "The Last Struggle." Size, 16½ x 30 in. Sent, prepaid, only on receipt of 15 cents.

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(1) 9 to 12 ft. cane built Trout or Bass Rod, 3 piece, 2 tops, pat. lockfast joints, cork handle, improved fittings, agate butt and end rings—£4.19.0 or \$24.11. 3-8 contracted "Perfect" Reel with Agate Line Guard £2, or \$9.74. Double Taper "Corona" Line 35 yards, 15|- or \$3.65. In all \$37.50.

(2) 9 to 12 ft. cane built 2 piece "Perfection" Trout or Bass Rod, suction joint agate butt end rings, cork handle with pat. Screw grip, £3.2.6 or \$15.22. 3-8 "Unique" Reel 18|6 or \$4.50. 30 yds. D. T. Tournament line 8|6 or \$2.7. In all \$21.79.

SEND CASH COVERING ORDER, BALANCE CAN BE ADJUSTED.

CATALOGUE 1912—300 flies in color FREE

THE GREATEST FISHING ROD AND TACKLE MAKERS IN EUROPE  
51 Gold and other medals

# Hardy Bros. Ltd., Alnwick, England

Illustration shows handle of one of our celebrated cane built rods. The hand cannot come against metal work. The reel fitting is our Pat. "Screw Grip" The reel is one of our "Perfect" ball bearing agate line guard regulating check reels, 3-8 Diam.



A. The reason is simple. A number of firms issue "wild cat" lists simply to get fur shippers to send in their lents. They cannot pay these prices—in fact they are higher than they can get for them. In a future issue of "ROD AND GUN", I may have something to say concerning this practice.

Q. What kind of stretchers are best for small fur bearers?

A. I believe steel stretchers are, for the reason that pelts will be stretched uniformly, giving correct shape, and will dry quicker.

Q. Do you think patent baits will help a trapper?

A. Some will, others will not. When purchasing a decoy, always investigate whether the man who puts it up is, or has been, a trapper himself.

Q. Do skunks gnaw themselves out of traps?

A. Very rarely. When they escape, they usually pull out.

Q. Why is it so many muskrats get away after being caught?

A. The trap used is generally too strong. It breaks the leg bone and the animal twists

out. If one will use No. 0 traps and stake his sets in deep water, he will find he will get fur instead of feet.

Q. Is the dead-fall practical?

A. It is when constructed by an experienced pet hunter. Generally speaking, however traps will be found best.

Q. Can you tell me how to catch muskrats?

A. A Victor trap is very good for muskrats. However, I prefer the No. 0 Jump or Leap, which will hold the animal securely but are not so strong as to break the leg bones. During the winter—cold weather—muskrats are not very active. Traps placed in springs, flowing tiles near streams, etc., are about the only places they can be trapped unless one wants to chop into houses and make sets. This however, is prohibited in certain parts of both Canada and the United States.

Q. Can you tell me the name of a prairie animal the size of a dog, with brush on its back?

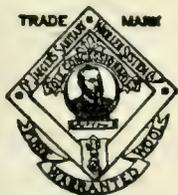
A. The question is not clear. It is possible reference is made to the "brush wolf"

## The Weasel

WILLIAM HOOD

**T**HIS small animal is found fairly plentifully all over the North-West. In winter it has a splendid coat of pure white fur with the exception of the tip of the tail which is pure black. In summer the weasel is pure brown and the fur is valueless at that time. The weasel found throughout Canada is the white turning variety. Its fur brings prices ranging from fifteen cents to a dollar and twenty-five cents and is increasing in price every year. It is a very blood-thirsty little animal, often killing partridges, chickens, etc., sucking the blood and taking the choice portions only. Weasels are very strong and fleet of foot, quite out of proportion to their size. However they are fairly easy to trap, once one understands their habits. They usually frequent brush piles and logs, where they hunt for mice, and are also to be found around lakes among the cat-tails and grass. In the early part of winter they are more plentiful than in the latter part of the season. When the snow gets deep and cold, they go under the snow among the grass hunting mice and only come up occasionally. There are a great many different methods used in trapping this animal. The size of trap mostly used for this animal is No. 1 and No. 0. In the North where the snow is deep they are frequently caught by making a pen about a foot long and five or six inches wide. Make the pen about nine or ten inches high beside some brush or brush pile and logs. Make a little hollow in the snow the size of the trap inside the pen; at the entrance lay two little sticks in the hollow to support the trap. For if a thaw comes, your trap will sink down and won't spring. Then cover your trap carefully with small feathers and for bait use a piece of fresh rabbit or chicken; muskrat will do impaled on a small

stick and stuck up behind the trap so that the fur bearer will have to go over the trap to reach it. Fasten the chain to a piece of brush or clog. Sometimes it is advisable to roof over the pen with a handful of spruce branches in snowy drifting weather to keep the snow from covering the trap. Always be careful when making sets like this, for when the weasel is not hungry he is inclined to be suspicious of such places. Feathers make the best covering for sets of this kind. Some trappers use cat-tail down. But when a thaw comes and then cold, then it cakes together and the trap won't spring. Fine tissue paper is pretty good when nothing else is to be had. But feathers are the best covering for traps. Weasels are very fond of hunting around the edge of lakes among the cat-tails and muskrat houses after mice. This is a splendid place for trapping them. Find a muskrat house that is frozen inside and cut out a hole on the side of it, the width of the trap and about a foot long. Set the trap inside and cover the top of the hole over with trash etc. Leaving the entrance open, cover the trap carefully with feathers. You can use bait if you wish, putting it behind the trap on a stick. But the weasel is a very inquisitive animal and goes into every hole he finds, hunting especially muskrat houses and you will have him when he comes along. You can often set traps in holes on old beaver dams, without using any bait. Just put a few drops of fish-oil underneath the trap and cover it carefully with feathers. Set the traps in ditches and on creeks close to the banks, for weasels are always hunting in these places. You can make holes in the bank and set traps in them. Make sets at all places. Weasels frequent among logs, brush etc. A good way to make sets at these places is to get a fresh



## Jaeger Dressing Gowns and Jackets

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rabbit, let it lie on the snow on some prominent place and set a trap beside it, so that when a weasel comes along, and gets started nosing around he will get caught. Always set traps at piles of stones, along brush fences, for they go in and out among them hunting. Fish is a good bait for weasels if you can get it. Beef is very good also. Some trappers use fish-oil for attracting them to the traps. It is very good at certain times of the season when it is not cold. A good trail for them to follow is made by putting a few drops of fish-oil on a fresh muskrat carcass, and pulling this from trap to

trap making a trail for them to follow. But in intensely cold weather, baits have very little scent and sometimes a weasel will go right past the bait, because when it is frozen so hard it has hardly any scent. Salmon is a good bait also. On creeks where there are big piles of drift-wood, is a good place to make a set. You must study the lay of the country to be a successful trapper of weasel. When skinning them, always take the bone out of the tail because if you do not take it out the tail will rot. Use a split-stick for taking the tail bone out and you will get it out quite easily without tearing the tail.

## Big Money in Trapping Fur Bearers

A. B. Shubert, Inc., Chicago, U. S. A., who deals exclusively in American raw furs, in a letter to the editor says in part as follows:

**D**OES the average farmer stop to consider the thousands of dollars that are paid out every year by the large fur houses for the skins of the "farm yard pests?" The Mink, a menace to the chicken coop, the Skunk, Muskrat, Weasel and other fur-bearing animals, classed as "varmint" and considered a nuisance to the crops, all have their intrinsic value, and it would be well for many to forget the nuisance end of the story and look at the profit side.

The money picked up by the wise farmer boy in a season, to say nothing of the professional trapper's revenue, is something that would make a great many people sit up and take notice. Just a few years ago, it was hardly worth while to skin these animals and ship the fur, but since the supply of nearly every fur-bearing animal with the possible exception of the Skunk has decreased at an alarming rate within the last few years, the prices have gone up accordingly, until now it is a mighty profitable occupation during the winter months.

However, many a dollar is lost to the man who does not exercise good judgment and common sense in gathering his collection of Raw Fur. How many thousands of Rats, Mink and other furs are graded down to

second and third class every season because the shipper did not have sense enough to leave his gun on the rack, and purchase a comparatively cheap steel trap? If a person went to buy a fur coat or hat, and he was shown one shot full of holes or with even one hole in it, he would laugh at the dealer who tried to sell it to him. Yet many a shipper does not seem to realize that every time he shoots an animal, he practically cuts the value of the fur in two. The money that is saved by trapping one or two Mink or Skunk will more than make up for the cost of the traps, and it is easily the best in the long run.

As most everyone knows, the time to trap is when the fur is prime. Nevertheless many a thoughtless trapper or "would-be" trapper, proceeds to kill the fur bearers all Summer, to dig them out of their dens when they are breeding, and in every way possible to exterminate the fur-bearer completely in his locality. Of course no good can come out of this practice, and he might just as well wait until the fur is prime as to kill the animals in the Summer when their furs are almost worthless.

The golden opportunity of the farmer boy to pick up a neat little pile of money in his spare time this winter should not be overlooked, and the exercising of a little "COMMON HORSE SENSE" will go a long way towards determining the amount of his earnings.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

**T**HAT beginning with January 1914 the price of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA MAGAZINE will be increased to \$1.50 per annum, this rate to apply to postpaid subscriptions mailed to any part of Canada, the United States or Great Britain. Old subscribers *who are in arrears* will be charged at the rate of \$1.00 per annum up to December 1913 and \$1.50 per annum thereafter. That we have not made this increase before—as has been done by practically every other Canadian and American dollar magazine—is proof of our reluctance to do so, notwithstanding the enormous increase during the past few years in the cost of production. We trust that our subscribers will appreciate the necessity for this change and that we shall be able to make the magazine of sufficient interest throughout the coming year to more than compensate our subscribers for the additional small increase in the subscription rate.

THE PUBLISHERS



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# Notes On Foxes And Other Fur Bearers

The production of Persian lamb, that lustrous, tightly curled fur so much in demand for winter caps, has been for generations monopolised by the herdsmen of Bokhara, southern Russia, Persia and Afghanistan. Now, in America an investigator claims to have imported into the United States Karakule sheep which he hopes will enable Americans to produce the much prized fur themselves.

According to the investigator, there are several varieties of the Karakule sheep, some of them having a considerable admixture of an Afghan fine-wool strain, which is very objectionable. A close examination of these will reveal an underlayer of short, dull, fine wool concealed beneath the long, lustrous, coarse outside covering. If animals of this type are imported for Karakule sheep breeding, the result will be failure.

The right kind of sheep, from which the genuine Persian lamb is produced, are the Arabi and the Doozbai. These are closely related, but the latter is larger. The investigator affirms that his experiments have proved that by crossing a good ram of one of these breeds with a ewe of some long-wool common variety such as the Lincoln, lambs can be obtained with a more lustrous and more tightly curled fur than if both sire and dam were Karakules of an inferior kind.

There passed through Toronto, says a despatch from that city, on their way to Prince Edward Island, from the state of Idaho, in October last, a shipment of 318 Lincoln sheep, which will be used in extending the now famous fur-farming industry of the island Province. The shipment was in charge of Mr. J. Walter Jones, B.S.A., of Charlottetown, whose report to the Conservation Commission on fur-farming in Canada has made him a recognized authority on the breeding and raising of fur-bearing animals in captivity.

Mr. Jones in an interview with a Toronto paper outlined the basis of the most recent and what seems likely to be, the most lucrative phase of the fur-bearing industry in Prince Edward Island. "It is that of raising Persian lamb," stated Mr. Jones. "We have now on a farm near Charlottetown a herd of eleven pure-bred Karakule sheep which were brought over from the desert of Bokhara to us last Spring. These animals are used in their native country to produce Persian lamb, Astrachan Krimmer, and Broadtail, or baby lamb fur. These different kinds of fur come from the offspring of the Karakule sheep, the very best Persian lamb fur being secured from the young animal as soon after birth as possible.

"I have just been at Chicago where I met a shipment of 350 Lincoln sheep, purchased by a new company, of which I am the secretary, from ex-Governor Gooding of Idaho." "These Lincolns," exclaimed Mr. Jones, "will be used on our farm to cross with our thoroughbred Karakule stock, and we expect that early next year we shall be supplying pelts

to the London markets." "Government tests in the United States where the first herd of these foreign sheep were brought in 1908 by Dr. C. C. Young, the eminent Russian experimentalist, with the co-operation of ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, show that Karakule sheep, when crossed with English long-wool breeds, such as Lincolns, Cotswolds, or Highland Black Faces, will produce skins valued at from \$6 to \$13 each in wholesale lots of 160 to 200 skins per lot."

## May Get Texas Herd.

According to Mr. Jones, the prospects of the Persian lamb fur industry in his Province are exceedingly bright. Dr. Young, who has been conducting his experiments since 1908 in Texas, with the only other herd of pure-bred Karakules which was brought to America from Bokhara, is interested in the new Prince Edward Island company, and will shortly take up his residence in Charlottetown. Negotiations are now pending for the purchase of Dr. Young's herd of sheep from the Middle Water Cattle Company of Texas, and if this supply can be added to that now owned in Prince Edward Island, Canada will have within the confines of its baby Province the sole source of supply for the Karakule sheep business in America. Any few scattered remnants of Dr. Young's original herd, which were sold in a couple of the States adjoining Texas, will be bound by blood lines, in the case of the future extension of the industry across the line, to Prince Edward Island.

## Millions for Fur Pelts

Mr. Jones points out that America has been paying out every year for a considerable period, some \$14,000,000 for the fur pelts of the Persian lamb, which he explains, by the way, is not a product of the Persian sheep. "Persian lamb" is merely a commercial term established by furriers, and that fur is really produced from the Karakule sheep which are found in greatest abundance on the Bokhara desert, north of Persia.

A. Compton Lundie, Veterinary Surgeon for the Chas. Dalton Black Fox Company, Ltd., of Charlottetown, P. E. I. writes us in reference to an item which appeared in our November issue to the effect that it was reported that a good many of this season's fox pups bred in fox ranches on Prince Edward Island had died of tuberculosis. Dr. Lundie writes that he does not know of a single death from this disease among the Island foxes, nor has he ever in his practice run across a single case and moreover cannot find any veterinary surgeon or medical man who has seen either a death or case of tuberculosis among foxes.

The item in question was published by us in good faith and to counteract any harm that may have been done by its publication, we gladly respond to Dr. Lundie's request to give the contents of his letter equal prominence.

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The fur trade will soon be Prince Edward Island's staple industry. Following up the reports that the demand for Persian lamb pelts will receive the attention of the hardy Islanders of the east, comes the request from the Fish and Game Association of Charlottetown, P. E. I., for Ontario beavers.

These animals have become extinct on the Island, and it is understood to be the intention of the association to encourage the breeding of these valuable amphibious rodents for commercial purposes.

Hon. W. H. Hearst, Minister of Crown Lands, Forests and Mines, has ordered a shipment of beavers to be sent from Algonquin Park.

It is understood that a plentiful supply of beavers are to be found at the park, and a shipment of a few pairs will not affect the needs of the Province of Ontario.

In order to build up in Ontario an important fur-farming industry, the Provincial Government has decided to use the Algonquin National Park as a supply grounds for any farmers starting fur farms. Traps are being devised that will capture the animals without injuring them, and pens will be built at the park, where the animals will be kept after captured until disposed of. Trapping will start in earnest this year.

Since the Algonquin Park was set aside as a preserve, fur-bearing animals have been increasing in numbers at a remarkable rate. During the past three years the Department has disposed of skins valued at \$15,000, and this has fallen away short of taking the natural increase. It is not, of course, the intention of the Department to proceed with wholesale trapping, but a large number of animals can be removed without making an appreciable difference in the forest population.

Successful fox ranching during the past year, says a despatch from Nova Scotia, was accomplished by Mr. George B. Hall of Yarmouth. Associated with him are a number of progressive Bridgetown men, who a year ago purchased a very fine Island black male fox, which was put in Mr. Hall's ranch at Brooklyn, Yarmouth County. These men are now forming a joint stock company capitalized at \$75,000 and are placing in the ranch the best stock that can be obtained. Mr. Hall who will be the ranch manager, has, it is said, proven his ability to handle most successfully the fox proposition.

The Indians of Alberta, it is said, are "getting wise" to the big profits that are being made out of black foxes, and are contemplating a raise in the price of the valuable animals which they trap, and which they have hitherto been selling for a song. Even the Indian will turn. It seems that there are victims of wildcatting in black foxes just as there have been victims of wildcatting in real estate, and will undoubtedly be victims of wildcatting in oil. Only in the first case the victim is the poor Indian, whose untutored mind is only just beginning to comprehend the dark ways and vain tricks of the white man.

Mr. Sven Klintberg of Stockholm, Sweden, is visiting North America for the purpose of studying fur farming in the various Provinces and States. Mr. Klintberg spent considerable time in Prince Edward Island visiting fox farms and interviewing prominent ranchers. He also investigated fur farming conditions in Quebec and Ontario, calling at the offices of ROD AND GUN on his way through to Chicago in November last, from whence he expected to visit some of the Western States where experiments in fur farming are being carried out. Mr. Klintberg anticipates returning to his native country in February and will probably go into the raising of mink and marten.

According to a pamphlet on Silver Fox Ranching in Prince Edward Island, being a reprint from the Charlottetown Guardian, the profits from fox ranching in 1913 were particularly good *in spite of* what was in many respects an unfavorable year, owing to the number of pairs which failed to produce young and the number of litters lost at, or shortly after birth. This loss is explained by the fact that with so many new ranches springing up there was an impossibility of securing in every case skilled and experienced caretakers. This pamphlet states that while the average production throughout the Island during 1913 was a fraction under two young per pair, one dealer is reported as stating that his entire ranch of old and young breeders averaged  $4\frac{1}{2}$  young per pair. A small ranch may have excellent luck one year and indifferent success the next year and vice-versa. For this reason many investors distribute their purchases of shares between a number of ranches in order to obtain greater certainty of result.





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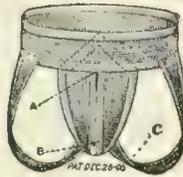
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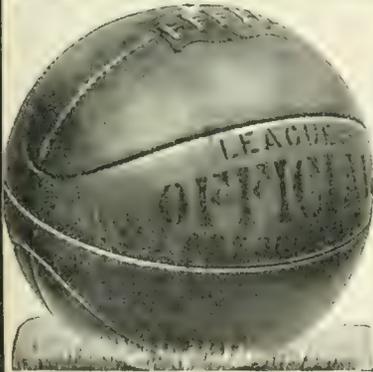
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# OUR LETTER BOX

## Bull Moose and Their Horns

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

I am enclosing you P. O. order for \$1.50, being my subscription remittance for "good old" ROD AND GUN for the coming year.

I notice an article headed The Bull Moose and His Enemy the Wolf in your November issue, in which the writer says that moose do not lose their horns each year. It may be possible that in the far north country of which he speaks, the horns of the moose are frozen on so hard and fast that they never thaw out sufficiently to let them drop off. I have hunted and killed many moose in Northern Quebec and in forty years of experience with moose I have never seen a moose with horns on in February although I have seen horns on moose in and up to the middle of January. After that time "nix."

Another thing. In all my experience in the woods I have never seen a bull moose accompanying a cow with her young during the spring and summer months. They generally separate after the rutting season. Cows and calves yard together and bulls from two years up, yard together. Such has been my experience so far as my observations have extended although of course I have not visited all the yards in the Province. I would like to hear more about the shedding of moose horns from moose hunters, more reliable, perhaps, than I.

P. O'Reilly.

Seattle, Wash.

## Another Letter on Bull Moose and Their Horns.

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

While reading the last issue of your valuable magazine I noticed an article on Bull Moose and His Enemy the Wolf, in which the writer argues that the bull moose does not shed his horns annually.

The writer appears to put the argument up to his city friends and as I was born and raised in an exceptionally good moose country and saw moose every month in the year for an extended number of years, all my work having been bush work, with very little city life mixed in, probably I should not trespass on the rights of Mr. Fisher's city friends by attempting to answer his article.

I was amused while reading Mr. Fisher's article as I reflected that the Indians of the far North must enjoy a practical joke.

I have repeatedly paddled a canoe within ten feet of bull moose in the velvet during the months of June, July and August and a number of these moose certainly would not have been eligible for a race for three year olds and under.

The writer of the article referred to, claims to have lived on moose for a period of four months. So have I, but I can go him one better for I lived on a moose for ten minutes in the water, and believe me, I had "some ride." I was all to the velvet in that race as all I had to enable me to retain my seat was a magnificent spread of horns in the velvet and you can take it from me he was no yearling.

There must be numerous moose in captivity in some of the city parks (where they do not provide mountains to which the bull moose can go in the summer time) and I would like my city friend, the caretaker of any such park, to send me the exact measurement of any horns he can find on a bull moose he has under his care in the month of April, said moose to be three years old or over.

Yours respectfully,  
J. Lorne Campbell.

Massey, Ont.

## "Trout are not Color Blind"

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

In "Our Letter Box" in July, 1913 ROD AND GUN, I read an article from a fisherman who signed his name "Waltonian," in which he asks the opinion of other anglers re Mr. Hodgson's statement that four flies are enough for any angler's outfit. With Waltonian I disagree with Mr. Hodgson and will give my reasons for so doing. During the summer of 1911 it was my good fortune to take a fishing trip to North River, St. Anns, C. B. On arriving at North River I found the water about the right height for fishing and a fairly good supply of fish. After trying quite a variety of flies of various colors without any success I remembered having in my pocket book a very fine (refined) gut cast with two small midge flies mounted on it, the names of which I cannot now recall, but about the second cast I made with these, I hooked a beautiful sea trout weighing two pounds and in a few minutes several others not quite so large, which satisfied me that trout have a choice of flies and are not color blind as some people suppose; in fact I think they can detect the color of a fly passing over them on the surface much more quickly and accurately than can a human being. Another instance which is proof that trout have a choice, took place last summer when a friend of mine brought me a clipping from a newspaper describing a certain fly for sea trout fishing and recommending it as the best ever, giving detailed instructions for tying the fly. My friend, who is an enthusiastic angler asked me to tie him two or three as he would in a few days be in a good locality for sea trout fishing and was anxious to test their killing qualities. I tied him three

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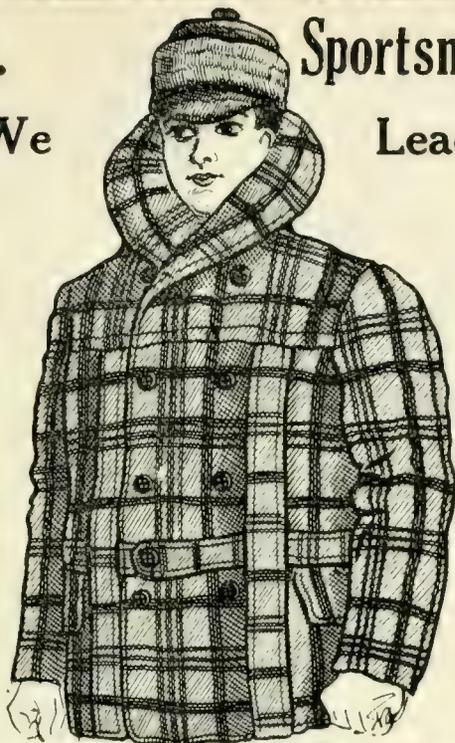
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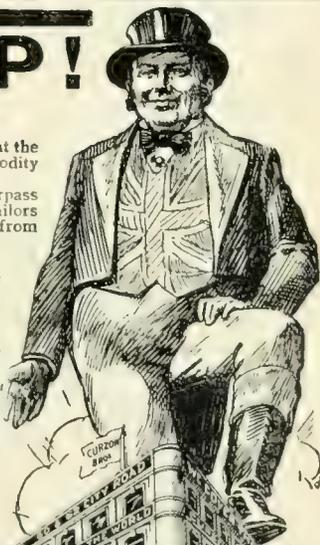
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or four and when he arrived at the fishing ground he found three or four of our local anglers, all old hands at the business, whipping away, which they had been doing for some time but without a fin to reward them, after exhausting their various fly books. My friend put his tackle together, mounted one of the new flies and in a few minutes had all he wanted of the speckled beauties, took down his gear and went back to the hotel delighted with his beautiful catch. The others continued fishing but without success. On returning to the hotel they requested my friend to show them the fly with which he had been so successful, and he like a true sportsman produced the fly for their inspection. While this fly is used with success in Cape Breton waters, it might be useless in other localities. The foregoing, to my mind, is good proof that trout are not color blind, and that they will rise when they see the fly that tickles their fancy.

Yours truly,

D. W. Pilkington.

North Sydney, C. B.

#### A Pure White Deer

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

Enclosed I send you a snap shot of a white deer. A New Brunswicker shot this pure white deer last Fall near his home. The skin is perfectly white except for the ears which are brown. The skin is mounted on green felt and makes a very pretty rug and as the hair is quite soft for deer the skin is pliable.

Yours, etc.

C. E. Leonard

Quispamsis, N. B.

#### Wanted --A Duck Hunting Story

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for renewal of my subscription to ROD AND GUN.

Can you tell me of any book that treats of duck shooting in Canadian waters? I am keenly interested in this sport but a decided amateur.

Located on the Georgian Bay near Parry Sound, I spend almost every second day upon the water in the summer, fishing, etc. Ducks are not plentiful here but farther up the Bay in the neighborhood of Point au Baril I understand there are wild rice beds and consequently more ducks. Could you not induce some one who has had experience in this locality to write up their experience for your magazine.

Yours truly,

Byron Baker.

Depot Harbor, Ont.

#### Taking Fish off the Spawning Beds

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

My attention has frequently been called to the manner in which many of the lakes lying to the north of the city of Ottawa are depleted by netting and taking the fish off the spawning beds. Anglers have informed me that they visited trout lakes during the last season which used to afford excellent sport a few years ago, and found them almost entirely depleted. This is a shame and it certainly does not seem

right that anglers from Ontario, desirous of having a few days' sport should be required to pay a fee of ten dollars for the privilege of fishing or *trying* to fish, in the Province of Quebec, when the lakes are not protected; at all events during the spawning season, and when many of them are now not worth visiting for the purpose of fly or bait fishing.

Cannot something be done brother anglers, to remedy this state of affairs?

An Enthusiastic Fisherman

Ottawa, Ont.

#### Why Persecute the Loon?

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

I was sorry to read in your October number a letter from a subscriber wherein he gives proof that a loon (Northern Diver) cannot dodge a rifle bullet. Was it necessary to sacrifice the lives of a dozen of these birds to prove this fact?

The loon, in my opinion, is a bird much sinned against. Every man's, and even woman's, hand is against it. Why? The common answer and excuse is that the loon is so destructive of fish. He certainly lives by fishing, and is worth all he catches, but that he has a voracious appetite greater than other fish-eating water-fowl, such as the Greater or Lesser Merganser or Golden Eye, which have no such damaging reputation, is without proof. He should not, judging from his inactive and sedentary habits, have a large appetite, as he sits practically all the time, when not disturbed, passively upon the water, only now and then diving, perhaps not always for a fish and perhaps not always successful when he does dive with the intent of securing one.

This beautiful bird surely deserves more kindly consideration than is generally accorded it. It is the natural ornamental bird of our inland lakes and often the only visible living creature seen moving upon them, and for this reason is made a target of. It is pitiable that men cannot refrain from destroying so beautiful and graceful a creature. The loon is useless for food nor is its feathered skin of value. Why then should it be destroyed often in the breeding time—and its young left to die of starvation?

Nearly all our inland lakes at one time contained one or more pairs of these birds that passed their harmless lives in peaceful tranquility, beautiful to see. It seems too bad they cannot be preserved. Our woods and lakes are becoming too greatly depleted of bird life.

Alfred J. Horsey.

Ottawa, Ont.

#### From a Western Subscriber

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

I must thank you for ROD AND GUN of which I have not lost one for several years. I like the magazine very much and read it every bit.

I have many friends in the town in which ROD AND GUN is published, having gone there in the year 1885 from Scotland. I came out West in 1889 and have been here ever

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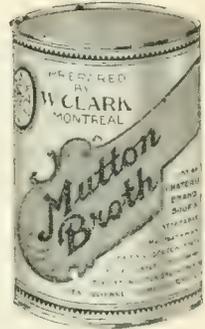
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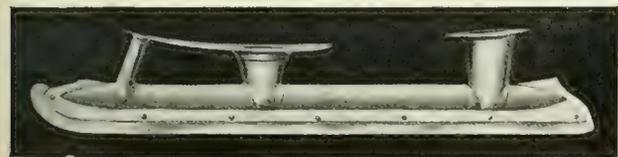
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since with the exception of a trip to my native heath.

I am in British Columbia for my health and enjoying lots of shooting and fishing. I may give you a fish, deer or bear story a little later. There are plenty of all three here.

Enclosed find two dollars for two new subscribers. I have some more for you which I will send in later.

With best wishes and prosperity to ROD AND GUN,

Yours truly,  
W. Mackie.

Port Alberni, B. C.

### Bush Fires and Game Destruction

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

I have your letter of recent date and shall do everything I can for the gentleman you mention.

By the way, if any of your subscribers are writing to you of their hunting trip this Fall, and mention the big wind storm of November 9th, you can take it from me, with a good many years of experience in the woods, that their descriptions of the damage done will not be exaggerated. It was the worst, in the way of destroying timber, that we have seen on the North Shore for fifty years. I think that the fact of the weather having been very wet this Fall probably loosened the soil around the roots of the trees, and that this accounts for the fact in lots of places not a stick of pine or other standing timber was left. I am not a pessimist, but from reports I hear, and from what I have seen, I think we shall have bush fires up here next year that will be terrible in effect on the game.

Yours very truly,  
Sudbury, Ont. Newton Cryderman.

## OUR MEDICINE BAG

Mr. Harry Preston of Massey, Northern Ontario, writes deprecating the damage done by the violent storms of Sunday, November 9th last. "This big wind storm," says Mr. Preston, "the worst we have ever had, so far as my experience goes, has blown down millions of green trees—spruce, pine, hemlock, etc. The woods up north are strewn with them and if all this fallen timber is allowed to lie on the ground until next summer it will become dry and the fires that are bound to come will sweep across the whole country and destroy the greater part of the game. Partridge, moose, deer, etc. will suffer to an alarming extent. What made the Porcupine fire so bad were the quantities of dry dead leaves and brush that were left lying about after the clearing of the properties. Dead leaves are notoriously bad for spreading a bush fire. The Government should be induced to take this up and adopt precautionary measures to prevent what otherwise is going to be the worst forest fire in Ontario's history. Railways should be notified not to leave piles of ties burning on the track-side. This is a fruitful source of fire as the sparks are blown over into the adjacent woods. Farmers would willingly cart away these old ties to be used as stove wood. The Government should also warn settlers, by notices pasted in every town and village throughout the north, that they will be severely fined if forest fires are lighted and left burning during the prohibited season. Ontario stands to lose more by next summer's fire than she has ever lost by law-breakers who have killed out of season. Wolves are thick in this locality now, but the Government bounty of \$15.00 is not enough to compensate for the trouble involved in dispatching them."

A propos of Mr. Massey's suggestion that it would be well worth the Government's attention to look into the matter of the fallen timber and use preventive measures to guard against a repetition of the disastrous fires that swept this district last summer, is a letter from a bushman that appeared recently in the Canadian Forestry Journal in which he makes the remark that the only way to check the ravages of fire in our woods is to burn the brush. This, he states, is perfectly feasible if done in the right way and at the proper time, and he adds that the result would be to lessen by 90% the damage done by fire. The expense, he says, would average \$1.00 per M on lumber board measure.

It is the irony of fate that while some hunters trample through the tangled underbrush of the northern woods for two weeks without getting a sight of a deer, that one of these antlered monarchs of the forest should commit suicide by swimming across the bow of a Stony Lake steamer; yet that is exactly what happened on a day in last November.

It seems the steamer Stony Lake was on a trip to the head of Stony Lake with some supplies for the Peterborough Lumber Company. When the steamer was in the Boschink narrows a buck was seen to take the water near Dr. Racc's summer home and start swimming towards Mr. W. G. Ferguson's island. Mr. John Thompson of the Peterborough Lumber Company, was in the wheelhouse of the steamer when the deer was spotted and seizing a rifle, fired and killed the buck, which weighed one hundred and ninety pounds.

R. H. Barber was recently appointed game

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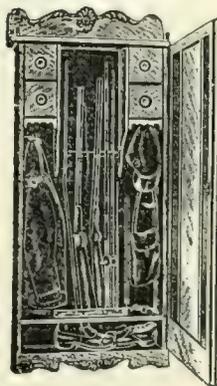
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warden for Guelph district and local sportsmen are looking to him to put an end to shooting out of season, and the slaughter of song birds which has been indulged in too freely in that neighborhood.

Under date of October 20th, the Marine and Fisheries Department issued a statement in denial of the story sent out from Ottawa regarding loss to the salmon industry in British Columbia. The statement says:

"The reports that have recently appeared in the press, to the effect that sockeye salmon have this year been prevented from reaching their spawning beds in the Fraser River to the extent of decreasing the big fourth-year run to the proportion of an off year, were unduly alarmist, and not warranted by the facts.

"In building its road along the side of the river, east of Hell's Gate canyon, the C. N. R. allowed large quantities of rock that was blasted out to fall into the river. This resulted in a considerable change in the flow of water. The work was not performed during the present summer, but before the run of salmon to the river last year; but, notwithstanding this, last season the fish readily ascended. This year the early run of salmon got up, as is evidenced by the fact that at the salmon hatchery at Shuswap Lake, much further up the river, more salmon were captured in the hatchery pens, early in the season, than would be required to yield sufficient eggs to fill the hatchery.

"In the latter part of the season, when the water was at a medium height, it was ascertained that many fish were below the obstruction, and were unable to surmount it. The Federal and Provincial Departments, acting together, took immediate steps to overcome the obstruction, and as a result a passage way was soon provided through which the fish then barred got up.

"There is little room for doubt that a sufficiently large number of salmon reached their spawning grounds to keep up, if nothing else interferes, the big fourth-year run. Moreover, in the hatcheries on the river, there are at present over 40,000,000 eggs."

A very sad hunting accident occurred this season at Tamworth, Ont., when Herbert Shannon, eighteen years old, son of Wm. Shannon, lost his life. He and a young man named Baker were hunting about half a mile from Shannon's home when in some manner a gun was discharged. Shannon cried out: "I am shot" and shortly afterwards expired.

A Berlin, Ont. correspondent advises that Jack rabbits, or cotton tails, were more plentiful this year than for many years in the vicinity of Berlin and other Ontario correspondents write similarly.

Law actions respecting "Fighting Island", a small piece of land in the Detroit River, surrounded by the greatest pike fishing water in the world, are at an end after several years. The Appellate Division reversed the judgment of Mr. Justice Latchford, who decided that

W. Gauthier of Windsor had no fishing rights in the neighborhood. The Appellate Division however, decides that Gauthier has rights on the Island which has been appropriately named. Once it is said, it rejoiced in the name of Turkey island.

Willie Sawyer, a twelve-year-old boy residing a few miles from Minden, Ont., in Littleworth Township, while out shooting partridge encountered two wolves, one a female wolf with large cub. The boy, who was armed with only a .22 calibre rifle, wounded the mother badly and killed the cub. Assistance coming to hand, the old one made off into the timbers.

A capture of over 1,000 yards of fish nets and a quantity of salmon at Third Island, Lake Simcoe, was effected by Capt. R. W. Carson, fishery inspector.

Officers of the Fish and Game Protective Association of the Province of Quebec caused several arrests of men who were found to be slaughtering song birds in the vicinity of Montreal.

Enough bones of the monoclonius, or horned dinosaur, have at last been unearthed from the Red Deer River region in Alberta, to form the first complete skeleton of the pre-historic creature. Barnum Brown of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History recently returned to New York with a carload of bones of the dinosaur and other mammoth animals which flourished in the Red Deer River region some three million years ago, it is estimated.

Fragments of the bones which now make up the first complete skeleton of the monoclonius were first discovered in 1876. The skeleton complete shows that the creature stood about five feet high and was fifteen feet long.

Besides the monoclonius there were found parts of three new species of the horned dinosaur and sufficient material to complete the skeleton of an ankylosaurus, a weird creature which had a coat resembling a suit of armor and carried a sort of club at the end of its tail. The discoveries make the dinosaur collection of the Natural History Museum New York, the finest of the sort in the world.

The Canadian Government has sent as a present to the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland a pair of pure blood bison, and has commissioned Mr. Maxwell Graham, chief of the Zoological Division of the Department of the Interior to present the animals. They will be placed in the Zoological Gardens, Regent Park, Dublin.

Rabbits were reported as very plentiful in the rural sections of Ontario this year.

Chief Holmes of Chatham tells a good story on a couple of Chatham lads who went to Mitchell's Bay one Saturday during the open duck season to try their luck shooting at the ducks. One of the lads was the son of Sanitary Inspector, David Holmes, and the other

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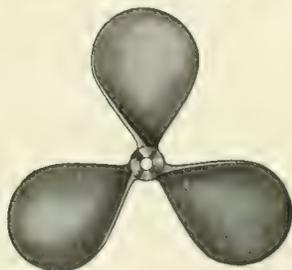
We have in our possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, that has cured many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that we think every man who wishes to regain his power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. We have determined to send a copy of the prescription in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write us for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and we are convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood ever put together.

We think we owe it to our fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man who is weak and discouraged may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what we believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, remedy ever devised, and cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop us a line like this: Interstate Remedy Co. 4343 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and we will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain envelope. Many doctors would charge \$3.00 to \$5.00 for the writing of a prescription like this.

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was one of his small companions. They went out to the Joy Club on Saturday, and at night they locked the door and went to sleep, tired out with the day's trip.

A little later both boys were aroused by some pounding on the door. They got up, barricaded the door, got their guns, and then waited for the burglars to break in, prepared to give them a very warm reception. The pounding kept up for a long time, and the burglars were evidently having a hard time breaking in the door.

Finally, when the noise did not cease one of the lads decided to go to bed, but the other said he would wait up and be prepared to shoot the burglar as soon as he got in. He sat up until four o'clock in the morning and then the noise ceased and he went to bed.

They found out the next morning that the noise was caused by a little dog belonging to a neighbor about half a mile away. The dog had seen the boys going to the club house, and being lonesome for a little master he decided to follow. The noise was caused by the dog's tail wagging against the door.

The youthful hunters, even when they found out that there were no burglars, decided to come home. They were too frightened to stay there a minute longer than was necessary.

"In over twenty years of duck shooting we have never witnessed such a sight as on Thursday evening of last week in the Ouse," writes a Belleville correspondent under date of September 30th. "Just as the sun was setting and when it looked as though no more birds would be coming in to roost, a flock of about one hundred suddenly appeared over the trees and started to circle, preparatory to lighting in a large rice bed about one hundred yards square. Scarcely had these started to circle when another flock even larger appeared, then another and another until five separate flocks had come in and all in the air at once, circling and diving about paying no attention whatever to the hunters hid in the marsh. They gradually came down, alighting in the rice and weeds. Being perfectly useless to shoot with dusk coming on it would have been impossible to find them without a dog."

"Whether these ducks were only coming in for one night or had been coming in regularly we do not know, but we have never seen in this locality any such flocks of black and wood duck congregated in this small space."

Wolves are the game hogs of Western Ontario, a Fort William despatch points out. For the first time in years, it is said, timber and "brush" wolves have come into that district in large quantities and it is asserted that they have been migrating across the district west of Fort William and killing or driving the moose, caribou and deer as they advance. R. Pifer, treasurer of Conmee township said that during the three years he had been located in Western Ontario, he had not until this season seen evidence of wolves running in packs, nor had he known them to take down game. Recently however, in the Conmee settlement the cries of members of various packs have made the

night hideous and hunters who returned to the city in November with reports that deer and moose were plentiful, expressed the opinion that the larger animals had been driven that way ahead of their common enemy.

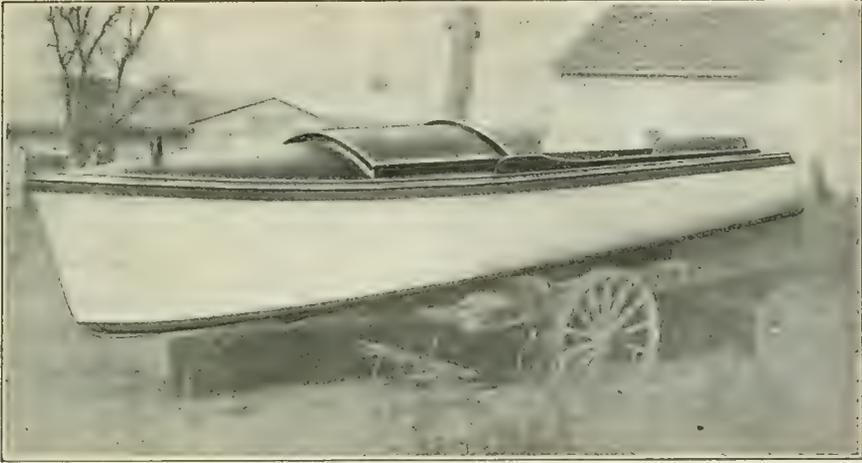
Mr. Pifer said he had been given to understand that the wolves infesting this district were "brush" wolves, larger than a prairie wolf, but not so large as the average timber wolf. The leaders of the packs are about the size of a timber wolf, it is said and by some it was claimed that the king of the pack was a grey wolf. Mr. Pifer said he had seen the partial remains of two deer the animals had killed. While a bounty of \$15 is offered for the timber wolf it is pointed out that no bounty is offered for brush wolves, which are said to be just as destructive to game.

We would specially direct the attention of our readers to a series of articles by Mr. H. Mortimer Batten, which we purpose publishing throughout the coming year, the first of which appears in this issue under the caption "Prints from Canadian Trails," with the subtitles, The Romance of the Buffalo Herds, The Home of the Beaver, The Wolverine. Mr. Batten writes in a skillful and entertaining style on Canadian outdoor subjects with which he is familiar. "Prints from Canadian Trails" will be continued in the February number where Mr. Batten will deal with The Raccoon and His Little Ways; and the Fisher, A Demon of Murder. Other articles of similar interest and value will appear in subsequent issues.

Dr. J. Mather Hare of Harrington Harbour, Labrador, was a recent visitor at the ROD AND GUN offices, Woodstock. Dr. Hare is on furlough after seven years in Labrador, where he has had charge of the hospital at Harrington Harbour, which was established some years ago by the Deep Sea Mission under Dr. Grenfell.

Dr. Grenfell, the man of whom it has been said that he "put Labrador on the map", is enthusiastic over the holiday attractions of this little visited land. There is good goose and duck shooting, fine salmon fishing and splendid scenery to be had there.

Dr. Grenfell has not only done a great work in attending to white inhabitants of Labrador, but he has called the attention of the world to the possibilities of the country as a source of food supply. Assisted by the Canadian Government, he is attempting to raise reindeer, and should his experiment succeed, a new source of cheap fresh meat may be discovered. He has contributed more than any other man to make Labrador a point of interest for American and other visitors, voyaging on the coasting steamers. He has advertised far and wide the remarkable scenery of the country, and has told the world that in no country in the world is nature more generous in the luscious berries she provides in lieu of trees. In fact, Dr. Grenfell may be said to spend half the year working among the fishermen, and the other half of the year telling the public about them and about their life. He has remarkable powers of organization, that recall

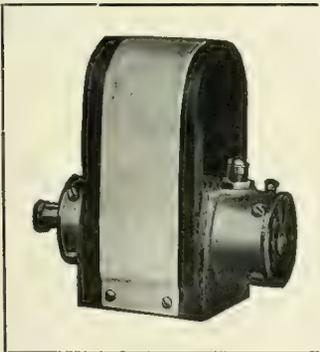


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those of William Booth, and by the people of Labrador the day that Grenfell discovered their country ought to be observed as the great holiday of the year.

John P. Chase, an Indian from the Alderville Reserve at Roseneath, Ont., was brought before Magistrate J. L. Squire on a charge of trapping muskrats on the Ouse out of season. Game Inspector Hess, of Hastings, who laid the information, found eleven skins in the possession of the accused, also some traps, all of which he confiscated. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge, and the magistrate after reviewing the circumstances with considerable pity for the former, would have let him off if possible with a warning only, but could not go contrary to the law, and was obliged to impose a penalty, very leniently taxing him \$5.00, the minimum fine.

Chief Marsden, together with other members of the Reserve, spoke on behalf of the prisoner. The Indians claimed that according to an old treaty made in the reign of George III that they are entitled to hunt as long as the grass grows and the water flows, and on the strength of this, said they would appeal against the decision and take the case before the Privy Council.

A Port Arthur young man who went on a hunting expedition in October last became separated from his friends and after wandering around in the bush for two days he finally found a deserted camp, where he started a fire and removing all his clothing put it by the fire and retired between two mattresses. When he awoke the building was on fire and all his clothes had been destroyed. He took shelter in a barrel and when found had only the barrel and a small quantity of straw to keep him from exposure to the elements. He was located wandering about in the rain some twenty miles down the lake shore from Port Arthur.

Dillon Wallace, the explorer, who was reported dead, returned from Labrador to Newfoundland by the regular mail boat in October and reports his Labrador trip as devoid of any incident of importance. He failed to reach Grand Falls, the great cascade in the interior, because of the fact that his canoe was smashed on the way.

Mr. Connie Pearson, caretaker of Riverside Park, Guelph, Ont., has purchased two coyotes, or prairie wolves which were captured in Saskatchewan. He also shipped nine thoroughbred black games to a poultry fancier at Inglewood, California.

The Berlin, Ont. members of the Independent Order of Foresters were disturbed at a meeting by an owl flying in through the window. After a few moments' chase the winged creature was captured and imprisoned. The following morning it was presented to the Park Board, to be added to the Park Zoo.

Hull sportsmen hunting in the Gatineau, Lievre and Pontiac districts of Quebec Pro-

vince in October of this year reported that the deer were plentiful, but that hunting preparations were seriously hampered owing to the adverse weather conditions. During the last three days of the hunt, snow fell in many districts, some of the clubs reporting two or three inches of snow as being on the ground when they left on their return journey.

The operations of seven clubs resulted in forty-seven deer being bagged and one cub bear, divided up as follows: Hincks Club, 9; Wabasi, 8; Cayament lake, 8; Island lake, 5; Five Mile lake, 5; Dam lake, 5 deer and a bear; Abitibi, 7.

Mr. Chenier of the King Edward hotel was successful in shooting a bear cub, which he brought down with him.

To fence 1500 acres of land for a sheep range with a view to fencing the coyotes out, only to discover they had fenced the "varmints" in, thus affording the marauders the choicest of opportunities of feasting on the young lambs, was the experience of Calcutt and Harris, sheep ranchers who during last year established a big sheep ranch in the vicinity of Morley, Alta.

Messrs. Calcutt and Harris came to Alberta about a year ago from Patagonia, where they were extensively interested in the sheep business. They bought the old Graham ranch, about seven miles northeast of Morley and imported about 600 head of fine sheep.

The property consists of about 2,300 acres and this season 1,500 acres were inclosed with five foot woven wire fence. Great care was exercised to shut out the coyotes while the fencing was in progress, but the fence had not been completed and the sheep turned loose long before it was discovered the wary animals with a tooth for lamb had eluded their vigilance.

When the discovery that the lambs were being killed, was made, a hunt was organized and a herder put on to look after the sheep.

The members of the firm are confident they will make a great success of the business as their sheep came through last winter very satisfactorily notwithstanding that they got started too late to get up hay enough to run through. They expect to get into the business on a large scale and by reaping, so to speak, three crops, the lambs, the wool and the mutton, every year, make the business very profitable.

Held at bay for four hours at the top of a tree by an irate mother bear, and rescued by a search party in an exhausted condition—this was the thrilling experience of T. H. Phelan, President of Canada Railway News Co., of Toronto, while hunting north of Timmins.

A very rare prize has been bagged by Mr. Wm. Riddell, an Ayr, Ont. hunter, in the shape of a fine specimen of whistling swan. The bird measured seven feet from tip to tip and was in fine condition, being very fat and having beautiful white plumage. It is very seldom this species of bird is seen in Ontario, its chief haunts being in the Mississippi Valley and along the Atlantic coast.



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**C. E. E. USSHER, Passenger Traffic Manager,  
Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Que.**

Messrs. Reginald Weese and Arthur Ferguson of Belleville had an exciting time in a canoe on the bay, near Dempsey's dock, Prince Edward. They were out paddling and had a trolling line out. Suddenly there was a heavy pull on the hook and it was evident that some mighty inhabitant of the water had swallowed it. Then for some time it was a continuous fight and manoeuvre to maintain their prey. So large was the fish that it was impossible to draw it into the canoe. An attempt to perform such a move might have meant an upset. Finally the lads, the canoe, and the trolling line with its victim reached the shore near Dempsey's. The fish was pulled out and was discovered to be a very large 'lunge. Its measurements were taken. It was three feet ten inches long, twenty-one inches in circumference and it weighed 27 lbs.

The fish was brought over to the city, where it and its captors were the admiration of many people.

Refuse matter from the factory of the Dominion Sugar Co. at Berlin, Ont. is alleged to have been the cause of a large number of fish having been smothered to death in the Grand River.

A fine big caribou was brought out at Ruel, Ontario, by Mr. E. J. Kauffman of Shawanaga on October 28th.

This animal was shot on the Canadian Northern Ontario line under construction west of the above point, and is said to be the first that has been seen in that district for a number of years. Formerly caribou were very plentiful but were driven out by the wolves.

A party of Montreal sportsmen, on a fishing and prospecting trip away up north near Wabiskagami Lake, Northern Ontario, reported that the river and lakes in that vicinity were all well stocked with fish, and they enjoyed several fish dinners whilst enroute, prepared by the Indian Guide. They also reported having seen several bear and moose. One of their party whilst out exploring a stream in a canoe, was rather startled, when he hauled in his line, and discovered that instead of a nice trout, he had captured a "Plesiosaurus" which is a fossil long-necked marine reptile of the Mesozoic order, and is rarely met with in the North Country.

British Columbia will be brighter and better by the presence of the 500 sweet singing birds imported from the old country by the Natural History Society of Victoria, assisted by the provincial government, to wage war upon the numerous insect pests which damage fruit trees, truck farms and forest.

Considerable pains were taken to secure the most insectivorous birds that Great Britain could supply, and in the opinion of T. Cunningham, inspector of fruit pests for the province, a wise selection was made, and the move should be productive of great good. The birds are made up as follows:

Seventeen or 18 dozen larks, 10 to 12 dozen linnets, six dozen goldfinches, 100 robins and three dozen bluetits.

"The skylarks are the best of all," said Mr. Cunningham, "and the bluetits come a close second. The goldfinches and the robins are more varied in their diet, but they can be relied upon to account for a few million of the enemy.

"Nobody has any idea of the seriousness of this question of fruit pests," continued Mr. Cunningham. "In the United States it is estimated by the federal board of agriculture that the damage done to growing crops, truck fruit, etc., during the last two years amounted to \$1,272,000,000. I cannot supply you with the actual figures for British Columbia in this respect, but I may say that we are by no means better off than our neighbors to the south of us."

A Guelph nimrod, who complains that ruffed grouse and black squirrels were shot out of season in Wellington County, advocates the appointment of several game wardens to protect the game.

From Ruthven, Ont. comes a tale of a battle to the death between a milk snake and a hen hawk, in which the former came out victor. The bird swooped down, seized the snake and started on a flight for home. The snake, not to be outdone, secured a grapevine twist on the hawk's neck, strangling it, so that both fell to earth in a heap.

The hawk was put out of commission completely, both wings, and its neck being broken.

George Toner, Fish and Game Overseer for Gananoque district while on a trip to the foot of Grenadier Island succeeded in seizing one trap net and half a mile of gill nets.

White partridge were reported plentiful in some parts of Western Ontario they are practically extinct in South Essex, says a Leamington correspondent, and in travelling through sections where once they thrived it is very rare indeed to find one. On the other hand quail, which came in on November 15, were reported quite numerous this season.

A novel case was tried at the Galt police court a few months ago. The local game warden came into possession of a rare specimen of insectivorous bird. Another warden discovered the bird at the taxidermist's and traced back the ownership. He promptly laid charges against both the officer of the law and the expert stuffer. The former's plea was that he had found the bird dead in the woods, which plea seemed to the police magistrate reasonable enough, it sometimes happening that a shooter picks up his game dead. The man employed to mount the prize thought he was safe, seeing that his customer was a game warden. Failing proof of actual shooting of the bird by defendants, they were convicted on the lesser charge of having it in possession, and both were fined.

One of the four beautiful white swans which were sent to St. Thomas about a year ago by His Majesty King George, from his own flock at Hampton Court, was found dead in the wild



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fowl enclosure at Pinafore Park by Caretaker Folland. The bird had not appeared very lively for several days, but just what was the cause of death is not known.

Governor Glynn's first public utterance after becoming governor of New York State, on the subject of conservation, brought cheer and encouragement to all friends of reforestation, to advocates of the utilization of the water powers of the state for the benefit of all the people, and to champions of the more fish and game movement. Regarding the latter phase of the State's work the Governor expressed himself as being in favor of a strict enforcement of the protective laws now existing, which he would hope to improve where needed, but against the petty technicalities which annoy the public and contribute nothing to practical conservation of fish and game or to the promotion of good sport. He declared his lack of sympathy with the theory that the game protector who makes the most arrests is the best agent of fish and game conservation, but agreed with the Conservation Commission that the best protector was the officer who kept his district free from violations of the law by the sane performance of his duty and by enlisting the sentiment and support of the law abiding citizens of his community. He advocated the establishment of additional game farms and fish hatcheries and was particularly in favor of the idea of making a serious effort to restore the native game birds especially the grouse and quail, and of keeping up a bountiful supply of the pheasant.

"Grandfather of all living lobsters" was the title accorded a giant crustacean brought to Boston harbour in November. The lobster was the largest landed there in fifty years, old time lobster men said. When they had finished their observations the following were given out: Weight, 27 pounds; age about 50 years; spread from claw to claw, 37 inches; length of claw, 24 inches; feelers, 20 inches; width of back, 10 inches. It was estimated that this lobster would furnish salad for twenty-five persons.

A lone and wandering muskrat found its way during the month of November into the Police Station at Peterborough. It spent the night in Sergeant Adams' locker and displayed a decided disinclination to leave its comfortable quarters when the Sergeant attempted to eject it the following morning. The Sergeant however picked it up by the tail and dropped it into a bag whence it was carried to the river and its liberty restored.

One Friday in November, Frank Kleiber, of Mount Vernon, New York, who was employed by the Sloan Hunt Club, of Toronto, at their hunting camp north of Owen Sound, followed the hunters into the woods, being clad in his ordinary house clothes and carpet slippers. On his failure to return, search was made in every direction. Other hunters and settlers and Provincial Constable Markle joined in a systematic search, but without avail until Wed-

nesday, when the "lost" man was found near Bolger Lake, some miles from his starting point. Notwithstanding the severe frost and heavy snow the man was found alive, but he only lived about three hours after being found. He is said to be married and has a family.

No fewer than 400 trout were killed as the result of a collision on the railway at Okehampton, Devon. The accident occurred during shunting operations, and a tank containing several tons of vitriol was thrown over an embankment into the road. The acid poured in streams down the roadway and flowed through a field and down gulleys to the river. Many of the poisoned trout were found to have had their skin peeled and bleached by the acid. A number of dead eels were also found on the banks of the river. They had evidently jumped out of the water to escape the vitriol. In a roadside garden which it invaded, the acid destroyed every plant it touched.

Mr. Cornwall W. Brush with three companies, after an exciting chase, captured a valuable silver-grey fox on the tracks of the Grand Trunk Pacific, 143 miles west of Ft. William.

A young man in the police court at Galt was fined eight dollars for shooting a single black squirrel out of season.

A curious incident occurred at Beach Hill, near Painsee Junction, New Brunswick. Two young men were hunting and came across two bull moose standing side by side in the woods. One of the young men took careful aim with a high powerful rifle and fired. Both moose ran for some distance and then fell down and died. When they were examined it was found that the bullet had passed through the heart of one and had touched the bottom of the heart of the other. It is doubtful whether this feat has ever been duplicated in this province.

About twelve years ago, George T. Hamilton, barber of Truro shot two large bull moose back of Williamsdale, Cumberland County, without moving out of his tracks, but it took two shots to do the trick. Just as he shot one, his guide whispered, "There's another", Mr. Hamilton looked in the direction indicated, and there sure enough, was the moose which he quickly despatched, not five minutes elapsing between the two shots.

The Mounted Police in Alberta have been notified that the department of justice at Ottawa has given the opinion that Indians are subject to the provincial laws in the absence of legislation by the Dominion Parliament affecting them. Until the Dominion parliament passes game laws affecting the Indians, therefore, the laws enacted by the province from time to time should be applied as to other persons.

The effect of this is that the Indians in Alberta are just as much subject to the provincial game laws as regards close and open season, etc., as white residents, there being no Dominion laws affecting them in the matter.

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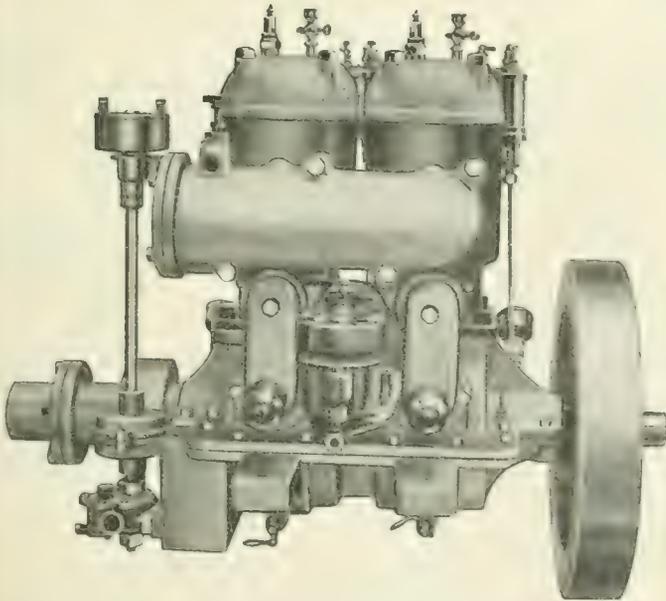
*"Nothing more excellent than the juice of the grape was ever granted by God to man."* Plato

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Mr. E. B. Harris and son Lionel of Belleville, fishing on the bay near Rednerville, hooked a lunge and for half an hour endeavored to bring him aboard into the skiff, but this was found to be an impossible task. So the lunge was towed ashore. It weighed 21 lbs.

There was a decided slowness about commencing work, on the morning of November 6th, at unloading cargo from the Hamburg-America liner C. Ferd Lacisz, which had arrived the night before from the Orient. Hatch No. 5 was left severely alone by the longshoremen, who had been casually informed that a big Bengal tiger was below.

"We are willing to sell him, but it is hard to find a purchaser," remarked Captain Geissel.

Some one suggested that the tiger might be raffled, but the royal beast's owners were of the opinion they could dispose of him to advantage to some zoological gardens or menagerie when the ship returned to Germany.

The tiger was purchased in Japan, having been brought from India, and it had its home among the shadows of the "tween deck." No cargo was broached in that hold, and the tiger had to be shifted before the longshoremen felt comfortable.

The whole ship's company took an interest in the tiger, and the water front rang with the news an hour after the vessel had docked.

When it is borne in mind that the annual kill of deer in New York State is between nine and ten thousand, and that an army of thrice that number of hunters go into the woods in pursuit of the wary game, the record of only two deer hunters killed during the hunting season of 1913 is remarkable and goes to show the wisdom of the Buck law which after its second year of trial has demonstrated that it is not only a great protection to the deer, but a gratifying conservator of human life. During years when the Buck law, which requires a hunter to take no deer except one having horns three inches long, was not on the statute books and a hunter was under the constant temptation to shoot at anything moving in the bushes which simulated the form or actions of buck or doe, the accounts of the slaughter of guides and hunters read like the story of bloody battle.

With the capture recently of a white bear, the first ever taken in the Adirondacks, the mystery of the legend of the "Ghost Bear", told in the lumber camps north of Watertown, N. Y., has apparently been cleared.

The animal was caught by Henry Johnson, of the settlement of Hague, in the heart of the mountains. The animal is of the average size of bruin and almost snowy white. Its capture came as the result of jokes that had been aimed at Johnson for months when he reported having seen a white bear. A dozen traps were set and finally the animal was nabbed.

The animal is thought to be a freak specimen of the black North American bear.

At Cross Lake, Frontenac County, S. Lockwood's pup came in contact with a bear

while with his master in a large wild hay marsh. Mr. Lockwood heard yells of distress and, hastening towards the spot, discovered his wee doggie in the close embrace of bruin. He succeeded in freeing the dog, but having no gun, did not get the bear.

At a conference to be held in Ottawa between the Canadian and American representatives on the Joint International Fisheries Commission the question of establishing a four year closed season for sturgeon will be considered.

The Fisheries Department desires to prevent the further depletion of inland waters of this valuable food fish. Twenty years ago the catch in Canada was 1,630,000 pounds, bringing \$90,000. Last year the catch was only 900,000 pounds, but owing to the much higher prices now received the value was \$113,000. Inquiries are coming from London dealers for caviare from the Canadian sturgeon. This is an expensive delicacy made from the roe or eggs of the large fish when caught before spawning. The raw material for the caviare is worth one dollar a pound and forty or fifty pounds may be secured from one sturgeon.

The principal sturgeon grounds are now in the St. John River, Lake of the Woods, and Lake Winnipeg. The caviare is being shipped to Germany and Russia as well as England.

According to a final ruling sent on December 3rd to all collectors of Customs, aigrettes will not be admitted to the United States either on hats or detached. Game birds will be admitted with feathers, but the feathers must be destroyed.

Dr. Joseph Stafford of McGill University, in a special report for the Conservation Commission on the culture of oysters, expresses the conviction that the Atlantic oysters can be bred in Pacific waters, because he has discovered the larvae of transplanted Prince Edward Island oysters on the shores of Vancouver Island. This discovery is of importance to British Columbia, as the native oyster is much smaller and of inferior flavor.

Upon complaint of T. J. Briggs, Game and Fish Inspector, Bridgeburg, three young men, Fred Willick and Arthur Snider, Chippewa, and George Willick, Willoughby, had their guns confiscated and were each fined \$20 for shooting grey squirrels out of season.

W. H. Taft, ex-president of the United States spent a few days in October at Sharbot Lake, Ont., and vicinity, enjoying some good fishing. He also paid a visit to Loughboro and Bob's Lake. The ex-president stated that these lakes are among the finest fishing spots on the continent. It is altogether likely he will purchase one of the islands and erect a summer home.

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**55 DESIGNS OF GARAGES 55**

are shown by perspective views and floor plans giving dimensions, etc. Also remarks on GARAGE CONSTRUCTION, explaining the advantages of each form of construction and giving details about the manner of erection, selection of materials, hints on supervision, etc., etc.

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Jeffrey's Marine glue was used exclusively and the designer of the boat recently expressed himself as having found this brand the most entirely satisfactory he had ever used.

A fine specimen of a white deer was shot near Pickerel Landing, Ont. in November last by Joseph McKenzie, an Indian. The deer weighed in the neighborhood of 160 pounds and was perfectly white, having a fine spread of horns.

Hallam's Trappers' Guide, mentioned in our last issue, may be secured by writing John Hallam, 111 Front St., E., Toronto.

A few months ago there was installed at Hot Springs, So. Da. a herd of fourteen pure blood American bison, which had been presented by the New York Zoological Society to the American Bison Society, who had in turn presented them to the Government for the founding of a new national herd.

About one year ago, Dr. Franklin W. Hooper, President of the Bison Society, proposed to the National Government that a new National bison herd should be started in the Black Hills, and offered that in case the Government would set aside the Wind Cave National Park as a range, and provide adequate fencing and maintenance, the Bison Society would furnish a herd of not less than fifteen animals, as a gift. This offer was immediately accepted, and very soon thereafter the New York Zoological Society offered to the Bison Society a nucleus herd of fourteen animals toward the fulfillment of the obligation.

The Grand Trunk Railway are in receipt of a letter from a prominent New York business man who visited Ottawa recently, an abstract from which reads as follows: "Permit me to speak my sincere appreciation of the Chateau Laurier. I did not think that Canada would ever have an hotel of this class but I now feel as if you had not only the finest hotel in Canada but almost on the Continent. We certainly have nothing, even in Washington, that can compare with it."

Mr. John McManus, C. P. R. baggageman, North Bay, Ont., had a curious experience this fall. Having been given a live owl he placed it in a cage and the following morning went out into his back yard to see how the owl was progressing. A loud "tu-whu" from the roof of his house revealed Mr. Owl perched on the roof and enjoying a glorious liberty. Mr. McManus deciding he would prefer a dead owl to none at all, procured a gun and very soon the owl was in condition for the taxidermist. Mr. McManus took the owl into the house and placed it in the cellar. Coming up-stairs he was startled to hear another loud "tu-whu" which emanated from the supposedly empty cage. Mr. McManus began to wonder whether he was awake or dreaming. Investigation showed the owl in the cage to be as lively as ever. He then returned to the cellar and found his dead bird where he had placed it. The mystery finally resolved itself

into two birds. The captive owl, calling all night, had undoubtedly attracted its mate to the vicinity of its cage and it was this bird which Mr. McManus had mistaken for the captive. Now he has a stuffed owl and—a *stuffing owl*.

Fred Sherman and Howard Davidson of Bobcaygeon ran into a pair of young bear cubs in Verulam township. The dogs which the men had with them took after the bears which made for the lake at a rapid rate. One of the cubs however soon took to a tree and that was his finish as Howard coming to the spot indicated by the barking of the dogs, brought him down with a rifle ball. The other cub continued in his mad career until he reached the lake shore where he plunged into the water.

Before returning to his home in St. Petersburg, Russia, N. Borodin, refrigerating and cold storage expert, noted ichthyologist and high official of the Russian department of agriculture, made arrangements to have several millions of Chinook salmon and steelhead trout eggs shipped to his country for experimental purposes.

"The Chinook salmon is one of the most popular fish in the world, and we want to introduce him into our waters if possible," said Mr. Borodin. "We shall give this king of salmon a thorough tryout, as the market for good salmon is well nigh unlimited. The demand for the steelhead is large also and we think it will live and prosper in some of our lakes. We hope and believe that both these fish will do well in our waters, but it will take time to prove or disprove their adaptability."

Mr. Borodin is of the opinion that the Russian sturgeon, which commands a high price in the markets of the world, might be introduced into this country with profit.

The zoological division of the museum of the geological survey has procured a specimen of an extremely rare bird. The bird is called *Corysleat bittern*, and, according to Mr. S. A. Fornerer, who is in charge of the division, only about 35 specimens have been captured. The one now at the museum was taken near Point Pelee, Essex County, Ont.

It is quite a feat to travel 8,000 miles to go on a hunting trip, but to do this every year for eight years would seem to create something of a record.

Up in among the Gatineau Hills this year was a gentleman who had journeyed from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, for a short time moose hunting in this district. This gentleman was D. H. MacMillen, superintendent of Roadways in the Department of Public Works in Brazil. This is the eighth year that Mr. MacMillen has made this trip to Gatineau. He is a mighty hunter too, there being few parts of the world he has not visited and hunted in.

One of a party of ladies from South Porcupine, Ont., who went out to Timmins to hunt, had a rather narrow escape. A rifle in the



# Sights That Never Fail

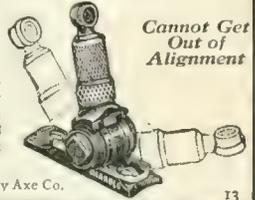
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# THE CULTURE OF BLACK AND SILVER FOXES

By R. B. and L. V. CROFT, B.A., M.D.



Dr. Croft on his Fox Ranch

The new and growing industry of Fox Raising is rapidly becoming popular and its money making possibilities are becoming recognized.

Canada's leading sportsman's magazine, "ROD AND GUN," is being besieged by requests for information, the result of the interest created by the splendid articles that have appeared in recent issues.

To meet this demand, the Publishers are issuing the articles in booklet form in which enthusiasts are given valuable and hitherto unknown information about foxes, under the following heads:—

**Introduction, Heredity, Origin, Breeding, Mating and Cestation, Pens and Dens, Food and Feeding, Food and Care, Value**

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**WOODSTOCK, ONT.**

hands of another lady was accidentally discharged, the bullet cutting a hole through the former's skirt, but doing no bodily harm.

Nearly everyone in Cobalt knows Matt Boivin, who was a former resident of that town, but now owns a saw mill at Iroquois Falls. According to a story told by Jim Nidds the popular conductor on the T. & N. O. Ry., Matt Boivin, was awakened shortly after 12 o'clock the morning of the opening of the big game season by a rummaging noise in his yard around the house. He took a casual glance at his watch, saw that the moose season had been open for several minutes and crept stealthily from his bed to the window. Sure enough, out there in the yard, quietly munching around the garden was an animal that even rivalled the moose Lou Shaw killed with his engine near Timagami three weeks before. He looked around for his gun. The trusty weapon was standing loaded in an adjoining room and with all the quietness possible for a man in bare feet, he reached the gun and retraced his steps to the window. The animal was still in the garden, all unconcerned. Bang! A bullet well aimed at the heart, had done its work and without a whimper the animal sank slowly on its knees and toppled over dead.

When Matt found that one bullet had done the work he was highly elated and hurriedly dressed and went out in the yard to look over the first moose killed in the season. But the sad part of the story is to follow. Jim Nidds tells it with a pronounced sigh. Instead of a moose Matt Boivin had killed his big bay horse, which had been insecurely tied in the stable and finding itself free wandered around and enjoyed the sweets of the garden.

Chased by a wild cat, a Grey county farmer's daughter had a bad scare that she will probably never forget. A huge specimen of Canadian lynx, with fiery eyes and ferocious looks, followed her along the road on its way from a bush to a swamp. It had been seen twice before during the year. A few days later a hunting party from Chesley went out after the animal but without success.

The record buck for October at Penticton, B. C., writes a correspondent, was shot by Mr. Max Ewart, Dominion Immigration Inspector. Without the legs and entrails it weighed 247 lbs. The fat on the haunch was three inches thick, yet it was only a four pointer.

Mr. John Rudolph, sr., who is credited with being the champion fisherman of Preston, Ont. has added another to his list of achievements. He now lays claim—and can prove the statement, without doubt—that he caught a fish which was well feathered instead of being scaled. Mr. Rudolph removed all doubt by explaining that some lads stole his pole to go fishing and in returning it in the evening, it was shoved through the window of his hen house. The next morning finding the pole sticking out of the window, he gave it a jerk and was greeted by a sound which was not quite like that of a fish. On entering the pen he found a chicken on the hook.

The farmers living in Puslinch Township Ont., have decided that it is not safe to allow hunters from the city to go over their farms. For years back the farmers in Puslinch have allowed the Guelph nimrods to shoot over their farms, and fish the creeks which flowed through their property.

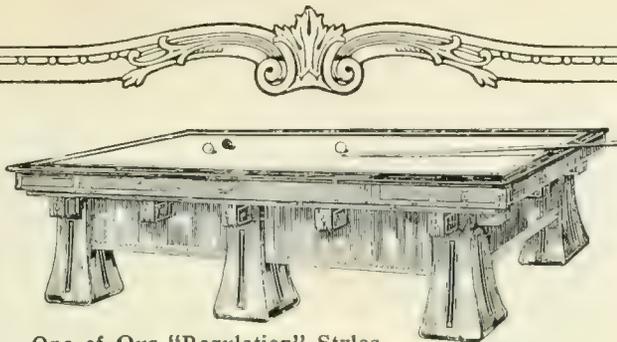
The huntsmen who were given the privilege failed to keep faith, one of them starting a fire in a swamp that burned many feet of valuable hardwood timber.

As a result the farmers held a meeting, and agreed that any person found fishing, shooting, trapping or trespassing on their premises would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.

The names of the following farmers were signed to the agreement: R. Armstrong, P. Hanlon, A. Moody, L. Steffler, G. H. Laird, S. Slater, R. Laird, G. McGill, J. Howitt, G. Crane, W. McWilliams, A. Crane, J. C. Crane, P. F. Hanlon, J. Hanlon, R. Yates, M. Hart, M. J. Walsh.

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**H. Mortimer Batten's "Prints from Canadian Trails" in the January issue of Rod and Gun will be followed up by more Prints from Canadian Trails, which will include articles on "The Raccoon and His Little Ways" "The Fisher, a Demon of Murder." Read these Articles in our February number.**



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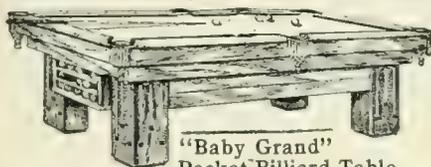
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# THE TRAP

Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.



## GRAND INTERNATIONAL SHOOT AT ST. THOMAS

With the club grounds in ship shape order, a good attendance each day, weather conditions ideal, hard-working officials and large crowds, this shoot held in St. Thomas from December 1st to 5th, proved one of the most successful Grand International Shoots ever carried out. The first three days of the shoot were confined to blue rocks and the last two to live pigeons. Prominent marksmen, professional and amateur, from all parts of Canada and United States were in attendance, and the fair sex were represented by Mrs. Vogel of Detroit, Mrs. Boa of Montreal and Mrs. Conover of Leamington, all of whom hung up very creditable scores.

The honors for the first three days went to the American contingent, J. R. Graham of Ingleside, Ill., carrying off the professional honors, and J. R. Jahn of Keota, Ia., landed the high amateur prizes.

In the live bird shoot on Thursday the Canadians came into their own, John Stroud of Hamilton getting 20 birds out of as many tries. However on Friday Mr. Stroud was not up to his usual good form and the Grand International handicap was captured by F. A. Graper of Custer Park, Iowa, after a shoot-off with J. R. Graham of Ingleside, Ill.

### Monday

The shoot on Monday was for 100 blue rocks and the entries totalled in the neighborhood of 65. J. R. Graham, Jno. R. Taylor and W. L. Taylor were high professionals with a score of 98, and F. C. Koch of Philipsburg, O., with 97 out of a possible 100, was high amateur. A large number of participants also secured scores averaging from 90 to 96, showing the high quality of marksmanship on the opening day.

### Tuesday

The second day of the shoot was for 200 blue rocks. Three American entries tied for first place, F. A. Graper, J. R. Jahn and F. S. Wright, each securing 192; H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, and W. J. Marshall of Galt were the only Western Ontario men to come near the leaders with a score of 189 each.

In a miss-and-out shoot at live birds, Joe Coffey, St. Thomas, H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, and Joe Jennings, Todmorden tied for first place with 7 each.

### Wednesday

Fine marksmanship was again much in evidence on the third day of the shoot, the excellent weather and large gallery seeming to bring out the very best in the participants. There were again 200 targets and W. S. Hoon of Jewell, Iowa, carried off the honors for the day with the large score of 195. R. W. Clancy, Chicago, (professional) was high in his class with a score of 193.

The following is the record for the first 3 days of the shoot.—

### ST. THOMAS GUN CLUB.

#### Scores Made by Amateurs.

Event No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
Number of Targets	1st Day 20	20	20	20	20						100
	2nd Day 20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	200
	3rd Day 20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	200
G. K. Mackie	1st Day 15	16	10	11	14						66
	2nd Day 17	18	13	18	15	15	16	16	15	17	160
	3rd Day 17	13	12	18	17	16	15	13	14	16	151
F. A. Graper	1st Day 20	17	19	16	20						92
	2nd Day 20	18	19	17	19	20	20	20	20	19	192
	3rd Day 19	18	16	16	17	18	16	18	19	18	175
J. R. Jahn	1st Day 19	19	20	19	19						96
	2nd Day 18	18	19	19	20	20	20	19	19	20	192
	3rd Day 17	19	18	20	19	20	18	19	20	20	190
F. C. Koch	1st Day 20	19	19	19	20						97
	2nd Day 19	20	20	17	19	18	18	19	20	18	188
	3rd Day 20	17	18	18	18	19	19	18	20	20	187
J. E. Cain	1st Day 15	16	14	16	13						74
	2nd Day 12	16	16	19	14	17	16	12	11	12	145
	3rd Day 17	15	14	15	14	18	18	19	18	17	165
W. S. Hoon	1st Day 19	19	17	20	17						92
	2nd Day 20	18	20	19	19	20	19	19	19	17	190
	3rd Day 20	18	20	20	20	20	20	19	19	19	195
F. H. Conover	1st Day 17	14	17	18	18						84
	2nd Day 19	15	19	15	18	15	20	17	17	18	173
	3rd Day 14	14	19	16	19	19	18	19	16	19	171
F. S. Wright	1st Day 18	19	20	19	20						96
	2nd Day 20	18	20	17	20	20	18	19	20	20	192
	3rd Day 19	18	19	19	17	20	19	19	18	18	186
Jno. Ebberts	1st Day 15	18	17	20	19						89
	2nd Day 20	15	17	16	18	17	17	14	18	18	170
	3rd Day 17	15	19	15	14	18	17	19	19	17	170
H. Blackmer	1st Day 18	20	18	19	20						95
	2nd Day 20	20	18	17	19	18	20	19	18	18	187
	3rd Day 19	15	16	18	15	19	19	20	19	18	178
G. Fish	1st Day 16	19	18	19	18						90
	2nd Day 20	19	17	20	20	19	19	18	18	19	189
	3rd Day 19	19	18	17	19	19	19	17	18	19	184

# DOMINION CARTRIDGES

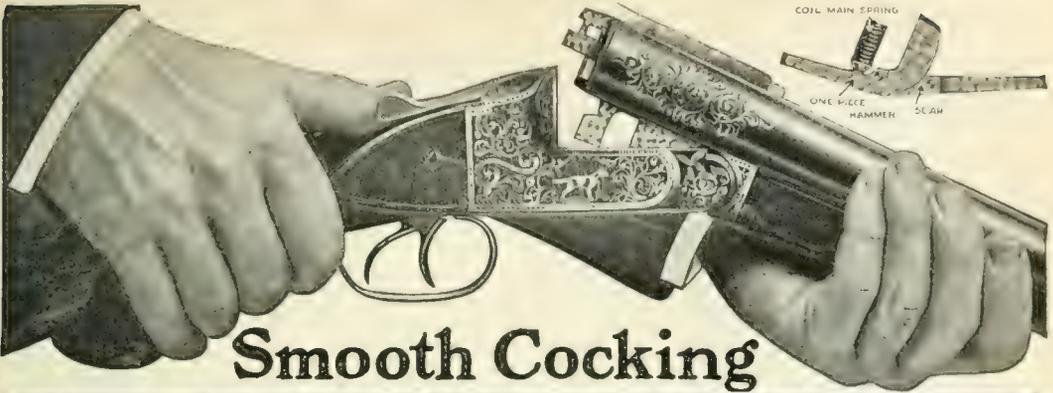
HIGH VELOCITY  
FLAT TRAJECTORY  
EFFECTIVE PENETRATION  
AND SURE KILLING POWER  
ARE CHARACTERISTICS

OF THE BRAND MARKED



## DEPENDABLE AMMUNITION

Joe. Jennings .....	1st Day	17	18	20	18	17							90
	2nd Day	20	17	18	20	16	16	20	19	19	18		183
	3rd Day	16	11	19	16	19	18	18	15	18	19		169
H. D. Bates.....	1st Day	18	18	19	18	19							92
	2nd Day	19	19	19	19	20	20	19	19	18	17		189
	3rd Day	19	20	16	19	20	17	20	19	19	19		188
Mrs. J. S. Boa	1st Day	13	14	17	12	13							69
	2nd Day	13	14	16	13	15	13	16	13	16	11		140
	3rd Day	8	11	13	13	15	15	11	11	13	9		119
S. Vance	1st Day	15	18	19	19	17							88
	2nd Day	16	17	18	17	18	15	18	16	17	19		171
	3rd Day	19	18	18	18	20	20	19	18	18	19		187
H. O'Loane	1st Day	13	17	18	18	17							83
	2nd Day	18	18	16	20	16	16	20	19	14	18		175
	3rd Day												
N. Long	1st Day	18	18	17	15	20							88
	2nd Day	18	19	20	18	20	18	18	15	18	16		180
	3rd Day	14	18	17	20	16	19	20	19	17	17		177
Jno. W. Broderick	1st Day	16	16	20	19	13							84
	2nd Day	15	17	17	18	13	16	16	13	17	18		160
	3rd Day	19	10	17	16	19	15	17	17	17	18		173
H. L. Taylor	1st Day	17	18	18	18	17							88
	2nd Day	19	15	17	18	17	19	16	17	17	15		170
	3rd Day												
R. Day ..	1st Day	19	16	15	17	18							85
	2nd Day	18	18	18	14	17	17	19	15	18	18		172
	3rd Day	18	19	15	17	17	18	18	14	17	18		171
S. Huntley	1st Day	18	20	20	19	19							96
	2nd Day	19	18	19	19	19	19	20	18	18	19		188
	3rd Day	19	20	19	17	19	19	20	20	20	19		192
Fred Galbraith	1st Day	16	19	18	19	19							91
	2nd Day	17	17	17	16	19	18	17	18	19	18		176
	3rd Day	19	19	19	19	18	20	18	18	20	19		189
W. Hart .....	1st Day	19	19	16	13	16							83
	2nd Day	17	15	18	17	16	18	14	14	17	18		164
	3rd Day	18	15	12	17	19	15	17	19	16	19		167
J. Coffey	1st Day	17	19	20	17	16							89
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
A. McRitchie .....	1st Day	16	16	18	16	20							86
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
Geo. Mannix.....	1st Day	17	17	16	16	19							85
	2nd Day	19	19	18	15	17	13	13	20	17	15		166
	3rd Day	15	17	16	16	17	20	18	18				160-137
W. H. Hindley ..	1st Day	9	13	17	9	16							64
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
G. A. Brown .....	1st Day	17	17	16	20	13							88
	2nd Day	19	18	13	17	15	19	19	19	19	17		175
	3rd Day	16	16	20	18	20	19	19	17	19	19		183
G. McCall	1st Day	13	16	16	17	15							77
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day	12	16	17	19	16	14	16	17	17	19		163
W. C. Vail	1st Day	16	14	16	18	12							76
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day			12	9								40-21
R. D. Emslie	1st Day	14	12	12	13	15							66
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
J. J. Hamm	1st Day	16	15	17	18	19							85
	2nd Day	15	18	19	17	17	13	19	17	17	17		169
	3rd Day												
F. Kerr ..	1st Day	19	18	18	17	17							89
	2nd Day	20	19	19	17	17	16	19	16	16	19		178
	3rd Day	17	19	18	16	16	16	19	20	17	17		175
C. L. Frantry	1st Day	16	19	19	16	19							89
	2nd Day	17	17	19	19	19	17	20	20	17	17		182
	3rd Day	19	19	16	17	20	19	18	18	19	15		180
W. J. Marshall	1st Day	18	17	18	19	18							90
	2nd Day	19	20	18	20	19	18	18	20	18	19		189
	3rd Day	17	18	19	17	18	17	16	20	16	19		177
Mr. Vogel ..	1st Day	17	17	18	14	16							82
	2nd Day	19	19	16	17	19	19	17	18	19	19		182
	3rd Day	17	14	19	16	18	13	17	18	17	15		164
J. M. Fulton	1st Day	13	17	17	18								80-65
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
E. Koehler	1st Day	11	16	14	12	18							74
	2nd Day	15	16	18	17	16	15	18	13	17	16		161
	3rd Day	17	17	17	17	15	15	11	14	17	19		162
J. A. Vance ..	1st Day	15	18	17	15	16							81
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
W. G. Pow ..	1st Day	10	18	14	7	16							65
	2nd Day												
	3rd Day												
F. A. Dolson ..	1st Day	18	17	14	18	12							79
	2nd Day	17	19	18	18	15	17	18	15	14	16		167
	3rd Day	17	15	14	17	15	17	17	17	14	18		167
H. Smith	1st Day	15	19	19	18	17							88
	2nd Day	20	18	18	18	19	17	17	19	20	18		184
	3rd Day												
Mrs. F. H. Conover	1st Day	10	14	18	13	10							65
	2nd Day	12	13	15	15	13	9	10	16	12	11		126



## Smooth Cocking

- ¶ You don't have to break this gun across your knee or break your wrists to cock it.
- ¶ There is no hard kink at end of hammer sweep—in fact it cocks so smooth and easy that a flip of the barrels will do the trick.
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BOOK DEPARTMENT

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA,

WOODSTOCK ONT.

	3rd Day	12	10	11	13	13	15	12	14	14	17	131
L. W. Lowe	1st Day											
	2nd Day	13	15	17	13	16	17	12	15	15	15	148
E. Chatterson	3rd Day											
	1st Day											
	2nd Day											
	3rd Day	9	14	13	13	16	11	13	14	15	15	133
A. Hopkins	1st Day											
	2nd Day											
	3rd Day	11	11	15	16	17	17	18	16	18	15	154
F. Hopkins	1st Day											
	2nd Day											
	3rd Day	5	8	6	11	11	12	14	13	14	15	109
D. McNeil	1st Day											
	2nd Day											
	3rd Day	14	14	14	10	11						100- 63

Scores Made by Professionals

J. R. Graham	1st Day	18	20	20	20	20	19	20	18	18	19	98
	2nd Day	19	20	17	19	20	19	20	19	19	19	189
	3rd Day	17	19	20	18	20	20	19	19	19	19	190
E. S. Graham	1st Day	19	12	17	17	17						82
	2nd Day	15	19	17	16	20	18	19	17	19	19	179
	3rd Day	16	10	19	16	18	12	15	18	20	20	161
J. S. Day	1st Day	19	19	19	20	19						96
	2nd Day	18	20	20	19	18	20	19	18	19	18	189
	3rd Day	19	19	19	18	19	16	20	18	20	17	185
L. S. German	1st Day	18	20	19	19	19						95
	2nd Day	19	20	20	20	20	19	18	18	19	17	190
	3rd Day	20	20	19	16	20	20	19	19	19	19	191
G. M. Dunk	1st Day	18	17	18	19	18						90
	2nd Day	19	18	17	16	16	18	19	18	12	16	169
	3rd Day	18	18	16	15	15	18	16	15	14	15	166
J. R. Taylor	1st Day	19	20	20	19	20						98
	2nd Day	19	19	19	19	18	20	17	19	19	20	189
	3rd Day	19	18	17	19	20	18	19	18	18	19	185
C. F. Moore	1st Day	17	20	16	17	18						88
	2nd Day	19	19	17	18	19	18	19	18	20	18	185
	3rd Day	18	17	19	19	19	18	17	17	19	17	180
G. R. Hassan	1st Day	14	15	19	13	18						79
	2nd Day	18	13	16	15	15	13	17	10	17	17	157
	3rd Day	11	13	15	18	19	14	15	16	14	16	151
J. S. Boa	1st Day	17	18	18	16	18						87
	2nd Day	18	16	17	17	19	15	18	18	17	17	172
	3rd Day	17	17	16	16	18	17	19	19	19	18	176
W. B. Darton	1st Day	20	17	18	16	16						87
	2nd Day	17	18	17	17	17	19	18	18	19	17	177
	3rd Day	14	17	18	19	19	18	18	17	17	18	175
W. S. Hare	1st Day	19	13	16	10	12						70
	2nd Day	13	15	13	16	13	11	17	16	12	12	138
	3rd Day	14	15	15	15	19	18	16	17	16	19	164
R. W. Clancey	1st Day	18	18	17	18	16						87
	2nd Day	17	19	20	18	17	19	19	20	20	18	187
	3rd Day	19	19	20	19	19	20	20	20	17	20	193
E. G. White	1st Day	18	18	19	17	15						87
	2nd Day	15	18	20	20	20	17	19	19	18	18	184
	3rd Day	19	18	17	17	17	13	17	12	19	18	167
F. M. Fay	1st Day											
	2nd Day	16	18	18	19	16	17	19	15	17	18	173
	3rd Day	18	18	15	15	13	16	17	16	17	20	165

Thursday.

The live birds made their official debut on Thursday, and while a large number of blue rock shooters did not participate, there was a good number of new faces, whose specialty alone are "white fliers," bringing the entries up to 35.

John Stroud, the veteran sportsman of Hamilton, carried off the honors of the first day with a possible 20. There were three events of 10 birds each, the last being the first half of the Grand International Handicap of 20 birds. In the first event G. A. Brown of Seneca Falls, N. Y., captured the honors with a possible. In the second event there were 4 high guns, each with a possible—J. Stroud, H. D. Bates, G. Fish and J. R. Jahn. In the first half of the Handicap five made possibles—J. Stroud, J. A. Dalson, H. Kretschman, F. A. Graper and E. Koehler.

Friday.

Splendid weather marked the closing day of the big shoot. F. A. Graper captured the International Handicap after a shoot off with J. R. Graham, each having secured 19 birds. The Canadians had many representatives in this event, securing the high score of 18 each.

In the first event of 10 live birds three men made possibles—J. Vance, J. Kerr and F. S. Wright, and in the second event of 10 birds there were also three possibles—F. A. Graper, G. A. Fish and G. A. Brown.

SCORES MADE BY AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS

(The First Event—High Guns (2 Monies in 5) was not scheduled in the programme; the second event—High Guns (2 monies in 5 entries) was not in the programme; Event No. 3 was the first live bird event scheduled in the programme; Event No. 4 was the third live bird event in the programme; Event No. 5 was the second live bird event in the programme. All these were ten live birds each event.)

Event	1	2	3	4	5	International Handicap	
						20 Live Birds.	
						Handicap	
						Yards	
Jas. Caine	7	7	9			G. McCall	29
J. Payne		7	7			A. McRitchie	30
N. Long	10	9	9			R. Coffey	30
G. H. Mackie		9	7			S. J. Vance	29
J. R. Graham	9	9	7	7	9	J. Stroud	31
F. C. Koch	9	7	4			J. W. Coffey	30

# A HAPPY NEW YEAR

May Business be prosperous in 1914 for all sportsmen!

But after all, business is only a means to an end.

The holidays are what go to make the New Year Happy.

And of Holidays, do not the days spent in the woods loom up as the best spent and most enjoyable part of the Year?

May your 1914 trips bring you good sport. And—if you sight big game, *then* will be the time for a “ROSS RIFLE”; the .280 is best because of its low trajectory and its special sporting cartridge which surely anchors any game it hits, but any “Ross” will bring joy to the Sportsman by its absolute accuracy and dependability.

Ross Rifles are sold everywhere, \$25.00 and upwards.

Catalogues and full particulars from

**Ross Rifle Company -- Quebec**



Win. Vogel	9	8		
R. D. Emslie	5	8	5	4
E. Koehler		5		
J. R. Jahn	9	9	10	9
L. Koehler				
F. Galbraith	10	6	9	
A. Sintor		6		
F. Wright		8	5	10
T. Bennett		9		
J. Jennings	9	7	9	8
A. E. McRitchie		9	5	9
J. McCoig		4		
W. A. Hoon		7		
H. D. Bates	9	8	10	9
H. Kerr	7	8	9	10
G. Vance		7		
F. A. Graper	10	8	8	10
G. McColl		9	8	
J. Coffey	10	9	8	8
H. Blackmer	7			
W. L. Taylor	8			
L. Whyte				9
W. D. O'Loane			8	7
J. Vance			8	10
H. Webster			6	6
J. Fish	10	6	9	10
S. Huntley	7	9	9	8
H. Mares	8		7	
C. L. Frantz	8	9	9	7
G. A. Brown	8	10	9	10
J. Stroud	10		9	6
W. Kritchman	7		7	8
F. Stotts	9		9	8
C. Thrasher	5		5	7
R. Coffey	9	8	9	8
J. E. Cantelon	7			9
F. A. Dalson	7	9		8
Jno. Broderick				
J. Barkley		4		
G. Mannix		6		
Joe Weatherall	5			
W. C. Vail		6		
J. Crow		7		
G. Kimbell	6		6	

C. L. Frantz	30	16
G. A. Brown	30	16
F. Galbraith	30	16
W. Kritchman	28	17
J. R. Graham	31	19
H. D. Bares	31	10
F. Stotts	30	17
Thrasher	28	14
Harry Maier	29	14
J. Vance	29	14
J. Jennings	29	18
J. Scane	28	17
F. A. Dolson	29	18
J. E. Cantelon	30	17
Jas. Payne	28	14
R. D. Emslie	28	12
F. A. Graper	29	19
W. Long	30	16
F. Kerr	28	16
S. A. Huntley	30	18
G. Fish	30	16
J. Webster	28	17
E. Koehler	28	18
J. R. Jahn	31	17

F. A. Graper and T. R. Graham tied for 1st and shot off, Graper killing 3 straight and Graham missing his third bird, Graper accordingly winning the big event.

**Notes and Comments**

A great amount of credit for the success of the shoot is due to W. J. McCance and his able assistants, Mr. Richard Graham, accountant of the Municipal World who was in charge of the office, Mr. Wm. Rupp who had charge of the Merchandise event and the two O'Loane boys who acted as referees.

The boys, as a rule, were well pleased, and promised their support next year.

The different manufacturers of ammunition, guns, etc., were well represented, and helped to make the shoot a success.

The Merchandise target was an expensive pastime for some of the shooters. However the majority were anxious to try their luck at 25 yards and the speed with which the blue rocks were thrown from the trap.

W. J. Marshall, Galt, is a young man who is going to make a name for himself in the trap-shooting world.

The Riverside Gun Club of Chatham vanquished the St. Thomas Club by five shots in a seven-man shoot at 50 blue rocks.

There were about 142 shooters, not all of them shooting through the program.

Mr. R. D. Emslie, the president of the St. Thomas Club, the well known National League Umpire, has been an active member of the St. Thomas Gun Club for some twenty years and has done much to make the St. Thomas Gun Club a successful organization.

**TORONTO DOINGS**

**National Gun Club**

There was a good attendance of Trap Shooters at the National Gun Club's weekly shoot on Nov. 22nd. Twenty shooters shot over the trap and the weather was perfect for the sport.

E. C. Coath was high in the prize shot for the watch Fobs, breaking 25 out of 25.

J. Harrison was second with 21 and S. Hadley third with 20.

The prizes are the Stevens and Dupont Watch Fobs and are for a 200 Bird Race; with the added target system. In the Doubles Nelson Long and L. Lowe tied with 16 out of 24 and S. Hadley got 10.

Some of the scores were:

Name	Shot at	Broke
F. C. Fowler	116	81
Tompkins	50	33
C. L. Brooker	60	51
Geo. Wallace	55	36
Nels. Long	95	70
Major Curran	50	34
J. Lawson	40	29
J. Monkman	35	23

L. Lowe	87	66
P. McMartin	50	23
Tunison	50	33
F. Mathews	10	4
J. Turner	40	19
C. Moore	35	27
Snell	10	4
J. Harrison	35	28
C. B. Harrison	50	38
E. C. Coath	35	30
S. Hadley	74	48

The National Gun Club had a good turnout of trap shooters at their prize shoot on November 29th, for the Stevens and Dupont watch fobs. Some of the good scores were:

P. McMartin	25	J. Monkman	25
Dr. Brunswick	24	Geo. Wallace	22
C. Brooker	20	J. Harrison	23
L. Lowe	22	F. Fowler	21
Major Curran	23	E. Coath	21

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coming acquainted with the game, to the club's weekly shoots.

The scores:—		
F. C. Fowler	72	43
C. L. Brooker	78	63
Dr. Brunswick	89	72
P. McMartin	76	50
C. Moore	37	77
J. Harrison	46	41
L. Lowe	100	80
J. Dean	35	25
Major Curran	50	34
Geo. Wallace	52	34
J. Monkman	42	33
Geo. Dunk	100	73
V. Hadley	50	33
F. Coburn	25	14
E. Coath	35	28
F. Peacock	25	18

A very interesting pigeon match was shot off on J. Fleming's athletic grounds, Lambton Mills, between two teams, four on a side, of the National Gun Club on December 8rd. The shoot was for a supper and resulted in a score for the Big Four of three birds.

Dr. Brunswick carried off the honors of the day being High Gun. Fred W. Peacock managed the shoot and supplied the pigeons. J. Thompson, secretary of the National Club, furnished the ammunition and J. Harrison refereed the shoot.

The scores were as follows at 14 birds per man: Big Four; Dr. Brunswick, 13; C. B. Brown, 12; J. Harrison, 11; C. L. Brooker, 11; total, 47.

F. W. Peacock, 11; Wallace, 11; W. Hayward, 11; E. C. Coath, 11; total, 44.

During the past season (September, October and November), this club shot at 5546 more birds than for a similar length of time last year and the membership of the club has doubled. The club held their annual fowl shoot on December 20th and it is expected they will run a second fowl shoot on Christmas morning from nine till one.

On New Year's Day they will hold a big sparrow and clay bird shoot from 9 a.m. till late in the afternoon on their own club grounds.

Starting with Saturday, January 18th there will be a 100 bird race for two gun cases donated by J. A. Varley, Yonge St., and D. Pike Co., Ltd., with other prizes added. Any person wishing to join the club or anxious to learn trap-shooting is asked to communicate with the secretary, James Thompson, 22 Palmerston, Ave. Toronto.

On Dec. 6th an interesting double prize shoot was held on the grounds of the Club and some pretty good scores were made.

C. L. Brooker was the winner of the shield for this month with a score of 22 out of 25. He also won the shield the preceding month. Other scores in the shield were out of 25. Dr. Brunswick 20; F. C. Fowler 11; Geo. Wallace 10; Major Curran 15; J. White 14; C. Beare 20; J. Lawson 18; P. McMartin 21; C. B. Harrison 21.

In the fowl prize shoot J. Lawson was high with the possible 25; C. L. Brooker 23; V. Hadley 22; C. B. Harrison 22; L. Lowe 20; P. McMartin 20.

One special event was shot off by one of the coming trap shooters, R. Hale, a boy of 15, who broke 9 out of 15.

Name	Shot at	Broke
F. C. Fowler	106	58
Dr. Brunswick	70	51
J. Lawson	63	49
Geo. Wallace	61	43
J. Dean	35	22
Major Curran	60	35
C. L. Brooker	62	53
C. B. Harrison	64	50
E. Coath	81	62
J. Harrison	35	22
P. McMartin	75	60
J. White	50	30
C. Beare	25	20
C. Moore	37	7
L. Lowe	63	53
V. Hadley	44	33
Grainger	15	8
R. Waterworth	25	13
C. Mouguel	18	10
R. Hale	15	9
Snell	10	9

#### Stanley Gun Club

At the first shoot of the season, held on Saturday, Nov. 22nd, by the Stanley Gun Club a large number of members and friends were present and some high scores were made.

W. Hare, of the Nobells Explosive Company, was present, and took keen interest in the shooting. G. M. Dunk was also present and gave a very good account of himself, breaking 95 out of 100, including two straights of 25 and 10.

In the spoon event the shooting was exceptionally good, the winners being Messrs. Jennings, and Millington with scores of 25 straight.

Following is a list of those present with their scores

	Shot at	Broke
Ely	125	112
Millington	125	115
Dunk	100	95
Jennings	100	95
Stevens	100	85
Marsh	100	78
G. Scheibe	100	76
W. Hare	90	62
Hulme	85	74
Dewey	65	39
Millington, jr	65	27
Ingham	60	52
Van Duzen	60	48
Hallford	60	41
Ten Eyck	50	45
Hoey	50	34
Marr	50	32
Ballard	50	20
Spicer	45	25
Wakefield	35	30
Townsen	35	26
Buchanan	25	21
Carruthers	25	21

The weather was fine and the shooting exceptionally good at the weekly shoot held on Nov. 29th.

A. Millington gave good account of himself, breaking 184 out of 200, including two straights of 25. The scores were as follows:—

Name	Shot at	Broke
Millington	200	184
Stevens	200	178
Joslin	175	158
Ely	150	139
Fox	140	96
G. Scheibe	100	77
Marsh	100	73
Ingham	75	65
Dewey	75	58
Van Duzen	75	57
Neindorf	75	52
Vivian	60	51
Buch	50	42
Ten Eyck	50	37
Alberts	50	37

At the Stanley Gun Club's annual meeting the following members were elected as officers for the coming season:—Hon. President, J. C. Forman; President, E. J. Marsh; Vice-President, W. Stevens; Sec.-Treas., R. Whichello; Tournament Captain, J. Jennings; Field Captains, J. Massingham and R. Buchanan. Executive Committee—J. Jennings, Dr. Ten Eyck, T. Sawden, J. Massingham, G. Scheibe.

Quite a large number of members were present at the usual weekly shoot, which was held on the club grounds on Dec. 6th. The weather was fine and the shooting excellent. A. E. Millington was high with a score of 146 out of 150. The scores were as follows:—

	Shot at	Broke
Millington	150	146
Vivian	110	102
Stevens	125	106
G. Scheibe	100	79
Marsh	100	78
Pemberthy	85	33
Ingham	75	62
Wakefield	65	61
Hogarth	65	35
Ten Eyck	50	45
Buch	50	40
Halford	50	39
Black	50	36
Spencer	50	31
Neindorf	50	32
Dewey	35	30
Schnauer	50	22
A. Buchanan	25	22
Carruthers	25	18
Townson	25	18

#### Balmy Beach Club Shoot

The first regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club started on Dec. 6th, and will be continued



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every Saturday, starting at 2 o'clock sharp. W. H. Joselin was high man in the spoon shoot with 21 out of 25. Scores:—

	Shot at	Broke
W. H. Joslin	70	66
F. Hooley	45	39
J. H. Trimble	35	27
P. J. Boothe	35	32
A. E. Craig	10	7
W. Seager	50	46
J. A. Shaw	35	29
W. H. Cutler	70	52
J. G. Shaw	35	33
F. I. Fox	100	75
F. Kennedy	85	62
C. S. Watson	45	32
W. Barnett	45	31
O. Smilie	45	32
O. E. McGaw	60	56
C. D. Ten Eyck	65	58
W. H. Draper	55	45
G. H. Smith	35	32
F. Lansing	45	34
A. Capes	45	35
A. M. Bond	45	32
W. H. Bucke	45	38
J. E. Murphy	35	32
W. E. Murphy	20	14
T. F. Hodgson	10	9
A. Empringham	45	55

#### Hamilton Gun Club

The Hamilton Gun Club opened up the season on Saturday afternoon Nov. 22nd with a shoot over the Fulford traps. Although there were some very hard shots the scores were good.

John Stroud got 19 out of 21, missing the second and third birds, and then going straight. E. H. Sturt got 18 out of 20, dropping the eighth and twentieth birds. H. L. Morris got 18 out of 20 also, the seventh and seventeenth birds getting away.

The scores were:—

	Shot at	Broke
H. Kretchman	21	18
W. Dillon	21	15
C. Syer	21	17
F. W. Watson	21	16
E. Harris	21	16
J. Stroud	21	19
P. Friend	20	15
H. L. Morris	20	18
H. Marsh	20	15
J. Hunter	20	16
E. H. Sturt	20	18
A. Parmenter	20	16
J. J. Cline	20	15

At the Hamilton Gun Club, on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 29th, a special practice shoot was held for the members who intended taking in the St. Thomas tournament. There was a stiff east wind, which played havoc with scores.

Nelson Long got 48 out of 55, which was good under the conditions. He got 14 in the event of doubles. E. Harris was in good form also, getting 43 out of 50, and 15 in the doubles. His best score was 24 out of 25, which was high in the event.

The scores were:—

	Shot at	Broke
H. Kretchman	110	80
D. Konkle	45	32
D. Reid	45	29
J. W. Nairn	45	31
Nelson Long	55	48
A. Bates	25	18
E. Harris	50	43
C. A. Ross	75	45
J. J. Cline	60	40
F. W. Watson	60	47
J. Gomph	50	36

#### Chatham Gun Club

Members of the Chatham Gun Club held a practice shoot at the fair grounds on Friday afternoon, Nov. 24th, starting at 2.30, in preparation for the Grand International shoot which was held at St. Thomas, December 1 to 5. About a dozen of the shooters were present and several good scores were made. In the 25 bird event Baxter killed 20 and Smith 19. Three others shot in the event with the following scores: Pattison 13, McGarvin 12, Nichols 14. The latter made an unbroken score in the second event of 10 birds. Bragg scored 9 in the 15 bird match, Willard 7, McGarvin 12. In the second event of 15 birds the following scores were

made: Smith 12, Bragg, 10, McGarvin 12, Pattison 11. A number of other events were also decided. Considering the dull afternoon the shooting was regarded by the marksmen as satisfactory.

At a shoot held in St. Thomas on Dec. 3rd, the Riverside Club, of Chatham, defeated the St. Thomas Gun Club by five targets in a team shoot at 50 targets. Scores:

Riverside Club.	
W. Dobson	39
H. Smith	17
G. Crowe	46
F. Dolson	42
D. Smith	35
H. O'Loane	41
A. Suitor	41
Total	291
St. Thomas	35
W. Vale	39
J. Coffey	39
C. Axford	41
G. Mannix	47
G. McCall	39
R. D. Emslie	42
R. Coffey	43
Total	286

#### Porcupine Gun Club Banquet

On Dec. 1st the members of the Porcupine Gun Club and a few friends, to the number of twenty-two, sat down to a sumptuous repast at King's Hotel, Golden City, and spent a very pleasant and sociable couple of hours.

The menu was of the best and thoroughly characteristic of the King's hotel cuisine, which is now without an equal in the entire camp. Reeve Martin Walsh presided in a happy manner, his cheerful smile and pleasant words making everyone feel perfectly at home. Having done justice to the princely fare provided by nice host Tom King, various members of the club were called upon to speak and the events of the past season were reviewed, mostly from a humorous standpoint. Those who had come out with the high scores were given due credit, and for consistently good performances Messrs. Thornton and White took the honors. Secretary Thornton modestly refused to accept the great praise showered upon him, and, when asked by Dr. McInnis what was the secret of his success, smilingly replied, "Well, doc, you just hit them where they are." All the speakers expressed their regret that Mr. A. C. White was leaving them for a few months, as he had, not only by his attendance but by the example of his marksmanship, proved himself one of the staunchest members of the club. The prospects for next season are good, as the clubmen have gained valuable knowledge of the sport from their experiences of the past season, and it is probable that similar clubs will be formed at South Porcupine and Timmins early next spring. Mr. Preston stated that he had compared the Porcupine scores with the average figures of the clubs in Toronto and the neighborhood, and the comparison was in favor of the Porcupine marksmen. This should be a great encouragement to the younger members to persevere and make the top notches of 1913 go some to hold their own in 1914. During the evening Mr. T. Huntley rendered two vocal solos in delightful style, the one and only Dan Campbell also was right there as usual and the Porcupine Gun Club male voice quartet made their first public appearance. Piano selections were rendered by Mr. W. H. Wilson, while the supper was being served, and he afterwards accompanied the singers who took part in the programme.

#### St. Hubert Gun Club

At the practice shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club held the last week in November, Mr. J. B. Harkin won the silver spoon with a score of 44 out of 50. Following were the scores:

Harkin	25	19-44
Smith	23	21-44
Rogers	22	21-43
Brown	20	22-42
Little	22	19-41
Throop	20	21-41
Roberts	17	21-38
Cameron	19	18-37
Williams	18	19-37
Moore	14	15-29
Extras—Cuzner, 18x25; Rogers, 18x25; Roberts, 16x25; Moore, 14x25; Hodgson, 10x25. Doubles—Harkin, 20x24; Roberts, 16x24; Rogers, 12x24.		

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### For Sale, Want and Exchange Dept. (Continued from page 13)

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W. J. Sheffler, the famous American taxidermist, formerly Manager of the Hoosier Taxidermy Establishment and later connected at Indiana University, has located at 2424 Esplanade Ave., Montreal. He had in his employ the noted French taxidermist, Baker, and Butz the expert German taxidermy artist. Our work has never been surpassed and is the very best in every particular. Guaranteed. Some birds and animals taken in exchange for work.

Several good scores were made at the weekly shoot of the St. Hubert Gun Club on Dec. 8th, among them being the efforts of Messrs. Beattie and Sibbitt. These two shots were tied with 15 out of 50. In the shoot off for the silver spoon, Mr. Beattie won with a straight score of 25. Messrs Rogers and Bunn challenged Messrs. Corby and Viaw for the McCallum Trophy, the match to take place on Saturday, Dec. 20.

B. Beattie	23	23-15
R. S. Sibbitt	24	21-15
J. B. Bunn	21	22-13
W. L. Cameron	22	20-12
Dr. I. G. Smith	20	22-12
J. W. Brown	20	21-11
V. V. Rogers	19	22-11
W. C. Little	22	17-10
J. Roberts	19	20-39
W. Williams	18	21-39
C. Bethune	17	19-36
Dr. Black	18	18-36
W. Corby	19	17-36
A. T. Phillips	16	19-15

Extras—Corby, 23; Easdale, 19; Sibbitt, 22; Beattie, 25; Rogers, 17; Bethune, 16.

**Clinton Two Day Shoot**

The 23rd annual tournament of the Clinton Gun Club opened Thursday, Nov. 27th with a good attendance of shooters, the trade being well represented. The weather was rather windy for live-bird shooting but added greatly to the sport by helping some of the birds in their speed, many brilliant kills being made. The Dominion Cartridge Company was represented by J. S. Boa and G. M. Dunk; Nobles Ballistite, Empire Powder Company by W. S. Hare; Hercules Powder Company by C. F. Moore. The championship of Ontario was won by A. E. McRitchie of Morpeth. J. E. Cantelon of Clinton, and J Huntley, of Kansas City, Mo., tied for second place.

High average was won by H. D. Bates, of Ridgetown, and J. Coffey, of Port Stanley.

The Miss-and-out event was shot as the last event of the day and was won by Huntley of Kansas City on the fourteenth bird. The scores were:

	Shot at	10	15	10	1st
G. M. Dunk, Toronto	7	11	6-21		
F. Kerr, Crediton	9	13	6-28		
H. L. Taylor, Ridgetown	6	8	x-14		
W. Hart, Dresden	8	11	x-19		
J. Huntley, Kansas City	7	14	9-30		
B. W. Glover, London	6	13	8-27		
J. E. Cantelon, Clinton	8	14	8-30		
Roland Day, London	5	12	7-51		
H. Coleman, London	7	x	x-7		
A. E. McRitchie, Morpeth	7	15	8-30		
R. D. Emslie, St. Thomas	8	11	6-25		
K. Naftel, Goderich	5	x	x-5		
H. D. Bates, Ridgetown	9	13	9-31		
J. Coffey, Port Stanley	10	12	9-31		
D. W. Scott, Brussels	7	12	x-19		
Crawford	x	11	7-18		

A remarkably close call from a double shooting occurred at the grounds when F. Copp, aged 16, fired at one of the birds. In some way the charge went wide, and part of it penetrated the arm of Percy Fleming, aged 10, who was standing in the crowd, and another portion passed through the hat of James Carter, just above his right ear. The injury inflicted was not serious.

The tournament closed on Friday afternoon. The shooting was at targets and the entry list was increased by additional shooters and the principal event was the long distance championship of Western Ontario, which was captured by Roland Day of London, with the excellent score of 44 out of a possible 50 at 22 yards.

Mrs. J. S. Boa shot the entire program through and considering the conditions, did well. The high average resulted in a tie between Bates and Taylor, of Ridgetown; Kerr of Crediton and Galbraith. The scores were as follows in the long distance championship.

R. Day	41
Bates	37
Huntley	41
Hart	41
Taylor	38
Kerr	43
Scott	32
Galbraith	38
Graham	39
Burchill	36
Naftel	36

The professional average was won by C. F. Moore of Wilmington, Del., and was constituted by 120 bird

The scores were as follows:

H. Bates	107
R. Day	99
Huntley	106
Taylor	107
J. S. Boa	102
Mrs. J. S. Boa	78
Kerr	107
G. M. Dunk	98
Moore	111
Scott	101
Galbraith	107
McRitchie	94
Graham	91
Burchill	98

**Ameliasburg Rod and Gun Club**

The Ameliasburg Rod and Gun Club held their twentieth annual consecutive shoot on November 21st.

It was an ideal day and a good attendance of the leading sportsmen of Ameliasburg together with some visitors from Belleville and other outlying points were present. The new range along the shore of Roblin's Lake was almost perfect. The absence of outside shooting on the grounds due to the precaution taken by the management was much appreciated by the on-lookers and the day's sport was pronounced the best ever held there.

The following is the score:

Mark Sprague	9	birds
Jas. Wallbridge	9	birds
Geo. Nobles	7	birds
Raymond Roblin	8	birds
D. L. Stafford	5	birds
W. A. Buchanan	3	birds
Fred Russell	8	birds
Bart Russell	5	birds
L. Gerow	5	birds
John Bovay	8	birds
Jas. R. Anderson	9	birds
John Anderson	7	birds
Ben. Anderson	7	birds
Ben. Wallbridge	6	birds
E. Williams	7	birds
C. Covert	10	birds
R. Parliament	6	birds
C. Giles	5	birds
Fred Sprague	5	birds
J. M. Giles	7	birds
Harry Jose	7	birds
Ernest Thompson	5	birds
Arthur Jones	8	birds
W. Andrews	7	birds
Harry Adams	5	birds
G. E. Roblin	4	birds

out of a possible of 10 birds.

The tie of 9 birds each of Mark Sprague, Jas. Wallbridge, and Jas. R. Anderson was shot off first with 5 birds each and then miss and out resulted in Jas. R. Anderson winning the silver trophy cup of the club; Mark Sprague 2nd prize and Jas. Wallbridge 3rd prize.

There was also rifle shooting for ducks, live birds, and blue rock shooting for turkeys.

Former winners of the club's cup are as follows:

The Club was organized in 1894 and the cup won in:

- 1894 by H. W. Eckert.
- 1895 by W. H. Stafford
- 1896 by W. H. Weese
- 1897 by Dr. Farncomb
- 1898 by J. W. Gibson
- 1899 by Jas. Wallbridge
- 1900 by Geo. B. Sprague.
- 1901 by Herb Russell
- 1902 by Jas. Wallbridge
- 1903 by Jas. Wallbridge
- 1904 by Bart Russell
- 1905 by Peter Bovay
- 1906 by Morley Stafford
- 1907 by D. T. Stafford
- 1908 by Peter Bovay
- 1909 by Jas. Wallbridge
- 1910 by Raymond Roblin
- 1912 by Mark Sprague
- 1913 by Jas. R. Anderson

Raymond Roblin is President of this Club, D. T. Stafford, Treasurer, and W. H. C. Roblin, Secretary.

**A Turkey Shoot**

About twenty of the Belleville gun and rifle shots went by motor car or carriage to the vicinity of Massasaga on Dec. 2nd, to a turkey shoot on the farm of Mr. Jose. The locals were out for birds and as a result of their unerring aim, a good many of the feathered fowl came over the bay bridge in the evening hours.



FEBRUARY, 1914

FIFTEEN CENTS

# ROD <sup>AND</sup> GUN

IN - CANADA



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WOODSTOCK, ONT.

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# ROD and GUN in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, February, 1914

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Kermode's White Bear (*Ursus Kermodei*, Hornaday).  
(Type Specimen.) Group in Provincial Museum, Victoria, B. C.

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. 15

WOODSTOCK, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1914

No. 9

## THE BEARMAN

BONNYCASTLE DALE

**W**E can quite imagine this—“Well, how is your stock this morning?” asks the ultra modern breeder.

“Just about five thousand dollars better; the black fox dam dropped a pair; all the deer have fawns, and the old bears’ dens are full of cubs.”

Why not? Now-a-days we have wild duck preserves, buffalo parks, trout ponds, frog ponds, skunk farms, mink farms, catfish and carp lakes, squirreleries, snakeries and all sorts of ’eries, so why not raise bears? Presto! and it is done. Just sit still on that Magic soap-box (with apologies to Nesbit) and off we go to Cuyahoga. Where, oh where, is this place with the dreadful name? It ought to be in Chili or Africa or Tibet, but no, it is in commonplace Ohio, near Akron, and there it has been for full twenty years,—a successful bear farm.

Of course you know bears are dangerous. Why every magazine writer that ever saw a savage, wild bear in its native fastnesses in the—City Park, or in its dark, gloomy den in the interior—of some menagerie, will tell you bloodcurdling tales of this terrible man-eater. Next to man bears are most fond of berries. It is truly a remarkable sight to see a klootchman (woman) of the Coast tribes gathering salmon, black, or flannel berries. The bushes that bear these fruits are often breast high—in fact the two former grow to six feet in height. On one side the patient Indian woman picks the fruit—there is a commotion on the other side of

the bush—and a big black bear with jaws crunching the evasive seeds, pops solemnly up. Around the bush runs the screaming woman, right at the bear. Picking up her only weapon, her skirt, she waves it frantically at him and he flees terror-stricken to the bush.

We have met on lonely Indian trails little Indian toddlers, boys of nine and ten, haunting the salmon streams, with rifles longer than their dirty little brown bodies. What for? To shoot salmon, think you? No, they were *bear hunters*. We have never found a stream so wild, a valley so narrow, a woods so deep and silent, all along the great Northern Pacific Coast, but some simple child of the forest could relate how many bears he had seen there that year, and when Fritz asked him if he had often been killed (for in the tales we read bears always kill and mangle their prey) he has wonderfully answered “no”.

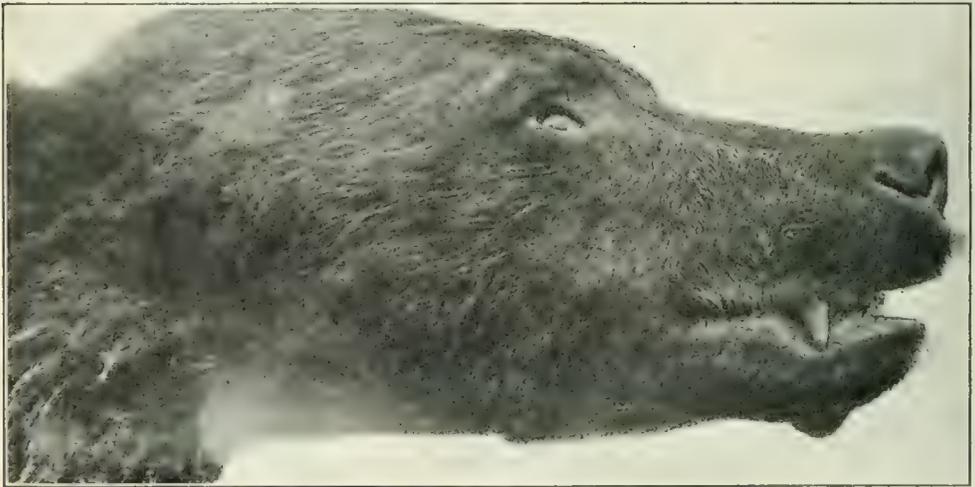
We just string the above pearls of wisdom to let the gentle reader know that the common black bear, or even the grizzly if not molested, does not live on a steady diet of raw man without salt; and so the bear breeder near Akron becomes a more understandable fact.

Twenty years ago the Akron breeder received a female cub. Later a male was added and the two lived comfortably until quite recently, so far as the writer knows, for a period of at least fifteen years. Twenty cubs have these big black parents had. They mate in June and the little chaps ap-

pear late in January. Little, harmless, playful pigs of the woods they are. I know of three instances, from personal observation, where the *huge savage mother* fled and let us chase her whimpering little cubs through the sallah and catch and fondle them. It does not take long for the unnatural children to forget their cowardly parent, but they instinctively climb up every tree they meet, and chasing cubs up soaking wet fir trees in a pouring rain does not commend itself to us as a very dry or comfortable part of a day's work.

To see a lazy, sleek, glossy, old dam squatted gravely beside a salmon stream peering at the spawning, strug-

weather so cold you would wonder how they could exist. They were just about to take some liquid refreshment from, let us say, Nature's fount. I took one up in my hands. Now I am not naturally swift of movement but when an old lady bear plainly expresses a wish for my scalp or her cub, why I think it the best policy to act quickly. The little blind baby bear weighed only a short pound and had travelled this vale of tears but one day. It was soft and sleek and warm and as I placed it on the leaves of the bed a big clawed foot swept out, ever so gently, (it would not have crushed a rose the way it drew that whining youngster to it)



Head of Black Bear: Note the Tusks

gling, splashing fish with her little drunken-looking eyes, then solemnly flopping a big paw through the water and throwing one of these big shining fish twenty feet back on to the pebbles, then wading over to it and playing with it a bit, then eating the shoulders and eyes and brains and the wee bit heart, and toddling back to go fishing again—is one of the burlesques of Nature.

But we were speaking of Ohio and find ourselves wandering back to the Pacific coast. (One *does* need the Magic Carpet to-day).

We were with those little cubs in their pen. January was their birth time; and they were so wee and the

and the little chap returned to the only source of perfect feeding.

Three months later it was interesting to wander back and see the generous little cubs really pushing one another towards the feeding trough—so unselfish they are. No, we are mistaken, near-sighted, perhaps; it is *pushing one another away* they are. Now they are growling—now not actually fighting but, sad to say, each seems equally determined to absorb each and every drop of milk that is forthcoming. The result is a melee of claws and teeth, cuffs and bumps. One could hardly realize they are in earnest. Yet they must have been,

Fritz says, as one was dead before the keeper could interfere.

The survivor's food later consisted of all sorts of vegetables, clover and grass. To see this cub quarrel with its parents because it wanted a bigger share than half the watermelon was instructive. It would have provided work for the "Fussy Female Federation"—the "Society for Administering Ginger Cordial to Young Bears with pains under their Pinnies"—idea not copyrighted—just help yourself. They—the bears not the females—cracked acorns like all possessed. Fritz counted and announced that one fat, sleek, grunting greedygut had actually gobbled down two hundred—and then held up its imploring, foolish little face for more.

regular sluggard this chap: none of your "You must wake and call me early, call me early mother dear," for him) and if the keeper had not dashed to the rescue he would not have needed any bed at all as the mother started up the tree after cubby with a view to monopolizing him as she had done his brother.

This bearman—by what other title shall he that breeds bears be designated—has furnished both pleasure and profit by his experiments along this line as he has an amusement park where far less interesting animals gather to watch Mr. Bruin domesticated.

There seems little doubt but that the great claws and teeth with which the bears are furnished were given to



An Avalanche of Bears

In November when we saw them again they were so fat they could scarcely waddle and the one Fritz petted crawled up on his—well, on that nameless territory between his knees and chin which in one of the fair sex we would designate as a "lap", and curled up and went to sleep. Mr. Keeper said it was ready to hibernate and so it did in December. It had made a bed, a big mass of leaves and twigs—cubby had a separate den—as its dear little brother and itself had been re-introduced to their affectionate parent after a soul harrowing separation of five months and she had instantly seized the big youngster in her strong arms and crushed it to death. Cubby was now going to bed for fourteen weeks (a

him because he was destined to be a destructive, flesh-eating animal and to enable him to protect himself and defend himself against other carnivora. Look at the teeth and claws in the half yard of bears in the illustration. Here are light brown, pure black, old and young, but all carnivorous looking—yet the biggest thing they eat are field mice. Ants are considered a delicacy. From an economical standpoint they should eat men rather than ants for how many ants would it take to equal one man in weight? (While Fritz is looking up the statistics on this we will continue).

Look at the tusks—for teeth you can hardly call them—in the head of the black bear shown. At least his

stomach should contain the remains of many large mammals; yet all it held was grass, plain grass without any trimmings.

One of the great difficulties the bear breeder has to contend with is where to keep the bear once you have him. It is a well known fact that bears will not swim, unless placed near water. Neither will they climb anything that is absolutely perpendicular. And a chap cannot dig bear pits big enough and line them with cement, to keep the progeny of many couples, for an old dam drops two or three at a litter. Fritz suggested, and Fritz, let me remark, is nothing if not practical, that it would be well to wall off a bit of the canon of the Colorado. He guaranteed the bearman there was room in there for all the bears the State of O-high-O could ever raise.

Francis Kermode (Magic Carpet again please, we are once more on the Pacific Coast), the Curator of the Victoria Museum, showed me a group of very rare bears—the five white ones shown in the frontispiece of this issue of ROD AND GUN. These are now a separate species and are called after him, *Ursus Kermodei*. These are found, rarely, on the Aleutian Peninsula and the Alaskan Islands. I rather favor the idea that they are inbred Arctic bear, island bound, breeding smaller as they grow still more closely related, as they certainly have the northern jaw and pelage, although the latter has become more discolored by wood rambling than has the coat of the ice wandering Polar. Still, we hear of yellow-white bears in Tibet and in Russia in Asia.

On the rivers of the north there are some monster bears.

Let me conclude by giving some notes that were gathered from a man whose veracity I have no reason to doubt. Indeed, did he not show me the very mountain down which the

bear of which I am about to speak came. In this connection I was led to remark the wonderful healing powers of old mother Nature for Fritz and I saw this man in swimming and he had not a scratch on him bigger than a flea might make—but then the incidents which he related were “many and many a year ago.”

“Just before they found gold in that fool valley up there where the soil never even melts,” said the old man, “I was prospecting up on that there ledge, banging away at the face with my hammer when up comes the biggest bear I have ever seen—to sort of jump my claim—(she could have had it and welcome as that was twenty years ago and the blame hill aint yielded a pound of any kind of metal yet, except the bullets of the Chechaco that shoots at everything that moves.) Well, sir, that old fiend she just gave me a swipe with her paw and away I went spinning down the side of the cliff. I guess I struck right in the top of some cedars for I wasn't killed. But I was out all right for a long time for the first thing I knew she was scenting all over me, snuffing and lifting me with her snout, then blessed if she didn't start to tear an old log to pieces, covering me all over with the bits of bark she stripped off the log. I had got such a crack that I couldn't even wriggle. When she got me all snugly hidden the old varmint scratched and clawed rotten wood all over the place. I kept still 'most an hour after all sounds ceased; then I crawled out and crept down the valley on my hands and knees. After a bit I spied her away up on another ledge tearing up another log to make a monument for me, a sort of totem pole, doubtless. I managed to wriggle home and I stayed there till I got fit again and then—well, if you come to that cabin there at the Forks I'll show you her hide, dod gast her.”

# WITH SNOWSHOES, GUN AND KODAK IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

A Young Englishman's First Experience  
of Canadian Winter Sport

Photographed by H. D. McCRAE



1. Expectation 2. Deliberation 3. Exhilaration 4. Vexation 5. D—nation 6. Consolation

# PRINTS FROM CANADIAN TRAILS

H. MORTIMER BATTEN

## *The Raccoon and His Little Ways.*

THE raccoon, or wash-bear, has many interesting traits of character, and, though a fierce and formidable fighter, often capable of putting three or four dogs double its size to ignominious flight, is by nature a lover of peace and solitude. It is found most abundantly in the maritime provinces, and its recognized dwelling is deep down in the trunk of some mighty basswood, where it sleeps away the daylight hours, emerging only after dark.

Low, swamp country is best loved by the 'coons, and their favorite food consists of frogs and aquatic insects. Usually the home tree is situated close to water, and, when the young are old enough, the whole family adjourns each night to one of these recognized hunting-grounds. The 'coon does not swim or dive in pursuit of its food. Crouching by the margin, it gropes in the mud with delicate fingertips, instantly hoisting out any aquatic dainty that comes within its reach. Having flung this onto the bank, the animal next proceeds to wash it carefully before eating—hence the designation wash-bear. A whole family of 'coons will visit the same feeding-ground night after night, living in perfect harmony with one another, but, should a stranger appear, a noisy and bloodless battle is sure to follow.

The 'coons exhibit great love for their young. When startled by dogs at their feeding ground, the male will sometimes turn to cover the retreat of his family, fighting valiantly, and perhaps giving up his life, in order that his kindred may escape to the home tree in safety.

But though, as a rule, the feeding range of the 'coon is small, the animals occasionally make long trips from the home tree in order to raid some plantation, or the settler's hen-house. Thus they have earned for themselves a bad name, and are often held guilty of crimes they have never

committed. A mink or skunk raids somebody's hen-house. A 'coon hunt is organized, and every available 'coon in the surrounding forest is killed. When winter comes, others are located in their hibernating dens, and smoked out to meet the discharge of the enraged settler's rifle. The Indians, too, kill large numbers of 'coons, and were it not that these animals have few enemies other than man and his dogs, it is doubtful whether they would have withstood the immense toll laid upon them.

The fisher is the only animal capable of climbing, I have ever heard of, that will deliberately attack a 'coon, though I have no doubt the marten, if hard pressed by hunger, would not hesitate.

In the hardwood forests of Eastern Canada, where 'coons are plentiful, the French Canadians consider their flesh good eating, while many of the forest Indians never fail to avail themselves of procuring 'coon meat, and consider it in its prime in the beginning of winter, when the animal dens up for the cold months. Very often a whole family of 'coons will den up together in some hollow tree, in which case it is an act of cruelty to attempt to smoke them out. The hollow tree is probably the only place of safety the young have ever learned to know, and, notwithstanding this new source of danger, they refuse to leave it, and are consequently suffocated or burnt to death. It is easy to recognize a home den, as the creatures make no attempt at concealing their whereabouts by the practice of cleanly habits. The bark of the tree is usually stained by muddy paw-marks, and, more often than not, a distinct runway extends from its base to the adjacent thicket.

'Coons make interesting pets, but need to be kept thoroughly clean, otherwise they soon become verminous. Their standard of intelligence is extremely high, and pet 'coons have been credited with such tricks as the

opening of larder doors in order to gain the treasures on the other side. At one camp at which the writer lived, there was a great demand for mice and live beetles, and on Sunday afternoon coursing matches were run between the two pet 'coons kept at the establishment.

No animal could be easier to recognize than this New World member of the 'possum family. The tail, of a rich creamy color, is ringed with dark brown, and when the animal crouches on a branch it invariably makes the mistake of allowing this conspicuous member to overhang the edge. The body color varies from pure white to yellow, the longer hairs being tipped with brown, while the spectacles of brown that encircle the eyes give the animal an oddly lachrymose expression.

Through his weakness for groping in every pool he comes across, the raccoon is easily trapped, the device being set among the decaying leaves at the bottom of some pool in the roots of heavy timber. The raccoon reaches forth an investigating hand, and at once encounters the spring plate.

The weight of the adult male varies from sixteen to twenty pounds.

### *THE FISHER*

#### *A Demon of Murder.*

If ever an animal was misnamed, that animal is the fisher or pennant marten. The fisher cannot fish, though there are few other things that he cannot do. As a fierce and terrible fighter he has no equal in all the woods; as a climber, not even the squirrel and the marten can compare with him; he can outrun the hare in the open—in fact, he is the fiercest and most wonderfully equipped demon of slaughter nature has seen fit to inflict upon her solitudes. Brownish black in color, bearlike about the head and shoulders, his general weasel-like build gives no impression as to his abilities, while in size he is about equal to the ordinary domestic cat, though slightly heavier of build.

The fisher inhabits the great pine forests of northern Canada and the eastern States. He is by no means a

common animal, but is usually to be found in well-watered districts where the pioneer's axe has not yet penetrated. On the prairie lands he is unknown.

Though the fisher has been classified as a marten, he possesses many characteristics which seem to define him as more nearly related to the wolverine—the dreaded glutton of the northern woods. Like the wolverine he will rob the trapper's deadfalls as fast as the latter can set them, reaching the bait from the top log, so that, when the catch is sprung, the falling of it cannot injure him. Thus he springs trap after trap, following in the trapper's footsteps, and it is only by skill and strategy that the woodsman stands a chance of outwitting him.

Among the trees the fisher is entirely at home. The common marten can catch the squirrel with ease by jumping from tree to tree in pursuit, while in the same manner the fisher has no difficulty whatever in catching the marten. It is said that he will jump to the ground from a height of forty feet, while he will actually clear a horizontal distance of eighteen feet, never failing to clasp the branch he has aimed for.

I once witnessed a marten chasing a squirrel, and never saw a more wonderful acrobatic performance. The squirrel was up and away in surprisingly short time, but almost immediately the marten was on his heels when they both passed from view. For any animal to have overtaken that marten seemed the very height of impossibility.

When hunted with dogs, the fisher will turn at bay almost immediately, and woe betide the first hound, should it come along singly and open an attack.

'Coon hunters often flush a fisher by mistake, but when this happens the old and experienced hound has more sense than to open an attack before his supporters arrive. Gathering round the obstacle, at the base of which the fisher is crouching, the dogs wait till they see an opening in the defence, but very often the dogs are en-

tirely bested and put to rout before the hunter can arrive.

In disposition the fisher is utterly fearless, and in spite of his diminutive size there are very few animals in the Canadian forest that he will not readily attack. The bear, the wolverine, and the timber wolf are, indeed, the only three which appear safe from the ravages of this dreadful little killer. Trappers have many times reported cases of a fisher running down and killing the fierce and powerful lynx, a beast double its weight, and so large and formidable that it has actually been known to attack Indian women and children in far back years.

When seen side by side one would not imagine for a moment that a fisher would stand a ghostly chance in combat with the lynx, and the idea of the smaller animal making an unprovoked attack upon this huge grey cat seems utterly absurd. Yet the fisher is an exception to all rules. Most wild animals are at all times ready to avoid a scrap with a formidable foe, but the fisher has been known to go out of his way in search of trouble.

Everyone knows that the common fox is a clever and formidable fighter, against whom even the huge fox-hound would stand but a poor chance fighting singly. The fisher has been known to follow the trail of a single fox for days, ultimately running its quarry to a standstill and despatching it without effort.

The raccoon is a powerful fighter, which few dogs can outmatch in single combat, yet in countries where 'coons are plentiful they form the

staple diet of the fisher. Deer he has been known to kill by dropping on them from the branches, and biting at them so savagely that eventually they dropped from loss of blood.

When fighting, the fisher has no idea as to when he is beaten. He may be blinded, or one of his eyes actually torn out, but still he will continue the fight to a finish. Fishers have been caught so dreadfully battered about by their encounters that the fur was valueless.

It has been stated that no animal will attack the porcupine on account of its formidable armament of quills. Each quill is equipped with a thousand tiny barbs, and these barbs, becoming fast in the flesh of an animal, cause the quill to work inwards and thus speedily bring death. But the fisher will attack the porcupine without compunction, while, curiously enough, the quills that enter his flesh do him no harm. In time they work out again without causing the least inconvenience, and old fishers have been caught with their bodies choked full of quills.

The average weight of the fisher is about eight and a half pounds, while that of the lynx usually exceeds twenty pounds. Though really a tree dweller, the fisher is possessed of considerable speed, and when occasion arises will course the snowshoe rabbit, pursuing it over lakes and rivers, till at length the hare loses its head and falls an easy victim.

The fur of the fisher, like that of the wolverine, is used by the Indians for coat trimmings, as these are the only furs on which the breath will not condense and cake into ice.

**Mr. Batten will contribute to our March issue some Angling Notes in which he will discuss The Intelligence of the Trout and furnish some Hints on Fly Casting, etc.**



Mountain Sheep at Banff

## THE DOMINION PARKS

### Canada's Unparalleled Playgrounds

DEPUTRON GLIDDON

**S**OME time ago someone wrote a book entitled "The West from a Car Window". For a time-killer it, possibly, had some value. But car-window views of the West are so insufferably superficial that they are not of the type suitable for or acceptable to readers of this publication.

In locating and setting aside its national reserves, or Dominion Parks, Canada has planned with a view to the great future and the great population that are sure to come to her.

The best known of these parks is the Rocky Mountains Park, in which are located the famous resorts, Banff and Laggan. This park covers 1,800 square miles.

Adjoining it is Yoho Park, a scenic treasure having within its borders 560 square miles.

Further to the west, though only a short distance from Yoho, is Glacier Park, known to all tourists who travel outside of their little parishes. It is about the same size as Yoho.

There are four small parks, one in Southern Alberta, near the international boundary, two in Central Alberta, and a modest little park, consisting of about 150 acres, scattered in various places on the St. Lawrence River.

And, then, there is one more, and it is one about which you will hear much in the future.

Probably, when you return to your Eastern or Middle West home from the World's Fair in San Francisco, you will travel through Jasper Park, Alberta, and it will be quite a railway run from one end of the park to the other, for it covers a little over 1,000 square miles.

During my stay in Banff, where this was written, what has struck me mostly is not the grandeur and the sweetness of the scenery, but the surprisingly pleasing fact that in the legislation that affects these Dominion Parks, as well as the methods adopted by the various officials in their government of these reserves, there seems always to be present the one idea that these are

#### THE PEOPLE'S PARKS

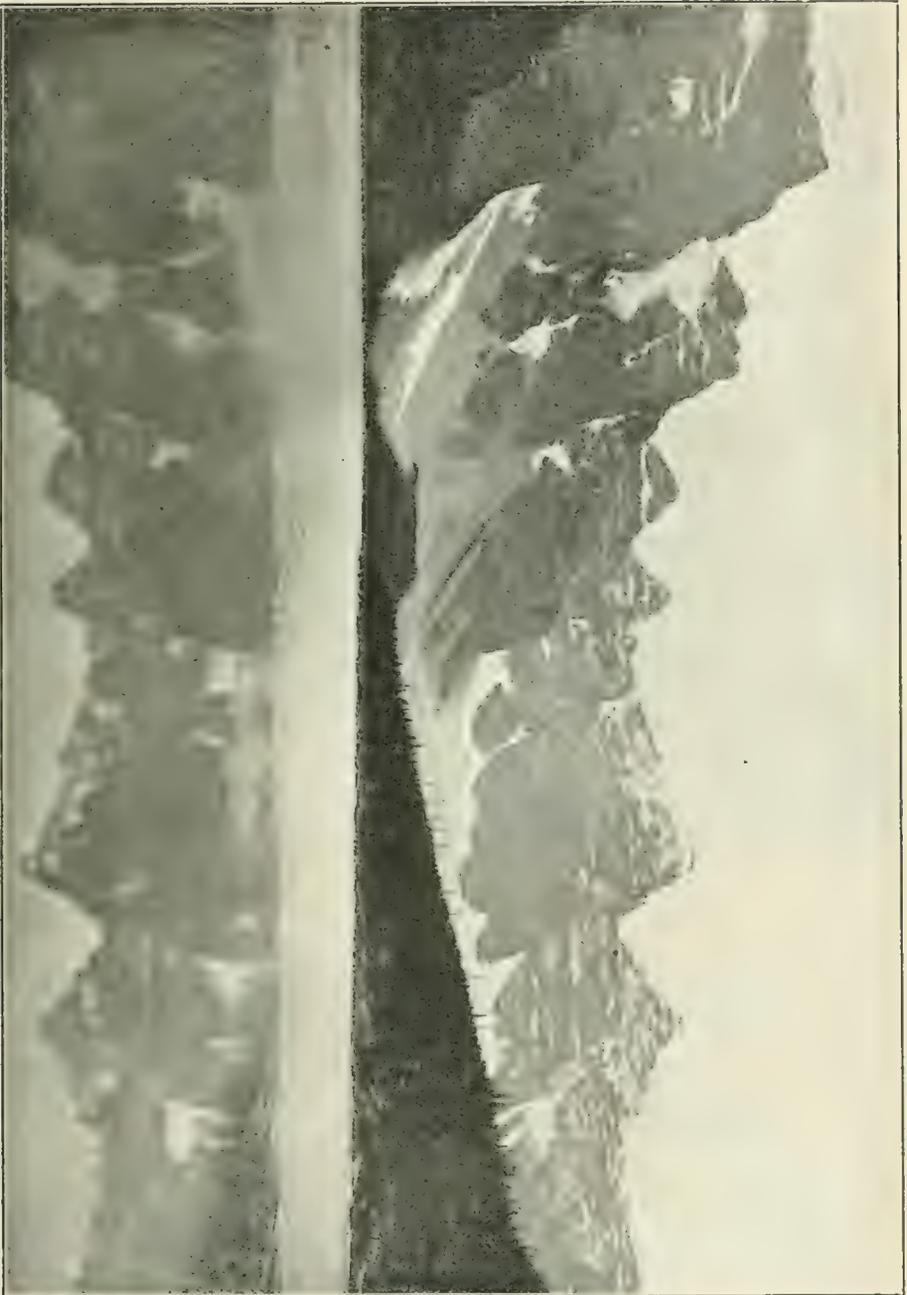
in the fullest and broadest sense of that term.

Nowhere in any of the laws that have any bearing upon the matter, or in those rules and regulations that are necessary for the preservation of law and order, or for the general enjoyment of these parks is there anything that savors of the favoring of the rich and the encouragement of monopoly of any kind whatever.

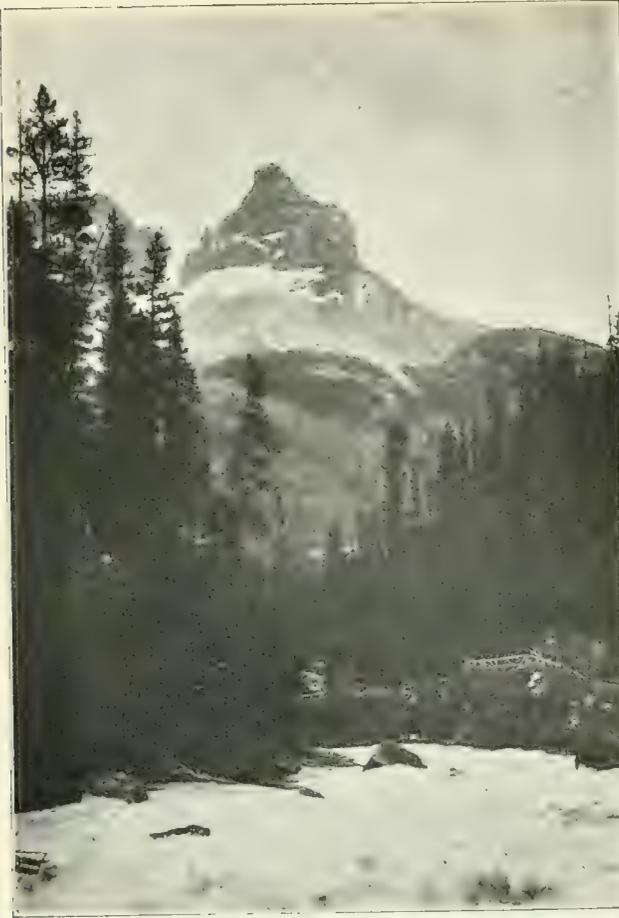
Canada—that modern Queen of the Broad Spaces—seems to say to her sons and daughters and their friends from afar: "This is all



Aspen Avenue at Banff



Moraine Lake, Valley of the Ten Peaks, near Laggan



Cathedral Peak from Road, Yoho Park

yours for you to enjoy to the full. It is not my royal gift to my favorite sons, for I have none.

"These mountains are yours for you to look at and climb, and feel in your innermost souls their cloud-wreathed, sun-kissed, storm-riven, snow-capped mystery and majesty.

"These rivers are yours: deep or shallow, broad or narrow; placid or roaring over rapids; flowing between tree and shrub-studded banks or charging with fierce onslaught in their way through gorges and defiles and canyons.

"These cascades are yours: poured out from cloud-covered heights like libations to the gods of the hills and the plains, or from caves (concealed by bushes and trees) dropping down in leisurely, foamy, feathery fashion to join the water-courses that seek the sea.

"These rainbows that span the mountains and over-arch the cascades and rivers and falls—they are all yours, with every pot of the gold of good luck that hangs where the vari-colored arches end.

"Like the splendid Sacred City that the Patriarch of Patmos saw in his vision, this

Paradise of the People has gates on every side. There are wide entrance ways for the rich folk from the West, boulevards and riverside drives; but the portals are just as plentiful and the welcome is just as whole-hearted for the poor and the struggling from the east ends and the east sides of the towns and the cities."

No, all this is not hyperbole. It is not a pretty dream dressed out in fair words. It is one of the finest facts that I have found for many a day.

And it is something of which the Canadians can be proud, and which other nations should note and quickly copy.

In some national parks that, maybe you know about, you might be allowed to put up a tent, but if you asked about building a summer home you would find that there are hotels owned by certain corporations, and to these your attention would be directed as fit places of residence for those desiring shelter other than canvas.

But the Canadians do not do things in that way.

The way they look at this question is expressed by Commissioner of Dominion Parks, J. B. Harkin, in this way: "National parks are the natural result of the recognition that man requires the pure, wholesome, healthful recreation of the great out-of-doors."

And then they go ahead in a practical, sensible way to make the obtaining of this requirement as easy as possible for as many people as can be.

I don't know whether it was intentional, but it seems to me that the plans adopted for the government of these parks are about the most complete for, right at the start,

#### CHECK-MATING THE MONOPOLY-MONGER.

Lots in the towns, as well as outside, are not sold but leased.

And they are not leased at fabulous prices. Take the case of Banff—a world-famous summer resort and one becoming equally widely renowned as a place for winter sports.

If you want to come to Banff and build a home you do not have to buy a lot at some ridiculous price per front foot, but the Canadian government will lease you one.

For an inside lot you pay \$8 a year, about 67 cents a month. And, to make the payment easy to meet, it is collected semi-annually \$4 at a time.

And, please note, that these lots are on the streets that are graded, side-walked, lighted and properly provided with sewers.

Fire protection? It is there. Police protection? Surely you have it. And it is that that without exaggeration can be termed "the finest in the world," for in all the Dominion Parks the policing is performed by [that matchless Constabulary—the Royal North-west Mounted Police.

Possibly, however, you would like a corner lot.

Well, you can lease one for \$9.50 a year.

Maybe you would like to have your summer home so located that your garden will extend right down to the river.

Very good. You can have a river-front lot about 100 feet wide and 350 feet deep, one end on the river, the other on the street, and it will cost you for your lease a sum of \$15.00 a year, \$1.25 per month.

It almost seems like a fairy tale, doesn't it?

Taxes, did you say? There are none other than school taxes. Road repairs and everything else are paid for by the Dominion Government.

Maybe you would like to have a big, open fireplace in your summer home, but you wonder what wood costs. Again the government steps in and offers to its guests wood at twenty-five cents (25c.) for fifteen (15) cords; you, of course, to haul the wood.

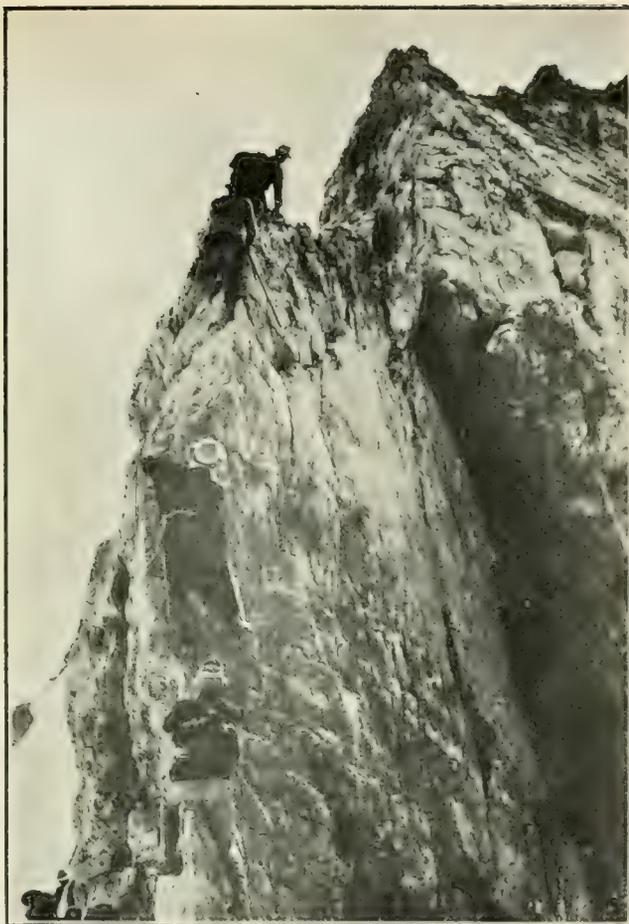
As to building restrictions, it is required that on each lot a house not less than \$800 in value be built, and it must have at least two coats of paint.

Having complied with these conditions and paid for sewer and water connections you will have a lease given you for forty-two years, the lease being renewable at your option for forty-two years more at the expiration of your first lease.

And, contrary to the general idea, there is no monopoly in the hotel business. There are several hotels in Banff, and while the government would not encourage the over-building of such establishments they give to no one any monopoly in this line of enterprise.

How this policy has encouraged tourist travel to Banff, and increased in every way the popularity of this resort, is evidenced by the official records that show, year by year since 1902, the number of visitors who stay in Banff. In 1902 there were 8,516, but in 1912, (ten years afterwards) the number was 73,725.

In looking over the official reports of the various parks the expected occurs, for one notices names of officials that are suspiciously Scotch, for when it comes to park management the men from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood" have very few peers.



Climbing Mt. Babel

Having mentioned and noticed this, you will not be surprised when it is stated that what is called the "commercial side" of the Dominion Parks' policy is treated with all the splendid canniness of the Scot. You can almost hear that fascinating burr in the Scotchman's voice when you read this:

"There is another way in which national parks prove advantageous to the people of Canada. They attract an enormous tourist traffic and tourist traffic is one of the largest and most satisfactory means of revenue a nation can have. The tourist leaves large sums of money in the country he visits, but takes away with him in return for it nothing that makes the nation poorer. He goes away with probably improved health, certainly with a recollection of enjoyment of unequalled wonders of mountain, forest, stream and sky, of vitalizing ozone and stimulating companionship with nature but of the natural wealth of the country he takes nothing."

But, with characteristic honesty, the official

insists that there must always be given to the tourist

#### FULL VALUE FOR HIS MONEY

This is how the Commissioner of Dominion Parks puts it:

"The policy upon which the Parks Branch of the Dominion Government is carrying on its development work is based on the belief that the majority of the people, Canadian or others, who visit the parks are used to some degree of comfort and that no matter how fond they may be of nature they will not take a park tour unless assured of some degree of comfort, convenience and safety. Americans and Canadians in thousands go to the Alps because they believe they can see them in comfort and yet they have never seen the much greater attractions of the Rockies.

"To meet these conditions the Parks Branch policy necessarily relates to the quality of the service of whatever kind, rendered by those dealing with the tourist: character of accommodation; avoidance of congestion; protection against extortion; provision of minor attractions to fill in between the nature trips; the construction and maintenance of roads and trails of first-class character in order that the various attractions may be comfortably and safely reached; special care in the matter of the dust nuisance and the rough road nuisance; supervision over sanitary conditions; water supply, horses and vehicles, guides, drivers, charges and rates; furnishing of full and reliable information; and, generally, in not only reducing discomforts to a minim-

um, but in so administering matters that the tourist shall be as satisfied with the treatment received while in the parks as he inevitably must be with the scenic wonders he has viewed. The efforts of the Branch are being directed towards an organization dealing effectively with respect to details concerning all these various matters."

#### THE BUFFALO HERD

In that report there was another thing that interested me particularly.

As you perhaps know, Canada has a very fine herd of buffalo in Buffalo park. There are about 1,300 buffalo there.

The Superintendent has noticed that when a buffalo bull becomes old the younger bulls fight with him and kill him, and in the process of killing they "so lacerate the remains that head, robe, and hide are destroyed." So the Superintendent desires to be officially authorized to have some rare big-game sport, and to be permitted to do the killing himself. And he shows, in detail, that to permit him to do so would be a financial benefit to the Dominion. For, then, they could sell the head (mounted), the robe and the meat, from which there would, in the case of each bull buffalo, be a net revenue of \$500.

In every way, in the management of these scenic spots of Canada, you will find not only a broad-viewed, big-hearted appreciation of the fact that they are set apart for the pleasure and benefit of the people, but there is also evidenced a careful attention to the business side of the matter.

*The foregoing article comprises extracts from "The World Traveller de Luxe" of San Francisco.*



Consolation Lake and Mount Temple, Rocky Mountains Park



## A NIGHT OUT ON THE LONESOME TRAIL

R. J. FRASER

ONLY sixteen miles,—the tally for the day. But swollen limbs and aching feet cried "Quit!" Twilight at half-past three, for in the month of February, north of fifty-three Old Sol lingers not, but bids the weary tripper a curt good-night, and leaves the stragglers to make their camp surrounded by the sub-Arctic darkness.

All day long we had travelled over the smooth level of the Hayes. Now our guide struck off at right angles from the trail and plunged into the billowy, willow-studded drifts along the bank. An isolated clump of snow clad spruce evidently was his goal. To reach this the over-taxed dogs had a slow, heartrending pull through the deep virgin trail and the treacherous stubborn willows. At the end of it they dropped, panting in their tracks. In spite of the semi-Arctic temperature they were perspiring freely, and with frantic eagerness the tired brutes burrowed into the soft cold whiteness about them, cooling their burning mouths and quivering bodies.

Our camp that night—and for that matter, each succeeding night until

the long Lonesome Trail was ended, was a "brush" or "open" one. The size of the party prohibited the carrying of a tent large enough to accommodate all, for we had to sacrifice weight for speed. That meant sacrificing comfort as well. As a rule, on sled journeys through the North, tents are very seldom used, except when travelling across the wind-swept Barren Grounds. There no hospitable woods are found and very little firewood procurable. The traveller must pitch his canvas shelter or build a native "igloo," to protect himself from the deadly blizzard and Arctic frost.

The camping ground for our accommodation selected by the guide, must satisfy several conditions. The snow should not be deep, else the huge fire built on it would gradually melt its way down into a pit and provide but little heat for the travellers. Firewood and spruce "feathers" must also be plentiful and quite handy to the trappers' axe.

The moment the halt is called there ensues a scene of hustle and activity. Your Indian in winter is

a far different being from the shiftless, indifferent loafer who lies about the summer wigwam. He must exert himself or freeze. As it is nearly sunset all hands must make the most of the short twilight minutes. Snowshoes are kicked off and used as shovels. A space only large enough to accommodate the members of the party when stretched at full length, side by side, is scooped out to a depth of three or four feet. Some of the men fell nearby trees, and a three-foot barricade is built to windward. While the others are scattered about the woods felling and gathering firewood, the guides carpet the interior of the camp with spruce boughs. Then, as the firewood comes in, they pile it in front of the shelter, crib fashion, the full length of the camp. For kind-

ling, the top of a dead spruce cannot be beaten, and quickly the huge pile of resinous wood is lit, at both ends and in the middle. In a few minutes there is a roaring blaze, breast-high, that drives one back to the bottom of the camp. With his mittened hands he is forced to shield his frost-bitten face from the terrific heat, and yet, at the same time, his back, exposed to the north, is freezing. When a sufficient quantity of wood has been gathered for the night, and one must not neglect to include a supply for the breakfast fire, the drivers drop their axes and give a little attention to their dogs, now well cooled off and shivering in their harness. The wearied brutes are released from the laden toboggans, and tied to convenient trees, out of reach of each other. Were they allowed to roam untethered, there would be but little sleep for the traveller. The night would be one continual battle amongst the savage brutes, and when the wolf-blood surged uppermost tripper and guide might easily fall prey to the half-starved "huskies."

And so every team is provided with dog chains. A few spruce boughs are cut for each animal to lie upon. Some of the huskies disdain to make use of such luxuries but stretch out in a snow burrow instead. Their thickly-furred pelts prove adequate protection from the cold. And cold it was, that third night out on the Lonesome Trail. Raynor had both hands frozen through their being left exposed, whilst Morris' nose if left unprotected for two minutes at a time turned a ghastly white. For five days in succession it froze thus and then had assumed such glowing proportions as to contain sufficient heat to resist the frosty attacks.

For supper each of the famished dogs received his two pounds of fish—frozen hard as the ice on the river from whence they were taken. Two of the drivers showed a little consideration for their teams by partially thawing out the food before the fire. But Old Jimmie, hoary-headed driver of many huskies, threw the



The Lonesome Trail



A Stop for Lunch under the Warm Noon-day Sun

frozen fish to his team just as he took it off the sled.

"My dogs have good teeth," he explained. "Besides, dey have nothin' else to do now till the mornin' fire."

Whilst the camp was in course of construction we had stood nearby, knee deep in the snow, shivering, and impatiently watching the operation. But now, the fire agoing, we crowded in before the blaze, and after a few minutes of warming up, proceeded to get supper. The evening meal differed very little from those eaten during the day, but in deference to conventionalities we always termed it supper. Our bags were brought into the enclosure and the cook and his outfit were given first place. One man filled the big tin kettles with snow and set them on the fire. To escape a scorching he handled them with a four-foot pole. A dozen bannocks were stuck up to thaw before the blaze, while the cook heaped up the frying pan with a frozen mixture of baked pork and beans. The "bannock" takes the place of bread in the North, as the "sourdough" did in the West, and is simply flour and water mixed into a dough and baked in a frying pan. Before taking the trail we had made ten dozen of these bannocks,

and they had simply to be thawed out when they were ready to be eaten.

"Get busy, lads!" came the cook's cry. Each man turned from nursing blistered feet or tortured limbs to receive a bowl of steaming beans. With this, and a bannock apiece, we re-seated ourselves on the bags and proceeded to "get busy". The tea pail coming to a boil, a handful of leaves were thrown in, and, after being put back on the fire for a few minutes, was set in our midst on the boughs. The mugs and the sugar bag were then produced. While the tea is yet too hot to be drunk the hand holding the mug must be kept in a deerskin mitten to protect it from the cold. This may seem incredible—many stories of that clime do until one is "up against them."

But then what feasting! The beans are well mixed with cinders, the tea has a strong flavor of spruce, and the half-thawed bannocks have each a "bone" in them yet—but what of it? We had appetites and digestions to match the fare, and besides—we were one day nearer home.

While thus busily engaged, our Cree friends, drivers and guides, proceeded with similar operations. They occupied both ends of the shelter while we took up the middle. To

judge by the sounds of crunching and gnawing that came from many directions outside of the camp, our canine companions were likewise engaged, ravenously struggling with the Hayes River white fish.

As each man cleaned out bowl and mug he tossed it back to the cook who buried them in turn in the depths of his bag of mysteries. Then the never-failing pipe was produced, thawed out, filled, and lit with a brand from the fire. Never did tobacco taste as did that first after supper pipeful, as, stretched out on the boughs we inhaled its soothing fragrance. Morris was not a smoker and there was mingled envy and longing in his tone as he glanced from face to face and remarked:

"A pipe is sure some painkiller."

At this juncture there was not a man of the party but was ready and willing to roll up in his eiderdown and forget the morrow's trials and labors. But a most necessary duty had yet to be performed before the welcome warmth of the blankets could be ours. All footgear must be changed, and clothing thoroughly dried. One of the most essential requisites of the "musher" in that freezing clime is dry clothing, and especially so on the feet.

"Ye best look well after your feet, sir," cautioned Old Jimmie, on the first night out. "Them is the only things that'll carry ye t'roo." And not many days later 'feet' became a very painful subject to all of us. Fresh fuel was thrown on the fire and long poles were stuck into the snow banks, reaching their lengths well out over the blaze. On these, mittens, moccasins, socks and duffles were hung, and carefully watched throughout the drying process to prevent their scorching and subsequent loss.

This was the hour in which tongues were loosened, and the incidents of the days' tramp were gone over in pantomime and jest. Not many days later the jests were turned to curses and maledictions on the country, the snowshoe, and the pitiless, experienced agents of the corporation who outfitted a party of "greenhorns" and sent them forth on the "Lonesome Trail" with mankilling footgear warranted to cripple all who wore them.

By the heat of the fire dry duffles and moccasins were hastily put on, and slackly tied so as not to stop the circulation in the feet and limbs that were already in various stages of swollenness. One by one the men rolled up in their eiderdowns, which



Making Camp

we had sewn up into the form of bags. Into these each put such mittens or moccasins as were still damp. If the heat of our bodies did not dry them, they at least prevented them from freezing. Pulling woollen caps down over face and ears, we crawled feet first into the bags and pulled the coverings up and over us, enveloping even the head. After one has grown accustomed to half-suffocation, this arrangement is found to be almost comfortable; it is necessary to prevent the face from freezing as well as preserve the warmth of the body by retaining it within the bag. Make an opening no larger than the size of one's fist for a very few minutes only and you let in a quantity of the penetrating, frosty air that takes the natural heat of the body a quarter of an hour to overcome. Of course some opening must be left at the top of the bag to permit of the sleeper's breathing; but the steaming breath, blown out through a tiny aperture, is at once converted into frost that covers the head of the bag and that of its inmate. At times that nearest to the source of heat melts and trickles down the face and neck of the sleeper, proving most discomfoting.

Now and again throughout the long dark hours, I sacrificed warmth for a peep into the glorious northern winter night. The fire had gradually dropped down to a heap of glowing coals

and from coals to graying ashes, the cold and the darkness slowly replacing the flickering flame and ruddy glow. As the firelight faded, objects showed dimly, grew ever more distinct, the heavily snow-laden junipers and the arrow-shaped spruces pointing to a gray, starlight sky. The dying spit and crack of the graying coals grew fainter, a huskie, back of the shelter, rose with a whine, shook himself with a twinkling rattle of frosty chain-links; to the right an ill-tempered mate growled his annoyance at the disturbance. The last red spark gave up its tiny flare and looking overhead I watched the aurora of a northern winter spread its soft filmy flashes across the sky. Like a giant spectral hand reaching down from the unconquerable North, it stretched beyond the zenith. The tiny flickering stars shone less radiantly between its fingers; their light and very life it seemed to absorb. Portentions of what,—this at once terrible and beautiful phenomenon of the Arctic skies? The cold, cruel hand-clasp of the North, thought I, as a sudden sharp pain pierced my exposed nasal organ. Instantly I bethought me of its tender extremity, and hastily snuggled back into the folds of the eiderdown. My good night peep into the Northern night cost me a half hour of shivering limbs, ere I expelled the deadly cold from the precincts of my covering. But it was worth it.

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THE PUBLISHERS



Photo by P. L. Tail

"A Snow-white Cone Stretching up from a Field of White" —Mt. Resplendent

## AN ASCENT OF MOUNT RESPLENDENT

B. B. H.

**T**HAT fifteen miles of trail that brought us to our camp site on Robson Pass was a bit fatiguing to those of us whose inadequate preparation for such a jaunt had been, for the five or six days immediately preceding it, the comfortable accommodation provided by a Grand Trunk Pacific Pullman. But it was worth it all, even though one's subsequent excursions had been limited to half hour walks, for within range of our camp-fire was a region well worth coming many miles to see. Mt. Robson whether seen in cloud, in brilliant sunlight, or by moonlight, was superb. But Mt. Robson was not all. It was but one feature, though the dominating one, of a magnificent area surrounding the site on which the tents of the 1913 camp were pitched. But while we might have confined ourselves to the attractions that were adjacent to the main camp, very few of us did; and the great majority of those in attendance took advantage of the splendid climbs and expeditions that were scheduled to take place from day to day. For the first ten days we were in camp—from July 27th to August 5th—the weather was unprecedentedly good, and this facilitated climbing and exploratory trips. From various

peaks, ten thousand feet or more in height, we looked down upon a world of glaciers with wildly broken seracs and ice columns, upon snowfields and mountains scarcely less lofty than those upon which we stood, upon blue and green lakelets, timbered slopes and flowered alplands and silver streams, all waiting for future mountaineers to explore.

By Wednesday, August 5th, Robson, Resplendent, Rearguard, Lynx, Mumm, Gendarme, and the unnamed peak across the Calumet snowfields, had all been climbed, the majority of them more than once. Several two day trips and the four day trip had been successfully accomplished, and that morning a party who had been out on a three day trip returned reporting a splendid outing. That morning the weather broke and for the remainder of the day and all Thursday and Friday, the weather as Konrad expressed it, "was not kind to us." We began to feel that climbing at the Robson Camp was over and that our only further expedition would be the one back across the trail to Mt. Robson Station. A party of determined climbers had started out on Thursday and again on Friday to attempt the ascent of Mt. Resplendent,

but had been compelled by the very unsatisfactory condition of the weather to return without having reached the summit.

In view of the hopelessly bad outlook plans for Saturday's outings were only very tentative ones and no climbs were bulletined on Friday evening.

Saturday morning, however, dawned clear and bright. I wakened early and peeped out at Mt. Robson. Never had it appeared more radiantly beautiful. Clear from base to summit the immense snow slope on its northern face appeared in the early morning sunshine dazzlingly white. The "King of the Golden River" (Herr Director in his quaint red head-dress, whom Alpine Club members will remember), was up and about and there were other signs of reviving life. Sauntering over to the breakfast tent some time later, ostensibly with the intention of procuring some refreshment, but really in the hope of hearing something interesting regarding the prospects for the day, which promised to be singularly bright and clear, I was very easily persuaded to join a party who were once more to set out for Mt. Resplendent. Breakfast over, some hot cocoa was prepared and put in a Thermos bottle in our guide's rucksack for our future delectation. The party, a small one of one rope consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sissons, Miss Wilcox, Mr. Sampson and the writer, started out at about twenty minutes to seven. We crossed the pass to Robson glacier, along which broken ice-field we took our way, with the usual side-stepping to avoid crevasses, until we came to the "Extinguisher," where we cached some of our superfluous garments, and I cached something that was not superfluous, namely my snow glasses, which in some unaccountable way became separated from me.

Leaving the Extinguisher, so called because of its resemblance to the utensil with which the candle of olden days was wont to be snuffed out,—a rock which rises some five hundred feet or so out of the glacier at the foot of Mt. Resplendent—we started out on an extensive crossing of snowfields. There seemed to be dozens of them, but as they are not fenced off like Ontario snow-fields in winter, it was difficult to know where one began and the other ended. Many of them, however, were badly crevassed and we had to exercise considerable care as to where we stepped. In crossing one crevasse my reach exceeded my grasp and unable to place my foot in the last step made by our leader, by which he had easily bridged the gap, down I

went. Not very far, however, for the rope was around my waist and I was not permitted to continue on my downward course.

The sunshine was brilliant—and so were our complexions when we returned that evening—and in places the melting snow made the walking somewhat heavy, but for the most part it was "good going", and our leader chose an easy grade and maintained an even and sufficiently slow gait. On our way up the views were magnificent. The mountains of the Robson Cirque—Robson, The Helmet, Lynx, Mumm, and even more distant peaks, banded with cloud, or with the brilliant August sunlight revealing new beauties of color or outline at every step, were before us. The clouds that day were wonderful, great shifting masses of cumulous cloud. Climbing in one place literally "in the clouds," those floating castles in the air, that rivalled in beauty the more substantial mountain structures, we could see nothing beyond us but a rounded slope that seemed to stretch on into infinity. At one point on this slope Mr. Sissons, who was leading, remarked as he indicated an invisible something up and beyond:

"Right ahead of us should be the summit of Resplendent."

And so it was that surmounting this slope there stood revealed to our wondering eyes an ethereally beautiful snow-white cone, stretching up from a field of white into a sky of deepest, densest blue—the mountain named by Dr. Coleman, Mt. Resplendent! I am glad that he gave it this name. I think he must have seen it first on just such a day as the one on which we climbed. With the sun on it the mountain glowed singularly pure and beautiful and although only 11,173 feet in height as compared with 13,000 feet, the height of Mt. Robson, there are those who will concur in the opinion that Resplendent is the more beautiful and attractive of the two.

At one place a curious break in a cornice made a perfect window overlooking Resplendent Valley. We had to pass along a somewhat narrow snow arete, leading to the summit; one side of the arete sloped steeply down into the valley of the Moose, and the other overhung a sheer drop into Resplendent Valley. We picked our way carefully along this arete and at last reached the tip top of the peak, where we sat down, somewhat softly, it must be admitted, for fear our combined weight and the warmth of our bodies melting the snow, might send us crashing ignominiously through the cornice.

Resplendent Valley was clear; and its beautiful alplands, its widespread snowfields and glaciers, its leaping waterfalls and vast stretches of dark spruce forest were spread out before us. On our other hand the valley of the Moose was filled with a level floor of clouds that completely filled the valley and stretched out apparently for miles to the blue of the horizon beyond. On our way down, this mass of clouds lifted for a moment and we caught a glimpse of the floor of the valley and in the distance a tiny red speck that marked the distant railway station.

Not far from the summit, which we reached about two o'clock or a little later, we regaled ourselves with the warm cocoa, some milk chocolate and, if my memory serves me, a cookie—that is to say a cookie each. Rations were distinctly not a feature of that day's expedition. The usual husky ham sandwich and its co-adjutor, the juicy jam sandwich, were conspicuous by their absence. For this was almost our last day in camp and the day before the Celestial who presided in the cook's tent had blandly confided in the Director's ear that there was no "bread."

"Oh well, make some," cheerfully recommended the chief of the camp.

"No flour!"

"Give them plenty of prunes, then."

"No prunes."

Then the Director had washed his hands of us. He knew well, I suspect, that we had enough energy stored up to last until we got to the base camp on Monday morning. Sunday morning, however, notwithstanding the ominous forebodings, there was a recurrence of pancakes, flour having evidently fallen like manna during the night watches.

To return to the mountain: We came down faster than we went up, glissading in some places, which is always great fun, and mushing along in others through unpleasantly heavy snow over the same snowfields which appeared, if anything to have increased in size, since we had ascended them, or such was my own personal opinion, which, however, I kept discreetly to myself, the other members of the party being distinctly of the mountain goat species, and absolutely tireless so far as mortal woman could discern from anything in their attitude or appearance. We scarcely stopped once until we got to the Extinguisher where we again refreshed ourselves, this time with water and lime juice, a most delectable combination, by the way. In a very few minutes we had collected our cached articles and were gaily galumphing over the glacier back to the main camp, which we reached just as the people in camp were sitting down to supper.

ALPINE CLUB NOTES Page 948

## DUCK SHOOTING IN ALBERTA



A correspondent from ToSeld, Alta., in sending us photograph from which the above reproduction is made says: "I enclose you a photo of Mr. A. J. Taylor of Toronto, Canadian Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, taken last fall in the North West. As you know, Mr. Taylor stands well as a lawn bowler and an angler, but very few know that he is one of the best duck shots in the country."



Gaffing a Big One



Here he Comes

## A NOVA SCOTIA DISCOVERY

### Annapolis River Sturgeon Furnish the best Caviare That is Produced

EDWARD BRECK PH. D.

**H**OW true it is that a man is not a prophet in his own country! But here is a fish that is as good as unknown in its own country. I'll just waste a few words telling you how I discovered it.

If there is one thing I like to eat more than another, it is caviare. No doubt less than one per cent. of your readers have ever eaten it—as it should be. Why? Simply because the supply on this side of the Atlantic is very limited and the really good stuff is bought up by the first-class American hotels and clubs. There are few hotels anywhere nowadays where, if you ask for it, you cannot get what is served commonly as caviare, but it will, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, be, not sturgeon roe, but that of any other fish, and, instead of being at least the size of No. 4 to No. 6 shot, and of a distinctly gray color, it will be like No. 10 shot and black as your hat. As to its taste—well, it doesn't taste like real sturgeon caviare at all. Ah, the caviare of Russia, or of—Nova Scotia! Spread a delicate piece of toast thick with it, add a little finely chopped onion and then squeeze a little lemon-juice over all and—Mohammed's Paradise hath not its equal!

An acquired taste it is no doubt, and most people at first might turn up their noses at it; but once you like it, you will steal silver spoons for it.

But in order to have your caviare you must first catch your sturgeon. True, but where? The Hudson and Delaware and other great American rivers that once were full of this important fish have now been more or less preempted by the manufacturers, and the sturgeon, though a bottom-of-the-river mud-fish, has generally followed the example of the salmon and deserted these waters. They have become too polluted even for his taste.

In Berlin I used to pay two dollars the pound for Russian caviare and never wince at the price, for it was quite fresh, though possibly not so good as on the native rivers. On this side of the water I have very often eaten so-called caviare-sandwiches and found them not unappetising as an *hors-d'oeuvre*, but they were far from being first-class caviare.

Quite a number of years ago I began to come regularly to Nova Scotia, and have done what I could to help kick the Province up-stairs. Apathy is at home here. The people, it seems to me, have little idea of the growing

importance of the tourist trade, nor of the inland fisheries, etc. My cabin-home stands in a tiny settlement of some dozen or so houses together with a summer hotel, whence people start out to hunt and fish, Americans almost all of them. During the season just closed the sum paid out by the proprietor of this hotel to the local guides was within about \$200 of \$3,000. When you think that one of these men, with a little farming on the side, can keep a family in comfort and plenty on about \$200 a year, you may see what the tourists mean to the Annapolis County guides. Nevertheless there are not five places in the whole Province where the tourist trade is appreciated to the extent that it is here, though there are hundreds that could be exploited just as well. Now why am I taking so much space to tell about this? What is the connection with caviare? Simply this. The sturgeon fishery that I am going to tell you about briefly, lies not ten miles from the town of Annapolis Royal, and yet, barring a chance allusion, I never even heard of it, and this with people all knowing that it was my business to know all about all kinds of fishing! When, on the strength of the remark let fall by a native, I inquired at Annapolis about the fishery, I found about two men in the whole town who knew anything about it, but scores who didn't even know that sturgeon ran up the Annapolis River. And this with the best caviare I ever tasted on this side of the Atlantic being taken and prepared and shipped to New York within a few miles of them! Can you beat it?

I wrote at once to Mr. Henry Whitman of Round Hill, the man who catches sturgeon, and receiving a courteous answer, immediately repaired to that pleasant little village, and was made one of the Whitman family. Next morning I went sturgeon netting with young Charlie Whitman and his brother-in-law, Wagstaff, two efficient and kindly boys, who showed me how it was done.

The fishing path of Mr. Whitman has not been all roses. Politics has been in it, politics, that ingredient

without which apparently nothing can be done in Canada, the poison that permeates all her interests, private and public. We have enough of it in the good old United States, but here—save the mark! I can't tell you of the different manoeuvres used to kill this excellent industry. Mr. Whitman had a political enemy who did his best to make it impossible to net the sturgeon, and the salmon-anglers were enlisted against the business, it being asserted that the salmon were caught in the sturgeon nets. The season too was shortened, so that at present the best month, June, is exempted, a blow at Mr. Whitman. In fact I suspect that, when Mr. Whitman heard that I was coming, he was sure I was an emissary of the salmon-anglers, looking for data to confound him, and I take it to be a proof of his honesty that he cheerfully gave me all the information in his power and made it possible for me to see the whole thing from start to finish, even showing me his bills, letting me measure his nets, etc.

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to state that I had, and have, no sort of axe to grind whatever. I was led to go to Round Hill solely out of interest in fishing and a curiosity to see whether the caviare produced from Annapolis River sturgeon was really good. But, having been there and heard the history of the industry and tasted the caviare, I consider it my duty to tell the Dominion Department of Fisheries that, to the best of my judgment, it is a business that should distinctly be encouraged, as it brings money to the country, and can be no detriment to anybody, certainly not to the salmon-anglers; of this latter statement I am positive. Inquiries, both of Mr. Whitman and others not themselves interested directly, assure me that even before the present eleven-inch mesh nets were used, very few salmon were ever seen by the sturgeon-fishermen, let alone taken, and likewise striped bass. With the present net, made of 48-thread cotton line, there is no possibility of taking in it the biggest salmon that ever went up the river. The Department should cease

opposing this industry and help it from now on; anything else is, in my opinion, class legislation of the purest and most unjust type.

The fishing itself may not be exactly sport, but it is both interesting and exciting. It is done with a net about 200 feet long and fourteen deep, which is payed out from a dory, one man rowing and the other manipulating the net from the stern. It is started on the fast ebbtide about fifty feet from the shore, the net and boat drifting down stream together. I watched the operation from a canoe manned by sturdy little Hugh Whitman. The men keep their eyes on the net-corks for evidences of a strike or a snag, the usual sign being the disappearance of some of the string of corks. A practised eye can tell the difference between a fish and a snag, but in either case the net is hauled in for resetting, which is also done when it bellies or drags or otherwise misbehaves itself. The bottom of the net drags the ground, but the sturgeon, being bottom fish, often slip under it and are not caught.

We had the good fortune to take four fish the day I was out, and the capture of the biggest one was typical. The corks suddenly began to disappear in quick order, meaning a good strike, and Wagstaff began hauling away, while Charlie kept the boat backed off. The fish had either struck the net high for a sturgeon, or else it had run to the top, for in a trice it was on the surface, slashing the water into foam with its powerful, sharklike tail.

"Careful, John!" sang out Charlie. "He's loose!"

Sure enough, the fish had disentangled itself and was in a good way to get clear. But luck was with us, for, instead of turning outwards, it plunged once more into the net, and John took the opportunity to lean over and strike the big gaff into it. The monster shook it off with a mighty thrash. Again and again fell the steel, while the spray all but shut out the fight from our vision. All seemed to point to the escape of the fish when John, making one last frantic slash with the gaff, leaning so far over the

gunwale as almost to capsize the dory, sunk the steel deep into the fish just behind the ungainly head.

Then ensued a most exciting struggle. On one side was a mighty fish over eight feet long and weighing some two hundred pounds, built like a torpedo and one of the best swimmers of the ocean; on the other was a sinewy, determined man with a short steel gaff. It looked like a cinch for the fish. Surely one shake of that powerful head would send the gaff flying! But John set his teeth and held on. Not only that, but he began to lift and lift, until the bony head of the sturgeon was over the gunwale. To get a better purchase John for a second released his left hand and grasped the gunwale with it, and at that moment the fish made a tremendous slash with its armored tail, which struck the fisherman's thumb and gashed it deeply from nail to wrist. Many a man would have dropped the matter then and there, but not so John. He "hung tough", as the guides say, and, getting more and more the mastery of the big fish, he at last, with a tremendous heave, hauled it into the dory, where it was promptly given its viaticum with the "priest."

John wiped the sweat from his brow and the blood from his hand, and remarked with satisfaction:

"Good! It's a cow."

Which meant perhaps, in so big a fish, some sixty pounds of roe at so-and-so much per pound, F. O. B. Round Hill. I shall not tell you just what the price is, for fear of making you jealous. As a matter of fact, as good as the business is, I would hardly advise many people to go in for it, for it requires long experience and a good deal of skill, to say nothing of preparing the caviare properly, a very delicate operation, done with a certain kind of specially imported salt, and in a very particular and finicky manner. The caviare prepared by Mrs. Whitman and served afterwards to a few friends of mine was positively the best caviare that ever passed our lips, and let all the rivers in Astrakhan overflow their banks in protest!



"Gyp," a Field Spaniel, the best all round Shooting Dog: Raised and Trained in Ayrshire, Scotland

## AN OCTOBER OUTING IN MANITOBA

Including Some Duck and Prairie Chicken Shooting  
And not Forgetting the Dog

ANDREW CALDWELL

A party of three, having about a fortnight's holidays coming their way, in the beginning of October, were at a loss how to arrange the best way of spending them, and where so as to include some chicken or duck shooting. The open season in Manitoba for chicken extends from October 15 to October 20 and although late in the year a friend put the matter thus:

"Take a tent, and other paraphernalia required and slip out on the C. N. R. in Northern Manitoba,"—mentioning a place not 100 miles from Dauphin,—“and have a real good time.”

This advice was adopted, and the only regrets of the party were that the holiday was so soon over.

After the usual little hurry scurry in getting the baggage and the dogs, of which there were two, on the train, we were at last off, and the train being a night one, a fairly good sleep was enjoyed. Arriving at our destination about daylight, we got to work, set up the tent, which was a roomy one, and cooked a second breakfast, having had one on the train. We then prepared to take things easy. Our camp

was pitched in a nice little hollow on the river bank, and was sheltered on all sides, the place being an ideal one. We were simply delighted to see ducks flying around in all directions, the river and numerous sloughs being in close proximity. Business troubles, political questions, home rule bills, and mixed farming propositions were simply but firmly laid aside for the time being. One dog was a pointer, the other a liver and white field spaniel, which had spent many days with shooting parties in the land of the heather, having been raised and trained in Scotland, and of which few are to be seen in the “Golden West,” more's the pity.

The shot guns were a twelve, sixteen and twenty gauge, with plenty of ammunition to suit, and as we were all feeling somewhat tired, we did not feel inclined to start out shooting in earnest right away. Instead a few cartridges were pocketed and with dogs and guns we sauntered leisurely forth in an easterly direction. The weather was warm, and delightful, with a strong sun shining and the scenery was grand, reminding those of us who were Scotch of the bonnie

blooming heather. The river wound through a valley, which varied from half a mile to two miles wide. The rising ground on either side would run about 100 to 200 feet high, this again being in the nature of rolling prairie, interspersed with hollows, thick with scrub, with here and there little sloughs, or locks, the ducks seemingly being always on the move from these to the river and vice versa. A few homesteads were about with stubble fields around them, which we surmised provided good feeding grounds for chicken. This surmise subsequently proved correct. The hill and dale nature of the landscape, following a year or more of perfectly flat outlook in the vicinity of the Gate of the Golden West was keenly appreciated. Selecting a knoll nearby we sat down to admire the various tints of the Autumn leaves in the vicinity, and enjoy the pure air, making one glad to be alive. From our immediate vicinity up started a fine plump chicken, with a whirr and cackle, and propelling itself into safety, stiffened its wings and went sailing far down the valley.

Innumerable flocks of ducks could be seen at intervals moving to fresh feeding grounds. Hawks were gracefully sailing around high up in the air, waiting a favorable opportunity to swoop on their prey. Well pleased with our location for a holiday hunting vacation, and terming the place a hunter's paradise, we made for camp.

Just before the evening closed in, however, one of the party slipped over a small patch of stubble, with the spaniel in close attendance, and got three large plump chickens. The sportsman on this occasion had no hesitation in saying that, without the dog flushing, these wary birds would have kept concealed until the danger was past. This was the first kill of the holiday and having turned in early, we got to sleep after listening to numerous noises, ducks being the most conspicuous. The programme was, up at daylight, breakfast, wash up, lunch at appointed spot some miles from camp and tea at camp about 5

o'clock. The game was plentiful, and good sport enjoyed each and every day.

The dog question, in this kind of country seems, to the writer, to be a most important one. The pointer, although almost straight from the hands of a trainer was of no assistance whatever, in locating game, and frequently galloped almost over birds which the spaniel flushed coming along some few minutes later and in many cases these birds fell to the guns.

After the first two days, it was only *Gyp* the spaniel that was taken on the shooting expeditions, and a better all round hunting dog never accompanied a gun. Its scenting powers, were keen; it was always able to give you warning of game ahead and not one bird or duck that was struck was lost, retrieving to perfection. One incident of its work is well worth mentioning, where in a little bunch of willows, and heavy reeds on the river side, which at this place was 100 yards wide, or more, a chicken was flushed, the 16 gauge gun wounding it, well out over the water. It however, continued its course, and fell among thick willows probably fifteen yards from the bank. To our surprise and without a command, the spaniel swam right across and retrieved almost while one was thinking what was to be done.

From the 9th to the 11th of October we had snow, and although it was sunny during the day time it was very cold at night, but with a good stove going, we were not at all uncomfortable.

During this kind of weather chickens and partridges seemed to be among the willows and scrub, taking advantage on sunny days of small slopes facing the sun.

The twenty gauge gun had the fortune to get three chickens with two shots, and thereby hangs a tale. Coming along the railway to camp some time after, one of the three chickens which had only been wounded, fluttered out of the bag and reeling like a ship in the storm tottered across the steels, and down the embankment.

"Gyp" the spaniel retrieved it promptly, and one of the party gave its head the usual twist, the head coming off however. He then laid the body beside the bag again. Surprise was great when off fluttered the headless body going some little distance along the line, before giving up finally.

The writer has shot since he was fourteen years of age among the whins and heather in the fields, and along the rocky cliffs of bonnie Scotland, and this Canadian trip with the gun will compare favorably with these same days. The Bag in the old country will be heavier probably, many causes being factors, and not the least, protection and rearing game as carried on there. The game here is wary, and wild and has a great expanse of country to get over and well out of the way of danger, and when the game is threatened you may be sure it gets out of harm's way as soon as possible. In the old country the game is driven to the guns, and it is a poor shot that cannot make some sort of showing.

Judging from the dogs that I have come in contact with, there is nothing that can compare as an all round sporting dog, with the sturdy, field spaniel, raised and trained in Scotland. From the earliest dawn till late

in the afternoon he will be ready to do all that dog can do, to help you in the game, and that without showing exhaustion or fatigue. When you know your four-footed friend and have your gun in readiness your spaniel has its own way of telling there is something in front. It will flush in the most tangled scrub, retrieve duck from icy water, and when resting will keep an alert outlook on all that is going on around you.

Since returning from this trip, we have heard it said that twenty or thirty birds should have been the bag to each gun per day. "So and so managed that number." The prairie chicken I credit with being too wide awake to allow himself to be slaughtered at this rate. And since writing the above it was rumored that the "so and so" had shot two birds and his friends had given him another two to make a showing at home, which does not savour much of the sportsman's spirit.

We have all heard fish stories. Chickens may be about to enter into competition.

It was with the greatest regret that tent pegs were pulled up, and a return made to business, but if circumstances permit, another year will see the same trio back among the hills and woods again.

**In the March issue of Rod and Gun Dr. A. J. Gillis, Dawson, Y. T., will tell the story of a Caribou Hunt in the Yukon, where the Caribou Roam in Countless Herds. The story will be well illustrated by reproductions of photographs taken on the Hunt.**

# TOWED BY A DEER

## Capturing a Three Year Old Buck in Buttles Lake, Vancouver Island

NOEL ROBINSON

LET me tell in a few words as possible what I venture to think were the rather unusual circumstances in which, a few months ago, we captured a three-year-old buck in Buttles Lake, Vancouver Island. I happened to have my No. 2 Brownie camera with me. The accompanying snapshots will give some idea of Mr. Deer's actions immediately before and after capture. I took other snapshots but they did not "come out" sufficiently well for reproduction. As two of them would have exhibited the deer towing us and our boat at the end of a rope, I was very much disappointed.

Buttle's Lake, which is reached from the mouth of Campbell River, a notable fishing spot on the east coast of Vancouver Island, lies thirty-seven miles in, near the geographical centre of the island and just within the boundary line of that magnificent natural area, Strathcona Park, which the government of British Columbia has set aside for public enjoyment and which will certainly vie with the attractions afforded by the great Yellowstone and Glacier Parks on the American side as soon as it has been made accessible to the tourist and holiday maker. At present to reach it, it is necessary to pack along a more or less rough trail, passing alternately through splendid forests, beside chains of lakes linked by hurrying rapids, and round the rugged lower bluffs of partly forest-clad mountains. All these lakes, and particularly Buttles, literally teem with trout and we had some great fishing.

As the result of strenuous labor a small, flat-bottomed gasoline boat, capable of a speed of six miles per hour had been conveyed over the series of lakes and rapids to Buttles Lake and it was early one morning that my brother, two friends and myself were proceeding in this boat over the placid surface of this superbly situated twenty-one mile long lake, when, suddenly rounding a point of land, we sighted Mr. Deer, who must have been fifty yards or so out from the shore, on his way across the lake. The moment he realized our presence—he would probably have realized it before had not the wind been blowing from him towards us—he turned and made for the shore he had just left. We managed, however, to head him off and he then swam for the open lake. We had nearly come up with him when he turned suddenly and again made for the shore. The boat would not turn so quickly and the deer had gained upon us considerably



The Four Stages of the Game

before we were after him again. It became a neck and neck race as to which should reach the shore first. Only a few yards from shore and just before he could touch bottom we managed again to head him off and again he made for the open lake. The buck was a powerful swimmer—he must, I estimate, have been making something like five miles an hour—and one of the accompanying snapshots will give some idea, by the disturbance of the water, of the pace at which he was going when we neared him for the third and last time. We closed upon him and I, happening to be in the bow of the boat, grasped his antlers and, with great difficulty, managed for some minutes to hold his head against the side of the boat while the others endeavored as he was partly upon his side, to rope his fore and hind legs together. Several times they nearly succeeded, but the animal proved powerful and kicked and struggled for all he was worth, threatening several times to upset our by no means strong boat. Several times he turned his great despairing eyes up at me in a snort of pathetic appeal for liberty. We gave up the idea of getting him roped and aboard and carrying him up the lake alive and, instead, we roped his antlers and attached the other end of the rope to the boat with the result that he was, a minute or so

later, towing us towards the shore, which was at least one hundred yards away. Remember there were four of us in the boat, so the task was by no means a mean one for a two-prong buck, although this fellow was a very fine specimen as will be seen by the last of the four snapshots where he is seen at the end of the rope, and at the end of the struggle, very exhausted but still pulling. Upon reaching shore the rope slackened and he bounded forward, only to be pulled back on his haunches. We all landed, and, with the rope still attached to the boat and the deer, I endeavored to get two or three snapshots. None of us could get near him as he careered about in every direction and had already managed to draw blood from three of us—only scratches—with his antlers. So, the snapshots having been taken, we dragged him back into the lake by setting the gasoline engine in motion and, drawing him into the side of the boat, took the rope from his antlers—we had not been able to get near him ashore—and let him go. He swam ashore, and, tired as he was, fairly bounded into the bush. After the gallant struggle that he had made for his life, killing him in cold blood was out of the question. It is quite on the cards that Mr. Deer suffered from nightmare that night.

## THE SONGS THE PRAIRIES SING

J. R. McCREA

Have you heard the songs that the prairies  
sing

When the air grows warm with the breath of  
spring,

When the plain that lay through the winter  
dead

By the sun is warmed and the soft rain fed?

They sing of hope,  
And clear and strong  
On the wings of faith  
They are borne along.

Have you seen the prairies when clothed in  
green

With their billowing waves, deep shades be-  
tween,

Have you heard the song grow clear and bold  
As the shimmering greens were turned to gold?

Each blade of green  
Was borne of hope,  
And a faith as wide  
As the prairie's scope.

Has your heart been stirred and your pulse  
thrilled

By the sight of the prairies turned and tilled,  
Have you seen them, too, when sheared and  
shorn,

With their surface stripped of the wealth  
they'd borne?

They were sown in a hope  
That the fates defied,  
And garnered of faith,  
That was justified.

Do you know the language the prairies speak  
When the days grow cold and the winds blow  
bleak,

When skies are leaden, and storm clouds  
break,

And silent to earth falls the feathery flake?

They speak of hope  
'Neath the nurturing snow,  
And a faith that lives  
Though the north winds blow.



The Big Moose

## HUNTERS THREE IN NOVA SCOTIA

### Some Details of an Outing After Moose

“Y”

UNTIL a few months ago I had never seen a moose, and although I had been out in the woods looking for them on several occasions I had seen only their tracks. When, therefore, I received a letter from my friend X, early in November last, suggesting that I should leave behind the frivolities of the city and attend to business of importance that was awaiting me in the Nova Scotian town in which he lived, I presumed that something worth while must be in the wind and without further delay packed up and set forth.

On my arrival I found that X had arranged a moose hunt to take place some fourteen miles distant and that he had engaged as guides a celebrated Indian hunter and his two sons. We were certain to get a bull moose, X assured me, but we were up against a problem when we considered how we should finance our scheme. Luckily I remembered what the Bellman did when he organized his Snark hunt, so we did likewise, engaging a Banker

at enormous expense. Thus equipped, we set forth on a certain November afternoon.

At 1 o'clock we were all at the station. X appeared in half hunting costume, the upper part of him being attired in the habiliments of a hardware merchant, while the covering of his lower limbs simulated that of a Western lumber jack. The old Indian was there also, clothed in some of X's old garments and many smiles. As for the banker he was altogether a sportsman, his costume consisting of a green Norfolk jacket, knickers, yellow boots of an exceeding shininess and gaiters. Not wishing it to get abroad that I was shirking business I attired myself in a ten dollar raincoat and tried to look as though I were just about to book an order.

In the train we met several gentlemen who proffered advice and expected frequently and copiously in the smoking compartment, whither we had hied ourselves.

Arrived at our destination we unloaded our worldly possessions which we had had wrapped in sacks of various sizes and colors, also a huge box of provisions and twenty-four loaves of bread. X said that Indians liked bread, also tinned pork and beans. I had often wondered who ate all the tinned pork and beans that are to be seen in the stores, and now daylight began to dawn. It was not until we got to camp, however, and Abe said that he would rather go without his supper than touch them, that I began to doubt X's veracity. X tried to make up for his apparent inaccuracy by eating some himself, after which we spent an anxious half hour with him, so that I do not think he will ever repeat the experience.

However, this is anticipating. When we unloaded at the station X said he would arrange with the local hotel-keeper to take us on to a farm at the edge of the woods. Presently a genial person with a dilapidated wagon arrived on the scene and into this wagon we piled ourselves and our goods and, drawn by an apology for a horse, we proceeded for about two miles over extremely bad roads. Half way there the banker decided to walk. He complained that the wagon jolted him too much though I have since suspected that he wished to display to the natives of the village through which we were passing his magnificent sporting get-up.

We were a long time in reaching the farm house owing to the somnolent disposition of our horse, and we regaled ourselves with apples, which X had very thoughtfully concealed about his person.

Finally we reached our destination and while X and the Indian proceeded to a muddy turnip field to bargain with a farmer whom we wished to have take our goods to camp, the banker suggested that we find the pump and see if the farm water was all right for drinking purposes.

At the end of half an hour, the bargain having been completed and two horses harnessed to a sleigh, we started for the camp. The Indian said his wind was short so he climbed on too

and went to sleep. Then the banker said the mud would spoil his yellow boots so he climbed on to change them. He didn't stay long, however, as our Jehu drove over large logs and stumps of trees and once through a wide brook when the motion of the vehicle resembled a small boat in a storm.

All went well for about three miles. Then the horses plunged suddenly into a bog and were soon up to their girths. With great difficulty and after accumulating much dirt, we unharnessed them and unloaded the sleigh, pulling it out without any serious damage, and continued our way for "three hundred yards," as the Indian said,—really it was over a mile—to camp where we unloaded. The banker and I laden with goods set out across the bog to the edge of the woods where we dumped our burden and then returned for the provisions while X and the Indian went to the camp to send back the other two Indians to help us. We sat out in the dark on damp bushes with instructions not to speak as there was a bull in the neighborhood. We waited for what seemed like hours. At last the banker grew restless. He complained that his feet were wet, (they could not well have been dry after that bog) and that he feared he would catch cold. Why couldn't we get on to the camp? I whispered back that I didn't know the way but if he did to lead and I would follow. Of course he didn't and at the end of a long time X and old Abe reappeared—the other two Indians were not in camp—and we had to carry all the goods ourselves. This took us until 6.35 p.m.

After a cold supper and tea made over a good camp-fire, I, of course, supposed we would settle down for the night on some fresh spruce boughs in the somewhat dirty hut, but X said no, that we would first call up that bull moose on the bog. Accordingly we stumbled over stumps and roots and sat on the damp ground for about three-quarters of an hour, while the Indian grunted and wailed alternately on a birch bark horn. Nothing came and, personally, I was

not surprised, for the noises he made would have frightened away anything that was not absolutely imbecile. He excused his failure to bring any response by saying that the calling season was over, which made me wonder why, if this were the case, he had made us sit in the cold, wet bog at that late hour. But then a white man cannot hope to follow the inner workings of the red man's mind. We went back to the fire then, warmed ourselves and turned in for the night. I was too tired to sleep. The Indian immediately covered his head with his blanket and tuned up in a high key. Presently the banker added his quota in a deep drawn out bass and I could hear X tossing and fidgeting about. After about three hours I suggested an interval so we lighted a candle and our pipes and wished for morning.

Day dawned at last. It was too cold to wash and as we had not undressed, we were ready without delay for breakfast. I disposed of a meal of Bologna sausage, cheese, pickles and bread at the witching hour of 4.30 a.m. I am usually rather fastidious as to my breakfast, but such was not the case on this occasion.

Breakfast over, off we started, and our Indian made some more weird noises on his birch horn, with no result. We then began to still-hunt and drew lots for first shot. The banker drew number one, X number two and I came last. In this order we followed the guide, occasionally stopping to examine the tracks or to discuss whether the broken twigs had been eaten the previous night or not. Thus we went on until about 10 o'clock, trying to make as little noise as possible, which was difficult with all the hardwood there was lying about. Presently a thrill passed through us all. Abe said moose were near and sure enough in another couple of hundred yards we saw the animal, which somewhat resembled a donkey, standing on a slight rise. Immediately the banker who was out of his proper place, began monkeying about for his rifle to get the cartridge into the barrel. He seemed an interminable time about it

and meantime the moose saw us and began to move.

"Shoot! Shoot!" ordered Abe and X let him have two shots in quick succession. Then the banker let go and I believe all three of those shots hit. Nevertheless off went the moose and X let go two more shots and the banker three more. These last, however, could scarcely have been called successful as the worthy banker forgot he was firing at about five hundred yards with the two hundred yard sight up.

Off we pelted and presently we picked up a blood trail, which we followed for half a mile, when up jumped the moose just in front of us. The poor beast had been lying down and was bleeding badly. On we went again till we reached an open space, when it turned to bay, but X gave it another shot and down it went. Abe then did the usual knife business, a part of hunting that I dislike very much. I am fond of hunting, enjoying greatly the tracking and following, but I hate the finish.

The horns of this bull moose were not of much value as trophies so we decided that as it would be very awkward to take out we would skin and quarter it on the spot. The next two hours were devoted to this gruesome occupation, at the end of which time, smothered in blood and covered with gore, carrying the kidneys, we returned to the camp.

On arrival at the camp I undressed and had a wash which brought down upon me Abe's deep censure. He told me it was a most dangerous thing to do but I reassured him by saying that he need have no fear on my account, that I was used to it and had never found it to do me any harm. I recalled that I had been told the same thing by my Hottentot boy when I was in South-West Africa, and that afterwards when I suffered from a severe attack of dysentery he had insisted that my unnatural conduct had caused my downfall. "Clean man don't want to wash" was his motto.

The next thing to be done was to cook supper. X had had enough of tinned beans and wanted cold beef.

He had boiled six pounds of beef down to two and a half pounds by a concentrating process of his own and told us that beef prepared in this way would prolong life for an indefinite period.

Abe, however, wanted kidneys and the banker wanted liver. We found we had secreted some which that morning had belonged to his moose. I decided bacon was good enough for me.

Abe and the banker ate enough liver and kidneys to frighten the twelve apostles, who were frugal men; and afterwards they made night hideous with their groans and snorts. X and I got very little rest but towards dawn we dozed off and did not waken until 6 o'clock when we decided to strike camp and move down to the lower ground where the banker had killed his moose the previous day. How I cursed those two Indians for not turning up. A pestilence to porter's work, say I. Rather than carry them with me I left most of my clothes—among them some valuable old heirlooms with family traditions attached to them—in the camp, with the hope that Abe would get them out some day. At any rate I was determined not to carry them myself, so I took my blankets and rifle, while the others took their particular loads, and we started for the new camp which we reached about 1 o'clock. We made some tea, ate a light lunch and then X and I started with Abe to do some hunting. The banker, having killed his moose, was naturally in a superior frame of mind and decided to stay in camp. He said he was a little off color but X and I had a shrewd suspicion that he wanted to devour the rest of the liver and the appearance of the frying pan when we got it out for supper that night justified our suspicions.

We soon came on fresh tracks and it was certainly wonderful to see the way Abe took us right up to within twenty paces of a huge bull moose with a spread of at least fifty inches. X had the shot and broke the animal's back. Down he went. When I was quite certain he was paralyzed I laid

down my rifle, took my kodak and photographed him several times but as the light was very poor the photographs were not a success. I cannot say that I like particularly putting myself within such close range of dying animals, but Abe stood behind with a double barrel at full cock and as it happened, there was "nothing doing." Abe then gave the beast his coup de grace and we set to work to clean the carcass.

On our return to camp we found the banker, who said he had been asleep, and seemed inclined to think we were not adhering strictly to the truth when we told him about the moose. We soon convinced him, however, as Abe was arm deep in gore; and then we set to work to make ourselves comfortable for the night. With spruce boughs for a bed, a grand fire, splendid water and a warm night, we turned in and were about to go to sleep when it began to rain.

"What are we to do?" said X. "Shall we go to our neighbor's camp, a mile off?"

"And get wet through, going?" remonstrated I. "Go to sleep and let her rain. This is our last night and our blankets will keep it out for the night. It is the second night of rain when everything is wet that discomfort becomes noticeable."

Thus I comforted him and we all, as a matter of fact, slept better that night than we had done any of the other nights we had spent in camp.

Early next morning I left the other two in camp to pack up while I started out with Abe to try for another moose. We had not gone half a mile when Abe began to be horribly sick. X had given him some bread fried in the remains of the bacon fat for breakfast and although as chef X refused to believe that Abe's illness was due to his cooking I was sure that it was the bacon that had done the trick.

It came on to rain and we took shelter under a tree which needed water-proofing badly. Abe went to sleep and I spent an hour and a half in trying to make matches strike in the rain so I could light my pipe. Presently it cleared a little and I

wakened Abe and we started off again. We could not now distinguish fresh tracks from old as the rain had filled them in. As we passed along we put up a deer and a jack rabbit, but saw no moose. About three miles from the camp the rain began to pour down again and down went Abe, worse than ever, and groaning in great pain. I have always understood from story books that Indians were great stoics, but this particular one wasn't. He cut some strips of birch bark and lay down on them and I made a fire just at his back and made him eat some charcoal. After about an hour I suggested that we chuck hunting and make tracks for camp. I was thankful to get him there as he was certainly a very sick man.

We got Abe under shelter and the banker fixed up some stiff whiskey for him and presently we got him to bed in our neighbor's log camp. We then went back to the farm to arrange about getting our moose and other effects out. We divided what remained in our flasks with the genial farmer, who promised to take our things out for us the following day.

It was then 4 o'clock and our train was four miles away. It did not start however until 7.30 that evening so as we were all wet through to the skin we decided to walk to the next station in order to keep our circulation up.

We reached the station about 5.30 and as luck would have it a special goods train was to start in half an hour. This half hour we spent in telephoning to the powers that be at the next divisional point, for leave to board her, which was at first very curtly refused. I impressed upon the clerk at the station, however, what a really important person I was, (although I didn't look it, with a four days' beard on), and the result was that he telephoned again and received a favorable answer, which shows that it sometimes pays to assume a role of importance.

Thus ended our famous moose hunt. Personally I didn't fire a shot, but nevertheless I had a most enjoyable time with two of the best sportsmen I know, one of them the best shot I have ever been out with. The tales Abe told us at nights of by-gone days when he used to take the officers of the English Regiments out, and his tales of his own people, passed the time before the camp-fire most pleasantly and if I live I mean to go out again next year. I am not going to tell just where we were for that is something that is too good to be made public. Indeed X, the banker, and I have entered into a compact henceforth to tell no one a word of truth concerning this outing, but we got the moose all right and he weighed, cleaned, 800 pounds.



# PRELIMINARY TAXIDERMY

## Some Practical Suggestions to Sportsmen Regarding the Proper Care and Handling of Their Trophies Subsequent to Their Shipment to the Taxidermist

FRANK TOSE

**T**HERE are few branches of Natural Science that afford greater scope for artistic skill than the art of taxidermy.

In skilled hands there is no limit to the beautiful results that may be obtained in preserving natural forms for the adornment of our homes, offices, clubs, etc. Many beautiful and rare specimens of animals, birds, fish or insects, however, are rendered useless for the purposes mentioned, through ignorance in handling, before they reach the hands of the one whose business it is to preserve them in all their natural beauty.

Much depends upon the sportsman; and it is for the benefit of those who are unaware of the correct methods of caring for and shipping specimens that the following suggestions have been written, in the earnest hope that some lesson may be gained and some fine trophies saved that otherwise might be spoiled.

The most popular method of preserving a trophy of the hunt is to have the head mounted, particularly where the animal is one having horns or antlers. Most sportsmen like to secure a "good head" and yet, how many, after having spent days or even weeks of time, and after having undergone cheerfully many hardships, will spoil everything by slashing the throat with a knife. Others cut the skin too short on the neck, especially the lower or breast part. Any animal will bleed properly if the throat is untouched and prompt removal of the internal organs is resorted to. This is quite necessary in any case to preserve the flesh for food and lighten the load, where the animal is carried bodily to camp.

In the case of long, rough, carriages, of heavy animals like moose, elk, caribou or large deer, the skinning must be done where the animal is shot and the carcass cut into proper weight portions. In skinning, a cut should be made as indicated by the heavy line A to A (Fig. 2), this being done to separate the skin of the head and neck from that of the rest of the body. Notice how it commenced at a point at the shoulder and continues to a point directly between the fore legs. It is better to leave the neck skin too long than to spoil the head by having it too short. Now cut down the centre of the back of the neck, commencing at B. (Fig. 1) to centre of base of the horns B. C. C. (Fig. 1). Now loosen the skin on either side of the neck until you reach the ears which must be severed on the inside and close to the head. With the point of the knife loosen the skin around the horns, always cutting upwards and being careful to leave no part of the

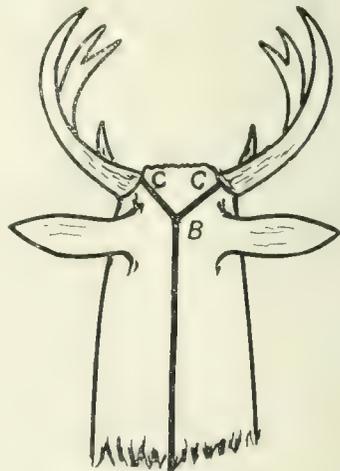
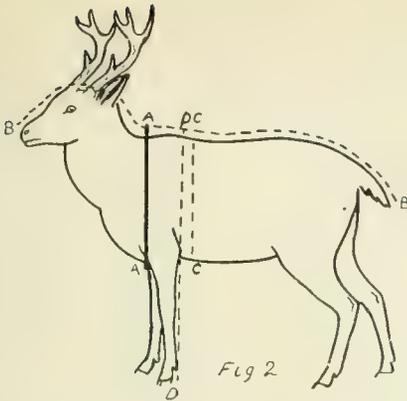


FIG. 1



skin on the skull. Proceeding, you next reach the eyes, and must be careful to avoid cutting the eyelids, a most important thing to remember. In most animals there is a duct near the eye, which must be carefully dug out from the cavity in which it is set, with the point of the knife. By careful skinning, the mouth is soon reached and all the inner skin must be left on the skin proper. This same rule applies to the nostrils. The skin is now entirely removed from the skull which must next be severed from the body where it joins the neck, back of the ears. With the knife split the inner and outer skin of the lips and nostrils, but on no account cut the inner skin away. The inner cartilage must be separated from the outer skin

the ears until they are entirely inverted (Fig. 3). Next, take a quantity of fine salt, rub well into every part of the flesh side of the skin, and roll up with the hair out for twenty-four hours. Repeat the salting process and roll carefully with the flesh side out, tying with a stout cord. This protects the hair from damage in carrying or shipping.

Now proceed to cut away the flesh from the skull, removing the eyes, brain, etc. If a proper vessel is available proceed to boil the head, which renders the removing of the flesh an easy matter. Be careful however as too much boiling will cause the skull to fall to pieces. Scrape carefully every part of flesh left on the skull.

If you have more than one specimen each should be marked with

duplicate tags of wood or leather, so that there will be no fear of mismatching. In this condition they can be kept for an indefinite time.

When hunting in a country where the specimen is liable to freeze or where a taxidermist may be reached within a reasonable length of time, it is only necessary to skin out the neck. Most taxidermists prefer skinning their own specimens.

When skinning an animal where the skin is to be made into a rug, take for example a bear as pictured in Fig. 4, make a cut from a point three inches behind the chin in a direct line to the tip of the tail A. A., and another from the point E. between the fore-legs, down the back of the leg and around the sole or pad at the bottom of the foot. This pad is not needed in making a rug.

When skinning out the toes care must be taken to leave only the last joint on the skin. Too many bones or the pad of the foot, are almost sure to cause the fur to loosen and spoil the skin.

To skin the hind legs make a cut from the butt of the tail down the back of the leg to the pad and cut this away E. E. (Fig. 4).

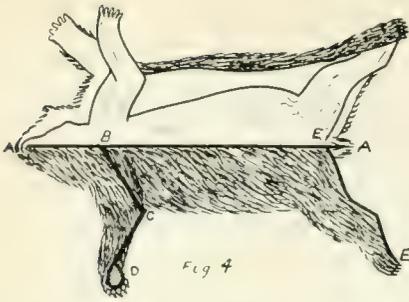
In skinning leave as little fat on the skin as you possibly can.

When reaching the head exercise the same care as recommended in the instructions given regarding moose, etc.

It is better not to use any salt on a skin that is intended for a rug. There is no danger of spoiling if the animal is skinned soon after being killed and



Fig. 3



the skin thoroughly scraped of fat and promptly stretched. The best plan of stretching is by cutting slits half an inch from the edge of the skin and lacing the skin to a sapling that has been bent in the shape of a hoop. This is better than nailing it to a building as both sides are exposed to the air which ensures rapid drying. Dry in the shade as the sun is almost sure to cause the skin to be "grease burnt" causing the fur to come out in the dressing. If you dry in a building be sure there is a good circulation of air.

If you desire to have head mounted save the skull as per the instructions given regarding deer heads.

In skinning for mounting entire, the taxidermist will be saved much trouble and will be able to produce much better results if the sportsman will take the following measurements:

Depth of body behind the fore-legs as indicated in Fig. 2 by the dotted line C. C.; total length from end of nose to tip of tail, B. B.; height from hoof to shoulder D. D.

Some taxidermists use the bones of the legs, which should be roughly cleaned. Personally, the writer does not use them but prefers to have the bones of one fore and one hind leg for measurements. Skin similarly to the manner described in preparing a rug, with the exception that in the case of a horned animal you must commence at the point B. (Fig. 4) between the fore-legs and not at the chin.

The neck and head are skinned as stated in paragraphs on heads. Bear, Cougar, Wolf, etc., must be skinned as advised for rugs, but the pads must not be cut away. In fact for full size mounting, no part of the skin should be cut away. The skin is not stretched but thoroughly salted and tied up as instructed in a preceding paragraph.

### BIRDS

Do not attempt to skin birds unless you are going on an extended trip, in which case I would advise the amateur to purchase a good book on taxidermy and take it with him.

In ordinary cases it is best to ship to the taxidermist as soon as possible, after taking the following precautions:

First examine the shot holes and plug with a piece of cotton batten, or if none is procurable, a little moss or rag will do. Stop the beak, eyes and nostrils in the same way and hang up by the feet. Do not tie a string around the neck. Wrap the bird carefully in paper and keep in the coolest place possible. Very small birds are kept best by placing head first in a cone shaped paper and closing the end to avoid damaging the tail feathers.

### FISH

In handling fish use the greatest care and avoid bruising, scraping off scales or splitting, tearing or damaging of fins or tail. If possible ship in a box that will allow the fish to lie at full length.

Readers of this article will be sure to get a better price for a rare specimen of game bird or animal if same is properly handled and taken care of previous to forwarding to the taxidermist. Every season there are numerous freaks caught by hunters and trappers that should find a place in some museum, by way of the taxidermist.

# ALONG THE TRAP LINE

## Fox, Wolf, Lynx and Marten

GEORGE J. THIESSEN

**T**HE fox and wolf are among the hardest of all fur bearers to catch. Their sense of smell is so well developed and their cunning so great that even professional pelt hunters have difficulty in taking them.

Nothing but the best traps should be used—genuine Sargent's or some other reliable make. It should be remembered that too much care cannot be exercised. Traps should be well smoked before they are placed out so that all human scent upon them will be destroyed. Further, sets should be made with gloves which have been dipped in blood. These should be used for no other purpose than that of placing out traps. All sets should be fastened to a clog—a heavy object which will hinder an animal's progress rather than hold it firmly in one place. Bear all these things in mind when after the fox or wolf. Be sure that everything is as natural after as before the traps were placed.

Find the carcass of an animal which either the fox or wolf have been visiting. Around this conceal one or two traps. The contents of the dead animal's stomach will, when powdered, make excellent covering. As a general rule sets made just before a heavy rain or snow are best. In the latter case the traps should be placed so that they will spring when covered, being sheltered of course from drifts. Do not make the mistake of using too many traps in one place as the larger the number the easier they can be discovered.

In our last article some information was given as to taking the wolf. In this article we shall speak particularly of methods to be used in taking the fox, the lynx and the marten.

Hang a dead chicken in a tree. Conceal several traps within a few feet of the bait. Do not approach it at all until an animal is caught. The bait is most attractive when rotting. This set is a good one for fox.

The lynx and marten are inhabitants of the North and, unlike the fox and the wolf, are easy to take.

Fish-oil—it can be made by rotting fish in a jar—should be used freely for these animals, both as trail scent and in sets. Meat bait will not give good results because when frozen it does not attract the animals as a rule. Furthermore, the Whiskey Jack, a bird peculiar to the North, will rob the sets about as fast as they are baited with flesh.

Make sets for the marten similar to those described for the mink in the April issue of this magazine. Marten have very little fear of traps and can readily be taken.

Traps set on fallen trees, etc. when properly baited always bring good results. In the thick underbrush is the best place to look for signs of this animal.

In or near swamps are ideal places to trap the lynx. A snare is perhaps the best method of taking this animal. This set should be made as follows:

Select a path between two swamps or places from which the animals travel to and fro. Construct a snare, using a strong cord or fine wire for the loop. Beat down a trail through the snow so that the animal following it will get into the noose.

A peculiar fact about the lynx is that once fairly caught—no matter how small the trap—it rarely, if ever, gets away.

## An American Trapper

Mr. Isaac Brandriff of Hancock's Bridge, N. J. is one of our American subscribers and a trapper of many years' standing, having followed the trap line for 19 winters. During this time he has caught 73,000 muskrats, his catch for last winter totalling 9,800; an average of 100,000 muskrats are caught in Salem County each year, Mr. Brandriff says. During his nineteen years' experience Mr. Brandriff has only caught 9 mink, 11 raccoon and about 20 opossum so that practically all his attention has been given to the catching of muskrats. Below we give a table showing the number of muskrats caught each year since 1900, together with the average price received for each skin.

1900-1	5700	x 13 $\frac{3}{4}$
1901-2	4200	x 14 $\frac{1}{4}$

1902-3	5200	x 23 $\frac{1}{2}$
1903-4	6700	x 20
1904-5	2000	x 21 $\frac{1}{2}$
1905-6	4600	x 22 $\frac{3}{4}$
1906-7	3200	x 22
1907-8	3400	x 21 $\frac{3}{4}$
1908-9	4200	x 23 $\frac{1}{4}$
1909-10	6500	x 62
1910-11	8000	x 27 $\frac{1}{2}$
1911-12	9800	x 47 $\frac{1}{2}$

Previous to 1900 Mr. Brandriff trapped alone. Since that year he has employed some assistants. Mr. Brandriff says he has always used Blake and Lamb traps, having found them best suited to his purpose. He traps during the winter and travels during the summer. Two years ago he took a trip to Niagara Falls, visiting Chicago, Omaha, Denver, the



Mr. Brandriff's Home at Hope Halfway, near Hancock's Bridge, N. J.

Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Spokane, etc., etc. Last summer Mr. Brandriff again went to Niagara, going home by way of Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Colorado Springs, (from which latter place he visited Pike's Peak, the garden of the Gods, etc.) From here he went on to Pueblo,

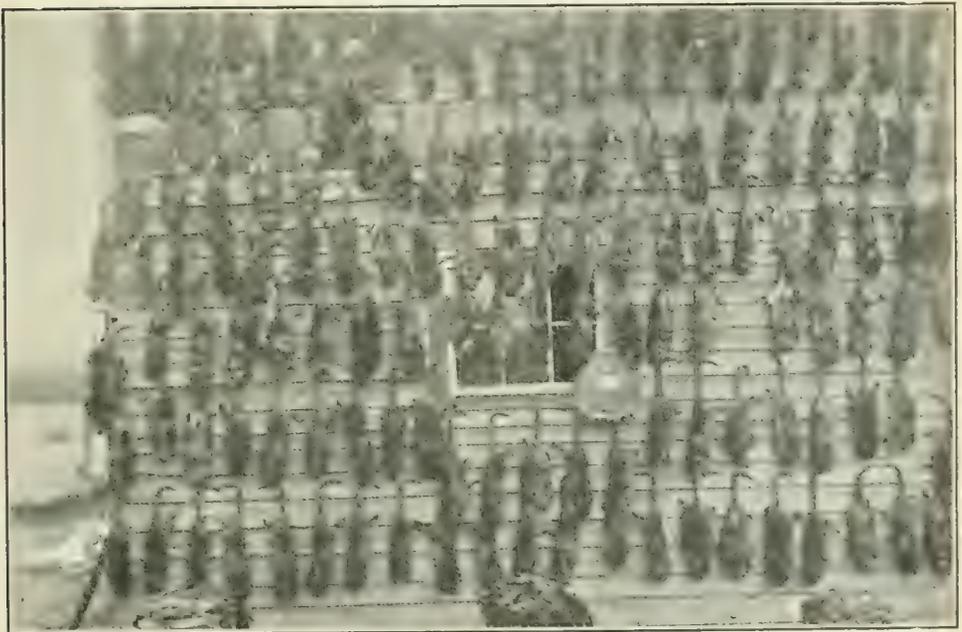
thence over Tennessee Pass to Salt Lake City, later spending five days in Yellowstone Park. On this trip Mr. Brandriff also went north to Victoria and Vancouver, taking a trip along the C. P. R. through the splendid scenery of the Canadian Rockies, through Alberta and Saskatchewan and on down to North Dakota and Minnesota.



Mr. Brandriff and His Assistants



Mr. I. H. Brandriff, Trapper, and Two Assistants Skinning Rats: Mr. Brandriff in the Centre



159 Rats Caught by I. H. Brandriff

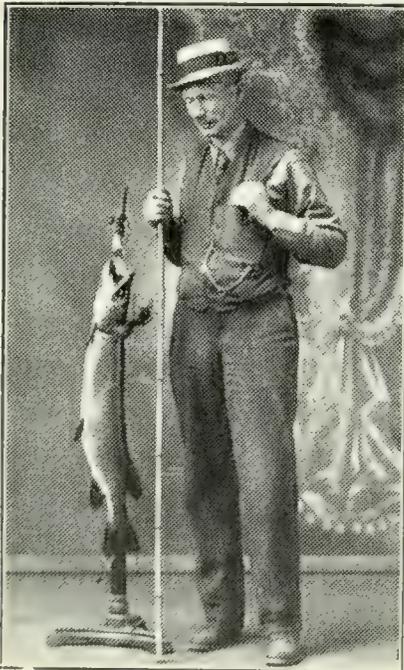
## Millions Will be Paid to Fur Dealers This Winter

A. B. Shubert of Chicago, Fur Dealers, in a letter to Rod and Gun, say in part as follows:

"Furs are extremely fashionable and a woman's wardrobe is not complete without one or more sets of Furs. Even in mild climates there are large quantities of fur overcoats being sold to gentlemen."

The present prices of American Raw Furs, as compared with the prices of a few years ago, make pleasant reading for the old trapper and collector, but to the tenderfoot in the Fur Game it seems like an impossible story and if the "old timers" didn't know the facts to be true, they would say, "Tell it to the marines." Why it was only a few years ago that one could buy all the Muskrats in Western Canada at 6 cents a piece, and they sold as low as 1 cent. Winter and spring collections last season brought 45 cents to 60 cents. The entire collection of Northern Mink could be bought at \$1.50 and \$2.00 for No. 1 large prime skins. Now, they sell at \$5.00 to \$8.00. The best Lynx sold in C. M. Lampson's & Co's. Sale in London, England at \$3.50. Last season \$18.00 to \$25.00 was paid for them. Marten that we now pay \$7.00 for, sold for \$2.00. The best dark fisher that North America ever produced could be bought for \$12.00. Last season \$50.00 was paid for the large dark skins. The best collection of Red

Fox was sold for \$2.00 average. Today the same collection would bring \$7.00. White Weasel we paid nothing for, because there was no Market for them. To-day they bring 75 cents to \$1.50. Otter, one could buy the best the earth produced at \$5.00 and \$6.00. To-day we pay \$20.00 to \$30.00 inland caught skins. Would you think it possible to buy the best Silver Fox that was ever trapped for \$85.00? That was the price. It takes a small fortune to buy it now. The cause of this tremendous advance in the value of North American Raw Furs, is the keen competition created by the well known circular Houses. Years ago the country dealers and large Eastern dealers had it all their own way. Furs were bought at any old price. One would think that this wonderful advance in value would drive the consumer of Furs out of the Market and prohibit the sale of manufactured goods. Possibly it will in the future, but up to the present time the consumer seems to like it. The trapper must be paid for the hardship he endures, and if "Shubert" made the Fur Market, Furs would be much higher, as the average trapper does not get the collection he did years ago. How long the demand will last no one can tell. If he could, he would be a wise man and could give Solomon cards and spades and "beat him to it" at the guessing game.



### A Newspaperman's Catch

Capt. A. M. Todd of Port Dover, editor of the Port Dover "Maple Leaf", caught while on a trip to Crow Bay, an arm of the Trent River, in the vicinity of Campbellford, Ont., the maskinonge shown in the accompanying illustration. It measured three feet, one inch and weighed over thirteen pounds. Campbellford, writes Capt. Todd, is surrounded by the finest fishing and hunting grounds to be found in Eastern Ontario, but does not do what it might to cater to the summer tourist trade that is continually knocking at its door. It is provided with excellent hotel accommodation, the Windsor Hotel, which is kept by Mr. E. J. Spellman, being spoken of particularly highly.

# FISHING NOTES

## Black Bass—King of the Lakes (Article 2)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

**I**n our previous consideration of the artificial bait as a means of catching the wily bass, the writer touched upon the points most demanded to effect properly that capture. Artificial baits are worthy of the fisherman's closest attention for while the best bait is undoubtedly the live bait still, at times, he will find the artificials worthy of the closest and most painstaking consideration. There are identified in the ranks of the angling and fishing contingent certain humanitarians who will not give recognition to the use of the live-bait, objecting that it is a cruel method, even blood-thirsty and asserting that all true sportsmen will use none other than the artificial minnows, leaving the live bait system strictly alone. This feeling in the opinion of the writer, is to be commended. I shall not, however, dwell upon the subject here. Each man has his tastes and at that it will remain. After all the average fisherman selects the bait that will get him at least a fair abundance of fish, for he always wishes to have something to show for his day on the lake. Therefore he will give not the least heed to the plea of the sportsman who argues from a humanitarian standpoint. Only by recognizing the ethics of true sportsmanship, however, shall we maintain the old time honor and respectability of the science of angling. But I also note that many of these many hooked artificial minnows are not any too humane looking substitutes for the live bait system. Hooking a frog through the head may be to a certain extent cruel but we are told that the frog has not the feeling of a more perfect system; that the nerve centers are not calculated to convey any great suffering to the frog; it being a cold blooded creature. If the fisherman would be more humane in the use of the frog, if he thinks he must use this little animal, then, let him hook same through the lip. It will keep the frog alive; also it will last longer. The average fisherman hooks the frog through the head thus practically killing it, if not instantly for a short time only will life be intact. There are on the market certain frog harnesses which keep the frog alive without the least injury to the body. They are commendable and might very well be included in one's outfit. In the northern waters the artificial minnows work well, but then in such waters the fish are uneducated to the wiles of man and are easily victimized, even when the most unsightly and ungainly looking contrivances are used. The man expecting to take a trip this coming summer into the wild, should certainly include in his outfit a proper number of minnows; they are indeed valuable additions. There has been considerable discussion as to why bass will take a lure; whether he takes it from hunger or anger, or just out of sheer curiosity, it is hard to tell which. I remem-

ber on one occasion catching a large husky fellow that gave me one of the best fights for liberty I have ever enjoyed. He was all vim and fight, this chap. Upon finally bringing him into the canoe I took the opportunity of cutting him open and found that he was filled up with food, and to have taken in any more would have been foolish. It would seem, therefore, that this fish was taken, not because he was hungry but either through anger or curiosity. Undoubtedly an artificial minnow stimulates a vast amount of fascination—a fascination that cannot be overcome by the fish, thus proving his undoing. It is a good plan by the way to cut open the fish you catch and plan accordingly with bait to compare with that found in the stomach of the fish; for what one fish takes undoubtedly others have been preying upon that morning. Live bait also includes, aside from the frog, the live minnow, the helgramites, the crabs, and various other inhabitants of the streams and lakes. In the latter part of the season and especially in the summer when the fish are in deeper water they are taken by still fishing, using these baits. Returning to the artificial baits I wish here to make note of a very good bait for the purpose and that is the so-called phosphorescent bait. This bait is a floating bait, or surface bait of course, though they are also furnished in the under-water style; they are coated over with a luminous preparation, which, when trolled through the dark night waters, gives off a light easily discernable. This is for night fishing of course. A notable fact is that bass never quite cease their industrious feeding until the hour of midnight. The average fisherman considers his day well spent if he pulls out at six o'clock, just when the sun is sinking in the west. But night fishing has become the vogue in some States of the Union and innumerable anglers throughout these states are now trying out the phosphorescent baits and are realizing an eminent success in the use and maintenance of this departure. By rowing a boat in and out among the lily pads after the dark has fallen upon the waters, and by casting carefully into the well defined pockets success surely will wait upon the fisherman. In all cases however there is a demand upon one for a well defined degree of cautiousness and certainly some degree of skill, as anyone knows who has glided over night waters, using the luminous bait.

Passing on from the discussion anent the artificial bait we come to the other salient features of the outfit, namely, the rod, the reel, the line and other incidentals. The most important part of the outfit is undoubtedly the reel. Upon the reel rests much of the success of a venture in bait casting, and the beginner will find out all too early the truth of this assertion. Bait casting from the free reel is a

performance wherein carelessness inevitably invites failure. A good reel is an absolute necessity. The rod is secondary, one might say, in importance; but the reel should never be overlooked. In fly fishing it is the rod that counts; but the very opposite is true in the bait casting outfit. The rod is not to be passed over lightly. It has its position and as such should be carefully attended to if the most success is desired. The rod generally identified with bait casting is the steel rod. There are men who are used to the bamboo who will demand bamboo, but the steel rod is most widely used. In the selection of the steel rod it should be remembered that it must have a not too pronounced stiffness throughout. When fishing for maskinonge or large pickerel a stiff backed rod is needed; but for bait casting, a rod having a pliancy from the centre of the rod to the tip is the best. You will easily see the reason for this when you have a fish on the barb and you are playing it, the limber tip will then properly respond, giving to the rushes and plunges of the fish. A stiff backed rod in the case would not give you the sense of complete satisfaction requisite to this performance. Some time ago I spoke about the evolution of the steel rod from its practical infancy to the present day. It surely has undergone a changeable evolution. A long time ago it was the long rod that held first place, but within the years we have passed through, the rod has gradually been shortened till today we find the greatest call out for short rods—not too short but of such a size as to make them perfectly wieldy. The long rod had many drawbacks. The overhead cast could not be properly executed with it, save by those who were skilled in its use. Then we note that when they began to make the rods shorter they went into the extreme that way. For they made some rods that were scarcely over three feet in length with guides adhering to them as large in diameter as quarters. Such a small rod has notable disadvantages. It has no give to it. It is stiff and jars. In the selection of the proper rod be sure and aim for something around five feet, or five and a half feet but not over six. Such a rod will be properly divided; it will have its stiffness from the reel seat to the middle, and will have its merging limberness from the middle to the tip and this is all that can be asked of any rod. But the warning goes out that, as in all other appliances made to fool the untutored, much inferior material is found on the market. A two dollar and a half rod may suit a beginner, but he would do well in the beginning to pay at least four dollars for a rod, as he will then be the owner of an appliance he can depend upon not alone for one season but for many years. There is good material on the market for this price. Any dealer will be only too glad to show his stock. Rods should be tested by bending them and searching for that feel associated so closely with all rods. Get a rod put out by a well known maker, for they can always be depended upon for top-notch material. The question of guides is one that can easily be passed over in a few words; the rods of the past were very large. There are rods on the market today having these very

same large guides, but they are gradually being done away with in the face of the demand for rods having smaller, more uniform guides. The large guides are there evidently for a purpose, that being to prevent line friction, and that more line can be put out in a cast. The former is one carefully to be taken into consideration; the second is one of taste and opinion entirely. Long distance casting may in some instances prove prolific of more catches but in the confines of my own experience I have found that to fish well right around you is just as well and will bring to the persevering as many fish. Always seek for the uniform guides. To prevent line friction (that is the constant wearing of the line against the inner side of the guide) let the tip guide and the guide nearest the reel be lined with agate; this because it prevents the friction spoken of. Thus the guides may be smaller and will, by the addition of that smooth inner surface, prevent wear. Let the reel seat of the rod be firm. The cheap rods are invariably poor around the reel seat; a little wear and tear and some of these rods get shaky. When the reel is put on the reel seat it should stay there firmly. For this purpose a band of steel is used to slip over one of the shoulders of the reel, and has no finger pull. The finger pull is to the beginner a good thing, but after a little experience it becomes more or less of a nuisance and is often done away with. The usual handle is of cork. And here again is where the manufacturers get in their cheap material to fool the unwise ones. The solid cork hand grasp is made of washers of cork adhering to a central piece running the length of the handle; such a hand-grasp can quickly be told from the imitation. The imitation cork grasp is but a thin strip of cork, often no more than one eighth of an inch thick, glued upon an inner piece of wood. While such an handle may be used all right, the rest of the rod must follow suit, and must be just as poor as a matter of fact. The true good rod, of four dollars in value has a solid cork hand grasp; which is desirable among all others. I have here spoken regarding the steel rod. There are bait casting rods furnished in wood material also, beside the bamboo rods. Foremost among these are the lancewood rods, which are noted for their limberness, which when used in a fly casting rod is condemned for its whippiness. The lancewood makes a very good rod however, should one in this material be desired, but the steel rod so fully satisfies that few lend countenance to the wooden rods. The lancewood comes in a cheap price. I think one can be obtained for from three to five dollars.

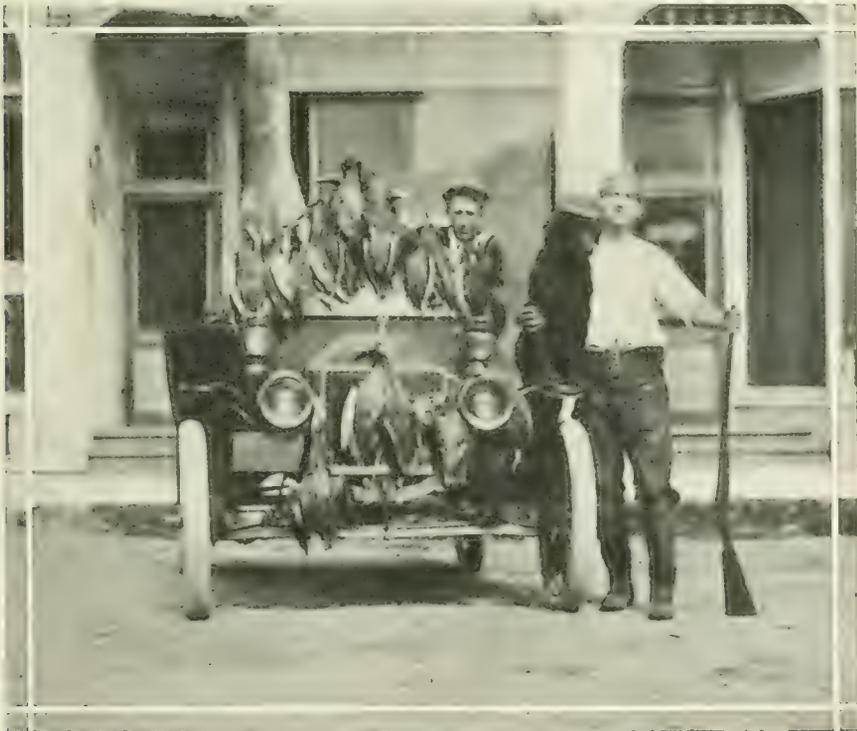
Before passing on into a final discussion regarding the reel, I shall here take space to tell of the few remaining things connected with the outfit. The proper line to use is a subject not so easily passed over. There are lines—and lines; but there is only one line that properly fulfills its business in bait casting and that is the silk line, and I pause to mention that the one and foremost line worthy of the keenest attention is the Kingfisher line. I mention the manufacturers for the simple reason that the competition is not great

against it. The Kingfisher line has unmistakable qualities that all bait casters some time or another in their careers are sure to recognize. Not only does it come in a true light weight, but it is flexible and of just the proper caliber to assure strength and at the same time be of a light weight. A heavy line works sluggishly through the reel and takes up too much space on the barrel. But the Kingfisher line may be used properly, and a great number of yards may be put on even the smallest of the reels. Jamieson of Chicago puts out a very fine example of the proper line to use. I wish beginners would look up this line; remember the name—Jamieson, maker of the inimitable Coaxer baits. Jamieson is a fisherman, and takes pleasure in putting out the best of material. I mention his name for this reason without in the least desiring to push his wares. Proper care should always be taken of a bait casting line. When in from the lakes never leave the line wet on the reel but string it out from tree to tree and let it dry

before it is again assembled on the reel. A line that is well taken care of lasts much longer, and it always pays to be careful on this point whether you are encumbered with much money or not. Most anglers are painstaking men and it is a quality that identifies them whether in their broadmindedness and intellect or in their strict attention to the material things.

I also wish to speak here regarding the tackle box. This is no mean affair. Anyone who has conveyed baits and hooks and lines and reels around with him in his pockets can understand the pleasure of having a tackle box wherein to keep his material. A tackle box is a necessity. Get one having many compartments, and of sufficient size without being too heavy. With a tackle box you need not become exasperated through getting hooks fastened in your coat, but can reach into the box and get out whatever you need without the least bit of trouble. The tackle box is a luxury!

## The Ford Behind the Boys Behind the Gun



A two hours shoot on the Scugog on opening day, by P. C. Graham, proprietor of Port Perry (Ont.) Garage, and his repair-man, C. F. Schell. "Brownie" the dog in the picture was the most popular retriever of the shoot and belongs to "the boys behind the Ford."

# A Day and a Night in a Lumber Camp

FREDERICK AVERY

MUCH has been written and many are the wonderful stories that have never been put into print of the dare-devil feats performed by the "Stream-driver." One is easily moved to great excitement by tales of men who travel from the sources of small streams, down to the broad rivers, lined on either side by deep, dark forest and down these great water-ways until they reach either a city or a vessel which relieves them of the flimsy craft on which they seem to enjoy risking their lives.

To the lumberman, who actually labors in this great field, the stream-driving is the most enjoyable period of the logging season; to the lumberman in the larger sense, the most pleasure is derived when he sees, by his credit balance, that the season has been profitable. When one considers the intense worry and the immense amounts of money it requires to change timber, as seen in the giant trees of the forest, into lumber, ready for trimming the insides of our houses, making furniture and the thousand other uses we have for it, one does not begrudge the lumberman his profit,—providing it *be* profit, for they often lose large sums by bad management in the woods and a fall in prices.

Some years ago I had the pleasure of visiting, in company with the owner, one of his lumber camps.

In Eastern North America lumbering operations are carried on in the winter. The winter's "cut" is driven down the streams in the the spring when the freshets swell small brooks into rivers.

About four o'clock one cold January morning my friend and I entrained for a small station some fifty miles west of the city. A good team hitched to a strong wood-sledge was waiting to carry us across country. Up hills, down valleys, through dense woods, across two large lakes, where the cold winds had such a sweep that it would almost take one's nose off before a hand could be raised to protect that most useful member, up another winding hill we went, until we had traversed about ten miles.

You can make up your mind we did not remain glued to the sled all the time. I was walking or trotting nearly half way in order to keep my toes away from the surgeon. In January down in the North-Eastern Provinces "Jack Frost" makes a great bid for all tender parts of the anatomy.

The saw-mill was a welcome sight and the "z-z-zinging" of the saw as it forced its way through that portion of the logs which was not to be driven down stream a cheerful sound. My friend sawed a certain quantity at the camp and hauled it into the railway station for shipment. The remainder was piled up at the edge of the lake, where the camp was situated ready for the breaking up of the ice in the spring.

I took an exploring trip through the camp while my friend was inspecting the work outside. Four log-houses comprised the camp; the sleeping camp, the eating camp, the cook-house and the beaver-house, so called on account of its being specially set apart for the foreman and the time-keeper.

The sleeping camp was about one hundred feet long and about fifteen feet wide. It was fitted up in something like the style of a sleeping coach of the railways, but—I hasten to add—not on any such elaborate scale—for instance there were not any colored porters in attendance and therefore the men had to do without the "brushing down" in the mornings, with all its "accessories."

The eating camp was built in much the same shape, but instead of bunks, it was fitted with benches and a long table running its full length.

A cooking cabin is always much the same. My friend always provided the best of everything, but of course an eye was kept "peeled" on economy.

Now the "beaver-house" measured about twenty feet square. In here were kept the supplies. It also served as an office. A fair sized stove adorned the centre, while in one corner was built a "field-bed." This bed was about seven feet long by twelve wide, built of logs, about four feet from the floor and covered with fine fur, spruce and cedar boughs, over which were laid blankets. This seems somewhat crude, but the two main ideas, those of rest and warmth, were admirably carried out.

Not long after we arrived, supper was announced by the sounding of the whistle. It sounded strange—enveloped as we were on three sides by dense, dark woods, while in front the expanse of level snow and ice proclaimed the presence of a large lake.

The men came running from all directions and were soon deeply engrossed in appeasing their enormous appetites with pork and beans, bread and butter, molasses and apple-sauce, together with good black tea.

The "upper-crust" of the society, comprising the beaver-house elite, gathered at the head of the table. My friend was a great favorite among his men at all times; he gained their esteem and kept it by freely mingling with them to a certain limit, and always accompanying his appearance with a smile and jovial greeting. They would do anything under the sun for him.

After partaking of this frugal but wholesome repast, the foreman of course, did his utmost to entertain his guests.

We four, after having been furnished with a hatchet or two, a lantern a piece, fishing tackle with pork for bait, repaired to the lake. Holes were soon chopped in the ice and we fished by lantern light, for the night was dark as pitch except for the stars which looked sadly down on the game-law breakers.

It was a novelty and no mistake; standing by a hole in the ice with a lantern to lure fish and freezing ourselves—but you all know to what lengths of privations the fisherman will go. We did not watch and wait in vain, for inside of an hour and a half we had two dozen of as beautiful trout as one would want to look at. Four of them weighed nearly two pounds apiece—that is not a fish story; we will come to those later.

That was about enough fishing so we retraced our steps to the beaver-house. The cook, who was a great story-teller, and who flavored his yarns by a French-Canadian accent, was called in.

We gathered around the well filled stove, pipes were called into requisition and our camp-fire stories commenced. Joe, the cook, seemed eager for the fray, as was seen by his eyes wandering over to the foreman every few moments.

"Well Joe, what have you to-night?"

"You catch de fish," he said, "Dat's no fish," and he rolled his eyes in scorn. "I'll tol' you de bes' fish on de plas!"

"Go ahead old man," smiled the foreman.

"Long tam ago I go, for be de Police-feller on de Nor'-Wes', some day chase de bad man, some day kill de big wolf das ten feet—long, fer sure—get de big mon' fer dat."

"One day I get de order, me, fer hunt de bad man das so far North de Sun she mak' de day all night—never min, my dog she's good feller fer dat, so we start right away."

"Next day she's mak' de big, big snow-storm lak de devil—Sacre! she's come down lak blanket, t'ree feet t'ick fer sure. De trail she's lose herself an twis' herself all up in de snow."

"Long tam I travel, me, dose dogs, till de grub she's all done—das de col' travel when de policeman can't get grub fer eat."

"One day I come on de lac. He's froz over t'ree feet t'ick. Dat don't stop de much hungrey man. I tak' de big ax an' chop de hole, den drop, me, de line, quick."

"De fish, she's bit, fer sure—pull quick! De fish she's come up, das wee little t'ing, lak t'ree inches long. 'I say 'you tamm'd little ting, you mak' me lose de much time—you don't mak' de mouthful for de good policeman.' I kick dat little fish lak devil for sure, I was mad, me. After she's get de kick she's wiggle lak black cat, den she's swel out—I watch him grow, fer sure, and kick again—she's grow more—I kick again—she's keep de grow till five minutes she's get so big I set de dogs on fer kill—after big fight, she's die. When she's dead she's weigh forty pounds. I eat, de dogs eat, we all eat—she's las' us all till we get de bad man and come home. How's dat fer fish, eh? De fish you bring on de house to-night don' mak' de bite fer de hungrey man."

Just to show my appreciation for the story, I remarked "No thanks Joe, I do not care for any cream. We do not need either sugar or cream with that—t is rich enough without.

My friend, the boss, winked his left eye and said.

"My, my, Joe but you must be a great fisherman."

Joe felt highly elated with that.

"Well," said the foreman, "I am not a fish-story artist, but I am something of a philanthropist, and as I know the boss is a good staunch Methodist (casting a knowing glance at my friend) I would like to prove to him that his chances in the next world are very slender. It may induce him to come over to the one and only belief."

"I am ready for all good advice," rejoined the "boss."

"Well, a good Methodist, who liked a joke, met a Jew one day, whom he knew very well.

"'Good morning, Isaac'" said he.

"'Good morning, yourself, aint it,'" responded Isaac.

"Um-um,"

"'I had a dream last night, Isaac'."

"'Vat vas it, already,'" interrogated the Jew.

"'I dreamed I died, and of course went to heaven,'" said Isaac.—

"To explore this wonderful place was, of course, my first desire. I found that Heaven was divided up into a great many little heavens—a heaven for the Methodists, a heaven for the Jews and in short a heaven for each of the denominations. After thoroughly investigating the Methodist heaven, I thought it would be a good educational experience to look around. On dropping into the Jewish heaven I found them gathering old rags, bones and bottles, just as they do here below—

"Isaac did not wait for any more, but said: 'Good day', and departed.

"Next day they met again, and the Methodist had a glorious grin as he cordially greeted Isaac, but Isaac was right after business and he exclaimed: 'I had vun fine dream las' night'."

"'Yes, and what was it Isaac.'"

"'I dream like you, I die, I vent to heaven. I zee all ze leetle Heavens. It was fery lovely. I go to zee my friends, ze shouting Methodists, in zeir leetle Heaven, I knock, no answer. I open ze door, ven vat you tink—nobody there!'"

My friend simply roared at the cool 'crack.' "That is the best I have heard. I will shift that over to some of my Baptist friends when I meet them."

"That reminds me," broke in the Time-keeper, when our laughter had abated, "of a story, which, just to show no hard feeling, I will lay at the door of the Presbyterians."

"The story-pot is boiling nicely, now," remarked my friend.

"Pat," commenced the Time-keeper, "fell in love with a Protestant girl, but according to the Catholic marriage decree, the priest waxed exceedingly wroth when called upon late one evening to perform the ceremony (last rites). About twelve o'clock that night the Presbyterian divine was awakened by a loud knocking at his door. He opened a window and shouted down 'Who's there?'"

"Sure thin, it's me your Riverince," murmured Pat.

"'And what do you want here, this time in the night, Pat?'"

"'Well now, your Riverince,'" said Pat, 'I have me goirl, me loicense and me ring, and

oi want to git married, so please your River-ince'.

"But you are a Catholic, Pat, why do you not go to the priest?"

"Sure it's me that wint to the priest. And he told me to go to the Devil, so I come to you," innocently responded Pat."

My friend, knowing that I was a Presbyterian, simply doubled up with laughter.

"This is worth coming out into this wilderness for", cried he.

When the uproar had quieted down to something like normal, I suggested that my friend give us a song.

He had a rich, deep, mellow, bass voice, and although not at all professional, liked to sing—most people like to do anything they can do easily and well. It is like rolling down a hill.

He started in on the old song "You're as as welcome as the flowers in May," in the chorus of which we all joined. An encore was administered, and he sang "Home, sweet Home."

Just transport yourself into a forest of spruce, with a white, velvety carpet of snow several feet in thickness. Not a sound breaks the stillness except the sougning of the wind through the branches, and not a living movement save, perhaps, a rabbit disturbed by some unknown cause. Enter our beaver-house after a weary travel through the snow, and gaze upon the scene. There we were, five of us, forming a magic circle around the stove in the centre. Two chairs were the extent of the conventional seating capacity, these were occupied by my friend and me, while the others sat around on boxes. We were all as comfortable as though surrounded by luxury. The white clouds were floating upward, out through the ventilator, and the only break in our circle occurred when the cook spasmodically loaded up the stove.

We had been killing ourselves with laughter a few minutes before, but with "Home, sweet Home" what a change suddenly came over this boisterous assembly. We sat like children nursing our pipes, and our far-away minds uncoiled the springs and flooded each with childhood memories. How different were they, for then we were free from care and now it was toil and worry. If we could but live in child-hood's merry days forever how much longer would we last and how much sweeter would the "Call" sound. But why reason in the Ideal? We would not live such homely lives if we could. This is true, for we could if we would.

The song ceased. None had ventured to join in the chorus, with which we were all so familiar. My friend was as much moved as we, and no one scrutinized the other for the silent, hidden tear.

"This is no way to go to roost", cried I, as we sat in silence for a few minutes.

"Right," echoed my friend, "let's have another story!"

"I had been racking my brain to beat the Frenchman ever since he had told about his "fish", for he would always look with disgust on the Englishman if he had a better fish yarn than we could gather together.

I was fortunate in having with me a real photo of a halibut which tipped the scales at 420 pounds. This photo was taken by H. O. Dodge at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, when the fish was brought to land. I might mention that Mr. Dodge has since distinguished himself by his panoramic views of the Pageants at the Quebec Tercentenary. They were appreciated so greatly that, I understand, the King ordered a set from him.

What had been troubling me, though, was a fitting yarn to spin in connection with the catching of the prize. At last I had decided upon a general line of argument, and depended upon my wit to fill in the skeleton as I went along, so as to make it impressive.

"Joe", said I, rather indifferently, "I suppose the North West is a great place for fish, by the story you told a few minutes ago."

"Das no story yarn, das true yarn, fer sure," broke in the fish-eater.

"Well, of course I believe you," said I, "but there are thousands who would not without proof, such as a photograph or a picture of some kind. Now to prove that the story that I am about to tell is true, I will show you the fish." Here I slowly drew the picture out of my pocket.

Joe took the picture and gazed at it intently for a few moments while the others looked over his shoulder.

"Das big fish, fer sure, or else das small man."

He was comparing the fish with the men in the photo.

"Yes," said I, "that is the kind of fish we catch down in Glace Bay. Would you like to know how it was caught?"

"Fer sure," he eagerly assented.

"Well, we were fishing in the Atlantic ocean just off the coast of Cape Breton. One day I had my line hanging lazily from my hand, for the fish were not biting well. All of a sudden I felt a tremendous tugging at the line! It almost hauled me overboard. I let go, and if the end had not been fastened to a belaying pin in the railing, the story I am telling would never have been told."

"But de fish," exclaimed Joe. "You catch him fer sure?"

"Not so fast, Joe, our fish are not so easy as those out West."

"I did not know what had my line, but thought it must be a whale, and was waiting to see his enormous tail come up out of the water, and crack the vessel by one blow, but nothing like that happened, only the ship began to move through the water at a great rate."

"The Captain yelled to 'put on the brake'—he thought he was in an automobile, he was so excited—but we were all so scared we just stood still while every moment the speed increased. Pretty soon we all had to go and get our motor goggles, as the wind was so strong it blew the dust off the water in clouds so thick that we could not see a hand behind us."

"An' das may be de fish," said Joe, leaning forward, "why for you not cut de line?"

"Cut the line?" said I, "and lose the fish? No. No."



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"No," said Joe, "das right, you want fer catch dat fish."

"Well, pretty soon the cyclometer registered five hundred miles per minute, and we could not see the hole we were making as the ship flew through the water—in fact we could not see the water at all. We had our big hip rubber boots on, and we had to go below, get planks and nail them to the deck to keep them from being swept overboard."

"Ah," exclaimed our friend, "but how fer you move wid de deck nail on de foot?"

"I did not say we nailed our feet," said I, as I tried to keep a straight face—the others were all grinning, but he was so intent on following the story that he did not notice them.

"After a while the Captain roared to spike the ship to the water, as she was beginning to lift, and you know, Joe, the air is no place for a common every-day water ship, but just at that moment the big mast was smashed out. It fell and killed the Captain and all the crew. I could not see a thing but the monster's head as he came up above the water to see how we were getting along, and, do you know, he was swimming backwards. I mildly remarked to him to let up on the speed as I could not see the corners as we went around them."

"He calmly replied that he was only going easy."

"Five hundred mile easy!" screamed Joe, "Sacre!"

"He said I if did not stop sassing him, he would turn and swim frontwards."

"At that I, who was trying to keep cool, grabbed the big mast and dealt him a heavy blow on the head, but he only grinned and started to turn around to swim frontwards."

"Sacre!" and Joe's eyes were bulging out of his head.

"But I fooled him, for the line was so short that his tail almost reached the vessel, and just as he was gathering a speed of a thousand miles per minute, I reached over and sprinkled

a little salt on it. That settled him. He could not swim after that, so I just took my pen-knife and gave his tail that terrible gash you see in it."

"You kill him!" shrieked Joe.

"Yes," I mildly replied, "he does all his swimming with his tail you know."

"Joe sank back on his box, and we had to carry him out to his bunk.

As we took him away he murmured, "What fer I kill my tam little fish so soon. I go fer be de policeman again, on de Nor'-Wes' till my fish grow lak de Glace Bay."

We decided we had enjoyed the evening immensely. It was a distinct change from city life and therefore quite welcome to me. In another fifteen minutes we were on our way to dreamland with only a portion of our clothes off.

Next morning, after a repetition of the supper of the night before we were treated to a logging scene, back in the woods.

The foreman was expert on making logging roads. He built up the snow, packed it well, and then went over it with a "sprinkler-wagon on runners." As the water fell on the snow, it froze, and the result was a veritable "ice-road."

Big loads in the woods count in the same manner as transporting big loads from one portion of a city to another;—saves time, and lessens the equipment required. It is inconceivable, unless witnessed, the tremendous load of logs a team of horses can haul over an ice road such as described. This was the only remarkable feature in connection with the actual logging operations that came under my notice.

In the afternoon we were transported to the station, in a light sleigh and so made much better time coming home than we did going. I thoroughly enjoyed that trip which was instructive as well as interesting.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA'S PROVINCIAL MUSEUM

We are indebted to Prof. Francis Kermodé, Curator of the British Columbia Provincial Museum, Victoria, for the recent copy of the museum report sent us. It is interesting to note that the Anthropological Department is at present receiving special attention before it becomes too late to gather all the material and information relative to the Indians of British Columbia (at one time a great race). Dr. C. F. Newcombe has been engaged in research and in collecting anthropological material relating to the aboriginal races of the Province and has secured a large collection of specimens together with data of the various tribes. Prof. Kermodé makes the suggestion that if

all of the road foremen, surveyors and engineers engaged in construction camps in the Province would interest themselves to the extent of being on the look out for archaeological specimens and forward them to the Provincial Museum, it would be the means of assisting those at the Museum in retaining for the Province valuable specimens, which otherwise would be taken out and lost forever.

The report contains some interesting details of work done during 1912 and some fine illustrations of specimens on exhibit in the museum at Victoria, one of which is used as frontispiece in our current issue.

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"P. A. makes a fellow feel so fine and dandy," says Pap, "that I don't care what the weather is so long as there is P. A. in the near vicinity. "Smoke P. A. red hot as if old jimmy was an engine and she can't touch your tongue. Go to it like sixty and she is there good and true, like a high top thoroughbred."



Members of the Alpine Club of Canada will extend their hearty congratulations to Mr. W. W. Foster, formerly Deputy Minister of Public Works for British Columbia, who was recently elected to represent the "Islands" Electoral District. At the election, which took place in December, Mr. Foster secured a considerable majority over his opponent.

Miss Springate writes that the Winnipeg branch of the Alpine Club had a very enjoyable tramp on Saturday, December 27th, when about twenty took the car to St. Charles and walked back along the river and through the bush to Deer Lodge, where they were joined by eleven others. All sat down to a very merry supper and Mr. Justice Galt was in the chair and made a very genial toast-master. Various camp songs were sung and speeches made by Dr. Bell, Mr. McWilliams and Mr. Ransom. About nine the meeting broke up and all decided to have another one shortly.

The following song which was one of those sung on this happy occasion was composed by Mr. J. P. Forde and Miss Springate and was sung to the tune; "D'ye ken John Peel?"

1. D'ye ken our Director, with his early morning shout,  
That wakes you for your climb? Then you'd better jump about,  
For there's elemental force behind that figure somewhat stout  
That is quite at its best in the morning!  
For he spends the night in waiting for the time to come around  
When for early morning climbers the reveille he must sound.  
Then you'd better rise at once or you'll rue it, I'll be bound,  
When he calls you at four in the morning!

N. B. (Last four lines of each verse as chorus.)

2. D'ye ken Mrs. Parker with her cape and her cane.

To get her o'er the brook and to keep her from the rain?  
She brought a lot of baggage she will never bring again  
For it only makes trouble in the morning!  
She puts a little column in the paper every day  
For which she tells the country what she she feels she ought to say  
About all sorts of subjects in her very charming way,  
For people to read in the morning!

Chorus.

3. D'ye ken Mr. Mitchell, that very busy man.  
Who runs his modest office on a very novel plan?  
For he always keeps it open to collect what fees he can  
And he'll take them even early in the morning!  
If you want to ask a question, he is always right on hand.  
And he'll give a simple answer you can easily understand,  
And he makes you think the people of the Alpine Club just grand,  
Though he may not wear his smile all the morning!

Chorus.

4. D'ye ken Doctor Bell, with his scales to weigh  
Overweight baggage for which we pay?  
Then ye wish Doctor Bell were far, far away  
On the top of Hungabee in the morning!  
For the thought of that baggage keeps us from our sleep,  
And the 'mount of the charges which we fear will be steep,  
Oh, the question of baggage is enough to make one weep,  
Or to flee from the camp in the morning!

Chorus.

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# FISH AND GAME PROBLEMS

## Annual Conference of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association

ARTHUR HARVEY SMITH

**P**ERHAPS one of the greatest gains at a gathering of sportsmen, particularly if it partakes of an international character, is the amount of information diffused. We know all too little of the life of the wild and we are all eager to learn more. Those who go into the woods see strange things and they are not ready to condemn the stories told by others, knowing full well that if their own stood out unvarnished they might in turn come under criticism and perhaps contempt. What does not appear in print is told verbally and as stories pass and re-pass one lives one's own experiences over again and goes back to the life that is free from stress and care and seems alone worth the living.

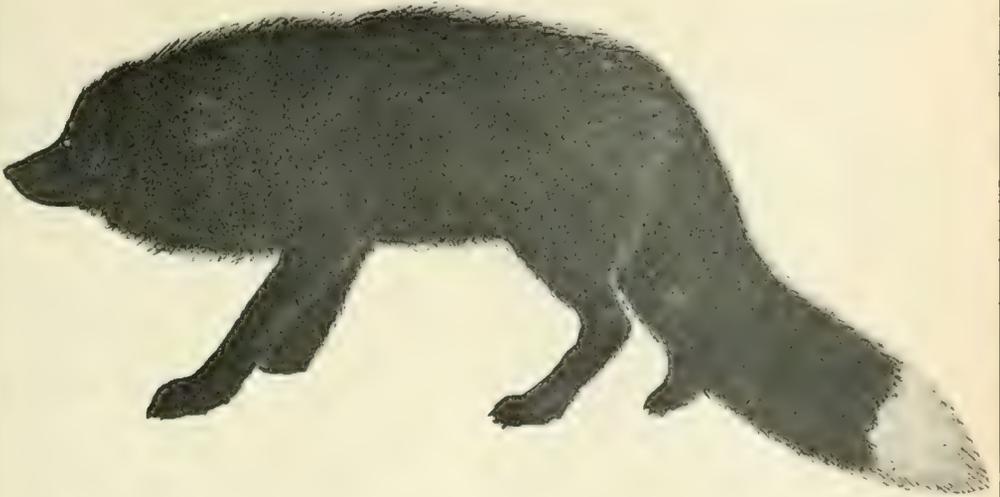
These features were enjoyed to the full at the thirteenth annual conference of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, which was held this year at Ottawa. For all those thirteen years the destinies of the organization have been guided by that well known fisherman and good all round sportsman, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, of Quebec, who still holds the office he was appointed to at the birth of the Association—that of Secretary-Treasurer.



Hon. J. D. Hazen, M. P. Minister of Marine and Fisheries and President of the North American Fish and Game Protective Ass'n. who took the chair at the Thirteenth Annual Conference at Ottawa on December ninth last.

The President for the year just closed was the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, whose home city is St. John, N. B. It is one of the privileges of the President to name the place in his own Province or State to which shall be given the honor of receiving the members of the Conference, which meets one year in Canada and the next year in the United States. In accordance with this rule Mr. Hazen named St. John and to that pleasant centre the President and Secretary-Treasurer resorted, on the date fixed, only to find that no one but themselves had made the pilgrimage. The two officials encouraged each other and agreed that the cause was progressing or otherwise they would have had to meet a large gathering vociferous for changes. It was agreed between the two, one proposing and the other seconding and both agreeing unanimously upon adjournment, while later on Ottawa was selected. Probably the members thought the east was getting more than its share when St. John followed Boston and that was the reason for the failure of the conference to materialize. Luncheons and dinners had been arranged and all had to be called off. This failure too reflected upon the Ottawa meeting where the attendance, though of a representative character, was not as large as promised. The President only managed to arrive from Washington in time to preside and his genial hospitality miscarried as the United States delegates wished to return home with as little loss of time as possible. New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario were directly represented amongst the Province and Maine and Vermont who sent their Commissioners, as well as the great State of New York, for whom Mr. C. H. Wilson, than whom no better friend of protection can be found, was present.

Naturally there was a good deal of talk about the great step taken across the border for the protection of migratory birds. The United States friends are very eager for Canada to make a similar move. It appears that the Attorney-General of New York State has pronounced the new law unconstitutional, but if it could be arranged between the two countries in the form of a treaty there could be no question as to its constitutionality. There is usually a way of getting over these difficulties if only parties are willing and in this case there should be no trouble. The only matter in the way is the apparent reluctance of our friends to the south to conform to the International Fisheries Treaty. Naturally the Canadian ministers do not feel like entering upon negotiations looking to another treaty while the fishery treaty is hung up. Canada has done her share and did it promptly while



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the authorities sent out circulars and invited views as to the probable effect of the working of the treaty. Naturally those who thought their interests threatened by the treaty got busy and succeeded in arousing opposition in the Senate with the result that Canada has been obliged to place a time limit upon the waiting period and has given formal notice that if the treaty is not confirmed by March next, she will feel at liberty to withdraw from the same. It may be as well to remind readers that this treaty was arranged by Professor Prince on behalf of Canada and Professor Starr Jordan on behalf of the United States. Many scientific and technical questions entered into the consideration of the various clauses and as the best experts were engaged on each side, the interests of both countries might have been considered as safe in their hands. This was the attitude taken in Canada and the treaty was ratified in the usual way, notwithstanding that some protests were heard. A different policy was pursued in the States with the result that the whole of a long and patient work extending over years is in danger of falling through. The representatives from the States promised to get busy on their return and see if they could not move things. They recognized the strength of the Canadian view and expressed regret that the States had consented to a policy of procrastination. If they can manage it, ratification will take place before the Canadian notice expires. They will see if they cannot influence the President who seems to possess the knack of getting things done. If anyone can overcome the delays in the Senate he is the man. If this treaty is confirmed then will be the time to talk of one between the two governments that shall protect migratory birds. Her provincial sentiment will have to be considered, but it is hoped all the provinces will in this matter consider the policy as above their strict rights and allow the Dominion Government to take the matter in hand and settle it once for all. The enforcement may well be left to provincial officials.

In the course of this report the Secretary pointed out that the most important event of the year affecting the work of the Association is undoubtedly the enactment by Congress of the migratory bird law, vesting the control of all legislation affecting migratory birds in the United States in the federal government and thus it is to be hoped protecting them from the danger of destruction at the sweet will of the legislatures and the gunners of each individual state, as the birds pass over at the period when they most require protection for ensuring the perpetuation of their species. The victory thus won by the friends of protection is cause for much rejoicing. All the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, to whom our resolutions of last year in support of the measure were addressed, courteously agreed to do all that was possible to secure its passage.

The Secretary has had much correspondence with many of those interested in this subject who have been furnished with the names of Canadians who might be useful in securing fairly reciprocal legislation as may be legiti-

mately asked of the Canadian legislatures. They have also been supplied with existing Canadian laws on the protection of migratory birds. It would appear that no more useful work can be promoted to-day than that looking towards the successful negotiation of a convention or treaty assuring a joint policy of protection of migratory birds by Canada and the United States. In Canada the provinces alone have jurisdiction in these matters. The proposed treaty therefore can only be enacted at their request. How then can we best secure their united action and endorsement of such a treaty as well as meet the desired aim?

The Association was again invited to send delegates to the National Conservation Congress of the United States at Washington and accepted the invitation and appointed delegates.

Adding new members and subtracting deaths the names now appearing on the list are 121.

Professor Prince initiated a discussion as to the meaning to be attached to the term "foul or unclean salmon," and it was agreed that prior to what the professor said upon the subject most lovers of angling would have answered the query by stating that it was a salmon that had spawned. In a later number of ROD AND GUN the Professor will take up this subject with a view to securing some discussion and arriving at some conclusion as to the real meaning of the term amongst those interested in salmon.

Papers were read on the Prong horn Antelope of the West by Professor Prince; the use of copper sulphate for the purpose of clearing lakes and ponds of obnoxious fish; Fish Hatcheries in Canada; Sea and Sea Fishing and Migratory Birds, the latter being taken up in a paper that aroused the deepest interest by Mr. C. H. Wilson of Glen Falls, N. Y., one of the best sportsmen on this continent.

These papers will appear in subsequent issues of ROD AND GUN. They are each of them of the deepest interest to sportsmen and being given with authority are of value as well.

There were brief discussions on each of the papers and the authors were thanked for the services they thus rendered to the cause of protection.

The Secretary was voted the usual honorarium of one hundred dollars and those who had made the local arrangements were also recognized. It was with deep regret that the representatives from the United States were unable to avail themselves through prior engagements to accept the hospitality of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries and departed from Ottawa without seeing more than a brief stay permitted, of the beauties of the Dominion capital.

The following are summaries of the reports from the various States and Provinces as to protective work accomplished within these boundaries:

Dr. J. T. Finnie, M. P. P. presented the report from Quebec. He mentioned that the previous year he reported game of all kinds fairly plentiful and particularly so, with regard

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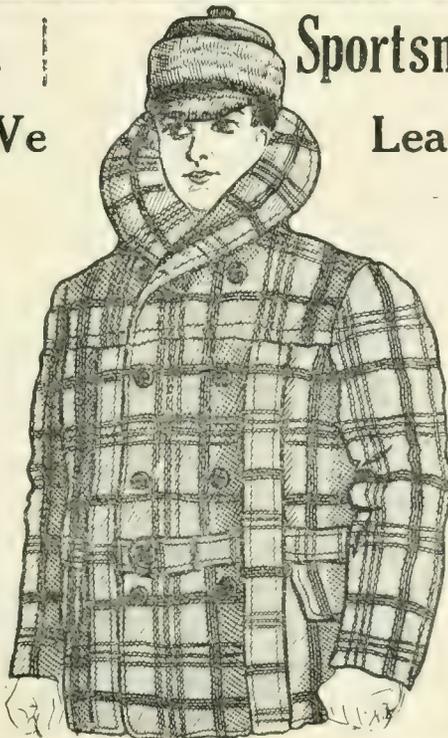
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to partridge. For the first time for a series of years the season was opened and wholesale slaughter took place. Farmers and farmers' sons dropped their usual work and joined in the massacre. At the subsequent meeting of the Legislature the season for the sale of partridge was closed till 1917 and that of beaver for a similar period. At present an earnest effort is being made by the Province of Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game to have various amendments made to the present law, particularly with regard to limiting the bag on partridge, duck, and woodcock and also to curtail the long open season for big game. On this last point alone is there any dissenting voice? The people at the eastern end of the province claim that climatic conditions as they exist, warrant the long season especially for cariboo. The matter is now being discussed in an amicable way in order that the proposed amendments may be presented to the Minister of Mines and Fisheries by the unanimous consent of all interested in this noble work. He trusted that before the end of the year amendments will have been adopted by the Legislature in accordance with the recommendations made and that they may be an important factor in the conserving of the animal and bird life of the province.

The protective Associations both in Montreal and Quebec have been most active in prosecuting law breakers—those who on every occasion but particularly on Saturdays and Sundays shoot both song and insectivorous birds simply for the sheer love of shooting. While these people are usually of foreign birth, the farmer's boy is often much to blame through crass ignorance of the fact that these birds are the farmers' best friends because of their constant unceasing war upon the larvae and insect life by which they preserve the orchard and field crops from these pests and also are essential to the conservation of our forests that are suffering from the same cause. A statement has been made that only about ten per cent. of our forest trees are sound. They have been so injured by insects that they do not live more than one fifth of their natural life. With such facts before us we must by all means at our disposal protect our bird life and do all in our power to educate the farmer and others, showing them how necessary it is to encourage rather than destroy our feathered friends and to protect them from the vandal.

In conclusion Dr. Finnie expressed the opinion that the New Brunswick system of licensed guides should be generally adopted.

#### Ontario Reported an Increase in the Number of Ducks

Mr. G. H. Richards, who is keenly interested in sport in both Ontario and Quebec, reported that at Long Point, Ontario, there were during last autumn enormous flights of canvas back ducks, far in excess of anything known in the history of the Long Point Company dating back to 1866. There was also a marked increase in wood ducks and ducks of all kinds were most abundant. It was most gratifying to know that during the last four years there has been yearly a great increase in the number of

ducks breeding in the Long Point marsh. This has been coincident with the abolition of spring shooting in the States to the South and is doubtless in part due to that change of laws. It must be evident that ducks shot at, or whose companions are shot at, when on their spring migration are so frightened that they fly in their fright to far northern regions for safety whereas if not shot at they will stop at suitable places further south. Hence instead of pushing on by Long Point many, very many, find it convenient to stop there. Evidently some ducks raised two broods there this year for young ducks were seen in early October that could not fly. Two broods are impossible in the far north.

There was a hearing in Boston upon the subject of the regulations by the Bureau of Biological Survey under the United States Migratory Bird Act. At this hearing there was violent and general opposition to the proposed sunset to sunrise close time. The arguments were that no ducks could be shot in the day time and that the working man could not get away from his work to shoot before sunset. Massachusetts had recently passed a law which allowed wildfowl to be shot all night. He sent in a letter to the meeting giving an experience at Long Point where thirty years ago a rule was made to stop shooting at sunset, and where the shooters did not go out in the morning for many years till 8 a.m. and later on not till 9 a.m. He emphasized his belief that the secret of the success of the Long Point preserve was that the ducks were not disturbed on their grounds in feeding time and that the best way to drive them out of any country is to shoot them all night. Ontario he was glad to say has recently changed her law and made a close time from sunset to sunrise. The Bureau of Biological Survey has retained the sunset to sunrise rule.

#### Game Restoration in Massachusetts

Mr. G. H. Richards, of Boston, reported for Massachusetts. A codification of the game laws is being undertaken and not before it is time. An appropriation of \$7,500 has been placed at the disposition of the commission for the increase of wild game in the State. An open season of one week for deer has been made to extend throughout the State but the use of the rifle for killing deer is forbidden.

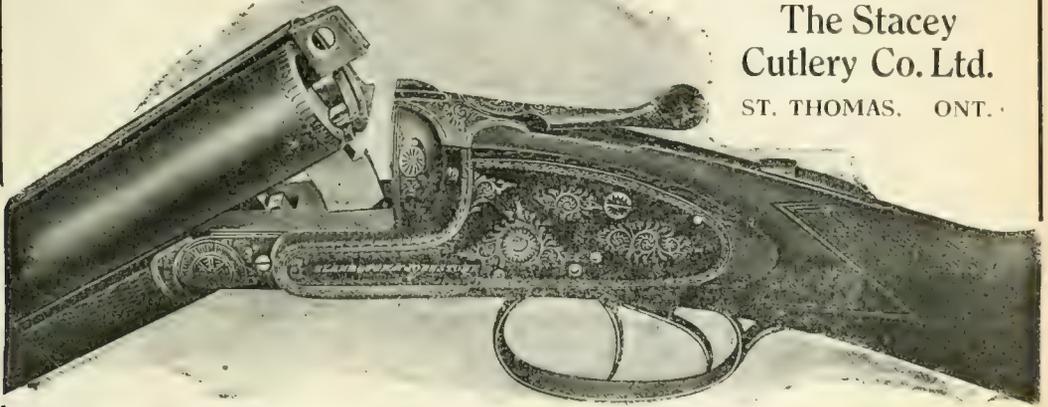
Massachusetts has been rather a leader in encouraging the private breeding of game. There is still apparent a certain tendency to hamper those who undertake game farming with too many restrictions instead of giving them the freest hand possible. It should be made as easy to breed game as to breed cattle or poultry; the easier it is made the sooner we shall have it. An experience of red tape methods was then narrated. He could see no reason why there should be any restriction on the transportation of live game. The fear that market men would thus secure game which they could kill or sell is a delusion, for live game is always worth more than dead game. One of the important things in the restoration of the game of the continent is to allow the transportation of live game without restriction. He hoped the members of the

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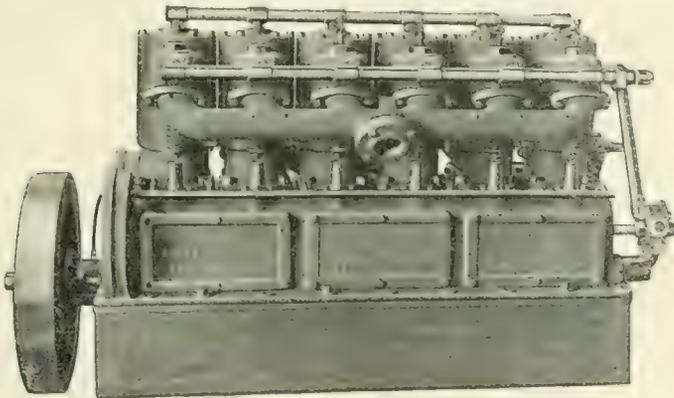
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association would advocate the policy. It was useless for us to expect governments to restore our game to what it should be; they cannot provide the money and they ought not if they could, to spend the money necessary for the benefit of one class in the community—the sportsman. We must depend upon individual and club effort. The laws should encourage them.

Massachusetts having no salmon still keeps up a close season for salmon during which, salmon taken in Massachusetts must not be sold. But salmon taken outside the state may be sold the year round without the least regard to spawning seasons or the period after spawning when salmon are unfit for food and are called "black salmon." Of course this condition helps the cold storage men but it is a tax on the provinces and the state of Maine whence all east salmon come.

Reports of woodcock and ruffed grouse show them to be more abundant than for some years in the State.

#### British Columbia Has a Well Organized Game Department

Mr. F. M. Chaldecott sent a written report from British Columbia in the course of which he stated that no new legislation has been passed in that province during the year with a view of harmonizing the game laws of the Province with those of sister provinces. He asked for suggestions along those lines and expressed the opinion that the Attorney-General and Provincial Game Warden would give them courteous and sympathetic consideration. The present laws are very strict about the sale and export of the heads, horns and skins of game animals but on the other hand the laws of the Yukon permit the sale and export of many of the same species of game animals and as the coast steamship lines are the same, Yukon heads and skins are shipped down to a British Columbia port and when seized the claim is always that the source of origin is the Yukon. This condition of affairs permits the killing of game in Northern British Columbia and all that has to be done is to get across the line and ship from Yukon territory. If any recommendation could be made whereby the laws were harmonized, it would have a most salutary effect if properly enforced.

Each year there is a marked improvement in the protection of all game. The general public have become conversant with the laws and now see that the government will spare no effort to enforce them. The staff of wardens has been increased and the game department is well organized and efficient. In addition, the provincial, municipal and city police give most valuable assistance.

With the exception of the raising of a small number of Mongolian pheasants nothing more has been deemed necessary during the past season.

On Vancouver Island the wapiti are reported to have slightly improved but their numbers and condition are still far from satisfactory. Deer are plentiful everywhere throughout the Province. Moose in the Columbia and White River districts of East Kootenay have greatly increased. The season for moose was opened

for a short period in the Columbia district and a number were shot. Wapiti in the East Kootenay (Elk River Reserve) have increased largely in numbers and all reports are extremely favorable. Sheep are numerous and good heads have been obtained in all the unprotected districts. Goat and bear are plentiful. Caribou are up to the average and several exceptional heads have been taken.

Ducks are plentiful. Geese as yet have only been reported in limited numbers owing to the open weather. Snipe have been very scarce, possibly more so than last year. Pheasants seem to have been very plentiful in most districts but in one or two portions of the Fraser Valley they are much scarcer probably due to the high water in the summer and poor breeding season. Blue Willow and Pinnated grouse have been very plentiful; the two former are reported to be more numerous than for the past twenty years.

The resident game license of \$2.50 has proved to be popular with the general public with the exception of one district where there seems to be some dissatisfaction, but as the opposition can generally be traced to the same source it can safely be said that it amounts to little or nothing and will soon die out.

The total revenue received from all licenses now approximates \$75,000 a figure considerably beyond the estimates and one which puts the game department on a sound basis. A large number of convictions have been obtained and although statistics have not yet been summarized it is estimated they will exceed those of last year.

The most important question of the administration of fishery laws as between the Dominion and Provincial governments still remains unsettled. The protection of trout in inland waters should be entirely in the hands of the provincial government with full authority to make and enforce all laws and regulations.

It was decided to send a copy of that portion concerning the Yukon to Commissioner Black who is the Administrator of the Yukon and Dr. Thompson the member for the Yukon with a view to the regulations of the Yukon being harmonized with the laws of British Columbia.

#### Efficient Game Legislation Exists in New York State

Mr. C. H. Wilson, reporting for New York State, remarked that they consider they have as good legislation as prevails anywhere—in fact they think they have gone beyond most Provinces or States in protective matters. They have now in active operation, properly sustained by the Courts, a non-sale game law. It is now legally impossible to serve native game at public tables within the State. It is also impossible to serve venison except in cases where the deer comes from England and in all cases a tag is required.

Food fish legislation is in a better condition than last year when they had the worst legislation they ever had. The ten millions of people in New York State are great fish eaters and they purchased from ninety to ninety-five per cent of their fish supplies from outside the

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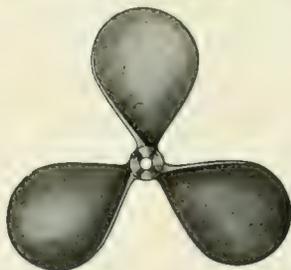
We have in our possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, that has cured many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that we think every man who wishes to regain his power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. We have determined to send a copy of the prescription in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write us for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and we are convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood ever put together.

We think we owe it to our fellow men to send them a copy in confidence so that any man who is weak and discouraged may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what we believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, remedy ever devised, and cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop us a line like this: Interstate Remedy Co. 4343 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and we will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain envelope. Many doctors would charge \$3.00, to \$5.00 for the writing of a prescription like this.

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State. In 1911 they took from the waters of the Dominion of Canada seventy-three millions of pounds of food fish out of eighty-four millions that entered the United States.

There are moose, elk and beaver in the Adirondacks. Moose are increasing, elk have been seen recently and beaver are becoming so numerous as to cause hindrances to the lumbermen.

They have now one hundred and twenty-five protectors and the number will shortly be increased to one hundred and fifty.

The State now has a bird farm at which some good experimental work has been done with pheasants. They have also made satisfactory distributions of both pheasants and eggs and the prospects for an increase next season are good. An appropriation of \$20,000 for extension of this work has been secured.

The fire protective system has proved most effective. The State plants and grows many trees and no less than sixteen millions of conifers have been planted and distributed. Effective protection has been given to bird life and a drastic plumage law is also in operation.

### Game Refuges in Vermont

Mr. Titcomb, reported for the State of Vermont. They had repealed their old laws and made a new one taking the best features of the old ones and codifying them. They are providing game refuges and a propagation farm. Quite a number of applications have been received for licenses to breed foxes, skunks, etc. Song and insectivorous birds are well protected. Ample protection is given to private preserves. The warden system is working well. A non-resident game law is working well and they are now advocating a rod and gun license. In their open season of twenty days, twenty thousand hunters went into the woods and two thousand deer were shot. They had put in an application for elk and expected to park them as the deer were giving trouble especially with the apple orchards. A successful school for wardens and a sportsman's convention had been held in the State. They were engaged in a biological survey of Lake Champlain with the idea of eliminating commercial fishing. The summer tourist trade gives far greater returns than the revenue of a few commercial fishermen. The game fish of the lake will be given a chance to increase and multiply.

## The Sword Fish of St. Peter's Bay Furnish Sport that is Really Amusing

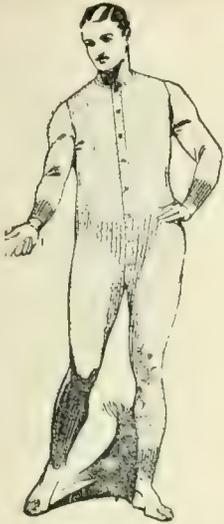
**F**OR real variety in fishing one needs to visit Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. There are places innumerable in this picturesque island where one may angle for salmon and whip the brooks for trout. But this is conventional: You want something more stirring: Then your Cape Breton friends will direct you to Mira or St. Ann's where the giant Tuna take the hook, or even better than that to St. Peter's Bay where within the past few years the swordfish have been assembling in ever increasing numbers. Just why the swordfish are more numerous in the waters to the south of the Strait of Canso, when a few years ago there were scarcely any caught there, is something the writer will not endeavor to explain, for the fishermen who go after the swordfish for a living could not enlighten him. All they knew was that the fish were there, and there in plenty, and that for each one taken a good price could be obtained at the cold storage plants. As a matter of fact a good many thousand pounds of them are shipped annually to the Boston market where they are esteemed highly as a good article of food.

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boats have been pierced under the water line and there have been some very narrow escapes from disaster.

The swordfish has a habit of basking upon the surface of the water apparently unmindful of his surroundings. In stout gasoline boats the fishermen approach carefully, the harpooner standing in a wire cage over the bow. The harpoon has a detachable head with about sixty feet of strong line attached, the other end being made fast to a cask buoy. Directly over the fish the harpooner drives the barb into his flesh; the line with buoy attached is thrown over, and the gasoline boat backs water in an earnest and sincere effort to get out of range. The fish dives furiously, but soon rises as he feels the resistance of the buoy. Then he looks or something to fight and if the boat is not far enough away he goes for it. The fishermen are in most cases careful enough to get out of range, however, and after thrashing about for some time the big fish exhausts himself. When the fishermen are sure he is helpless the boat steals up again and a lance is thrust into a vital spot. The sea is dyed crimson with his blood, and soon he is towed to the nearest fish house and placed in storage for shipment.

If you want sport that is really thrilling, just get the fishermen of St. Peter's to take you out with them. An English army officer who tried it last summer declared it to be more exciting than tiger hunting. If it were tried with hook and line, there might be possibilities attended with even more excitement.



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# MORE AGGRESSIVE GAME LAWS

## Changes Proposed by Various Branches of the O. F. F. & G. P. A.

**E**ARLY in December a petition addressed to the Hon. J. O. Reaume, Minister of Public Works in the Ontario Government, was sent out by Mr. F. H. Conover, President of the South Essex Branch of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association, and an earnest advocate of the conservation of wild ducks. This petition, which was circulated among the members of the various Ontario Gun Clubs and sportsmen generally, embodied a recommendation to prohibit the sale of wild ducks and other feathered game, and to limit the number of ducks killed for the open season to 100 ducks per man.

Contemporaneous with this petition Mr. Edward Kerr, President of the North Essex Branch of the same Association, addressed to the members of the 1914 Game Committee a circular containing the following suggestions and resolutions passed by the various branches of the Ontario F. F. & G. P. A., including North and South Essex:—

- 1st. Division of the Province of Ontario into zones.
- 2nd. Duck Season for Southern Ontario, October 1st to December 31st.
- 3rd. Muskrat Season for Southern Ontario, January 1st to April 1st.
- 4th. \$25.00 per head Bounty on Wolves.
- 5th. Abolition of the Pump Gun. Prohibit the sale of all Game.
- 6th. Prohibit the burning of Marsh Lands.
- 7th. Increases in the staffs of Game Wardens and increases in salaries to capable men.
- 8th. That no Song Birds, other than the Sparrow, be shot at any time.
- 9th. That a Gun License be necessary for every sportsman carrying a gun for Game purposes.
- 10th. That the bag limit for the Season's kill of ducks be 100 and the sale of same prohibited.
- 11th. That the bag limit for Quail be 10 a day per man and 40 for the open season.
- 12th. That no class of Fire Arms be used for the taking of Rabbits after the term of the open season for Quail, and Pheasants or any other upland Game has expired.
- 13th. That Point Pelee, Ontario, be taken as a game Sanctuary on account of its natural advantages as a Game Reserve, not conflicting with its Duck Marshes in the open season, encouraging the breeding and rearing of Game Birds.
- 14th. That a close season of two years be placed on Black and Grey Squirrels.
- 15th. That the open season for Quail, Partridge, Woodcock and Squirrel be the same and that period for same date November 1st, to November 30th, both days inclusive.

In an interview with Mr. Frank Hyde, a duck hunter of many years' experience, and a

sportsman who is deeply concerned in the matter of conservation, having early in 1912 conducted a Game Conservation department in ROD AND GUN, contributing thereto a series of articles which in a very complete and comprehensive manner covered the whole field of conservation, but particularly as this is related to the preservation of our wild fowl or ducks, Mr. Hyde commends the action of the South and North Essex branches of the Ontario F. F. & G. P. A. for putting into concrete form their ideas as to necessary legislation along the line of conservation and says:

"I would very strongly advise the taking hold of these matters generally and provincially by the men most interested in preserving all the game, i. e. the Ontario sportsmen. Ontario, out of all the Dominion should be the first to act in this matter, for her sportsmen are, so far as migratory birds at least are concerned, the ones most affected.

"The resolutions embodied in the two circulars referred to and the comments made upon the same by their authors present the matter in a most able and full manner.

"Many good sportsmen from time to time have contributed to the columns of ROD AND GUN articles in line with the proposals set forth in these circulars that have been prepared for presentation to the Minister of Public Works. The need of such legislation has long been recognized. To many cursory sportsmen some of these resolutions may, however, appear to be of minor importance when compared with the suggested abolition of the the sale of game, which is without question the prime factor in bringing about desired results. First and foremost of all our game birds may be placed our wild fowl, which essentially means the wild duck family. As I have at different times endeavored to show, and I trust have been able to demonstrate convincingly, the need for legislative action, having regard to the retaining for the future of a normal supply of this particular wild-fowl, is imperative, and becomes increasingly so as time passes. There are no arguments strong enough to refute the facts as stated in regard to the inevitable end that will be brought about if a longer license of the sale of game is allowed to prevail. As I have stated the first and most important move in this matter will be the stopping of the sale of game. I have repeatedly expressed my opinion regarding the abolition of the pump gun and now, more strongly than ever, oppose its continued use. The pump gun should go the way of the automatic, which some years ago our Legislators did not hesitate to ban. I have a feeling that this gun will no longer retain its popularity when the non-sale of game has been established throughout the Dominion of Canada.

"Unless, too, Ontario moves in this matter of conservation, she will be placed in an ignominious position when her legislation is contrasted with the forward work that is being

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done throughout the whole federation of States to the south of us. The most notable achievement in any land, in so far as migratory wild fowl are concerned, has been the passing of the Weeks-McLean Bill for the federal protection of all migratory birds. Every State in the Union has enacted laws looking to the preservation of native and migratory game and many of the important States have long since abolished the sale of game; many of them have placed absolute prohibition on the continued use of the automatic gun; and some have prohibited the pump gun. The work, however, is only just beginning. Vigorous endeavors are now being made to bring the question of game conservation to a point where it may be promised that normal conditions will obtain. The sportsmen of to-day must not be selfish but must provide for the continuance of wild fowl life after their shooting days are over.

"In a contribution some months ago I referred to the very cramped area that might now be considered the breeding ground of the migratory wild fowl. Since then we learn that this is to become still narrower. With the opening up of the railway to Hudson's Bay, that section of the country which has furnished to many species of wild ducks a refuge for spring and summer propagation, will no longer be available as such.

"It is with alarm that such information as this is greeted by the sportsman of to-day; but it serves to emphasize the immediate need of legislation that will help to relieve the impending situation. If there existed a need before, the necessity has now become absolutely imperative. For years every sportsman who has given any concern to this question has realized that the extirpation of the wild ducks was a matter of but a few years more, if flagrant and inadequate laws were allowed longer to prevail.

"With the matter of limiting the game bags I am in hearty agreement, but must affirm my opinion that it will be a difficult thing indeed to enforce such restrictions—unless certain types of sportsmen can first be improved. It is, however, likely that we shall always have in the land game hogs who will find some means to evade the regulations of law and order.

"The whole catalogue of proposals that are being given to our Minister of Public Works and his Government deserve attention. They all have merit. The division into zones would help out very considerably the situation that now exists; the setting back to October first of the duck season in the southern portion of our province may be needed in some districts; undoubtedly our game wardens should be capable men and receive salaries commensurate with the work which they are equipped to do. Further, the game wardens should be men of integrity far above purchase and men who

will not permit of wild ducks going forth from Canada under the guise of fish. A gun license will mean no hardship to the sportsman anywhere and will furnish a fund for the better carrying out of beneficial work in the preservation of all types of game. The proposal to make Pt. Pelee a game sanctuary will place it in the same, or in a better, position than that which has been created by the setting aside of Long Point as a preserve where, although it is owned and shot over by some dozen huntsmen who have private possession of the marshes there, wild ducks find a rendezvous; the number shot is infinitesimal as compared with the numbers that find refuge there; and practically the ducks have protection during their migratory passage every fall.

"I sincerely hope that the appeal that is being made will have the whole hearted support of every good sportsman and of everyone who has the best interests of game preservation at heart. That all selfish considerations will be put aside where they interfere with the game supply of the future, and that the legislation which it is hoped to bring about may be enacted, even though the sportsmen supporting this movement may have to curtail their own bags for the present, is to be earnestly hoped. I predict that after a few years' enforcement of wise legislation, the situation will be so improved that every sportsman who has co-operated in this movement will feel that he has been more than amply recompensed by the good shooting which he is then afforded.

"We sportsmen of to-day cannot ignore the fact nor must we become oblivious to it, that future generations expect us to do our duty and that obligation consists in taking a statesman's view of this matter. At some day not far distant we shall be ready to thank those who have expended their good efforts to bring about a situation that will conduce to the credit of the prescience of our legislators and be an honor to our province."

ROD AND GUN has always been very pleased to give space in its reading columns to contributions dealing with the great matter of conservation of our Canadian fish and game and heartily congratulates the North and South Essex branches of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association on the aggressive part which they are taking to bring about increasingly effective game protection in old Ontario. It has been, we take it, pretty universally felt, for some time past, that Canadian laws, wise in many respects, were weak in not preventing altogether the sale of wild game and in allowing too generous bag limits. We earnestly hope that success may attend the banners of the various branches of the Ontario F. F. & G. P. A. and the sportsmen who have co-operated with them to bring to the attention of "the powers that be" the resolutions contained in the circulars referred to, when the Legislature meets in February.

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# FASHIONABLE FOREST FABLES FOR FAT HEADED FOOLS

C. H. HOOPER

IN the December number of "ROD AND GUN" appeared a letter from an enquiring gentleman of Gloucester, regarding the manufacture of "Flapjacks." The enquirer stated that he had sent for a "book on camping," and that he was "keen on trying Flapjacks." Apparently he proposes to introduce the "Flapjack" to his native county—presumably at afternoon tea.

He has read about Flapjacks—probably in other "books on camping," and they were described as making "an excellent feast."

This leads me to the point which I wish to emphasise—that "books on camping" are intended for the edification of those who do their "camping" in an easy chair at home—rather than for those who actually go into the woods.

But first—to show that opinions on the subject of Flapjacks differ—let me quote Charles Dudley Warner—he says:—

"The Flapjacks are a solid job of work, made to last and not to go to pieces in a person's stomach like a trivial bun; we might record on them, in uniform characters, our incipient civilization; and future generations would doubtless turn them up as Acadian bricks."

I am possessed of some thirty "books on camping"—yet among them not one author has had the frankness of Warner regarding the Flapjack. In these columns it is variously described as "delicious, luscious, scrumptuous" one author going so far as to admit its being "satisfying,"—but none coming out boldly and stating the truth as Warner does in his next sentence—he says:—

"Good robust victuals are what the *primitive* man wants"—

In this sentence we find the secret of the "flapjack." It is because man occasionally becomes "*primitive*" that he enjoys it at all. This is the condition left out of all the books—except Warner's. And this condition applies to many things besides flapjacks.

The books give us touching pictures of camp meals—according to them it is so easy to "live on the country"—and much more sporting too. One tome I possess, under the heading "Emergency Rations," informs me that wolves, rattle-snakes and skunks are really not nearly so bad for food as one might think; that the rattler is perhaps a trifle "sweetish" but quite agreeable nevertheless. Farther on I am surprised to learn that an Indian, clad in nothing but a "gee-string" and possessing a few pounds of cornmeal, will travel across the continent quite comfortably. The cornmeal is to be taken—a teaspoonful three times a day—in cold water. On this ration, I am informed that one may travel from thirty to forty miles a day without

fatigue. I am not sure that the author does not further state that unless this amount of exercise is taken, the ration will produce dangerous obesity.

In the same book are to be found neat lists of trees, arranged according to their probability of being struck by lightning.

Under "woods lore"—a very fashionable heading by the way—I find that the "poise" of the "native denizen of the silent places" is so perfect that were an Indian to be suddenly turned to stone while "drifting noiselessly" through the "silent aisles," the figure would remain poised in the exact position it happened to be in at the time—in "perfect equilibrium."

Near the end of such books, we find under "Kamp Kook Kits" various directions for the preparation of food. "The expert camp-cook" we learn is never content until able to toss his flapjacks into the air with a "dexterous turn of the wrist," catching it neatly reversed in the pan.

"Alcohol is good for snake-bites" meets the eye among "Miscellaneous Hints." Then—"If the hour hand of your watch is pointed at the sun, half way between it and the figure twelve will be due south." A graphic diagram follows—illustrating the manner to "fall a tree" so as to hit a peg in the ground in any direction. And so on, and so on,—a mass of highly interesting and absolutely useless information.

The volumes themselves are very attractive. Bound in imitation birch-bark, containing marginal sketches, romantic chapter-headings, the whole "permeated and pervaded by the pungent, perfervid, penetrating perfume of the pine,"—as the reviews say—they are made to catch the eye, and to sell. And they do sell. But fancy camping according to the directions contained in them!

Imagine our young friend from Gloucester "penetrated, pervaded, and permeated" by this sort of moonshine, starting out to camp according to order.

Now while a "Gee-string" may be a convenient sort of article of clothing, while it may be even picturesque and becoming to some campers; while it may lend itself particularly to trips across the continent on teaspoon-rations of cornmeal; there remain three insurmountable barriers in the way of its general adoption—conventionality, climate and flies. Of these, our young friend would soon realize the importance of the first two.

Imagine him now "drifting" through the forest under the weight of some 100 lbs. of outfit, carefully practising the "poise" on one foot—the other drawn up like a pointer winding a grouse.

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Can we not see him at night-fall anxiously examining the trees—straining his eyes in the growing shadows for that rare "arbour vitae"—under which alone it is safe to camp in a storm.

Behold him placing a peg in the ground on which to "fall" his tree—and successfully sending said tree in the opposite direction across his own tent—as was done in my camp once by an advocate of "the books."

Soon afterwards he lightly "twists his wrist" forgetting the folding handle of the frying-pan (for the books ignore this, the commonest type) and catches his evening "flapjack" square in one eye, taking the sizzling grease from the pan to the bosom of his shirt.

Then it is that we may excuse his indulgence in the remedy for snake-bites:—this being the one bit of useful information in the book.

When the sky is overcast our friend will lose his way—for he cannot point his hour-hand at the sun. When the sky is not overcast the position of the sun shows him which is north without the assistance of a watch. This wonderful discovery is the first blow to his implicit belief in "woods lore."

Not being able to supply his larder with either wolf, skunk or snake—he is relieved of the responsibility of deciding which is best.

He sinks to sleep at last on his "resilient aromatic" couch of "brouse", inhaling the "balsamic ozone" of the pine.

Could anything be less like practical travelling in the north country.

In the morning he discovers that his matches are wet. Happy thought—on page 261—occurs the following—"wet matches drawn through the hair will again be useful." But the saving clause (like the folding handle—and the missing appetite,) telling him that this applies only to the old sulphur match, is of course left out. Or perhaps he has already discovered this, and also actually has supplied himself with sulphur matches. To his horror he remembers that he is bald—or possibly like those whose heads have become white with shock—he has grown bald in a single night—perhaps the result of a combination of "balsamic odours" and an overdose of "snake-bite" remedy. Alas he is even denied the consolation of tearing his hair.

In a few days our young friend will have burned his books, and acquired more practical knowledge of camping than all of them con-

tained. Such knowledge—(it is not mere information) cannot be imported any more than the necessary appetite can be supplied with a recipe for "flapjacks."

Nevertheless, if the gentleman from Gloucester will mix together flour and water into a thick batter, having previously thrown in a pinch of salt and a half teaspoonful of baking powder; if he will pour this into a very hot greased pan—shaking it to prevent sticking—and turning when done on one side, with a knife—he will produce a "flapjack."

But to eat it, I would advise his having previously taken a thirty mile tramp over hilly country—preferably in pouring rain.

And I might suggest a wee nip of the "snake-bite" remedy immediately afterwards as a preventative of any unforeseen consequences.

My own particularly disgusting fancy when travelling in the woods is curried porridge. It looks considerably worse than it sounds, and reminds one of Biblical episodes—the hewing of Agag—etc. The simplicity of the thing appealed to us strongly.

At breakfast we made a double whack of porridge, and, throughout the morning, carried the overplus in the linen bag—tightly filled and tied. This warm-moist, yielding body we cheerfully referred to as the "corpse" or the "baby." It was weird to the touch until one became accustomed to its sweaty yielding contact. At lunch—having done our good fifteen miles with attendant portages—the corpse would be disembowled into the pan with salt, curry-powder, and pork fat. In five minutes we devoured it—with large spoons. We thought it delicious—so would a starving mariner—possibly it would be not altogether repulsive to a suffragette at the termination of a hunger strike.

But to put "curried porridge" among "kamp kooking kinks" and expect people to go into raptures over it would be a crime. It would be almost as bad as to depict the joys of camping as consisting of "falling trees" by "pointing the hour hand at the sun," while one's companion is busily engaged amidst the "balsamic" odours—clad in a "gee-string"—drying wax vests on his bald pate with one hand, and "lightly tossing" teaspoonfuls of cornmeal in the frying pan with the other—the whole under the protective spreading branches of the "arbour vitae."

One would really imagine these authors to be suffering from incessant and chronic forms of "snake-bite."



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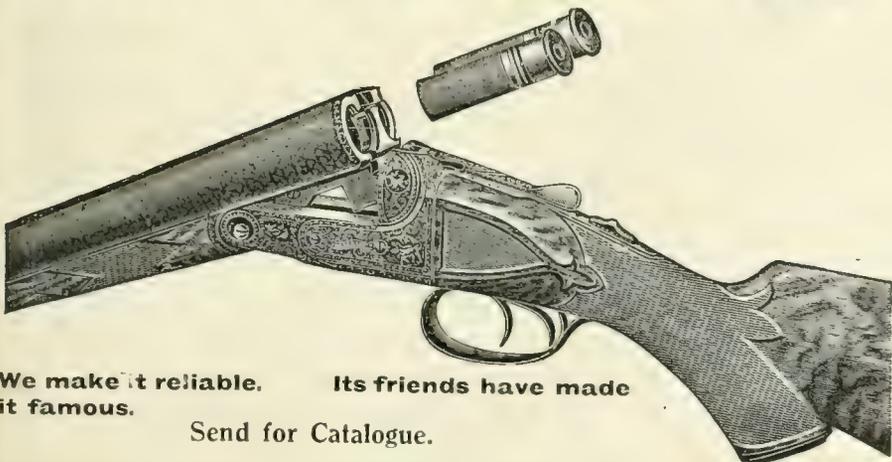
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## MINK IN EASTERN RANCHES

A Little Account of Some Ranches near Port Elgin, N. B.

J. DAVIS

THOSE who "take stock" of the arrivals at the express office in Port Elgin, N. B. cannot fail to have noticed that every now and then boxes come along, well partitioned off, containing shipments of several mink, some of them seemingly tame and playful, while others show their teeth, and snarl in a way, which plainly indicates that they are thoroughly unsociable, and view man as an enemy. The latter are generally the wild specimens, who have to be taught the more luxurious life of the ranch, where they will be waited upon, fed, and taught the lesson of being tamed, in company with others of their tribe, who have already "gone to school" and had the wildness in a great measure educated out of them.

There are several mink ranches in the neighborhood, so that black foxes are not the only denizens of the woods, in which a lively and commercial interest is taken. Down at *Little Cape*, Mr. Lorong Gould has his ranch. At Murray Road, can be found the Blair Murray, and Peacock ranches. Port Elgin has a ranch owned by Mr. Wm. Grant; another owned by Messrs. Wm. Johnson and Thorold Wells; another owned by Messrs. Ward and McLeod; and still another owned by Messrs. Ward and Spence. The young man referred to above, Mr. Fred Ward, is an enthusiast in the business, and has turned over during the season, in the neighborhood of fifty pairs, besides some "fishers and martens." He has at present as sole owner, five pairs in the Gaspereaux ranch; five pairs in the Port Elgin Mink Co., five pairs in the Ward and

Spence ranch, and one pair in the Little Cape ranch, so that he has a financial interest in all of them.

The ranch owned by Messrs. Johnson and Wells, who form the Port Elgin Mink Co., is said to be by visitors from other parts of Canada, for the size of it, one of the best in the Dominion. The writer had the pleasure recently of going over it, and it certainly is well worth a visit. The ranch itself has an area of eighty-one by fifty-one feet, and all round it is a well built guard fence of wood. A large quantity of wire is used in its construction. There are fifty-four runs each twenty-three and a half feet long. Three feet wide, and four feet high. Sixteen feet of each run is covered with wire, the other seven and a half feet of each run, being close up to the main building, is roofed over, so as to allow the mink lots of dry space in rough weather. Each run contains its comfortably arranged boxes and nests; and so far the owners have been highly successful in raising the little animals. Getting in between the outer wood fence and along the wire front of the runs, one has a good view of life in the ranch. The keeper, Mr. Wells, goes right inside among his "pets." It is feeding time, and the majority of them grab their portion, and scurry away. Others stay round quite playfully, and enjoy their meal openly, in no way afraid of a stranger, or anyone looking on. At the same time friendly as some of them seem to be, a little too much freedom might invite a bite or a scratch. They will playfully run up the wire

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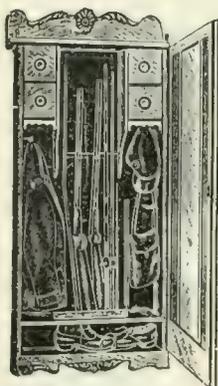
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fence, call your attention by a whistling chatter, get right opposite face to face, and go through various contortions, as if in the best and most playful humour possible; but just return the compliment, get playful too, and put a finger in the way, with the happiest intentions, and the drama ends in a snap, by no means friendly, and somewhat treacherous. They are not all so vicious, and their attendant can take almost any liberty with some of them. In the accompanying photo, Mr. Thorold Wells is seen in one of the runs, enjoying his pipe, and feeding one of them, which eats right out of his hand. It is a handsome specimen, a beautiful rich color, in fine condition, and is so playful, that it runs all round and over him, and seems to be thoroughly delighted when he enters the run. In the next cage, in the photo, is a good specimen of the marten.

The experience of ranch owners here has been, that it is somewhat difficult to keep the wild mink alive, they do not seem to thrive in captivity. Of course some of them live, become accustomed to their changed life, and develop into good ranch mink. In due time a breed of ranch mink come into existence, and then the work of raising and managing them becomes much easier and more successful. As regards the wild mink, the best time to get them, is when they are quite young, say, along about the month of June, when they are about to leave the mother, for at this time, when they have not become so much acquainted with "the wild" they are much easier to manage, and to tame, and do not feel captivity so much, as when older.

As regards future prospects, the general impression is, that it pays to go into the business. There is money in it. The first cost of fitting up a high class ranch, such as that owned by Messrs. Johnson and Wells, may be somewhat heavy, and stocking it quite an expensive item. but all that accomplished, it

is a paying proposition. Fed, the animals must be, but the feed bill is not an expensive one, and a pair of them, at a very small cost for keep, will bring in as much cash in many instances, as a well fed pork, or beef, put in condition, by a far more costly bill of fare. So far, round here, the business is in its infancy, but it already bids fair to assume sturdy growth, taking public fancy and attention, alongside of the black fox business, in which a large amount of money is invested, in this part of our Province. It is quite evident, that Port Elgin and surrounding districts fully intend to furnish their full share of the furs, which go to deck

"the human form  
and fight the wintry storm."

#### Black Cat for Black Fox.

The numerous disappearances of black cats in Great Britain reported to the police, have moved the Royal Society for the Prevention of cruelty to animals to activity in the direction of protecting the pussies.

Incredible as it may appear, from inquiries, it appears that the black cat is stolen for its fur, which is particularly valuable just now. The hunt seems to be very keen, as pussy vanishes from the doorstep even in daytime and never reappears.

A firm in London, England, who have a large general fur business stated that there was a great demand for the fur of black cats, especially of the glossy well-fed type. The fur was extensively sold as "black fox" by the cheaper fur dealers.

The sight of a large, sleek black cat sunning itself within reach on a window-sill was one to arouse the worst instincts of any fur dealer. Cats, said this dealer, would never displace rabbits as universal providers of the raw material for cheap, imitation furs, but no black cat was safe whilst black fox continued to be fashionable.



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# OUR LETTER BOX

## Too Much Moose

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Some years ago I heard a man telling a moose story which was to the effect that the moose in question had swum out to the middle of a lake and then diving to the bottom, fed on the lily pads, remaining under the water for several minutes. Knowing something of the habits of moose, I believed this man deserved a medal for his lack of veracity. Now Mr. C. H. Hooper, writing in the January issue, speaks of having smacked a bull moose on the back with a paddle when it was feeding with head submerged and I find this a corresponding strain on my credulity.

"The Burning Moose," in January ROD AND GUN, while ridiculous, made very entertaining reading.

Yours truly,  
A. D. Daly.

Digby, N. S.

## From a New Brunswick Subscriber.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Your December issue has certainly excited interest in this section of the country, which I feel will result in an increase in your circulation hereabouts. Lake Utopia, as far as Nature can make it, is ideal. You will make no mistake in advising your tourist readers to try an outing there. It will perhaps interest you to know that an article in your August issue by Edwin Connors of Black's Harbour, on moose hunting in Pocologan, resulted in bringing one, Major Archer Shee, an English M. P., and party to this section. They were so successful in their hunt—getting one of the largest moose shot this year, besides other game—and were so pleased with the country that they intend returning and building lodges in different locations. Let us hope that like results will be produced by the publication of "A Day at Lake Utopia."

Yours sincerely,  
W. J. Lynott.

St. George, N. B.

## Comments on An Ontario Pioneer Lady's Story.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

The December number of ROD AND GUN in Canada contains an article by James E. Orr, entitled An Ontario Pioneer Lady's Story, which goes on to narrate something of the history of Mrs. James A. Glenn of the County of Middlesex. If one may rely on the statements here published, Bears and Wolves have changed their habits mightily since the early days referred to. That an unprovoked Black Bear should chase a Scotchman up a

tree and bite a piece out of the calf of his leg certainly does not accord with what we know of the habits of the Black Bear.

And if in those days a band of American Wolves were so prejudiced against foreign intruders as to pursue a Scotchman and chase him into a newly erected log cabin, the fact is surely worthy of special recognition by naturalists. This sort of thing was not so common in the old world, but I am not aware that the annals of early exploration or of frontier life in America furnish any authentic instances of this kind. I am writing, therefore, to ask just how much authenticity you place on the narrative under consideration. The article contains still another curious reference to a man, who, having discovered a panther lying asleep in the woods, ran away for help and firearms, and returned and killed the animal before it awoke! Catching a Weasel asleep is no longer to be looked upon as of any interest after this Panther-McPherson episode.

Very truly yours,  
C. H. M.

Washington, D. C.

NOTE.—Mr. Orr obtains these stories personally from the lips of the pioneers themselves and although in the course of time they may take on a little coloring they are believed to be well founded in fact.

There cannot be the slightest doubt that wolves in Canada have modified some of their characteristics. It is a matter of notoriety that they have now a wholesome respect for a man armed with a high power rifle.—so much so indeed that some bushmen spend years in the backwoods without seeing them, although they are known not to be far away. On the other hand they will still tree an unarmed man, particularly if made desperate by hunger and fairly numerous. A well authenticated instance of this occurred only the other day at the Soo and although the winter is still young these brutes have been responsible for a tragedy in the woods of Northern Quebec. In recent years some tragic stories have come from this part of the country. The truth seems to be that in places where the wolves are harried, man, unless he is obviously weak and ill, is safe, but this is by no means to be depended upon. Even in Algonquin National Park in Ontario the Rangers declare that it is unsafe for an unarmed man to walk these woods except in the broad light of day and even then, if alone, it is better for him to have some kind of firearm.

Without doubt in the early days the wolves were much more bold and while there may be a spice of exaggeration to these tales they are too well backed by others to be dismissed cursorily.



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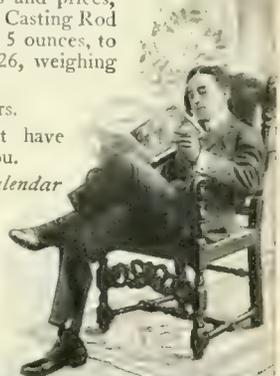
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As to bears, one has frightened the farmers within sight of the city of Ottawa within the last few weeks. It raided the farmers' pig sties and mutilated nearly a score of pigs until one French Canadian farmer, bolder than his fellows shot it in the early hours of the morning as it was leaving his own sty. Several farmers testify to having been chased by the animal. Much depends of course upon how the animal is met and the disposition of all animals are certainly not alike any more than those of human beings.

The panther story is certainly far fetched. In the early days when wild animals were not harried by man they were not so much on the alert and the incident may have occurred. The panther was the equal to its enemies and not so likely to remain on the constant watch as many other animals. We do not condemn the story and on the other hand do not defend it. Mr. Orr is particular in his methods but as the pioneers are old and as these stories have often been told, they may have gathered something in the telling, though they are well founded.

There is plenty of evidence as to the wolves and bears acting in ways that are strange in the present day and further evidence that occasionally they break out in the present. Some profess a certain contempt for both animals, but it is certain there are conditions under which they will attack without provocation.

A. H. S.

As I stated in my article I only gave conditions as they existed in the most Northern Ranges of the Rocky Mountains and I allude to the biggest animal of the "Moose" family only.

Conditions in Northern Ontario are altogether different from what they are in the country I wrote about and it may be possible that the species is different.

The animal I have written about inhabits some of the loftiest mountains, in the most Northern Range of the Rockies and has to fight continually for its existence against an enormous number of large grey wolves (very much bigger and more ferocious than that in Ontario). It does not seem reasonable that nature would deprive this noble animal of its means of protection.

"Forsyth" writing in *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on the "Deer Family" in Northern India "states that he has convinced himself from repeated observations that the deer in that country do not lose their antlers annually.

In writing the article for ROD AND GUN, it was not my intention to propound any "new theory." I simply gave facts as they appeared to my observations, and while my theory may be very difficult to prove I shall be very pleased to have opinions from others.

Without wishing to enter into a public controversy on the subject, I shall nevertheless, be deeply interested to have the opinions of others.

Yours very truly,

Edmonton

W. Hamilton Fisher.

### Bull Moose and Their Horns.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I have been much interested in issues of ROD AND GUN already to hand. To one interested in Canadian sport and natural history it could not help but make a strong appeal. I have been taking one or two American sporting magazines, but like ROD AND GUN better, as it seems to deal with subjects with which I am more closely acquainted.

I was much interested in the article by Hamilton Fisher about moose and wolves. I have long doubted whether the popular belief that the bull moose sheds his antlers was correct and once even expressed my doubts in print. My brother tells me that in Alaska he has seen adult bulls in mid-winter and spring carrying antlers. I think a good deal depends upon the condition of the beast, for there is no doubt that many do shed their antlers, if not every winter, at regular or irregular periods. I have never had the opportunity of studying one in captivity.

Sincerely,

H. M. B.

Yorks, Eng.

### Mr. Fisher Adheres to His Opinion.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I fully expected when my article was published in your November issue that a great many would differ from my theory on this vexed question, and I am not in the least surprised that you have received letters on the subject.

### A Letter From a French Canadian Subscriber

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I think my subscription to ROD AND GUN will be up on the 13th or 15th of this month and I am therefore enclosing you a cheque for \$1.50 to renew same for the coming year. If you have any more copies of "The Culture of Black and Silver Foxes" will you kindly forward me two copies for which I will at once remit.

You have, I notice, an article in your December number on Sir George Simpson. I remember Sir George sending my father a bag of smoked buffalo tongues. I do not remember having ever seen him, but can recall driving with my mother, when I was a very little boy, from our house in Outrement, where we then lived, to make a call at the house in which Sir George Simpson lived at Lachine.

A friend of mine has a 20 bore Parker gun, which cost \$250. He says it will kill a duck at 75 yards. Do you think it possible to do this with a 20 bore? He has given me leave to try it at a target at his house, but as he lives some distance from me, I have put off doing so until next summer.

Will you tell me please the difference between a marten and a fisher?

Yours truly,

"B".

Ste. Therese de Blainville, P. Q.

Note. Referring to your query: "Do you think it possible to kill a duck at 75 yards with a 20 bore Parker gun?" It might be possible, perhaps, but such an occurrence would be the



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result of a most exceptional shot. Regarding the difference between a marten and a fisher you will find an answer to this in the Enquiry department in "Along the 'Trap Line,'" in a future issue.

**"A Favorite Friend"**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I am just in receipt of the Christmas number of ROD AND GUN in Canada and I want to congratulate you upon the attractive appearance of your holiday issue. It will go home with me tonight and I anticipate a very cosy and enjoyable evening with one of my favorite friends.

With the season's compliments, I am,  
Faithfully yours,  
M. H. Hoover.

State of N. Y. Conservation  
Commission, Albany, N. Y.

**A Manitoba Record in Chicken Shooting.**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

Probably a record in chicken shooting was run up last season, in the fact that eight birds out of a covey of nine that got up, were laid low.

The facts of the story are these. Up in Northern Manitoba where there are more or less undulations, the hollows being sometimes deep and well wooded with poplar, willows and other scrub, two sportsmen armed with shotguns, one a 12, and the other a 16 gauge, were meandering quietly along ever on the alert for something to kill.

Arriving at one of the hollows mentioned, which looked like a likely hiding place for the quarry, the spaniel was despatched on a mission of enquiry, and at once gave signs of something being around.

A bush rabbit broke cover, but the feathered game being the more desirable, luckily both guns reserved their fire.

Almost immediately a bunch of 9 chicken got up, the 16 gauge dropping 3 with two shots, and the 12 getting 2, the remaining four holding straight forward in their flight to another clump of bushes about six hundred yards away.

The five birds all fell right among the tangled and thick bushes, and in the shortest possible time the clever little spaniel had the lot safely retrieved and lying at our feet.

Following up the escaped quarry was the work of only a few minutes, when once more the dog was asked to flush, and this time again the 16 gauge got a possible two, the 12 getting in with one to its credit, the remaining bird escaping.

It must be remembered that the guns were double barrelled with hammers and the time would not exceed thirty minutes.

Some parties out all day did not cut such a figure.

Yours truly,  
Winnipeg, Man. A. C.

**One of Many to Win a Premium Rifle.**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I am sending you a story on Mink Ranching herewith.

My daughter became interested recently in your premium offer of a rifle for five new subscriptions and secured the five for ROD AND GUN, receiving a rifle from you, which pleased her greatly. She is only twenty but as good a shot as "any other fellow."

Yours truly,  
James Davis.  
Port Elgin, N. B.

**An Appreciative New Brunswick Guide.**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

You will find enclosed, payment for one year's subscription, for which kindly send your magazine to Mr. Oliver of Burtts Corner, N. B.

My brother and I take ROD AND GUN and I must say it is better than ever. We also take an American sportsman's magazine but the stories in your publication, especially those from Canada, are away ahead of the U. S. stories.

Wishing you and your staff a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain,  
Yours respectfully,  
Geo. W. Estey.

Upper Keswick, York Co., N. B.

**What About Gaspé?**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I am looking forward to a 1914 big game hunt. I hunted this year near Peterborough but was not very well satisfied. I have been advised to try Gaspé (Que.) and would like to hear something of this district, if possible, from someone who has hunted there this year.

Yours sincerely,  
R. F. C.  
Toronto.

**Jest Natch'ly Bust into Po'try.**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I like to read the Rod and Gun;  
For it is simply full of fun—  
Just of the sort I like;  
And when it comes I hustle home  
Content no more from it to roam;  
And sit up half the night.

The pictures are a treat to me;  
It shows me game I never see;  
Thus Big Game Hunting I enjoy.  
I read its pages through and through—  
As countless other sportsmen do;  
And greet it as a Christmas toy.

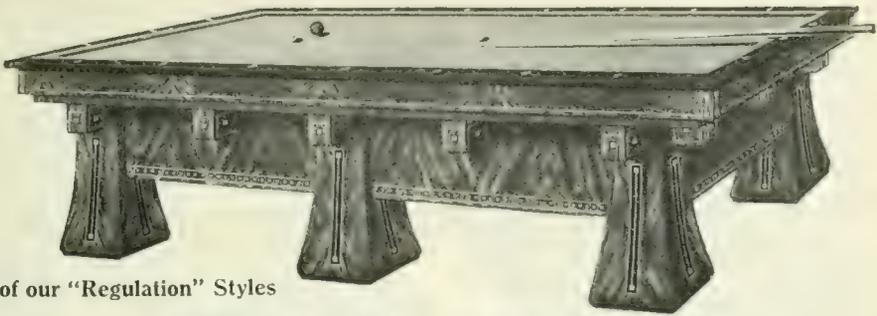
F. P. Hawkins.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**Bald Headed Eagles Plentiful at Pt. Pelee.**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

This fall L. A. St. Louis, while hunting ducks on Point Pelee, shot a bald headed eagle which measured seven feet, eight inches and weighed eleven pounds. These birds were numerous around the marsh in that vicinity.

Yours truly,  
B. St. Louis.  
Pilette Corners, Ont.



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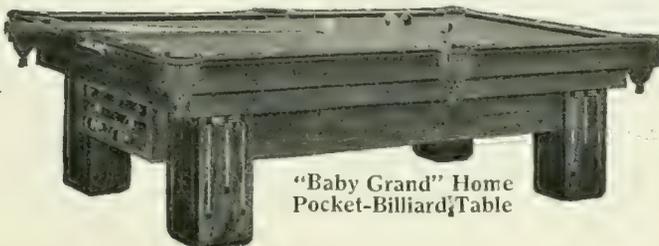
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# THE TRAP



Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.

## TOURNAMENT DATES.

April 10th, 1914.—Ruthven Gun Club, Ruthven, Ont.  
Alvin Bunn, Secretary.

## TORONTO DOINGS. National Gun Club.

The National Gun Club, Toronto, held a practice, prize and Fowl shoot Dec. 13th.

In the Fob shoot J. Harrison scored a possible 25, also Dr. Brunswick, C. B. Harrison 24, F. C. Fowler and Major Curran 23 each.

In the shoot for the duck J. Harrison showed up well by breaking 15 straight. P. McMartin and C. B. Harrison broke 13.

V. T. Hadley managed to go away with the both Cartridge Bags and the Hunter's by these scores: 13x15, 9x10 and 13 out of 15.

Name	Shot at	Broke
J. Harrison	55	49
F. C. Fowler	109	68
C. Best	35	10
J. Lawson	50	38
J. Dean	35	20
Dr. Brunswick	70	56
C. B. Harrison	51	47
C. L. Brooker	50	35
Major Curran	57	38
P. McMartin	89	63
Geo. Wallace	44	15
V. T. Hadley	67	51
Geo. Turner	27	8
J. Turner, sr.	31	8
J. Turner, jr.	11	4
F. Jones	10	7

The first part of the Annual Fowl shoot of the National Gun Club, Toronto, was held on the Club grounds Queens Wharf, December 20th. Major A. Curran, the President of the Club won the honors of the day, by securing the prize turkey with a score of 8x10. Dr. Brunswick made some good scores and managed in spite of being handicapped back to 20 yards to win 1 duck and 2 chickens. His score was 16 yards, 10 out of 10; 18 yards, 8 out of 10; at 20 yards, 8 out of 10. C. B. Harrison managed to get off with a chicken and a duck, by breaking two ten straights at 16 and 18 yards, other winners were: C. L. Brooker—1 duck, 9 out of 10; V. Hadley—1 duck 8 out of 10, W. Erwood, 1 chicken, 8 out of 10; J. Harrison,—1 chicken, 7 out of 10.

In the Fob shoot Geo. Wallace was high with a possible 25 and C. L. Brooker 24. In the open shoot of Wednesday the 17th, Dr. Brunswick (one of the best shots of the club) was high Gun with 25 straight.

Open shoots are held by the Club on Wednesday afternoons from 2 to 5 p.m., to which all shooters are welcomed.

Name	Shot at	Broke
Bellman	75	39
Fowler	75	27
G. Thompson	100	78
P. McMartin	75	52
T. Smith	25	18
J. Thompson	90	52
Dr. Brunswick	123	99
J. Harrison	91	61
F. C. Fowler	100	68
W. Erwood	50	33
P. McMartin	87	58
J. Gladstone	72	41
Geo. Wallace	82	57
J. Turner, jr.	25	8
V. Hadley	81	49
Major Curran	65	40
C. B. Harrison	65	55
Billinghurst	12	6

The second part of the Annual Fowl Shoot of the National Gun Club, Toronto was held on Christmas morning from 9 o'clock till one.

There was a good attendance of trap shooters, and the weather was of the finest. G. Stauffer won the

honors of the day, by winning the prize turkey with a score of 9 out of 10.

J. Harrison made another good showing by winning the first two ducks with scores of 9x10 at 16 yards and 10x10 at 18 yards. Dr. Brunswick also got off with two chickens, with scores of 9x10 at 16 yards and 9x10 at 18 yards. Other winners were Major Curran (duck) 9x10, V. Hadley (duck) 8x10, J. W. Erwood (chicken) 8x10, F. Peacock (chicken) 8x10, P. McMartin (goose) 9x10.

Name	Shot at	Broke
J. Stauffer	40	29
C. L. Brooker	50	38
Dr. Brunswick	69	55
P. McMartin	65	53
Major Curran	55	38
J. Harrison	50	40
V. Hadley	57	39
Geo. Wallace	50	29
W. Erwood, sr.	58	39
R. Hale	15	4
J. Lawson	29	16
J. Turner, sr.	10	6
F. Peacock	17	10
Billinghurst	20	8
W. Erwood, jr.	35	23
J. Turner, jr.	22	16
S. Stauffer	26	21
F. Coburn	10	3
L. Limpert	27	18
F. C. Fowler	50	31

The National Gun Club held their Fob and weekly shoot on Saturday, December 27th.

In the Fob shoot, J. Harrison was high with a possible 25.

C. B. Harrison 21; C. L. Brooker 21 and Dr. Brunswick 20.

Name	Shot at	Broke
Geo. Wallace	35	22
J. Harrison	36	32
L. Lowe	75	45
P. McMartin	75	48
F. C. Fowler	75	53
Dr. Brunswick	66	52
G. Gladstone	40	26
J. Dean	35	18
H. C. Good	50	19
C. L. Brooker	45	35
C. B. Harrison	47	34
J. Lawson	37	23

There was an interesting clay bird shoot at the National Gun Club, Toronto on New Years morning, when some pretty good scores were made.

The club had a visit from one of the old members of the club J. R. Ross of Suffield, Alberta, now of London, Ont., also a visit from H. C. DonCarlos who made some very good scores. In the shoot for the Gun case and Gun cleaner, C. L. Brooker was the winner in A. class with a score of 9 out of 10 at 18 yards.

In B. class J. K. Ross was the winner with 10 straight at 16 yards. Major Curran was second with 8 out of 10. In the shoot for the hunter's bag H. C. DonCarlos won with a good score of 14 out of 15 at 16 yards. J. Harrison was a close second with 13. L. Lowe 12, C. L. Brooker 12, C. B. Harrison 11, P. McMartin 11 J. K. Ross 11.

J. K. Ross	60	46
P. McMartin	75	54
L. L. Lowe	75	49
H. C. DonCarlos	75	64
J. Harrison	65	51
Major Curran	35	21
C. B. Harrison	50	40
C. L. Brooker	35	29
J. W. Erwood, jr.	15	13
Dr. Brunswick	25	20

The National Gun Club held a Fob and Shield shoot Saturday, January 3rd.

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Owing to the stormy weather the scores were not as good as usual. In the shield shoot there were three ties with 21 birds out of 25. The tie shooters were Dr. Brunswick, J. Lawson and J. Harrison. Inshooting the tie off at 15 birds each, J. Lawson was the winner and was closely followed by Dr. Brunswick with 13 and J. Harrison with 12. This is now the fourth time J. Lawson has had the honor to win this shield out of seven. In the Fob shoot Dr. Brunswick was high with 23, C. L. Brooker, J. Harrison, J. Lawson all 22, also C. B. Harrison 20.

Dr. Brunswick	82	71
J. Harrison	80	68
P. McMartin	75	39
F. C. Fowler	77	45
J. Turner	25	19
J. Dean	45	26
C. B. Harrison	68	52
Major Curran	67	33
J. Lawson	79	64
C. Beare	25	18
C. L. Brooker	41	36
J. Turner, jr.	25	5

The Club held a clay bird shoot on January 10th, which was well attended by members.

This was the closing day of the 200 bird race which started on November 22nd, for the handsome Gold and silver watch fobs donated by Stevens Arms, and Dupont Powder Co., the box of good cigars by a friend of the club, and the two valuable prizes donated by the club.

Starting right from November 22nd to January 10th, every Saturday the shoot has been full of activity and the added Target system of the Stevens Arms Co. was used, which seemed to work to the satisfaction of all the best shooter of the club winning the 1st prize and the others according to Form. Also it is to be noted that the whole five prize winners shot the old reliable Dominion Regal Cartridge loaded with ballistite powder.

Dr. Brunswick again showed his good shooting ability by winning 1st prize, the Gold Watch Fob donated by the Stevens Arms Co., with a score of 174 out of 209 J. Harrison was a close second winning the silver watch Fob donated by the Dupont Powder Co., with a score of 171 out of 214. C. L. Brooker won 3rd prize being tie with C. B. Harrison. But in shooting the tie off at 15 birds he broke 14. His prize was a good box of cigars. C. B. Harrison won the 4th prize which was a beautiful silver milk pitcher, and a sugar bowl given by the Club, his score was 162 out of 219. J. Lawson won the 5th prize his score was 158 out of 217, and his prize was a valuable pipe given by the club.

The scores for this Fob shoot will be seen at the bottom of the regular day's shoot.

Name	Shot at	Broke
J. Harrison	50	45
F. C. Fowler	100	66
Dr. Brunswick	90	78
Major Curran	75	39
J. Dean	35	19
Geo. Wallace	70	35
C. L. Brooker	55	47
C. B. Harrison	105	68
J. Lawson	65	46
C. Moore	25	12
P. McMartin	65	45
C. Best	20	10
J. Turner, jr.	25	13
Fred Peacock	25	19

Following are the scores made in the 200 Bird Race for Fobs, etc.

Dr. Brunswick	209	174
J. Harrison	208	171
C. L. Brooker	215	162
C. B. Harrison	219	162
J. L. Lawson	217	158
P. McMartin	231	149
F. C. Fowler	233	141
Geo. Wallace	229	141
V. T. Hadley	136	93
J. Gladstone	143	92
E. C. Coath	76	65
L. Lowe	80	60
C. Moore	89	37
Major Curran	233	121

**Stanley Gun Club.**

The usual weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place at the club grounds, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 13th. A large number of members were present and the new traps were tried out, giving good satisfaction. The scores were:

Name	Shot at	Broke
Millington	150	129
Ely	125	104
Vivian	120	88
Norman	100	73
Springer	95	75
Stevens	90	63
Marsh	85	65
Hulme	85	65
Lundy	85	65
Wakefield	75	66
Dunk	75	53
Booth	75	55
Buck	75	55
Carruthers	75	54
Alberts	70	49
VanDuzen	70	49
Dorf	70	31
Gordan	65	47
Dewey	65	36
G. Scheibe	60	27
Sockett	50	45
Ingham	50	32
Spicer	50	36
Ten Eyck, C. D.	50	33
Hogarh	50	28
Halford	40	25
Townson	35	27
Ten Eyck, Dr.	25	15
Craig	25	16

On Saturday, Dec. 27th, A. E. Millington was high with a score of 117 out of 140, including two straights of ten birds each. The following is a list of those present, with their scores:

Name	Shot at	Broke
Millington	140	117
Vivian	140	107
Jennings	110	88
Stevens	115	68
Dunk	90	52
Ely	95	72
Wakefield	105	79
Hogarh	75	50
Norman	95	62
Marsh	90	53
Scheibe	100	63
Nundorf	70	43
Buch	55	41
Ingham	65	36
Van Dusen	45	27
Sawden	50	24
Schnawfer	45	29
Lewis	30	21
Duvey	50	19
Halford	35	20
Douglas	25	13
Albert	50	32
Goldring	50	15
Wallace	20	8
Runchey	20	9
Millington	10	6

**Balmly Beach Gun Club.**

Following are the scores at a weekly shoot held early in December, of the Balmly Beach Gun Club.

Name	Shot at	Broke
Murphy	35	18
Hooey	90	79
Smillie	60	43
Casel	60	49
Joselin	155	146
McGaw, O. E.	65	48
Pitcher	45	38
McGaw, T. D.	65	53
Capes	70	56
Lansing	55	43
Sheppard	55	42
Smith	55	46
Culler	70	48
Seager	80	69
Shaw	45	42
Sando	10	10
Draper	45	42
Tomlin	45	28
Hodgson	30	26
Black	55	32
Bond	45	33
Holland	35	23
Brown	15	8
Ten Eyck	60	46
Boothe	60	45
Craig	60	42
Empringham	45	39

W. E. Joselin was high gun with 146 out of 155, and W. R. Draper won the spoon with 24 out of 25. This



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club will continue holding these shoots every Saturday during the winter and visitors are always made welcome.

On Dec. 20th the scores were:

	Shot at	Broke
Bond	35	30
Boothe, P. J.	45	39
Brown	45	40
Browne	45	38
Cascl	35	28
Craig	45	36
Cutler	60	46
Draper	45	41
Empringham	45	39
Fox	80	72
Hambly, G. I.	45	37
Harris, R. C.	45	40
Holland	30	28
Hoocy	60	49
Kennedy	65	52
Lansing	65	60
McGaw	65	58
Pearsall	35	33
Polson, Kit	20	19
Seagar	45	37
Shrubb, Alf.	60	55
Shaw, J. A.	55	48
Shaw, J. G.	45	42

The weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club was held as usual on their grounds, Eastern avenue, on Jan. 3rd. Taking into consideration the stormy day and the high wind some good scores were made. O. E. McGaw, the president, won the spoon with 20 out of 25.

	Shot at	Broke
Seagar	90	56
Hoocy	65	49
T. F. Hodgson	45	36
O. E. McGaw	75	52
A. M. Bond	55	38
Draper	45	25
Joselin	65	59
McKenzie	45	28
Lye	10	6
James	25	11
Thomas	25	14
Long	50	30
W. F. Hodgson	30	16
Stringer	25	17

Doubles

	Shot at	Broke
Joselin	20	12
McGaw	25	15
Seagar	25	12
Bond	20	8

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club was held as usual on their grounds Saturday afternoon Jan. 10th. F. Hoocy was high in the spoon shoot with 24 out of 25. These shoots are held every Saturday afternoon and visitors are always made welcome.

Scores:—

	Shot at	Broke
F. Hoocy	100	85
Joselin	115	89
T. F. Hodgson	55	42
Lansing	55	43
O. E. McGaw	140	92
Cowling	75	49
Freeman	20	8
Taylor	20	11
Harlow	20	6
Crew	45	38
Seagar	100	75
Craig	45	26
Trimble	85	63
Boothe	55	48
Fox	140	94
Kenneday	110	72
Gooch	80	54
A. M. Bond	45	24
Holland	35	22
W. F. Hodgson	25	16
Stringer	25	18
Browne	35	16
Smith	25	22

Doubles

Kennedy	25	14
Fox	50	30
McGaw	50	30
Seagar	25	12
Cowling	20	8
Trimble	45	16

Creekside Gun Club.

Following are some of the scores at a weekly shoot of the Creekside Gun Club held at Wychwood on Dec. 13th.

Name	Shot at	Broke
R. Christie	48	33
E. Brown	32	22
Eli Elliott	100	62
F. Spillen	25	15
Ned Elliot	111	52
F. Christie	25	12
A. Magee	49	21
C. Dinwoody	39	15
J. Simpson	43	16
A. Spillen	25	10
S. Cotterill	42	14
H. Peterman	25	8
J. Platt	25	7
F. Edwards	45	8

The regular weekly shoot took place on Saturday, Jan. 3rd, and some good scores were made. In the seventh shoot for the Stevens Trophy, J. Platt and F. Spiller were tied with a score of 25, but the standing for the whole shoot still showed A. Spiller leading, with 155 out of 175; H. Coocy second, with 151; R. Christie third with 150, and seven others close up. The following are the scores:—

	Shot at	Broke
H. Coocy	69	46
F. Spiller	64	41
W. Curzon	39	23
S. Cotterill	64	46
R. Christie	64	33
A. Spiller	25	15
E. Brown	44	22
J. Platt	25	14
F. Christie	6	3
C. Dinwoody	25	9
D. Baird	42	17
A. Magee	85	27
F. Curzon	34	18

The regular weekly shoot of the Creekside Gun Club took place at Wychwood on Saturday, Jan. 10th, and some good scores were made. The Stevens handicap prize was won by Mr. Edmund Elliott with 180 points out of 200.

The scores:—

	Shot at	Broke
H. Coocy	74	58
Edmund Elliott	79	58
R. Christie	48	34
W. Curyon	39	24
S. Cotterill	55	34
Eli Elliott	77	45
E. Brown	31	21
C. Dinwoody	44	26
F. Spiller	60	34
H. Peterman	10	6
A. Spiller	25	13
D. Baird	22	8
J. Platt	25	9
W. Le Cornu	33	14
A. Edwards	39	15
W. Washington	50	20
J. Edwards	24	10

Hamilton Gun Club.

The annual shoot for the club championship over the Fulford traps was held at the Hamilton Gun Club on Dec. 10th. This is the most coveted event that is held and naturally there was a large entry list for the honors and for the gold medal given to the winner. There was a good number of visitors to watch the sport and they were amply rewarded by seeing one of the most closely contested races that has been put up at the grounds for some time. In order to finish out in the afternoon, it was necessary to make a rule that when a member lost three birds he dropped out. It was twenty-five birds from the thirty-yard mark.

Twenty-six members started, and when the twenty-fifth bird was reached the field had been reduced to five. John Hunter and Arthur Bates tied with 24 each, while Nelson Long and Milton Carr and E. H. Sturt were runners up with 23 each. To decide it was necessary to shoot at miss and out, and it took eight more birds before A. Bates missed his, while J. Hunter scored and won the championship, with 32 out of 33. It made a great finish, as both these members are residents of the beach and are good shots and always take a little enjoyment out of a win. J. Hunter, to start the contest missed his first bird, but this did not bother him and he went straight for the rest. A. Bates missed his



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fifteenth bird and it was pretty near moonlight when he dropped the thirty-third. The tie was shot off under unusual condition in that respect for it seemed to get dark early on Saturday, and before it was finished the moon came up and it was hard for the contestants to locate the birds.

Milton Carr put up a splendid run, but the second and thirteenth got away. Nelson Long dropped the eleventh and twenty-fourth, while E. H. Sturt the eighth and seventeenth. C. Syer was right in the running up to the twentieth bird and T. W. Barnes stayed in to the nineteenth. H. L. Morris was another who got off to a good start, but the twenty-third went wrong, which with two other misses spoiled his chance.

The scores were:

	Shot at	Scored
J. Hunter	33	32
A. Bates	33	31
J. W. Nairn	10	7
S. House	7	4
W. Dillon	9	6
H. Marsh	7	4
G. Stroud	7	4
M. Raspberry	11	8
R. Crooks	11	8
H. W. Hunsberry	12	9
D. Konkle	13	10
E. Harris	11	8
A. Parmenter	9	6
M. Beardon	15	12
H. Kretchman	7	4
T. W. Barnes	19	16
C. Syer	20	17
W. Wark	13	10
H. L. Morris	23	20
C. Graham	7	4
D. Reid	8	5
Nelson Long	25	23
M. Carr	25	23
E. H. Sturt	25	23
F. W. Watson	7	4
J. Crooks	9	6

At the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 27th, the annual president and vice-president shoot was held. The conditions were ideal for shooting, and some very good scores were made.

The main event was a twenty-five bird race for the dinner, at which the losers had to entertain the winners. President E. H. Sturt and Vice-President H. Marshall chose teams and with such good prospects at stake everybody was out to do their best. The president's selection proved to be the winners with 297 out of 350, while V. P. team got 252. For the winners, Nelson Long, C. Syer and the president were high with 24 each, while for the losers Marshall Raspberry was high with 23.

Bert Smith had a good total for the afternoon, getting 65 out of 70. President Sturt was in splendid form, with 42 out of 45, as also was N. Long with 68 out of 75, which included a straight in the fifteen bird events. C. Syer put on 32 out of 35, and is one of the younger members of the club who will be heard from in future.

At the finish of the shoot the members journeyed up to the Balmoral hotel, where a most inviting repast was awaiting. The president was in the chair, and with the vice-president carried out a varied impromptu program, which was most entertaining. The stories told by Milton Carr of the lumber camps brought down the house, and encore after encore did not exhaust his supply of winners. Dr. Johnson, Court Thompson and W. P. Thomson supplied some bright spots on the program, which were much enjoyed. H. Marshall had a good repertoire of songs, and his rendering of Farmer McGee was a pronounced success. Past President F. W. Watson was congratulated on the showing made in connection with Dominion of Canada T. S. A. tournament last summer, and in responding referred to the good shooting done by the members during the past season, which included the five-man championship of Canada and the most coveted of all, the individual amateur championship, won by T. W. Barnes.

The president outlined the program for the coming season, and announced that Messrs. Klein and Binkley had again favored the club with a valuable prize, for which the first event of a series of six would be started at the next shoot.

The affair was closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the president, who had the double honor of being host and chairman, and also to the vice-president for the successful evening, which everybody agreed was the best ever.

The scores were:

	Shot	Scored
Pres. V. P. at Broke		

W. W. Wark	22	60	53
W. P. Thomson	22	75	56
J. Crooks	22	50	43
F. W. Watson	18	75	45
E. H. Sturt	24	45	42
H. Rembe	11	45	25
H. H. Rembe	17	45	26
A. Parmenter	15	45	26
J. W. Nairn	17	55	38
H. Smith	22	70	65
M. Raspberry	23	50	44
J. Hunter	22	100	69
Court Thomson	22	65	51
T. W. Barnes	21	115	92
M. Carr	22	100	74
A. Bates	24	50	43
M. Jones	20	80	71
C. Graham	20	40	33
C. Syer	24	35	32
E. Harris	20	80	63
H. Lennox	14	50	32
S. House	16	50	33
N. Long	24	75	68
D. Konkle	17	50	35
H. Marsh	21	50	43
J. A. Armes	20	65	57
C. A. Ross	11	50	29
J. J. Chne	22	50	42
J. Tompkins	22	50	32
W. Freeman	22	45	33
J. Smith	22	35	21

The first handicap of the series for the Klein and Binkley championship trophy was shot off at the Hamilton Gun club on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10th. A cold, strong wind bothered the shooters and accounted for a good many reversals in form. For the first time in a long while there were no straight scores made, but nevertheless it took some skill to make some of the scores that were turned in under the weather conditions.

J. Crooks, M. E. Fletcher, A. Bates and E. Harris tied in the K. & B. event with 24 each for the leading position. Milton Carr and Bert Smith were close up with 23 each.

There were two silver shields put up for first and second places in the big event, and the four members who tied decided to settle it at miss and out. They all got their first birds. Then E. Harris and A. Bates missed the second ones, while the others powdered theirs. M. E. Fletcher could not locate the third, so it was up to J. Crooks to get his, which he did easily, and took the shield for first, while M. E. Fletcher got the second.

E. Sturt had the best all round total for the afternoon, getting 32 out of 35, which was good going. Bert Smith was in good form with 62 out of 70. J. Crooks, in addition to winning the shield, had a good total, in 41 out of 49. M. E. Fletcher put on the splendid total of 42 out of 48. A. Bates had 39 out of 47, M. Carr 79 out of 96, and W. Wark 39 out of 46. The scores were:

	K. B. Shot at	Broke
W. Wark	22	46
A. Bates	24	47
H. Kretchman	21	101
M. Barr	23	95
T. W. Barnes	16	103
F. W. Watson	18	70
Bert Smith	23	70
D. Deid	20	46
J. Smith	22	47
W. Dillon	22	48
A. Parmenter	18	73
J. W. Nairn	15	53
H. Rembe	15	53
E. Harris	24	74
C. Graham	14	52
W. Tomkins	—	20
T. Gardiner	24	48
M. E. Fletcher	20	46
J. A. Armes	22	57
C. Syer	21	48
J. W. Bowron	22	80
Nelson Long	24	49
J. Crooks	21	47
H. Marsh	22	35
E. H. Sturt	19	61
G. Kuntz	18	53
H. O'Neill	17	68
F. Marshall	16	36
J. J. Chne	19	51
S. House	16	34

Rodney, Ont., Shoot.

One of the most successful shoots ever witnessed in that section of the country was held on the Rodney Gun Club's grounds, Wednesday, Jan. 7th. The shoot



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was attended by some crack shots from a distance, as well as some thirty or forty local sports, resulting in some good scores being made in both the pigeon and live bird events.

At the live birds A. E. McRichie, W. J. McCance and Fred Galbraith tied for the two events, with one miss each, McRichie making a possible in the first event, while McCance, Galbraith and Taylor made a possible in the second event. All shot from 31 yards.

At the targets H. L. Taylor was high gun, with 36 out of 40, with McRichie second with 34, and Galbraith 33; while all the local boys did fine, considering it was their first time under fire.

There is some talk of holding a big tournament later on and considering the turnout at the preliminary shoot they will certainly have to install some more new "traps" to accommodate the crowd.

At the close of the shoot the men were royally entertained at the Royal Hotel, run by Mr. Malcolm White, where the wants of the inner man were well satisfied.

Before going home a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Fred Galbraith as manager and Eddie Keobler as referee of the shoot, and they will be on hand at the next shoot. Below are the scores for the afternoon:

	Live Birds.		Targets	
	7	11	20	20
A. McRichie	7	10	16	18
F. Galbraith	7	10	15	18
W. J. McCance	7	10	15	16
E. Koehler	6	9	17	15
H. L. Taylor	3	11	18	18
G. Kay	4	7	14	15
H. Dromgold	5	8	14	14
B. Spence	5	6	12	15
T. Havens	4	7	15	15
O. Galbraith	3	6	11	14
J. Cady	4	5	13	14
A. McIver	3	4	15	15
H. McIver	5	6	12	14
F. Bolton	2	7	11	13
C. Gladstone	3	5	14	14
W. Havens	4	8	11	12
C. Martini	2	4	10	13
W. Mistele	5	6	15	15
A. Leibner	3	4	9	10
J. Spence	5	7	10	9
W. Cummings	4	6	9	11
J. Campbell	2	5	11	13
D. Havens	3	6	14	16

**Jordan Gun Club.**

The Jordan Gun Club held their annual Christmas shoot on Dec. 25th, and the attendance of shooters was large. The weather conditions were not ideal for trap-shooting, but nevertheless the boys showed good form for the first shoot of the winter season. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

Names	Shot at	Broke
H. W. Hunsberry	50	46
A. Heckadon	50	39
A. K. Wismer	50	38
C. H. Boulton	50	37
M. Honsberger	50	36
W. Moyer	50	32
M. Jones	50	32
S. Spence	50	31
E. Honsberger	50	30
A. Bishop	50	25
W. Nicholson	50	25
J. Rittenhouse	40	32
E. Culp	40	28
D. Troup	40	26
C. Doubrough	30	22
H. Davidson	30	20
P. Wismer	20	17
H. Troup	20	16
C. Wismer	20	10
W. Reid	20	11
A. Wills	20	9
J. Brown	20	8
H. Wismer	20	12
F. Nunamaker	20	8
A. Burch	10	5
C. Fretz	10	5
A. Haynes	10	4

The Jordan Gun Club held the first of their regular winter series of shoots Saturday, Jan. 10th, and notwithstanding the inclement weather which prevailed a large number of shooters were present. A strong wind which was blowing across the traps made shooting difficult, and caused some low scores.

	Shot at	Broke
H. Boulton	40	35

H. Heckadon	40	35
A. High	40	33
O. Fisher	40	33
H. W. Honsberry	40	33
E. J. Fisher	40	32
A. K. Wismer	40	31
J. Spencer	40	31
J. Rittenhouse	40	30
W. Moyer	40	28
M. Honsberger	40	27
S. Hodges	40	23
P. Hodges	40	20
D. Konkle	30	25
D. Price	30	24
H. Troup	30	24
W. Merritt	30	21
E. Honsberger	30	20
E. Konkle	20	14
W. Burch	10	7

**Riverside Gun Club.**

The Riverside Gun Club opened up for the season on Saturday, Dec. 13th with a very good attendance of shooters. The members were very favorably impressed with the new quarters assigned to them by the Grand Trunk Boating Club.

Two gold fobs were competed for and were both won by one of the younger shots of the club, G. Jones. The scores follow:

**First Match, Handicap, 25 Birds.**

	Hdcp.	Score
G. Jones	Scr.	22
D. Whittal	3	19
Dale	3	19
J. Furniss	2	19
O. Bingham	4	19
J. Kenyon	Scr.	18
H. Pyle	4	18
Eastwater	Scr.	18
Reid	Scr.	18
Snappe	4	17
R. Watson	2	17
A. Albert	2	17
T. Keough	Scr.	17
R. Lewis	Scr.	17
Dr. Fisk	3	17
H. Brown	Scr.	16

**Second Match, Handicap, 25 Birds.**

	Hdcp.	Score
G. Jones	Scr.	21
Pyle	6	18
Lewis	Scr.	18
Alberts	5	18
Kenyon	5	18
Dale	3	18
Fisk	6	18
Eastwater	Scr.	17
Keough	Scr.	17
Reid	Scr.	16
Bingham	5	16
Watson	4	16
Brown	2	16
Heater	3	16
Thomas	4	15

**Galt Gun Club.**

At the opening shoot for the season the scores of the Galt Rifle and Gun Club were as follows:

	Shot at	Broke
W. Pickering	100	65
W. Cowan	100	56
A. E. Dunn	25	11
W. Marshall	75	56
J. Clark	35	25
W. Clark	30	27
E. Clark	90	62
L. Newland	60	44

**Port Stanley Gun Club.**

A Blue Rock shoot of the Port Stanley Gun Club took place on Christmas Day. Following are the scores:

First event at 25 birds—	
C. Cromwell	15
A. Glover	22
H. Dunn	14
E. Carry	15
H. Moore	13
A. Oliver	16
J. Oliver	17
W. Hindley	21
Second event at 25—	
A. Oliver	16
A. Glover	20
E. Carry	23
H. Moore	14

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P. Courtney	13
H. Fewings	14
J. Oliver	16
C. Thorn	17
J. Truan	16
W. Burton	21
W. Hindley	16
E. Smith	20
Third event at 25—	
A. Glover	19
H. Dunn	19
A. Oliver	21
H. Fewings	18
W. Hindley	18
Fourth event at 10 birds—	
E. Smith	9
A. Glover	7
F. Payne	6
J. Truan	7
A. Oliver	7
H. Moore	6

#### Trap Shooters at Harriston.

At the Beehive annual shooting match held at J. M. Young's range at Harriston, Ont., on Tuesday Dec. 2nd, W. Y. McLellan secured 58 points out of a possible 60, and was successful in winning the trophies of W. C. Chambers, M. P. P., and R. F. Dale. Following are the scores:

W. Y. McLellan	58
John Bennett	57
Fred Creer	57
Jonas Innis	56
W. A. Clarke, M. P.	56
George Armstrong	55
Captain Holtain	55
George Gordon, jr.	55
Alex. Darroch	54
Percy McEachern	54
Wm. Rutherford	53
Doug Manderson	53
Lorne Gordon	52
John Neil	51
J. A. McEachern	51
Fred Young	50
Peter McEachern	50

#### Dresden Gun Club.

The Dresden Gun Club held a shoot on Jan. 1st and there were some fine scores made. The Old Original Wes. Hart, Dresden's hope, could not "turn out" on account of sickness. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke
Harry Mahler	50	44
George Perry	50	43
Stewart	25	19
Ross	25	17
Parker	25	18
Backus	25	14
Fleming	25	16
Thornton	25	14
T. Thompson	25	17
P. Hart	25	19

#### St. Hubert Gun Club.

At the weekly shoot of St. Hubert Gun Club held the second week in December the following were the scores:

E. G. White (pro.)	24	23-47
J. C. Boa (pro.)	22	22-44
C. Bethune	19	25-44
Dr. I. G. Smith	23	20-43
W. L. Cameron	25	20-42
V. V. Rogers	20	22-42
J. B. Bunn	21	21-42
W. C. Little	16	21-37
G. White	19	18-37
J. W. Brown	18	18-36
W. J. Manby	16	18-34
J. Roberts	15	18-33
A. W. Troop	20	13-33
W. Williams	15	15-30
Extras—Rogers, 24; Boa, 23; Manby, 22; G. E. White, 22; Cameron, 21.		

For the benefit of those shooters who are contemplating the organization of a gun club in their vicinity it

may be stated that Mr. G. M. Dunk, the well known trap-shooter, whose address is 71 McPherson Ave., Toronto, is at all times pleased to give information regarding gun club organization to those who will apply to him for same.

#### Port Dover Gun Club.

There was a successful pigeon shoot held at Port Dover on Tuesday, Jan. 6th. About 150 live birds were in evidence. There were fourteen contestants, ten shots each.

Hugh McQueen headed the list with 10 birds to his credit and won the Sweepstakes, with Bruce and Charles McQueen second and third.

In order of merit the names and scores were:

Hugh McQueen 10, Bruce McQueen 9, I. Whitehead 8, Chas. McQueen 8, Stewart Reeves 8, Lidney McQueen 7, Robert Leaney, H. H. Dyer 7, M. Burke 7, Earl Brown 7, Fred Tuck 6, H. Henderson 6, Coval Rankin 6, D. Weston 4.

Trap shooting is the only organized sport that has been able to rear its head above the ever rising flood of baseball popularity in the United States and maintain national recognition.

This means that the pursuit of the clay bird—now called "The Sport Alluring" from ocean to ocean—has inherent qualities which demand the appreciation of sportsmen who would cultivate poise, sureness of eye and judgment, suppleness, of muscle and general ruddy outdoor healthfulness. In many of these respects, trap shooting parallels baseball, but the gun game goes far beyond the "diamond" in offering good sport to its devotees regardless of age, sex, and almost in spite of physical handicaps. There are octogenarians in the United States who are getting full joy and top scores at the traps who might not be able to walk from "home" to "first" without assistance; there are lads of from ten to fifteen who smash the targets regularly in competition with grown-ups who must wait years for the ability to play standard baseball with adults; and there are women and girls galore who delight in the handling of guns on the firing line but who can only be spectators at a baseball game.

Right here is the big point in favor of trap shooting as compared with baseball: No one is forced to remain a spectator. Only eighteen may play at a ball game—the rest must look on—while at many trap meets in the United States, 400 to 500 shooters have participated. There is a chance at the traps for the self expression that human nature craves. It is not necessary to sit tight and boil over with only an occasional cheer to relieve the pressure—provided the right team is winning. There is a place in the competition, a test of skill and space on the scoreboard for all who care to put gun to shoulder and call "Pull."

A wide-awake Philadelphia automobile dealer inaugurated a plan last year to invite owners of the cars which he had sold, to an annual trap shooting meet. At the first shoot, 33 contestants were entered, but this year the spirit of the thing had so stirred the Quaker City autoists that 91 shooters turned out for the event. This is an unusually large average attendance even for a big town club shoot. Of the 58 shooters who used Remington-UMC ammunition, Charles H. Newcomb, of Philadelphia, one of the best known amateur trap-shooters of the United States, won high amateur average, breaking 94 targets out of a possible 100.

It is not probable that any automobile dealer could find a more generally popular form of amusement for his owners than a trap shoot. While every trap-shooter is not an automobile owner, it is safe to say that, almost without exception, automobile owners are trap enthusiasts, and the small percentage that are not will readily become converts to the sport after once watching the flight of the elusive plays.

Philadelphia papers, in reporting the shoot, stated that the grounds around the traps presented the appearance of an automobile show, and it was apparent that this dealer did his business no harm by thus creating an added opportunity for display of good fellowship among those who so intimately affect his income.

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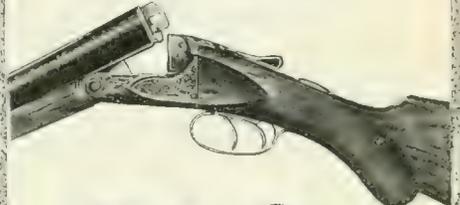
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# What and Why Is the Internal Bath?



By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practised will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels", as it were had as their inspiration the ever-present, unconquerable Canadian Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

☐ If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger" and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong, who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the

mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy and if it is allowed to exist too long, becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine) and is more serious in its effect than you would think; because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over". It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physical Culturists, Dietitians, Osteo-

paths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit when we have found by disagreeable and some times alarming symptoms that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M. D., of the New York College

of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

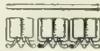
It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of Today is Only 50% Efficient". This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., Room 229, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in THE "ROD AND GUN."

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observations make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available to read this little book by an authority on the subject.



## OUR MEDICINE BAG

A despatch reached Port Arthur on January 8th, telling of a fierce battle with a pack of wolves in which Peter Nigosh an Indian trapper, was killed in the Lake of the Woods country on the preceding Sunday.

The encounter occurred near the Canadian boundary, a few miles from War Road on the Canadian Northern Railway. Nigosh was returning from his traps, a few miles up the lake, when he was suddenly attacked by wolves. He had not time to scale the nearest tree, and had only a long hunting knife to protect him. The pack closed in on him, and one after another he slew them with his weapon, until nine were dead at his feet. Then, exhausted from his efforts, he fell an easy prey to the surrounding survivors of the packs.

On Monday relatives began a search, and early Tuesday morning they discovered the spot where the battle took place, but the only trace of the Indian was his bones stripped clean of flesh.

The nine dead wolves were partly devoured. Wolves are exceptionally numerous, it is said, in that neighbourhood this winter. Because of the absence of snow they are unable to track and kill the deer, and are made fierce and bold by hunger.

Soaked to the skin from tramping around the bush for a day, without an axe or blanket and no food, three hunters spent a terrible night on a snow-covered, wind swept island on Lake Timagami one Sunday night in November last, and the recollection of spending a night in a hurricane will long live in the memory of the party.

Clarence Hindson, chief fire ranger of Timagami, accompanied by Teddy Oak, of Haileybury, and another man, left their camp some six miles from Timagami station on Sunday afternoon to pick out a suitable ground to go hunting the following day. They left in the morning, took a light lunch with them and returned back to the lake at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

A hurricane was blowing across the lake but under difficulties the canoe was launched and put out into the heavy waters. After 15 or 20 minutes paddling it was found to be useless to attempt to cross to their camp, not half an hour's paddle away, and they ran under shelter of an island for the time being. Several attempts were made to get off the island without avail and the men could not even return to the mainland. Snow was falling heavily, blown by a 50-mile gale and when darkness fell, it was decided that some time had to be spent on the island.

Drenched by the waves breaking over the canoe and the tramp through the bush, their clothes were soon just masses of ice, but under

all difficulties a small fire was started. Without an axe, it was indeed difficult to keep the fire going to any extent and the bare island offered but little shelter from the cold wind. While the men would turn their backs to the fire to get warm, their faces would almost freeze and vice versa.

The three men put in a terrible night. The ground being covered with snow made it necessary to stand all night. No trees large enough to afford shelter were to be found, while the wet snow kept on falling and the wind never lost any of its velocity.

It was well after daylight before the men were able to return to their camp, and even then the trip was made perilous by the heavy waves.

A large wildcat was trapped in a swamp on Mrs. Robert Thompson's farm, near Guelph, recently, by Mr. John Bishop. The cat measured 49 inches from tip to tip. It is thought the big fellow was responsible for havoc which had been wrought in the neighborhood to turkey flocks and hen roosts.

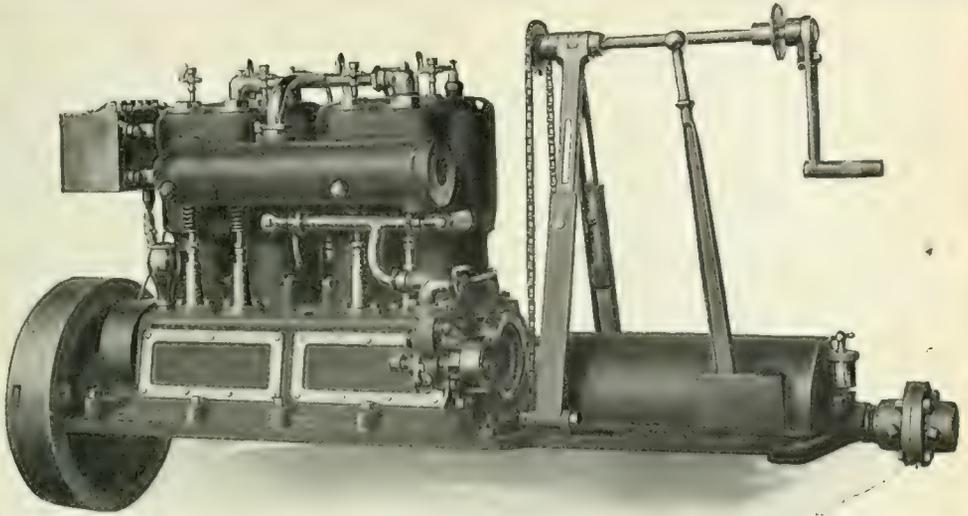
Three Guelph hunters, Thos. Dudgeon, Jack Dudgeon, and Wm. Little, in an afternoon's hunting in the neighborhood of Shiloh secured eighteen hares and a porcupine, the latter of which put up an interesting fight, his tail of quills, meanwhile, bristling like an angry tomcat.

Another Guelph nimrod, Mr. Jas. D. Doughty, out of twenty-six shots fired at rabbits, secured twenty-three rabbits in succession. This result was achieved in three days. Ten were bagged the first day; seven the second, and six on the third.

A large quantity of furs was seized on November 21st by Provincial Deputy Game and Fish Warden W. B. Elliott, accompanied by Provincial Constable Phippen, who visited the fur dealers at Lucknow, Ont., and secured one hundred and sixty-four peltries on the premises of Harry Goodman, a Hebrew. The goods were at once seized and removed.

One of the largest 'coons ever seen in the district fell prey to the gun of one of three Londoners, near Hyde Park, this season. Messrs. Long, Tozer and Elson were the Nimrods who succeeded in getting the 'coon. Taken to a farmer's house and weighed, it tipped the scales at 29 pounds.

Mr. W. A. Hollinrake, K. C., of Brantford gave Turnkey Dan Hogan, two very fine specimens of grey squirrels that he had secured on a trip to Woodstock and when they



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are sufficiently tame they are to be given the freedom of the Court House grounds.

The suggestion has come before the Ontario Government ministers to assume the managerial capacity of the Provincial fish industry by putting a competent man in charge to supply regularly the different fish markets of the province. The expenses of the undertaking would be supplied by the Government, and after the first stages were passed the enterprise would become self-supporting. The advantages of the proposed system would include a marked reduction in the price of the commodity to the consumer and the supply of the provincial breakfast table with a food that belongs peculiarly to the province.

It has been estimated that the prices charged would be based upon the cost of catching, the expenses of administration and the delivery charges. There would be no company dividends to pay.

The right of prohibiting export is now possessed by the Government by the same ruling as that affecting the export of sawlogs.

Legislation might be secured to demonstrate the right of the crown to such a course of action, and in continuance of the idea to install a license system, by means of which all extra provincial companies would be ruled out.

One thing to be borne in mind in such an event would be the interference with the livelihood of the regular fishermen. Their lot would be assured in their co-operation with the Government management and all their interests would be protected. The idea under consideration involves their enrollment in employ on a sharing basis to be reached. At the head would be an experienced man to assume the direction of the trade. Such a scheme would work out much more to their profit than the present competition with large well established companies.

Two courses are proposed to the Government, the first involving complete control of distribution under protection, and the other providing merely the prohibition of export. In any event the province as a whole is to benefit, and not alone the institutions. Among the expenses to be reckoned with are those of restocking depleted fishing grounds. If an oversupply should be experienced little difficulty would be met in disposing of it to the United States.

The matter is to be brought before the Legislature at the session in January.

In cariboo coats and hoods, beaded moccasins and heavy fur gauntlets, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Durie, arrived at Montreal the week of November 15th.

Mrs. Durie was the cynosure of all eyes when she alighted at the C. P. R. station with her husband. They had come from Cormorant Lake, 45 miles away from Le Pas, a little trading post on the Hudson Bay Railway. Mrs. Durie came out just as she was clad in the fur country. A three-quarter length fur coat of cariboo skin was the most striking part of the costume. This was the work of the Esquimaux Indians at Fort Churchill.

On her feet were a pair of moose skin moccasins while her hands were covered by a huge pair of leather gauntlets, adorned with black bear trimmings and designs on the cuffs worked in red silk by the Indians.

Mr. and Mrs. Durie went into the Cormorant Lake region to engage in the fur trade 15 months ago. Previous to that the husband had been a commercial traveller in the British Isles. One day, however, he received an offer to become associated with George Cowan, one of the oldest independent fur traders in the north country. Neither one knew anything of the wild life, but they seized the opportunity. Now neither would return to the old order of life on any consideration.

Their place of residence is a little lumber "shack" erected on a bare, flat rock on the shore of Cormorant Lake. The nearest white woman is 45 miles away.

"I get everything I want up there, I am going back to England to tell some of the suffragettes that they should come out to the north where they can have all their own way without any fighting for it," she laughed.

Theirs is not a lonely life, however. The woods have their fur animals, and there is always the keen interest in the hunt. There are rats, minks, bears, wolves, lynx, and marten in abundance while the rivers and lakes teem with fish of all kinds. "We have to hunt for our meat; there is no butcher around the corner there. Once we ran out of "grub," and Mr. Durie had to tramp forty-three miles to get some more at a trading store. He made the walk in thirteen hours. He came back by boat with the supplies. When we go out on a hunt we always take three days' food for every day that we expect to be away. One of the worst trips we ever had was when we were three days making eight miles. It was a terrible storm that time.

"It is a grand life we live there. I would not go back to the city again. The canoe and the wild is fine. I like it better every day we are there," she added.

One time Mrs. Durie got a little lonely and wanted a little of the old life. There was a dance arranged for the next evening but it was forty-five miles away. So she hitched up the dogs and with an Indian boy went off for the fun. When it was over she came home. The trip was made in fine time and without any unusual incident.

The Cree Indians are the nearest neighbors of the white couple. There is a village near the little shack on the bare rock. The natives are very clean and well behaved. They are absolutely honest in all their dealings—except that they will steal fish at any time if it is needed to feed the dogs. They would starve themselves and remain honest, but when the dogs are hungry they do not hesitate to take possession of any fish that they may find. "We never lock our doors against the Crees," she added.

As happy as two children, and in perfect health, Mr. and Mrs. Durie sailed for a three months' visit to their friends in the oldland, but before the long northern winter which began on October 6th, is over, they will be back in the little board shack on the side of the



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*The "Tale" of the  
Moose,  
or the Story of a Head*

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The moosehead was adopted as the heraldic device of the Intercolonial Railway in 1883, and in 1887 the Canadian Arms was made a companion device, as indicating government ownership of the railway. The moosehead is the recognized trade mark to be used with or without the Arms. It is used by the Intercolonial Railway as representative of the game animals of Canada, and one which is of itself *inter-colonial* in being common to Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. No other railway in America passes for so long a distance through a country which is recognized everywhere as the "Home of the Moose." Apart from this geographical application, the moose through its size, strength and courage, is able to hold its own against all rivals in its domain. It has a speed which distances its opponents, and its coat, proof against storms and cold, gives comfort at all seasons. Thus these qualities of safety, speed and comfort, typical of the moose, are kept in view by the railway in its construction and maintenance, and with special reference to the transportation of passengers over its line.

'ake, with the Crees, canoes, rocks and muskgs.

Probably one of the largest bags secured in the North country the past season was made by a party of Cobalt and Haileybury hunters during the hunting season of 1913. The gentlemen in question, eight in number, were out in the bush five miles from Gillies, for a week, and in that short space of time, secured one moose, one bear and eight deer, a remarkable record for a trip of that duration.

That the chase was most successful the "bag" captured attests, and the hunters report that deer were most plentiful in that neighborhood, and could easily be shot. Those deer which they themselves obtained were shot in a thicket, and there was very little necessity to go hunting them. The moose, also, which was a good specimen of the monarch of the bush, was obtained without much trouble, being shot from a distance of two hundred yards, and three shots despatched the animal.

The presence of the bear in the "bag" was due largely to Bruin's fondness for fresh venison. Attracted by the smell of deer flesh the bear approached the hunter's camp and proceeded to make short work of the head and entrails of one of the slain deer. He had spoiled the former for mounting purposes before his presence in the immediate vicinity was noticed, but, once he had been observed, no time was lost in adding his carcass to the list of trophies secured.

The bodies of the various animals captured were towed across the river behind a canoe, and were afterwards loaded in sleighs and in that way brought back home. The hunters reported that before the snow fell, the deer, especially, were captured without any great difficulty, but, after the storm, more trouble was experienced in shooting them. The party returned home well pleased with the result of the trip.

Attractive calendars have been received from the Messrs. Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. and from Messrs. Wellington & Ward, Montreal, dealers in photographic supplies. Messrs. Winchester Repeating Arms Co. in their calendar depict an interesting hunting scene while Wellington and Ward's Calendar reproduces the photograph of a little girl and her dogs, which was taken on a "Wellington" 'Xtra Speedy Plate.

Messrs. Brace McKay & Co. of Summerside, P. E. I., who make a specialty of mink and fox netting, have issued a calendar for 1914 which reproduces a photograph of foxes taken in the Riverside Ranch at Bedeque, P. E. I. Underneath the picture of the foxes is a group of people who are said to represent His Highness, The Duke of Connaught, Princess Patricia, Mayor Morrison, Town Councillors, Hon. Chas. Dalton and Mrs. Dalton with the owners of the ranch (Messrs. McNeill, Saunders and Allen) with their wives, and was snapped at the entrance to the ranch just before Princess Patricia had broken the bottle of wine and christened the ranch "St. Patrick."

We are in receipt of a book entitled "A Brief History of the Westley Richards Firm" which contains an interesting resume of the hundred years of progress made by this well known firm of English gun makers

Messrs. Remington-Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co. of 299 Broadway, New York, have issued a well bound, beautifully printed and attractively illustrated book entitled A NEW CHAPTER IN AN OLD STORY, which gives a history of the various stages which have led up to the manufacture of the present day arms and ammunition. The book starts out by recalling the time when the naked savage, finding himself in danger of being devoured by a hungry wild beast had recourse to jagged fragments of rock, which tearing off from their foundations he hurled at the beast, until he had overcome it, thus constituting himself the inventor, as it were, of arms and ammunition; and then goes on to describe by words and pictures the various steps in the development of what has come to be a great industry. Various types of arrows are illustrated; the cross-bow; the sling man in action; early hand guns; pistols; muskets; shotguns; all these are included in the very fine reproductions that accompany and appropriately illustrate the text. The regular price of the book, we understand, is fifty cents.

On December 22nd, says a despatch from Charlottetown, P. E. I., James Tuplin of Black Bank, Prince Co., sold out his property, including fox ranch, farm residence, and oyster area, to a syndicate of Boston, Toronto, and Island Capitalists for a quarter of a million dollars. The ranch contains twelve pairs of Island Black foxes, and the farm includes land which will be devoted to cranberry culture. The wood land will furnish the branches used for collecting spots on the oyster beds. The company has leased 300 acres of bottom in Malpeque for oyster cultivation. Among the chief promoters of the company is G. Frank Beer of Toronto.

A despatch from Washington under date of November 23rd says:

The enthusiasm concerning fox catching and farming in the Yukon has materially waned during the past few weeks, owing to the fact that the price of foxes has decreased nearly 50 per cent. since last summer and that hundreds of foxes held in captivity have died from some unknown cause, according to the report of Consular Agent E. J. White, of Whitehorse, Canada.

Many of these foxes were black, and in some cases as high as \$1,500 to \$2,000 had been paid for them. One dealer, who, it is said could have sold his stock of foxes in July for \$65,000, sold two weeks ago for less than \$35,000, the latter price being due to the decline in prices, to some extent, but also to the fact that many of the animals had died in the meantime. One young black fox, for which \$1,600 had been paid, died five days after being placed in the corral.

Owing to the decline in price fully 150 young foxes, all of the red variety, held in

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who, during the past three years, have been three times "runners up" and have won outright ten Open Championships. This "family record" was made with the same Greener Gun, and is a remarkable and unique testimony to the wear-resisting qualities of Greener Guns and to their deadly shot distributing powers. This is the gun you want. Catalog R.G. 4 mailed free on request.

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captivity in Southern Yukon, have been turned out to return to their native haunts in the wilds. Previous to sickness developing among foxes in captivity here, upward of 200 young ones had been shipped from Whitehouse alone to fox ranches in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and to dealers near Boston, Mass. At present there are not over fifty held in this locality.

A number are experimenting with mink farming, but great difficulty is experienced in keeping them, wire corrals offering little resistance when they seek their freedom.

Owners of black and silver grey foxes are not discouraged over the slump in prices, but contend that they will be more valuable than ever within a few months.

Twenty-four hunters were killed in Wisconsin and northern Michigan and many were wounded during the deer season which opened on November 1st. Most of the fatalities were caused by men being taken for deer.

According to a despatch from Chicago the hunting season which closed Nov. 30 cost 135 lives in 21 states. In addition some 140 persons were injured.

There was great activity in fishing at Port Stanley during November and December. On December 3rd the big run of fish was at its height and a catch of 160 tons in 18 hours was the record. Fishermen were working night and day.

On November 15, three Woodstock boys Jim O'Rourke, "Dooley" Henderson and Douglas Gregg went hunting in the woods. In the evening their ferret went into a hole and they could not bring it out, so proceeded to dig. They got their animal and heard a peculiar call lower down in the hole, so kept on digging. Soon they came to what appeared to be a big cat, but they were unable to get it out so a shot was fired at it. It bolted out, chased away the dog, which accompanied the boys and climbed a tree. Down again it came and again chased the dog which fled. The cat climbed another tree and there Douglas Gregg shot it. On examining the animal the boys were astonished at its size, but came to the conclusion that it must be some big tame cat, and they quietly buried the carcass.

During the following week they told their friends about the episode and described the animal which the friends declared must be a wildcat. On Sunday they returned to the woods and disinterred the body, which they brought to Henderson's garage. There it was declared to be a genuine young wildcat by those supposed to know.

The cover cut design of a polar bear used in the current issue, was supplied by the Donaldson Lithographing Co. of Newport, Ky. This company have posters in stock for advertising sporting goods and dealers who are interested in procuring an attractive poster that will call attention to the goods they handle would do well to write this company for sample posters and quotations, mentioning ROD AND GUN.

The Eagle Lake Hunt Club of Peterboro returned home from their 1913 hunt after one of the best camps ever held in the history of the Club. They brought back thirteen deer and mighty fine ones at that, as some of the members put it. Those who composed the party were Messrs. Chas. Gunsolus, Capt.; H. Evans, C. Westlake, D. Sheehy, W. White, G. Sowers, W. Brown, Jas. Leahy, W. Evans, J. O'Leary, A. Fuller, A. G. Carruthers, J. Gibbs and M. Dobson.

One of the good stories that are being told on some of the crack shots of the party is that one morning two members on going out into the lake paddled right into a bunch of four deer. As a result they became rather excited but at last recovered sufficiently to get a couple of the deer. Another favorite is that two of the members of the party while sitting on the dam near the creek, saw a big moose swimming the creek. The hunters as a result emptied their rifles at the swimming moose. The party claims that the shots numbered some 37 each.

Mr. Sheehy, one of the members, proved his ability as an athlete by running a good half mile and capturing his deer.

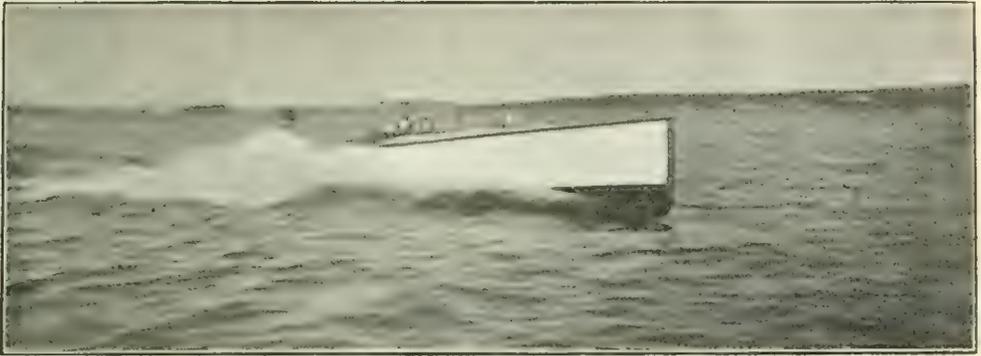
The Rambler Hunt Club composed of Messrs. J. S. Nelson, Wm. Jackson, A. R. Payne and F. T. Moffatt of Orillia and R. S. Nelson of Midland enjoyed a very successful hunt in Parry Sound district this fall, a few miles from Point au Baril on the C. P. R. Sudbury line. They secured their deer apiece and also were fortunate enough to shoot a fine, big black bear. The bear was in winter quarters and was shot through the nose, that being the only part of his body in sight. The party also bagged quite a large number of partridge which seemed to be fairly plentiful there this fall.

The members of the Charter Lake Hunt Club of Stratford, Ont., returned from their annual trip north, bringing back four deer with them.

The hunters had a number of interesting stories to tell. On the night of the storm, which held all Ontario in its grip, they were visiting at the camp of the Cobalt hunters, several miles distant from their own shanty. Owing to the blizzard they were held there over night and to add to the excitement, one of the Cobalt men, who had left before the storm broke to get the mail, was thought to have been lost in the blizzard. Search parties were organized and everyone started out to find the man. Next day, however, the man turned up having slept in a shanty all night.

The Stratford hunters were also instrumental in finding a young lad who was lost. He had strayed away from his friends and had been found by some men and brought to the Charter Lake headquarters. He was taken back to his father, who needless to say was overjoyed at his return.

Mr. Ira Whitehead of Simcoe has long desired to accomplish the capture of a moose. He has many a good day's record of Long Point ducks and such small game to his credit;



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but his ambition pointed to something higher. And so when Mr. Oliver Schram, a well-known lumberman of Hymers, Algoma, visited Simcoe a while back and got into talk with his old friend, Whitehead, among other things the latter gave utterance to was a wish to go north, and that his ambition was to shoot a moose.

"Why, come up to New Ontario with me," said Mr. Schram, "and I'll guarantee you a fine bull moose within three hours."

That was enough for Mr. Whitehead, and post haste they started north.

Arriving in Hymers, a day was quickly set for a hunt to Pine River, near Cloud Bay, and oddly enough, within three hours after leaving camp the nimrods came across their quarry. The Port Arthur Daily News, telling the story, describes the animal as standing on the other side of the river from the hunters, the trees standing up behind him like bare poles, and over the river was a coating of ice. Mr. Schram pointed out the moose, and stepped back to give his friend the chance. Whatever Mr. Whitehead's inexperience as a moose hunter may have been, he is a good shot, and his prowess did not desert him. He dropped the denizen of the wilds in his tracks with one bullet. Mr. Whitehead was naturally much elated, but his troubles were just commenced. How was he to get the dead moose across the river? The ice did not look very solid, but he was intent on getting that first moose home to Simcoe. So he hired a Frenchman and his horse from a nearby camp, and the three started over. The ice snagged and cracked, and half-way over all went through. Fortunately it was not deep and they waded back. Going to the lumber camp, Mr. Whitehead got eight men and three horses, and a way was forced through the ice and the carcass recovered.

The moose weighed 800 pounds and must have cost his capturer quite his weight in sirloin beefsteaks. But even at that Mr. Whitehead looked upon him as a bargain.

A black-throated loon was shot on Bridgeport dam, near Berlin, Ont., by Herman Wagner. The black-throated loon is a very rare visitor in inland waters of this latitude, its habitat being far north. It has a full purplish black forehead, in distinction from the more common loon, which has a white streaked band around the coat. McIlwraith, in his "Birds of Ontario," speaks of only one loon of this variety, which he saw amid ice floes in Hamilton Bay one spring, and of another as having been shot on Sandusky Bay in the fall of 1880. Mr. Wagner had his rare specimen mounted.

Just before the close season for salmon trout came in, says the Parry Sound Star, a gentleman in town caught a fish which weighed thirty-two pounds when caught, but from which he took a patent pail of spawn and which, when dressed only weighed nineteen pounds. How many young fish were destroyed by the death of that one fish?

An ingenious device which bids fair to be of immense value to the fishing industries of this country has been perfected by Prof. E. E. Prince, commissioner of Canadian fisheries. Its purpose is to bring salmon up the rivers to spawn by assisting them over otherwise insurmountable falls and power dams.

The device is in the form of a series of baskets or cradles which lift the fish from the end of a lead, which is built in the bed of the river and up which the fish come, and place them in the waters above the falls or dams. The natural water-power is used to work the cradles after the method of an old-fashioned mill. The device was used successfully last year on the St. Croix River, New Brunswick, and will be installed next year on a number of rivers throughout the country.

Mr. Howard Murray of Avonton, was on Dec. 18th, fined \$30 and \$8 costs, having been found guilty on a charge of killing muskrats during the close season.

The case was tried before Justice of the Peace, T. H. Beattie, Mr. J. C. Makins, K. C., appearing for the defence, and Mr. G. G. McPherson, K. C., County Attorney, prosecuting.

"During the last days of November I killed six or seven muskrats," ran Mr. Murray's story, "but skinned them in December." He insisted that the destructiveness of the rodents had forced him to kill them. They had dug holes about his place and in other manners, destroyed things.

The evidence against him, however, was, in the eyes of the justice, strong enough for a conviction of infringing the law.

A golden eagle measuring 7 feet 8 inches between the wing tips, was shot by Frank Churchill in Oak Avenue, Paris, Ont., in November. The shot broke the bird's wing and it was captured alive.

Several skunk were killed on Galway Road near Lindsay, Ont., early in December. The pelts brought from two to three dollars each. Irwin Simpson killed one in his woodshed and the next day four in an old pine stump. A few days later he trapped a nice red fox.

A real live wolf story involving a chapter of misadventure which provoked many thrills on the part of the victims, but resulted eventually in the loss of nothing more than several ordinarily reliable tempers comes from Ottawa.

Back of beyond, somewhere in Chesley township, near the Soo, is the Eddy & Glynn camp, where several hundred men work in the woods. The foreman of the camp is Mr. Leach, and his clerk, the hero of this story, is Fred Snyder, formerly of Ottawa.

The third week in November there was a nice fall of snow and Mr. Snyder hankered for some sport. He took his best rifle and started out on a bear-hunting expedition. Mr. Snyder's proper route lay due south, but in a fit of absentmindedness, he headed due north. After a few hours he was surprised that he had found no bears and lost his way. About the

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same time it started to get dark, and Mr. Snyder heard the unwelcome music of a pack of wolves set on his trail.

He instinctively fingered his trusty rifle only to find that it was frozen, and so jammed it would not work. The sun was going down and the wolves were coming up. Mr. Snyder took one choice between discretion and valor, discretion won. He picked out the tallest tree in the neighborhood and shinned up it to the most likely looking branch, where he rested.

After shivering for over an hour, a bear came by in a great hurry. A few moments later a pack, which Mr. Snyder computed at least fifty wolves, followed in full cry. It was a thrilling sight, especially to Mr. Snyder, who knew that the wolves were looking for supper. An hour or so after the hunting party had passed, Mr. Snyder climbed down and took the trail. He did not know where he was going, but after going for a while he struck another trail, and then realized that he had gone wrong. Murmuring a few suitable remarks he started back to the camp, which he reached late the next morning.

In the meantime Foreman Leach had become alarmed at his clerk's staying out so late at night, for he knew there was nothing in the neighborhood but wolves and bears. He organized a searching party and started out, picking Mr. Snyder's trail in the moonlight. About the same time Snyder was beating it back to camp, the rescue party discovered the tree in which he had spent part of the night and then followed the circuit.

It was a hard night for everybody, and a worse morning. For none of them was it so hard, however, as for the foreman, when after his weary night's tramping he got back to camp and discovered his pale, but hungry clerk, busily engaged punishing three rations of pork and beans. The camp cook reports that the conversation which ensued was one of the most animated ever heard back of the Soo, and that the display of adjectives would have done credit to an experienced half-breed getting away with the last of his season's wages.

Messrs. John Willicott, Lindsay; J. R. Burns, J. Henry and J. Nasmith of Manvers township, hunted this last season at Big Pine Lake, in the township of Manvers and killed their quota of deer permissible by law in less than one week. The balance of the outing was spent enjoying the scenery afforded by the Northern wilds and the pleasure that is to be had camping out.

Muskrats were so plentiful at Stag Island, in the St. Clair River, Ont., recently, that the owners of the Island complained that they were destroying property and a letter was sent to the Provincial Detective asking that the pests be destroyed. This letter was referred to the Department at Ottawa. The island is leased to Americans and it is a question whether or not the owners can destroy the animals. The rats have always been a more or less prominent feature of the island, it is said, and of late have multiplied very fast under the protecting laws. Many hundreds of muskrathouses are scattered about the

island, and these are also protected by the law.

Engineer W. B. Ritchie, of Havelock, Ont., is the proud possessor of the head of a splendid buck deer which he obtained in a most unusual way. Mr. Ritchie was the engineer on the early morning Montreal express, and when near Sharbot Lake, saw a big deer standing with its fore feet on the track. Although he whistled repeatedly, the deer refused to move from its position, apparently dazed by the head light. Just as the engine was about to strike it, Mr. Deer jumped for safety, but the big mogul caught it, breaking its back. Upon reaching the next station, Mr. Ritchie left a message for the section men to go out in search of the "game." They did so, and found the animal dead beside the track. The game warden for the district was notified of the occurrence, and, being at a loss what to do with the carcass, communicated with the head of the department, who ordered the buck to be divided among the poor of the immediate district, and the head delivered to Mr. Ritchie.

A local Chilliwack, B. C. paper in commenting on the effect that the open season for game must have on the cost of living in the valley of Chilliwack gives some interesting figures as follows:

"During the last open season there were 900 shooting licenses issued by the Game Department to men resident in the district. If every man should shoot three pheasants during the two months that the season is opened, then there must be 2,700 cock pheasants killed. Three is a small number. Many of these hunters, perhaps, will not shoot a pheasant, but there are as many who scarcely ever go out without bringing back with them that number. These good shots will more than make up for the poor ones. Then there are the ducks, snipe and grouse. There are considerably more ducks shot here every open season than there are pheasants. The season opens September 1st, and continues open until March 1, and during all that time there is good shooting at Sumas Lake and on the sloughs of the prairie, in East Chilliwack and along Camp Slough, in short at almost any point in the valley where there is water, and there are many such. Perhaps 6,000 ducks are shot in the valley during the open season. Then there are deer. Almost every day a report arrives of some one getting a good buck, and there are many who get them that are never reported. The whole must have a very marked effect on the cost of living."

This sport, a Chilliwack correspondent points out, in particular that part of it referring to pheasants, is brought about through the efforts of the game protection association of the province who are continually importing fresh stock to keep up the stock of the breeding pens.

We are in receipt of a little brochure "Woodland Odes," written by Mr. George Hughes and dedicated to his friend, Dr. Norman Allen of Toronto. This booklet contains a number



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of verses descriptive of hunting experiences and concludes with the lines:

"You can talk about football and cricket;  
And sing praises of baseball and golf;  
But there's nothing that gets you so quickly  
As the lure of the wilds to the north."

The Dominion Tire Company Limited, recently celebrated the birth of their new million dollar factory at Berlin, Ont., by presenting express paid to motor car owners, whose birthday occurred on the same date as that of a plurality of these owners, a "Dominion Tire" free. In British Columbia thirteen men were presented with a Dominion Tire as a result of this unique method of celebrating; in Alberta eight; in Saskatchewan fourteen; in Manitoba eight; in Ontario forty; in New Brunswick four; in Nova Scotia three; and in Quebec nine. As those who only had a birthday in Leap Year stood no chance of winning a free tire, they were each presented with a consolation prize of a Dominion Inner Tube. Of these three people in British Columbia were lucky enough to secure a Dominion Inner Tube; three in Alberta; two in Saskatchewan and in Manitoba; eight in Ontario; four in Quebec; and one in New Brunswick.

Mr. A. Kelly Evans who is well known to sportsmen throughout the country for his work in connection with fish and game protection, portions of his various annual reports as Commissioner of the Ontario Fish and Game Commission having appeared at different times in the columns of ROD AND GUN, recently joined the ranks of the benedicts, being married early in December last to Mrs. Lettie Whitehead of Atlanta, Ga. Recently Mr. Evans has been living in Guelph, Ont. He was the Conservative candidate in South Wellington at the last election against Hugh Guthrie, and has been nominated again.

"The finest lot of deer that has ever been brought to Berlin."

This is what hunters, who saw the deer that the Berlin Hunt Club brought back from the wilderness of the Parry Sound District, said about them.

"It was a good hunting season," said one of the party, on being interviewed after their return. "In fact, one of the best in which I have figured and other members of the party are of the same opinion. Deer were plentiful. Of course this does not mean that one could find a buck or doe hovering about every other bush or tree. Hunters will tell you that sometimes they would go a whole day without discovering signs of big game."

Hunters were also plentiful, but this season did not prove there were more hunters than hunted. The Berlin Hunt Club penetrated the northern part of the Parry Sound District many miles from the nearest settlement. They made part of their journey by boat over Lake Magnetewan. Their quarters were a lumberman's shack in the midst of the wilderness and for two weeks they made their home there, with plenty to eat and with all the comforts hunters enjoy when they leave the city.

The weather was cold, but there was no snow, although the seekers of the big game were anxiously waiting for snow, for with the woods mantled in white, the deer of course is more readily found. There were twelve members in the party, eight of them from Berlin, and each of them brought down a deer. The expedition passed off without a mishap of any kind.

Chief O'Neill of the party related how late at night, and early in the morning, the hunters could hear the howl of wolves in the distance, but these ferocious animals did not venture into the zone of the hunters' shots. "We didn't see any bears but we heard the wolves all right," he said.

The party also experienced the roughness of the great storm which caused such immense loss of life and property on the Great Lakes. The weather was exceedingly rough that Sunday and most of the hunters stuck to their cabin.

The Berlin members of the party were, Messrs. W. H. Dumart, W. J. Moody, David Moody, Emmanuel Beam, Peter Seip, Carl Hartung, Alf. Deckert and Chief O'Neill.

Archie Stevens, an Indian trapper, was accidentally shot and killed by a bullet from his own rifle while hunting on the upper Sturgeon River in November last. Stevens with his son, a lad of 15, was at his hunting camp on the Sturgeon River, about 14 miles north of Warren, Ont., when the accident happened. After waiting all night for the return of his father the boy set out to search. The body was found in the locality where the shot had been heard, a bullet apparently from his own rifle having entered the eye and passed through the head.

Mr. Maxwell Graham, chief of the Zoological division of the Dominion Parks in November delivered to the Royal Zoological Society of Ireland the pair of bison, presented by the Canadian Government.

Mr. Graham has made valuable researches respecting the breeding in captivity of certain fur-bearing animals, and European methods of cross-breeding yak and bison, with domestic bovines in order to produce more vigorous cattle for northern Canada.

Norman Kehoe and Jimmy Walters of Guelph, returned from their deer hunting in the north bringing back with them a magnificent moose.

The open seasons this year were taken advantage of by hundreds and hundreds of sportsmen in the twin cities of Ft. William and Pt. Arthur, says a despatch from Ft. William, Ont. Needless to say a couple of hundred moose and deer were killed and many a good bag of wild ducks and partridge were brought home. Never before in the history of the twin cities it is said, have so many hunters taken advantage of the open seasons and with such luck. Hardly a party left either city but returned well laden with game.

Accidents were fortunately few, and one only proved fatal.

The game wardens had considerable difficulty, it was claimed, with pot hunters, several of whom had their guns confiscated, besides adding to the wealth of the government and likewise to the pocket of the game warden that made the arrest.

Bob Greer's all star hunting party of Hamilton succeeded in bringing down 108 rabbits, several partridge and an owl, on a hunting trip to Markdale, Ont. Although there was only one owl shot, everyone of the seven men in the party claimed the credit for getting it, but no one will admit what price the small boy received for it. Several people in Hamilton feasted on rabbit pie as a result of the hunters' generosity.

Mr. Rob May had a mink trap set between Rideau, Ont., and Poonahmalee, and went up to see if there was anything in it, but greatly to his surprise the trap was gone. He followed an animal's footmarks, however, and a short distance in the bush was much surprised to see a big 'coon fast in the trap. The coon measured from its neck to the tip of the tail 4 ft.  $\frac{1}{2}$  in., and weighed 24 lbs. Mr. May got over a gallon of 'coon oil from it.

A party of Renfrew hunters, who were back of Folger, Ont., chopped down a tree and secured 40 pounds of wild bee honey, which they strained through a pan in which they punched holes, and then through cheese cloth.

While hunting deer near West River, Manitoulin Island, Mr. W. G. Collins discovered a bear in his den. Mr. Collins went back to camp and got his four companions. The den was not a very deep one and a stick was shoved down from above to locate the bear and a well-directed shot from Mr. Collins brought forth the angry bear, when another shot killed him. He proved to be of immense size, weighing about five hundred pounds. The skin was sent to Bow Park Farm by Mr. J. P. Brill, who was one of the party.

A party consisting of W. Titterington, A. W. Bate, George Tossy, E. Burgess, S. Flanders, and W. Jacobi, St. Catharines, and E. O'Malley, of Niagara while on a hunting trip in the Magnetawan district, each shot a deer. Flanders shot the largest deer, a fine one weighing 160 pounds. Tossey brought home a large consignment of turkeys raised in that country, where they feed themselves all summer in the woods.

A moose weighing 1,400 lbs. was brought down by a Brantford party, Messrs. Sharp Riley, Albert Taylor, Bert Hawke, and Turner. The animal did not go out without making a stand for life. He got within 12 feet of Mr. Turner, who shot him through the eye, and it was a fortunate shot. This specimen was shot at Massey, near Sudbury.

Deputy Game Warden L. Sattler of Berlin, requested the County Council recently to assist in the protection of black and grey squirrels by memorializing the Provincial Game

Department to declare a close season for a period of three years in Waterloo County. It was claimed that unless this is done, black and grey squirrels will be practically extinct in a few years.

A large wildcat was trapped in a swamp on Mrs. Robert Thompsen's farm on the 16th concession of Maryborough township by Mr. John Bishop. The cat measured forty-nine inches from tip to tip. It is thought the big fellow was the author of considerable havoc, which had been wrought in the neighborhood to turkey flocks and hen roosts.

The Members of the Blair Hunt Club of Galt, Ont., with their friends to the number of fifty held their annual venison supper on the 20th. at the Queen's Hotel, Mr. Martin Yontz being the genial host on this occasion.

A writer in the Chatham Planet recently put in a word for poor little Bob White writing as follows:

"Many of our Canadian birds are rapidly nearing extinction. The wild pigeon forty years ago became extinct. In the early history of this country wild turkey were very plentiful, now they too are gone. And now "Bob White" is threatened with extermination in a few years and unless better protection is afforded him, he will be known only in picture, song and story.

"Surely such a splendid bird deserves a better fate. He is the farmer's best friend among the birds. A young quail will eat its own weight of insects every day. During the fall and winter they feed almost entirely on weed seeds. For this splendid service they ask merely protection from their most deadly enemy—man.

"Most farmers and gardeners are willing to protect the quail, but it is very difficult. For eleven and a half months of the year these birds are cared for by many farmers. In extremely cold weather they come to the barns and stacks for shelter and food. At other times they can easily care for themselves in the field.

"The quail is a bird of the farm. It is only when pursued, that it seeks shelter in the forest. A bevy of quail usually stays on the farm where hatched unless driven off by men, dogs, cats or insufficient food or shelter.

"The protection afforded the quail by the game laws has been in the past quite insufficient. At times no shooting of quail has been allowed for several years at a time. When the birds become somewhat plentiful an open season is proclaimed. Then, city, town and country sports with pointers, setters, double barrelled and magazine guns swarm the country. The birds are shot on wing and "potted" on the ground. They are chased from their familiar feeding and shelter ground. Many of those which escape the cunning of the hunters and their dogs die of exposure and hunger.

"This summer there were many large bevies of quail in this country. The terrible storm of November 9th killed many of the birds. Huddled together, in some cases whole bevies perished in the crusted snow. A few days

later the open season began and there were at the beginning of the winter very few birds left.

"Bob White's friends are everywhere. Even those who shoot him admire him. This, however, is not enough. The sporting instinct in many is stronger than the humane instinct. The bird must be protected for the whole year and through all the years. The penalty for the infraction of the game law in this particular should be very severe.

"Farmers, gardeners, and birdlovers must unite to save the quail. Bob and his mate and their babies must become inviolable.

"Save Bob White", must be our slogan."

A new and virgin fishing area, rich in the possibilities not only of the millions it may produce, but also of the employment it will afford the native population of the surrounding country, has been found in the waters of Hudson Strait, according to a report which has been made to the Marine and Fisheries Department by Dominion Fishery Officer Thomas Tanner. Its salmon catch particularly may yet rival that of British Columbia.

Mr. Tanner made an official patrol of the region from the Fall of 1912 to that of the present year. He reports that "the waters of Hudson Strait, so far as fisheries are concerned, may be regarded as a virgin area, and though no thorough investigation of these resources has yet been made, the result of my investigations show that there are supplies of valuable fish which could be made of great market value and are well worth development.

The two difficulties are the sparse population and the lack of fishermen, first and second, and the short season, which would involve all of the work being done in a short time. These two difficulties can easily be overcome," says Mr. Tanner, and he proves this by citing the case of British Columbia, which in spite of a former limited population and short season, could now boast of a total catch of salmon of over \$10,000,000.

"From a commercial standpoint," he observes, "the cod is the most important fish, and there is no regular cod fishing being carried on. There is no limit to the quantity of codfish, a few loads, of which are garnered by Newfoundland vessels which come up every year. The weather is perfect for fishing, but not so favorable for drying them on the spot. The catches, however, can be salted and taken home to the curing places, just as is the practice of the Lunenburg fleet. As this is deep sea fishing, no doubt a bounty could be authorized during the first few years when the industry is in the first stages of its development. The sum of \$160,000 per annum is available.

"There are probably about 500 Eskimos who would be available as practised fishermen, if the project of utilizing these cod fisheries were carried out and white men appointed to superintend the operations. I am of the opinion that the Eskimos fishermen and women would be far more reliable than the Indians of the Pacific coast. Wherever wages are offered they are found to be the best and most reliable workers to be obtained, and, as they are all British subjects and residents in territory

belonging to the Dominion, they would be fully entitled to the benefits of the Fishing Bounty Act."

Mr. Tanner recommends Port Burwell as the best centre for the proposed fishing industry, which would be conducted chiefly by baited trawls during a period of from 8 to 12 weeks. He then goes on to point out that there are three kinds of salmon in Hudson Strait, including the true sea salmon and a salmon trout superior to the best Pacific salmon. During the summer months these fish are plentiful along the shores on the coast of Baffin Land as well as the south shores.

"There is a great future for a profitable industry if the enterprise was pushed by practical men," the report continues. "The cost of the fish is really nominal and the price realized in the market for these pickled salmon would be more than double the cost. The supply is unlimited, and the price, if the fish were properly handled, would without question equal that of the best frozen salmon now retailed at 15 and 20 cents per pound."

It is also pointed out that the seal and white whale industries are capable of being better utilized.

"Not only has the importation of fresh fish along the Canadian Atlantic coast been stopped from the United States, but the demand in the Canadian markets is being very rapidly expanded," says a significant item in the annual report of the fisheries production of Canada, just issued. The report points out that largely on account of improved transportation facilities afforded to dealers by the department, Canada during the past year attained that point where it was able to supply its own markets. "While the dealers on the Pacific coast have for several years been sending fish through to Toronto and Montreal in car load lots on which they were given a rate of \$3 per 100 pounds, the express charges in less than car lots to the Prairie Provinces were so high that the working up of any large trade there seemed out of the question. With the cheaper rate given owing to departmental assistance, the trade has increased wonderfully, and now shipments are being sent in carload lots to quite an extent, making departmental assistance unnecessary."

In regard to the arrangement made some time ago by the department to have the railways place at the disposal of shippers, cold storage cars to be hauled by fast freight to Montreal, the report states that this service which at first cost the department a considerable sum, has now been taken advantage of to such an extent as to be self-sustaining. "Prior to the time the department undertook to assist such markets as those in Toronto and Montreal they were being very largely supplied from United States sources," says the report. Now this has all been changed, and in addition to the shipment west during the season, in the Fall and early Winter large shipments in carloads lot are made from the Atlantic coast to points as far west as the Pacific coast, and throughout the year shipments of halibut and salmon from the Pacific coast to Toronto and Montreal.

The Government tree nurseries established in Walsingham and Charlotteville, about four miles north of Port Rowan, are beginning to attract the attention of outside countries, where there are waste lands suited only to the growing of timber. The hundreds of thousands of young trees grown there from seeds, nuts, sprouts or seedlings are given away to farmers who wish to plant them. When this demand is supplied, the remainder are set out in plantations which will soon extend over 5,000 acres.

Perhaps three-fourths of these young trees are pines, the remainder comprising every variety of valuable timber that will grow in this climate.

It is proposed to make this plantation a preserve for wild turkeys, pheasants and small animals once plentiful along this shore, but now nearly extinct.

It will be a quarter of a century before any merchantable pine can be produced, but long before that time fence posts and railway ties will be cut in large quantities from black locust and other fast-growing trees.

## TRADE NOTES

The Winchester calendar for 1914 is particularly fine. A hunter with two fine setters is shown standing alert, with his gun held ready for instant execution, in the midst of a cornfield which is a riot of brown and gold. "To start right equip with Winchester Guns and Ammunition" is the slogan given for January and an appropriate Winchester Maxim is given each succeeding month ending up with the suggestion that "A Christmas gift of a Winchester is always acceptable."

Mr. Geo. B. Sherer, Jr., of Sandstone, Minn. wrote Messrs J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., recently speaking enthusiastically of his experience with the .35 caliber Stevens High Power Repeating Rifle and added:

"My father, who has hunted for thirty-five years, has owned shot rifles of nearly every caliber and make and he pronounces the .35 caliber Stevens High Power, the most accurate rifle he has ever used."

We are in receipt of advice from the Hyde Windlass Company of Bath, Maine, manufacturers of the Hyde Turbine Type Propeller and the Irish Pneumatic Clutch Control, that from now on their interests in New York and vicinity will be looked after by Mr. R. A. Corley, formerly with the Michigan Wheel Company.

Mr. Corley will have offices at Room 508 E, 30 Church Street, where he will be pleased to meet all customers who may be interested in motor boat propellers or the Irish Clutch Control.

Mr. Corley will also be pleased to call on the dealers in and about New York City and can undoubtedly give them full better service than could be gotten from the works. He will also make a few trips each year around the country in the interest of the Hyde Windlass Company.

The Kermath Engine manufactured by the Kermath Manufacturing Co. of Detroit, Mich. embodies many fine detail improvements in its 1914 model. The general construction of this very satisfactory engine has

not been changed, the improvements being in the nature of refinements. The company will be pleased to furnish particulars of their 1914 model to anyone requesting same.

The Annual Grand International Shoot at St. Thomas, Ontario, December 1st-5th, brought together the usual big crowd of expert amateur and professional shooters. Many splendid scores were recorded, among them one made by W. S. Hoon of Jewell, Iowa, with a Marlin Trap gun breaking 195 targets out of a possible 200 on Dec. 3rd, including a run of over 100 straight. Mr. Hoon also made second high score over all for the three days shooting with 477 x 500—95 2/5%.

Mr. Hoon is one of the best known and best liked shooters of the middle west—a quiet, steady, consistent shooter who can always be depended upon to make a good showing. He has many important winnings to his credit, including the Preliminary Handicap at the Grand American Handicap in 1912, won with the score of 94 x 100; also tied for high score in the Amateur Championship, 194 x 200. At the 1912 Western Independent Handicap, amateurs only, 150 of the best shots in the country, Mr. Hoon was high over all with 487 x 500 (97.4%), with a run of 152 targets straight.

His most notable performance this year was at the big Iowa State Shoot May 27th—29th, where Mr. Hoon won *High Amateur*, and *High Over All* other shooters, breaking 443 x 450 targets; won *Slate Championship* with 99 x 100, won Smith Cup Event, 25 x 25 (tie), and 25 straight in shoot-off; *made three long runs; 195 straight, 131 straight, 113 straight.*

Mr. Hoon made all of these splendid scores with his "Old Reliable" Marlin Trap Gun which he shoots exclusively and prizes very highly.

Full details of Marlin Trap Guns and all other Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns are given in the Marlin Gun catalog, mailed for 3 stamps postage by the Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn., to subscribers of ROD AND GUN.



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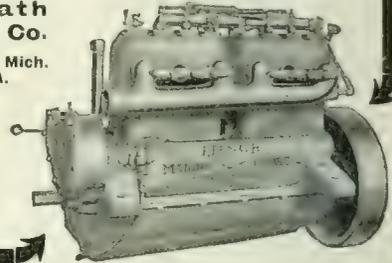
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MARCH, 1914

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# ROD AND GUN

## IN CANADA



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# ROD and GUN in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, March, 1914

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*Courtesy, Canadian Northern Railway* Moose Swimming on the Dawson Canoe Route, Rainy Lake Country



# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. 15

WOODSTOCK, ONT., MARCH, 1914

No. 10

## THE OJIBWAYS AT ABITIBI

BERNARD MUDDIMAN

IN the spring a wanderer's fancies lightly turn to the bush. The call of the wilds comes to him from a thousand nameless beauties unknown to the civilized world of patent leather boots, cocktails and peroxide blondes. So the doctor and I decided to hike it, for the Spring had come and there was a fever in our blood.

Our goal was Abitibi Lake, a very accessible spot when your time is short, and you hail from Ontario. For here you are right in the wilds and the intervening space between you and civilization is no great journey. Here are fish for your rod and quarry for your gun. However, something intervened and we had to delay our jaunt for some time as "business is business". Yet in the end all good things come. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway brought us and our kit to the verge of the wilds at Cochrane. Cochrane is the starting point of a thousand trails and voyages. It is here you pick up your men and make your last provisions. It is here you cast off the fetters of civilization, and it was here I met Dan Raspberry for the first time.

It fell out as follows. Going into the local drug store to buy some dope I fell into congenial conversation with the clerk, when a man at least six feet one or two in height and weighing two hundred and twenty-five pounds, came in. He wore the usual slouchy, comfortable clothes

of men of the Northern gangs. An old checked cap crowned his sun-baked florid face. The long upper lip bespoke the Irishman.

"I'll take a little more of your perfume, me boy," says the newcomer.

I must confess the order took me aback. Perfume and this giant of the backwoods seemed hardly subjects of the same category. The clerk winked at me and handed him, to my astonishment, a big flask of some cheap perfume or another which I rather associated with backwoods beauties of French Canadian villages than a sturdy, red cheeked giant. Well pleased the purchaser bade us good day and left.

"I guess that took you," said the clerk to me. "It used to me, but I know Danny Raspberry's little ways now. He can't put one over me. When he first came in and asked for perfume you could have knocked me down with a feather. I gave him a twenty-five cent bottle, but, Lord bless you, he was back within the hour for more. What do you think he does with it?"

"I don't know."

"He drinks it—that's what he does. Why old Dan is soused on perfume all day and has been soused for the last month on it."

"Good Lord," I ejaculated and left the store to wend my way back slowly to our hotel. I could not help thinking what an unenviable drink this giant had chosen. Cheap and

nasty perfume was worse than fusel-oil and a good deal more fatal.

On arriving at the hotel an hour later, the doctor greeted me effusively—

“Come and meet the cook” he cried dragging me in and before I knew I was introduced, to my astonishment, indignation and pity, to “Mr. Daniel Raspberry—our new cook.”

“Whatever made you choose him of all men?” I said to the doctor afterwards.

“Well everyone recommends him.”

“Why the man’s a drunkard. He is worse than that—he is a perfume fiend.”

“Well,” said the doctor in his grim way, “a lot of perfume he’ll get out on Abitibi—won’t he?”

Silence is the best with the man with whom you are going into the bush.

We left Cochrane on a construction train of the Trans-continental Railway for Whitefish River. It was at the time this part of the Trans-continental track was being laid. I shall not forget that trip in a hurry. First of all we ran off the track twice owing to muskeg. Secondly Mr. Daniel Raspberry had a glorious time. He unearthed a find of whiskey on the train and enjoyed it. Whenever he caught my eye he would shout:

“Say, kid, it’s all right—come and have a drink.”

Finally we left him for another part of the train. He was in a splendid humor lying on a box singing the one line of the only song he apparently knew, which was of a decidedly democratic turn and ran thus:

“We’ll all get shaved in the one barber’s store.”

We arrived at Whitefish and its two wood shacks about seven in the evening. I put up the first tent that came to hand and since we were practically in the fly country, I built a smudge inside for our friends the mosquitoes. The camp cots were made up, but we were too tired to worry over the mosquito curtains. Soon the sweet gypsy drowsy sleep of the camper began to steal upon me when I was awakened by a big flop from the doctor. Another and another came.

“What’s up?”

“What’s up, why man alive there is a hole in the tent above my bed and a regular rain of mosquitoes is coming in.”

There was no doubt about it, he had spoken the absolute truth. There was no more sleep that night.

In the morning Dan Raspberry was in such a highly inebriated state that we had to cook our own breakfast. About eight we launched our canoe on the Whitefish River and



Indian Summer Camp at Abitibi Post



Under an Half Breed's Roof

with Dan in the bottom began to descend this sluggish stream between its low lying swampy banks. Those who have never travelled with a drunken man in the bottom of a canoe can form no idea what we went through. Again and again we implored, begged, besought, prayed him to stay still. Again and again we swore diabolical oaths, vowed terrible vengeance, murder, death and lightning at the smiling evil countenance of Dan who was somewhere in the seventh heaven of joy. Again and again I thanked whatever powers there be that the French trader was to bring our supplies safely down the river in an old sailing scow.

After about three hours we made the first bay of Abitibi Lake some five or six miles of water so shallow in depth that time after time the paddle touched ground.

It was towards two o'clock in the afternoon that we rounded the point and disembarked at Abitibi Post.

This is one of the oldest of the great Hudson Bay Company's Posts. Above the door of the factor's house is written the date—1749—surely, a long past for any house in Canada! As a matter of fact it is, I believe, the second oldest post of the Hudson's Bay in Canada. Up to its lintel,

however, civilization has begun to creep. There is talk already of the Company abandoning it, for where the white man cometh the Company goes. As it is the Revillon Brothers who had a store here have already given it up. The Company is going and only an old country French trader remains. The Company's post consists of the factor's house and two stores. It is built on a point jutting into and partially dividing the lake into two parts. The country around is the flat clay belt land which will one day, perhaps, be the market garden of Canada for vegetables, in spite of its rigorous climate. This land, the clay of which is often over a hundred feet deep was the bottom of the lake formed in the prehistoric past when the ice receded North. It is forested in parts with black and white spruce, poplar and birch. To the soil's richness the Factor's vegetable garden gave ample testimony.

We talked vaguely of going on up the Kenojewis River and thence to the lake of the Islands, but an unexpected show kept us at Abitibi post.

The Ojibway Indians had come in to trade and pray and incidentally to get their treaty money. For once every year the Indians come to the store to get their supplies and sell

their pelts. Furthermore the Ojibways are excellent Roman Catholics and at the same time they perform their religious duties. For this purpose, a priest, one of the Oblate Fathers from the Mission in Priests Bay on Lake Temiskaming, comes to tend them and celebrate mass.

Indeed early the next day this function was performed in the open air. It was one of those impressive sights that once seen you will never forget. I have heard mass in Notre Dame at Paris and in Westminster Cathedral, London, but the mass on the bluff at the back of the Abitibi

must have been thus that the earlier missionaries and Jesuits who figure so heroically in the first pages of Canadian history, conducted their services. The Indians were very devout in a strange primitive way. The slight wind caught rifts of the blue smoke of incense and puffed them away. A strange guttural chant rose and fell. Then the Indians celebrated the occasion by letting off their guns and ringing bells.

I noted the majority of the men were tall, well shaped fellows. The squaws were not particularly winsome, and their dress was far more



Dinner Cooking in an Indian Tepee

Post, will endure in my memory when the others are forgotten things.

For the occasion the Indians were arrayed in their best. As their treaty money had been paid out, that is to say the annual \$4.00 allowed by the Federal Government, some of the bucks were able to sport complete white man's outfits from Christies down. Indeed the majority of the male folk went in for European cut and style upon which was hung resplendent Indian regalia. The priest was in full canonicals. The altar was built of branches and boughs like a regular woodland shrine. And I for one could not help thinking that it

"Indian" than the men's. In the majority of cases, in fact, it was the typical garb of the Red Skin. The younger girls were, however, of a strange fugitive beauty that vanishes like snow before the kiss of the Chinook.

Returning from the ceremony I came across the Post's main source of location on land—a pair of oxen. One of these was the biggest I have ever seen and I have seen gigantic oxen in Germany and Italy lumbering along with their wains. It seemed as though I had at last unearthed the actual archetype of the lumberjack's myth—the blue ox that plough-

ed in the year of the blue snow for Paul Bunion. For a moment I rubbed my eyes. I remembered a certain Sunday afternoon passed among a gang by Lake Nepigon where the miraculous history of Paul Bunion was "sprung" on me for the first time. I have ever since regretted not noting those stories. The man who writes up Paul Bunion has a journalistic fortune ahead of him.

The next day we proceeded by canoe and portage up the Abitibi River through Kakmeonan Lake on to the Kenojevis River. But we left Daniel Raspberry behind. For after

able to ascertain. It is one of those mysteries of the woods that we unearth every now and again and which all have the same provoking incompleteness.

Another of these mysteries is the sacred burial shrine that overlooks the Kenojevis Lake. Here an Indian Chief is laid to rest. He is buried in a strange and grand way, for his body is wrapped up in birch bark and laid out on a platform of logs about four feet from the ground. The spot is on a little eminence commanding a beautiful view of the water. The forest and branches are



On the Portage

our stay at Abitibi had got on his nerves he came along one fine morning and gave me notice—

"I like the gang all right, but it's too d—lonely for me."

From that day on we had bread that was not perfumed. Dan had a trick of wrapping it up to keep it fresh in his sleeping blankets and these stank from his perfume orgies of lilac and pea-blossom, violets and a thousand other cheap odours.

We were now in the neighborhood of Spirit Lake. Of fish caught in its waters no Indian will partake. Why this lake's harvest is regarded as sacred or polluted, I have not been

broken away to give an unimpeded view of the rippling water. Each year this pious duty of breaking back the growth of foliage is performed by the Indians who make an annual pilgrimage to his sylvan tomb. This must have been "Big Chief" with a vengeance. Once a surveyor was going to break the birch bark covering to satisfy his curiosity but he confessed his heart failed him. Fortunately this white vandal was thus saved from an act of disgusting sacrilege. For to me, at least, there seems something sublime in the last resting place of this mysterious "Chief." Who was he? What is the

yarn? I cannot tell you. The Chief sleeps silently on undisturbed in his woods tended by his people's reverence with a touching piety that is not ordinarily associated with the dead of the Red Skin. Long may he rest there undisturbed by the curious hand of a careless white. But may some one more fortunate than I be able to come back with the beautiful legend, the strange faith, the sad history that hangs around that silent grave.

It took us two easy days to make the Lake of the Islands through its low marshy precincts. The waters here are full of the most glorious beaver dams. The length and

strength of some of them would put some of our best engineering work to shame. Moreover the waters also abound in pike. And in concluding this rough sketch I will a tale unfold of a certain pike that fishermen will not believe—but, nevertheless, it is true.

Cruising in our canoe in bright sunshine, the flash of my paddle's blade must have flickered on the curiosity of one of these pike gentleman, for he took a rush and a jump and jumped clean out of the water into the canoe after it. I hear my readers unkindly saying: "That will do." "Great is the Truth and it will prevail" is my answer acquiescing to your wish.

## A PRAIRIE WOLF HUNT

### Capturing an Alberta Coyote

H. R. NORTHOVER

**F**IVE years ago last November I was employed as gunsmith at the Ordnance Stores, near the old Indian school at Calgary. Looking out one morning shortly after nine o'clock, I saw a coyote sitting on a knoll about two hundred yards away. This reminded me that I had promised to secure a skin of this dreaded animal and send it home to England. Coyotes have a terrible reputation in some sections of the old country. I had a Ross rifle 45-70. To those acquainted with the various makes of rifles this may seem untrue, so I will explain. I had the Ross rifle action and fitted it with a barrel as above. Taking deliberate aim, I fired, and upon going to the spot I found I had fired too low, having hit one foot and nearly cut it off.

The sight of blood and prospects of soon getting another shot, soon led me in pursuit. Several glimpses were all I could get until I had gone a distance of three miles and returned to near where he was first shot. From there he took a fairly straight course toward the bush another three miles south. Just before he went into the scrub he turned around and gave me an excellent chance which I missed by being too sure. When I got into the bush the tracks of rabbits and wolves made it very hard for me to follow my game. Moreover he had nearly stopped bleeding and I could only guess the course he was taking at some places. He soon got tired of this trick and took a straight course for the Bow River.

Near the river there is very little scrub and I could see my game going under an upturned tree. Reaching the tree I could see him not over thirty-five yards away, over towards the river bank, lying down, apparently completely tired out. Seeing me he put back his ears, bristled up his hair and showed fight. He was now so surely within my control that I paused to see what he would do next. Getting up he limped to the river and started to take a drink. The river was covered with drift ice, and fearing a fatal shot might make him plunge in and that he would be carried down stream, I awaited developments. Turning towards me as though to say "Good-bye" he plunged in and started for the other shore. It was an awful struggle, but he made it, after being carried by the current and ice some distance. I was completely beaten, but waited until he made the opposite shore when he coolly crawled out of the water and turned to look at me. I fired this time with proper effect.

This happened just six miles from the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge across the river. I walked the whole distance, crossed the bridge, came down the opposite side and got my hard earned game. The thought of final success was a great stimulant and helped me home, but the last few steps of the thirty-six mile tramp seemed an unbearable torture. The vicious brute had me just about finished, but not quite in the way they are led to think in the old country.

# A WALRUS HUNT WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

FRANK TOSE

I had just completed a hard season's work at my profession, and tired of the city life of Vancouver, B. C., the call of the wilds appealed to me. The reader may, therefore, imagine the pleasure it afforded me when I was appointed taxidermist to a large and influential party who were going on a cruise within the Arctic Circle.

The party was headed by a German Nobleman, Baron Von Gutmann, a perfect gentleman and a real sport. His party consisted of Herr Mahaler, a German gamekeeper, Dr. Mitter, Herrman Grabmier Carl Sprose, Captain Folger, a cook, and the writer.

For the trip the steamer Transit, Captain Danielson, was chartered, and sailed from Vancouver July 3rd 1909. Our course lay within the islands off the west coast of British Columbia known as the Inside Passage. The scenery was most impressive, the thousands of islands being most beautifully clothed with majestic fir and cedar. So narrow was the channel in places that the steamer almost brushed the foliage on either side.

With the exception of a brief stop to secure several specimen of Bald Eagle, our trip was unbroken until we reached Juneau, Alaska. This is the Capital and nestles at the foot of lofty mountains that seem ready to topple over and bury the town.

Here, the necessary permits were secured for hunting in Alaska, also another motor boat and an engineer.

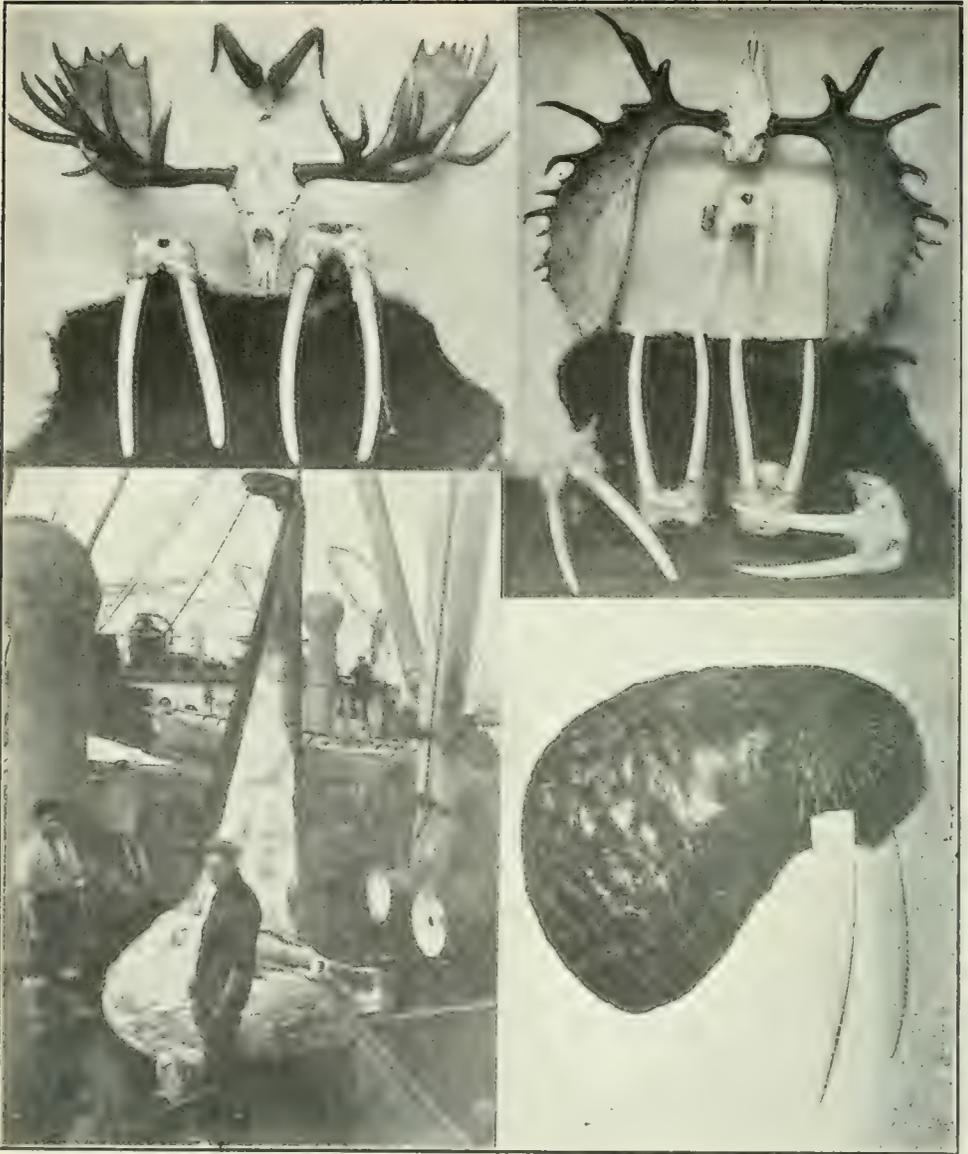
We arrived at Nome, July 26th, after an uneventful voyage. Here there are no docks and all large vessels are forced to anchor at a considerable distance from shore. The landing is affected with motor boats and other small craft. Here we engaged our guide Charlie Dane, Danish by birth, who made his permanent home in the north. He was dressed in caribou and sealskin, which gave

him decidedly the appearance of an Eskimo. The Eskimo he brought with him had a boat made of walrus skins stretched over a sapling frame work. Although very frail looking, it afterwards proved very substantial and was capable of carrying at least three and a half tons of walrus and two Eskimos. The boat was shaped very much like the Indian bark canoe.

Before leaving Nome, we picked up a young Englishman who had become stranded and was glad of a chance to get away. The engineer of the motor boat was a very fine fellow.

Right here I might introduce some others of our party. Captain Folger was my room-mate, and for a man past seventy-two was simply a wonder. He was as bright, strong and alert as many men are at thirty. His thrilling stories of adventures were at all times most interesting. He had sailed with MacLean, made famous by Jack London's "Sea Wolf." Our interpreter, could speak several languages fluently. Sometimes, in his excitement he seemed to speak them all at the same time. Our cook was most unpopular at times, being altogether too much attached to the "Schlitz," often taking enough on to lead two ordinary men.

From Nome we sailed to St. Lawrence Bay, which is situated on the north side of St. Lawrence Island. Insurance regulations forced us to leave the Transit and crew, and embark in the smaller craft for the northern ice fields. The Baron took with him, Herrman Grabmier, Dr. Mitter, Charlie Dane, the Eskimo and myself, besides the crew, necessary to manage the boats. For about twelve hours we sailed due north, when the weather became so stormy, the guide advised us to put into a small bay, where we took shelter, remaining until the sea calmed. In this bay was an Eskimo village, the only white in-



- 1 Walrus Skulls and 68 inch Moose Head Shot on Return Trip
- 2 Walrus Skulls, 72 inch Moose Head Shot in Alaska
- 3 Skinning Walrus with Aid of Boat's Steam Winch, The Writer in the Foreground
- 4 Head of Largest Walrus; Tusks 20 inches; Weight of Animal About 4500 lbs.

habitants being two Russian Cossacks and a doctor. They were overjoyed to see us. The Russian Government had left them in charge of the settlement and a boat with supplies was supposed to call once every year. That year, however, they were overlooked and consequently had to live as best they could, on the diet of the

natives. This consisted chiefly of walrus meat which they preserved by burying it in the ground, digging it up when needed. The dogs, of which there was a great number, were given their share and the inhabitants ate the rest, with scarcely ever any pretence at cooking it. Their Ingloos or huts

were made of the inner skins of walrus held down with stones.

Later in the day when the wind had fallen, we resumed our trip north. The sea was calm as a mill pond. Soon we entered the drift ice which was covered with debris, which showed it to be shore-ice. In this region in summer there is no night. At nearly 11 p.m. the sun was setting and the air chilly. The guide told me the sun would rise again in a little over an hour and that there was absolutely no complete darkness. I decided to try and get a little sleep, and after many futile attempts got a few hours of much needed sleep. Awakening, the sun was high, and I will never forget the sight. No words can ever explain the sight of glistening ice floes in all shapes and sizes that were to be seen in every direction. To the north about ten miles away, stretched a long white line. The Captain told me we might expect to find walrus there. Presently we saw some dirty brown streaks on the ice in many places. "It is dirt" said the Eskimo, who spoke fair English. "No! walrus" said the Captain and for some time we were in doubt. Charlie, the guide coming on deck, said "Listen!" We could now hear a dull moaning which gradually increased to an incessant roar as we drew closer. Walrus were there in thousands, sleeping, lying or tumbling around on the ice, as suited their fancy. At once all was bustle and excitement. Rifles were examined, cartridge belts filled, harpoons were fastened to floats of inflated sealskins and everything arranged in readiness for the attack.

With the aid of glasses their movements could be followed in detail. It was a beautiful sight. The long white tusks of the walrus, glistening in the sun, made a striking contrast to their long clumsily built and dull looking bodies.

For fear the noise of our gasoline boat would disturb the herd, she was brought to a stop and anchored. Breakfast was prepared and hastily eaten. The Baron, Dr. Mitter, Grabmier, Sprose, Charlie, the guide, and two Eskimos left us on the motor boat

and embarked on the skin boat. The sea was as clear as glass, and presented a most magnificent sight. The party returned later in the day and reported having secured thirteen fine specimens.

After getting supper the Baron, with a camera, took Herman Grabmier, the guide, two Eskimos and myself, all with rifles for a short trip. The Eskimo handled the big boat very skilfully, making scarcely a ripple in the glassy sea. Soon we were close to an ice floe upon which were about fifteen of the huge animals. One, which seemed to be the "Sentry", an extra large one, would raise his head, look around, and after satisfying himself there was no danger near, with a loud grunt, would lower his head. In doing so he usually struck a slumbering companion with his tusks. This was a signal for a general mixup, and for a time it looked like there would surely be a pitched battle, before they all settled down again.

As we approached, the Baron got some good photos while the rest were all ready, with rifles in hand. Suddenly the "Sentry" became alarmed possibly at the click of the camera, and again raised his head. Seeing us so close, he clumsily tried to climb over his companions, (accompanying his movements with hideous, deafening roars,) and trying to get into the open water. At a signal from the guide I fired at a big brute near the edge of the water. It stopped at the shock for a moment, and giving a few lumbering jumps was gone into the water. Half the rest were already in the water threshing about in frenzied rage. One huge monster was trying to make open water when I took aim on the eye and fired. He stopped a moment, then came on again. I aimed again at the same place, this time stopping him within a few feet of the water. His last attempt was stopped by another bullet in the head. This time his head came down with a crash sinking his tusks several inches into the ice. "Got him" I shouted, and no sooner had I uttered the words than some one shouted "Look out!" A young bull, mad with pain and rage

came along side our boat. For a while things looked intensely interesting and exciting. He turned several somersaults, and performed several acrobatic stunts, and we expected that any moment he would upset the boat. We all emptied our rifles into (or at) him and he finally sank. The Eskimos proved only indifferent shots. Their rifles were old and poorly cared for. I used a .303 British, the rest of the visitors Mausers or Mannlickers. We killed three on the ice, the rest had dived, and after coming to the surface were now swimming for another ice floe some distance away. One that the guide shot on the ice was an unusually large one. He shot him in the throat the bullet lodging in the brain. The big brute rolled on his back, and the blood spurted up in a stream like that from a fountain.

After a careful examination of our trophies we re-entered the boat and made our way towards a herd of about a dozen half a mile away. Suddenly there was a rush in the water, and a wounded walrus came up and thrust one of his tusks through our boat. Fortunately we were near a floe upon which lay a dead walrus which had been killed by the party earlier in the day. With all speed we rushed to it, scrambled out, and Charlie cut a strip of skin from the walrus, tied it into a knot, pulled it into the hole and stopped the leak.

We again set out for the herd, and getting close our view was interrupted by the floe being formed into mounds. We climbed out and approached quietly on foot. "Crack!" went a rifle, and looking in that direction we saw one of the Eskimos had fired too soon. For hunters they are an excitable bunch quite lacking in coolness and precision. Suddenly there was a scramble for the water and we all opened fire, with only one specimen for our trouble, the rest easily getting away.

On a nearby floe I saw one wounded. I leaped the few feet separating the floes to get within range. This floe was of peculiar construction. The part out of the water was shaped like

the roof of a house, sloping from the centre to the water on either side then dropping some five feet into the water. I climbed to the ridge and sat astride of it. The walrus seeing me flopped over and started some acrobatic stunts. It took the whole seven shots to finish him and at any moment I was liable to be tumbled down upon him, he rocked the ice so terribly. After trying unsuccessfully to get him out of the water we severed the head and returned where the other members of the party had some exciting experiences. The hunting was now over, and Charlie, the Eskimo, and I got to work, skinning and severing the heads of our trophies, which were scattered over a large area. While we were doing this the motor boat followed us up and loaded the parts needed. With three whole carcasses and fourteen heads and skins we set sail, the weather looking very threatening. We had no desire to be cut off from the Steamer.

Suddenly we came upon one that had been killed and was kept afloat by the accumulated gases forming within him. We started to take him aboard with a hook through his "flipper" attached to a strong line and block and tackle. When nearly loaded the escaping gases made such a roar as to cause everyone to think he still had some life in him. I was tugging on a rope attached to a flipper when suddenly the hold of the hook tore out and the walrus plunged heavily into the sea. I nearly went in after it as I had the rope wound around one hand. This was the last exciting incident in our walrus hunt.

For the next twenty-four hours I was busy skinning and cleaning the surplus meat from the heads, and getting them preserved for mounting.

On the return trip we stopped at the Eskimo village and left all our surplus supplies which were greatly appreciated. Returning to the Steamer there was unbounded rejoicing at the success of our expedition. Upon arrival at Nome we spent several days getting ready for our trip down the coast of Siberia and Kamchatka, of which I may write later.



The Buck Where He Fell

## A CARIBOU HUNT IN THE YUKON

Where the Caribou Roam in Countless Numbers

A. J. GILLIS, M. D.

ON Saturday, September 13th, a few days after my return from a successful moose hunt, about one o'clock in the afternoon, my office telephone bell rang and on taking down the receiver the following conversation took place:

"Holloa, is that you Doctor?"

"Yes."

"This is 'Brim' speaking."

"Yes."

"Say, a teamster has just arrived from Miller and Glacier, and tells me that he saw a number of caribou on the ridge near the eighteen mile road house."

"Yes, did he see many?"

"Quite a number, I guess it is the beginning of the big run. How about it? When can you be ready to start?"

"Let me see; it is now a quarter past one, I will be ready for the two o'clock ferry."

"All right, I'll look after a team and meet you at the ferry at two sharp. Good bye."

Immediately I called up patients with whom I had appointments for the afternoon, and informed them that I was unexpectedly called out of town, and would be compelled to postpone 'that' appointment until the first of the week. This done I hastened to my residence, donned my hunting togs, purchased some ammunition, and met "Brim" and a Mr. Emireaux, whom "Brim" had taken along with him, at the ferry at 2 o'clock sharp. Let me mention that "Brim" is George Brimstone, the sheriff of the Yukon territory.

In due time we crossed the Yukon river and headed west. A fairly good wagon road follows the ridges from Dawson to Miller and Glacier creeks, a distance of about seventy-five miles, and on this wagon road about eighteen miles out the teamster had seen caribou the evening before.

For the first three miles the road grade is very steep. In fact the first ten miles is almost a continual climb,

after which the ridges become more rolling.

Nothing worth recording occurred until we had covered a distance of about thirteen miles, beyond an occasional stop to enable the sheriff to demonstrate his ability to decapitate a grouse with his new .22 automatic.

About three miles west of the ten mile road house, or about thirteen miles from Dawson, we found fresh caribou tracks. A large band had crossed the road at this point, heading north. About three inches of snow covered the ground, so that we could follow the tracks very easily. Mr. Emireaux and myself decided to follow the tracks for a short time, while the sheriff held the horses.

After following the tracks a short distance, we found that the animals were not feeding, but travelling. We then concluded that it would be useless to follow the tracks any farther, and while Mr. Emireaux went to the top of the next hill, I returned to the road, where I asked the sheriff to await Mr. Emireaux's return, while I would push ahead until they should overtake me.

It was now growing late, but I could see fresh tracks covering the ground in every direction.

After I had walked about three miles, I heard the welcome rattle of a team coming, and at once concluded that this was the sheriff and Mr. Emireaux, but when the rig overtook me it proved to be a Mr. Ferguson of

the Canadian Bank of Commerce staff; another nimrod who had been told that caribou had been seen on the ridges near the eighteen mile road house. After Mr. Ferguson passed, I left the road and followed the ridges for a time, and here I could see that there must be thousands of caribou in the near vicinity, for the snow was beaten down smooth, and trails were worn in the moss all round me, and while I saw several bands, it was so dark that it was impossible to distinguish the sights on the rifle. Soon the sheriff and Mr. Emireaux came along; they too had seen several herds, but owing to the darkness could not get a shot at them.

We then concluded to go to the twenty-four mile road house for the night, where, in the morning we felt sure we would be in the midst of the herd. We drove on as fast as the rather rough, muddy road would permit, and from this point until we had reached the road house, we could see caribou darting in every direction. We arrived at the road house at eight-thirty, where Mrs. Van Cleve, the proprietress, had a splendid supper prepared, Mr. Ferguson having told her that we were on the way.

Here we met a Mr. Burdett, a mining operator from Forty Mile, who was on his way to Dawson, and who had shot four or five caribou for Mrs. Van Cleve, a few yards from the house, that afternoon. Mr. Burdett informed us that for ten miles farther



Caribou Crossing from one Hill to Another

on, the hills were literally covered with caribou.

Supper over we were soon on the way to our bunks, to dream of herds and herds of caribou, great and small. About 3.30, being awake, I heard Mrs. Van Cleve's alarm clock buzzing, and soon the boys were astir, excepting Mr. E—who continued to snore until different objects began to fly towards his corner of the room, which had the effect of arousing him.

Breakfast was soon ready, and at 5 o'clock we were off for the hunt. By 5.15 daylight had advanced sufficiently to enable us to see that the mountain east of the house, and but a few hundred yards away, was completely covered with caribou. With the an-

north end of the hill, as I knew the caribou would then wheel and run south, in which case they would run towards the other members of the party who were ascending the south side of the mountain.

When I had gained the top of the mountain and could see that I was through the herd, I sat down on the road bank, and picked the animals that I wanted to shoot, and in less time than it takes to read this, had killed six, the number allowed by law, none of which fell fifty feet from the wagon road.

By the time I had their throats cut, the cannonading commenced on the south end of the mountain, and as it was somewhat foggy, I did not want



"Travelling Leisurely"

tered beauties lined up on its crest like a regiment of soldiers, the bald mountain, against the sky line, resembled a forest.

I left the house a few minutes before the other members of the party, and proceeded along the wagon road, and as I ascended the mountain I could see thousands of caribou on both sides of the road, some of them but a few yards away. I walked through the herd, never lifting my head to look at them, for experience has taught me that any animal or bird, the moment it knows that you have discovered its presence, will run or fly away from you, but by going along pretending not to have discovered them, they will stand still and watch you.

I did not want to commence shooting until I had reached the extreme

to take any chances of stopping a stray bullet, so took shelter behind a knoll until the firing had ceased. I then dressed the animals and dragged them to the road, and at 7.30 had all six in one pile on the road side. I then returned to the road house, where the sheriff and Mr. Emireaux soon turned up, and on comparing notes we found that each member of the party had the limit, excepting Mr. Ferguson, who later in the afternoon secured all that he wanted on the mountain west of the road house.

Nothing now remained but to get the animals killed a distance away, hauled to the road. To this end the sheriff and myself harnessed the horse and by taking the two seats off, converted our rig into an express wagon, and started up the mountain to get

the caribou to the road. While nearing the top of the mountain, the sheriff who was standing in the rig driving the horses, the place being very rough, lost his balance and fell forward striking the horses which frightened them into running away. As the sheriff fell they jumped into a run and the lines dragged him for upwards of twenty feet over the bare sharp rocks. The horses wheeled and started back down the mountain. I was a few yards behind at the time, and tried to head the horses off as they came towards me, but was unsuccessful, and on they went down the mountain.

As the sheriff did not move I hastened to where he was lying, and found him conscious but very badly

ing, and returned to where I had left the sheriff, and found to my relief that he had recovered sufficiently to walk away.

I found him at the road house, feeling very sore from head to heels. On examination we found that one rib was fractured.

By this time Mr. Emireaux who had taken up the search after the horses, returned having found them uninjured, about two miles down the ridge. In returning with the horses, Mr. E. unfortunately sprained his ankle, which laid him up for the time being.

Mr. Burdett who was still at the road house, and myself then proceeded with the horses to bring the caribou



Trails made in the Snow where the Herd Crossed: Some of these Trails were over 100 feet wide

shaken up. Although bleeding profusely from a cut inside the left ear, and complaining of severe pain in the back, I satisfied myself that he was not dangerously hurt, and leaving him in as comfortable a position as was possible under the circumstances, I hastened to see what had become of the horses. I could follow their tracks for a while, and found that instead of returning to the road house they had turned to the left and gone on down the ridges. Having followed the tracks for about a mile to a point where the snow had melted, where it was almost impossible to follow the track with any degree of certainty, and feeling somewhat concerned about the injured man I abandoned the search for the horses for the time be-

to the road. By this time the caribou who had left the mountain were beginning to return in small herds. When near the top of the mountain, a small caribou, probably a yearling, came running towards the horses. We remarked that when he got a whiff of the horses, he would likely take to his heels, but on he came until he was within a few feet of the team, when he stepped aside to allow us to pass, then followed us for about two hundred yards. I shall always regret that we did not have a camera at the time.

In due time we got the carcasses to the road, and returned to the house. Mrs. Van Cleve had, according to instructions, made several yards of bandage by sewing together strips of

linen, and with this I bandaged the sheriff's broken rib, and after eating a hearty dinner we harnessed up, and soon were on the road bound for home.

On the way to Dawson we could see bands of caribou on all the hills, and at places, alongside of the road. Often we would stop the horses to admire them.

One who has never seen these large caribou herds, cannot have any conception of the vast number comprising the herds. A very conservative estimate would place the number on the one mountain that morning, at three thousand and from a point near the ten mile to the thirty-four mile road house, a distance of over twenty miles, east and west, every hill was nearly covered with caribou, and how far north and south the herd extended

I am unable to say, but without exaggeration there must have been hundreds of thousands in these herds.

Although the sheriff's fractured rib was bandaged as tightly as was possible under the circumstances, yet he suffered considerable pain on the homeward trip, this being due to a great extent to the jolting of the wagon over the rough road. However we arrived home safely at 10.30 p.m. and at once made arrangements to send a team to bring our caribou to town the next morning.

The following morning the news spread like wild-fire and for the next ten days every man and woman who could get away, went, if not to kill, at least to have a look at, or secure a photograph of, a part of the great herd.

## THE HUNTER'S DREAM

DELAMOUR STUART

I heard the wolves cry far away,  
The wind-birds' wings above my head;  
I watched the red divide go gray,  
And made my lonely bed.

A blasted fir above me bent;  
Its boughs had seen a thousand storms;  
Its wrinkled trunk was warped and rent,  
Moss-matted were its arms.

The moon arose and stared at me  
Behind its silver bars;  
I looked above the blasted tree;  
The sky was full of stars.

A little wind went through my hair,  
And moaned above my head;  
It died away,—and I was 'ware  
Of someone near my bed.

My bed;—What bed?—In dreams I lay  
A little child once more;

The open window smelt of May;  
The birds sang o'er and o'er.

That form,—it was my mother dear,  
Who lives in Paradise;  
Her eyes were sweet, but full of fear;  
She called to me: "Arise!"

Her gentle hand had clasped me tight;  
Oh, earnest were her words:  
The world was full of golden light,  
The carolling of birds.

Then up I sprang,—and saw the moon  
In tempest o'er my head:  
The blasted tree fell crashing by  
Across my empty bed.

The fool hath said; "There is no God."  
But great is God to me;  
He sent my mother's soul abroad  
To save me from the tree.



A Typical Camp

## THE LITTLE LAKE OF THE BIG TROUT

Introducing Charles who put the "p" in sport and the Professor who holds unique ideas as to Fish and Fishing

S. E. SANGSTER

**T**HE trip was really an unpremeditated one, planned on the spur of the moment. I decided suddenly that a ten day visit to the Silences was just what was needing and, as it meant that every minute possible in the open itself precluded any delay in transit, I chose Algonquin Park's paddeways as my scene of action.

A telegram to the 'Professor' gleaned for me the information that he was agreeable "if the flies were not too bad"; so I said nothing about that aspect but merely told him to meet me at Joe Lake station the following Friday. Charley—let me introduce him here, gentle reader—was a product of Old England and the first and only Englishman I have discovered in the Canadian North who can really be classed as an efficient guide. But Charles possesses the genuine qualities of the ideal guide that cover a multitude of misfits in the others. Standing about five foot seven and a half inches, he is a lean, wiry man of

some forty years, with not an ounce of waste material on him and nothing but corded muscle. Up with dawn, he is game to work till long after dark; I have seen him tote a sixty pound dunnage bag and seventy pound canoe over the two mile portage to Crown lake and never stop till he lowered the load at the far end—and, believe me, that is more than most can claim. Well, anyway, I managed to get Charley engaged and that was all I wished in order to feel at peace with the whole world.

We met in due course at Joe Lake and spent the evening conspiring against the lives of some of the big grey trout of Lake Lemeure, which lay a day's steady cruise north of steel; the outfit and provision sacks lay packed for the hike. My own canoe had gone up ahead—an eighteen foot Guides' Special—and we had carefully selected and packed the dunnage to fit in the least space feasible. It was just the tail-end of May and only a few guests were at the

hotel. We sat in Mr. Merrell's private office and went over details. "Have they been taking the bait?" was my first query; apparently they had been biting pretty well, and I consequently put it up to Charley where we would cruise. As already stated, Lemeure was the lake chosen, because it lay off the regular route, and because Charley had often told me of the big trout that homed in its depths. So Lemeure it was: the Professor stayed out on the verandah and discussed with a kindred spirit the merits of "September Morn."

Breakfast over, we were off for the north by 9 o'clock. Charley occupied the stern and 'me' the bow; the Professor carefully curled his long legs up amidship and told Charles and myself the proper method (from a scientific standpoint) of catching the larger fish. We reached Island lake in good time and crossed to the portage into the Otter Slide lakes: a carry here of

some 300 yards proved troublesome to the Professor. Finally we got our first load over and Charley and I returned for the rest, leaving the Professor seated on a log admiring the scenery; thirty minutes later we returned with the stuff and oh how shocked I was to hear the language that was burning the atmosphere! The flies had, during our absence, made the Professor's acquaintance and apparently it was proving thoroughly to their satisfaction if not to his; he said he 'never thought of it' when I suggested that he should have built a smudge-fire; it sometimes seems that Science fails to suggest the right out-of-door move to eliminate the rough spots encountered.

Away we plugged to the upper end of the farther Otter Slide where we had lunch at the Ranger's Hut; another double portage and we were on the Petewawa, which for miles twists and turns, there being here good going and there shallow, with pull-overs around logs and bars that retard one's progress. Finally, however, we were over the worst of it and out into the big waters of White Trout from whence we duly passed into Longer Lake, shot the rapids into Red Pine and hurried over the portage into Lemeure. The shadows of night had quickly fallen and the stars had come out. It was a perfect early-summer night, silvered by a full moon.

Everything is piled on the sloping shore of the little island and all hands dig in to carry tote-bags, duffle and dunnage. The Professor, who is adverse to strenuous exercise in any form, strolls over to a grass-covered rock, lights his meerschaum pipe and gives himself over to reflections; he could sit with perfect comfort on the hardest rock and gaze enthralled with the scenery for an hour; the more work was going on elsewhere the deeper became the expression of peace and joy in his face. For undistilled placidity he had the Sphinx beaten a Canadian mile—and then some.

The tent was up, Charley had a fire going and a well-earned supper under preparation; the bough bed I made with material at hand from the forest



Charlie Took me to Nearby Lakelets where we Daily saw Deer

of balsam and pine in which we were camped. The ozone had that delightful tang imparted to it in its long journey from the farther North and tempered by the scent of the spruce and balsam; it is the greatest nerve tonic that exists. It was almost 11 p.m. when supper was over and things fairly ship-shape, so we called it a day's work and quit.

The sun was just tinting the east when Charley called me to see two beaver playing close to the rear of our little island home; the breakfast fire was snapping sparks upwards and the odor of frying bacon and boiling coffee smelled good to my palate. The Professor was still disturbing the peaceful quiet with the intermittent thunder of his snoring. We persuaded him, after a personal demonstration on my part, to get up for breakfast.

The sun gave promise of a fine day and midsummer's warmth. Be that as it may, it's about time to go fishing. I told Charley to complete camp arrangements, asked the Professor to put the gaff in the canoe and then started to rig up. I slipped two light rods together, put reels in place, rigged an Archer Spinner on my light rod and a spoon on the other, put the minnow-pail amidship and called on the Professor to take the stern paddle.

"Nothing doing" unprofessorily vociferated the long one of the pipe and immediately fell into the bow and curled up with his shanks stuck into the front end of the canoe. "I came up here to color my meerschaum and there's nothing for B. T. in the angling line until I see some fish."

I never knew before that the Professor was pig-headed, as well as born tired; when we went to college together he had, I knew, his peculiar idiosyncrasies but was amenable to persuasion—at least by the opposite sex. Argument being useless, I took up the burden myself and put out for the other shore. The dimpling waters of Lemure—which is one of the smallest and deepest lakes of the Park's 1200 odd paddleways—romped in an ecstasy of sunshine for about two miles between the green-clad hills.

The foliage of the birch and poplar was just unfolding, and the deeper green of the pine and balsam tinted the background and made a perfect setting for this jewel of a northern lake. Nothing broke the waterline save where rock ledges came tumbling out of the forest and crept into the crystal waters, losing themselves in the depths; in places the mountain shoreline stood straight up from twenty to forty feet and here I knew were the restaurants of the breakfast-seeking trout this early morning.

The genial B. T. (whom Charley always called *Professor* in a reverent manner in addressing him—with, often a wink over his port side to me) did a lot of unnecessary talking about the merits of a new smoking-mixture he had lugged along with him and with which he had been making some odoriferous experiments during the entire day before, and rudely laughed at my request for him to "trim ship"; he stands over six full-sized feet and when he tangles up those legs of his—he is about two-thirds legs—in the front-end of even an eighteen foot canoe, he looks like a bunch of fire-hose in a trough. But he is full of a genuine admiration for God's Outdoors and has the red-blooded man's love for the Open; many lazy people are that way.

I dropped overboard the shining silver minnow and worked out some 125 feet of Kingfisher twenty pound test silk line. The little Bristol was propped in front of me, its butt resting under my leg; the slender tip whipped back in a big curve as the weight of the bait and sinker drew downward. Slowly we slipped past the cliffs of granite; B. T. still discussed his new smoking find and admired the mountains in the farther distance.

*Snap—Biff*—the canoe stopped its headway as a vicious tug whipped the little steel tip downward; a high-sung buzz as the reel threw out line to the tune of about 150 revolutions per minute. "What the-h-l's that?"—the Professor *was* a wee bit excited. The line tightened and hissed as it swung in a curve out from the canoe; I gave

Mr. Trout liberty—lots of it—and he bored for the deepest hole he could find and then beat it for home. The Professor twisted his neck around like the rubber man, making at least two complete revolutions, completing the performance by dropping his beloved new meerschaum overboard.—“Soak him” he yelled—“let me take the rod”; now what do you think of a joke like that! He couldn’t have untangled himself from the bow under five minutes and I certainly did not care to have a swim just then. “Don’t get gay with him—reel him in—REEL IN—he’s coming up—LOOK OUT”—I caught snatches of his inane advice between times.

Now either the black-spotted salmon or the grey trout is a game fish and a genuine fighter from the drop of the hat; he performs deep down generally, not out of the water like a black bass or muskhlunge, but, believe me, gentle readers, he will with rare exceptions, especially in the cold waters of Algonquin Park, put up as pretty an argument on reasonably light tackle as you can ask. This fellow was doing all I could desire, in fact going a little beyond that in spasms. Between trying to keep B. T. sitting in the bottom of the canoe and prevent my fish from getting slack line, I was having a lively time.

“Holy Mackerel! LOOK what’s coming” fairly shouted the Professor, as the glistening, black-spotted sides of as pretty a trout as one could desire came twisting from the inky depths. “Where in Hades is that gaff?”—“Search Me,” says my friend, “but I don’t see it anywhere in the canoe.” “Look out and sit still” I shot at him, “I’m going to try and lift him-aboard”; I cautiously worked him up to the canoe’s side and slipped my hand down the line—up he came and his head is actually inboard when *snap*—the line has parted and I can see him yet as he limply slid back into the lake and quietly disappeared with my Spinner and leader into the depths beneath. CURSES! The Professor almost frothed at the mouth as he told me what he thought of myself, my ancestors and then myself

again. All because I had left it to *him* to put in the Clincher Gaff. I said he weighed fifteen pounds; B. T. says twenty and his guess is as good as mine. However, it’s always, I believe, good luck to lose your first fish, even a big one.

We went back to the upper end of the lake and the Professor, finally persuaded that there were fish, and BIG FISH at that, underneath, got out my other outfit with a substituted new Spinner and commenced telling me about his fishing qualifications and why he has been made a leading member of the Angler’s Club; he was cut off in the middle of his extract from “Who’s who in Fishdom” by a buzz from the little ‘Takeapart’ and forgot to conclude his historical exhortation; his long legs worked in sympathy with his hands and he actually indicated symptoms of fishing intelligence occasionally in pumping back line after each bore of the trout. Finally, after some twenty minutes, he brought up to my waiting hand at the stern a pretty grey trout of three and a half pounds which I carefully put my fingers into and lifted aboard; half an hour later we had three more that totalled an aggregate of twelve pounds. It was getting warm and we pointed toward our green island once again. We found Charley had pitched the two silk sleeping tents on better ground, with a fly over the ‘dining-room’ and was now busy with the potatoes for dinner; we quickly prepared some trout fillets to round out the meal.

Trout fried ‘*a la Charley*’, and no one can do it better, (although the Professor has a sneaking idea he can at least equal him, only is too lazy to try), baked potatoes, baked apples, tea and huge chunks of delicious bread and butter proved a sumptuous repast. After expressing his opinion of my handling of the big fish and telling just how I made him lose his beloved meerschaum, B. T. retired for his siesta. The afternoon wore gradually away; Charley and I put all the camp outfit in shape and finished up those many little details that have to be attended to when one purposes

living a week or two in a permanent camp. The sun edged towards the western mountains and the shadows silently crept from the shores. The Professor came to, stretched and yawned a few, then asked for a drink of water. When I reminded him the lake lay just twenty yards away on three sides of him, he went to sleep again, emerging in time for supper when Charley had it ready.

On dancing feet the burnt-gold sun ran down and hid his face, leaving, as it were, a goblin bon-fire on the great hearth of the horizon; as the sun-fire dimmed, the sky became a magic palette of color. Silently we sat smoking as the afterglow faded and the mantle of evening wafted quietly round about: the air cooled. We were in the spell of the open and we breathed deep contentment as we sat. The indoor man misses most that God made for his delight; it is the out-of-doors man that holds the secret of eternal youth.

"Half a mile below here" said Charley, "is Turtle Rock, where some of the great grand-daddies of all the trout in the Park lie at home." So I left the Professor reading some high-brow literature and slid the canoe into the water. As silently as the shadows lengthen towards the west at evening, we slipped quietly away; all was peace and solitude. A pair of parent loons slanted upward and with their racous neighs faded over the hills to another lake. With Charley at the stern, I rested with the little Bristol spinning its line astern. Past Turtle Rock we floated—a huge mass of rock with a flat piece of granite balancing on its top. A tentative pull, then a strike that fairly made the reel scream. "I've bottom", said I, "Bottom nothing" replied Charley—"it's 200 feet deep here! Pump him up a little and start something." He sulked and hung back and with the slender tip I could do little in the way of forcing; then he beat it at an angle of forty degrees toward the middle of the lake and took out another fifty feet, though I put all the drag on the line I dared. Back and forth we fought it out; now I would gradually

take up fifty or more feet; again he would bore and regain all the liberty he had lost. For a good half hour we argued the matter and it was getting to be a question whether my arms and wrists would give out before the fish. Finally, however, I saw his spotted sides as he showed up beneath us and gradually I drew him upward to the point where Charley could clamp the jaws of the Clincher gaff on his sides. It was all over and he lay in the canoe a perfect beauty of a black-spotted salmon trout, full-girthed and massive; in camp an hour after, he drew down our pocket scales to fourteen pounds. The sport is worth going a long journey for; I say Charley '*put the 'p' in s'p'ort,*' because he has put me over bigger fish than any other guide, red or white. The Professor was quite convinced by now that Lemeure really did home some *real* fish.



"Charley—who has put me over more big fish than any other Guide—white or red"

A week passed as quickly as only a week can go by in the open. Never did we take more fish than we could use for the table. Daily we ate trout in all possible culinary forms—I can eat grey trout as a steady diet longer than any other fish, not even excepting speckled trout or bass. B. T. actually became so enthusiastic he offered once to paddle, but it was on an occasion when he was *certain* his offer would be declined. He caught fish and slept between times. Charley took me to nearby lakelets where we daily saw deer and other species of wild life inhabiting the Park. We lived the simple life, fished and got our health back. No one came to bother us. We were as much alone in the Silences as though a thousand miles from steel—yet we were not more than forty miles off the railway as the canoe travelled. All around us was unspoiled silence and beauty, with the sunshine sifted through the trees, trout of all sizes all round us—the fattest, gamiest lake and salmon trout I ever caught. Not in any water in Canada can one find a larger percentage of gamier, consistent fighters, day in and day out than in this little lake of big trout. Even the Professor forgot his grouch against the flies and mosquitoes at times long enough to become really enthusiastic.

All too soon came the day we had to strike the tents and hike out to the steel south of us; I believe even the Professor felt a tinge of regret when we dropped the little island out of sight as the portage path bent over the hill.

I give you on the different pages of this little skit pictures that you may see something of what we saw and what we did. If they appeal to you, go and do likewise; there are some 1200 paddeways in this immense lakeland and ninety-five per cent. of these waters are the homes of the grey and black-spotted salmon trout and many of them of the speckled trout or of the small-mouthed black bass as well. If you care for the air, the earth and the lakelets as God made them, with the flowers He flung into the scene and the trees as He set them up

in their splendid chaos, then you stand to find nearest your ideals in these vast Silences—with such fishing as I have, in my poor way, attempted to describe providing a tangible reason for leaving the grind of the 'civilized' city. Trespass when you will; your vacation will prove the one and only real vacation—one that registers plus—sending you home with the cobwebs swept away and with renewed energy, added vim and a truer appreciation of your fellow-men. Again I say *Trespass*—in the words of Charlie "This is livin'".

### Four Blue Foxes at Pritchard's Lake, N. B.



We are indebted to Miss Margarita Pritchard of "Pritchard's Lake," near Campbellton, N. B., for a snapshot of four blue foxes, inmates of the Restigouche Fox Ranch which is situated near Pritchard's Lake. At the time of writing Miss Pritchard said there were sixteen blue foxes in captivity, ten splendid cross foxes and sixteen reds. Miss Pritchard, herself, looked after this fox family for a month during the summer and stated that they were all quite tame.

# ANGLING NOTES

H. MORTIMER BATTEN

## *The Intelligence of Trout*

THERE is no doubt that the intelligence of fish is rather higher than most anglers seem to imagine. As to whether a trout is capable of reasoning, as we understand the word, is an open question, but that they can and do recognize certain individuals anyone who has closely studied their habits will readily agree.

I remember one case in point. An extremely large trout took up his lie by the pier of a bridge within a few yards of the writer's front door. The children played each evening along the bank, only a few feet from him, and very often amused themselves by aiming pebbles at his capacious flanks. These things troubled not in the least, and it became a regular practice for idlers, lolling over the parapet above, to drop disabled flies, maggots and other dainties into the water, to the evident appreciation of the fish below.

In spite of his apparent tameness, however, the old trout was remarkably wise. One had only to protrude the end of a walking stick six inches over the parapet and he took hiding instantly. Though the children might play on the bank for hours without alarming him the sight of an angler, equipped with rod and landing net, sent him darting without delay for some secure retreat below.

After all, there is nothing particularly remarkable about this. The fish have been persecuted by the wielders of rod and line just as many other wild creatures have been persecuted by powder and shot. The old crow, leading his fellows home from their feeding ground, passes over the head of the housewife within easy range, but should he espy her spouse walking gun in hand across the next field, he utters a warning caw-caw, and the whole colony swerves so as to pass well out of range. The crow has learnt that the man with the gun is a

creature to be avoided; the trout has learnt that when the man with the fishing rod appears it is best to wriggle under an adjacent rock. Once in his life, in all probability, the old leader of the crow colony felt the sting of shot. Ever since the sight of a man with a gun has been associated in his mind with that unpleasant experience. There are few trout in our popular rivers that have not struggled at the end of a line or at any rate been pricked at one time or another. In that moment of fear they beheld a man of singular appearance, for he carried a long wand in one hand and a curious vertical article in the other. They could not help beholding him as the line became taut, and ever since, the appearance of a similar individual wakes in their mind the horror of being hooked. It is not necessarily that they fear the man himself; it is the combination of man, rod, and landing net that they fear, for the ordinary waysider may pass them by apparently unnoticed.

Let those who go a-fishing equipped with newly varnished rod and an outfit so conspicuous that they can be recognized as anglers a mile away, take a hint from all this. The fish know the angler, and shun him. The old hand does not use a rod which flashes in the sunlight. Nothing frightens educated fish more than the sight of a fishing rod, and rods with a bright finish flash brilliantly when the light catches them at a certain angle. During sunset I have many times located a fisherman by the flash of his rod, though he himself might have escaped notice and what catches the human eye is likely to catch the eye of the fish also. A coat of dead green paint does not look particularly smart, but it enables the angler to escape observation where a brighter outfit would inevitably betray his presence.

I have had under my observation for some time past a small trout

hatchery and rearing ponds, and it is surprising to note how readily the small trout, many of them not more than two inches in length, learn to recognize certain individuals. When the man who feeds them peers through the wire mesh, wearing his rough everyday suit, they swim up to meet him, as it were, and scores of them are to be observed within a cubic yard of water. But take a stranger with you to show him round the yearling or two-yearling pond, and in all probability you will have difficulty in pointing out a mere half dozen fish. They vanish mysteriously and are not to be seen at the presence of a stranger. Further—when the man who feeds them turns up in his Sunday blue and drops the chopped up liver through the wires, he knows that the more timorous of the fish will not come to feed till he is gone, because he is wearing a strange suit. This is not fiction but fact. The young trout in the rearing ponds recognize their keeper as readily as domestic chicks, so it goes without saying that the older fish in the rivers, who have to fend for themselves, soon recognize those who are a source of danger to them.

There are other fish less timorous and less intelligent than trout, just as there are other birds less intelligent and less timorous than the old crow, but in all rivers where the rod is wielded to any extent the fish learn to recognize the angler. One often hears of an exceptionally large trout being taken by a small boy, after baffling half a generation of experienced anglers. Are these instances of folly on the part of the trout or are they examples of much learning? The old fish know that the creature to be feared is not the small boy fishing with the hazel twig. Him they simply do not recognize as a possible source of danger. It is the angler with the eleven foot rod, and the landing net that experience has taught them to evade.

The man who gets the most fish is not usually he who purchases his tackle at some expensive and fashionable outfitter's. He is possibly the

local joiner or house decorator. When his day's work is done he hurries from home in his working clothes for an hour or so of sport and quietude at the river side. His outfit is not of the best. His rod possesses an abominable squeak, his reel was yours or mine—given to him six years ago. To-day we wonder how we ever fished with such an article. In short, he is by no means a conspicuous individual, and might be mistaken for an ordinary idler, rather than an industrious angler. But he is a nature lover and a sportsman, and in busier hours we call to mind with pleasure the time we spent with him, chatting at the river side. We learnt much—how much we did not realize at the time—and so long as he is conscious of our ignorance we shall learn more. But when we have learnt enough—then he will be silent.

#### *Hints in Casting.*

During the summer months it is the custom with most wet fly fishers to fish down stream, as this enables the angler to throw a good length of line and thus approach his fish from a distance. The line should be thrown diagonally across the current and allowed to drift with the stream in a half circle till almost directly below the angler, care being taken at this juncture to keep the end of the rod well up, so that, should a rise occur, its full pliability comes into use. Providing the angler casts well above the rising fish, very little persuasion on his part will be necessary to guide the flies over the desired spot.

It is never wise to drag or jerk the flies over the surface, thereby attempting to give them a life-like motion. If we observe the live insect on the water we find there is very little movement about him. Poised on delicate legs he drifts with the tide, whirling here into a tiny backwash, pausing again on the very verge of the central race, and finally passing from view none the worse, perhaps, for his giddy escapades. He is such a delicate insect that each little eddy alters his course, so it would seem that to imitate his movements is not, after

all, a very strenuous matter. Just enough strain should be kept on the line to prevent slackness, and in no case should the flies be jerked up or across the current—except when a strong wind is blowing, and the live insects are observed to be travelling contrary to the stream. Even then it is not always judicious, as in all probability the flies the angler is fishing are not taken by the fish in mistake for the actual insect on the surface. In dry fly fishing it is the dry insect on the surface we attempt to represent, while the wet fly is usually taken by the fish in mistake for the newly hatched insect drifting upwards from the river bed, that has not yet reached the top.

On hot still days, when insect life is abundant and there is plenty of feed on the water, the angler who uses a small dry fly, casting it skillfully up and across the stream, and allowing it to drift under the bushes and into the shady corners, is likely to enjoy better sport and to procure better fish than the man who casts a long line down stream. In fishing sluggish stretches also, or in fishing narrow creeks overgrown with timber, it is generally advisable to cast up stream, otherwise only one half of the water is covered to advantage.

Unquestionably it is a mistake to throw a long line unless there is some obvious benefit to be derived in doing so. When evening comes on, and the shimmer on the surface of the water prevents the fish from seeing his approach, the angler is far more likely to attain success by fishing slowly up stream with a short line than by fishing a long line in the opposite direction. He will have both line and fish well under his control, and will not be so likely to bungle a rise through not seeing the movement soon enough.

The "hearing" of fish is very keen, and the man who wades noisily and in the wrong places not only spoils his own chances of success, but those of the angler who comes after him. I believe that the overfished problem in many of our rivers would never have risen had anglers appreciated in the first place the import-

ance of careful wading. The slightest vibration in the water is sufficient to put the fish on the alert and prevent them from taking a lure readily, though they may not visibly be alarmed.

An important factor to be taken into account when deciding whether to fish up or down stream is the position of the sun. Never fish in the same direction as your shadow is pointing, for in that direction the fish can see you against the light. All this, of course, is known to the old hand, but to the tyro such hints may be of value.

A point of considerable importance, and one which seldom receives the attention it deserves, is the correct holding and handling of the fly rod. The baseball player who develops an awkward style seldom becomes famous. Fishermen are not usually coached, and consequently develop various styles, some of which, practice has shown, are better than others.

Holding the rod in the right hand and the line in the left, the fingers of the left hand should grasp the line midway between the reel and the first guide, so that slackness can be taken in or line paid out at a moment's notice. Thus in landing a fish it is not necessary to change hands and resort to the reel—an altogether clumsy manoeuvre; the line can quickly be drawn in by the left hand and held from running out by the fingers of the right, while with a length of free line always handy the fish can be played with much greater ease. In fishing up stream the line can be kept taut thus with the rod in a permanent position—greatly reducing the likelihood of mishap should the fish, on feeling the hook, race unexpectedly towards the angler while the rod is still held back in the act of striking.

In casting, no advantage is to be gained by bringing the arm and shoulder into motion, as will at once be seen by anyone who can recall their earliest lessons in physics. I remember one old hand, who in instructing his pupils, made them stand with their elbow resting on a post

while they practised casting, so that they could not bring the arm into use. Except when fishing with a heavy rod, the movement should be imparted solely by the wrist, the elbow resting naturally against the body, the forearm held in the most comfortable position.

But however well the angler may cast, his activities are of little practical use unless he is equipped with his proper flies. This is too lengthy a subject, of course, to deal with here. It is a fairly safe rule to fish small flies when the water is clear and the feed can easily be seen, and large flies when the water is colored or as dusk comes on. Fancy flies sometimes kill when the water is crowded with feed and the fish can gorge themselves with the natural bait.

It is useless to carry a large assortment of flies which only puzzle the angler and bewilder the fish. Many fishermen use the same flies throughout the season with deadly effect, and having learnt from past experience which flies kill best, this is perhaps the wisest plan to adopt. There is seldom any advantage to be gained by making constant changes; if the fish will not look at the old favorites it is best to find a comfortable seat, light a large pipe, and listen to the Whisky Jacks till a change takes place.

"What bait do you use?" said the Saint to the Devil.

"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"

"Well, for special tastes," said the King of Evil,

"Gold and Fame are the best, I've found."

"But for general use?" asked the Saint. "Ah! then,"

Said the demon, "I angle for man, not men.

And a thing I hate

Is to change my bait.

So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

#### *Hair or Gut for Creek Fishing?*

As many enquiries have recently arisen among Canadian anglers regarding the merits of hair casts for

creek fishing in comparison with gut, the experience of one who has given both a thorough trial may be interesting to readers of *ROD AND GUN*.

Let me say in the first place that my angling career began at the tender age of nine. For the eight succeeding years I lived on the very brink of a laughing Scottish burn, where gut was regarded as a luxury used only by the outside world, and where judiciously selected hair answered all our needs. A few old hands had seen gut casts in use, but reckoned naught of them except for salmon fishing. Hair was the thing for brook trout—gut was too limp. Since then I have fished many waters, which lay far beyond the blue hills that marked our skyline, and though I have fished many weird and wonderful tackles, both in this country and in Norway, I still stand steadfast in the belief that hair is infinitely preferable to gut for use in the waters where the fish do not exceed a pound and a half in weight.

Gut has many faults, the chief of which is its limpness. I remember well my first day's fishing with a gut cast. I formed my opinion of gut in comparison with hair very soon, and since then a prolonged experience has only gone to strengthen that opinion.

A dry-fly expert induced me to give gut a thorough trial, so I proceeded forthwith to lay in a stock of 4 x undrawn. I mounted some droppers on slightly stouter gut, and everything ready sallied forth with high hopes.

Trouble soon began, however. The fish were rising freely, but time after time I found myself missing them. They did not appear to be coming short, and were rising at the middle dropper. I put a fly of the same dressing on the tail, and commenced at once to get fish with it, though I still missed many on the dropper.

The reason of this was obvious. The very fine gut it is necessary to use for small fish becomes so limp when soaked that the dropper comes in contact with the cast immediately the line is held taut. When fishing fine gut it can constantly be noticed that when the line is drawn out of the

water the droppers have become hitched up to the cast, or even tangled round and round it. Thus, when a fish rises, he touches either the cast or the gut of the dropper, which startles him, and causes him to come short. Even should he rise at the fly with a will he has difficulty in getting hold of it unless it is floating quite freely, as he pushes it away from him as he comes up to the top. Moreover a hitch of this sort doubtless prevents many fish from rising at the lure, for though a single strand of gut may be practically invisible to them, two strands hitched up together cause a slight disturbance in the water and cause the fish to be suspicious.

Many anglers affirm that nothing can be less visible than fine undrawn gut, but practical experience proves otherwise. Hair, though perhaps not particularly fine, is absolutely colorless. I am convinced that better results are obtained from fishing hair. Not only are fewer fish missed, but more are risen. This statement is not made solely from opinion, but from practical experiment. Many times have I proved it to my own satisfaction, while other anglers with whom I am familiar, and who have years of practical experience with both to their credit, are of the same opinion. I say without hesitation, therefore, that fine hair is less visible to the fish than any gut yet on the market.

Why? Because gut possesses a highly polished surface which reflects the light. No doubt every angler has noticed that occasionally his cast shines brightly as it drifts over the surface of the water. True that the fish regard the cast from an entirely different standpoint, but there is a certain amount of light reflected from the river bed which in shallow water would doubtless cause the cast to shine from below even as it shines from above.

Anglers who throw a very long line complain that with hair they are constantly whipping off their tail fly. Had they learnt first to fish with hair they would not encounter this difficulty, which can easily be overcome by fishing tail flies mounted on gut.

On a windy day it is often difficult to prevent a fine gut cast from tangling, owing to its limpness, and when once properly tangled it is probably of little further use when at length disenravelled, as it will have become frayed in places. This fraying is one of the main disadvantages of gut. One sallies forth with a new cast, but soon it becomes slightly frayed, though not quite so badly as to render it useless. The result is that one fishes with imperfect tackle half the time, which can be seen by the fish. Finally the cast breaks at a knot, where it was worse frayed than imagined, and both flies and fish go.

Hair seldom tangles, owing to its stiffness and clean surface, and should it do so it is easily shaken out. It does not fray or wear, and if stored with reasonable care will keep indefinitely. Let me say that I have fished the same hair cast through a whole season, taken no less than four hundred fish on it, the largest a grayling of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. This I mention merely for the sake of comparison.

One great advantage hair possesses over any other sort of tackle is the ease with which it is tied. The knots do not draw tight or jam, and consequently can easily be opened with the thumb and finger nails. It can be tied dry, without the preliminary trouble of soaking.

Unquestionably the best way of securing droppers is by the old slip knot arrangement, through which the knot end of the dropper is passed and finally locked in a right-angle position by the tightening of the slip knot. This device cannot be used satisfactorily with gut, as the knot locks, and if opened causes fraying at the joint. There is really no way of securing droppers to a gut cast so satisfactory as the slip knot arrangement, which again places a premium upon hair.

Of course, to condemn gut would be absurd, and as previously stated we recommend hair for creek fishing only. It was used by the Indians centuries before gut was invented, and is used by scores of old anglers to-day who by their fellow-fishermen are perhaps regarded as out of date,

but who are by no means behind the times in the number of fish they take.

The chief difficulty lies in procuring good hair. Not one horse in a score produces the proper sort. It should be round, and without grayish patches which show weakness and a liability to stretch. Roll the selected strand between the finger and thumb to ascertain whether or not it is round. The flats will be felt at once. Do not stretch it to test its strength, for when hair is once stretched all the nature is taken out of it, and it will not straighten out. The only way to test a hair cast for strength is with the rod; attach the trail fly to some staple object and strike, as though striking a fish. Any

weakness will thus be located, and no injury done to the cast.

A hair cast should not be joined straight to the line, as with a gut cast, for it is too light. At the top of the cast—that is, between the single strand of hair and the line—should be about eighteen inches of waterline, made from three or more strands of ordinary hair twisted or platted together. Black hair may be used for this purpose, though the strands should be of even length, otherwise they will stretch unevenly and cause slackness. In making up the cast, take care to have a good space between the tail fly and the first dropper as this much facilitates straight casting.

## A British Columbia Small Game Reserve

A. P. CUMMINS

**T**HIS reserve is at Sardis, B. C., and comprises about 500 acres. It is mainly for pheasants and consists of hop fields, grain and pasture lands, with some thirty acres of bush. A stream runs through its centre. Here the wood ducks bring their broods, a long back water threads its way into the bush and heavy timber. From the early part of September, teal and mallard use this as a resting and feeding place. Since this has been a reserve, some five years, no shooting has been allowed. The ducks have usurped the back water as their own, and get very tame. When put up at one end of the pond they fly to the other and settle again, refusing to be driven out. We raise pheasants by hand; some are allowed their liberty here, others are sent to different parts of British Columbia for change of blood. In the pens are pure Mongolian, Old English-Black Neck and three-quarter Mongolian pheasants.

Originally the pure Chinese Coast pheasant was turned out in British Columbia some twenty years ago. This bird is a runner trusting to his legs every time. The Mongolian pheasant coming from Siberia, is a hardy bird more or less used to snow. He depends on his wings for safety. The cross which the game enthusiasts have been waiting for has resulted in a bigger bird, hardier and instead of running, lays well to dogs and flies strong. During the open season not a shot is fired, if possible, on the reserve. From the opening day, October 15th, for pheasants, birds keep coming in in strings, some of the cocks more or less the worse for wear. Once they cross the line they are safe, as far as we are able to keep them. After a while several hundred birds get on the reserve. When flushed they all beat it

back into the reserve realizing they are safe here. One of the main things in holding a good head of game, is to keep down the vermin, that is all animals and birds that prey on game. Some fifty domestic cats that have taken up a wandering life meet their end, over two hundred house rats and about the same number of crows. Some eighty to a hundred muskrat, a stray mink, eight to nine weasel, a dozen skunk and civet cat, and a few hawks. Cats and house rats are shot and trapped all the year. Every winter a wild cat or 'coon comes in. Bodies of partly eaten birds are found and the slaughter goes on until the intruder is shot or trapped. Crows are shot in the spring, a dead cat being placed in an old nest. This soon brings the crows who try to oust the cat. So content are they on this, that several shots can be fired into the thick of them. After killing a number they realize the deception and fade away.

All kinds of small birds, such as wax wings, orioles, grosbeaks, wood robins, wrens, golden crested and others, feed in the willows along the creek. Here they gather for the autumn flight south. The little pigmy owl, not much bigger than a sparrow, sits on a bough almost within hands' reach, as you pass through the bushes. The blue jays are good scouts giving warning by their shrill screaming, of trespassers human or otherwise.

After the first few weeks of shooting are over many of the birds stray out as things quiet down, giving sport to the end of the season. When the spring comes there are enough birds in the reserve to stock the adjoining country, but many of them prefer to stay and raise their broods where they have been protected during the winter.

# FISHING NOTES

## Black Bass—King of the Lakes (Article 3)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE reel is undeniably the foremost feature of importance in the make-up of the bait-caster's outfit. I once used a wooden stick that I had cut for a rod, to which was fastened the reel and it worked well and even as good as some of the numerous rods that have passed through my hands in all the time I have specialized in the capture of the black bass. In trout fishing the reel is rather insignificant and is made but to hold the line; but in bait casting it does the work and if you have a poor running reel you cannot properly get the most pleasure out of the pastime. A good reel is a luxury and a poor one is an abomination if there ever was anything like that name. As a rule beginners will purchase the very cheapest things they can lay hands on and as a consequence they get just what they are hunting for—poor sport. To begin at the bottom and work up is all right but to do this work with the best of material is something that should not be lost track of. And in the end the inevitable thing comes to pass—you invest in a good reel as a matter of course. Why not do so in the beginning? In speaking of the need of a perfect reel I will not bother you with a write-up extolling the supreme virtues of the highly finished appliances which have been accorded the very best of skilled workmanship; and therefore are high priced as a matter of course. When I here make mention of a high priced reel, understand that I mean one listing at from thirty to fifty dollars. Such a reel cannot be spoken poorly of; it is in a class by itself; but it is far and beyond the pocket-book of the low salaried man, or the man of moderate means, which I always try and write for, sometimes with success. There are men who will hold their breath when a six or a ten dollar reel is mentioned, but these are in reality the so-called low-priced reels and they should be given the best of consideration. At the expenditure of five dollars the beginner is able to procure for himself a reel that will last him for years if it is given the best of care and is not allowed to lie wet and rust and clog up with sand. A reel, a good reel, should be taken care of much as a watch is taken care of; and when oiled and thoroughly wiped out it will last years. I have had one reel for six years and it is still in the best of condition. I have proven that a well made low-priced reel can live up to its guarantee. Most low-priced reels list at from five to six dollars, but others reach the ten dollar mark. I will tell you why the beginner should not in the beginning fit himself out with a very high priced reel. Such a reel will get beyond the thumb and will always produce the exasperating backlash, which is nothing more or less than an over-running of the line, the reel revolving too fast to take in the line. Every beginner must go through the backlash stage. It is inevitable. But to guard against this a reel should be procured that is not too smooth

working and yet which will move with ease and simplicity. There are five or six reels, of the low-price standard on the market, put out by representative makers, that are all that one would ask for the money and good enough for the best angler. There is one reel, and perhaps one reel alone fitted for bait casting and that is the quadruple multiplying reel; or, one having four revolutions of the handle to one turn of the handle. The single action reel does not have any place at all in the category of bait casting reels; it is meant mostly for trout fishing, and a trout fishing outfit. Simplicity should be the keynote of the true bait casting reel; that is, simplicity of construction; one of as few parts as possible, with no detrimental side features to act as an encumbrance. The reel that catches the eye the most, and is desired most, in these days, is the simple reel. Others are gradually being abandoned, giving place to ones of more modern construction. For example here is a reel that may be taken apart in an instant, practically, and as quickly screwed together. How different the reel of many and various parts. It is taken apart very often and frequently cannot be put together again by the owner. Screws, bolts, rivets and what-nots have not a place in the modern reel. The more simple it is the better. There are reels made to take apart and others that are not meant to be taken apart. The latter, if purchased should not be bothered with; it has its place for the insertion of the oil and that is all that is necessary. Good reels have a reputation behind them. Get a reel that has proven to be a winner, remembering that the most simple one is the one you should include in your outfit, for it is the best to learn with and being of fairly good running order is sure to be a success. There are reels as low in price as fifty cents; brass winches that were dead before they were made. Yet we often see beginners industriously endeavoring to learn with such inferior contrivances. The two dollar reel is better but it is poor in comparison with the five dollar affair. Never invest your money in poor stuff, it can do you no good. There are reels made of nickel and rubber; and some all rubber; some rubber and German silver; some all German silver; German silver is a quality of material that makes for the best when used in reels. It has a recognized reputation for wear and a lot of it. It should, in the writer's opinion, be given signal preference over all other brands. I will not condemn the nickle reels they are all right but they are as nothing compared with a five or six dollar German silver reel put out by an acknowledged reputable maker. A smooth running reel may be detrimental to the beginner's initial success. To safeguard against this we have a certain reel provided with a sort of wire in front of the reel, lying along one of the cross bars, under which the line lies. When a cast is made the wire is forced up and

when the impetus of the bait is lost and shows signs of falling to the water the wire gradually sinks down upon the line and finally lies close to the bar thus protecting the line from over-running. It is a notable departure and certainly is the reel for the beginner who has not the time and patience to work out his bait casting destiny with the average non-backlash reel. There are several non-backlash reels on the market and they are all worthy of your attention. We have what is known as the self thumbers; they are good reels but the one thing against all these appliances is that it cuts down the work to a nothing. If it was not for the work that goes along with the learning, there would be no pleasure to the pastime. But as I have said they are notable features and well worth the money asked. There is one reel manufactured by a middle west firm that is especially notable for its non-backlash features and which is made of aluminum, being so light that it seems like nothing when lifted in the hand. With this reel one is able to make long casts with the additional feature in its favor that it is perfectly noiseless. Now there are reels on the market that when you cast with them they emit a sound like a threshing-machine in full operation. While I will not go as far as some who are writing in various outdoor magazines upon how to outfit, and say that it scares the fish, still for all that it is a detriment to the line running smoothly. The handle should revolve easily; if heavy and wobbly it dulls the perfect revolution of same, therefore making the life of it much shorter. Lightness, simplicity, few parts, neatness, good working order and durability; these are features you should look for when making your purchases. It may be a simple thing to select a reel but to select a good one is quite another matter. You will think possibly that I seem to be placing too much importance upon making this purchase. Angling, however, is one of the foremost pleasures in this world and to get the best there is in it of pleasure the material things must be regarded at their full worth. Remember to get a good reel, one priced at from five to six dollars; take good care of this reel when you have purchased it, remembering to oil it with good oil. Three-In-One oil is preferable among all other grades for its softness and all pervasive influence. Never take a reel apart that is not meant to be taken apart. It is notable that such a reel sometimes will never act the same after it is again put together; there will always be noticed a dullness of movement, even a grating of the cogs and wheels in their sockets. I have before this mentioned the construction of the reel. Now the end caps of these reels, the good, low-priced reels, are provided with jewels upon which the fine ends of the central shaft revolves. The admission of these jewels improves the smooth working of the reel and helps in more than one way to make the reel soundless and almost perfectly so. Although I will not go so far as to say that reels not provided with jewels cannot be soundless. The average reel has both the drag button and the click button. On some alone the click is in evidence; if the click is a strong one no drag is necessary; but if the click is weak in power

the drag is almost a necessity for in some cases when a large fish is caught the drag must be put on to slow him up, and here the click would not suffice.

Following is the summing up of the bait casting outfit:

I. A good rod of steel. Length, from five and a half to six feet. Hand-grasp of solid cork; reel seat firm, with or without the finger pull or the screw device; the rod being firm more or less to the centre of same, and from the centre to the tip having a merging pliancy. Guides, medium in size, the tip guide and the reel guide provided with agate lining. Price four dollars.

II. A good reel; quadruple multiplying in action; a long barrel in preference to the short barrel for the reason that more line may be admitted without tangling and getting mixed up. Preference in material: German Silver. Dull, or satin finished the best; flashy reel often scares fish. Cap jewels to improve working order of reel. Simplicity and durability aimed for. For the beginner a non-backlash reel is recommended, say priced at five dollars.

III. A good line; soft braided silk line the best; a perfect example, the Kingfisher lines; something light and yet tested to a strain of from ten to fifteen pounds; flexible; soft; durable. Price, two dollars.

Cost of the outfit minus the baits eleven dollars; being a good outfit and one worthy of the best attention.

How To Cast From a Free Reel: Bait casting from a free reel may seem infinitely easy to the beginner but when he has actually cast a few times the bad points and the good points will be sure to crop up. Slip on your reel upon the reel seat; lock it firm; run the line through the guides; fasten on your bait or something as heavy as the bait with which you are going to cast. Let your bait hang about six inches down from the tip. Place your thumb on the spooled line to hold it. Swing with rod back and bring it forward more or less even with your shoulder, the tip slightly raised so as to give the line height. When the rod has reached its furthest forward extremity, release the thumb upon the spool and let the line run out. Watch the bait sailing through the air; note the slacking down of same as it loses its impetus and the bait shows signs of falling to the water. Then gradually press your thumb down upon the core, but just slowly, finally pressing it down firm, thus stopping it. As soon as the bait falls to water begin to reel in and reel slowly, never fast. Repeat the performance, keeping your nerves composed, your mind keen. Educate your thumb, your invaluable thumb. It should understand the reel and its movements perfectly. If you have a reel that runs very smoothly then you must understand that you must press the thumb down that much the sooner, but with a great deal more calculation.

The above cast is known as the side cast. The overhead cast is the most worthy of all methods of casting. By the use of the overhead cast one may line his aim very correctly, and reach his mark more readily than by the hazardous side cast. The rod is simply

brought straight up, lined from the right shoulder and is brought back to about forty-five degrees backward when it is brought forward. The overhead cast is hard to manipulate but it will bring results. When in among the pads where to strike in a little open

pocket is demanded, the overhead cast cannot be equalled. Here again one must know the reel and its working capacity. If it is very smooth working the thumb must be aware of it and be so gauged that it will press down just correctly to meet the demand.

## WINTER FISHING IN MANITOBA

J. D. A. EVANS

UPON the great waterway, Lake Winnipeg, winter fishing forms a means of livelihood for many families. During the Manitoba wintry season the taking of fish has been an occupation of a somewhat hazardous nature, and many of those participating in the catch have narrowly escaped with their lives, the danger having been caused by the action of the ice which became loosened from the main mass. The work of procuring the fish is arduous. In the average season the ice on the lakes attains a thickness of more than three feet, a fact which would at once go to show that considerable preliminary work is required to be done before it becomes possible to set the nets. A visit to the fishing grounds of Lake Winnipeg reveals much that is of interest. Upon the shores of lonely islands a few shanties are to be seen, their occupants being men who for several weeks are removed from the whirl of the city and town and who for this length of time dwell amidst the quiet of the winter northland. From shortly before sunrise the fisherman plies his craft, lifting the nets, removing the many tullabee, etc. captured. Perhaps during the day a teamster may pay a visit to the camp as he journeys from some fishing station on some solitary island en route to Gimli, a trip of several days, and at which town, composed chiefly of industrious Icelanders, he is able to secure railway transportation for his load of fish.

But it is of fishing in the smaller bodies of water that the writer desires chiefly to speak, the lakelets and streams to which the angler betakes himself. There are innumerable places in Manitoba at which the sport can be obtained, and a few simple methods by means of which the angler may be assured of success. As an example of an excellent fishing resort we may mention Rock Lake, a beautiful waterway that is flanked by sylvan green clad hills. From the Pembina River, in the vicinity of this lake, many thousands of pike have been taken during the last two months, (November and December.) For some years the continued absence of fish could not be understood. Various conjectures were made as to the cause of

the dearth. Many people were of the opinion that the great depth of the ice formation was the cause. Others considered that lack of water in the river was answerable. But during the year 1913 the true reason of the finny famine was ascertained when a dam across the Pembina River at Walhalla, North Dakota, collapsed, with the result that myriads of fish migrated to the higher reaches of the stream. The population of towns and rural districts in the neighborhood fished this last fall to their hearts' content and not alone from territory adjacent did the anglers arrive, but auto loads of fishermen from localities within the bordering States were observed to be participating in this fish harvest. Frequently the busy farmer, freed from his laborious efforts in the harvest field, drove to Pembina and varied his daily diet by a dish of pike which for epicurean quality cannot be surpassed. It was not an unusual sight to witness the small prairie near Rock Lake assume the appearance of a huge garage, while the adjacent wood was the stamping ground for many teams. The man with a pole in his hand was to be seen everywhere, likewise he of the net, though the latter is a detrimental method of fishing and one which must eventually produce disastrous results.

In the middle of November the ice arrived upon the scene. The array of anglers, however, did not diminish; neither did the nets the use of which might have continued sine die. But a Nemesis in the person of an Inspector arrived at the locality; consternation reigned, while the parting view obtainable of the government official's motor car revealed the vehicle laden with nets, wire netting, spears, etc. indicative of the fact that his activities on Pembina's banks had not been in vain.

For the remainder of the winter season the fisherman has the laborious task of cutting through the ice which by this time has attained considerable thickness and even when he has done so he does not always secure his fish for there are times when every conceivable bait fails to lure the fish.

# ALONG THE TRAP LINE

## Beaver, Otter and Bear

GEORGE J. THIESSEN

**T**HE three animals named in this article are ones with which the amateur naturally would have very little to do. In many states of the United States, these fur bearers are extinct and where the beaver is found, it is usually protected by law. The bear inhabits only the more unsettled portions of America.

The beaver resembles the muskrat in appearance, and can be taken in practically the same sets. However, it is more cunning. Generally speaking, pelt hunters have two classes of these animals; those that live in the banks and those who build houses. Where the water is shallow, mud homes are built; where the water is deep, dens are made. Beaver dens are found generally upon small rivers and creeks, rarely upon large streams. Dams are built of trees, mud, etc. The food of these fur bearers is bark, roots, etc. The skins are not prime until late in the season.

At slides are good places to take the beaver. Traps should be set under water, and covered, if possible, by grass or leaves. A stone should be fastened to the trap and buried in the mud. As soon as a fur bearer is caught, it will dive for deep water and the weight on the trap will drown it.

Sets may also be made at the entrances of dens and houses.

Some trappers make a break in a dam and set traps about it. In repairing the dam, the animals will get caught. This method of trapping the beaver, is not, in my opinion, a good one, for in many instances it drives the animals away. In order to trap the beaver successfully, we must use more care than in trapping the mink. There must be no tracks in the mud, etc.

The otter is another water animal, yet much harder than the beaver to take in traps. The

animal makes its home along small streams. Its principal food is fish.

Sets made at the foot of slides always bring good results. A weighted trap—it was described above—should be used.

Sometimes a fish placed in shallow water and surrounded by traps—these must be cleverly concealed—will prove a good set.

It is best to use a boat when trapping either the beaver or otter. One can then make sets without leaving footprints, etc.

The skin of the beaver should be skinned open; that is, cut down the belly. Then, after removing all flesh and fat, the pelt should be placed on a stretcher. The otter must be cased—skinned similar to the mink, skunk, etc. Extreme care should be taken in dressing these valuable furs.

NOTE.—The methods I have given for otter refers to the land species and not to sea otter. The latter animals are found only in the far North and are taken most frequently by men who shoot them.

There are several varieties of bears, all of which are familiar to my readers. It is also well known that these animals are found only in the wilder sections of America. Most trappers employ a deadfall for taking them, although steel traps are frequently used. The latter, while effective, are extremely heavy to pack, and for that reason pelt hunters, as a rule, prefer to build deadfalls, even though their construction is quite a task.

Bait should be used in trapping the bear. Meat, honey, apples, etc., will attract it. The animal is not at all hard to trap and may be taken with as much ease almost as the skunk or civet cat.

The pelts are not of best quality until late—May and June. Animals of the extreme North, however, become of good quality much earlier.

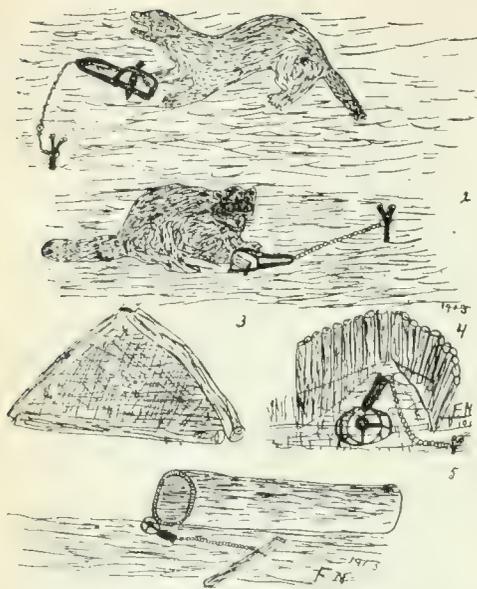
## Mink and Raccoon

FITZROY NICHOLSON

**T**HE habits of the Mink and Raccoon are very much alike. They both inhabit the shores of lakes, streams and ponds. They live on fish, crayfish, frogs, clams, etc. The 'coon also eats vegetable food such as corn, carrots and apples. I once saw a 'coon that had been caught in a No. 1 Victor set on a log in a marsh and baited with carrot.

Blind sets are the best as there is not so much sign left as when bait is used. Follow

the bank of a stream or lake until you come to a place where the bank is steep. This is a good place for a blind set. If the passage between the bank and the water is too wide use stakes or stones to make it narrower. If the water is shallow, say about three inches deep, extend the barricade to the water's edge and set trap in the water covering it with watersoaked leaves. If the water is too deep leave opening in barricade and set the trap there, covering it



1. Mink. 2. Raccoon. 3. Triangle Set for Mink: Shows where traps should be (A. is the Bait). 4. Pen set with top removed to show Position of Trap. 5. Hollow Log Set

with grass, leaves, etc. Fasten trap to sliding wire.

Build a pen out of stakes so that the opening faces the water. Put a muskrat carcass in the back for bait and set the trap at the entrance. Cover the trap with whatever is natural to the surroundings and fasten to sliding wire or balance pole.

This set is good for mink, 'coon or muskrat. I have caught muskrats in a set of this kind although the pen was several feet from the water.

Find a place where the water is about four inches deep. Take a piece of bright tin and cut it into the form of a fish. Fasten it to the pan of the trap; set trap in water and cover with water soaked leaves. Do not cover the "fish", leave it so that it will glitter. The mink or 'coon sees the fish, reaches for it with its

paw and is caught. Stake the trap the full length of chain in deep water. It is best to sprinkle a few drops of scent on the leaves near the trap.

If you can find a creek or drain with a log lying across it, this is a good place to set. Chop out a notch in the log large enough to receive the trap. Cover trap with moss and staple the chain to the under side of the log. The "Jump" trap comes in very handy in a set like this.

The deadfalls previously described are also good for catching mink and 'coon. Be sure and have the fall log heavy enough.

Here is a good set for mink where they are "trap-shy." Get three poles about two and a half feet long by one and one-half inches through. Fasten a trap to each pole and place them in the form of a triangle. Drive a stake in the centre and fasten a chicken head to it. Set a trap in each corner and cover with dry hen manure. Fill in the space between poles with the dry hen manure. Before covering traps put a piece of wool under the pan of each. Don't put too much covering over the traps. Scatter a few feathers around.

The best scent that I know of is Funstens Animal Bait.

Put the bait in a hollow log and set the trap at the entrance. Cover the trap with pulverized rotten wood and fasten the chain to a balance pole.

In the winter when the snow is deep the mink make tunnels under the snow, often travelling for miles in this way. Follow a stream that has high banks. Where there is a sharp bend is the best place; dig a tunnel towards shore until you strike the mink's tunnel. In the bottom of this tunnel dig a place for a trap. Have your traps whitened by boiling in a strong solution of lime and water. Put a piece of thin paper in hole and set trap on same. Fasten trap to a log. No covering is needed as the trap is white and the tunnel dark. Replace the snow, being careful not to let any fall into the tunnel.

Roll two logs together so as to form the two sides of an enclosure. Stake muskrat carcass between the logs and set a trap at each side of it. Cover traps and bait with bits of bark or boards. Cover the traps with grass or leaves and fasten to a clog.

## Trapping an Ermine

"This stole of imperial ermine is worth \$1,000," said the dealer. "Dear? Nix. Just consider how the animals comprised in it were caught!

"In the first place, they were caught in a winter of extreme cold, for it is only in such a winter that the weasel, or ermine, turns from tawny to snow white. In normal winters the ermine only turns to a greenish white, like this \$400 greenish white stole here.

"In the second place, the ermines were caught young, for when fully developed their coats are coarse and stiff, as in this \$250 stole, and to catch them young the tongue trap must be used. Any other trap would tear the delicate fur.

"The tongue trap is a knife, an ordinary hunting knife, smeared with grease, that the hunter lays in the snow. The little ermine sees the blade, which it mistakes for ice. Ice it

loves to lick, and so it licks the knife blade and is caught fast, its tongue, in that zero weather, frozen to the steel.

"Yes, sir, when you see a stole like this don't

begrudge a good price for it for every ermine in it was tongue trapped in subzero weather"  
—a mighty slow and painful hand process.

## Enquiry Department

GEORGE J. THIESSEN

### *How—When—Where*

Q. What is a "wood's cat?"

A.—It is a tame cat gone wild. Frequently they get considerably larger than the ordinary house cat.

Q.—Should tails of skunk and mink be opened?

A.—Yes, especially in warm weather, otherwise they spoil.

Q.—What should be done to prevent skunks from tainting?

A.—Scrape off all flesh. Dry in a cool, shady place.

Q.—Does it pay to dig out fur bearers?

A.—Generally speaking, it does not, for the dens are destroyed.

Q.—Would you advise buying muskrats for speculation, at present prices?

A.—No. Information from Europe received, indicates they are a drug on the market.

Q.—Are parsnips good bait for muskrats?

A.—One of the best.

Q.—Is muskrat good bait for mink?

A.—Generally speaking, yes.

Q.—Will raccoons eat honey?

A.—Yes. Like the bear, they are fond of it.

Q.—What is a Mountain Beaver?

A.—A small animal, in many ways like the muskrat. A natural history will give you an idea of what it is like. Their fur has no value.

Q.—Can one sell mole skins?

A.—Some furriers I believe, will purchase them. I know of no raw firm handling them.

Q.—Does one get good fur from Idaho?

A.—The mink and muskrats are better than one would expect from that section.

Q.—Where do the best furs come from?

A.—Your question is too general for answer.

Q.—Are civets small skunks?

A.—No. The former are spotted. The latter has stripes, unless black. (The white is uneven, being found in short lines or spots.)

Q.—Have brown weasels a market?

A.—Yes, but they are of little value.

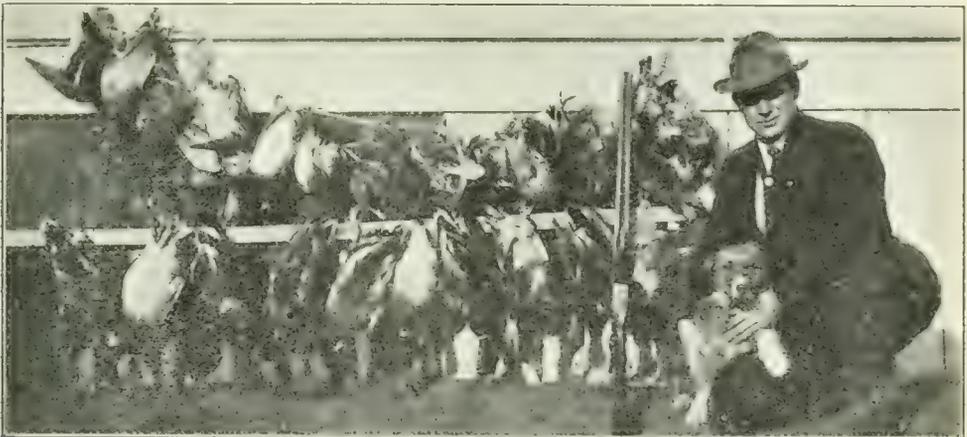
Q.—What is meant by holding Furs Separate?

A.—It means that if you are not satisfied with returns, your furs will be shipped back.

Q.—Who originated the idea?

A.—I believe an Iowa man—a former editor of the "Trapper's World." His name is Allen, if I remember rightly.

## An Afternoon's Shoot on a Slough near Regina, Sask.



# FISH LIVE AND THRIVE WITHOUT MOUTHS

DR. KEENE HIRSHBERG

**I**F you have ever visited a side-show, circus, or museum, you cannot have failed to see armless "wonders" who write with their toes; elastic skin men who stretch their hide for six to twelve inches, tabooed women who have the whole Doomsday Book inked into their flesh; fat men, bewhiskered women, and even living skeletons. Even men who swallow reptiles, frogs, fish, and whole aquaria are known.

But none of these marvels are in anyway as strange as the species of fish of the Carp family just brought to the knowledge of zoologists by Professor J. W. Fehlmann, Master of Arts and Naturalist of London, England.

Professor Fehlmann himself was astonished at finding these carp, experienced collector that he is. These strange fish can live and thrive without any mouth whatsoever. They are in this respect like a pullman car without an entrance at either end. For four years these carp lived, digested, and grew in a nor-

mal fashion. There was neither an entrance or an exit for food. The fish was exactly the same as a closed pipe as far as was evident from without.

When, however, Dr. Fehlmann dissected the carp described, the stomach and digestive canal was found to be literally swarming with the usual victuals of the piscian tribe. There were numerous mayflies, larvae, grubs, plants, little crustaceans, and similar aliment of fish, in the food canal.

This explained how the mouthless creature flourished. Not only were they able to breathe through their gill-clefts, but they were also able to both drink and eat by means of these respiratory openings. Although the carp lived in good health four years, there was not the slightest signs of adipose tissue to be found in the body.

Professor Fehlmann is now convinced that there is a true species of mouthless fish, but he is determined to find out if possible whether these freak fish can be developed.

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## QUEBEC FISH AND GAME ASSOCIATION'S ANNUAL DINNER

**T**HE atmosphere of the woods was successfully and appropriately lent to the proceedings at the annual dinner of the Province of Quebec Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held at the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal in December last. Hanging from the walls were carcasses of animals and birds shot by members of the association during the season, and among the trophies was the fine head of a bull moose, the biggest one slain this year. The hundred and fifty guests present included representatives of the following affiliated clubs: the North Lake, Savage, Tak-it-Easy, Kameron, Miquick, Monocki, the Idlers, and the Canadian Camp of New York.

Further local color was lent to the scene by the unique table decorations. Well made models of the club houses belonging to the clubs mentioned were set up on the long tables, the realism being carried to the extent of having miniature representations of lakes on which several of the properties stand, surrounded by the familiar spruce trees. Then a group of members costumed more or less as they had been in the woods played a good little poaching sketch, and J. Lehane and his fellow actors in the sketch sang "The Song of the

Bull" and other old hunting ditties. Tom Melville and Joe Beauchamp were other favorite vocalists who helped to make the event a pleasing memory, helped by the President Guy Tombs, and Secretary J. R. Innes, and the dinner committee were highly complimented upon the arrangements and general bonhomie which prevailed. Very appropriate too, was the illustrated camp fire talk given by J. A. Cruickshank a member of the New York camp, who has made many hunting and travel trips in the Canadian Northland.

### A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

The Hon. P. S. G. Mackenzie, provincial treasurer, who answered the toast of the province, described Quebec as "the paradise of the sportsman and the gem of the whole bunch of Provinces." He thoroughly endorsed the work and the aims of the association and promised his best efforts in forwarding them.

Mr. John Hall Kelly, M. L. A., who responded for the guests, put in a particular plea for the Gaspé Coast, with a reservation, however, in the case of Restigouche. To belong to the club there, he pointed out, was expensive, as the last share that was sold cost the purchaser \$12,000. But salmon fishing was not

the only sport, as here was one of the finest tracks of land for moose, caribou, and even bear to be found anywhere. He hoped soon to see not only the American capitalist but an increasing number of Canadians enjoying the sport provided by this country. The cost of living did not concern them much up there, added Mr. Kelly, as in Bonaventure county they could buy the best lobsters for ten cents apiece and herrings were so cheap they were used on the land as a fertilizer.

Dr. Lennox Curtis, of New York, another guest, described the Canadian Camp established there as a dinner club without constitution, bylaws, or fees; with a membership of a thousand sportsmen and sportswomen, including many Canadians living in the States and elsewhere.

#### THE MAYOR'S CONFESSION.

Mayor Lavallee, who confessed that he had never taken a gun or a rod in his hand advocated humane killing by sportsmen.

The story of the killing of the biggest bull of the year was tersely told by Mr. C. R. Wood of Philadelphia. "Why, we just walked up and shot him" he said, adding "I know that the American capitalist begrudges his sporting trip in Canada least of all his expenses."

Mr. A. Bergevin, M. L. A., advocated the holding of regular conventions in the province to draw up suggested by-laws, and in other ways to initiate legislation for the protection of fish and game. He thought the subsidy of \$1,300 granted by the Provincial Government to the Association should be doubled, as the sum was not adequate for the work done and needed. Dr. George Fisk and Mr. George Ham were other speakers.

## On a Hunting Trip at Kouchibouguac Beach, N. B.

D. E. SCOTT

IT was on an evening in October, the sky clear and the air crisp, that we embarked in our frail craft on a hunting trip to the Kouchibouguac Beaches.

The writer and his friend had planned this trip some time previously and anxiously had we awaited the day when we should leave the village of Jardineville to go in search of the wild geese, duck and other water fowl, which so often in this locality fall prey to the crack of the sportsman's gun.

With the assistance of the bright rays of the full moon we loaded our ammunition, guns and other necessities for such a trip, into our canoe, and were soon forcing our way with the paddles toward the best hunting grounds on the northern shores of New Brunswick.

As the night was fine we did not exert ourselves by the excessive use of the paddles, but would often pose on our propellers and view the picturesque scenery of the magnificent Richibucto river.

About 9.30 o'clock p.m., three hours after taking our departure from home, we reached the grounds where the wild geese, ducks, etc., abound. We landed our equipment and after a light lunch looked over the grounds, thinking that there might be some birds feeding on the shores; upon investigation, however, we found that we were a little late as the tide had gone out, so we returned to the camp and retired for the night.

Next morning, after pleasant dreams, we awoke bright and early, and to our delight the wind was blowing from the northeast. We were not long in procuring our breakfast and getting out to the grounds. We stationed ourselves at about one hundred yards distance and awaited the coming of the birds, which begin to fly in from the Northumberland strait just at daybreak. We had not to wait long when our eyes were met by myriads of

birds coming in our direction. Soon they were upon us and our Steven's repeaters were soon booming. This firing lasted for about an hour when the birds ceased to come our way so we decided, after gathering up our booty, to return to the camp and partake of more breakfast.

After this second breakfast we decided we would rest till evening, when we would again try our luck.

During our wait for evening to come we sought out some magazines among which was the ROD AND GUN, and in the reading of these the time passed pleasantly.

Evening was upon us and we left the camp with a good supply of B. B. and 3A. The birds were soon on the wing and our guns were soon gotten into action. Several geese and ducks fell victims to our aim before darkness overtook us. The shooting over, we returned to the camp for the night.

Arriving at the camp we planned our return home which was to take place in the morning but not until after we had had the morning's shooting.

Next morning we awoke from our slumbers and were ready for the morning's shoot, but the weather had cleared and the day promised to be fine. We left the camp for the shooting grounds, but, after being there a short time, were convinced that no birds would fly in that day as they could remain outside unmolested.

We then returned to the camp and prepared for our trip home.

The task of loading our equipment disposed of, we bade farewell to the old camp on the Kouchibouguac Beach and embarked in our little craft for home, declaring that if we ever returned to the "Beaches" it would be for more than one or two days.

# AFTER THE FUR BEARERS

A Hunting Trip Some Years Ago Near Pigeon Lake, Alberta

I. K. HERRON

ONE clear frosty morning in January two teams and three men started out from home at 5.30 a.m. They had got only a few miles on their way when a coyote was brought to the snow with two shots fired from the sleigh. A little further on a prairie chicken dropped. As the dogs were running loose many another chicken was raised, but all were out of range of the hunters.

Upon reaching the hunting grounds, a brush stable was built by placing poles against trees and covering them with spruce boughs. Then the ten by twelve tent was put up and after supper had been eaten the three turned in for the night. Later some Indians accompanied by their lanky yellow dogs passed by the tent, and one of the hunters was obliged to go up and tie up the stag-hound, Ranger, who made as though he would have eaten the Indians' dogs alive.

The following morning one of the men, Gregory by name, took one of the teams home and Chester and Wilfrid, who remained behind, fixed up the stable so that it would be comfortable, and hunted up a good watering place, for the horses. Dinner over and the horses seen to, the two men started out. When about half a mile from the camp they separated, Wilfrid going off in the direction of a swamp that could be seen in the near distance. Shortly afterwards Chester struck a lynx track which he followed for a few minutes, till he came to where the lynx had killed a partridge, the remains of which were not yet cold. Knowing that the lynx was unlikely to tree without a dog, he fired two shots as a signal to his dog and in a few moments Ranger was seen to come loping through the woods. Having reached his master, and being put on track, he needed no urging and very soon could be heard barking and growling furiously. Chester was not long in reaching the

spot and with one well directed shot from his 45-90 brought the lynx to the ground. Where the dog had sprung up at the lynx he had sunk his teeth into the tree and great chunks of bark were torn off.

After skinning the lynx and putting the hide in a pack-sack thrown over his shoulder Chester started out again but though he saw both deer and partridge, as they had plenty of meat, he refrained from taking a shot at either.

After travelling for another two miles or so he met Wilfrid who had been quite unsuccessful; and they both decided to return to camp.

While crossing the end of a marshy swamp the two men and the dogs sighted three brush wolves which the dogs had started. The wolves were running full speed from camp, but in the hope of wounding one and trailing it the following morning, Chester fired three shots, which, as they were between four and five hundred yards away, failed to take effect. It was almost dark when the men reached their camp. While Chester attended to the horses, Wilfrid prepared the evening meal, of which they ate heartily; then after things had been straightened up a bit, they retired for the night.

On the second day of their hunt Wilfrid set out to find fisher ground while Chester went to look for deer. About ten o'clock he was successful in securing a three year old buck which weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds. After dressing and packing the venison to camp, he set thirteen muskrat traps on a slough, a mile and a half from the camp. Not far from this slough he ran across a fox trap which he followed until too dark to follow any longer. Then he started for camp expecting to find Wilfrid there and supper awaiting him. There was no light in the tent however and no sign of Wilfrid when he reached camp. Thinking his com-

panion would be in any moment Chester set to work lighting the fire and boiling the water for their tea. After feeding and watering the horses he came back to find that Wilfrid was still missing. He stepped outside and whistled but there was no answer. Then he stepped inside again, knowing that if his dog had been within earshot of his whistle he would be there within a very short time. After waiting for a considerable time without hearing any sound from the woods he took his rifle and fired two shots. Still there was no answer. Taking his rifle with him he started out in the direction his companion had taken that morning. After travelling for another mile he again fired two shots and then listened. Far away, to the southwest, came an answer. Knowing now that Wilfrid was probably in need of guidance he lighted a fire, after hunting for some time for bark and dry stuff sufficient to start it with, and prepared to wait until his companion, hearing the shots which he again fired, found his way and came up to him.

When morning came fresh snow had obliterated the tracks.

The following day was calm and warm, compared to what it had been. The hunters travelled for some time without finding a track or raising anything, and coming to the conclusion that everything was lying low, they decided it would be foolish to travel through more of the light snow until the creatures of the wild were more in evidence. So, although their supply of meat was getting low and they were anxious to secure a deer, they returned to camp.

The next afternoon after travelling for some time they hit a swamp and as the dogs seemed keen to go they let them loose on the south side of the trail. Two hours passed with no sight nor sound of anything. The men were tired waiting and were considering what they should do when they heard a faint sound from the dog. But one dog was giving tongue and he appeared to be coming fast toward the trail. In a few minutes out jumped two brush wolves about a hundred

yards away. Chester took the leader and Wilfrid the other and neither wolf ever knew what had happened. They were speedily skinned, but still there was no sign of the dog, Jack.

The men whistled and fired the rifle, knowing if Jack were on an old track he would be likely to leave it, but still there was no sign of the dog.

Then they returned to camp feeling uneasy about their dog. Late that night he came limping into camp quite crippled with a sliver which had run into his shoulder.

The next morning as the partridge had been eaten and the supply of meat was still lower, Chester decided he would look for deer while Wilfrid visited the traps and later hitched up the horses and went for hay to a lake some six miles distant.

Chester hunted without any success.

It had been arranged that if they did not go home on Saturday the team that had brought their provisions in on the first day was to bring them the following Monday a fresh supply of flour and other necessities.

Saturday morning they set out for a creek which ran into Long Lake, their hope being to procure a deer and perhaps a lynx. One mink, however, was all they secured that day and after a hard and long tramp they returned to camp hungry and tired.

Sunday they rested although their minds were far from easy as their provisions were getting very low.

By Monday morning every bit of flour had been used. Their beans, etc., were gone and all that remained was a bit of fat pork that had not even one streak of lean in it. This piece, too, was very small. In addition one of the worst storms of the season was coming on. They knew it was useless to attempt to hunt while the storm raged as they would get nothing and so resigned themselves to sitting still and waiting for the team. They feared however that the team would not dare to set out in such a storm and after waiting until two o'clock in the afternoon and there being no sign of it, they hitched up and made their way slowly to their nearest

neighbor's, a bachelor, whose shack was about six miles away.

On reaching the cabin they were distressed to find that the old man was short of supplies owing to the fact of his having been sick. He was even then waiting for the storm to cease so that he might get, as he said, to "civilization."

He had neither bread nor biscuit baked but good-naturedly divided with them his flour, giving them about six pounds of his valuable commodity, with which they started back hoping that it would last them until their supplies reached them.

While Wilfrid made biscuits Chester went to see if he could not secure a partridge and was lucky enough to get three not very far from camp. As they were too hungry to wait till the partridges were prepared they made their supper of biscuits and saved the birds for breakfast.

Tuesday morning dawned snapping cold. Wilfrid suggested that they strike for home and declared himself tired of "baching it." Chester however did not like to own himself beaten and persisted that they might still be able to get some good fur after the storm had passed. That day they travelled all day long but without any luck at all. It had turned extremely cold and every living thing seemed to have buried itself in the snow out of sight.

The next morning they boiled their last partridge and made dumplings with their last bit of flour, using the fat pork as shortening.

Wilfrid, it turned out, had secured one fisher and had found fresh tracks of both fox and lynx. By morning however the tracks were filled up by snow which had fallen during the night.

The hunters were up bright and early the next morning and were off to their traps, where they got seven muskrats. After resetting the traps they followed the fresh tracks of a lynx until a bunch of brush wolves crossed their tracks. Then Chester gave his dog to Wilfrid and took after the wolves which he followed for over a mile without getting sight of them.

They went alongside of a long strip of marshy land and just as Chester reached one end, out they came from the opposite end and started across the opening full sail. Chester fired several shots one after the other, but not with much expectation of any of them being successful as the wolves were a long way off and going fast.

That afternoon, and part of the evening was spent in splitting dry spruce and stretching the hides they had procured, and the rest of the week, for it was then Friday, was devoted to their muskrat traps and to sawing and splitting wood enough to last them over Sunday.

Sunday in camp was passed in reading papers and magazines that they had brought with them.

The next morning the men went first to their traps but as the slough on which these had been placed, seemed to be fairly well trapped out by this time, they took up all the traps and set them in another slough about three-quarters of a mile further on.

From this slough they headed for a tamarack swamp and after travelling for some time they ran across some fisher tracks. The dogs were on the chains yet, so they turned them loose on the tracks and away they went.

There was a long chase before anything of interest occurred, but at last the dogs treed a fisher, which the hunters got and as they struck no fresh tracks they returned to the camp and had dinner.

In the afternoon they hitched up the horses and went out to the Pigeon Lake trail, which they followed for about five miles, hoping that they would run across fresh tracks. They saw no game, but tracks of lynx, fox and coyote.

The following morning the men separated, Chester taking the lynx, and Wilfrid, the fox tracks they had seen the preceding day. They took their lunch with them that day and travelled until night, but without so much as seeing a rabbit.

Wednesday brought better luck. Eleven rats were in the trap and on the way back to camp for dinner they

found that a fox had crossed the path which they had used in going to the slough.

"What would be the surest way of getting that fox?" asked Wilfrid.

"He was headed southwest when he crossed our tracks," answered Chester, "and that would bring him out about three miles down the Pigeon trail. I think, myself, it would be best for one of us to go down the trail and wait there for him, if he has not already crossed it. He appeared to have been going very slowly."

"You go ahead, then," said Wilfrid. "You are a better shot than I. I will wait at the track long enough for you to get out there before I let the dogs go."

After reaching the spot, Wilfrid knowing his companion had not time to be out on the road yet, walked on, following the track till he came to a place where the fox had killed a prairie chicken. He then found himself unable to hold the dogs any longer as they were getting furious.

Chester had just reached the place near which he expected the fox to cross when he heard the dogs giving tongue and knew that they were not a great distance behind the game, but after coming for some time in the direction in which he expected the fox was, the dogs turned when some distance from the trail and ran straight west. Chester, noting the change, lost no time in going in the same direction. He was not a moment too soon and had not even time to take a steadying breath before the fox popped out some three hundred yards ahead. There was only time for one shot, but making the one count, the fox was down before he had time to leave the road.

After trailing his trophy a short distance up the road Chester's companion rejoined him and together, they were not long in skinning the fox. It was only a red one, but one of the best of its kind.

Following south on the trail a short way they struck out to find partridge. Chester with his 45-90 rifle nipped the heads off two and Wilfrid also got two with his shot gun. - On the home-

ward way the two men crossed deer tracks but it was too late to follow and regretfully they had to postpone the hunt for the deer to the following day.

Wilfrid declared he would not go out to look for anything that day but promised to stay home and keep the tent and himself from freezing up.

Chester set out alone and until 11 o'clock saw nothing. Then he raised a deer and with renewed hope off he went. He did not get a sight of his quarry however until about 4 o'clock when he got one crack at it. Had it not been for his stout heart and determined mind he would have given up, but on he went and after following for some time found that one of the deer's front legs had been broken and that it was bleeding. Another long weary mile and he caught a glimpse of the deer and got another shot at it with telling effect. The hunter, however, by this time was so used up that it was with difficulty he could complete his job. After bush dressing the deer he skinned one quarter, cut it off and started home, hanging the remainder of the animal on a spring pole near by.

By this time night had fallen and it was bitterly cold and as near as he could estimate the distance to the camp was about seven miles. Had he not been a born hunter it is probable that Chester would have gone astray, but he knew what he was about and although he was nearly played out he doggedly pursued his way, knowing that to stop would be to freeze. Finally he had to cut the quarter in two and hanging one section up he resumed his way. Once in a while the mournful howl of a coyote or the screech of a night owl would echo through the woods, then all would relapse into silence. When within half a mile or so of the camp he was again obliged to reduce the size of his load, so that when he reached the camp he carried with him scarcely more than ten pounds. What was his chagrin to find neither light nor fire. The horses were unfed and Wilfrid snugly wrapped up in bed. The team had not come and Wilfrid who had been in bed since morning, could not be in-

duced even then to get up and cook the venison.

After Chester had lighted the fire and put some meat on to fry he went to look after his horses, for he could not bear to think of them having suffered because of inattention. When he came in again and found Wilfrid where he had left him he threatened to pull him out of bed and put him out in the snow to get him stirring about again.

The next morning, which was Thursday, they again made their meal of venison and Chester went back for the rest of his meat. They had decided that if the team did not come by noon of that day they would strike for home. However the long looked for sleigh arrived on the scene shortly after dinner. Gregory explained the delay by saying that on Sunday evening, as he was unhitching his horses, one of them, a broncho, had become frightened and had run away, and had only returned the preceding evening.

Friday was spent at the traps and in attempting to get a fox that the dogs were after, but as the fox went in a circle around a swamp but never in the same tracks, they did not succeed in getting it.

Saturday they hunted all morning but they had evidently hunted the place out for there was nothing to be seen.

That evening they took up all their traps, took the hides off the stretchers, and packed up.

Monday morning they started home and when within about seven miles of home, it being then about dusk, they caught sight of an animal that was about the size of a fox. Chester raised his rifle and fired. The animal was distant about three hundred yards and they could not be sure whether he had hit it or not. On going to the spot, however, Chester found a few hairs and some drops of blood. After following as long as he could see the tracks, and knowing by them that it was a black fox, the three men decided to camp that night by the roadside so as to pick up first thing in the morning.

A heavy fall of snow which fell during the night by morning had obliterated all traces of the fox and so after hunting for a time they continued on homeward, getting another coyote near a slough, before reaching their destination.

About a month later a Russian farmer when taking out timber found the remains of a black fox, the hide of which had been torn and partially eaten by coyotes. Only a piece about twelve by fifteen inches was any good and this piece he took to town where he got for it the sum of forty dollars. He had found it near the place where the hunters had camped out the night the shot was fired, proving that the animal had died that night not far from where it had been shot, and the fact of its having been covered with snow by morning accounted doubtless for the men's failure to locate their trophy.



# MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIAN WOODS

A Trip to Lake Kedgemakooge, N. S.

H. R. E.

My first impression of the interesting and beautiful country surrounding Lake Kedgemakooge awakened in me a desire to write an account of the moose hunt my wife and I were about to take. This tale however was doomed never to appear in print for without the moose a story of a "moose hunt" loses its flavor and we were not successful in securing our moose on this particular trip. Not because there was lack of opportunity, however, for this section of the country offers unrivalled opportunities for moose during the hunting season. The moose I missed on my first hunt was secured on my second by the aid of my good friend, a sturdy Scotch doctor, and an excellent guide and caller, Freeman Lewis of Maitland, Annapolis County, N. S.

Lake "Kedgie" lies in Annapolis County about thirty-five miles south of the beautiful little town of that name and the doctor and I both came to the conclusion that our drive over the road with Mr. Harnish in his easy riding car, was worth the two hundred odd miles we had travelled to obtain it.

The doctor and I arrived in Annapolis at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant October day and found Mr. Harnish ready and waiting. We soon piled our dunnage and rifles into his car and by 4.15 were on our way. By 7 p. m. we were seated in the dining hall of the Kedgie Rod and Gun club and were doing full justice to a delicious supper.

After a delightfully soothing warm bath we turned in for the night and in the morning were up almost before the sun had risen. After a good breakfast we were joined by our genial host, Mr. Thompson, and his wife, and proceeded to the storeroom to meet our guide, Freeman Lewis, who

was busily engaged in packing our provisions in suitable pack baskets. This done we entered the motor boat at the club wharf and with our two club canoes in tow were soon landed at the mouth of little River Stillwater.

It took us but a few minutes to divide up the dunnage and prepare to dip paddles. Freeman took one canoe and the doctor and I the other. Our main camp was to be at Frozen Ocean, a lake about five miles from "Kedgie" which we reached after a most delightful paddle with but two short carries. The woods were at their best and to the man who has "been there before" it takes but little imagination to picture the delights of this trip.

Our first night in camp was perhaps like all first nights. We would not have changed places with any living man. A few stories and a few smokes while we looked over our rifles—a .303 and a .280 Ross and then we were off to sound slumber.

An early get-away and a short paddle the following morning brought us to our first calling ground, but as it was a foggy morning with a slight breeze we did not succeed in getting an answer although Freeman's call certainly did sound very tempting. As the weather for the rest of the week was very tempestuous we were unable to get our eyes on a moose for any listless answers we heard were generally followed by the enticing call of the cow, demanding the full attention of her spouse.

On Monday of the following week we decided to change ground and after a pleasant canoe trip and a short carry we arrived at the head of the Channel Lake Stillwater. There we pitched our light silk tent and got everything ready for the night. We then decided to try an evening call as the weather looked favorable. In fact

this proved to be the first good evening we had had for calling since our arrival on the calling grounds. Freeman steered us down the Stillwater about a half a mile and landed. A toss decided that I was to remain at this point, while the doctor and Freeman were to proceed further down. I can easily recall the ensuing moments for hardly had the soft notes of the call sounded when a bull moose was before my eyes. How good it did look! And what a shame it seemed to spoil the scene by a rifle shot. However, the sights of my .280 Ross rifle were quickly lined on him and with its sharp crack I saw Mr. Bull jump. The bullet had gone through the upper part of his heart we afterwards discovered. He did not fall immediately but must have covered nearly twenty five yards before he dropped, although in that interval I hit him twice.

With a shout we were beside him for the doctor and Freeman had hurried back when hearing my first shot. My knife was soon at his jugular vein, but even in that short time he had completely bled internally. It was the blackest moose I had ever seen and we were a triumphant trio as we stood gazing at the fallen forest monarch.

It was a pretty head and after deciding it was well worth mounting we quickly set to work to skin and dress our trophy. Darkness soon overtook us and we decided to postpone further work until the morning. We were quiet as we paddled back home in our canoe but with the after dinner pipe our tongues were unloosened and we sure did "talk it over."

The next day was a busy one for us, for the warm weather necessitated the getting of the meat out to the ice shed at the club-house. This was where the doctor shone, for if there is one thing in which he delights and excels it is in "carving." Freeman and I sat with our mouths open while the doc. carved and dismembered the whole animal, using only his hunting knife. The performance was an eye-opener to Freeman who had been used to employing the axe for the bones.

Just here I am going to digress and repeat some of the anatomical observations that were made by the doctor when dressing the animal and which are of practical as well as of scientific interest. A possible explanation of why sportsmen who get a side shot, which seems impossible to miss, sometimes fail to bring down the moose at which such a shot is directed, while he rushes for cover, may be given here. Usually the point aimed at is just behind the fore shoulder, but in order that vital parts may be struck the bullet should enter the area marked by the lower quarter of a line passing downwards from the summit of the shoulder to the brisket. In this area the heart, lungs and more important vessels lie, and in order to get the heart, the shot must be placed about the mid point of the area indicated above—and just behind the shoulder. The tendency is to shoot about the mid-chest. This is frequently too high unless the sportsman is familiar with the rifle he is using and has his sights well adjusted for the distance, and takes a correct aim. Such a shot is very apt to go through the muscular tissue above the spinal column and will not "stop" the animal. The spinal column at the high shoulder of the moose lies far below the line of the summit of the shoulder as it is seen in the distance. Measuring from above downwards we find five to eight inches of stiff hair constituting the mane which is erect, then



The Author and Guide

a heavy layer of muscle in which are found heavy bone spines which project upward from the spinal column, which takes up from nine to ten inches more. Then comes the spinal canal in which the spinal cord lies, which takes up about two inches more space and lastly the body of the vertebrae, about three inches deep in this part. In other words, in order to get the bullet in the chest cavity, which lies immediately below the spine, it would have to penetrate at a point nineteen to twenty-three inches below the summit of the mane. A bullet passing from fourteen to eighteen inches below the summit of the mane would not be a "stop-shot" since in this area there is no vital structure. Should the bullet however strike in

the area between the one just described and the chest cavity, catching either the cord or a vertebrae body, it would certainly meet all the requirements. But since as so often happens one has to aim low on the chest wall in order to ensure success here, the ribs are fractured, the pleural cavity is opened and air admitted. Lungs or heart or both are penetrated and also large vessels. If shot in this region it is impossible for the animal to go beyond a very short distance (some yards) before stopping, and in a minute or two he falls. The admission of air to the pleural cavity, the severe shock, and the terrific hemorrhage resulting from a shot in this area, renders it what might well be termed "the deadly area."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1060

## BLACK BASS FISHING IN LOUGHBOROUGH LAKE

OLIVER OLDMAN

WE had spent many enjoyable days fishing in Canadian waters. Had for years been "regulars" at Tom Eastwoods in the Buckhorn district until we had "done" every place where a black bass was likely to lie in wait for a tempting minnow and had also been "done" by the Indian guides. Then came the pleasant years in Algonquin Park. What delightful summers they were, just camping and canoeing. Making a tough portage just to spy out some new lake where the "square tail" seemed to be in waiting for us. Camping out for the night in spots where the mosquitoes had secured a lease of the territory and were determined to drive out all intruders upon their domain. We had passed the age of seventy now and it would seem as the spring approached one ought to become immune from such "infantile diseases" as the craving for a week's fishing. The spring of 1913 came and with it the same old longing for a fight with a five pounder. Truth compels the statement that not yet had we had it out with a five pound small mouthed black bass. Of course this statement is contrary to most fishing tales, and most men have caught (and lost) many as large. It would not for a moment be intimated that the men who habitually catch five and six pounders are misled by an untested scale or a vivid imagination, but where there is nothing to be gained by it, why this old man simply stands by actual weight and actual

experience. Then came the usual consideration of the question "Where shall we go this year?" Not that a person would go amiss in any of the advertised Canadian waters but we in "The States" have learned that it is best to make judicious selections if we have but a week or so in June that can be allowed to the outing. It doesn't pay to be too many days "getting there."

It was at this juncture that we read in the ROD AND GUN the tempting article about Loughboro' Lake and its black bass. "Sure thing!" "A novice could get a boat load any day if he is not caught at it by an inspector."

Being somewhat incredulous we wrote to Leonard Van Luven and Sons at Battersea, Ont., asking if they could refer to any persons in our vicinity who had actually tried their luck in Loughboro' and adjoining lakes. The reply was encouraging and a reference given to several *truthful* persons in our city. "Never had such good fishing in all my life" said one. "Caught so many fish I was simply tired of it" said another. That was enough and now we could hardly wait for June 15th, the opening of the season.

Battersea, a little village, is on Lake Loughboro' and sixteen miles inland from Kingston. We had some misgivings about that long sixteen miles up hill and down dale but were relieved when informed that Mr. Van Luven would meet us at Kingston with his new Ford

and so he did. The road was a good one, Mr. Van Luven a careful driver and in an hour from Kingston we were at the Van Luven House at Battersea, a clean, comfortable hotel. We were not looking for a Waldorf menu at a twelve dollar a week hotel. That mistake is often made.

Loughboro' is about twenty miles in length and from one-half to a mile in width. It is filled with islands and is really a most charming place. The opening of new vistas through channels between the islands as the motor boat skips along to the fishing grounds is a constant delight. The air is cool and bracing and the waters, unlike many of the waters in the Park, are clear as crystal. A portage of three quarters of a mile brings you to Rock Lake and a drive from the hotel of one mile brings you to Dog Lake.

Do you want to fish with a copper line for the deep lying trout? If so, you can catch all you want and put the others back. Fine, cold, six to ten pound lake trout. Do you want to cast for big mouthed and occasionally a small mouth? Then go over to Dog Lake and get your fill. A couple of gentlemen from Fort Wayne, Ind., experts in casting, caught all the law allowed, and then some, each day. Far be it from me to tell the number. They should not have told the number that night at the hotel. It was large but they had put them all back except a few. To capture a fine fish on a light rod and have all the sport of it is enough for a decent fisherman, then put him back for the other fellow.

That reminds me. My grandson, aged eleven, and a born fisherman, caught a four pound big mouth on a light steel rod. As he was about to be lifted into the boat with the landing net he broke the line a short distance

above the leader and away he went. Within five minutes thereafter my daughter caught that fish and successfully handled her rod so that we not only had the fish but also the lost leader and hook of the grandson. Does it hurt a fish to catch it and then put it back? I think not. Hundreds were caught and put back but no one can say he ever saw a dead bass on the water.

We were fortunate in having Otto Van Luven for our guide. He has a good motor boat, knows how to cook a fine "shore dinner," is a fisherman and familiar with all the best spots and above all was most entertaining in his accounts of his second year in the Medical College at Kingston. In another two years Otto will not only be able to take out your fish for you but also your appendix if suddenly taken with appendicitis.

By telephone we arranged with Mr. Caird to carry our row boat over from Loughboro' to Rock Lake. We towed it down behind the motor boat. As the fishing was so good and the lake itself so beautiful we decided to leave our rowboat in Rock Lake for the next day and returned to our motor boat in Loughboro' by way of what Otto called the Rock Lake Express. It was an amusing ride over the portage on the old sleigh. While the distance is less than a mile in places the road is quite marshy and at others up hill and down hill and quite rough. It's a five mile run for the motor boat from the portage to the Van Luven House dock. Live minnows are scarce and not very good and cost two cents each. Better use the casting rod. You will get all the big fish you want and more.

Thanks to ROD AND GUN for pointing out to us a new place, easy of access with the best of fishing.



Otto can Cook a fine Shore Dinner

Returning to our Motor Boat by the "Rock Lake Express"

# Hunters and their bags in Western Canada



All Ford Cars



## AN ASCENT OF MOUNT WHITEHORN

C. B. SISSONS

IT is a mistake to think that there is only one mountain in that section of the Rockies made accessible by the Grand Trunk Pacific. If it is of Mt. Robson alone that we hear, the reason does not lie in the absence of other considerable peaks. Indeed, within five miles of the summit of the giant are two peaks each over 11,000 feet. And while the Swiss climber with his huts and porters may smile at an 11,000 peak, we in Canada are bound to respect it; for we usually have a full day's work in climbing from any comfortable night's lodging to an altitude of 11,000, and there is an additional reason for respect in that we have few mountains which exceed that altitude. But this must be said for Robson with its altitude of 13,068, according to Mr. Wheeler, and some 700 feet more according to Mr. McEvoy; it dominates the region and will doubtless be regarded as the most massive and impressive of our mountains, even if it must yield the palm for beauty of contour to Assiniboine.

The two peaks referred to as immediate satellites of Robson are Resplendent and Whitehorn. During the first week of camp three of us were detailed to attempt the ascent of Whitehorn—Mr. B. S. Darling of Vancouver, Mr. H. Westmoreland of Victoria, and the writer. Walter Schaufelberger was assigned us as guide. We left the main camp after supper with light packs, our blankets and some provisions having already been deposited for us an hour and a half nearer our mountain at the point at which Kinney and Phillips camped on their historic ascent of Robson. We turned in about dark leaving orders with Walter for an early call. But unfortunately even a guide's powers of endurance sometimes falter under the strain imposed by the work of an Alpine Club camp; Walter's self

operating alarm failed him, overpowered as he was by fatigue, and it was six o'clock before we got away on our long day's work. Crossing a desolate hillside with the thunder of Emperor Falls still in our ears, we were soon at the glacier which pushes down "The Valley of a Thousand Falls" (some twenty-three have been counted) until its snout is broken by those precipitated cliffs which make it impossible to cross directly to Whitehorn from the Robson trail. We crossed the glacier in about an hour, cutting only a few steps. Seated on the far side of the moraine we watched a goat as he slowly became aware of the strangeness of our presence until he finally scampered off.

Thence directing our course for a col to the north of the peak, and following the upper of two wide snow ledges under the cliffs, by dint of rather slow going we reached the col at about 11 o'clock. Here we enjoyed a lunch and grand views to the west. Immediately below us was a glacier with two medial moraines, and beyond the glacier are Mt. Longstaff and other considerable peaks. It was clearly necessary to descend some distance below the col. The discovery of this fact did not please us, but we decided to make the best of it, and hoped that the descent would not be so great as to put the summit beyond our reach that day. Fortunately after 750 or 800 feet we rounded a perpendicular cliff and saw the peak gleaming some 3,000 feet above us.

Losing no time we pushed across a broken snowfield, now skirting nasty crevasses, now tenderly stepping across them and once threading the cool depths of one which presented a convenient pathway. The bergschrund offered no difficulties and crossing it we were on the west ridge which led straight up some 2,000 feet to the summit. For the



1. Whitehorn from the Robson Glacier  
(Photo by Byron Harmon)
2. A Glimpse of Berg Lake in the early morning  
on our Return Trip

first 1500 feet the ridge was simple enough, but took some time owing to the rottenness of the rock on the pitches and the fact that we were four. On the last five hundred feet we came to a few rather nasty places and one in particular which "craves wary walking." This consisted of a chimney some twenty feet high with a narrow place on which to stand at the top, and above another ten feet of perpendicular and treacherous rock hanging over the edge of the ridge. Great care was exercised here and considerable time consumed. A few minutes beyond the chimney and we had clambered up the steep snow and were huddled on the top.

A few feet below us we saw the tiny cairn built by Conrad Kain in 1911, when he had escaped from the survey camp on an idle day and alone ascended the mountain in storm, descending mostly by night. With a word of praise for his plucky venture, and a few minutes of shivering enjoyment of the panorama and Robson just across the narrow valley, and a welcome sip of cold tea from Darling's flask, we commenced our descent at 4.40. The ridge afforded slow going and we were wet and cold, but there was the great view of the peaks across the Fraser serrated to the horizon to cheer us, when we had time to raise our eyes from the soggy rope and the rocks too eager to play Jill to our Jack.

The sun was almost at rest behind the nameless ridge across the valley when we reached our bit of upward climbing. The colors were weird by reason of the smoke from a fresh fire beyond the Fraser. As we plodded along, our reflections kept step with us on the ice-cliffs, making our efforts in blue silhouette. We accomplished the 800 feet, or thereabouts, in twenty minutes, and were rather pleased with the achievement towards the end of a long day.

But all our efforts to get across the glacier in daylight and thus be in a position to make camp proved unavailing. It was growing quite dusk, before we reached the edge of it, and Westmoreland had sprained his ankle as we jumped down and across a torrent in the moraine and was travelling painfully. We found it too difficult to thread the crevasses and turned back to bivouac for the night in some trees near the tongue of the glacier. We stumbled along the moraine as best we could with difficulty, as even the reflected light of the glacier was now almost extinguished, and one lantern seems to serve only to intensify the gloom for all but the leader. The moraine, by the way, which at one point we were compelled to descend offered the nastiest bit of work one could desire. There was coagulated debris to the height of some forty feet. It was very much like descending a rough concrete roof at an angle of sixty degrees. Never have I experienced mountaineering so trying to temper and skin and clothes.

By 11 o'clock we had a fire going and were refreshing ourselves with the anticipation of a breakfast at the Emperor Falls camp. The hillside was so steep that sleep was hardly possible; but there was always the occupation of keeping the fire going and the night was not very long. At 3.20 we were away, but Walter

had to convince himself by experience that it was impossible to round the tongue of the glacier, so that we had two hours and much step-cutting before we were across. Darling and Westmoreland followed at their leisure, crossing higher up by a quicker and easier route. We two had gone ahead planning to send a horse for Westmoreland, but fortunately he was able to get into camp unaided. We were satisfied with a dry sandwich and some prunes at the Emperor Falls camp and pushed into the main camp which we reached at 8 o'clock in time to enjoy a supper and breakfast in one.

Thus was accomplished the second ascent of Whitehorn. The parties making the third ascent with Konrad in charge selected the same route, but ventured on a descent by one of the south-western ridges (the peak has some five or six buttresses) and were compelled to bivouac higher up and without shelter or fire. Konrad thinks, however, and his conclusion would appear probable, that the best course to follow would be to cross the glacier as we did at the head of "The Valley of a Thousand Falls," and then turn to the south and ascend a couloir which may be seen from the trail, thus attacking the peak by the south ridge. Whether or not that be the route for subsequent generations of mountaineers, this picturesque peak, so appropriately named, will always afford sufficient sport and exercise for a single day.

## Alpine Club Notes

The death occurred recently of Dr. Tempest Anderson, the famous vulcanologist. He was at the time of his death on the way home from Java and the Phillipines where he had been making investigations regarding volcanoes.

In the Alpine Club Notes for January Mr. McGregor was credited with having claimed for his confreres in the Mountaineer's outing of the previous summer an itinerary comprising a walk of some 365 miles. Only 78 miles of this however was by trail, the rest of the distance being taken in various ways—by steamer, railroad, canoe, auto, etc. A walk of 365 miles and the ascent of various peaks in two weeks is "going some" even for such indefatigables as mountain climbers.

During the Christmas season there were received at this office some very fine photographs by Byron Harmon of the Mt. Robson region, which he sells to Alpine Club members at special rates. Among other fine photographs reminiscent of the camp on Robson Pass were a number from Mr. P. L. Tait, Mr. Donald Phillips, Prof. Freeborn, Miss Greenway, Miss McPhedran and Dr. Stone.

# THE SOUTH KOOTENAY PASS AS A TOURIST RESORT

MAX MACD.

THE Canadian Rockies, above all other places in the world, are pre-eminently fitted for camping, and are rapidly growing in favor of all classes, because there is so much to see that is interesting, novel and exhilarating. Blest indeed are those who can get away from the turmoil of the city and the ever recurring business duties of the town and spend some time among these matchless mountains, and see nature in all her grandeur, towering peaks and glittering glaciers, wild and weird canyons, picturesque mountain lakes and tarns, spacious valleys and enchanting streams.

There are several reasons why people go camping each year. It is the most economical of outings. Nature supplies most of the essentials in fire wood, water, food, and fruit. There is no rent to pay. The fresh air, change of scenery, and beautiful rest frequently make the doctor lose a customer. Camping has ceased to be a hardship and the oldest and youngest may enjoy it.

James Edmund Jones, in his work, "Camping and Canoeing," mentions many things

that camping gives to one. Here are a few of them:—

"Manlier heart and tougher muscle, the glory of the sunset and the freshness of the dawn, the moon-lit stillness of the lake and the sweep of the river as it flashes and gurgles among the stones; the solitude of the forest fastness and the comradeship of friends, whom here we learn to know as nowhere else—these are our rewards, a brief turn to the crudeness of nature; a brief renunciation of the artificiality of business and social life; a brief enjoyment of sky, and lakes and rocks and pine trees in their freshness. Then with firmer step and steadier purpose, back to the work or the waiting, back to the rush and bustle of the city, to brush shoulders again with our fellows, in whom we approve the good and censure the selfishness with the greater charity, because we have been ourselves brought nearer to the trust and truthfulness of our childhood."

To see and enjoy the Canadian Rockies best "let the world and the train go by" and by saddle horses pack right into the heart of the mountains. Here is better understood the

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a wallop!**

Get *that* punched into  
your system!

Never was such  
jimmy pipe tobacco,  
because no other  
tobacco but P. A.  
ever was made by  
the patented process  
that *cuts out* the bite  
and the parch!

You, and every other  
man, can smoke a  
pipe all you want if  
you'll only get wise  
and stick to

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ALBERT**

*the inter-national joy smoke*

It's true blue sport to  
open the A. M. with a  
jimmy pipe packed full  
of P. A. So fresh and  
pleasing and so fragrant  
that the songs of little  
birds and puffs of joy  
smoke just put the music  
of the early sunshine  
right into your system!

*Get the idea?*

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peculiar charm of the great-monuments of nature, why the poets sing their glories, and painters fail to catch the subtle shadows and the varying shades of color. The beauty of the sunrise and sunset will be a never ending source of joy and admiration, while the giant hills will take on new forms and shapes, and the world will appear a different place; for you will be impressed as never before with the mightiness of nature, and the feebleness and fleetingness of humanity.

And all this can best be done away from the "madding crowd's ignoble strife." Man's hands have made it well nigh impossible to see nature in all her beauty. The hills have been pulled down, roads have been built, railway coaches drop the tourist in fashionable resorts where people must be dressed all the time.

Nestled in the south Kootenay Pass in the south west corner of Alberta, touching south eastern British Columbia, and dipping down into Uncle Sam's domain, are the Waterton Lakes. Tourists have not made them a place for call because they are not easy of access. And in this very fact lies their charm. They are away from everything artificial. Nature in her bald loveliness is here. The vast ranges of mountains, appalling in their immensity and grandeur; the emerald lakes and rushing streams of clear pure water; the fleecy clouds that oft obscure the giant peaks; the resting places and parks and gorges always pervaded by the clear electric atmosphere; the 2,281 hours of sunshine out of 4,467 hours the sun is above the horizon—there is nothing half so grand, half so sublime.

The nearest town and nearest Railway point is Cardston, on the Cardston branch of the C. P. R. The resort is also accessible from the Crow's Nest Line at Pincher Creek. At both these points conveyances may be secured for transportation of tourists and baggage. Already the beauties of the district are becoming known. Lethbridge City will some day claim it as its great watering place. The smaller towns near it claim it in the meantime.

The lakes are twelve miles in extent, divided by short narrows into Upper, Middle, and Lower. The water is navigable all the way from foot to head. The growth of timber at the head is most luxuriant, and logs are cut and floated into Canada. A temporary resort of tents provides accommodation for visitors and both fall and summer find the accommodation used to its limit.

Never was there a district with such wealth and such variety of good fishing. One of the strongest characteristics of an ardent angler is his love of the beautiful in nature. Here he gets the rugged grandeur of mountain and forest skirting the lakes. Here, too, the rushing torrent with its tempting eddies and pools, and the broad expanse of the lonely river. For Lake trout all the lakes in the region may be trolled with good results. Wall Lake, a little lake almost on the height of land, is an anglers' paradise. Fish come out as fast as the line can be thrown. In Pass Creek, Oil Creek, and the smaller tributaries, brook trout are to be found in great numbers, while the Water-

ton River which empties the lakes, daily yields its strings of various sorts. Winter fishing through the ice is engaged in by the settlers near the lakes and an industry on a small scale has been established.

The Rocky mountains continue to attract hunters from all parts of the world. If the rare and unusual in sporting experience is desired the seeker after novelty will not be disappointed in the region of the Waterton Lakes. The Twin Butte section of Southern Alberta, which is adjacent to the lakes, is one of the best places for sheep, goat, and mule deer. Moose are not scarce, and three kinds of bear—grizzly, black, and cinnamon—are plentiful.

Rocky mountain sheep are today considered the most valued prize obtainable by the sportsman. The flesh is pronounced the most delicious of the world's game, and its massive, wide spreading horns make a beautiful ornament. The Bighorn is found in the timber on the mountain side about the snow line.

The well-known grizzly has always had the respect and admiration of the sportsman. Right well did the Indian brave know what tested true manhood when he wrenched the claws from the forepaw of a grizzly and hung them about his neck as the proudest trophy of the chase. Exceedingly powerful, quick and cunning to a degree of almost human intelligence, the grizzly is a royal quarry for any sportsman. Here we find him, solitary creature, living on berries and roots on the mountain side. His fur in season is a fine trophy.

The mountains and foothills adjacent to, and extending into the pass are the home of the timber wolf. He is a large boned, long headed, powerful animal, but stays in the timber and seldom gives the settlers any trouble.

The Lynx or Wildcat has the lank form of all the cat family. Its feet are large and tufted, and its fur long and soft. There is a belief current among the settlers in the foothills that the Lynx comes out every seven years.

The Waterton Lake country is not bountifully supplied with feathered game, excepting duck and partridge. Of these there is enough to satisfy the increasing demand for this sport in the fall season.

Like all mountain countries, there is a delightful uncertainty as to the weather. Mountain showers, wholly local, are liable to come at any time. The days are warm, not hot, the nights cool, not cold. The camp fire "best of friends—worst of enemies" around which at the close of the day hearts unite in friendship, song and story prevail, while ruddy faces smile and eyes sparkle as the flame leaps and the wood crackles. The camp fire is the most social spot on earth, while outside of that magic circle of light all is darkness and gloom, silence except for the cry of night birds and the music of the breeze among the trees.

Although few of the peaks attain an altitude of over ten thousand feet, they lose none of their attractiveness by reason of their lack of height, and even the most enthusiastic mountaineer would hesitate before attempting many of the cliffs. Standing at the entrance to the pass, a veritable sea of mountains lies before the eyes of the lover of natural beauty.

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Young Moose Raised by a Cow

## A SELF CAPTURED MOOSE

J. R. KERR

Early last spring a young moose came home with Mr. Frank Williams' cows to his farm house near Tisdale, Saskatchewan.

One of Mr. Williams' cows was raising a new born calf and readily adopted the young orphan. The cow raised the two to a stage in life where they were self supporting. The moose was a female and when the writer visited the farm was considerably taller than her foster mother, yet in November 1913 she still insisted upon sucking regularly although this necessitated her kneeling very low. Notwithstanding this handicap however she was not to be turned aside from the one perfect source of refreshment. When the ROD AND Gun photographer called at the Williams' farm the cow and the young moose were out

in the field eating at a straw stack. Each had a bell hanging to her neck. This was the only method of communication they had all summer. The photographer waited in the rain to get a photo of the young moose sucking the cow but she seemed too modest, or perhaps was suspicious of strangers.

The illustration shows Mr. Williams and one of his boys, with whom the moose was on very friendly terms.

Moose, elk and all kinds of deer are still very plentiful all around Tisdale and fatten on the farmer's grain. It will probably never be known what happened the old mother moose or what caused the young moose to choose its foster home.

## MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIAN WOODS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1057

To return to our experience after the skinning, etc of the moose.

That night we spent at the club but early the following morning we were on our way to the bogs and barrens again. This time we were after the doctor's moose and with a great deal of confidence, which was inspired doubtless by our previous success. Freeman tried his 'prettiest' but when the weather does not permit it is useless for man to try, so after two days we decided it was time to return home. It was like pulling an eye tooth to leave but it 'had to be did.'

Saturday morning we were ready for the road and after bidding adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and our

guide, Freeman Lewis, we piled into Mr. Harnish's car for the drive to Annapolis. It was an uneventful ride except that on the way we shot a partridge, and we reached the town in plenty of time to partake of a good dinner before boarding our train at 2 o'clock for 'busy Amherst.'

Although we were glad to get home any man who has enjoyed a good hunt especially in such country as that surrounding 'Kedgie' can easily imagine our feeling of regret at having to leave this all behind. However, "Cheer up," says the doctor. "We'll be there again next year with our wives"—and he's right.



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# WHAT IS A FOUL OR "UNCLEAN" SALMON

## Some Thoughts on the Legal Interpretation of the Term

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD PRINCE, L. L. D., D. SC., F. R. S. C., ETC.

IN most fishery regulations, especially salmon regulations, the terms "Foul" and "Unclean" occur, these terms being borrowed from old Fishery Acts in England and Scotland and included there as clauses whose object is to prevent fish unfit for food being caught and utilized for table purposes.

The definition of a "foul" or "unclean" fish has never yet been satisfactorily made and, by various authorities, has been regarded as applying to very different conditions in which fish are found. Thus, it has been held in England that fish which have not spawned are unclean fish and as unclean fish are illegal, it follows that the only legal means of carrying on the artificial propagation of salmon would be by the capture of Kelts, or fish which have spawned and are in a deteriorated and useless condition, a conclusion which is contradictory and absurd. Indeed the capture of Kelts or salmon which have spawned ought to be in the minds of many authorities made legal for two reasons. 1st.—That such Kelts remaining in salmon waters longer than is usual are very destructive to small salmon and trout and are therefore a nuisance and undesirable.

2nd. That they are regarded as unfit for food and likely after being eaten to produce the most undesirable results. Frank Buckland claimed that a water bailiff who made a meal off spawned foul salmon though a strong, healthy man, was made so ill as to be confined to his bed for some days; and an old medical writer in Ireland asserted, in 1645, that leprosy was caused through the fowl gluttony of people devouring unclean salmon when they are out of season.

The terms "Foul" or "Unclean" salmon have been applied, as a matter of fact, to salmon in four different conditions. 1st. Gravid salmon in a soft, unhealthy condition and just about to spawn.

2nd. Emaciated salmon in poor condition after spawning.

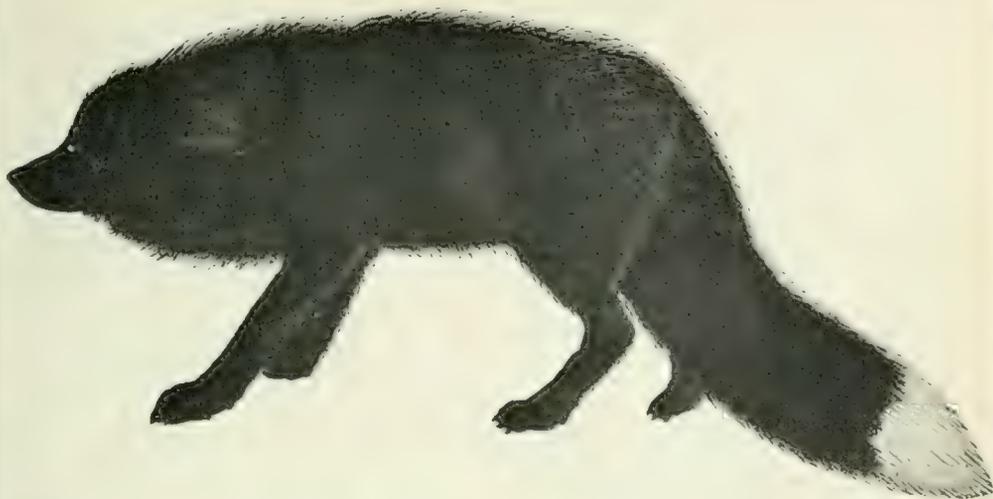
3rd. Diseased salmon suffering from external disease such as white fungus etc., due either to injuries or to a weak condition.

4th. Bad-colored salmon which are in a spent condition and which, instead of returning to the sea to recover as is usually the case, remain in the upper waters for many months.

The last-named fish are called Kelts,—the male salmon being often described as "Kippers" while the female salmon are called "Shedders" or in Scotland are described as "Baggits." This latter term "Baggit" has been applied to gravid or unspawned salmon and in several legal decisions have been determined to be typical "unclean" fish.

In most fishery regulations an annual close season has been established to protect gravid

fish, when in ripe spawning condition, but there are abundant reasons for including the three other kinds of undesirable salmon under such protective enactments. As however, the emaciated spawned salmon, and salmon suffering from fungus, deteriorated Kelts, etc. do not come under the protection of such annual close seasons, they have no protections unless by some special clause such as clause 13 in the Canadian Fisheries Act, and similar clauses which occur in the Fishery Acts of various countries. The difficulty which has been felt in Canada as to the application of Clause thirteen which prohibits the taking of foul or unclean salmon, has been also felt in Britain; and no less an authority than the Editor of the "*London Field*" declared that the determination of an unclean salmon is an open question and dependent very much on the view a magistrate takes of it. One authority (In the *Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1887, page 163) says "The process by which a fish passes from a clean to an unclean condition is so gradual, and uncleanness in a fish is so incapable of strict definition, that a prohibitory clause is hardly to be worked, excepting as to Kelts which are easily distinguishable." Mr. J. W. Willis Bund, the distinguished authority on fishery management, who has published the best handbook on the subject, says that diseased Kelts cannot be legally captured under a proper interpretation of the British Fishery Act. He says "It is no uncommon thing to hear that in a pool or ditch communicating with a salmon river there is an occasional large fish in January or February and the first idea is that it is a pike or jack-fish, but it is as likely as not to be a Kelt. The best thing to do with these fish is to at once get them out and kill them. They will never do any good to the river and the sooner they are killed and buried the better. Mr. Bund thus takes the view that the prohibition should not apply to Kelts, though he admits that it really does so, for he not only urged that they be captured, but that they should be destroyed, though he admits that (to quote his own words) "when there is nothing better to be had, Kelt fishing on a spring day is not to be despised." Quite a number of authorities thus consider that Kelts should be allowed to recover and many Kelts improve rapidly in condition after spawning. Indeed a "well mended Kelt" is regarded with favour by some anglers as possessing not only game qualities but also very good food qualities. Such fish never reach their prime condition and weight unless they return to the sea where they improve so much that they may assume the silvery colour with the characteristic healthy blue dorsal shade, lacking however the violet colour of the fresh-run clean salmon.



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and the body is thinner than a fresh-run fish. Mr. Bund regards with favour a well-mended Kelt and says that "A fresh-run fish looks like a well-fed fish 'untrained' but a Kelt is like a fish that has been under a course of 'training.'" Thus it is impossible by means of colour alone to know whether a fish is unclean or unseasonable as Kelts, which are undoubtedly illegal and under a strict interpretation of salmon laws may so recover as to be quite acceptable fish. If the term "foul" and "unseasonable" be rigidly applied to salmon full of spawn, then some of the greatest salmon fishing in the world is being carried on contrary to the unquestionable intent of the Fisheries Act. Many fish in Atlantic waters which are taken by the fly are approaching the spawning condition, and on the Pacific coast vast quantities of salmon in such condition constitute the main commercial catch at a late-period of the fishing season. A well-known authority stated that according to his reading of the law the term "Unclean" includes gravid fish that are about to spawn as well as spent fish that have spawned, and Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell declares that "shortly before spawning and also whilst returning to the sea as Kelts or spent fish, salmon are unfit for food and their capture is illegal."

The main criterion which in most cases is relied upon, when applying the unclean salmon provision, is their external appearance. Fish which are discoloured and show patches of red or of black, especially the male fish, which are often tinged with deep red and showing on the cheeks orange stripes are, without doubt, universally regarded as foul fish and considered unfit for the table and the killing of them prohibited by law,—indeed as Paterson, in his work on *Fishery Laws*, says of unclean fish in Ireland that red, black, foul, unclean or unseasonable salmon or trout cannot be taken, killed, destroyed, sold or had in possession, and Russel in his work on the salmon speaks of the term "foul fish" as covering both spawned and unspawned salmon. No doubt the principal reason for prohibiting the capture of unclean fish was their supposed unsuitability for food. Vast numbers of such fish have been eaten annually both in Europe and on this continent and no serious results have been generally proved. Indeed, there was a very large export of unclean salmon from England to France which resulted in special prohibitions being carried out. Spent salmon exported to France exceeded \$10,000 in value in one season, and no complaints as to their edibility arose. On the Pacific Coast great quantities of salmon in a foul discoloured condition, especially the large dog salmon, have been eaten by Indians from time immemorial, and in the

markets of Seattle and the cities of Washington State such discoloured dog salmon form a large element in the fish supply in the late fall. No evil results have been proved, though the flesh no doubt is less rich, and lacking in the nutritive qualities of the better conditioned "clean" salmon. It does not appear that unseasonable salmon known as "foul or unclean" are harmful as food, and they may afford much sport, especially in the case of well-mended Kelts. It is, in the opinion of most authorities, desirable to protect these fish so that they may be preserved after the breeding season and may descend to the sea, recover their condition and return in the following year to their spawning grounds. In the case of many Pacific species there is, however, nothing to be gained by this course, as most of the spent salmon die after spawning. In view of these considerations the prohibition of foul or unclean salmon in the Canadian Fisheries Act might be amended so as to prohibit only ripe, gravid fish just about to spawn (both male and female), also spent fish and diseased and unseasonable fish, but it should not prevent the taking legally of well-mended Kelts or of any vigorous salmon in the upper waters which Indians and others may use and which may be of some benefit though of minor benefit to salmon rivers. If the regulations could be so devised as to permit the taking only of clean, fresh-run salmon and other fish, when in a vigorous, healthy and perfect condition, the main object would be attained and it might be left to the discretion of fishermen and others to leave uncaught fish which are foul, unwholesome in appearance, or fish covered with fungus. Diseased fish should be captured only under official superintendence and with official knowledge. It may be added that where Kelts have been destroyed in certain salmon rivers the supply of fish in succeeding years had not fallen off, but there is no doubt that after spawning, fish as a rule are most easily captured and therefore in the interest of the fisheries generally the terms of "foul" or "unclean" should be made to cover as wide an area as possible and include every fish other than those which are in a perfect and clean condition. The subject is one which should however be thoroughly discussed by practical men as the taking of foul and unclean salmon, other than fish just about to spawn, is not harmful in its results, and the terms might be restricted as much as possible in their application. The subject is open to discussion and should be thoroughly canvassed before the clause so long part of our Fisheries Act is amended or eliminated.

The above was read by Prof. Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, at the Conference of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at Ottawa, December 10th and 11th, 1913.



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*The "Tale" of the  
Moose,  
or the Story of a Head*

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The moosehead was adopted as the heraldic device of the Intercolonial Railway in 1883, and in 1887 the Canadian Arms was made a companion device, as indicating government ownership of the railway. The moosehead is the recognized trade mark to be used with or without the Arms. It is used by the Intercolonial Railway as representative of the game animals of Canada, and one which is of itself *inter-colonial* in being common to Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. No other railway in America passes for so long a distance through a country which is recognized everywhere as the "Home of the Moose." Apart from this geographical application, the moose through its size, strength and courage, is able to hold its own against all rivals in its domain. It has a speed which distances its opponents, and its coat, proof against storms and cold, gives comfort at all seasons. Thus these qualities of safety, speed and comfort, typical of the moose, are kept in view by the railway in its construction and maintenance, and with special reference to the transportation of passengers over its line.

# AN OUTING ON THE OTTAWA

P. E. BUCKE

"Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,  
Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye  
to-night,  
Both current and ripple are dancing in  
light."

Scott's Monastery.

**M**Y friend Charley kindly invited me to take a trip with him last September to his Island some miles up the Ottawa River. It is called Twelve Mile Island for the simple reason that it is twelve miles from any point that is that distance away from it, and for no other that I could make out. Anyway, it is situated at the head of Lake Deschenes. Needless to say I gladly and speedily accepted the invitation for a week's outing. Charley was to be Captain, owner and general superintendent. A young lad we took up with us, whom we will call "Jones" for short, was mate, bowman and deck hand, myself super cargo, purser and passenger. The craft was a chestnut Sponson canoe, built at Fredericton, N. B., and was fitted with a two cylinder engine made at Brockville, Ont. She was covered in with a high waterproof canvas top extending her whole length, which made her perfectly dry in case of rain. She was called a canoe, but she was one of the steadiest, stiffest boats I ever put my feet into. One could sit on her side without listing her a particle; this I attributed to the air chambers which were placed outside the hull just above the water line. I was told that these served as life preservers so that if the boat were upset or filled with water, it would support eight men.

Charley started in the boat from the Britannia wharf, but I took passage on the Hull Electric Railway and boarded her at the Aylmer Park dock. We had not gone very far before it became evident that our Sponson boat was not only staunch and steady, but that she was a clipper and a hustler as we passed everything in sight and reached the island at 4.30 p.m. A rowboat was at hand. We anchored the yacht head and stern in case of a blow, and proceeded to land our stuff, comprising fishing materials, provisions, etc.

I must say I was most agreeably surprised at the ingenuity displayed by friend Charley in the erection of his Crusoe abode, of which I will give a little sketch which may be of assistance to readers who wish a good, comfortable home of cheap construction in an out-of-the-way wilderness. A frame was set up of two by four scantling with rafters of the same size; the uprights and timbers were put conveniently far enough apart so that sheets of corrugated iron could be nailed to them, allowing for a sufficient lap to keep out the wind and rain. A few bags of cement were properly mixed to make the floor, which was smooth, cool and clean. A small cook stove stood in one corner, the pipe going out through the iron roof. A cupboard was provided for the

bread and groceries department, knives, spoons etc. The house was provided with two doors and three windows, the latter being furnished with inch board shutters on hinges so that they could be closed and bolted inside when the occupants were away. The house was fifteen by twenty feet and gave ample room for two wire spring couches on one side, and a dining table on the other. The folding cane-seated chairs furnished by the Sponson Canoe Co., were carried up for seats. The whole place had an air of comfort, and in fact I might say, for a forest camp, it had a feeling of luxury. Clothes hooks were put in the upright scantling to lay the fishing rods on, to have them handy for use when required, without a moment's delay, or the trouble of fixing lines or attaching reels.

After we had landed, Jones started in the rowboat for the Quebec shore to lay in a supply of eggs, butter and potatoes, which were easily obtainable from the farmers there. After a sumptuous meal we took a shove out for deep water and proceeded to fish. Our main catch was black bass and perch, the shad and pickerel seeming to have gone into deeper water for the time being. On the following day we hove up anchor, or rather cast off moorings, and proceeded to Constant Bay. This is a deep inlet of a third of a mile wide and two miles in depth with a creek running into the far end. Although there is little or no current in this bay now, there is every indication that at one time not many centuries ago it was the main bed of the Ottawa River before it had cut through its present channel. On the left hand going up the shore it is rocky with lime-stone. Occasionally small islands appear as the Ottawa sinks into its bed after the north waters pass down in the spring. The opposite bank is all sand with a beautiful soft beach, so shelving that in places a man can walk out fifty yards without getting out of his depth. The bank of the Bay rises abruptly eight feet. There is a good road margin between the bank and the water. The higher bank is clothed with a dense growth of pines and poplars, making a lovely, dry, smooth, well-shaded camping ground. Along the sandy beach we found a number of plover, and in the weed beds at the mouth of the creek a few ducks. In the pines there were yet a few partridge or grouse. The best bait for bass, pickerel and pike we found to be minnows. The shelving sandy beach gave us ample opportunity to supply our minnow pail. Charley had provided himself with some mosquito netting a yard wide and twenty feet long. The lower edge was weighted with B. B. shot sewn in a cotton hem attached to the bottom of the net, whilst corks were fastened to the tops for floats. Sticks were supplied at each end, the whole making an excellent miniature seine. The minnows kept in the shallow water along the edge so that the larger fish could not get at them very readily.

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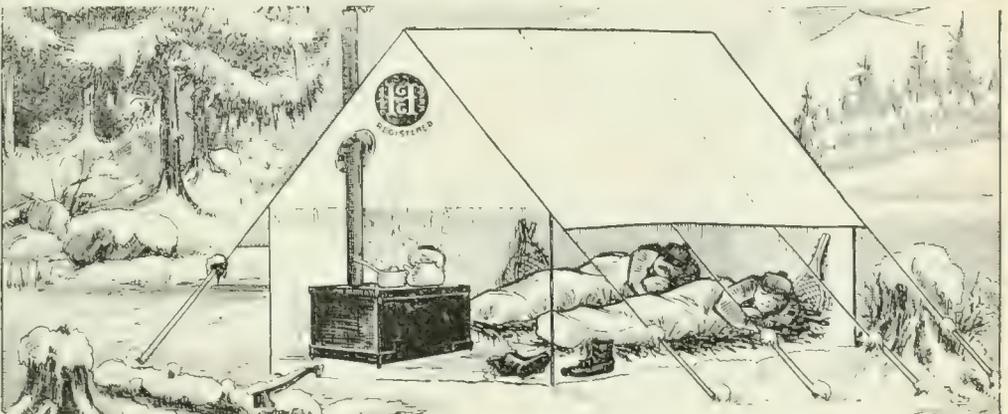
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but by walking along the shore we could see shoals of them close at hand. By removing our boots and lower garments we soon secured an adequate supply of the small fry. These we put into a pail with a perforated lid and set it under water for future use. When we took the pail into the boat we used a piece of small rubber tubing as a siphon, keeping the pail replenished from the river as the water ran out. We found this infinitely superior to a minnow pan attached to a rope and thrown over the side of the boat as none of the little fellows died, and they were easily secured by means of a perforated or wire dipper. Jones and I did the fishing for two or three hours whilst Charley took the gun and scoured the beach and weed-beds along the shore for snipe, plover and ducks. I regret to say he did not make a very heavy bag, but we always supplied ourselves with enough fish and game to supplement the eggs, vegetables and bacon otherwise provided. One day we took a cruise through the Islands along the Ontario shore up to Fitzroy Harbour and the Chats Falls. The weather was charming, the sun bright and the sky a lovely blue. The trees were just beginning to put on their autumn tints, the air was bracing. Charley remarked in his poetic way that it was to him "the wine of life." The whole scene and surroundings made one feel the keen enjoyment of living. Charley was most enthusiastic and broke out in a verse something like the following:—

"Oh Canada, My Canada, the land I love so well,

The sky, the trees, the bluffs, the breeze,  
The mountain and the dell."

Well, that day was a general loaf and as we were not returning to the City we only took a few bass for the pantry. Jones who went ashore next day reported that on his travels from the bank of the river through the woods to the farmhouse a couple of miles, where he usually obtained our supplies of milk and eggs, he had seen a duck in a pond and also a grouse. He was very much excited over the recital of the event, and very much regretted he had not taken a gun with him. We immediately called a council, to discuss the matter. Charley being the senior officer, took the chair. A debate then arose that waxed both loud and long (though not so long as that on the navy bill.) The question before the chair was which of the two birds we should shoot first. One party held that the grouse would be the tenderest, whilst the other side argued that the duck had the most meat on it. The discussion finally ended by the chair ruling that the toughness of the duck would be no real obstacle, as there was plenty of time to masticate it, and our appetites were all good. Charley being the best shot was delegated to do the slaughtering, while Jones was to do

the dog business, to find and point out the game. For some reason best known to themselves neither of the birds could be found. The result was we had to make our dinners of boiled pork and green cabbage. One night it came on to storm; it was real fun to listen to the music of the big raindrops pelting down upon the iron roof and to know that we were high and dry inside, between the blankets. Before going to bed the deckhand, who had anticipated a downpour, turned the row-boat upside down on the sandy beach. When he went to right her next morning he heard something scratching under the back seat. He at once gave the alarm and Charley dashed out of the house, about ten paces away to see what was the matter. He observed the tail of some animal sticking out which he grasped vigorously, drawing out to view a muskrat about two thirds grown. We put him in a small biscuit box, put a lid on it and took him to the house. We left him to his meditations which I have no doubt were very sweet, as I lifted the lid an hour afterwards and found his majesty rolled up in a corner fast asleep. Before leaving the island we turned him loose when he steadily made his sneak through the grass and scrub.

In some way the muskrat incident started Charley telling stories of his early life. It must be known that Charley in his younger days employed his time in a variety of pursuits, prospecting in the north country, engaged in the lumber camps in Michigan, working in Cider Mills etc. He was one of those easy going young fellows that float around for some time before they settle down to business. Once on a time when Charley was in a timber camp a couple of hundred miles up the Ottawa more or less, it appears they used a great lot of tinned goods and the empty tins were scattered around the camp in great profusion. Charley being musically inclined had brought with him into the wilds a gramophone to cheer him in his solitary life. One evening an Indian from the yet farther North dropped in, and as he came along took note of the tins lying around, but when he saw and heard the singing and speaking instrument, for the first time he was quite taken off his feet. Having meditated for quite a while on this new wonder of civilization he exclaimed:

"English cook up everything in tin,— peas, fish, tongue everything."

Then turning to the gramophone he said:

"English man even can white man, Wah!" and with that he went off with a grunt.

After spending a most enjoyable week in fishing, shooting and a good deal of loafing we returned to the City much refreshed and rested, and quite ready if need be to engage in the arduous struggle for existence.

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# A THANKSGIVING DAY HUNT

LAWRENCE EDWARDS

"**H**URRAH! for the Thanksgiving Day Hunt." These words were brought to my ears as I was hurrying home with a new gun that I had bought that day. Three or four young men were standing in a group near by talking together and when they saw me with the new gun, one of them gave the above yell. When I heard the word "hunt" I was all attention.

"Well, what about the hunt?" I asked.

"Wont you join the crowd and be one of the team on Thanksgiving Day?"

"Certainly," I replied, glad of the invitation.

The hunt of which I am about to speak took place some years ago and at that time had been an organized affair for three years previously. It had proved so successful that there were now twenty-five men, old and young, all eager to join in the sport. Two men were chosen to act as captains and they each selected a number of men, whom they could send to certain parts of the country, or let them go wherever they chose. The captains this particular year were Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Mains. I was assigned to Mr. Ferguson's side.

The rules of the hunt were set by the captains. Each animal or bird counted a certain number of points. Points were to be given only for game shot on Thanksgiving Day. Every man was to be in by 8 p. m. Thanksgiving night.

We were in Eastern Ontario where small game, such as squirrels and chipmunks was in abundance. The partridge and duck season opened before Thanksgiving Day. It was, of course, edible game which we were chiefly concerned in procuring as all such was to be used at the supper which was to follow the hunt.

The killing of duck or partridge counted fifty points; porcupine, fifty points, skunk, twenty-five points; ground-hog, fifteen points; squirrel, ten points, crow, ten points; sparrow, five points.

We arranged to have a party the night of the hunt, the team receiving the most number of points to be the guests of the losing team. If any other than edible game were shot we arranged to take only a certain part of it home, such as the head, ears or tail, but edible game was to be taken home intact.

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear. I was up and away just as the sun was rising, but early as I was others were up before me. I could hear shots echoing and re-echoing, the cold morning air carrying the sounds for miles till one imagined that we were living in a time of war instead of in a time of peace such as "Thanksgiving" Day suggests.

I walked fully half a mile before I saw anything to shoot, then as I was passing beneath a tree, the dewy limbs of which were sparkling in the morning sun, I saw a little squirrel sitting on a limb eating his morning

lunch, munching away at a butternut, little dreaming that it was his last look upon this world. The next moment and he had made the first ten points to my credit.

At half past eleven I was five miles from home and with less than a hundred points to my credit. I was hungry as a bear so I sat down underneath a maple tree to eat my lunch, which I carried in my hunting bag slung across my shoulder. The pangs of hunger lessened as the lunch disappeared. Suddenly an object which I had been watching for some time moved, just enough to let me know that it was living. In the position in which I was at the time I could not make out what it was as it was nearly two hundred yards away and almost hidden by the trees near it. I jumped up and started towards it. The wind was blowing slightly in the direction in which I was going and it must have scented me for it looked up, saw me, and then turned and ran for the swamp behind it. I did not know what it was but supposed it was making for some tall trees that I could see back of the swamp. I ran on and on and presently came to the maple trees that were growing on a bit of rising ground about a hundred yards back. I stopped under the trees and then I saw that I had been pursuing a porcupine. I fired one shot at him but he was too well hidden and it took no effect. I then let him have the contents of the other barrel and was rewarded by hearing a drop of blood at long intervals hit the dead leaves under him. I reached for my hunting bag to get more cartridges to—my hunting bag was gone. In the hurry of starting I had forgotten it, having left it behind with my lunch. I was in a quandary. I did not like to leave the porcupine, for he might get away. Besides, some one else might find and shoot him before I could get back. I stood irresolute for a minute, then slinging my gun over my shoulder I ran all the way back for the cartridges. Hastily returning I was in the act of firing at him a third time when I heard some one walking in the dead leaves and lowered my gun to see who it was.

"Hey, you, that fellow is mine; I saw him first."

"I beg to differ Mr.—but I have already fired twice at him, so I guess he is mine."

I then recognized a man who was on Mr. Main's side. He was a man of about forty-five years of age and of a grasping nature, I knew. At first he would not believe what I said but when I showed him the few drops of blood on the leaves he grudgingly said:

"All right, I guess he's yours this time. Let's see you bring him down."

I told him it was almost useless to fire at the porcupine when it was so high up and as he had a rifle asked him if he would fire a shot at it for me but this he refused to do. I fired two more shots at Mr. Porey and then he dropped to the ground. If not entirely killed by the



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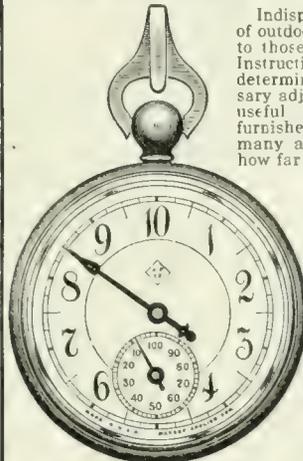
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shot it was certainly killed by the fall. The man and I parted then, he going off in one direction while I took the other back to where I had left my half finished dinner.

All afternoon I travelled without anything of importance happening, except that I came across a flock of partridge and with one shot killed three of them. I reached home about 6.30 in the evening, changed my hunting clothes for others and started for the house at which we were to have the party, taking my partridge with me as a toothsome contribution to the supper.

Most of the boys were there when I arrived. At fifteen minutes to eight everybody was in but our captain. The other team began to jolly us about our captain not showing a very good example in being late but we knew he would be on time even though he might not get in until the last minute. At three minutes to eight he arrived and a cheer went up from our side for he was a crack shot and we had high hopes of winning the prize for the most points. A gentleman among the invited guests offered to count the points so in full view of all each one in turn emptied out his game and laid aside the refuse as it was counted. The useless parts were put in a pile to be carried away and the edible parts were put in dishes to be cooked for supper. All the points were entered in a book before any of them were added up. When they were all counted some of the lady guests offered their assistance in cooking the fowl. We accepted their help and went back to the shed to add up the points. The average run of points was about two hundred.

The points of the two captains were the last to be counted.

"Captain Main's, next."

The counter's voice was inaudible until he reached the two hundred mark. Then, "210, 215, 230, 245, 250. That's all."

A cheer went up from everyone.

"Captain Ferguson's next."

Silence for a while and then the counter's voice rang out:

"Two hundred, 210, 215, 225, 235, 245, 250, 255. That's all."

Then followed loud cheers. "Congratulations, Captain Ferguson," was heard on every side.

Captain Ferguson was then presented with the prize, a handsome and serviceable pair of hunting gloves, for which he thanked the boys as befitted the occasion.

When the points to decide who were to be the guests and who the hosts were totalled up, it was found that there was a slight majority in favor of Captain Main's team and a big cheer went up for the Captain and his team.

The edible fowl which was to be used to augment the good things that had been previously prepared for the supper was ready for plucking shortly after eight o'clock and the minute the fowl left the counter's hands willing hands "made the feathers fly." Many hands made light work and while the guests were entertained by music, games and dancing, those in charge of the culinary department were busily engaged in getting plump and juicy birds ready for the roasting pans. Shortly before midnight, supper was announced, a supper that everyone pronounced "the best ever."

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## CURIOUS FACT ABOUT FISH

WHILE he was studying the behavior of fresh water fish on an expedition to Cienfuegos, Cuba, Dr. Barnum Brown, an American Naturalist, found three hot springs which had a temperature respectively each of 99, 93 and 96 degrees Fahrenheit. These springs are situated thirty miles north of the Cuban city and are grouped closely together. They are not more than twenty yards apart and about two hundred yards from the Analla River into which they have an outlet.

The springs of ninety-six and ninety-three degrees, says Dr. Brown, are walled in and there has sprung up a "Sure" colony, with a large hotel around the former spring. The spring of ninety-nine degrees temperature has the largest volume and is more directly connected with the river. Now marvellous to behold, Professor Brown much to the surprise of the whole scientific world, has discovered thousands of fish living in these hot waters.

When you recall the fact that fish are cold-blooded animals that are not supposed to sur-

vive high heat, it is indeed amazing to learn of these new findings. Dr. Brown has already reported to the scientists in technical language, the names of six different species of fish so far identified among the thousands that gambol happily in those hot springs. One of them was an eel that occurs only in the hottest spring.

Dr. Brown says he was curious to learn if it was possible for these various kinds of hot water fish, to thrive like other fish at ordinary river temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees. Therefore he undertook to catch in a seine, a number of these fish from the blood-hot springs, and to transfer them without injury to the river and to other bodies of ordinarily temperature water.

Of eleven such hot-water fish, Dr. Brown reports that when transferred to river and ocean water, nine died within ten minutes. He repeated these experiments many times, always with the same result, to wit, that more than two-thirds quickly died, unable to resist the sudden change from their accustomed hot water to the river water.

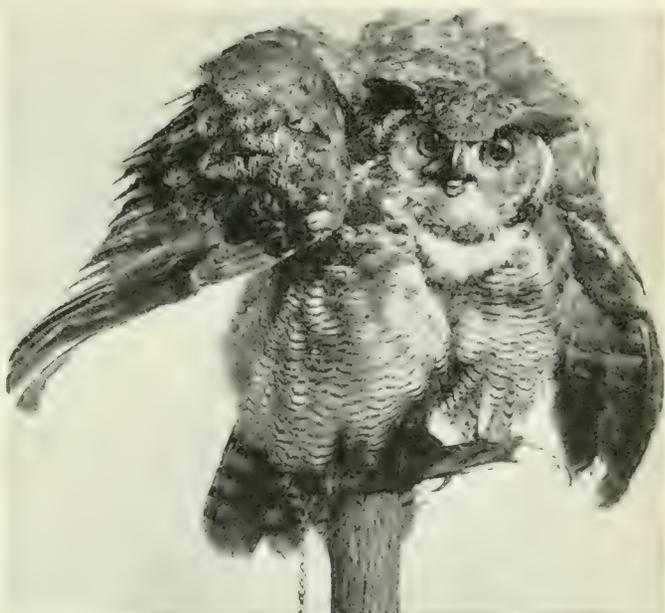
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# OUR LETTER BOX

## **An Interesting Letter From Quebec.**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I note with interest your 50 cents boost and now enclose \$1.50 to cover my subscription.

Your magazine seems to be rapidly working its way to the point where men look forward to each number. You had some excellent articles a while ago on a trip taken from Georgian Bay to Ottawa many years ago; this was cut out and preserved by some of my friends and was widely read. ROD AND GUN has surely a field. There is a surprising amount of trapping done about here; a great deal more than one would suppose, and some of our men add quite considerably to their income thereby. I have passed on one or two numbers containing articles on trapping and found the recipients highly appreciative.

We have had a lot of shooting this fall—between forty and fifty deer being killed in our neighborhood, including one pure white one. The opinion is rapidly growing that shooting of bucks only should be allowed in this province and this is a question which I should like to see discussed by your sportsmen readers.

A party of local hunters also bagged in one day four bears, the bag consisting of one old one and three cubs. I understand a litter of three bear cubs is rare, personally having heard only once before of a case of this sort. My experience however is not wide and it might be more common than I suppose.

Yours truly,

F. J. Campbell.

Windsor Mills, P. Q.

## **On the Right Trail.**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

Allow me to congratulate you on the splendid January number you got out. It surely is a good tonic. I find it impossible to stop reading it from cover to cover at one sitting and then write and tell you about it. I have been looking for such articles as Mr. Mortimer Batten's on outdoor subjects, for a long time, and at last am glad that I have struck his trail. I hope that he will blaze the trail for some time to come.

I may say that in Northern B. C. the moose does shed his horns. I have killed moose late in December and in trying to move the carcass by pulling on the horns they have come off in my hands.

Sincerely yours,

Joe LaSalle.

McBride, B. C.

## **Do Bull Moose Lose Their Horns.**

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*

The writer was very much interested in an article in the November ROD AND GUN

written by Mr. Hamilton Fisher, formerly of Dawson City in which he asserts that the Bull moose of the Yukon do not lose their Horns.

Being an old Dawson City or Yukon hunter I feel it my duty to all followers of the sport to state my experience on the subject.

I arrived in Dawson City on June 11th, 1898 and in 1900 I left civilization for the interior, namely the head waters of the Stewart River, about 480 miles North East of Dawson, remaining there two years, trapping and hunting in which I had ample opportunity for studying the habits of the monarch of the forest.

Returning to Dawson City in 1902, I remained long enough to outfit and left for the head waters of the Klondyke with my partner, Pete, 110 miles from Dawson, where I spent the fall and winter hunting for the Dawson Market. Returning to Dawson in the spring of 1903 I outfitted and went to the head waters of the Pelly River, remaining there until the spring of 1904, trapping.

The Pelly River was known as the paradise of the moose and they were to be seen almost every day. The eleven months that I spent there, during the four seasons I spent hunting I shot 47 moose as there was no close season for the trapper for he had to depend entirely on his rifle for his food and many months I lived on moose meat and a little tea.

I think that my readers will agree that my experience has been as wide as Mr. Fisher's. In the four seasons mentioned I have never seen a Bull moose with his horns on during January, February or March though at the end of March, I have shot them with the horns about two inches long, but they grow very rapidly and by the end of August they have their full set of horns again, which remain in velvet until the rutting season which is October in the Yukon.

Mr. Fisher claims that the Bull moose does not lose his horns and that he has never seen moose without horns, also that the Indians told him they never lost their horns. Probably Mr. Fisher never saw any Bulls but the spike horns during his winter on the Stewart River, the Spike horn being the yearling Bull which does not lose its horns until coming two years old.

Mr. Fisher also claims that the Spike horn is the only one to which the term velvet can be applied.

On one occasion during the latter part of September I shot a large Bull moose still in the velvet and on going up to dress it I was confronted by the second Bull which I had to shoot to protect myself as I might say at that season if taken by surprise they will sometimes charge the hunter. This second moose still had about half the velvet on his horns.

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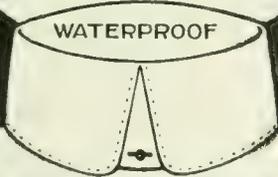
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This happened on the same hunting grounds that Mr. Fisher frequented the year before. In fact I used his log camp for one of my outposts on one of my trap lines and I cannot see why the moose should have changed his habits in so short a period of time.

Should Mr. Fisher require further proof, that the Bull moose loses his horns every year I shall be very glad through the ROD AND GUN in Canada to furnish him with same, taken from my own experience and not from hearsay or any book on Natural History.

Yours truly,

C. H. H.

### A Youthful Quebec Sportsman and his Lucky

#### First Shot.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

On the first of September my friend, Armand Desaulniers and I, gave our names as members of the Fish and Game Association of La Perade. Four days after this we started out on our first hunting excursion to the Charest River. This river is one of the principal tributaries of St. Anne River. It takes its rise from small springs at the foot of the Laurentides mountains. After a course of thirty-five miles wherein it is often obstructed by small islands, it joins the St. Anne at a mile from the St. Lawrence river. On account

of the current and the strong north wind we were not able as we had hoped to be able to do, to reach the Charest River by Canoe via the St. Anne River and after making about a mile we were forced to go back to La Perade that we had left about an hour before. There we secured a team belonging to Mr. J. C. Baribeau and after we had our things all fixed up, canoe, guns, etc., we left La Perade, at about 9 o'clock being accompanied by Mr. Southwick of that place. At eleven we pitched our tent on the banks of the Charest River, six miles from its mouth. There we had a cold lunch and putting down our canoe started toward the north. After having rowed half an hour or so we stopped to take a rest on the bank. As we were discussing the direction which we would take for the hunting we saw in a small bay on the opposite side a nice red deer playing in the water.

With the least possible noise Armand took out his gun, aimed and shot—but missed. The animal jumped up on the bank where, ten seconds later, he fell shot by a ball from my gun. This was my first shot. Half an hour later we were at our tent with the trophy in the canoe. It was then half past one. A good dinner was prepared and eaten with good appetite. In the afternoon we went into a small wood where I killed one hare and my friend, whose luck had turned, brought back to our tent at about five o'clock six partridge. The following day we were called home. I am very sorry that I wasted the photo of my deer but through an error I took another photo on the same plate.

Please find enclosed with my photo payment covering a yearly subscription to ROD AND GUN.

Yours respectfully,

Edward Baribeau.

La Perade, P. Q.

### Protection of Salmon Trout.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I always thought that the time to protect trout was at the time they were spawning but since living in this part of the country I find I am very much mistaken. The so called salmon trout in these small inland lakes spawn in October and every year people come from all over the country and camp for a week to ten days, anchor on the spawning beds and catch the trout by hundreds salting them down for the winter. Each trout caught is heavy with spawn, in fact you can look into any of the boats or canoes at that time and you will see trout spawn all over the bottom of them, spawn that has run out of the trout when they have been pulled into the boat. The law tells us that we can't catch these trout in November. From my experience it is almost impossible to catch one of these fish in that month. It certainly seems queer that fish of much less sporting character are given protection, especially when they are spawning, and that nothing is done to help these salmon trout. It will only be a question of a few years when we will hear the cry "No trout in that part of the country." Deer and partridge



Edward Baribeau, Member of the Fish and Game Association of La Perade, P. Q.

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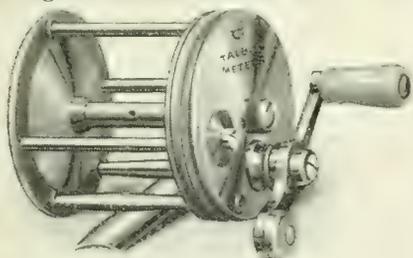
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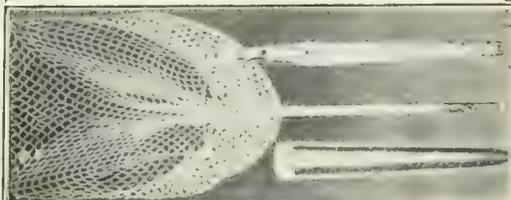
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were very plentiful last fall and so far this winter they have had an easy time as the winter has been very mild. Wishing you success in the coming year, I am

Yours very truly,  
Duncan A. Jackson.

Antioch P. O., Muskoka.

### Hunting Moose in Manitoba.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

For some time past I have been an interested reader of your magazine and as I have not seen a great deal of correspondence from Manitoba, have thought that I might write a few lines that would perhaps be of interest to some of your readers.

I have hunted big game in Ontario and in Manitoba for some forty years and have made a careful study of wild life. During that length of time one learns a few things—if not all.

I was amused to read Mr. Fisher's opinion on the moose of the Yukon. I have hunted moose and elk in the Riding Mountains for the last eight years and have always got my number. I have always noticed the cows and calves together in the hunting season and the bulls together sometimes two, sometimes more. This last fall as there was not much snow and no wind, we were not able to do much still hunting and we tried what we call "driving" with good results. Our party of six started out for our first try Monday morning. We went in pairs choosing different directions. My partner and I had not gone half a mile when we heard shooting to our left and knowing of a good run, or crossing, we made a spurt for it. On arrival there we had scarcely time to get our breath before a fine bull moose broke cover. We got him and laid him out. It was then only 8 o'clock. It took us the rest of the day to get him to camp and dressed.

The remainder of the party did not turn up until night. They brought back with them great yarns of having seen the King of the Woods, and were full of plans as to how they would trap him the following day.

Tuesday dawned bright and still and the other four started out for their station on Moose hill, as we had on former hunts named a certain hill. My partner and I started to "drive." About one mile from camp we heard them shooting at the hill and directly two bulls came tearing through the bush and at about four hundred yards we had some good shooting, bagging another fine moose. The rest of the day was spent in getting him home and in dressing him.

Wednesday it was still calm and warm and as the remainder of the party had been unsuccessful in getting any bag they wanted us to drive for them again. We started in as before with the result that they got three out of a band of seven bull moose that were driven out to them. One of these heads had a spread of fifty-six inches.

We had almost filled our license, but there was still one more coming to us. Now comes in the part of the hunt that I will never forget. As we were so far from camp we thought we would dress the moose on the spot and take

them in when frozen. When we had finished it was too late to hunt any more so we started for camp, four one way on the path, and two through the bush. I was one of the four and as we got near home we saw a fine bull moose cross the trail just ahead of us and disappear in the scrub. We were just going to start on when one of the party exclaimed:

"There he is!" at the same time pointing to the top of a hill about four hundred yards from us. We all saw him turn as if something had frightened him and he came tearing down through the scrub hazel right straight towards us. Whether he saw us or not I do not know but we were not taking any chances. At about twenty-five yards we all opened fire and he fell within ten paces of us with such force that he broke one horn short off at the head. Remember he was coming at race-horse speed. I will never forget the sight presented by the lordly brute as he came straight to his death. He was the finest of them all but his head was spoiled.

Thus ended our hunt. I have had many hunts in these mountains but on no other occasion were the moose as plentiful as they were on this trip. I have seen moose and elk in parks in Winnipeg and in Brandon and am fully satisfied that they shed their horns. If anyone would be interested to receive the reasons for this belief, I shall be pleased to give them.

Yours truly,  
J. Kilbank.

Rivers, Man.

### "Shoot That Loon."

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I have just read an article by Mr. Alfred Horsey in Our Letter Box of Dec. ROD AND GUN, entitled "Why persecute the Loon" and I cannot let it pass without answering the question from an angler's point of view. I cannot agree with Mr. Horsey when he says every man's, and every woman's hand is against the loon, for very few people understand the nature or habits of the bird. However I can agree with Mr. Horsey on one point, and that is the beauty of the bird. It certainly is one of the most beautiful plumaged waterfowl in Canada, but I can proceed no further in its praises. Mr. Horsey compares the loon with the Merganser or the Golden Eye, either of which only weigh on an average quarter the weight of the loon. The Merganser is a fish eater, but being a much smaller bird cannot devour as many fish as the loon either in size or number. The Golden Eye is not a fish eater, except when the fresh water lakes and streams are frozen over, when it has to seek its food in salt water where it feeds chiefly upon tiny muscels and other small shell fish and marine insects. While in fresh water it subsists chiefly on vegetable matter it obtains on the bottom of shallow lakes and streams, and for which it has to dive. Being an angler I would say the loon is one of the deadliest enemies to our fresh water fish, especially trout. During the summer of 1912 a friend of mine shot a young loon about two weeks old. I examined it, and on squeezing the neck from

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the breast bone up to the throat, I took out fifteen small fish from one and a half to two inches long, mostly young trout. Now if this infant bird could devour them at this rate, what would it take to satisfy the appetites of the two parent birds, each weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds, during a season lasting from the middle of April to the middle of November? The loon is quite as destructive to our game fish, as is the Lynx, the Fox, the Weasel and the Mink to our land game, and while the loon is not an edible bird I fail to see why it should be protected, to the destruction of one of our most delicious, gamey, and sport affording fish. Are we to sacrifice our toothsome speckled beauties which afford us so many delicious repasts, and supply thousands upon thousands of anglers young and old (some almost from the cradle to the grave) with the cleanest and purest of pleasure, for the sake of having a number of useless yet beautiful plumaged birds, floating on our lakes whose appetite like that of the Kingfish is never satisfied except when he is sleeping? I am told there is a game law in Nova Scotia, if so it is a dead letter in this part of the province, for our trout are taken through the ice, jigged, netted and dynamited in season and out of season. Our game birds are shot and snared and publicly exposed for sale out of season. Let our game birds, animals, and fish receive the protection so much needed, but let the loon take its place with the other robbers, the eagle, the hawk, the owl, the raven and other game destroying birds.

Yours for better game protection,  
D. W. Pilkington.

North Sydney, N. S.

P. S. I should like to hear what other anglers have to say to the question "Why persecute the loon?"

#### A Trapper's Query

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I would be pleased to have some of your readers through ROD AND GUN tell me if there is any good trapping to be had in the vicinity of Owen Sound, and what fur-bearers are to be found there.

I remain, one of your subscribers,  
Herman Taylor.

Belmont, Ont.

#### Hounding Deer, Etc.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I was interested to read the article on page 819 of your January issue entitled "Game and Game Protection in Ontario," by "Canuck" with whose ideas as expressed therein I am in agreement.

Hounding deer has never appealed to me. I have never shot a deer run by a dog, and have always been successful in securing a deer by still hunting. I love to hear a hound on the trail of a fox, or rabbit. That is music indeed, but it is discord when used for deer because I cannot see where the sport comes in in shooting a deer on a runway or in the water. One hunter named Spencer in Lennox County told me he never shoots a deer in the lake "I club them" he said. Stop hounding deer and

place a larger bounty on wolves and we will always have deer in plenty.

As to partridge, stop the sale and the problem is solved for their protection, even if the open season were extended, this I know from personal observation in Lennox County. Canuck's six suggestions at the bottom of his article have common sense value in my opinion. Now why did so many, many hunters want hounding? I am satisfied they are not hunters but shooters and are afraid to venture into the woods for fear of getting lost, but are taken by a guide to a runway and in the evening again led home. These men call themselves hunters. I can give you an instance of two men from Belleville who went to the North End of Lennox County, spent one day on the brow of a hill and started for home telling me there were no deer. I told them on that very hill there were always deer and next morning I went to this hill and found they were never 100 yards from its face. I went back about one-third of a mile and got a nice Buck and saw two other deer. The trouble was these men were afraid of getting lost.

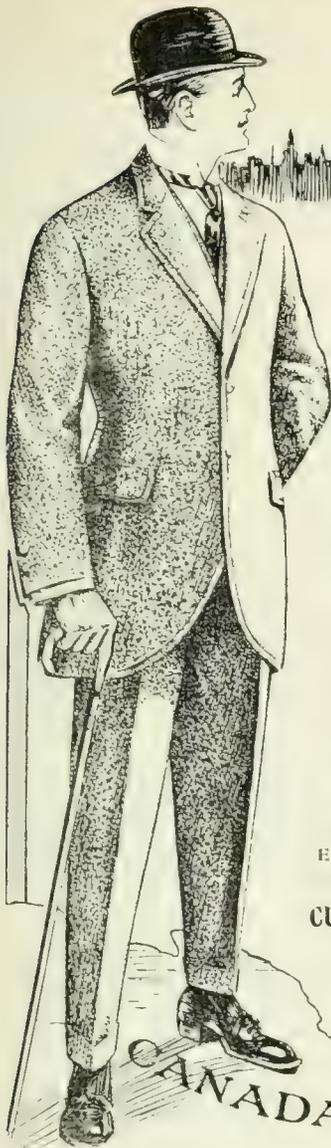
If deer are to be preserved for the general good of the poor man, stop hounding and let the City man with his dollars learn to find and kill his deer and be a genuine sport. I would also like a close season for grouse Black Squirrels, Hares and Quail in certain counties, say such as Perth, Waterloo, part of Wellington and Halton and the lower end of counties on the lake fronts.

Canuck, Jr.

#### Deer Hunting With Dogs Again.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I notice in your magazine objections made to dogs in deer hunting. I am a still hunter myself but not a "dog in the manger." If I do not care for deer meat that has been run by dogs, myself, I have no objection to those eating it who do like it. Nor would I shoot a deer that came bounding down through the woods to the lake with dogs yelling behind it, if I did not like it, and perhaps I should not have seen that deer at all had it not been that the dogs had chased it. If I were like some hunters I would use the lion hunter's methods I would hide and wait for Mr. Deer with his back turned and then shoot him, or if I were behind him and he did not see me I would yell or fire a shot in the air and tell him to look out, giving him a chance to get away. If I pay my \$2.00 for deer or my \$5.00 for moose to the Government I contend that I should be allowed to kill my deer or moose in my own way. Some still hunters seem to forget the amount of meat that they often leave to spoil when they shoot a big bull moose and cut off his head, leaving the rest of the animal to rot. Lots of still hunters do not eat deer or moose meat at all. All they come for is the fun they get out of killing the deer. Neither do they reflect upon the number of deer that are shot at with a little 25 calibre or small power rifle and that get away wounded and die subsequently in the bush because the hunter is unable to track them for lack of a dog. During the last hunting season there occurred a case



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in point four miles from Massey Ont., when a hunter who had not fired a shot heard his dogs yelling and when he proceeded in their direction he found much to his surprise a buck deer dead and lying in the bush. The deer had two bullet holes from a small calibre rifle and had been shot evidently two days previously. By that time it was not in a fit condition to use. There have probably been hundreds of such cases in the past few years. If these hunters desire the Government to pass a law prohibiting deer hunting with dogs I would suggest at the same time they advocate all still hunters who take out a license signing a pledge to make themselves liable to fifteen years in jail in the case of their shooting another hunter during the season. A man who has a grudge against another man can follow him to the bush and while "still hunting" shoot him; and then say that it was an accident. In my opinion the Government should insist upon these men using a high power rifle which will, in most cases, do better work than the every day light calibre or get-away gun. I see no reason why so much objection should be made to the high power rifles. If I am to be accidentally shot I would prefer to be shot with a Mauser or Ross .280 and to die instantly rather than to be shot with a 30.30 and suffer twenty miles from town and perhaps die on the way there. Those still hunters remind me of a time when I was a prospector. There were six in our party, two of them being brothers. Every time we had rice for meals the two brothers objected to raisins being put in the rice, notwithstanding that the other four in the party were very fond of them.

Yours,

Harry S. Preston.

Massey, Ont.

NOTE. This question which has already been much discussed in ROD AND GUN, continues to evoke the deepest interest amongst sportsmen and for that reason we print Mr. Preston's letter. We would like it to be distinctly understood, however that future letters on this subject will not be inserted unless writers will give up the bad habit of imputing motives to opponents. Sportsmen, whatever may be the strength of their feelings, ought to be satisfied with advocating their own cause and allow their opponents the same freedom. We must remind Mr. Preston that it is only a bad case that needs the sort of defence he puts up. If dog advocates have a good case they should be content to rely on the strength of that case and not abuse those who differ from them. Just note Mr. Preston's illustration. Were not each brace of men equally to blame and was not the solution of the difficulty an easy one? If neither couple had the courtesy, the good feeling or the courage to sink personal preference for the sake of their fellows could not the rice have been prepared in two ways—with and without the raisins and thus have satisfied both? Would not the small extra trouble have been well repaid in satisfaction? What right had either to have preference over the other? Mr. Preston is strong on the idea that having complied with the law, he shall

be allowed to hunt as he pleases. What he fails to perceive is that the assertion of that right carries with it the obligation on his part to accord the same rights to others. We repeat that writers on this subject must, if they wish their communications to appear in print, confine themselves to the advocacy of their favorite course and leave personalities and insinuations alone. These do no good and do not advance their cause one jot—rather, in fact, injure it in the eyes of all impartial observers.  
Ed. ROD AND GUN.

### Beside a Warm Fire on a Cold Day (Jan. 12, 1914)

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

As a boy many times have I held a wet, cold log or stump down for hours with the seat of the trousers my mother had made me, watching a runway, from which no deer came to reward my persistence. The strange thing about it is that the next morning I would be perfectly willing to repeat the performance although I knew that the chances of success were just as slim as those of the preceding morning.

For about a month I have been feeding a flock of wild geese in my park, feeding closer to the net day by day. The other morning (January 12) a fine pair of grey mallards went in and I pulled the wire and bang went the trap door.

"Ah honk! Kah honk!" and up in the sky went the honking geese, out of the park. But the quack, quack and flapping of wings were from the ducks under the wire.

Soon I had these two beauties in a hemp sack and before long they were liberated. If any of ROD AND GUN'S readers should see them they will know them by the fact that an aluminum band is to be found on one hind leg of each bird and on the band the following inscription—"Box 248, Kingsville, Ont."

After a while the honkers came back and soon were cautiously drawing nearer and nearer the net. It was against the rules of the "superintendent" of the house, but I couldn't help it. I took the auger and plunked a hole through the window sash. I could, of course, have made this hole more quickly had I used the .33 but this would have given the geese another scare. However I have the trip wire in the house and here I am putting in this cold-January day looking through the big window. There stands that old gander giving orders, only allowing two or three to venture in at the same time. Yes, I have the labels all stamped and there stand the eight geese right before my face and eyes.

"So near and yet so far." Sometimes my fever is quite high when all heads approach the door and I reach out towards the trip wire only to see them withdraw. Then I mutter to myself.

"Next time I will catch the geese before I do the ducks."

As I write I have the good old ROD AND GUN on my lap and when I take a second look at it I find it is the November number and the page falls open at "The Bull Moose and His Enemy the Wolf" by Hamilton Fisher. I am

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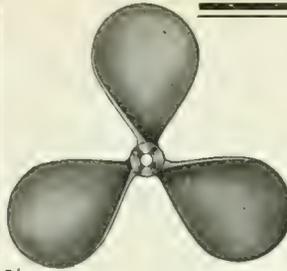
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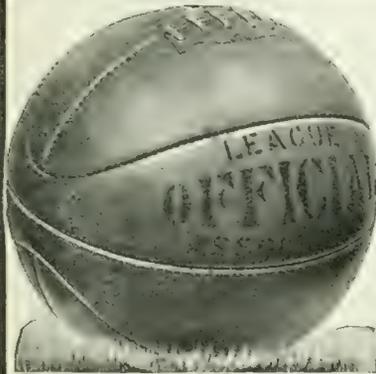
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much surprised to find how different the moose are in the Yukon to what they are in old Ontario. Mr. Fisher tells of wolves up there that weigh about one hundred and fifty pounds. Now I haven't seen all the wolves in Ontario yet, but I saw one that I was told weighed eighty pounds and he was the "butt kut" among them all; and if I never catch these geese I will give a dollar a pound to see a one hundred and fifty pound wolf. And those moose that wear the everlasting antlers! I tell you that is news to more than *city* people. I know a man who lived in the woods so long that he actually went into a hardware store to buy an orange and then into a drug-store for a

bear-trap; and this fellow has never seen a deer or moose with his dry horns later than the 14th day of February.

Well, the geese are up at the door again. Watch for results.

Yours truly,

Jack Miner.

Kingsville, Ont.

\*"Butt kut," i.e. the largest and by all means the heaviest.

N. B. Mr. Miner has a permit from the Government to net birds for labelling. As is known to many of our readers Mr. Miner has made his home and farm a shelter for the wild birds from their natural enemies.



A Little Child Shall Feed Them: Mr. Miner's Home at Kingsville, Ontario

## Conservation of Lobster Fishery

The wonderful productiveness of the Canadian sea-shores is such that the lobster industry is still carried on on a vast scale, and the total money value of the lobster fishery is greater than ever, but the annual returns are really misleading, because, while the supply of lobsters is declining, the price has so materially advanced that the total value is greater to-day than at any previous period. Thus, in 1880, lobsters brought \$5 a case, whereas last year the price realized was nearly four times that amount.

In the case of the oyster, though the number of barrels annually produced on the Canadian beds is only half what it was ten years ago, the price per barrel has increased in about the same ratio as the price of lobsters, and is now four or five times what it was in 1880.

The following points are worthy of attention in considering the present condition of the lobster industry:—

1. The size of lobsters has materially declined, great catches being of very much smaller average size than in former years, while the fishing operations are carried on over a very much larger area, and with greatly increased number of traps, and in deeper water, and, in most districts, with the assistance of motor boats.

2. The traps used are more effective and destructive than formerly, and the parlour and other forms of trap have replaced the lobster pot used in past years.

3. There is a tendency in some localities to increase the small canneries and, in such canneries, to either pack the fishermen's catches on share or to pack them for the fishermen, charging a rate agreed upon for the cost of cans and the labour.

4. While the size limit has been ignored, and was practically a dead letter when various size limits were in force in the different lobster districts, the fishermen realize that the taking of small lobsters has been detrimental. In such localities as the shores of Grand Manan island, a large size limit seems to have been observed. It is a widespread opinion that, by returning small lobsters to the water and marketing only the large lobsters, the value of the catch has been increased. But, in general, fishermen do not favour a size limit and some canneries would, for a time, be closed, were the eight or nine-inch limit enforced generally. All, however, are convinced that the berried lobster—the female lobster carrying eggs—must be protected.

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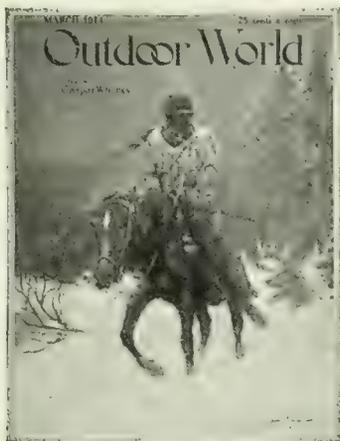
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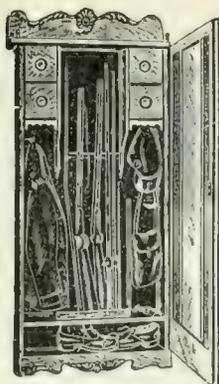
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# WHAT SUBSCRIBERS SAY

The following are letters which have been received at the ROD AND GUN offices during the past few months. They speak for themselves.

## A Subscriber for Six Years.

Laird, Sask., Dec. 29, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed find payment covering my subscription as per enclosed statement. I have been a subscriber for six years to your magazine and never once during that period has an issue failed to afford some measure of pleasure.

With best wishes for the coming year, I remain

Yours respectfully,  
A. N. Tapscott.

## Well Worth the Money.

Willowbrook, Sask.,  
Dec. 26, 1913

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed find payment covering arrears and my subscription to your magazine for the coming year. I think your magazine is all right and well worth the money.

Yours truly,  
C. Willis.

## An Old Hunter's Appreciation.

Galt, Dec. 31st, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed please find renewal sub. to Rod and Gun from January to December 1914—\$1.50. I always enjoy your magazine and being an old hunter in the north can appreciate it the more.

C. H. Dando.

## An American Subscriber's Good Wishes.

Minneapolis, Minn.,  
Dec. 29, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Please find enclosed payment for renewal covering my subscription to ROD AND GUN for another year. Here's wishing the magazine continued success. I look forward with interest every month to the coming of ROD and GUN and I unite with many of your readers in good wishes for the future of your publication.

Very sincerely yours,  
A. Benson.

## Excellent Company on Winter Evenings.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 27, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

In renewing my subscription for ROD and GUN I wish to express my warmest approval of your bright little magazine. As a "somewhat fisherman" and general lover of the great outside, I find it full of interest and

most excellent company on winter evenings by the fireside.

Here's wishing you prosperity and expansion in the year 1914.

Yours sincerely,  
W. C. King.

## Each Issue Better Than the Last.

Toronto, Ont, Jan. 1, 1914.

Dear Sir:—

Please find enclosed cheque to cover my subscription to your interesting journal till January 1915. I would sooner miss a day's ablutions with dessert "shut off" too, than a monthly visit from ROD AND GUN. Each issue seems better and brighter than the last.

Wishing you and your staff a liberal share of health and prosperity in the New Year.

Yours truly,  
C. R. Orr.

## Enjoys Reading the Magazine.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 30, 1913-

Dear Sirs:—

I enclose payment covering my subscription for one year. I enjoy reading your magazine and wish you a bountiful harvest of subscribers.

Yours sincerely,  
E. Costello.

## Best Magazine Published.

Acton, Ont., Sept. 13, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed find express order for year's subscription to ROD AND GUN from June 1913 to May 1914.

I look forward with great pleasure for the appearance of your magazine each month as I think it is the best magazine published. I remain,

Yours,  
Jno. B. Nelson.

## A Family Magazine.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 24, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed find amount to cover the enclosed account. The magazine is greatly appreciated by myself and family.

Yours sincerely,  
Ernest Dwyer.

## The "Soundest" Book of its Class.

Fair View, Bridgewater, N. S.,  
Dec. 20, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Kindly forward me by return mail "American and Canadian Sportsman's Encyclopedia" for which I enclose payment. I am a regular reader of your magazine, ROD AND GUN, getting same through my book-store dealer and may say that I think it the soundest book I read of its class.

Yours faithfully,  
Donald MacDonald.



## No Power of Ships Eclipses "Scripps"

**S**CRIPPS Motors are made in 1-2-4-6 Cylinder sizes—15 models—semi-speed, medium duty and extra heavy duty types.

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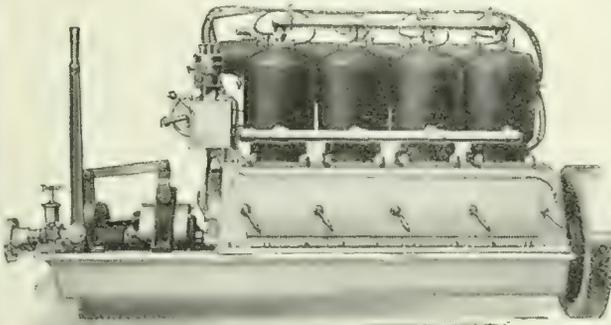
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**Does Not Care to Miss a Copy.**

Sandwich, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—

I received your postal acknowledgement of payment of my subscription to ROD AND GUN for one year. I have been getting same from a local dealer, but unfortunately he has quit handling magazines. The last number of the ROD AND GUN I got was September and if you could send me copies of October and November and date my subscription accordingly I would greatly appreciate it as I find the magazines such interesting reading that I do not care to miss a copy of same if I can help it.

Yours truly,

John S. Master.

**Looks Forward to Each Issue.**

Ilderton, Ont., Nov. 28, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed please find postal note in payment of my subscription to ROD AND GUN from October 1913 to September 1914.

Each month I look forward to the next issue of your interesting magazine.

Yours truly,

R. T. Hedley.

**Game Guardian Finds the Magazine of Value.**

Andrew, Alta., Nov. 15, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Am sorry to have kept you waiting for your subscription money, but have been so busy buidling a new house and getting into same before the cold weather, that being in a tent in the meantime, your letter got mislaid. Better late than never however. I could not do without the ROD AND GUN now as I have just been appointed a Game Guardian of Alberta.

Yours truly,

George Woodley.

**Would Not Be Without It.**

Birtle, Man., Oct. 18, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

I received yours of the 10th and note what you say regarding Canadian Wilds.

I receive your magazine regularly from the local drug-store and would not be without it for anything.

R. Wheeler.

**The Boys Like It.**

Langenburg, Sask.,

Dec. 26, 1913

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed find postal note to cover a copy of THE CULTURE OF BLACK AND SILVER FOXES by Dr. Croft.

The ROD AND GUN magazine is much appreciated by my three sons and myself.

Yours truly,

A. G. Denmark.

**Approves of the Increase in Subscription Price.**

Kentville, N. S., Jan. 2, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

Enclosed find payment covering my subscription to December 1914. Am glad to see the subscription price raised to nearer approach to value.

W. B. Moore.

**Not Only Interesting but Informative.**

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1913.

Dear Sirs:—

I was just going to send the price myself when your account reached me on Christmas Day. ROD AND GUN is not only very interesting reading, but also gives excellent information on Canadian outdoor life. Wishing you a prosperous New Year, I am

Yours sincerely,

A. Wm. Madsen.

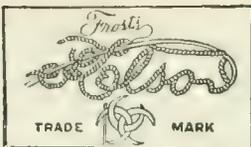
## Notes On Foxes And Other Fur Bearers

On the 1st of December Messrs. Alexander Garlow and Jesse Gibson, of the Indian Reserve, shipped to a fur dealer of Toronto about \$60 worth of muskrat and skunk skins. The inspector at Hamilton seized them, claiming that although shipped on the first day of the open season, they must have been killed during the close season, and he never took the trouble to enquire whether Garlow and Gibson were Indians or not. As there is no close season for Indians belonging to the reserve, Major G. J. Smith, Indian agent, took the matter up, with the result that the superintendent of the Game and Fisheries Department ordered the skins forwarded to their destination.

The fur trade in the far north is still on very much the same basis as when Cartier and Champlain first traded beads and knick-knacks with the wondering chiefs at Quebec,

says the Argonaut. A million and a half dollars' worth of merchandise goes north from Edmonton, Canada, every spring to be exchanged for the two and a half millions of fur that come back in midsummer and autumn. So far as the fur trade in America is concerned the traders claim that there is no perceptible falling off as yet; that, in fact, more fur is being brought to market each year. But in Russia, Germany, Japan, and Australia there is a general decrease in the supply. In the past twenty years the world's catch of the twelve most important furs has fallen off to a very great extent while the demand for the more expensive varieties has multiplied enormously. The ceaseless effort to satisfy this demand can have but one end, and it is only logical to expect that even the great game preserves of the Canadian North and Alaska will in time be hunted bare.

# FISHING

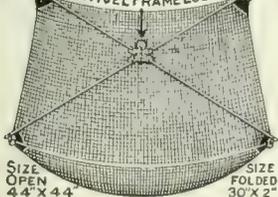


# TACKLE

We make fishing tackle of every description we are specialists. The Kelso mark on well as the best and most practical de-

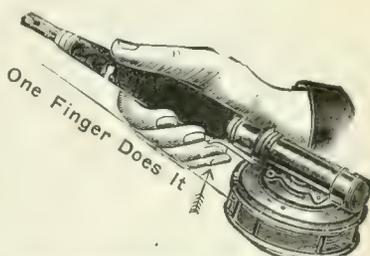
tion. This is our business exclusively and any article indicates the finest quality as vice of its kind.

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This Net will catch Minnows when everything else fails. It is dropped in the water and cracker-crumbs thrown in or over it. It is brought up with a quick action and takes in fish of any kind that are above the Net.

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and if necessary a Fishing Rod or Bamboo Pole can be used to lower and take in the Net.

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Get one of these splendid little Rifles—FREE. It isn't going to cost you any money— all we want is a little of your spare time, and you have surely lots of that after school or on holidays. Just think of having a real accurate-shooting .22 calibre Rifle of your own. And here's your chance.

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This Rifle is .22 calibre, shoots .22 short, long or long rifle cartridges. Guaranteed for either black or smokeless powder. Barrel 22 in. long. Weight 3 3/4 pounds. Hammer breech block, trigger, extractor, and three springs of tempered steel, are all the working parts. Barrel and action detachable from stock for convenience in carrying. All you have to do is to send us

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# THE TRAP



Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.

## TOURNAMENT DATES

May 24th, 1914.—Annual Tournament of the Thousand Islands Gun Club, Gananoque, Ont., C. A. Lewis, Sec'y.-Treas.

Wednesday June 17th.—Second Annual Tournament of the Sea Cliffe Gun Club, Leamington, Ont., Dr. R. D. Sloane, Sec'y.

June 27, 28, 29, 30—July 1st.—Annual Tournament of the Canadian Indians, W. T. Ely, High Scribe, Imperial Bank Building, King and Sherbourne St., Toronto.

### Waterloo Gun Club.

The Waterloo Gun Club held the third annual live bird shoot on Friday, Jan. 16th, with the following score. A. Hergott was high man:

1st Event—6 Birds.	
W. H. Dumart	1 1 0 1 1 0—4
A. Hergott	1 0 1 1 1 1—5
F. Ferguson	0 1 0 1 1 1—5
H. Kuntz	1 0 1 1 0 1—4

2nd Event—6 Birds	
W. H. Dumart	0 1 1 1 1 0—4
A. Hergott	1 1 1 1 1 0—5
F. Ferguson	0 1 1 1 1 1—5
H. Kuntz	1 1 0 1 0 1—5
W. Pickering	1 1 0 0 1 1—4
W. Witt	1 0 1 1 1 1—5
Ed. Seagram	1 1 1 1 1 0—5

3rd Event—10 Birds	
W. H. Dumart	1111111111—10
W. Witt	0010011111—6
A. Hergott	1110111111—9
F. Ferguson	0111110111—8
Ed. Seagram	1110010110—8
W. Pickering	1111110101—8
C. Sachs	1011110001—6
H. Kuntz	1110111111—9

4th Event—10 Birds.	
W. H. Dumart	1111101111—9
W. Witt	0111001011—6
A. Hergott	0111111111—9
Ed. Seagram	1111111101—9
W. Pickering	0111111101—8
C. Sachs	1111111111—10
H. Kuntz	1111011001—7

5th Event.  
Miss and out: Gun below the elbow; Dumart and Sachs were the winners, while Seagram and Hergott were the winners of the 6th event

Total.		
	Shot at.	Killed
A. Hergott	32	28
W. Dumart	32	27
F. Ferguson	32	26
H. Kuntz	32	25
W. Pickering	26	20
W. Witt	26	17
Ed. Seagram	26	20
C. Sachs	20	16

L. Krupp who one time was the champion shooter in the country was the official referee and gave the best of satisfaction.

### Gun Club Officers Elected

The Gun Club division of the Waterloo County Golf and Country Club held their annual meeting at the club house and elected the following officers for the coming year.

- Hon. Pres., M. N. Todd.
- Pres., S. R. Sheldon.
- Secy.-Treas., A. K. Spotton.
- Prize Committee., A. J. Oliver, M. A. Secord, Field Captain, F. D. Palmer.

Mr. J. Ferg. MacGregor was appointed official scorer, while Messrs. Geo. Goldie, T. T. Aitkin and John Lenesty were elected as official pullers. The meeting was largely attended.

### St. Thomas vs. Pt. Stanley

The ten-men team shoot between St. Thomas and Port Stanley at 500 targets on Friday, Jan. 23rd, at the grounds of the St. Thomas Gun Club was won by St. Thomas by 77 points. The total scores were: St. Thomas, 421; Port Stanley, 344.

There were a number of turkeys and ducks put up as prizes, and these were competed for by about 30 shooters. This event was in addition to the regular team shoot.

Roland Day, of London, broke 49 out of 50 targets shot at.

The scores:	
St Thomas—	
Robt. Coffey	46
Geo. McCall	44
Wm. Rupp	44
Wm. McCance	44
Geo. Mannix	43
Chas. Axford	42
Joe. Coffey	42
Wm. Vail	41
Arthur Johnson	38
Dr. Lipsey	37

Total 421

Port Stanley—	
Wm. Carrie	40
H. Dunn	40
Wm. Hindley	39
C. Thorne	36
H. Moore	36
A. Glover	36
E. Cromwell	35
C. Stanton	30
J. Oliver	27
A. Oliver	25

344

### South Yarmouth Gun Club

Following are the scores of the South Yarmouth Gun Club, from their weekly shoot on Jan. 24th, at five sparrows:

First event—Alva Parker 5, Sam Shipley 3, Wm. Binnis 5, Melb. Parker 5, Harley Parker 4, Frank Thompson 5, Claud Dunn 5, Melvin Vanhorn 5, Harry Moore 4, Arthur Glover 3, Frank Young 2, Roy Guest 4.

Event No. 2, at 25 blue rocks—  
Albert Johnson, 12, Wm. Binnis 19, Melvin Parker 21, Arthur Glover 21, E. Carey 16, Harley Parker 16, Roy Guest 8, Melvin Vanhorn 22, Alva Parker 12, Sam Shipley 21, Robt. Dufton 10, Frank Thompson 11 out of 15, Claud Dunn 13, Lorne Black 18, Geo. Jones 15, Harry Moore 17, Frank Young 15, Douglas Black 11, Delbert Smith 16.

### Riverside Gun Club of Chatham

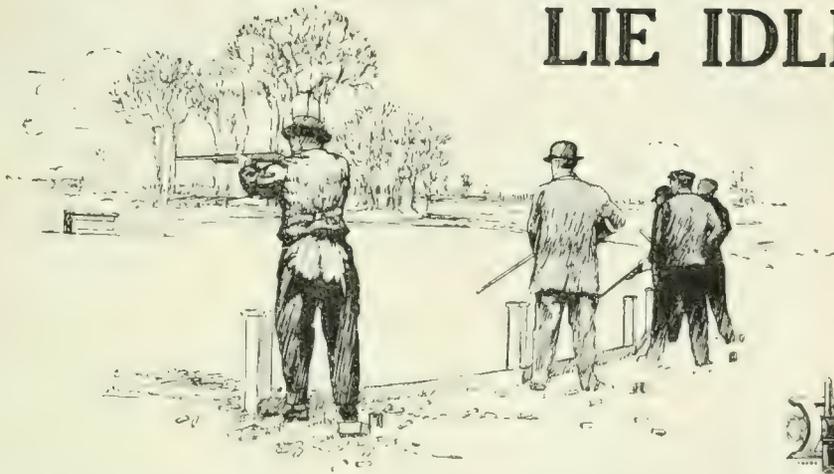
Everything taken into consideration, the scores made at the winter tournament of the Riverside Gun Club in February were remarkable. The weather was cold and this in itself is quite a handicap to the shooters. Yet S. Vance of Tillsonburg, killed 100 birds out of 105, and Harry Smith, the Dover crack, was second, only two behind. W. Hart, of Dresden, was third with 97. The other scores made during the day were exceedingly high.

Following is the aggregate score of the shooters who competed in all of the events comprising 105 birds.

George Dunc 90, T. Taylor 84, J. Payne 71, S. Vance 100, J. Vance 85, W. Hart 97, F. Galbraith 92, E. Ellis 95, R. Day 95, E. J. White 93, W. Thorold 93, A. McRitchie 94, Harry Smith 98, C. Seane 92, F. Dolson 89, J. Davis 90, Frank Smith 74, Fred Sheldon 84, J. E. Morris 83, H. Meyers 87, J. Worthy 86, G. Blackall 74, D. McNeill 89.

Out of a possible of 90 the scores were made as follows:  
R. Miller 62, H. Taylor 74, O. Gill 63, W. Bilton 64, B. Agar 56, H. O'Loane 79, W. Dolson 72, A. Sutor 80, G. E. Blackall 69, D. Smith 72, W. Nichol 73, Frank

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There is a Dominion Imperial, Sovereign  
or Regal load, that will help your scores.

It is in the cold weather when the perfect adaptability of

# DOMINION AMMUNITION

to Severe Canadian Conditions counts especially.

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We have had so many requests for our set of Canadian Game Pictures that we have secured a limited supply of these on selected paper without advertisement. They will be mailed to you in a secure container ready for framing for 25c stamps or coin.

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Stotts 80, W. O'Meara 74, A. Dupont 68, G. Crow 74, G. McGarvin 79, J. Pulford 57, C. Wetherall 71.

Scores made out of 75 birds:

P. Laing 60, Dr. Kelley 56, H. Burke 41.

Scores made out of a possible 60:

M. Williams 41, S. E. Burke 43, A. Billings 34, F. Teeter 33, Geo. Willard 47.

**West London Gun Club**

A successful live bird shoot was held at the West London Gun Club grounds early in January. Out of 56 birds only 3 got away. Many of the birds falling just over the boundary line, were scored up as lost.

	Shot	at	Hit
Ross	14	11	
Greenway	14	9	
Shence	14	10	
Meyers	11	11	

**Galt Gun Club**

The Galt Rifle and Gun Club had their regular weekly shoot Jan. 24th. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

	Shot	at	Broke
W. Marshall	50	34	
W. Cowan	50	36	
West, Pickering	50	31	
H. D. Sherwood	50	46	
E. Clark	50	39	

Saturday afternoon, Jan. 31st, five members of the Galt Gun Club wended their way to the traps in the southern part of the town, and some good scores were made notwithstanding a strong southeasterly wind with sleet which retarded better scores:

The following is a summary of the shoot.

	Shot	at	Broke
W. Clark	60	35	
W. Pickering	50	38	
H. Teet	50	39	
E. Clark	50	40	
J. Clark	25	15	

At the traps of the Galt Gun Club, Saturday Feb. 7, four members made excellent scores with the clay birds amid a heavy snow storm which was blowing a hurricane gale from the southwest.

The following is a summary of the shoot:

	Shot	at	Broke
W. Pickering	50	44	
H. D. Sherwood	50	38	
W. Cowan, Jr.	50	38	
E. Clark	40	35	

**TORONTO DOINGS**

The National Gun Club, Toronto held their usual weekly shoot on Jan. 17th. In shooting at 50 birds J. L. Lowe and J. Stauffer were high with 40.

C. B. Harrison	50	33
J. Stauffer	50	40
F. C. Fowler	100	51
C. L. Brooker	40	29
C. Moore	20	12
C. Beare	10	8
L. Lowe	50	40
J. Fleming	20	9
Norris	15	5
P. McMartin	50	34

The National Gun Club of Toronto held a clay bird shoot on Jan. 21. The day could not have been better for this sport.

Dr. Brunswick was the successful winner in both the Hunter's Knife and the Cartridge pouch prizes.

C. B. Harrison tied him for the pouch but in shooting the tie off at 10 birds, Dr. Brunswick won with 10 straight.

In B. Class C, Best won the Gun cleaner. J. Erwood Jr. tied him for this prize but in shooting the tie off C. Best won with 5 straight.

Geo. Wallace	45	30
L. Lowe	45	33
P. McMartin	75	43
Dr. Brunswick	60	52
F. C. Fowler	85	50
C. Best	65	51
C. B. Harrison	75	57
J. W. Erwood, Jr.	25	20
J. Turner, sr.	25	19

The National Gun Club, Toronto held a clay bird shoot Jan. 31st.

J. Harrison was the successful winner in the cartridge pouch shoot by breaking 10 straight. Dr. Brunswick was the winner of the Gun Case with 13 out of 15.

Mayor Curran tied him, but in shooting the tie off Dr. Brunswick won.

Major Curran	45	26
L. W. Lowe	20	12
C. B. Harrison	25	14
Dr. Brunswick	55	41
P. McMartin	60	44
J. Harrison	45	40
F. C. Fowler	15	11

The National Gun Club, Toronto held a shoot Feb. 7. Owing to the strong north-west wind, good scores were impossible.

In the Shield shoot E. C. Coath won with 16 out of 25

Name	Shot	at	Broke
C. Best	25	10	
Major Curran	20	10	
J. Turner, sr.	25	14	
L. Lowe	35	22	
E. C. Coath	25	16	
J. Gladstone	25	12	
H. Usher	25	15	
C. Beare	25	14	
J. W. Erwood, sr.	25	12	
J. Erwood, jr.	15	17	
P. McMartin	40	23	

**Stanley Gun Club**

The following are the scores of a shoot held on Dec. 20th.

Name	Shot	at	Broke
Ely	100	83	
Norman	100	63	
Stevens	75	60	
Marsh	75	47	
Van Duzen	75	50	
Buck	75	50	
Ingham	75	55	
G. Scheibe	75	36	
Millington	75	66	
Dewey	75	42	
Dunk	75	59	
Hogarth	75	50	
Schnauffer	75	32	
Vivian	75	53	
Joslin	75	58	
Wakefield	75	58	
Carruthers	75	64	
Springer	75	53	
Hallford	75	39	
Jennings	75	56	
Sockett	75	45	
Hooey	50	40	
Houghton	50	42	
Howard	50	23	
Hulme	50	42	
Sawden	50	12	
Dewey	50	36	
Winters	50	36	
Douglas	50	26	
Fenton	50	40	
Townson	50	31	
Alberts	50	38	
Neimdorf	50	35	
Van Vlack	50	30	
Spicer	50	30	

The usual weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club was held Saturday afternoon, Jan. 24th on the club grounds.

A. E. Millington was high, breaking 159 out of 200. The following are some of the scores:—Millington, 200, 159; Dunk, 180, 107; Wakefield, 150, 119; Jennings, 150, 98; Ely, 100, 68; Lundy, 100, 60; Hogarth, 85, 48; Hallford, 75, 58; Dewey, 65, 38; Ten Eyck, 65, 34; Alberts, 50, 38; Douglas, 50, 25; Schnauffer, 50, 25; Renchy, 25, 17; Phillips, 25, 9.

(First number indicates those shot at, second number those broken.)

**Hamilton Gun Club**

The second event of the series for the Klein & Binkley Championship Trophy was shot off at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon Jan. 24th. E. Harris put on a score of 25 straight, which put him in first place with a total of 49. James Crooks got 23, which put him in second place. A. Bates, W. Dillon and Bert Smith were tied in third place with 46 each.

There were two sterling silver shields put up for high handicap score, which were won by E. Harris and W. Dillon, with 25 each.

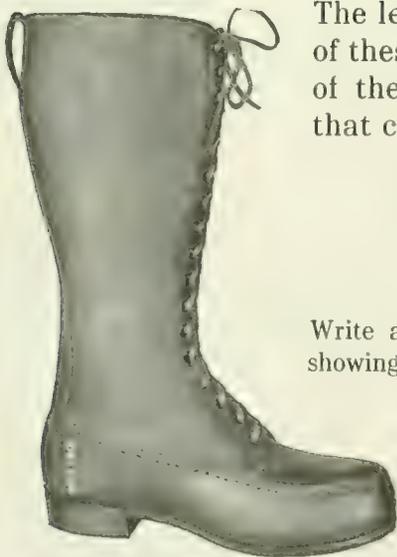
Bert Smith was high for the afternoon with a splendid total of 68 out of 75. A. Bates got 56 out of 65, and E. Sturt 55 out of 65.



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- ¶ You don't have to break this gun across your knee or break your wrists to cock it.
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The club has several more trophies to be shot for this season, and judging from the interest already manifested, this is bound to be a record year.

The scores made during the afternoon were:

	K. & B.	Shot at	Broke
J. Hunter	39	130	101
Bert Smith	46	75	68
E. Sturt	41	65	55
J. W. Nairn	33	53	30
H. Rembe	29	58	27
A. Bates	46	65	56
M. E. Fletcher	44	90	73
A. Parmenter	38	53	33
W. Wark	44	51	39
H. Kretchman	44	111	81
W. Dillon	46	62	51
N. Long	43	85	65
H. L. Morris	43	127	105
A. Goodale	41	83	56
E. Harris	49	62	55
D. A. Hogan	..	40	20.
T. Gardiner	..	15	13
S. House	37	41	28
J. A. Armes	41	76	61
F. Crooks	47	56	49
J. Potruff	..	25	17
H. Marshall	39	62	40
H. J. O'Neill	36	43	21
A. J. Tompkins	..	50	25
A. Reid	37	46	34
M. Rasberry	38	71	56
J. Bowron	41	38	27
D. Konkle	40	72	54

At the Hamilton Gun club on Saturday afternoon Feb. 7th, the third event of the series for the Klein and Binkley championship trophy was shot off. It was a real old-fashioned winter day, and there was a strong and extremely cold west wind, which, together with snow flurries, made things unpleasant for shooting. Even at that there was a fair attendance, and some of the scores showed that the members were just as consistent in the tough going as in the good.

E. Harris put on 23 in the Klein and Binkley event, and retained his lead with a total of 72. A. Bates, H. Kretchman and Bert Smith are in second place with 68 each, while M. Carr is close up with 67.

M. Carr and H. Kretchman tied with 24 each for the sterling silver shield given for high handicap score, and on the shoot-off the former won out with 22 out of 25, while the latter got 20.

A. Bates and Bert Smith tied with 66 out of 75 for high total for the afternoon. M. Carr got 92 out of 112. E. Harris 62 out of 75, and H. Kretchman 79 out of 69.

The scores made during the afternoon were:

	K. & B.	Shot at	Broke
A. Bates	68	75	66
J. Hunter	56	75	53
M. E. Fletcher	60	75	58
H. Kretchman	68	96	79
H. L. Morris	64	47	36
M. Carr	67	112	92
T. W. Barnes	54	110	88
E. Harris	72	75	62
A. Parmenter	53	53	28
J. W. Nairn	50	68	35
Bert Smith	68	75	66
N. Long	64	90	64
J. J. Chine	50	62	36
H. J. O'Neill	50	98	49
J. Bowron	64	38	28
J. A. Armes	58	61	42
A. J. Tompkins	—	25	16
T. Gardiner	—	10	10
C. Syer	53	64	42

The opening shoot of the Burlington Beach Gun Club took place Saturday afternoon Feb. 7th. Despite the stormy weather, there was a good attendance of members and friends, and considering the conditions, fairly good scores were made. Jas. Hazell and A. Harris tied with 18 out of 20, and shot a five target race to decide. Both broke five straight, so the match resulted in a tie. The scores follow:

	Shot at	Broke
Jas. Hazell	20	18
A. Harris	20	18
M. Nemmert	20	13
W. Hazell	20	13
J. Lewis	20	13
E. Deuber	20	11
H. Howard	20	11
P. Johnson	20	11
C. Howard	20	7
H. Serson	20	6

H. Hannon	20	5
N. Wilvert	20	5

**Creekside Gun Club**

The regular weekly shoot of the above club was held at Wychwood on Saturday Jan. 17th with a fairly large attendance and some good shooting. The following are the scores:

	Shot at	Broke
S. Cottrill	54	42
Ned Elliott	60	39
H. Cooley	60	39
E. Brown	38	26
A. Spiller	25	17
F. Spiller	49	31
C. Dinwoody	41	22
H. Peterson	25	13
F. Curzon	50	24
Eli Elliott	40	18
D. Baird	45	16
J. Platt	25	6
Edmund Brown	10	4
F. Edwards	30	6

The following are the scores of the shoot at Wychwood on Jan. 24th:— C. Dinwoody, 37, 22; W. Curzo, 35, 20; R. Christie, 62, 48; D. Baird, 45, 18; F. Curzon, 37, 25; J. Edwards, 35, 9; Mr. Lawson, 40, 32; S. Cottrill, 47, 32; Ned Elliott, 42, 23; H. Cooley, 70, 50; Mr Van Duzer, 66, 49; E. Brown, 32, 26; W. Cheshire, 30, 10; A. Edwards, 50, 41; N. Le Conne, 50, 12; Mr. Beers, 25, 23; E. Edwards, 25, 12; A. Spiller, 25, 12; J. Platt, 25, 18; Mr. Catton, 25, 10; F. Spiller, 25, 13; F. Christie, 9, 6.

(The first number indicates those shot and the second number those broken.)

**Rodney Gun Club**

One of the most successful shoots witnessed in that section of the country was held on the Rodney gun club grounds Wednesday, Jan. 21st, which was attended by some crack shots from a distance as well as thirty or forty local sports. The match resulted in some good scores being made, in both the blue rock and live bird there being two events of each. At live birds A. E. McRitchie, W. J. McCance and Fred Galbraith tied for both events with one miss each. All shot from 31 yards.

At the targets, H. L. Taylor was high gun with 36 out of 40, McRitchie second with 34 and Galbraith third with 33.

At the close of the shoot the men were royally entertained at the Royal hotel, where the wants of the inner man were well satisfied. Before leaving, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Fred Galbraith as manager, and Eddie Koehler, as referee of the shoot. Below are the scores for the afternoon:

	Live Birds	Targets
A. McRitchie	7	11
F. Galbraith	7	10
W. J. McCance	7	10
E. Koehler	6	9
H. L. Taylor	3	11
T. Kay	4	7
H. Dromgold	5	8
B. Spence	5	6
J. Havens	4	7
O. Galbraith	3	6
Cady	4	5
A. McIver	3	4
H. McIver	5	6
Bolton	2	7
Gladstone	3	5
W. Havens	4	8
C. Martini	2	4
W. Mistle	5	6
A. Liebner	3	4
J. Spence	5	7
W. Cummings	4	6
J. Campbell	2	5
D. Havens	3	6

**MONTREAL DOINGS**

**Riverside Gun Club**

Two handicaps were held on Saturday afternoon Jan. 17th, at the traps of the Riverside Gun Club and as the weather was fine, good shooting was done by the gunners. A silver dessert spoon was also given for the best actual score in the two handicaps combined and was won by Mr. D. Brown, who made a score of 48 out of 50 birds. The tie offs from the preceding Saturday in No. 1 event resulted in Aubin getting 23 and Arthur 18 out of 25 pigeons, while in No. 2 event Ruelle broke

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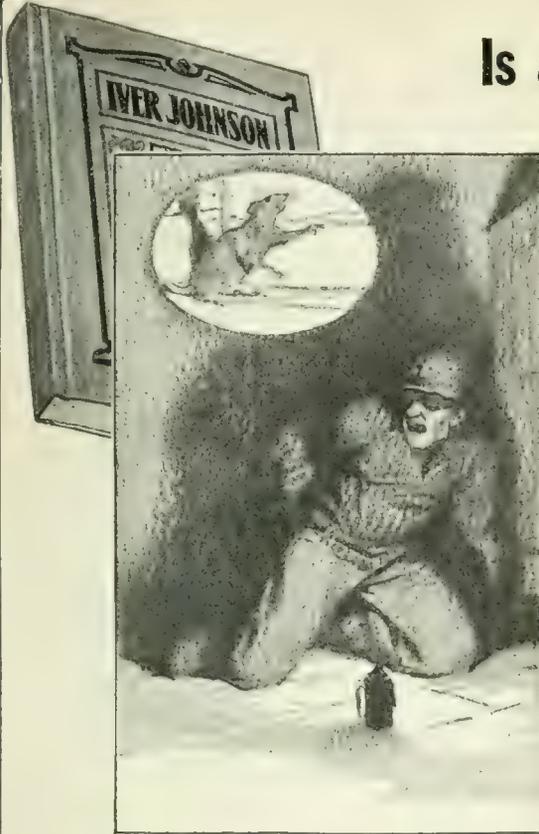
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## FIX THAT PUNCTURE IN ONE MINUTE

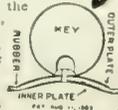
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26, his handicap being 2; Boucher, scratch, made 19, and A. Boa with a handicap of 2, made 15. Saturday's results follow:—

#### HANDICAP—25 BIRDS

Ruel, 2, 26; D. Brown, scr., 24; Redman, scr., 23; Murray, 3, 23; Thomas, 10, 22; McKeough, 2, 21; Lewis, scr., 21; T. Lyall, scr., 21; Dey, 3, 21; Doremus, 10, 21; Kenyon, scr., 20; Holder, 7, 20; Irving, 10, 20; Pyle, 10, 20; Maher, 2, 20; Snape, 6, 20; Howard, 6, 20; Eastwater, scr., 19; Boucher, scr., 19; Reid, 6, 19; G. Jones, scr., 18; G. Arthur, scr., 18; Laing, 10, 16; S. Boa, 7, 15; A. Boa, 2, 15; Ottawa, scr., 14; Gilt Edge, scr., 11.

#### HANDICAP—25 BIRDS.

Maher, 4, 25; D. Brown, scr., 24; Lewis, scr., 23; Boucher, scr., 23; Holder, 9, 23; Pyle, 10, 23; Doremus, 10, 22; Ruel, scr., 22; Murray, 2, 22; S. Boa, 10, 22; A. Boa, 10, 22; Laing, 10, 21; McKeough, 3, 21; G. Jones, scr., 21; J. Kenyon, scr., 21; Lyall, scr., 21; Irving, 10, 20; Redman, scr., 20; Arthur, 4, 19; Reid, 18; Gilt Eedg, scr., 17; Ottawa, scr., 16; Eastwater, scr., 16; Dey, scr., 16.

There was a good attendance of gunners at the contest for the prizes which were offered for competition at the traps of the Riverside Gun Club Saturday, Feb. 7th. Two spoon handicaps were shot as well as a 75 bird shoot for a set of carvers, donated by the Dominion Cartridge Co. The first spoon was won by Mr. Pyle and the second by Dr. Fiske after a shoot off with Mr. Doremus. The large spoon offered for the best scratch score in these two events was captured by Mr. Lewis who also won the 75 bird match.

A team match was also shot between teams captained by Mr. J. Boa, the popular professional, and Mr. J. N. Maher, the latter's gunners winning by 6 birds. The scores were as follows:

#### SPoon HANDICAP—25 BIRDS.

Pyle, 5, 25; Snape 5, 22; Ruel scr., 21; D. Brown scr., 21; Lewis scr., 21; Monk scr., 21; Stocks 5, 20; Dey scr., 19; Lyall scr., 19; J. Boa (pro.) scr., 19; Murray scr., 18; Redman scr., 18; Laing 5, 18; Albert 4, 18; Clarke 5, 18; Southgate 5, 17; Kemper scr., 17; Muir scr., 16; B. Strachan scr., 16; Irving 5, 16; Thomas 5, 16; Dale 5, 16; Doremus 5, 15; Elliott 5, 15; Fiske 5, 12; Maher scr., 11; Furniss 3, 10.

#### SPoon HANDICAP—25 BIRDS.

Dr. Fiske 7, 23; Doremus 7, 23; Dale 7, 22; Lewis scr., 21; Murray scr., 20; Clarke 5, 20; Elliott 7, 20; Southgate 7, 20; Ruel scr., 19; Laing 5, 19; Irving 5, 19; Albert 4, 19; Dr. Brown scr., 18; Lyall scr., 18; Redman scr., 17; Maher scr., 17; Monk scr., 17; Furniss 5, 17; Snape 2, 17; Muir scr., 16; Thomas 7, 16; Kemper scr., 16; Pyle 1, 15; Dey scr., 14; Stocks 5, 14.

#### 3 EVENT—75 BIRDS.

Lewis scr., 64; Pyle 10, 62; Ruel scr., 56; D. Brown scr., 58; Laing 15, 56; Alberts 11, 56; Snape 10, 56; Elliott 19, 56; Dale 17, 56; Redman scr., 55; Murray scr., 55; Monk scr., 54; Fisk 17, 54; Doremus 16, 63; Irving 15, 52; Clark 15, 52; Kemper scr., 52; Lyall scr., 51; Boa scr., 50; Dey scr., 49; Stocks 17, 49; Strachen 7, 45; Maher scr., 44; Muir scr., 44.

#### TEAM MATCH—25 BIRDS EACH.

Maher's Team		Score
Name		
Lyall	.....	19
Monk	.....	19
Kemper	.....	18
Maher	.....	17
Total	.....	73
Boa's Team		Score
Name		
J. Boa	.....	21
Redman	.....	18
Lewis	.....	14
D. Brown	.....	13
Total	.....	66

#### Lachine Club Shoot.

There were a large number of spectators present at the regular weekly shoot of the Lachine Gun Club on the afternoon of Jan. 17th and although the light and weather were good, the scores were only fair. Three events were on the programme, two spoon shoots and a sweepstake. The results were as follows:—

#### SPoon SHOOT (OPEN)—25 BIRDS.

McLaurin, 22; Black, 18; Ranger, 18; D. Torrance, 17 Taylor, 14; Murray, 13; Parker, 13; Johnson, 13; Woodward, 12; Strathy, 12; Barnes, 12; Clarke, 12.

#### SPoon SHOOT (HANDICAP) 25 BIRDS.

D. Torrance, 22; Woodward, 20; Black, 19; Ranger, 18; Taylor, 17; Wurtele, 16; Murray, 14; McLaurin, 14; Strathy, 12.

#### SWEEPSTAKE—25 BIRDS.

Black, 18; D. Torrance, 17; Johnson, 16; Taylor, 14; Woodward, 14; Murray, 13; Barnes, 12; Ranger, 12; Clarke, 12.

Notwithstanding the stormy weather the members of the Lachine Gun Club were on hand Saturday afternoon, Feb. 7th, for the regular weekly shoot. There were four events on the programme—25 bird practice shoot, two handicap spoon shoots of 25 birds each and a sweepstake of 25 birds, and all were well contested. The scores:

Practice match—25 birds—Johnson 17, Wurtele 17, Lucas 16, Torrance 15, Strathy 15, Taylor 15, Black 14, Clark 13, McLaurin 13, Howard 12, Ranger 12 and Barnes 11.

Spoon shoot handicap—25 birds—McLaurin 23, Wurtele 23, Johnson 22, Lucas 22, Barnes 20, Torrance 19, Clark 19, Black 18, Howard 18, Taylor 17, Ranger 16, Strathy 16. Shoot off (same handicap)—Wurtele 22, McLaurin 20.

Spoon shoot handicap—25 bird—Johnson 23, Lucas 23, Wurtele 22, Clarke 21, Ranger 21, Black 21, Torrance 21, Howard 20, McLaurin 20, Taylor 18, Barnes 18, Strathy 12. Shoot off (same handicap)—Lucas 23, Johnson 21.

Sweepstakes—Clarke 23, Barnes 17, Lucas 17, Taylor 16, Johnson 15, Black 15 and Howard 12.

## TRADE NOTES

The problem how to obtain at reasonable cost a power driven boat that will quickly convey to the camp, fishing or hunting grounds, has apparently been solved by the Caille Perfection Motor Co. of Detroit, Mich., whose new catalogue describes and pictures the advantages and pleasures that accrue to the owner of a Caille Portable Motor Boat. Lightness, simplicity and cheapness of operation characterize this contrivance which can be "hitched" to an ordinary row-boat almost by "a simple twist of the pearly wrist" and presto, one has a motor-boat that will convey him to his camping ground at the rate of 8 to 10 miles an hour. The prettily illustrated catalogue issued by the firm, sent to readers of *ROD AND GUN* who mention this notice, will make you want to invest at once in one of these handy contrivances which can add so much to the pleasure of your coming summer outing.

At the New Haven (Conn.) Gun Club Shoot, January 17th, Melvin Hepburn using a Marlin hammerless trap gun, won the final leg of the handicap race for the Stevens Trophy. This made three out of four legs won by Mr. Hepburn, and gave him high total score, for which he was awarded the trophy—a handsome watch fob.

This handicap competition was so strongly contested that in shooting the first leg three shooters tied for high, and two of these made perfect scores in the first shoot-off, Mr. Hepburn winning out only by breaking 25 straight in the second shoot-off. It's "some shooting" when you have to break 75 targets straight in order to win a 25 bird event.

Full details of Marlin trap guns will be sent to any of our readers who will write The Marlin Firearms Co., 67 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.



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Journeyed 4000  
miles on foot in  
the Arctic

and on many occasions  
owed his life and that  
of his companions of  
the "Minnie Maud" ex-  
pedition to the wonder-  
ful precision and shock-  
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## ROSS .280 RIFLE

which was his constant companion. Though "unwittingly submitted to every test of ill usage, never once did it jam, break, or become affected by the intense frost or rough usage." Mr. Tremblay's letter to us is a revelation of the hardships of a surveying expedition as well as a splendid testimonial of the value of the .280 Ross.

If you want the most powerful and most accurate sporting rifle sold, buy the .280 High Velocity Ross and the special Sporting Cartridges, with copper tube bullet, patented. The "Ross" .280 Rifle sells at \$55.00 and the cartridge \$7.50 per 100. Other models Ross Rifles at from \$12.00. Complete illustrated catalogue free on request.

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QUEBEC, CAN.

It is a well recognized fact that every person should have a hobby of some sort to relieve his mind and help him put aside for a while his business cares and troubles. For the busy man there is nothing that will more quickly drive dull care away and refresh and vitalize his mind and body like a good healthy and sustained interest in the fine old sport of shooting.

Getting out for a short while once a week for a tramp through the field and woods with a rifle, shooting woodchucks, crows and similar vermin—or shooting the rifle on the range—or the shotgun over the traps—will quickly eliminate the cobwebs of brain fag and brighten you up immensely.

You can start in with any old rifle or shotgun, and any ammunition which may be handy—but you quickly develop an interest which will call for a first class gun—and you'll get the full benefit of the sport only when you have worked up a practical knowledge of the gun and ammunition which you are using. Preparing your own cartridges in your spare moments at home is fully half the game; it adds immeasurably to the enjoyment and satisfaction of shooting when you know that the better results in game and target shooting are because you have prepared from your own personal knowledge hand-loaded cartridges, more uniform, more accurate and dependable than the standard factory loaded ammunition.

It's a wonderfully interesting hobby—the experimental study of arms and ammunition, the loading and re-loading of rifle, pistol and shotgun cartridges.

Many shooters know very little about the cartridges they use and accept anything the dealer offers; others specify some particular brand which seems to give better results in their firearms. Thousands of other shooters, of a more inquiring turn of mind, want to know what they are using—why some cartridges are better than others—how to further improve the quality, how to do more shooting at less expense. To develop a practical knowledge of loading and re-loading—and double the enjoyment of the sport of shooting, the

Ideal Hand Book published by the Marlin Firearms Co. of New Haven, Conn. is recommended. A copy will be sent free on request to any reader of ROD AND GUN if same is directed to the Marlin Fire Arms Co., at the above address.

The Eagle Landing Net has been designed for stream fishing and can be readily carried and drawn from its 16 inch leather sheath very quickly when called into requisition. The Eagle Folding Net Co. of 573 Springdale Avenue, East Orange, N. J., will be pleased to quote prices and send particulars of this net to interested anglers.

Announcement has come from the Fox Gun Company that they have acquired the exclusive control of the patents for the Kautzky Single Trigger which has been successfully applied to double barrelled shot guns for several years.

To all inquiries for single trigger, the Fox Gun Company have invariably replied that they would not put one on Fox Guns until they could find one which should be as reliable in every way as two triggers. They have of course, conceded the many advantages which the single trigger possesses, but they have rightly felt that the disadvantages would considerably outweigh the advantages if the trigger was not absolutely durable, perfectly reliable, proof against doubling or balking, without creep or, to sum up, mechanically developed as perfectly as the two trigger system.

A short examination of the Kautzky single trigger will show its extreme simplicity. The working parts are few in number and substantially designed and the workmanship of a high class. The Fox Company announce that they will equip any Fox Gun, new or old with the Kautzky Single Trigger at the factory at Philadelphia. The cost of this can be ascertained by writing direct to the Fox Gun Co., 4688 North 18th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## An Evinrude Detachable Row Boat and Canoe Motor



Among the inventions of this century, whose merits have been patent to the observer, is the Evinrude Detachable Row Boat and Canoe Motor. A large number of our readers are already familiar with this remarkable little engine which can be clamped on the stern of any row boat and in two minutes convert a row boat into a motor boat. This motor, which is made in three sizes—1½, 2 and 3½ HP, is so light that it can be carried like a suit case, and enables the user to travel with it anywhere he wishes to go.

The exultation—the joy of dashing over the water with a motor driven row boat or canoe, adds to the pleasure of water sport, and it is not to be wondered at that the EVINRUDE Motor has met with such great popularity among the Canadian people. Water sports and pleasures are universally popular, but many an otherwise enjoyable day was formerly marred when it had to be paid for with a pair of blistered hands. Isn't it much greater fun to glide along without any exertion, taking in the scenery, comfortably seated in your boat, getting to where you cannot get with a pair of oars or with a sail boat, and always being sure that you get back in time, refreshed, instead of exhausted? And who doesn't enjoy manipulating a motor which is always willing and ready when wanted?

All of these pleasures the EVINRUDE offers. Its speed range, from two to ten miles per hour, makes it valuable for many purposes. The motor is reversible, and steers with the propeller; no rudder is necessary, but can be supplied if required.

Most noticeable has been the record of the EVINRUDE Detachable Row Boat Motor, made at a twenty-four hour continuous test at Stockholm, Sweden. Despite, rainy, stormy weather during the day and night on which this test was conducted, the EVINRUDE ran without a single stop, except one of three minutes for refilling of gasoline tank, and one of two seconds to adjust spark plug wires. This test was certified to by the "Control Bureau of Technical Machinery", which is employed by the Swedish Government for their motor and dynamo tests.

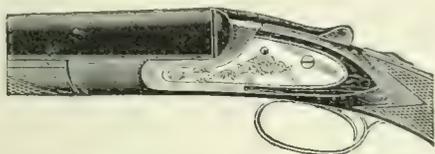
The EVINRUDE will appeal to those who enjoy outing, boating, fishing or hunting, and it may truly be said that "EVINRUDING" has popularized motor boating.

The motor is designed to fit any row boat, round or flat bottom, square or pointed stern; it requires no special fittings and may be adjusted to any angle of stern. It can also be easily installed in a canoe. The propeller can be lowered or raised to suit the draft.

## Going Gunning?

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What's the use of spending a little for a gun and much for shells, railroad fare, trains, etc.?

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At Pinehurst Shoot, E. H. Storr, who shot an L. C. Smith Gun with Hunter one-trigger, was high for entire program, including the handicaps. Shot at 800, broke 752.



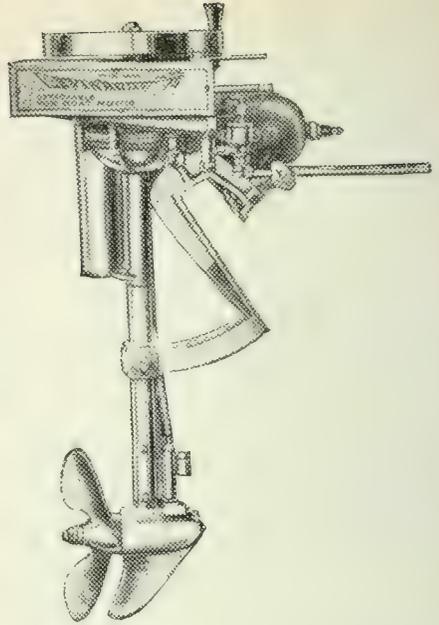
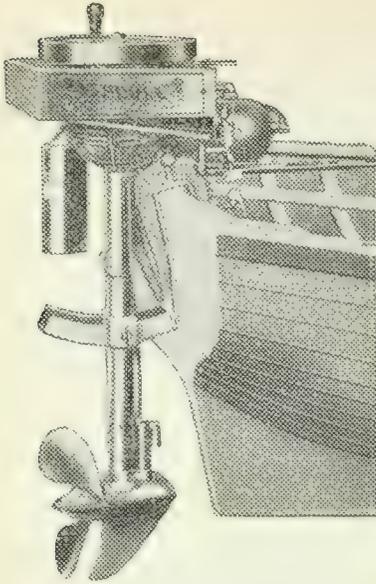
## **Highest Honors in Trap Shooting For 1913**

The Official Amateur Average was won with an L. C. Smith Gun with Hunter one-trigger by Bart Lewis. Shot at 6080 broke 5811, average 95.58%. Remember this is a double gun—two in one at the price of one. Illustration is FIELD Grade. Price with two triggers \$25. With ejector \$35. With ejector and one-trigger \$55. Prices \$25.00 to \$1,000.00 each.

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Propeller, gear, housing, sleeve and pump are all bronze and highly polished. The engine can be reversed and the lubrication is automatic. Lubricating oil is mixed in with the gasoline and eliminates the danger of running the engine without oil.

The EVINRUDE engine differs in design from the ordinary two stroke engine, in that it can be throttled down like a four cycle type, without the usual trouble or crank case explosion, regardless of the mixture or speed. It may therefore be said that this design combines the good points of both the two and four cycle types.

Over 25,000 EVINRUDE Motors are now in use in all parts of the world, and not a small number of them

are used by fishermen, for whom this little contrivance is of great value. One of the features of the 1914 model EVINRUDE, is the reversible magneto, which is built in the fly-wheel of the motor. Unlike other magnetos, it is absolutely waterproof. It is protected from rain, waves and other possible injury, and its simplicity of construction is remarkable. Full particulars can be obtained from anyone of the many Canadian Distributors of the EVINRUDE Motor, or from Messrs. Melchior, Armstrong & Dessau, 112 Broad Street, New York.

## OUR MEDICINE BAG

Endless are the stories which "Jim" Brewster of Banff can tell of notables he has befriended in trackless northern wilds.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was out for a day's fishing in Consolation Lake, near Laggan, B. C. "Jim" had been told off by the C. P. R. authorities to be "guide, philosopher and friend" to the Duke while he pursued the gentle sport of Isaac Walton. The sport was fine; the lake was well stocked with beautiful trout. His Royal Highness was pulling them out, one after the other, with huge enjoyment. He smiled as the creatures made a streak of silver glancing in the sun at the end of his rod.

"Perhaps I might remind your Royal Highness," said "Jim", respectfully, "that the law says no individual is to take more than fifteen in one day."

"Oh, indeed," replied the Duke; "well, just count how many I have, like a good fellow, will you."

"I find that Your Royal Highness has only got 23, anyway," said "Jim" naively.

"Well," laughed the Duke, "if a Governor-General can't beat the law for a good day's fishing I'll chuck my job." Whereupon both laughed heartily. And his Royal Highness continued with great luck, and forgot the count.

"Jim" tells this incident, which happened two years ago, with great gusto.

The export of Canadian halibut and of Canadian asbestos to Great Britain formed the subject of reports to the Trade and Commerce Department from Canadian trade agents in the Old Country. Commissioner J. M. Mussen stated that a new commercial undertaking was inaugurated at Grimsby, England, recently, when the great fish market received its first carload of halibut from the Canadian Pacific coast. Its reception in the fish trade of the port was wholly satisfactory.



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 Won Sunny South Handicap — 94 x 100 from 22 Yards

Mark Arie knows guns and knows trap shooting requirements. He made the 1913 season's high amateur average broke 96.14% of 1650 registered targets! after thorough study. Mr. Arie recently selected the Marlin hammerless as the best practical trap gun obtainable. He bought a No. 24 D. Marlin trap gun—gave it its first try-out at this big 6-day shoot at Houston, Jan. 26-31 and won everything worth while.

"A wise man profits by the experience of others"—you will buy a Marlin sooner or later why not enjoy its benefits now?

H. H. Shannon of New York won the 6th Annual Amateur Championship of Long Island Sound on Jan. 17th—high over all—"beating the best metropolitan gunners of the year." He used a No. 24 T Marlin trap gun.

We can furnish a specially built trap gun, 25 to 32-inch ribbed or matted barrels, buttstock to specifications, 15 days after receipt of orders if necessary. Regular grades shipped immediately.

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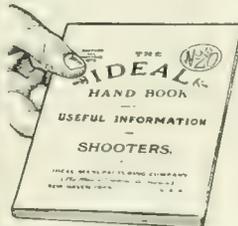
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Many shooters know very little about guns and cartridges until they get the Ideal Hand Book. Then they find the modern metallic cartridge is a surprisingly simple thing—a high grade brass shell, primer, powder and a bullet, the shell crimped on to the bullet to hold it in place. They find the strongly and perfectly made empty shell (the

principal item of expense) can be re-loaded from 10 to 30 times each. The book tells exactly what primer, bullet and powder charge to use; it is easy to reload; you can reload 100 cartridges in half an hour. You cut your ammunition expense immensely; factory 32-40 H.P. cartridges with jacketed bullets usually cost \$3.42 net per 100; reloaded same as new, you save \$2.07 on 100 cartridges.

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 67 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

The fish in its frozen and glazed condition being in excellent marketable form, orders were placed for its distribution in the great centres of the country so rapidly that the stock was soon booked.

As regards the export of asbestos, Commissioner Watson states that the total amount of the Canadian product sent to Britain, which for some time has been at a standstill in face of an increase in imports from Russia, is now growing again.

Mr. Geo. Harper of Carman, Man. writes that deer hunters in that vicinity came out of the woods the past season with reports that elk and moose had been found in greater numbers than for a number of years. The game warden during the past year revoked the clause in the game law which had prevented the shooting of does and this doubled the hunters' chances of getting game. Although there was no snow in Southern Manitoba about six inches fell in the northern portion of the Province and the going was good and the tracking easy. No hounds are used in hunting deer in Manitoba. The hunter goes into camp in the wooded districts and starts out at daylight in the morning on a still hunt, sometimes tracking deer from morning until night without getting a shot; but if the wind is favorable, frequently coming upon his quarry after two or three hours' tramp. Some hunters not overfond of strenuous exercise meander about in the scrub and take a chance of accidentally meeting deer or of other hunters driving them in their direction. To the hunter who knows well the tramping ground and runways of elk, this kind of hunting invariably proves profitable. Mr. Harper gives a long list of Carman district hunters who were successful in getting either moose or elk during the season of 1913.

Messrs. J. W. Thompson, Gus Thompson, Chas. Johnston, J. N. Reece and Ernie Cochran, secured two moose and three elk near Birch Lake. McDermott, of Fannystelle, also got an elk. Dr. McGavin with his brother and a party of five others each accounted for either a moose or elk. Hunting at a place called Hilbré, Price Mailory and Tom Galbraith each got an elk. Andy Colvin, John DeWitt and J. Findlay were successful in getting their limit at Steep Rock. Calvin Pringle shot a moose near Deerfield. Messrs. M. E. DeMill, Irvine DeMill and Earl Robison, hunting north of Dauphin, each secured a moose. Hunting in the scrubby district northwest of Carman, Scotty Fields, Joe Burton, Jas. Mills and R. Colvin each secured moose.

A bulletin from Spokane, Wash., gives some interesting details regarding protection in the State of Washington. Spokane County it is said now has half a million quail within its boundaries although the quail is not native to this district. The large number is entirely due to the propagation and protection by the authorities, co-operating with the public. It is proposed to stock the district with those species of game birds that will thrive in that climate as soon as funds are available.

In Okanagan County in the same State, the school children are being organized into game protective associations and will be provided with literature descriptive of bird life. It is hoped by this means to educate the children in the ways of the woods and field creatures, as well as enforcing the game laws.

Mr. John Scheich of Trout Creek in the Parry Sound district, Ont., sent us recently a photograph of deer secured while hunting during the season of 1913 on Sausage Lake, four miles south east of Trout Creek. The party consisted of James Gulifer, Thomas English, Thomas Cole, James Cowden, Wm. Hornby, John Scheich, and Master Freddy Scheich, a lad only eight years and nine months old who nevertheless shot a fine buck which is shown beside him in the picture. The other members of the party were successful in filling their license.

Messrs. J. E. Mosley and A. Blackburn while hunting in the vicinity of Huntsville, Muskoka, secured twenty-seven rabbits; a snap-shot of their bag has been received at this office.

We are also indebted to Mr. J. P. McVicar of Inwood, Ont., for a snap-shot of deer shot near Massey, Ont. last season, the hunters being Messrs. Geo. Maddock, J. P. McVicar, E. J. Corrie and James Wilson.

From Wataska, Alta., comes a picture of mallard ducks shot in the vicinity of that place by Messrs. Stroder, Wilson, and Tate. Ducks were plentiful in that neighborhood last fall to judge from the bag secured by these men in three hours' shooting. Geese, chicken, partridge, deer and moose are also plentiful, we are advised, in the neighborhood of this Albertan town.

Mr. R. H. Campbell, Director of the Dominion Forestry Branch, says: 'Carelessness was undoubtedly the chief cause of forest fires in 1913.' The best remedy is indicated by a recent statement of Mr. E. T. Allen, Forester for the Western Forestry and Conservation Association, who says: 'The best single result of the 1913 fire season is to prove that systematized co-operative effort at an insignificant cost per acre or per thousand, can reduce our forest losses of an average year from four or five million dollars to about as many thousands.' If, on the twenty million acres of timberlands controlled by the lumbermen forming this association, the fire loss can be so enormously reduced by co-operation, the saving which Canadian citizens could effect by co-operative effort on the 503,000,000 acres of forest land in Canada, is almost incalculable.

The functions of the Government in this respect are well understood, and a great deal has been done, especially by the field officers of the Dominion Forestry Branch, to promote the co-operative spirit in the matter of fire protection. But only recently has the initiative been taken by private associations in co-operative fire protection, yet there are now

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thirty timber-owners' associations in the United States, the members of which have got together to adequately protect from fire their combined holdings, which now total about 25,000,000 acres.

In Canada there is but one association of this kind but it compares favourably with any in the United States. The development of this co-operative movement, which culminated in Canada in the St. Maurice Fire Protective Association, is described in detail by a bulletin now being issued by the Forestry Branch, Ottawa. The Quebec limit-holders comprising this association have by a self-imposed tax of one quarter cent per acre installed a fire protective system on their 7,000,000 acres of holdings second to none in Canada. In 1913 over 275 forest fires were extinguished with practically no danger, proving, in the words of one of the members, that "The success of co-operative forest fire protection has been established without a doubt.

Many kinds of leather are got from sea creatures, some of which are very curious and beautiful. The skin of sharks, says The Youth's Companion, is a beautiful burnished gray or bluish color. The surface resembles finely grained leather, inasmuch as it shows many tiny prickles set all one way. They are quite invisible to the naked eye, but there are so many and they are so finely set that you distinctly feel the roughness of the surface if you rub your hand over the skin in the direction opposite to that in which the prickles point.

This property of shark skin renders it especially valuable to the manufacturer of "shagreen". Since the skin is at once tough and easy to work, it can be used for any purposes where decorative effects are desired.

In spite of its lumpy armor, the sturgeon furnishes a valuable and attractive leather. It has been found that when the bony plates are removed, the patterns remain on the skin, just as the patterns of alligator scales remain on alligator leather, a circumstance that adds greatly to the value of the product. From the sturgeons that abound on our Pacific coast and in the great lakes we get a tough leather that is used for the making of laces to join leather belting for machinery. It is said that the lacing frequently outwears the belting itself.

There is found in Turkish waters a strikingly unattractive fish called the angel fish, classed among the littoral sharks. This fish yields an extremely high quality of green leather, much esteemed in the Ottoman dominions.

In Russia certain pheasant costumes are trimmed with the skins of a food fish, the turbot, and in Egypt men wear sandals made from the skins of fish caught in the Red Sea. In our own country, too, the cod has been used in a similar manner, for in bygone days a good many shoes and gloves have been made in Gloucester from the skin of the humble cod.

Eel-skin is used for many purposes, among them the manufacture of leather binding for books and for braiding into whips.

Hunting, shooting and fishing will no longer be allowed on the highways of the township of N. Dumfries, Ont., a motion to this effect having been passed by the Township Council. During the past hunting season hunters became very careless, and in a number of instances horses, colts and cattle were hit by stray bullets, several farmers sustaining heavy losses by losing valuable animals in this manner. Hunting will be tolerated on private property only upon the consent of the owner or tenant, as the case may be.

In January of this year the "Canadian Motorist" a magazine published in the interests of the Ontario Motor League, made its first appearance. The subscription to this magazine is included in the membership fee of the Ontario Motor League. The "Canadian Motorist" is designed, so its publishers say, "to promote the policies of the Ontario Motor League in respect to good roads, just motor vehicle laws and regulations, "and if the first number is any criterion, should fulfill the purpose for which it is intended. The first number is replete with articles of just the kind that owners of motor cars will be glad to read, and contains much information all of which is presented in an attractive way. This issue is responsible for the startling statement that \$15,572 was paid in fines by Ontario motorists in 1913, half of which was burned up in speed, and this statement is made the topic of an interesting contribution on the subject. Good luck to the "Canadian Motorist."

The Duke of Sutherland would have turned a very pretty penny if Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George had accepted his offer of 200,000 acres of deer forest at £2 an acre. Sir William Schlich, professor of forestry at Oxford, and a famous authority on such subjects, in a letter to the London press says:—"I have before me the 'Return of Particulars of All Deer Forests in Scotland,' dated January 29, 1913, signed by the Crown Agent for Scotland, and presented to Parliament. That document shows that the Duke of Sutherland owns 396,173 acres of deer forests in Sutherland, yielding a rental of £13,556, of 8 1-5d per acre. At 25 years' purchase the value of the land comes to about 17s an acre, and at 30 years' purchase, a very liberal allowance, to £1 0s 6d. If the State were to purchase the 200,000 acres at £2 per acre it would practically make the Duke a present of not less than £195,000. Lord Lovat and Capt. Sterling give the upper limit of profitable afforestation in Glen Mor at 800 feet elevation, at any rate for the present, and, as Sutherland is situated about one degree further north, the upper limit there is not likely to be higher. Again, Lord Lovat and Capt. Sterling state in their report on Glen Mor, that of a typical deer forest not more than one-fifth of the area is plantable. Hence of the 200,000 acres offered at £2 an acre, not more than 40,000 acres would be plantable and these in reality would cost about £9 an acre, since the rest of the area would, according to the above-mentioned gentlemen, not be worth more than 1d to 3d

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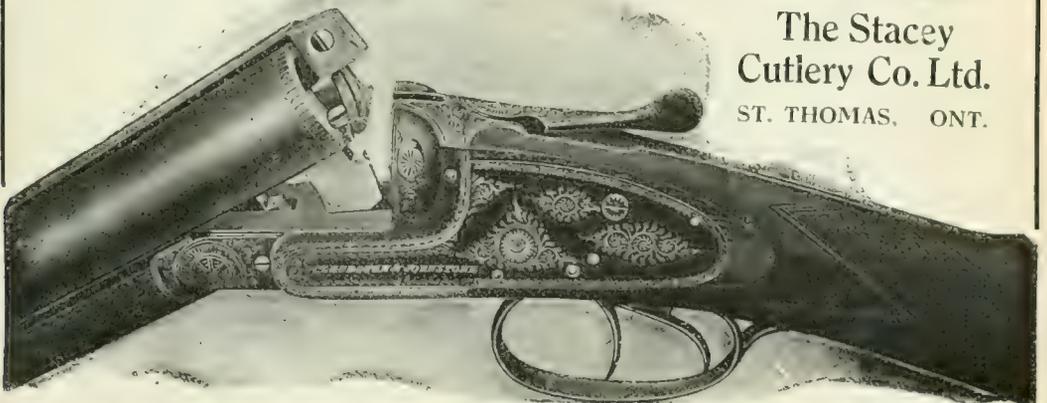
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per acre annually, and even that would be doubtful."

Sportsmen of Chatham held a meeting on January 22nd, and unanimously indorsed the proposal to prohibit the sale of game. It was also decided to ask the Government to restock Western Ontario with quail, and, if possible, to bring in the Hungarian partridge.

The suggestion which Essex County sportsmen made to set duck shooting back two weeks did not meet with approval, and it was felt that the season should remain as it is, September 15 to December 15.

Approval was given on the suggestion that a gun license for game should be levied, and also that the burning of marsh lands should be prohibited.

Petitions were circulated in Kent County and given to the members for the county for use with the proper authorities.

Many fish in the hatcheries of the State of New York, it was reported in a recent newspaper despatch, are infected with geitre and cancer germs, according to a report made to Governor Glynn by Dr. H. R. Gaylord, director of the State Institute for the study of malignant diseases.

Dr. Gaylord made the startling assertion that 75 per cent. of the federal and State hatcheries that propagate trout were infected with cancer.

For twelve months Dr. Gaylord has urged Conservation Commissioners Fleming and Van Kernen to act on an investigation he has prosecuted for six years. Getting nothing but rebuffs, he appealed to the Governor, who was so impressed that there is likelihood of a shake-up in the Conservation Department.

Dr. Gaylord found that about 5 per cent. of the 100,000,000 trout annually bred in New York State, many of which are served in the expensive hotels and restaurants disclosed germs of cancer and geitre. There is no doubt he adds, that susceptible persons drinking water which the infected fish inhabit acquire the diseases.

"A short time ago" writes a correspondent from Vernon, B. C., "a neighbor of mine was asleep in his shack at daybreak one morning, when he was awakened by a scratching at the door and on having roused himself was surprised to see a black bear push his way into the shack. There was a loaded .22 beside his bunk. Reaching out for this he took a shot at Bruin. By a lucky chance he killed him dead and thus was brought to an end a very embarrassing situation."

"After having spent a great many years in the resort regions of Canada, and elsewhere, my family has decided that Temagami Lake is the most satisfactory place for us to spend our summers," says Chas. E. Wait, professor of

Chemistry in the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn. "By this I do not mean a week or so, but I mean all summer. Last year we spent eight weeks at Wabi-Kon Camp, conducted by Miss Orr, of Toronto. We go to Wabi-Kon Camp because we enjoy the life there; it is fine and wholesome, as is attested by the fact that we have spent three summers there and expect to spend the next there. Lovely people go to Wabi-Kon, the very best. The fishing is good, my catch last summer was 22 Salmon trout. The atmosphere about Wabi-Kon is lovely and refined, largely due to the attractive personality of Miss Orr, who, not only knows how, but will do everything to make her guests have a royally good time."

The winner of Field and Stream's grand prize for lake trout last year was Dr. Skinner of Guelph who caught his fish in Ragged Lake, Algonquin National Park of Ontario. The fish measured 35 inches in length, 17½ inches in girth and weighed 17 pounds.

In spite of the march of civilization there remains much that is still primitive in Sicily, and a curious sight at Palermo is to see the fishermen spear the fish in the harbor by the aid of glass bottomed buckets, says the *Wide World Magazine*. There are many corners of the world where fish are speared, but perhaps the use of the glass bottomed bucket in this connection is to be seen only at Palermo. The fishermen lean far over the side of their boats and hold the bucket on the water with one hand, poking their heads into it as if engaged in the Hallowe'en game of ducking for apples. They hold a spear poised in the free hand and thus await the arrival of their victims, which are sighted through the glass bottom of the bucket which acts as a kind of telescope.

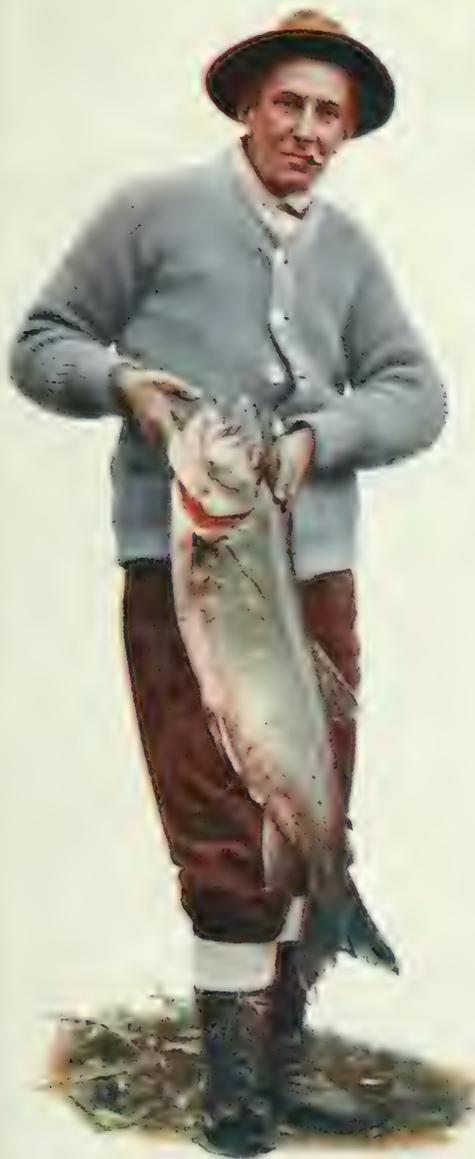
President A. B. Code of the Manitoba Game Protective Association has been advocating the need for more advanced laws and more rigid enforcement of the statutes pertaining to game protection. He reminds his readers that many states of the Republic are abolishing spring shooting and that the U. S. Federal authorities have stepped in and are now vigorously engaged in enforcing laws against the killing of song birds and the indiscriminate slaughter of game birds. War has been started on commercialism in hunting and the sale of game birds is now prohibited in thirty-one states. The question of game protection is an international one and every move on the other side of the line is closely watched by true sportsmen on the Canadian side. "Every province in Canada should exercise the greatest effort in protecting game of all sorts. The violation of the law in the province of Manitoba, President Code characterizes as a scandal, chicken, duck and deer shooting being done out of season, and the Government is being strongly urged to aid to the uttermost in making citizens respect the law.

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*Courtesy of Canadian Northern Railway*

**The Guide's Cabin on the Magnetawan River**

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. 15

WOODSTOCK, ONT., APRIL, 1914

No. 11

## HALIBUT FISHING IN THE NORTHERN PACIFIC

BONNYCASTLE DALE

WE had long wanted to take our Fraser River fishing boat out to the halibut beds but the weather gods had not been propitious. Heavy winds, mighty seas, hail, rain and sleet had succeeded one another until like the old poem—

*“First it rained and then it snowed,  
Then it hailed and rained and blowed,  
Then some snow and hail and rain  
And then it did it all again.”*

No wonder we did not want to stick the nose of our twenty-five footer out in that sort of weather. Finally the clouds seemed to run dry and the good old sun came out and all Nature smiled again and we went off and bought twelve dozen more halibut hooks. So, with a fair tide and a light following breeze, behold us leaving the harbour headed oceanwards.

Fritz seemed bound to let that sail jibe. Every time we ran into a tide-rip, and there were plenty of big strong ones bubbling and rolling and roaring like a herd of young bulls, up shot the “Diver” into the wind—we christened her “The Diver” because of the abrupt way she had of entering a wave evidently intent on going right down to the bottom, then changing her mind, giving her counter a lift and throwing the incumbering water back into the sea. Oh! she was a real nice boat for a calm sea. I always thought her mainsail would stand a bit of shrinking; when she got

it good and full, so hard you could beat on the belly of it as on a drum, she had a way of lifting, a sort of premature flight that, if your heart was not well anchored, made you close your teeth suddenly in case that fluttering member should escape. To make matters worse our anchor had conceived a violent affection for the last bar we had thrown it on, and there it remained, and all we had was a native anchor, fairly good, but a bit clumsy to ship in a heavy sea.

In one of the last sheltered bays we threw the rude anchor over and started to dragnet for bait. We secured a couple of ferkins of herring and oulican and also quite a few squid—those miniature devil fish. During the night we heard chains rattling and naval orders given and when we awoke half of the Canadian Navy was anchored near us—the Rainbow, looking quite spick and span, after a trip about the islands and the chase of a U. S. fish pirate. There are hundreds of these gasoline craft that fish inside the lawful three mile limit. They have wireless to tell of the cruiser’s approach, but she got within quickfiring range and a shot or two soon brought the marauder up and there she lay at anchor with a prize crew on. We saluted with a fish horn bless you! It was all we had, and the big white thing never even returned it, in fact the haughty sentry on the gun deck ignored us so entirely that he never even glanced at us as our im-



1. Native Indian Anchor  
2. 175 lb. Sturgeon

mense hull swept by. Never mind, the next time that salute is cut out—remember.

Now we entered the open straits and there was a nice long, oily swell that made us pitch and toss and our big sail swing from side to side like a demented hammock. I knew I should never eat fresh herrings on a Friday, so I relinquished the tiller to Fritz and took up a restful position in the little cabin forwards. Fritz called out that he too should never eat of fresh herrings on a Friday and intimated that he wanted to exchange places with me, but I was deaf to all entreaty until my turn came and I took the stick. The course I steered that craft was shameful. A nasty

little “put, put, puttering” gasoline tub came careening by asking if I needed any help. Oh! I needed no help, all I really wanted was a new stomach and a new head and a few other new parts, but I forbore to mention it and steered for the open sea.

We passed that dreaded Cape Flat-tery on the ebb tide and sailed out over a turbulent moonlighted sea for the halibut beds. By this time we had both died a couple of times and felt a bit better now; but of all the rolling, tossing, groaning crafts that ever existed! Do you want to buy the “Diver”—terms easy, price low? On the second tide we came among the fishing fleet. The wind had almost died away so we lifted out the single dory that nested in our stern and off Fritz set with baited lines. One place seemed to look just like the other place, and there was a really high swell on even if the tops were calm so the lad threw over the buoy and out went coil after coil of deep sea line. With the sail carefully reefed until only a corner drew in the light breeze the Diver paralleled the dory. As soon as the two hundred yards were out and the end buoy floated, Fritz rowed back and took the second line, which I had by then baited, and set it some half mile off the first line. Then we ate a bit—not any herring thank you—smoked, or pretended to—we do not want you to run away with the idea that we were really sea sick, we simply ask you did you ever meet anybody that admitted he had been sea sick, so how could we have been? As the wind was getting up a bit we “hailed” with the Diver, by rowing her to the buoy and hauling in the line hand over hand. We caught dozens of dogfish; every bally herring had been miraculously replaced by one of these pests of the fishing banks, these miniature sharks, the salt water dogfish. There was not a single good fish on the first line. The second had first of all the head of a chicken halibut (a young fish), the body had been nipped off by a hungry sea lion. These big voracious fish eaters often follow the line right up to the boat and snatch the halibut almost out of the fisherman’s hands. The next few hooks were bare; but we

got two fair halibut on the next couple, one about fifteen pounds and one of some ten pounds—them dogfish, dogfish, dogfish until Fritz suddenly called out:

“What ever is this coming up?”

Well might we ask, for a long, grisly pinkish purplish thing was hanging below the next hook. It was an Octopus and the first one we had ever seen caught on a hand line. It was really hooked by accident we think, although the hook was deep in the fatty folds about the tiny mouth. The long soft thing fell in a heap as soon as we hauled it aboard and Fritz ran for the tub and lifted it in, one might almost say poured it in, so soft and useless is this so called Devil-Fish of the magazine fakirs when out of the water. We have often taken them at the lowest low tide line and dissected them. We know they are perfectly harmless to man. Here was one that weighed sixty or seventy pounds, with arms six feet long—the fakirs open, the arms and measure them extended, so this would be a twelve foot “terror of the seas” by their account. It lay in the tub swaying with every roll of the lively boat like so much jelly.

We had rather a tough fight with a sturgeon on the line once that day. He was a big chap, over a hundred and fifty pounds and, with his snaky looking body and his green armour patches and his wicked looking head, he was really much more to be dreaded, harmless though he is, than the misnamed grisly thing, the Devil Fish. That night, before the moon arose, all the plankton came to the surface, and illuminated all the sea. We threw a rope out with a single hook baited with a herring and when it struck all the disturbed surface blazed with phosphorescence. There was a herd of sea lions swimming on the banks and the sight of one of these savage fish feeders chasing a fish up a dark green billow—every fin movement of the fish a weird, blue flame-accompanied flight. The great plunging mammal behind rolled and dived in a very sea of fire, every downward throw of its flappers sent up fountains and columns of phosphorescence until the whole scene was awful in its weird beauty. We stood for an hour climb-



1. Native Canoes  
2. Flight of Gulls at the Pass

ing to the swaying mast watching this wonderful display of Nature's fireworks. Once, some huge thing, possibly a Killer whale or a big “Black fish” rose in a surging mass of living flame right beside us. Involuntarily I clutched the lad's arm and we both ejaculated “Oh!” out into the immensity of black space that enveloped us. Just before we turned in a school of porpoises, evidently chasing their midnight supper, gambolled along past us, each and every one outlined, encircled, enframed in wavering, glowing undulating lines and splashes of clear blue flame. To watch the circling, fiery whirlpools left by each descending “sea pig” made one dizzy. I pointed out to the young man next

day the suspicious imprints on the wood of the mast. It looked as if some one—I shall not say who—had been clinging on for dear life, even to the point of digging his finger nails in. It was no use Fritz trying to lay it on the Devil Fish, for I pointed out how weak on finger nails the Octopus really was. When Fritz dared to suggest that perhaps there were other people on board that had finger nails as well as he I became really angry and sought my stateroom.

We had very fair fishing. As the firkins went down, the fish box went up, until we had over fifty good fish in it. Of course this was not really fishing for market. Some of the gasoline boats about us, ones that ran many dories, would have from one to twenty thousand pounds for a two to three days' fishing. Then off the Seattle fleet would race. Wireless had told of a good market and the first one in gets the best price. One hundred and ninety miles away lay that market and off the heavily engined power

boats started, plunging their blunt bows into the big smooth green hills, staggering down the other slope, butting into the calm water in the trough, zigzagging their noisy way up the next watery mountain—off—off—off for the market. We have known the first boat to get as high as eight to nine cents a pound and the last to receive as low as three. But these beds are nearly fished out. If you want real fishing go up near the Queen Charlotte's or farther up into Alaskan waters where the halibut and the cod and the Alki mackerel exist in enormous schools, almost unfished for.

Three days later we were walking down the little village street—Fritz still had his legs wide apart and his feet turned out—I admit the road did roll a bit—giving away our sweet eating fish and I heard Fritz tell a certain young lady that shall be nameless:

“Oh we had a capfull of wind, but I enjoyed every bit of it, you see I never get seasick.”

## FISH MOVE ACCORDING TO SOUNDS THEY HEAR

**T**HE reason that experiments have not before shown that “fish have ears,” according to Professor G. H. Parker, head of the Department of Zoology at Harvard University is because most of the tests have been done by ringing bells, shooting guns, and making noises in the air instead of beneath the water in which the piscian creatures are swimming.

Not only do atmospheric sounds become dampened and disappear before penetrating below the surface of a pond or an aquarium, but the auditory mechanism of fish, is made to hear through liquid not through gases such as the air.

Men hear, according to Professor Parker, differently from fish. He has only two ears to receive sounds, but the watery fin-tails, have at least three sets of organs that can hear; these are, to wit, the fish ears, the fish scales or skin, and a series of organs that run along the sides of the fish called, therefore, “lateral line organs.”

Dr. Parker set himself the task, after his discovery (by making bells ring, horns to be blown, and other noises to be made beneath the water in an aquarium) to find out just exactly what effects were produced in fish by certain sounds. It was soon plain that sounds influence and direct the movements of fish just as noise or music affects the behavior of men.

He first performed experiments in a large floating cage anchored in the open sea-water, but the breakers and the wind and sunlight soon put a stop to these. Then a large tank indoors with running sea-water in it at Woods Hole, Mass. was used for the tests. Five fish were used to represent each species examined, and these were allowed to become accustomed to the tank for half a day before the tests were carried out. A huge ball was then allowed to fall once every ten seconds against various parts of the tank, fifty times. Then between each blow and after they were all made, the position of the fish inside the tank was observed and noted.

The fish could be made to avoid, to hesitate, and to recede or approach the sounds according to the degree of noise made. Of course, different kinds of fish behaved differently and many of them were inclined to investigate the sounds. The butter-fish had a tendency to keep away from the sound, but the young king fish scampered away quickly.

On the other hand a lot of inquisitive fish well represented by the sea robins always gathered towards the point of greatest sound, and kept nosing about to find out what was doing. But another group of fish of which the killifish and cunners are examples, would become as still as mice as if glued to the spot, the instant any noises were shot through the tank.

# TROUT FARMING

H. MORTIMER BATTEN

IN order to supply the needs of a vast sporting population, Great Britain has long foreseen the necessity of assisting nature in her work of stocking game reserve and river, and to-day every "shoot" of any importance has its pheasant rearing pens, and every trout and salmon stream its hatchery. Indeed, both the producing of game birds and the producing of game fish have of recent years become recognized lines of business, and to-day all up and down the country extensive game farms and fish hatcheries exist, and yield their yearly output of feathery or finny life at a regular price which leaves an ample margin for profit.

In order that the reader may fully grasp some of the advantages of rearing trout under artificial conditions, let me first give a brief account of the habits of a trout left to breed under natural conditions.

As winter draws near the adult fish leave the main brooks and rivers, and make their way up the tiny tributaries to the recognized breeding grounds. Many of these tributaries are so small that a child could step across them with ease, and in negotiating them the fish are compelled to leap tiny waterfalls and worm their way across shallow riffles, thus exposing themselves to the attack of owls and vermin. The same spawning beds are visited year after year. These are usually still, deep pools, with beds of gravel—overshadowed by rock and varying in accordance with the size of the stream.

When the fish reach the spawning beds they are already mated, though sometimes terrific fights take place between the male fish should there be a scarcity of females, and it is no uncommon thing to find male fish on the spawning beds considerably battered by their encounters. Urged by the male the female, as time advances, proceeds to scoop a hollow of from two to four inches in depth in the sandy bed of the pond. This is the nest, or redd, as it is technically

termed, and on its completion the spawning process begins. The two fish lie side by side at the bottom of the redd, and as the spawn leaves the female it is fertilized by the milt from the male. The fertile eggs immediately become sticky, and adhere to the gravel, while those that escape the milt of the male drift away and are lost.

As the spawning continues the female fish flaps with her tail, and thus constantly extends the redd, while the gravel displaced covers the spawn already deposited. Presently she moves forward and starts a fresh hollow, and thus she keeps on time after time till the redd may extend several feet.

When spawning is completed the adult fish leave the breeding grounds and make their way back to the river, and the ova is left to hatch out into young trout in accordance with the ordinary laws of Dame Nature.

Dame Nature, however, is a lady of moods. Ere the adult trout are back in the main stream a heavy rain-storm may have entirely altered the bed of the tiny mountain brook, and distributed a ton or two of loose sand and filth over the bed of the spawning pond. Or, should this not happen ere the eggs are hatched, it is likely to happen early the following spring when the tiny alevins lie, gellatinous and helpless, on their native bed of gravel. Scores of them are thus carried away or buried alive, while others becoming injured, are crippled for life and later introduce a weakly strain.

Even if no freshet comes, a large percentage of alevins are sure to meet with accident in one form or another. A small but famous spawning stream, which I have watched closely for some years, is literally alive each spring with countless thousands of alevins. One can scarcely set a hand upon its bed without crushing one or two of them, but alas, the stream contains also a vast number of one and two year old fish, which have not yet found their way to the river. These



1. View of the hatchery. 2. General arrangement of the hatchery boxes; the ova can be seen standing on the glass rods. 3. Rearing pond almost empty: taking out the 2 year old trout. 4. Feeding time. 5. A view on the river Wharge, one of the most beautiful trout rivers in England. 6. The author fishing in a highland burn.



1. It is advisable to watch the fish closely at feeding time. The larger fish come in for the best share and thus outgrowing their fellows are likely to turn to cannibalism



2. Joy Valley, a famous spawning ground of river trout

young trout feed almost entirely upon the alevins, and thus not only destroy great numbers of their own kind, but themselves acquire the evil habit of cannibalism. There is no doubt whatever that a larger percentage of cannibal fish exist in rivers where the fish breed naturally than in rivers where artificial rearing is resorted to.

Thus in summing up, we find that loss is likely to arise from a number of different directions should the fish be left to breed naturally. Firstly, a large percentage of the ova deposited is likely to escape fertilization; secondly, a flood water in the winter may bury the redds, and thus prevent the ova from hatching, while a flood in the spring is likely to kill or cripple the alevins; and thirdly, a large number of alevins are destroyed by their old brothers and sisters still inhabiting the breeding stream, while those that escape these and the many other perils too numerous to relate, are themselves likely to acquire the habit of cannibalism by remaining in the breeding stream too long.

Let us now see how such losses can be overcome, or at any rate lessened, by the judicious interference of man.

The naturalist can usually take it that the greatest kindness he can do

for the wild folk is to leave them strictly alone, but common sense shows us that this is by no means the case with regard to trout. Firstly let me say that the great fish farms in Great Britain keep a stock of selected adult fish from which they annually collect the spawn, and by a careful study of the subject they have produced strains of exceptionally strong and hardy fish, selected probably from many thousands. Every angling club of any importance purchases fish annually from these farms, and thus introduces new blood into their rivers. But let us take the pioneer fish breeder, working independently of any professional institution.

For some years past I have had the privilege of observing the results achieved in a small hatchery, the property of an angling club in one of the best known fishing districts in the north of England, and though I do not profess to the possession of any great store of knowledge in the vast science of pisciculture, the following brief description may serve to entertain others who, like myself, take an interest in the habits and habitat of brook trout.

As winter advances, and the fishing season comes to a close, the work of



1. At the age of 2 years the fish are given their liberty in some shallow backwash of a river
2. A famous trout fisher at work in a famous river

the river warders is by no means diminished. These men now turn their attention to the recognized spawning beds, scattered over a vast stretch of rough and mountainous country. Many of these places, indeed, are situated far up in the highlands, at a distance of many miles from the main river.

The river warders work in pairs. By closely observing the trout in the brooks they are able to tell when the time has come for collecting the spawn. Equipped with water carriers and high wading boots they now make their way to the favorite pools, and catch all the adult trout they can lay their hands upon. This is a very chilly business when the snow is on the ground, the only way of taking the fish being by "grovelling" them by hand from under the rocks.

The adult fish are now carried to the hatchery, and as the female fish become "ripe" the spawn is gently squeezed from them into a bucket, and over it is spilt the "milt", squeezed in the same manner from the adult fish. The ova is stirred carefully with the hands in order to assure thorough fertilization, and as the "milt" comes in contact with it, the ova immediately becomes sticky—this being a safe provision of nature, as already described—and for a time adheres to the sides of the bucket. This stickiness soon goes off, however, and the eggs are now placed in the hatchery.

The hatchery consists of a number of wooden boxes of about eight inches in depth, set on a downward grade, so that the water runs from one to another of them. Over the floor of these boxes is scattered an inch or so of clean gravel. About an inch below the surface a rack of glass rods is placed, the rods being just so far apart as to carry the ova without any danger of its falling between them.

The eggs are now placed in rows along these glass rods, and just enough water is kept running through the boxes to keep them fresh, without dislodging them. Care must be taken that the boxes are thoroughly mouse-proof, for I have known mice to empty two complete boxes in the course of one night.

As to how long the eggs are in hatching depends entirely upon the temperature of the water. At a temperature of 40 degrees Fahr. the alevins should begin to appear in about ninety days. With the arrangement described above (there are, of course, many others, though the above is probably the most popular) the young fish, upon wriggling clear of the shell, at once drop between the glass rods on to the gravel at the bottom of the box. Each day, at this period, the fish warden rakes out the empty shells or the addled eggs—the latter are at once picked out by their pearly whiteness as compared with the transparency of those which contain live fish. Soon all are hatched out, and the rack of glass rods is then lifted bodily from the box, exposing the newly hatched fish lying on the floor of gravel.

At this period of his life the trout is the most helpless and lifeless little creature imaginable. He is merely a strip of jelly, while to the underside of his abdomen still adheres the "yoke" of the egg, which supplies him with food for some time to come.

The young fish are kept in darkness, the river warders keeping a watchful eye upon them and weeding out the weaklings and the cripples. When they are old enough to eat they are fed twice a day on specially prepared fish biscuit, or whatever food their rearer fancies. Chopped egg and liver is perhaps as good a food as any.

Soon the young fish outgrow their confined quarters, and they are then introduced to one of the rearing ponds. The alevin stage now over the most critical period is perhaps passed, but still they need careful watching if results are to be crowned with success. Each day they are fed, but while some grow rapidly others make slow progress. Thus the ponds must be emptied periodically, and the larger fish taken out, or cannibalism and its results are bound to follow. Three or four ponds are necessary in order to keep this up with any degree of success, for that only fish of a size should be kept together is vastly important. I remember emptying one pond out of which we expected to take 800 two year olds; instead we only took 300,

and doubtless the loss was caused by one ugly ten inch fish which had evidently been overlooked the season previously.

The rearing tanks, of course, are carefully netted in, so that the young fish are safe from the birds and animals which would otherwise form the habit of feeding upon them. A close watch is kept for aquatic insects, notably the larvae of the dragon fly, which will savagely seize and devour fish up to three inches in length. It is just as well to provide places of shelter for the fish: the boxes of lilies, shown in one of the photographs, do this, and also provide a certain amount of natural feed. The more natural feed the better, and for this reason old ponds usually produce better results than new.

When they are old enough and large enough the young fish are given their liberty in some shallow backwash of the main river. Already they have learnt to look after themselves, for even the two year old pond contained its cannibals.

New Zealand has been quick to realize the advantages of stocking its streams by artificial means, and the excellence of the fishing over there speaks well in favor of it. Fish rearing, however, must not be played at; given a thorough knowledge of the subject there is unquestionably money to be made at it. But it is a delicate science, and much depends upon that consideration of detail which most of us, I fear, find it so easy to overlook.

## A Fisherman's Petition

O Ananias! Father of all lies,  
Inspire me here beneath these Summer  
skies,  
While I recline among mendacious guys,  
That I, too, may depict the phantom rise  
Of that "lost fish" of most enormous size.  
Give me the patience to sit calmly by,  
While amateurs with veterans gravely vie  
Recounting deeds performed with rod and  
fly,  
Then help me tell the final, crowning lie!

# A BATTLE WITH A TROUT

## Fishing in a B. C. Creek

RAY GIDDINGS

"SO ye are away to the fishin'." said old Donald's wife as she led us to the boat house. "Mon, but they are havin' fine sport this year. Ronald, my bairn, but just come back from the burn with five and twenty speckled. Here's the scamp now. I suppose you will be takin' him?"

"If you can spare him," Billy murmured. "Don't let us inconvenience—"

"Tush! Tush! As though I would hender the lad's sport. Away to the fishin' with the gentlemen, Ronald, and see that ye bring back your worthless carcass safe and sound. 'Tis the recklessness of the lad that worrits me. 'Twas but the other day he plunges into the Devil's eye to save a good-for-nothing dog with one leg broke, that had to be shot after. But dinna let an auld woman's foolish talk detain ye. Away wit ye, and may ye have guid sport."

We thanked the good hearted woman from the land of heather, and at a word from Ronald stepped into the canoe.

"A wonderful woman, your mother," I said to Ronald as we pushed off.

"'Tis well I know it," he returned fervently. My fayther is a mon of mons, but he doesna seem to ken me at a'. I dinna"—He stopped suddenly, and a slow red mounted his cheek as he became aware of Billy's curious gaze. Then he finished in precise English, all trace of accent gone. "Yes. There are mighty few like her."

"We'll never get there at this rate," I said half angrily to Billy's broad back. "Put some force into your strokes."

As we sped through the water I watched the swing of Ronald's body almost with envy. He was a splendidly built youngster, with wide shoulders, deep chest, and beautifully moulded limbs inherited from his Highland ancestors. He never seem-

ed to tire, but moved in perfect rhythm, back and forth, back and forth, his paddle cutting the water deeply at every stroke. A half an hour at this speed brought us to the mouth of the creek and glad enough was I to disembark and stretch my cramped limbs.

I started as a rain drop splashed on my cheek.

"Haul out that tent," I said grasping the axe. "I'll cut the poles and put the tent up. You, Billy, get the meal, and Ronald will gather the fire wood."

"Right-o," came the reply. "But for the love of Mike hurry with the poles."

I hurried, and before it started to do more than sprinkle we had the tent up, the fire burning, and a heap of dry wood piled in the tent.

"I don't profess to be much of a cook," Billy said, endeavoring to scrape the sticky batter off his hands, "But still I'll make a bet that these flapjacks are extra good."

"That listens good, at any rate," I returned. "Trot 'em out."

He transferred three from the frying pan to my plate and an equal number to Ronald's.

"They look good, Billy," Ronald said slowly. "In fact, I can never get mine to look so good. How did you do it?"

"Trade secret, son," he retorted, shoving out his chest. "Have some syrup."

"Ump. They're rather hard to cut. These blame knives must be dull. Hand me over my sticker."

With much labor I tore a cake apart and carried one of the pieces to my mouth. After chewing for a minute or so and making no impression I glanced at Ronald and received a sad smile. Then suddenly he exploded with mirth, clasped his stomach with both hands, yelled "Injia Rubber" at the top of his voice, collapsed and

lay still, tears of laughter coursing down his cheek.

"Injia Rubber is the correct expression," I said slowly to Billy, as I rose to my feet with a table knife clasped in my hand and a most ferocious expression on my countenance. "And by Ginger, young man, here is where you lose your scalp."

He let out a yell and before I could reach him dived through the entrance and hit for the woods, while I sat down and laughed in company with Ronald. A few minutes later a very wet and be-draggled Billy thrust his face through the tent entrance and gazed at us with a sad and pensive eye. Then seeing that we were well fed and comfortable he gained courage and walked in, only to be seized and a pan cake thrust rudely in his mouth.

"Jer-usalem!" he ejaculated, as he spit the cake out. "I don't wonder at you fellows getting sore. Whatever is the matter with them?"

"If you get a suitable mould that batter will make excellent rubber boots," Ronald said gravely.

"Or make enough and we'll waterproof the tent." I put in sarcastically.

"Well," he said in an aggrieved tone. "If you think you can do any better, why, go ahead. I'm fearfully and wonderfully hungry."

"Bread and jam for yours, boy. That's all there is until we get some fish."

I jumped to my feet.

"Let's all go fishing," I said. "A little bit of rain will do no harm."

"No thank you," retorted Billy. "Leave out your uncle Ike. I'm wet enough thanks to your darn foolishness."

I picked up my rod, and followed by Ronald with the net, struck out over the wet grass to the pool, some three quarters of a mile up the creek. We were wet to the skin before a hundred yards had been put behind us, but what mattered that! The air was heavy with the fresh scent of trees and flowers and numerous robins sang bravely in the trees. A thrush in a thicket trilled his "weary, weary, weary," and we stopped, heads held erect, while Ronald voiced our senti-

ments with "How beautiful!" As we neared the pool a rabbit scampered from a pile of brush and halted a few yards to the right, surveying us with bright curious eyes, and a mink plumped into the stream and amidst spreading ripples disappeared into a hole in the bank. Suddenly Ronald stiffened and said in a low voice, "There's an otter, the most blood thirsty pirate there is. An enemy of trout, consequently an enemy of mine. Give me your revolver."

I handed over the gun and at the report the otter curled up convulsively, and rolled down the bank into the stream. Throwing me the gun, Ronald sped after it, and grasped it, fortunately before the current sped it away. There in the drizzling rain he skinned it while I, with benumbed fingers, endeavoured to fasten on flies and cast.

"That's a fair hide," he said, closing his knife. "Too early in the season, though. Look," he continued "Did you see that fish jump? He was sure a whopper."

"He was that," I returned, loosening my line for a cast. "Watch me grab him."

At the end of the pool the channel narrowed before breaking into a series of falls. Three or four sunken logs in this part of the stream made a strong shore-ward eddy, in which numerous small pieces of bark were whirling madly around. My first cast sent the end fly spinning fairly into the centre of the eddy, but unfortunately, before I could work it to the outer edge, it fastened in a small piece of bark. Impatiently snapping off the bark I cast again and my fly landed as before and was swept into the whirling vortex. A sharp jerk brought it skittering outward. It hung for a second on the crest of the eddy, and then, the water being fairly clear, I saw him coming, mouth wide open, travelling with the speed of a bullet. I dropped the point of my rod for a second then struck the barb neatly home. Then in the drizzling rain under that leaden sky came the battle; a battle with a fighter who knew every trick of the game, every feint, every dodge, and above all, a fighter, gamest of the game, who never knew when he was whipped.

Back and forth, up and down the pool he raced, while I held on grimly, checking his every rush, watching and gauging the strain carefully. Once he made for the deep pool, taking out thirty feet of line before I stopped him and there he sulked, refusing to obey my gentle reminders to come to the surface. Then once more he began to move, slower at first, but gradually increasing his pace and spreading out into an ever widening circle. The pool seemed to be too small for him and he began leaping out of the water, shaking his head like a bull dog in a vain endeavor to get rid of the cruel little barb. I put every ounce of strain I dared on the rod and line and fought him to the surface slowly and carefully. Then, without warning, like a fighter who receives terrible punishment, he turned belly up, and with my heart in my mouth I towed him slowly to the shore. Ronald, up to his waist in water, slipped the net under him; a huge heave, and net and fish went flying to the bank.

I collapsed on a log, rubbing my cramped wrist and fingers weakly, while Ronald pranced around like a young Indian, yelling triumphantly at the top of his voice. When the blood was once more circulating freely, I unfastened my basket and produced a pair of scales.

"Don't weigh him with those scales," Ronald said with a grin. "My sister Jessie said she weighed a spring chicken with 'em yesterday and the blame thing weighed ten pounds. No wonder you fellows catch such big fish."

"These scales are absolutely right", I said, ignoring his grin. Hook the trout on. Five pounds eight ounces. Is that a record?"

"Pete, the Swede, caught a six pound trout in here last year using a chunk of beef and a clothes line. I guess that is the biggest one that has been caught with flies and light tackle. He's a dandy."

For an hour the fish came thick and fast, ranging in size from half a pound to three pounds, and at the end of this period having as many as we could comfortably carry, we dis-jointed the rod and walked back, now cold and shivering, to the camp.

Billy had a roaring fire on and a big tin of stew simmering over the coals, which we presently attacked and found excellent. Dry and comfortable once more, we displayed the fish to Billy's envious eyes and loud and long were the praises of the big trout sung until he became disgusted and stalked out of the tent. A cry from him brought us all scrambling out.

"The storm is over," he said. "Look at the blue sky. Good fishing to-morrow."

That night, after the dishes had been washed and the tent put in order, we lay comfortably about the fire with the magic tang of wood smoke in our nostrils. Gradually there stole over us a sense of well being and content that made the cares of the outside world seem petty and light. From the other side of the lake came the querulous yap of a coyote and occasional dull splashes told of big trout feeding. Ronald lay, propped up on his elbow, with a wrapt look on his countenance drinking in the sounds of the night, while Billy and I, thinking of other nights when we sat before a camp fire in a warmer clime puffed slowly at our pipes, long legs stretched luxuriously to the blaze. The full moon spilled a shower of silver over the tops of the evergreens, and bathed the tent in its caressing radiance. Weirdly from the shadows on the opposite side of the lake came the guttural mocking laughter of a loon, and while Billy turned uneasily, Ronald said, his voice dreamy, "When I hear the laugh of a loon I think of quiet marshes away back in the heart of the wilderness, whose rushes have never bent under the tread of a human foot, whose silences have never been broken by the report of a gun; then I think of a lake, a small lake far back in the mountains with heavily timbered shores, where big trout feed unmolested and where loons and other shadowy night birds hold their grave councils undisturbed. Sometimes I wish—"his voice trailed away drowsily, he rose to his feet, and followed by Billy entered the tent.

I watched the moon until it bur-rowed beneath a cloud then rose to my feet, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, yawning lazily. I glanced at the sky,

thankful for the patches of blue, and with a farewell kick at the fire, which sent a shower of sparks aloft, followed my comrades with a feeling of deep peace and satisfaction,—

*"To sleep beneath the stars, the sighing trees,  
That bend their heads and whisper benedictions."*

## FOOT NOTE

The incidents related in the above story occurred in June, 1913, at Fry Creek, which runs into Deer Lake, near Fernie, B. C. Owing to almost incessant rain, it was next to impossible to secure any good pictures. I had three or four photographs taken with a view of sending them on to illustrate this article but they were taken in the rain with a camera not over good and, consequently turned out a blur. The country spoken of is an ideal one for the trapper, abounding as it does, in Mink, Muskrat, Otter, etc. The fishing was excellent in the creek last year, some very large ones being taken out. THE AUTHOR

## A DELIGHTFUL OUTING AT "HATE-TO-QUIT-IT"

### Fishing in Nova Scotian Waters

J. H. RICE, B. A.

ON the 31st of May, 1913 our party left Halifax via Dominion Atlantic Railway for Weymouth, N. S. in high hopes. Every one expected to catch not less than one hundred two pound trout.

The party consisted of Miss E. Nauss of Dartmouth; Mr. Steele of North Sydney; Miss J. Glassey, Mr. and Mrs. Scriven and the writer, of Halifax.

That night and the following morning we spent in Weymouth. An eighteen mile drive the next afternoon, which was Sunday, and a bright beautiful day, took us to Lake Winthrop.

Here we first met the "Captain" one of the oldest types of humanity it had been our good fortune to meet ever. A typical French Acadian, he could neither read nor write. The captain was anything but an Apollo in appearance. In fact, as some wise poet has suggested,

*"Why not button in the back his vest  
In order that we may find his chest?"*

The Cap's heavy duty was to transport us bag and baggage from the shores of Lake Winthrop to our head-quarters, the "Hate-to-quit-it" camp on an Island in the middle of the lake. He accomplished this task with his motor-boat (more properly speaking this was a craft with numerous holes in its bottom and containing a motor). The Captain's keen judgment as regards time and distance was the only thing that kept the boat from swamping. After a trip that proved a considerable strain on the nerves of his passengers our boatmen landed us safely at "Hate-to-quit-it." There we were warmly greeted by our two guides Ned and Ben, whom, we at least, believe to be the two best guides in Nova Scotia.

It is enough to say that "Hate-to-quit-it" amply justifies the choice of such a name. Our first impressions were happy ones and they were also lasting.

Our first evening in camp we amused ourselves with the gramophone we had brought along with us. We had about all the latest New York hits. Several times during the evening we tried to convince the ladies that it was time to retire. The men, be it understood, wanted to have a little game (as all sportsmen will know what "a little game" means it is unnecessary to say more about it.) Alas our efforts were in vain. Our chaperon smelled a rat and nothing could move her from her stand beneath the moose-head. I think it was a case of sour grapes, perhaps, as we found out later she was a past-master at the well known Chinese pastime.

A lively gale was blowing the following morning and we were unable to leave camp until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Then we fished a few runs with fair success.

The next morning was perfect and four of us started out for Loon and Spider lakes. We had a couple of small carries but got over them without much exertion. On Loon Lake Mr. Steele landed our first big fish. He had only been casting about ten minutes with a Silver Doctor, when suddenly his rod fairly doubled up on him; and then the fun began. The fish by some mental intuition must have known he was up against a finished angler, for he used all his strategy and strength for ten minutes in an endeavor to break away from the inevitable. Mr. Steele, however, wearing a broad grin the whole time, played him at his own game and finally landed a three pound trout.

This display of skill made us very enthusiastic and we all fished conscientiously for two hours, but were rewarded by only a half dozen small ones.

The wind came up so strong that it was impossible to cast so we landed and had lunch. We waited four hours but as there was no sign of the wind dying down we at last set out for



camp, a two hours' paddle, which we reached in due course.

Wednesday morning at 6 a.m. we started forth on a long cruise, notwithstanding that the weather looked somewhat threatening. Boarding the Captain's worthy skiff we went for five miles up the Seven-a-Penny River to the shingle mill. A note-worthy incident of this trip was the manner in which the Captain manoeuvred his boat up a rapid, without changing the speed. He climbed rocks and boulders with the grace of a Russian dancer, and at times the boat fairly turned somersaults. Throughout it all his expression never once changed. The same cool, collected, half smiling, God-fearing expression was retained no matter what difficulty of navigation presented itself.

We carried over the mill dam and then took to the canoes, a three mile paddle through the meadows. Here we struck the trail and carried across to Cedar Lake. The trail was two miles long and pretty much blown down. On our way through we were saluted by two monstrous owls who were perched on the very top of a big pine tree. We saw many fresh moose tracks on this trail.

Arriving at beautiful Cedar Lake we took possession of Mr. Foster's camp, "Cedar Lodge" and had our lunch there. Our desire to stay longer in this beautiful spot was somewhat mitigated by the prevalence of black flies.

After a good lunch and a comfortable smoke we started on our long paddle. Meantime the sky had cleared and the sun shone forth brightly. We paddled straight across Cedar Lake and into Bazie Gut; through Bazie Gut into Bazie Lake; across Bazie Lake we entered the Deadwater that empties into Mud Lake. We had been dragging our lines all the while without getting a rise. Suddenly Miss Glassey got a rise. She cast again—a splutter—followed—then her rod bent. The three canoes

came to a stand-still and everyone held his breath awaiting developments. The lady played him for a few minutes, then wound in the reel. The guide reached out with the landing net and then amidst a shout of laughter caused by the fact that the fish had been hooked in the tail, the prize was safely brought into the canoe.

After this incident we paddled across Mud Lake and into the Barn River. Crossing this river we took the three mile open trail to Silver River. Here we saw many fresh bear tracks. I wish to state here that our guides were wonderful men. They carried not only the canoes but one hundred pound packs on their backs, and we who carried nothing had considerable difficulty in following them. The water was very high, the banks of the Silver River being over-flowed. About a quarter of a mile down from where the trail ends we arrived at the Silver River camp about 7 p.m. and put up there for the night. The chief feature of the Silver River Camp is its splendid stone-fireplace. This burns a cord of wood in an evening and the reader can easily imagine what a pleasant blaze it makes. That evening we circled the mattresses and cushions around the blaze and as we had with us some Caruso's and Tetrizzini's, we had a fine concert.

Earlier in the evening, about half an hour after we had landed, Mr. Scriven professed himself as very anxious to fish. The guides were very busy making us comfortable for the night and as we had been travelling all day none of us cared to take him out in the canoe so he decided to try his luck alone. This was the first time he had been alone in a canoe. He pushed away from the shore and got pretty well out into the middle of Silver River when a sudden breeze swung the bow of his canoe quickly around. Scriven immediately lost his head and instead of trying to paddle he tried to reach bottom with the result that his body followed the paddle in a downward direction

and the canoe capsized so gracefully that it seemed a pity we could not have secured a moving picture of the occurrence. Fortunately Mr. Scriven was a good swimmer and was able to reach shore without any serious consequences.

The next morning we paddled down Silver River into Bario Lake and then down to Bario dam. Here at the head of the Tusket River we fished without results as the water was too high. We canoed back then and had lunch at Parker's camp on Bario. It was a beautifully bright day and very warm. Lunch over we crossed Bario and went up the Cariboo River. We encountered a few small carries here but the fishing was very good. It was here that we left our canoes and went in search of a bear. Our guides were trappers and had bear traps set in this vicinity. At first they were very loath to take us to the traps, but when we succeeded in convincing them that it would mean good luck for them, all objections ceased. After a two mile walk we came to the first trap but it had not been disturbed. In another fifteen minutes we had almost reached the second trap. A suspicious noise brought us all to a stand-still. A very vivid expression came into the guides' faces at hearing this noise and they pushed on with marked earnestness while the rest of us followed trembling with the excitement of what was to prove an adventure. The trap, it was found, had been dragged from its original position and it was with the greatest of care that we picked our way along. Suddenly Ned yelled:

"I see him!"

He was wedged in and crouched down between two trees and as we approached an unearthly growl came from him and he gradually rose to his feet. Every second we could see him expand and his flaming red jaws opened as though they were the jaws of Hell. One more growl from him and it was his last, for Ned fired two shots at him and he sank in his steps as gradually as he had risen. He was a



Cedar Lodge Fleet

beauty and it took me just two seconds to buy his skin.

We tramped back to Cariboo River, paddled up it and carried across to the head of Silver River. We got back to camp with our big catch in high spirits at having put in such an interesting day.

Friday the good weather continued and we went back over the long trail and paddled to Cedar Lake. We canoed several runs, negotiated a few carries and landed at Payson's Meadow, where we had lunch. After fishing the meadow we paddled to Sabine's Mill, fishing all the while with good results. Miss Nauss caught a few beauties. In landing one of them she became so excited that she came very nearly upsetting the canoe. Ben, who by this time had almost lost his heart to her seemed to care but little whether they got a wetting or not. I think he would have welcomed the opportunity to become a hero in her eyes.

We carried over the dam and began our most picturesque paddle down a swift running stream. The trees on the banks made an archway overhead and the current was very strong. Rapid after rapid was shot and for two hours we enjoyed this very exhilarating trip. The Captain was waiting for us at the mouth of the Seven-a-Penny River and it was very fortunate for us he was, as otherwise we should have been there all night for a very high wind was kicking up such a sea on Lake Winthrop as would have made it impossible for our canoes to live in it.

Saturday the weather was bad and we lounged about camp enjoying a well earned rest.

The last day in camp was a perfect one although everybody had the blues at the thought of leaving our camp-site. The morning was



"Nova Scotia's Best Guides"

spent in putting in time and in packing up and canoing around the island.

It was with much regret that we left "Hate-to-Quit-it" as everyone felt that the stay had been too short. We had all enjoyed every minute of it and, with the sole exception

of myself, had been fortunate in the number of fish caught.

We reached Weymouth at about 6 o'clock in the evening and were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Rice. The next morning we left for Halifax, bringing to an end a most delightful outing.

## THE UNION HUNT CLUB'S ANNUAL DEER HUNT IN PARRY SOUND DISTRICT

C. H. JERMEY

**O**CTOBER 30th found all the members of the Union Hunt Club in good time for the C. P. R. train which we took from Carley station.

The members of the club are the following: Capt. Trinkwon, Carley, Ont.; Thos. Reid, Jarratt, Ont.; Duncan Robertson, Hawkestone; Roy Masters, Toronto; H. P. Merrick, Hawkestone, Chas. Cooke, Creighton; John Clarke, Jarrett, Ont.; Albert Beard, Creighton Dr. Brown, Creighton; James and Henry Jermey, Hawkestone, and the writer.

Our train was on time and we arrived at Six Mile lake at 4.30 p.m. and soon had our tents up for the night as it was too late to get to our camp ground before dark. Preparations were soon made for supper to which all did justice; afterwards the dogs were fed and everything put in good shape for the night. Before retiring the Doctor, who possesses a robust tenor voice, gave a splendid rendering of a number of his old time songs.

Next morning found us all up bright and early preparing to move to our camp ground which is five miles up the lake. As soon as breakfast was over everything was loaded into the boats and canoes and we were away at break of day. After a two hours' paddle we arrived at our camp ground; tents were pitched, a supply of wood cut and everything got in good shape for an early start the opening day of the season. Saturday morning found everybody off to their runways except Capt. Trinkwon, Robertson and the writer who went with the dogs.

After fifteen minutes' music from the dogs T. Reid got the first deer which was a nice buck with Robertson a close second with a doe, and in less than an hour Capt. Trinkwon who has broken all records for fast shooting got in some nice work and scored the third. Everybody was in at 12 o'clock for dinner which was soon over and we were off again with a fresh gang of dogs which gave good music. However the deer took a straight course and got away without a shot being fired. As our dogs did not come back we started for camp. The writer saw two does and after one quick shot at each, they took the count and brought our score to five for the first day. Our dogs came home shortly after dark and seemed as much pleased to see us as we did to see them.

After a pleasant evening was spent we re-

tired, and as there was a kick in the morning about the snoring which the old men did the Doctor decided to change the directions on his medicine as he claimed an overdose made one snore.

We had a number of callers on Sunday from some of the camps on the lake who were spending a quiet day like ourselves.

Monday found us fresh and ready for sport but we drew a blank. However Tuesday brought better luck as the deer came our way and after three shots R. Masters got number six and as it was his first deer he gave a fine exhibition of an Indian war dance. As the dogs were returning from the first run, they picked up a buck which ran straight to James Jermey and one well aimed shot brought him down and made our count seven.

After we had dinner Capt. Trinkwon decided to put the doctor on a different runway as he had not yet had a chance to try his rifle. As a result he was given a fine chance at a buck but as he had been sampling some medicine at noon his nerves were not of the best and the buck roamed away at his leisure. Returning to camp a fawn ran out in front of him and as he did not get the buck he thought it was no use trying for it. However it ran up to C. Cooke who took it at close range making our score eight. All reached camp in good time and sat down to a well cooked supper which was very much enjoyed.

Wednesday morning found us out early when luck came to Mr. Merrick who did some splendid shooting at long range, breaking the neck of a large doe, and soon after Henry Jermey got a nice doe and a white fawn which he thought was a wolf. He claimed it did not scare him, but the only evidence we had was that he went into the sleeping tent at noon and changed a portion of his underwear.

We carried out deer in the afternoon and as it is a tiring job we retired early. Thursday it was wet and we stayed at camp and got well rested up for Friday. This day a fine buck fell to my lot. After dinner we carried the rest of the deer out. Everybody was up early the next morning and we soon had breakfast over and our luggage loaded. We arrived down at the lake in good time for the train which picked us up at 12 o'clock. By three we were back at Carley, thus bringing to a close one of the best hunting trips we have ever had.



Photo by Dr. W. E. Stone

The Summit of Huber; Victoria Ridge in the Background

## A STRENUOUS DAY AT THE CATHEDRAL CAMP

### Climbing Mt. Huber

BERT WHIMSTER

IT may be an old Scotch saying, or it may be a Proverb, but whichever it is matters but little to us, as we found it quite true that "The best is kept to the last," when at the Cathedral Mountain Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada last summer, a notice was posted announcing an ascent of Mount Huber. Walter Schaufelberger was the guide chosen, and the two ropes allowed were soon filled with aspirants for the 11,000 foot peak standing magistically behind Lake O'Hara. We were assured by the genial Mr. J. P. Forde that Huber, while it would prove a very interesting climb, was not at all difficult, and he belittled it somewhat further by referring to it as the "Graduating" climb at the Lake O'Hara Camp in 1908. We therefore looked forward to a pleasant and not—too—strenuous climb for our last day of the 1913 camp.

It was well along in the evening before we got away from the base camp on our five-mile walk to the O'Hara Auxiliary where we were to spend the night preparatory to an early morning start. Most of us had "enjoyed" Charlie's hospitality before, and were not over anxious to spend a longer time than necessary around his camp fire, that was seldom alight,

or among his mosquitoes, which were possessed with a positive mania to alight. It was most eleven o'clock when we crawled into our blankets, rolled over to find the inevitable big branch right in the middle of our backs, and tried to snatch a few hours' sleep.

Roll call at 3.30 a.m. was more or less sleepily responded to by Miss Myra K. Ellison of Vernon; Miss Evelyn C. Smith, of Vancouver; Mr. H. Prouty, of Portland; Professor Stone, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana; Dr. Anderson of Fernie, B. C.; Mr. John Colville of Calgary and the writer. Mrs. McIntosh, of Saskatoon, whose bed evidently did not contain the usual big tree or eight cornered rock, decided to remain behind in comfort and sent out her regrets with the other ladies.

Walter Schaufelberger, guide, philosopher and friend of the party struck out at four o'clock around the lower end of Lake O'Hara, and in a very short time we were working the chill out of our bodies on the steep foothills of the Wiwaxi Peaks. The day was just a repetition of all the days of the Cathedral Camp for there was a perfectly clear sky overhead and nice dewy walking about the knees.

No difficulties were encountered until about 9 a.m. and as things were going so smoothly and looked as if they would continue so, we went so far during one of the short rests as to discuss the possibilities of climbing Mt. Huber, then dropping down onto the glacier, crossing it and ascending the Victoria Ridge, expecting to return to base camp that evening. Vain hope! Nothing doing! Walter chose the rock or north slope for the ascent and it proved mostly a scramble up for him and a pull for the rest of us.

Rock chimneys, rock bluffs and short scree slopes were the order of the day, and as usual the top receded much faster than we ascended. It was one o'clock or nine hours out from Lake O'Hara before we finally gained the summit 11,041 feet above sea level. We took time only for a glance over the beautiful panorama spread out below us, then hurried into rucksacks and brought out the lunches. These were extra special hand-made and were further supplemented by canned salmon, thoughtfully carried up by our guide. Lunch over and our thirst quenched by the Christian Science method of taking a long look at Lake



*Photo by Dr. W. E. Stone*

**Descending the Ice-slope on Huber**



**Mt. Huber**

O'Hara some 6000 feet below us, we unslung our cameras and each in turn tried to look pleasant while the usual "black art" stunts were being accomplished, giving proof positive to the outer world that we had really reached the summit of Mt. Huber.

Stories of this sort are generally finished at this point or with a few additional brief lines telling that "the return journey was made without incident or accident and we arrived in base camp at such and such a time." Not so with Mt. Huber. It was one-thirty when we left the summit, the whole party unanimously agreeing that we had had enough rock work for one day and would return by the snow or East slope which would land us on the Glacier lying between Huber and Mt. Victoria. But, it was quite noticeable that no one suggested climbing Victoria. That was ancient history, and we wanted to get home. The snow slope looked very easy, in fact the first hundred feet was just as easy as it looked, but here the work commenced, especially for Walter. The summit snow turned into green ice, which stretched out below us for a good two thousand feet.

Ice steps must be cut and a very slow process it proved, and at times most ticklish, especially when you came to the turn on the zig-zag. A mis-step by anyone would have meant a very sudden and probably disastrous trip to the glacier below.

Although it was somewhat dangerous and cold and tiresome work, it must be said that every member of the party stood the test nobly, and too much praise cannot be given Miss Smith and Miss Ellison for their splendid display of nerve in a trying situation.

Two hours and a half of step cutting took us into the valley where we found good walking over the snow-covered glacier, and very few crevasses to work across. We kept well over to the Huber side and at five o'clock left the glacier and retraced our morning route on the north slope, hitting it about 800 feet above the ridge. The rope was taken off and used to dangle the ladies over the bluffs from ledge to ledge. Miss Ellison, being chosen as first sacrifice, was securely tied around her waist and lowered fifty or sixty feet until she got a good footing, where she awaited the arrival of the next passenger travelling in like manner. Walter as usual got the short end of the deal, and came down as best he could after seeing his party safely landed below. The Wiwaxi Ridge was made at seven o'clock and Lake O'Hara Camp at eight-twenty—some sixteen hours after leaving.

What changes had taken place here during our absence! Charlie had left for the base camp and Mr. Alex. McIntyre was in charge. A real camp fire, over which you could cook, was built; the bacon grease and cold porridge which had greeted us on every seat in the morning had been cleaned away. Comfortable seats had been provided and an excellent cup of tea, together with the entire contents of the larder, awaited us.

A little to eat and a lot to drink with a short rest, put new life into us for the five miles over

the trail to the base camp. But it was a very quiet party that made the trip. Some rather feeble attempts were made at different times to start conversation, but for the most part we trudged along in silence, as keeping the trail through the woods took all the energy we had left.

The glacial stream running back of camp had attained almost the proportion of a raging torrent during the hot day, but our wiry climbers did not bother looking for a log on which to cross over but waded into the creek the dozen or so steps saved being sufficient recompense for the wetting that accompanied the act. Quite a number had lingered late around the last camp fire and our arrival in the circle was greeted with a cheer and though the hour was well on toward midnight, preparations were immediately under way to serve a hot supper.

Our trip had really been a delightful one and we soon had those about us envious for not having taken it, as the description given by each member was replete with enthusiasm on the beauties of the scenery, the thrills of the rock work and the difficulties encountered and mastered on the return journey over the ice.

The ladies of our party showed no ill-effects of the twenty hours of strenuous work and most effectively proved it by appearing for breakfast shortly after seven the following morning, and in the evening at the Club House in Banff were ring leaders in getting up a dance that lasted well into the wee small hours.

While Walter's knowledge of English may be limited to a few of the more common slang words, his knowledge of mountaineering is very extensive and complete, and to his able guidance and that of his assistant, Prof. Stone, who had charge of the second rope, we owe our thanks for the premium outing of the Cathedral Mountain Camp

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## CLUB NOTES

The Edmonton section held their monthly meeting for January on the 15th when they had a progressive walk, "the only difference" one of the members writes, "between this and progressive whist being the fact that you win every change, getting a new and of course a charming and pretty girl as a partner every ten minutes." Twenty-eight turned out and with Mr. Whimster acting as guide the party

started out from Le Marchand Apartments; taking to the river ice for a couple of miles and then turning up a steep incline, the ascent of which was accomplished amidst shouts of laughter caused by the many slips and falls that took place on its slippery side. Returning, light refreshments were served by one of the members and all declared themselves as having enjoyed a splendid outing.

At a meeting of the Vancouver Island section on the 27th of January Mr. W. W. Foster gave a very delightful address, which was illustrated by stereoptical views, giving an account of his ascent of Mount Robson. The views were magnificent, and the address itself was terse and well put. About fifty people were present.

On the evening of January 17th the Winnipeg section had a tramp of an hour's duration under the guidance of Mr. Ransom, afterwards returning to his home where a blazing bonfire and piping hot refreshments rewarded the trampers. Thirty-four members turned out and participated in this jolly

affair. After full justice had been done to the pork and beans and coffee provided, short accounts of other camp-fires were given by Dr. F. C. Bell and Mr. W. A. Alldritt and after some music and songs the party broke up.

On Saturday, February 7th, Dr. F. C. Bell gave a lecture on his ascent of Hungabee last summer and though he did not dwell much on the dangers and difficulties of the climb those who read between the lines were occasionally moved to indulge in a shudder or two. Dr. Bell stated that under certain conditions of snow and weather the mountain was fairly amenable. Mr. Tait's slides added further to the enjoyment of the evening.

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## THE ALBERTA FISHERIES

WHEN one considers the natural assets of this province there is a tendency to overlook the fishing industry; yet the reported known yield of fish in Alberta last year amounted to 1,216,100 pounds, valued at \$51,616, and 1,589 men licensed to fish the lakes had an equipment valued at \$9,744. The importance of the industry is great, but not only in the light that may appeal most readily to most of us. Its importance rests not merely in it being a source of food supply, important as that must be, but in its essentially vital interest to the communities residing in the more distant parts and particularly in the neighborhood of the lakes. The development of the industry at present largely depends upon its protection. The Dominion government has been unusually alert in this respect during the last few years. Regulations that before were looked upon as somewhat farcical, a view most complacently connived at by the fishery inspectors themselves, are now enforced as necessary for the welfare of the people. Naturally delicate situations arise in connection with this regulation of what to many is an indispensable food supply. The regulations ordinarily are of easy comprehension and ready enforcement; but life in this province often wavers on the borderland between the new conditions brought about by the sudden influx of a great settlement, and those old ones which prevailed when the great areas of this northwest were left to the isolated trader, hunter or Indians. The latter stage brought with it the dire results of a greedy commercialism, a law of profits which paid no heed to the destruction of the fish supply itself. In the earlier stages of the country's development, the Indians and settlers could fish to their hearts' content without ever depleting the supply, but, if anything, would only improve it. The maw of the greater market could not be withstood by any fish supply, no matter how great it might have been. Regulations curbing it were the only means to insure its continuance. When those regulations were

enacted they were not enforced by the inspectors to whom the duty was intrusted. The Dominion government now is looking to the interests of the entire province by seeing that its inspectors see to the preservation, or rather the conservation, of what fish supplies have withstood the onslaught of previous indiscriminate fishing. The inevitable result of the former indifference was one which is pointed out by Justus D. Willson, now Inspector of fisheries for northern Alberta. He states the inevitable when he says that the time has arrived when the towns and cities of the province will have to look for their fish supplies from the lakes of the farther north. Even with better protection, and a wiser policy, lakes which have been most fished up to the present will not be much more than adequate to supply the continuously growing communities settling around them.

A timely illustration of how the fishery regulations are being impartially enforced in the interests of all persons who gain the advantage of the province's fish supply, is to be found in the confiscation of a catch by Mr. Willson himself when he was recently on a 550-mile tour of the fisheries in the Lac La Biche, Cold lake, Primrose lake, Saddle lake and Egg lake districts. On Egg lake he found a man with a supply on hand of 7,000 pounds of tullibee, caught between November 9th and 15th last. Since the open season for white fish, tullibee and trout does not commence until December 16th, this was a flagrant violation of regulations. Mr. Willson fined the offender and confiscated the fish, which were auctioned, and on the ice, realized \$164. The greater offence committed by this man was his neglect of the rights of the other fishermen on the lake. While he broke the law designed to conserve and develop the supply of the fish from which he derived a share of his means of livelihood, his neighbors, obeying the law in their desire to continue the supply, were being deprived of a part of the catch which would be theirs when the season legally opened. That whole

district traversed by Mr. Willson is reported by him to make an admirable source of fish supply if conserved along the lines laid down in the Dominion government's new regulations. Its lakes are innumerable. They string from one to another, making a natural highway of travel in winter. With Lac La Biche for their apex, as it were, they drain into Beaver lake, which enters into Beaver river, and eventually empties into Hudson Bay. The crest of the watershed is just north of Lac La Biche. Everything north and west of these drains into the Athabasca valley, and either by way of the Mackenzie or of the Coppermine flows into the Arctic.

But I suggested that the fishery inspectors are governed by discretion in enforcing the regulations where they may not be fully comprehended, which usually arises in those districts mostly populated by Indians and half-breeds. In the report for last year just submitted by the department of marine and fisheries, Mr. Willson quotes such an instance. He tells how "when visiting Lac La Biche I found that many of the people had wrongly interpreted the fishery regulations assuming that Clause 2 permitting the Indians and half-breeds to fish without licenses, for daily consumption only, allowed them to fish through the season for unlimited use and storage. I met some fifty heads of families and explained the regulations." And again reports Mr. Willson, "The half-breeds of the Lac Ste.

Anne and Lac La Biche districts state that it is impossible to catch whitefish in those lakes during winter, and that the strict enforcement of the present close season would prevent their accumulation of fish for winter use. With regard to this statement as to Lac Ste. Anne, it may be because of lack of skill and energy, as white men have not fished it. In confirmation, however, of the statement as to the impossibility of catching whitefish at Lac La Biche during winter, I was informed by half-breeds, and also by the Rev. Father LeGoff, who has resided in the district for several years, that about eight years ago skilled white fishermen attempted at some expense, to fish Lac La Biche, but were unsuccessful and moved their plant to Touchwood and Trout lakes. "Whatever" comments Mr. Willson, "are the reasons for the failure of winter fishing in these lakes, it would appear that by rigid enforcement of the present close season these people would be deprived of an important article of food, to which they have for generations been accustomed and on which they are partly dependent." Cognizance was taken of these peculiar circumstances, for Mr. Willson subsequently adds in his report: "It seems that the concession of two days weekly during the close season was satisfactory to fishermen, and the privilege was not abused, according to the local guardian at Lac Ste. Anne."

## THE PROFESSOR'S OFF DAY

W. C. KING

PROFESSOR X, who summered at Britannia Bay on Lake Deschenes, had an eventful, if not happy day last fall.

He is an ardent angler, but, sated with success in that line, determined on a little variation. Ducks were reported plentiful in the marshes of Shirley's Bay, some six miles up lake from Britannia, so the Professor borrowed a canoe from one friend and a single barrelled shotgun from another and having his frau prepare him a dainty lunch, he started off for the scene of action. When about three miles out in the lake he overtook another lone hunter, who in firing at some ducks overhead, had capsized his canoe, and being unable to swim, was hanging to the canoe. The Professor made the rescue, and, with the loss only of a pair of binoculars, the rescued hunter proceeded gratefully homewards. Resuming his interrupted journey, the Professor paddled on to Shirley's Bay, where he found ducks aplenty, but very wild; so wild that the old gun would not reach them. Lunch time announce-

ed itself from under his vest, and the Professor would eat. Where was the lunch? Ach Himmell! It was just where he had left it, and that was on the kitchen table at home.

With a sigh of resignation, the Professor took up a couple of holes in his belt, and went after the ducks again with grim determination. But it was not to be; the feathered whirlwinds were too wary; so, late in the afternoon the Professor started on his weary six mile paddle home. A mile or more out and suddenly a roar, and the canoe shuddered. The fiendish old gun had taken a notion to unload itself, and did so through the bottom of the canoe about 'midship, leaving a great ragged hole, through which the water rushed like a flume. The Professor stuffed a cushion into the hole, and paddled like fury. When the canoe was like to swamp, he would stop and bale with his cap, then paddle again. Four long hours of this gruelling work (on an empty stomach) brought him to the village just about exhausted, but thankful. A mustard plaster outside and something else inside set him up again, and by the next evening "Richard was himself again". Fortunately the lake was smooth, or there might have been a tragic ending to the Professor's off day.



Looking up Kananaskis River

## A FISHING TRIP TO KANANASKIS

### Calgarians go A-Fishing

C. POSTLETHWAITE

**H**OLIDAYS at last, though they had been a long time in coming. Where were we to spend them? Banff is a mecca of holiday-seekers but a summer holiday that costs between four and five dollars a day is a little too expensive for the man with an ordinary income.

Calgary is a fine city in which to live, if you have something to keep you busy during the day time, but as a place in which to spend a two weeks' vacation, it is not alluring. We have two rivers in Calgary, the Bow and the Elbow, but the swift current precludes any possibility of boating. We have also a lawn tennis club, a lawn bowling club and two golf clubs. All of these are fine games to indulge in, in moderation, but as a steady diet they are liable to pall on one. There is some fishing to be had some miles up both the Bow and the Elbow but the banks of the rivers are too steep to fish off and the prospect of standing waist deep in the swift current of an icy cold mountain stream, somehow does not appeal to me.

Just at the moment when there seemed no prospect of a successful outing came a welcome message over the telephone.

"How would you like to spend a few days fishing at Kananaskis?"

"Just the very thing?" was the hearty response.

"All right; I will call for you tomorrow morning at 8 with the motor car."

This meant a hurried but thorough overhauling of the fishing gear and a trip to town for the purchase of hooks and flies. My rod,

reel and line were in good condition but the moths had taken up their abode in my fly book with disastrous results to the flies. My grip was soon packed and the pocket flask duly deposited therein. With my best "Jimmy pipe" in my pocket and with a well filled tobacco pouch all was ready for the start the next morning.

The morning broke fine. There was just enough tang in the air to make the wearing of an overcoat necessary; but the sun was shining brightly and the air showed signs of warming up presently. The road was in splendid condition for motoring and as soon as the environs of the city were left behind we spun along the Banff trail at a twenty-five mile an hour clip.

It would require an abler pen than mine to properly describe the spirit of exhilaration that comes over one while travelling in a good motor in this pure air, for here we are nearly 3,500 feet above sea level.

To one who has but recently come from the East, as was true in my case, every object possesses an interest, even down to the little gophers that run about in hundreds on both sides of the car. They would run along in front of the wheels of the car and a score of times it seemed as though the car had run over them, but on looking back to see their flattened bodies, we would see instead the sharp nose and bright eyes of the little chap peering out of a hole in the trail. Into this hole he had popped just as the wheel of the car passed. Occasionally we did hear a squeak and then

we knew it was all over with Mr. Gopher. These little animals have many enemies—man with strychnine, boys with rifles, owls with beaks, hawks with talons, dogs with fangs and cats with claws. But in spite of all these the gophers multiply fast and are a regular pest to the farmer whose grain they eat; and to the golfer whom they cause to lose a stroke and a ball when one of them falls into one of the holes.

A few miles out of Calgary we caught our first glimpse of the Rockies, though in reality some ninety miles away the mountains seemed very near. Their snow capped peaks glistened in the sun and to one seeing them for the first time the sight is one never to be forgotten.

The country on both sides of the trail was rolling prairie covered with green verdure for a good deal of rain had fallen and the grass had grown thickly.

Cochrane, which was reached about 10 o'clock, is twenty-five miles from Calgary. We stopped there for a few minutes to rest ourselves after our two hours' journey. Cochrane is a bustling little town, nestling in a valley surrounded with green hills and made a very pretty picture as our car descended from the plateau above.

After leaving Cochrane the road became somewhat hilly and stony, but after a short time we again got on a good road and were able to get up speed once more. The next place was Morley, where we crossed the Bow river. There is an Indian settlement of considerable extent here. The houses are well built and being, the greater number of them, painted white present a pretty contrast to the green hills. The only unoccupied building in the settlement is the hospital. This building is thoroughly equipped and up-to-date in all its appointments, but owing to the fact that an Indian died there, it is tabooed and no Indian will go there for treatment. They call it "the dead man's house" and will not even pass it in the night, so great a hold has superstition still on the Indian.

It was a comparatively short run from Morley to our destination and about 12 o'clock noon we pulled up at the construction camp of the Calgary Power Company.

As this article is a true and authentic account of a fishing trip it is not my intention to say much about the power plant; in fact its history would form an article by itself. At the time we visited it the Company were constructing a dam across the Bow River at its junction with the Kananaskis River. The top of the dam is ninety feet above the level of the river. As soon as the dam was completely across the river the stream was to be diverted into a canal and then into the turbine pits and thus electrical power be developed and transmitted to neighboring towns. At the time of which I speak the Company were operating a power plant some two miles down the river and it was from this source that Calgary got its electrical power.

We sat down to a splendid dinner and needless to say did full justice to it for the sixty mile trip in the open air had sharpened our appetites and we were quite ready for a good square meal.

The afternoon was spent in looking over the works. This entailed a considerable amount of walking, a different kind of walking to that encountered in the city. It was a case of doging a locomotive here, escaping a team there; being careful that a steam shovel did not descend on one's head in another place. All these things helped to make the walk really interesting and it was a tired crowd that assembled at the tea table at 6 o'clock. The meal was of the same excellent quality as the dinner. In fact all the meals were good and we could not help but be forcibly impressed with the excellent manner in which the camp was run.

It was the intention to do a little still fishing after tea in some of the pools around the camp, but a severe thunder storm with rain effectually put a stop to the idea.

The scenery at this camp was wild and impressive. Within only five miles of the mountains, one feels the over-powering effect of their massiveness. The Bow River ran swiftly through a rocky gorge some fifty feet deep. At one place where the river is about one hundred feet wide there was every indication that at one time the river was spanned by a rocky bridge, but through some tremendous convulsion of nature a passage way was opened up and now the river is flowing swiftly over immense boulders which undoubtedly formed part of the rocky barrier.

It rained all that night and well into the morning but cleared up nicely after dinner. About 2 o'clock I started out with one of the men from the camp, who was supposed to know all the best places. I put on a pair of good serviceable walking boots, hung a pair of gum wading boots around my neck, and after making a raid on the butcher for some raw meat for bait in case we should strike a nice quiet pool, we started up the banks of the Kananaskis River. This river comes direct from the mountains and the current is very swift; not very deep but with numerous rapids and falls. Walking on top of the bank was comparatively easy but when it came to climbing up and down the steep banks the exercise became rather strenuous and I was glad when at last we reached what seemed a likely spot just below some rapids. Assembling our rods we made a cast and were almost immediately rewarded by a rise and a successful strike. A short struggle ensued and a shining speckled beauty was flopping on the bank. The trout here do not put up much of a fight. After the first struggle it is all over and they are brought in like so much dead weight. It reminds one very much of the landing of a pickerel in Ontario waters. The fish here do not run to any great size, six to ten inches being considered a fair average. However from a gastronomic point of view they are excellent. We found that the dull colored flies were the best; the Brown Hackle and the Brown Hutch were good killers.

We beat up the river with more or less success. It was quite interesting at one point. Three flies on the cast and a fish on each fly was "going some" even in this progressive Western country. We reached the camp just in time for tea and ready to do justice to the good things provided for us.

After tea I tried a little still fishing in a pool near the camp and managed to see several. One was what is called a "Bull trout" and measured eleven and a half inches in length, not a bad sized fish, though there was not much sport in landing him as he did not put up any better fight than his smaller brethren.

The next day was to be a regular field day, starting out in the morning and not returning until the evening. About 10 o'clock we made a start, carrying with us a well stocked lunch box. After walking about a mile we spied a likely looking spot just below some rapids, where there was a quiet pool formed by a back eddy, which made bait fishing possible. Our anticipations were fully realized, for we landed four nice trout in less than five minutes, which is not bad going. The fish ran about ten inches in length and we had every promise of a good day's sport. Foolishly, however, I listened to the voice of the tempter in the person of my companion who had fished in the river before and who promised a still better fishing ground higher up the river. Then it was that I made the mistake which I have often since regretted. I have sometimes watched a cow, dissatisfied with the good pasture in which she was feeding, poking her head through a wire fence in order to get at the grass in the next field, which very probably was not as good as the one she was then in. I was just about as foolish as that cow when I yielded to temptation, notwithstanding the fact that we were having excellent sport where we were. Gathering up our spoils in one hand and our rods in the other we made a move; wading knee deep in the swift cold current; stumbling over stones; climbing the steep banks of the river when it was too deep to wade; catching the flies and the branches of trees in our clothes till we reached at last an open space, after an hour's hard going without a single rise to reward our strenuous effort.

Here in this open space we sat down and had our dinner and in spite of my disappointment I managed to get away with my share of the meal. A severe thunderstorm then broke on us and we were forced to take to the woods where we would be sheltered from the rain. The lightning was very vivid and the thunder, owing doubtless to the close proximity of the mountains, appeared extraordinarily loud.

When the storm had passed I decided to return to our first fishing ground while my companion said he would try the stream higher up. Off I started but I fooled myself again, for being new to the country and seeking to approach the spot from an opposite direction, I completely over-stepped the mark, missed the place altogether, and found that I did not know where I was. The silence of the woods here is very oppressive to one used to the woods in Ontario where one hears the singing of birds, sees them flitting from tree to tree and the chipmunks and squirrels running across one's path and chattering as they run.

By this time I was good and mad and muttering a few phrases not usually printed in books, I took my rod to pieces and with it in one hand and the camera in the other started for the camp though I did not have any clear idea as to the direction I should take to find it. Of course the mountains were a general guide as to the direction and if I kept at it long enough I knew I was bound to hit something, even though it might only be the mountain itself. I plunged into the woods and after some considerable time heard the welcome sound of the camp locomotive which indicated that I was reaching civilization.

Camp was reached in time to sit down to tea and I was pretty well tired out with my wanderings.

Holidays do not last forever and I had soon to return to Calgary, leaving the rest of the fish in the river. I was wholesomely tired, but thoroughly satisfied with my pleasant outing.

## SARDINE TRADE FALLING OFF

DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

THE French sardine industry appears to be dying out. The sardine packers of France, as a consequence of the very poor catch of the last few years, have decided to close all their factories along the coast of Brittany and Vendee.

The fish which abounded along the coast of Brittany seem almost to have disappeared therefrom, or at least the sardine shoals are no longer to be found close to the shore as formerly and seem to be now in the offing. The fishermen, being poorly equipped, cannot go too far off the coast and the consequence is that their catch is very trifling. They are unable to supply the factories with a sufficient quantity of fish and when they secure a good

catch try to sell it at very high prices.

The manufacturers assert that the Spanish and Portuguese fish caught in large quantities are, on the contrary, sold at very low prices, and thus the Spanish and Portuguese manufacturers are enabled to compete favorably with French manufacturers.

Over 100 factories were closed on January 1 last, and many others are expected to close very shortly. It is said that several manufacturers will transfer their plants to Spain and Portugal. It is however, hoped that their decision is not irrevocable and that if the fishermen are enabled to improve their fishing implements, the closed factories may perhaps be reopened before the next fishing season.

# FISH CULTURE IN CANADA

WILLIAM A. FOUNDS

AS even at the present time there are some who doubt the importance of fish culture, a brief explanation and comparative statement may be of value. The possibilities of fish culture if efficiently conducted and intelligently directed are broadly speaking unlimited. The work is really gauged only by the funds and the experienced men available.

Its advantages and capability over natural reproduction are obvious. Indeed with the increased and ever increasing population of our country and the limitation of the natural spawning areas by pollution and otherwise, experience shows that artificial propagation of fish in our inland waters and most of those resorting from the sea to our rivers to spawn is absolutely essential if such fisheries are to be saved from practical depletion. Nature could be safely relied upon to keep up the supply when the demand was not great and the natural condition of the waters themselves were at their best for natural reproduction.

The advance of civilization and the increase in population has already very seriously minimised the re-productive powers of many of our waters. Cities and towns along our rivers and lake fronts have been permitted to get rid of their sewage by allowing it to pass into the water, thus covering up spawning areas and making the waters in the vicinity repugnant to the better kinds of fish. Dams that have been built across rivers flowing into the sea or their tributaries to furnish water power, have too often not, in years gone by, been provided with efficient fishways, thus preventing fish from ascending to their spawning grounds, and, notwithstanding the law, sawdust and mill refuse have in earlier years found their way into the water. Moreover rivers all through the country that at one time maintained considerable height throughout the season have, owing to the clearing away of the forests, become mere rivulets in the summers, not capable of sustaining valuable fish life to any extent.

But even if the original condition of the lakes and streams had not been interfered with, experience indicates that natural reproduction would not be sufficient to keep up the supply of fish to fill the existing and ever increasing demand therefor. Nature is very prodigal in her methods. Though an abundance of eggs may be deposited on the spawning grounds the proportion that is fertilised is small. With the possible exception of salmon it is extremely small. With whitefish it has been estimated to amount to but a slight fraction of one per cent.

Then again the eggs of fall spawning fish as salmon, whitefish and trout remain on the spawning beds all winter where, apart from other dangers, they are eaten in great numbers by other fish.

With artificial breeding these losses and dangers are obviated altogether or greatly minimised as will be observed from what follows.

## Spawn Taking

All the ripe eggs and milt are easily removed from the parent fish without injury to them. While there are different methods of spawn taking, in general it consists of expelling the eggs by gentle pressure of the thumb and forefinger along the walls of the abdomen, the strokes being continued until all the ripe eggs have been removed. The milt is procured in the same way and is applied to the eggs in the pan into which they have been stripped from the fish. By careful manipulation practically every egg can be fertilized. In general practice, where eggs are being handled in large quantities, there is of course some loss, but the work is regarded as carelessly done if under ordinary conditions the loss on account of lack of fertilization amounts to more than ten per cent.

## Methods of Collecting Eggs.

For the supplying of Atlantic salmon eggs fish taken by the commercial fishermen during the regular fishing season are relied upon. A sufficient number of salmon are purchased from the fishermen at about the prevailing market price and placed in tidal retaining ponds where they are held until the spawning season comes round. They are then stripped and liberated. In this way not only are the hatcheries filled with eggs that would otherwise be lost, but the fish themselves which when caught were destined for the markets are saved to again reproduce.

Eggs for the shad hatchery on the St. John river are also procured from fish taken by the regular fishermen. These fish are handled by the spawn takers as they are caught and such as will yield eggs are stripped. They are so delicate that impounding them is not feasible. In view of this fact it is unfortunate that but a very small per centage of the fish taken at any one time will yield eggs. Were it otherwise the keeping up of the shad supply would be a much simpler matter.

The whitefish hatcheries on the Great lakes are mainly filled with eggs caught by the regular fishermen. Though there is no close season in Lake Erie or the Detroit River it is not safe to wait so late in the season that the fish can be stripped immediately on being caught. Hence the Department arranges with the fishermen to place the fish taken a short time before they are ripe in wooden enclosures called crates. These fish after being stripped are returned to the fishermen who are paid a reasonable price for the eggs procured or for the privilege of handling the fish.

Eggs for the salmon trout hatcheries are obtained practically altogether from fish caught by the commercial fishermen. The fish usually ripen during the latter part of October, so that the eggs can be taken from them as they are removed from the nest. Spawn takers are placed by the Department on a sufficient number of boats to assure a full quota of eggs being procured.

In the above three cases it will be observed that the artificial hatching is distinctly in addition to the natural reproduction, as eggs are taken from no fish that would otherwise be left to spawn in the usual way.

In the prairie provinces fishing is not allowed during or just before the hatching season. It is therefore necessary for the Department to carry on its own fishing operations for parent fish but such fish are returned to the water after being first stripped.

Eggs from the British Columbia salmon are also procured from fish captured by the hatchery officers. It is not feasible to retain these fish in ponds in the tidal waters and in any event they die after spawning.

#### Kind of Fish Incubated.

The following varieties of fish are hatched; Atlantic salmon, Pacific salmon, whitefish, salmon trout, pickerel, lobster, grey trout, speckled trout, rainbow trout, and landlocked salmon or ouaniche.

The Department's fish breeding operations are largely confined to the incubation of the commercial species for the stocking of waters resorted to by the commercial fishermen. The reasons for this are two-fold. The Department considers its first duty is to keep up the supply of commercial fish and in the second place the non-tidal, non-navigable waters, except in the Prairie Provinces are the property of the provincial governments or the riparian owners, as are the fisheries therein. As the Atlantic salmon, as well as being probably the choicest commercial fish, is also the king of sporting fishes, the incubation thereof is to the advantage of the sportsman as well as to the netter.

As the provinces with the exception of Nova Scotia—which is leaving the river fisheries in the hands of the Department—and the prairie provinces, derive no mean revenue from the sport fisheries, it is hoped they will consider the desirability of carrying on fish hatching on their own account. The writer fears they do not appreciate the importance of such. The value of the game fisheries to the different provinces is not fully realized. Experience shows that wherever there is good sport there fishing tourists go. The importance to a community of having tourists in large numbers resort to it is so well known as not to require emphasis.

Dams in the interior rivers are under the changed conditions, frequently a benefit from a fisheries standpoint. As was previously pointed out, rivers that before the deforestation of the country were considerable streams throughout the summer now shrink to mere threads of water in the warm weather which will not maintain the better kinds of fish life. Dams on these streams make deep portions which provide sanctuaries for good fish so that if the portions of these rivers between the dams were stocked with suitable varieties of fish they would soon become attractive to sportsmen not desiring to undergo too much fatigue in seeking recreation.

#### Hatchery Methods.

The method of hatching depends on the nature of the eggs. Heavy eggs such as those of the salmon and trout are hatched in wire

bottom trays or baskets placed in troughs, through which the flow of water is properly regulated. As the fry hatch out they pass through the meshes of the trays or baskets and find their way into the fry tanks where they are retained until they are ready for distribution.

Semi-buoyant eggs such as those of the whitefish, pickerel and shad are hatched in glass jars through which there is a sufficient flow of water to keep the eggs in motion. The water enters the jars through a tube, the end of which is near the bottom so that there is an even motion of the water in all parts of the jars. The fry as hatched pass out through the top and find their way into the fry tanks.

#### Distribution.

There are fish culturists who maintain that in all instances fry should be retained in ponds until they reach the fingerling size as they consider that much better results can be obtained from stocking with hundreds of fingerlings than with hundreds of thousands of fry. There are others who favor with equal emphasis the planting of fry. Each class is no doubt speaking in the light of experience but gained under a different set of conditions from the other. There are waters in which excellent results are obtained in stocking with a comparatively small number of fingerlings yearly. There are others in which the conditions are suitable for fry where the stocking with such shows equally gratifying results.

In Canada we follow both methods. In connection with a number of our hatcheries retaining ponds are maintained in which a portion of the fry hatched are placed and reared to the fingerling stage when they are distributed into suitable waters. In distributing the fry care is taken to return to the waters, from which the eggs have been procured, a fair percentage. The balance is sent to other suitable waters requiring upbuilding.

While both fry and fingerlings can, with the exercise of due care be successfully carried long distances and so planted in distant waters, such journeys are undoubtedly hard on them and it is not unlikely that numbers of fry which reach their destination in apparently good condition die after being liberated from slight injuries received.

The ideal method of distribution of such fry as that of salmon is right from the hatchery into the waters to be stocked. To achieve this as largely as is feasible cheap subsidiary hatcheries are being established at the head waters of salmon rivers where the fish would be naturally hatched, to which suitable quantities of eggs are sent a few weeks prior to the hatching season. An officer from the main station accompanies the eggs and attends to them and the operation of the hatchery until all have been hatched out and have passed from the fry tanks into the streams. The subsidiary station is then closed until the next season.

#### Benefits of Fish Culture.

While enough has already been said to show the eminent importance of fish culture it may be of interest to indicate some of its results.

Shad are not indigenous to the Pacific waters. In 1871 Mr. Seth Green, one of the

pioneer fish culture experts of the United States, succeeded in transporting a quantity of delicate shad fry to the Sacramento River in California. This was followed by other shipments. There has, as a result, been an extensive commercial shad fishery for many years in this and other Pacific coast rivers and shad have now spread along the coast as far north as British Columbia waters.

Brook trout are not native in Colorado. They were first introduced there about thirty years ago. They are now so plentiful that more eggs from wild fish can be obtained there than in any other State in the Union.

Some years ago the Department of Marine and Fisheries established a salmon hatchery on a creek flowing into Babine Lake, out of which flows the Babine River, one of the largest tributaries of the Skeena, which is the most important salmon river in northern British Columbia. This creek was not chosen because it was resorted to by salmon and a supply of eggs could therefore be obtained therefrom. Salmon were not resorting to it in any numbers. It was selected on account of the facilities it afforded for hatchery purposes. Year by year a considerable quantity of fry was liberated into it and salmon now resort to it in such numbers that the full quota of eggs for the hatchery is procured there.

At the Harriston Lake salmon hatchery, British Columbia, a similar condition though less in degree, has been experienced. The hatchery creek is very small and short but an increasing number of salmon are yearly coming up it to the very door of the hatchery.

In 1890 the whitefish caught in the Canadian portion of Lake Ontario was over two hundred and twenty-five thousands of pounds. In 1900 it had fallen to less than sixty-five thousands of pounds and the fishery was regarded as almost exhausted. The lake has been consistently stocked with fry for a number of years and the annual yield is now from three quarters of a million to a million pounds.

In Lake Erie, the largest producer of whitefish of any of the great Lakes, the yield on the Canadian side was in 1890 slightly more than two hundred thousands of pounds. It has been liberally stocked with fry for a number of years and recently there has been a steady increase in the yield which is now over a million pounds annually.

In 1890 the commercial salmon catch in New Brunswick was 1,105,485 pounds. By 1900 it had risen to 1,235,350 pounds. By 1910 it had again increased to 1,366,700 pounds. Moreover the angling in the non-tidal portions of the rivers is vastly improved. In 1882 the score of the Restigouche Salmon Club was two hundred and forty-two salmon. In 1896 it had risen to thirteen hundred and seventy-six. The writer has not the recent scores of the club but he is aware that a catch of from sixty to seventy fish averaging over twenty pounds in weight by an angler, and there are from seventy-five to one hundred of them on the river, is not uncommon.

The salmon rivers of the province have been for years receiving the output of three hatcheries.

In the light of the above and of the experience gained generally as to the results of fish culture it does not seem unreasonable to say that we should no more depend on natural reproduction for keeping up a supply of such fish as can be readily hatched than we should on natural reproduction of grain.

### Regulation of Fisheries.

I do not mean it to be inferred from the foregoing that fish culture should replace all protective regulations. Intelligent regulations of certain fisheries is clearly necessary. Combined with efficiency and sufficiently extensive fish breeding, water areas can be indefinitely maintained at their maximum of production. Regulations should impose a minimum of restriction on the fisherman compatible with adequate protection of the fisheries.

### Growth of the Service.

Fish culture has been carried on by the Department of Marine and Fisheries ever since Confederation. Prior to the adoption of the British North America Act the late Mr. Samuel Wilmot operated a private hatchery at Newcastle, Ont. It was taken over by the federal government and Mr. Wilmot was appointed Superintendent of fish culture for Canada. Under his direction fish culture expanded quite rapidly considering the conditions then obtaining in the country. In 1880, eight hatcheries were in operation. Ten years later there were eighteen. In 1900 the number had increased to twenty-eight. In 1904 there were thirty-two. Owing to the great amount of work involved in administering such a large number of hatcheries scattered throughout the Dominion a Fish Breeding Division of the Department was organized. Since then the work has been carried on with much greater energy. Fifty-six hatcheries are now established and the annual appropriation has reached the large sum of four hundred thousands of dollars. Canada has now one of the largest, if not the largest, fish breeding service in the world under any one government.

### *The Buffalo Herd is Increasing*

According to the annual report, which has been submitted to Ottawa by Superintendent McTaggart, of the Buffalo National Park on the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, at Wainwright, Alta., Canada, there are now 1,444 buffalo in the park. The Superintendent's report deals at some length with the very satisfactory birth rate during the past year. Two hundred and thirty-six buffalo were born, while the decrease was nine, one being shipped to Winnipeg for the park there, two going to Ireland for Phoenix Park, two others were killed and four died. There are now 32 elk in the reserve, last year's increase being eight. The moose number 13, the increase being three since last year's report. There are four antelope, none having been born during the past year. The deer total seventy, last year's increase being ten.

# THE PRONG HORNED ANTELOPE OF THE WEST

A Paper Read at the Conference of the North American  
Fish and Game Association at Ottawa

PROF. EDWARD PRINCE, LL. D., D. SC. ETC.

MY official duties for many years, (more than twenty years), have taken me repeatedly across the vast stretch of country between the Canadian capital, Ottawa, and the Pacific Coast, and it has been my custom to observe from the Pullman car, as much as I could of the living creatures which people the extensive waste of prairie in the West. This observation of animals living on the prairie has done much, I have found, to relieve the tedium of the lengthy transcontinental trip.

It has been my good fortune to see on several occasions that most charming of all our native wild animals, the prong-horn antelope, (*Antilocapra Americana*) and apart from its beauty of form and grace of action it has a special interest as being an animal destined in the opinion of most authorities to wholly disappear from the list of our native game animals. Mortimer Murphy over thirty years ago, stated his belief that in a short time this interesting animal would disappear from the list of the American fauna and notwithstanding that the antelope are protected throughout the year by the game laws of every State in the American Republic in which they occur, their numbers are decreasing and they are being gradually killed off.

In Canada the antelope has been decreasing very rapidly, but if effective measures can be devised, there is still hope that we may save for the Dominion, this beautiful creature. Some of the reasons alleged for the disappearance of the antelope seem to me to not be well founded and I propose in this short paper to summarize my views and make some suggestion which may be of value in framing any measures that may be decided upon to save the Canadian antelope. Unless something is done very shortly we shall be in the same position as many of the states to the South of us, where the number of antelope is reaching such a low ebb that it is almost impossible to secure specimens for restocking reserved areas and even if captured they are too delicate to stand lengthy transportation from one area to another as in many cases they are injured or in some way disabled. The Boone and Crockett Club say in their report (1912) "Even in the Yellow-Stone Park where the antelope are actually protected their number is only 520, the lowest point to which the herd in that locality has been reduced. A good many still exist in Mexico and Arizona, but in these states they are gradually being decreased by illegal hunting, both by the whites and Indians." The Club have made the suggestion that the old Fort Grant Military Reserve should be made a game preserve as it is ex-

cellently situated and well adapted for herds of antelope.

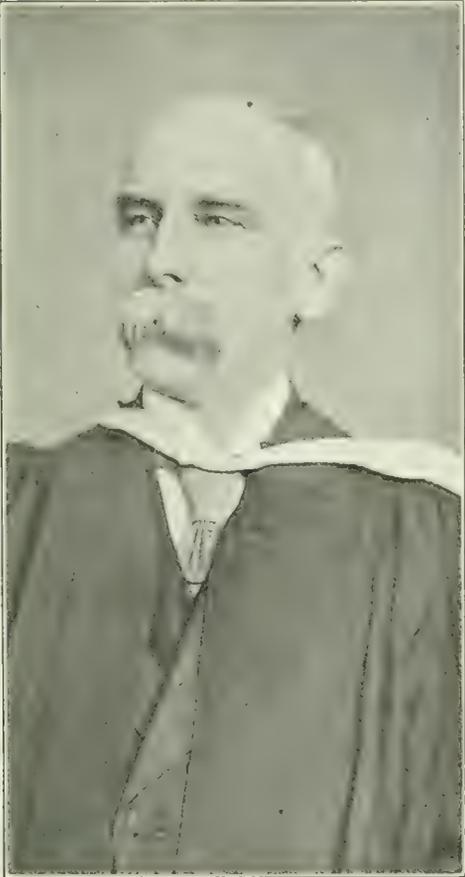
No one can behold this graceful prairie animal as it haughtily throws up its head, looks around nervously and prances along, stepping high on its nimble feet, without admiration. The dark peculiar horns, slightly forked, appear like a high crown on its forehead and the large piercing eyes are a very striking feature just at the base of the horns. The slender neck is held erect, the small ears not unlike those of a pony are in constant motion and the sharp nose, high forehead and peculiar colors of the antelope give it a peculiar aspect not readily forgotten. Owing to its delicate, trim feet it resembles the goat, but in its light, graceful bearing, it recalls the deer tribe.

The prong horn antelope however, is neither a deer nor a true antelope, nor a goat; but is intermediate in position and combines many of the features of these three groups of animals.

This group includes the Bovidae or hollow-horned cattle, oxen, sheep, goats, and true antelopes; the Cervidae or deer, the Ruminants with solid horns; the Camelidae or Camels; and two peculiar families, the Giraffidae or Giraffes, and the Antilocapridae or Prong-horn Antelopes. These two last families are remarkable as containing each only one species, unless there be two species of Giraffes. The Prong-horn is therefore a unique species in a unique family, and cannot be ranked with any other living ruminant. In height our antelope is about three feet at the shoulder and about forty-eight inches from snout to tail, while its weight averages 70 pounds, being therefore much smaller than the Virginia deer (*Gariacus Virginianus*), which is usually four feet high and about five feet in length, and averages 100 to 175 pounds in weight. The general ground-color is almost white with a kind of saddle, or saddlecloth patch, on the back and the side of the body, of a light yellowish brown; the neck is brown with two bands or collars of white across the throat; there is a dark patch on each cheek, the nose is dark and the chin and sides of the mouth, pale ochre. The tail is almost black, and a large patch of white surrounds the tail region. The white hairs forming this large rounded patch are said to be erectile, and in extreme fear or anger they rise and give a very peculiar appearance to the prong-horn. This complex arrangement of white, yellow, and dark brown would be grotesque were it not for the grace and delicacy of the form and action of the wearer of these colors.

The scientific interest of the prong-horn is very great for with the exception of a small antelope in China, our species, though a hollow-horned ruminant, sheds its horns annually, and in January or earlier, every year, they drop off. With these two exceptions all the hollow-horned Ruminants permanently retain their horns, unlike the deer tribe which cast their antlers each year.

As a game animal it ranks high for not only does its pursuit require considerable skill and endurance on the part of the hunter, but when the antelope is secured, it provides a feast which cannot be surpassed. The delicious flavor and tenderness of antelope meat cannot be described. Only those who have tasted this luscious meat on the prairie, can appreciate its excellence. Twelve or fifteen years ago the meat was so readily obtainable in Canada that antelope steak formed one of the items on the dining car bill of fare on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Formerly large bands numbering thousands roamed over the western wastes and a quarter of a century ago the bands were still numerous, forming quite



Professor Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries who is regarded as one of the best authorities on fish and has an international reputation for good work in all fishing matters. He is also interested in all problems of game protection.

a familiar spectacle, but year after year their numbers have diminished and it is now quite an unusual sight to behold a small band of prong-horn antelopes.

The claim that they cannot live in a country which is becoming settled and inhabited and that their favourite haunts are being occupied rapidly by the herds and flocks of stock raisers is not well founded. Murphy in his "Sporting Adventures in the Far West" claimed that the Antelope often falls a victim to cold and hunger and to the attacks of foes, and especially owing to the intrusion of oxen, sheep and other domestic animals. Personally I do not think that many antelopes die from starvation in this way. I have never heard of antelopes found dead owing to the lack of food or being driven from their usual haunts by the intrusion of domestic cattle.\* Indeed, the herds of oxen do not seem to effect them for I have repeatedly seen antelopes feeding alongside cattle. In the first week of May, 1909, about seventy miles west of Swift Current, I saw four or five hundred yards from the railroad track, a group of prong-horn antelopes grazing very near a herd of cattle. They fed nervously and every few seconds one or other of them would raise its head and look around warily, keeping watch. They were very plainly seen and certainly showed no signs of being afraid of the cattle close by.

The real cause of the decline of the antelope is the insatiate greed for heads as trophies in sportsmen's homes and in social clubs. The prong-horn antelope head is a very beautiful trophy and realizes quite a high figure in the stores of a western taxidermist. The high price brought by a prong-horn antelope stimulates every pot hunter in the west to lose no opportunity of slaying any specimen of the antelope that may appear and the poor creatures are given no quarter; but are in constant danger of being shot.

I have said that in my opinion herds of cattle on the prairie are not the cause of the decline of the antelope, nor is it true that they are afraid of man and flee from him. On two occasions I have seen antelope running alongside of a train and they are approached quite easily by a hunter who knows his business as their curiosity is readily excited and they show little fear so that they readily fall a victim to an unscrupulous pot-hunter's gun.

It is also a mistake to think that ample space cannot be provided for these animals in our vast territories of Saskatchewan, Alberta and of the North.

Why is it that this lovely and scientifically interesting native animal is allowed to be exterminated? Its numbers on our prairie are few compared with the large bands of twenty years ago. Unlike the buffalo, as settlement proceeds, it need not become extinct if protection is afforded and our prairie settlers educated to care for, and not destroy, this almost unique creature. The vast herds of buffalo had to go, for the huge savage bovine defied the settler; but this swift and timid animal would keep out on the lonely waste far from danger, and would survive,

\* Mr. F. C. Selous once told me that the Elk or large Canadian Stag perished in Montana in numbers by starvation; and persistent harrying of wolves and poachers.

were anything done to prevent merciless slaughter.

In confinement it makes a great pet, but rarely lives long and until June, 1903, had not been known to have been born in captivity. It is difficult, if not impossible, to domesticate completely, and since it was first scientifically described in 1855, and its peculiar features studied in a captive specimen in the Zoological Gardens, London, its numbers have continued to decrease so that it bids fair to soon become one of the rarest of our interesting larger native animals.

In order that some effective measures may be taken, I beg to summarize in a few words the suggestions that seem to me to be both feasible and necessary to save the antelope.

1st. Federal action should be taken by both the United States and Canada and both countries should join in a uniform prohibition of the killing of these animals for a period of not less than five years. The prohibitions already attempted have never been seriously carried out, but if the Federal Governments of the two countries effectively took the matter in hand no antelope need be sacrificed for some years.

2nd. I suggest that attempts at domestication should be immediately tried, not as has been the case in previous experiments, by securing the adult animals, but rather by obtaining the kid, and rearing from an early age herds of antelopes which would be semi-domesticated before being turned out upon game reserves.

3rd. Several large antelope reserves should be formed with a sufficient staff of game-wardens to see that the animals are not all slaughtered when within the limits of these reserves.

4th. I would urge especially the desirability of the issue of a pamphlet with the pictures of this beautiful animal, showing how desirable it is to preserve the antelope, and that it is in the interest of every intelligent person to prevent the extermination of such a beautiful wild creature.

Many of the new settlers in the west, especially those of foreign origin, have no ideas about game protection at all. Every wild animal to their mind should be shot, and especially if it in any way brings money into their pockets.

If a pamphlet such as I have suggested in several languages could be circulated, say to the number of 50,000 in the eastern provinces and States urging on settlers to support, and back up the action of the two Federal Governments in the good work, a new spirit of conservation might be started and the antelope looked upon as worthy of all protection possible by settlers, and others, and thus save to the country, one of the most beautiful and interesting of our native animals.

A motion in favor of asking the government to carry out these suggestions was proposed.

Mr Maxwell Graham, in seconding the motion stated that the Parks branch of the Department of the Interior is keenly interested in the preservation of beneficial bird and animal life. Since its inception as a separate branch great attention has been paid to the many questions of fish and game preservation

and to the utilization of those areas of forested and other lands in the west set aside as national parks and as animal and bird sanctuaries. The most important question in regard to antelope preservation is whether within the territory recommended there is sufficient natural shelter for these animals during the long and severe winter and especially of such nature as will afford a haven in bad winter snow storms. In this connection it has been stated that "the habit of the antelope is to roam over a large area selecting his feeding grounds at different points, at different seasons of the year and many miles apart." This statement is entirely opposed to the observations which have been made by the following authorities on this creature's range and habits namely: Dr. E. L. Munson of the United States army with regard to those in Montana; Dr. C. A. Canfield with reference to those in California; W. N. Byers in regard to those in Colorado; and lastly Ernest Thompson Seton, naturalist to the government of Manitoba, bears out all these other authorities in declaring the home locality of this animal to be extremely small. "A level stretch of open prairie two miles across seemed ample range for a herd of twenty throughout a whole season." But though the antelope will, if undisturbed, make a permanent residence of one small area throughout the entire year, where the winter is mild and the snow light, yet under opposite climatic conditions these animals will travel when winter approaches as far as one hundred miles or more in search of proper shelter and protection. Further such migrations are as often northward as southward, being dependent of course on where such sheltered ravines are situated. If such shelter is not available on the territory recommended and if such territory were fenced in, all would perish in the winter. Close investigation should be made of suitable territory and the Provincial Game Warden asked to recommend someone who might accompany the person thus investigating and who is thoroughly conversant with the habits of antelope. The Provincial Game Warden (Mr. Lawton) has expressed himself as anxious and willing to help the department in this matter. The further question of laying out strategic temporary fencing next fall to facilitate the making of a drive the following winter will also have to be gone into on the ground.

The members agreed unanimously to the following proposition:

"That the North American Fish and Game Protective Association views with profound concern the threatened early extinction of the prong-horn antelope once abundant on the western provinces of the United States and Canada and would urge upon the two federal governments to spare no effort to ward off this calamity by

(1) Establishing two or three sanctuaries on each side of the international boundary line and by a uniform system of protection thereof by a staff of active wardens.

(2) By rearing in semi-domestication as many kids or young antelope as possible.

(3) By circulating illustrated pamphlets for the purpose of arousing the interest of the people resident in the west.



Tuna Inn at Port Medway, N. S.

## WHERE TO GO FOR ATLANTIC TUNA

LAURIE D. MITCHELL

I would like to draw the attention of the ever increasing number of tuna fishermen to the advantages of the South shore of Nova Scotia as a place in which to enjoy this exciting sport. Here is the new field for tuna, particularly for British anglers who need not be put to the expense of the long railway journey to the Pacific coast before being able to indulge in this pastime.

Mr. J. K. L. Ross of Montreal has fully demonstrated that it is possible to land one of these big game fish on a rod and line and that fact should be sufficient to attract a number of angling enthusiasts to Nova Scotia.

As tuna fishing with rod and line is particularly in its infancy here, it is easy to account for the non-success of some of the guests who made Tuna Inn near Port Medway, N. S., their headquarters last summer; for these enthusiasts were novices at the game which has to be learned, as Mr. Ross learned it, by repeated attempts before he successfully landed his fish.

The advantages of tuna fishing off Port Medway are many. First the accessibility for sportsmen from the United States, for Port Medway is only some thirty hours from New York and in this time a sportsman may make the journey and be landed on the fishing grounds, which are only a few minutes by motor distant from Tuna Inn. The surety of always getting fresh bait throughout the season is another advantage to be considered. The proprietor of Tuna Inn had a fish trap set for this purpose. The guides too are very keen for the sport and work faithfully to see one of the big fish landed with rod and line. In the writer's opinion it is only a question of a very short time when the Atlantic tuna will be handled as easily as the far famed Santa Catalina fish and Mr. Ross has very nearly, if not quite, solved the problem. He deserves the highest praise for his perseverance and pluck in so doing.

Last summer several tuna were hooked by guests at Tuna Inn, but none were landed,



Taken on Tuna Tackle by Lieut. Aglionby of H. M. C. S. Niobe

most of the big fish being lost from not being properly hooked.

There are two methods of fishing for tuna used at Tuna Inn. One by still fishing, that is dropping the bait over-board nearby a fishing smack that is hauling herring nets. The tuna gather around these nets and quickly snap up all herrings that drop out of them. In fishing in this way the tuna has a far better chance of swallowing the bait well down, as compared to trolling in which case the bait is more often snapped at and the fish lightly hooked.

July, August and September are the best months for tuna fishing off Port Medway. The weather is usually calm at that time and very seldom is it too rough to go out fishing.

Port Medway harbor is a fairly long bay with a chain of islands forming the eastern side and a long point running out from the mainland on the western side of the harbor with a lighthouse on the end of it. Its waters are from two to fifteen fathoms in depth and seem to be a favorite feeding ground for tuna. Last July tuna were frequently seen from the verandah of Tuna Inn, quite close to the shore, chasing the young herring. It is an ideal bit of water to hook a tuna in as there are many sloping beaches on which a fish might be gaffed. Tuna Inn is the only place as yet on the South shore of Nova Scotia that is catering to tuna fishermen. Motor boats, skiffs, rods and tackle used there are the best.

## TROUT FISHING AND BLACK FLIES IN THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS

PISCATOR

**T**HIS is my first offence as an author and such being the case I trust the suffering reader may overlook any idiosyncracies which may be manifested by my pen.

I read some time ago a story written by a brother sportsman which started out as follows:

"Were you ever out in the country where the bee stingeth and the black fly biteth, etc., etc?"

This appealed to me at the time as an attractive beginning for a story of the bush. Since then I have experienced the "stingeth" and "biteth" referred to and am led to the conclusion that if to have undergone the hardships which this entailed is a necessary qualification of the sportsman, then I must be "some sport."

I have always tried to be sportsmanlike ever since Dad took me in hand when I was five years old and taught me the gentle art of trout fishing. This was a part of my education, the acquirement of which gave me much enjoyment. I have sometimes thought since that the enjoyment may have been all on my side as Dad had frequently to climb trees to disentangle my hooks or carry me across the river on his back because I saw a "rise" just out from the bank which he had recently left, and so on and so on. Dad, however, was patient and I was the youngest of the family and named after him.

Those days have long since gone, but if I may say so the education has not been wasted. I may have strayed from the narrow way of sportmanship; I may have been known to help net a creek for suckers, and once when a very small chap I emptied a barrowful of un-slaked lime into a trout creek and great was my reward. We had trout to give away and I had a pain that I would have given away if I could. I have other reminiscences, but they will keep

This year I determined to have some trout fishing, so calling up a friend of mine who is an ardent fisherman, we arranged to try our luck up in the Laurentian Mountains. We met one day at noon and boarded a train bound for the north. We had a very pleasant two hours' journey discussing fish, casts and the best place and time, etc.

On reaching our destination we easily found accommodation at a small farm kept by a jovial Canadian. The farm was on the lakeside and we had a boat placed at our disposal. This boat was built like a wharf and if there had been rowlocks at the bow and stern we could have propelled it sideways just as easily as the proper and ordinary way. I want to say right here, however, that it was water tight and absolutely safe. It was a fine boat in which to drift and fly cast from and we could both stand on one side without fear of a wetting. We never cared to go far from our starting place however, for the boat was too heavy to row back.

We reached the farm at 4 p.m. and after a light lunch went out on the lake in the "wharf" with a good supply of tackle and bait, not to mention two large rocks which were to serve as anchors.

There were quite a number of fishermen out when we launched forth and they all seemed happy, which is a good fishing sign. We rowed out about five hundred feet from shore and cast anchors, or rather rocks. The fishing was good and after about ten minutes casting with a black spider, cow dung and parmacecene belle as lures I was successful in landing a ten inch beauty. It was a red trout and it was good to once more feel the rod bend. We were lucky enough to get a half dozen more before dark and proud were we when we rowed back to the little pier and striking matches gazed at the beautiful markings of our finny victims.

My friend is an excellent bait caster so in the fast gathering darkness he put a big, juicy worm on his bait and gently dropped it beside some reeds that were close to the shore. We could not make the spot where it landed but the splash afterwards told us that the trout knew and knew to his sorrow. For two hours we fished from the pier, dragging the worms through the water, and were again lucky as we were able to increase our previous catch by fourteen as nice trout as one could wish to see. Night casting for trout is sport par excellence. I think it must be the uncertainty—as to where you are casting and what you have got—that makes night fishing for trout so exciting. Many were the tangles we had to unravel but what cared we. We were happy and were having the "troutiest" time of our lives.

About 10.30 we turned into bed, tired but exceedingly happy, and promising ourselves a little jaunt through the bush to another lake the following day. We were soon fast asleep. On the morrow we were up and out at 4.30 a.m. and into our "dry dock" once more. Alas a cold east wind had sprung up with driving clouds of mist, and fishing was poor. By breakfast time we had only two trout to the good.

After breakfast we hired a rig and drove eight miles east to another lake. By ten o'clock the sun had dispelled the mist and was shedding its fiercest rays upon our devoted "hanky" covered heads. This is where the black flies come in. If we wanted to fish in comfort we had to stay in the middle of the

lake, but as the boat we had on this lake was leaky we had to spend a good part of our time ashore, dumping out the water. It was at this time that the black flies got in their fine work. My face soon felt like an apple dumpling and my friend's looked like one. We had foolishly sent back our rig and there was nothing for it but to walk back through the eight miles of bush with the black flies pestering us at every step. We smoked and fought them to a finish—our finish for they won in the end. Our eyes were beginning to feel like slits when we came to a small house and asked for a drink of water. Gee whiz! How that Frenchman laughed, and in his laughter the whole family joined. We could not see anything to laugh at, in fact we could scarcely see at all. Nevertheless we resumed our tramp and continued the fight. Once back at the farm we made for the back stairs and after a good wash and a good laugh felt considerably better.

As a good sport and a good fighter I take off my hat to his Satanic Majesty, the black fly. If we had brought back a creel full of trout we would not have cared so much, but hang it, we only caught three fish. Three trout between two full grown men is mighty poor fishing. As to our faces the next day, the less said the better. We had had our initiation into the country where the fly biteth; no mistake about it.

When we reached home our wives refused to acknowledge us but when the trout we brought were sizzling in the pan the black flies were forgotten and before they were eaten we were planning our next trip north.

## A MUSKOKA OUTING

### On the Ox Tongue River

IDA IRWIN SMALL

THE two boys, Sonny and Young John had arrived by boat the evening before. Their belongings were stored in one ancient trunk innocent of either lock or strap. "You see," said Young John, "we don't have to worry about losing our key because we haven't any, and our clothes for camping are such sights nobody would take them and as for our money, why that we carry on our 'pussens'."

We commended such prudence and escorted them through a path in the woods to their tent. It was pitched ten feet back from the water on a lovely little point running out into the lake. Sweet fern underfoot and maple and balsam trees all about.

The boys settled themselves at once and unpacked by tumbling their clothes on the floor, brushes, combs and pipes on a shelf and paddles and banjo propped uncertainly against the tent pole, where every few minutes they fell under some one's feet.

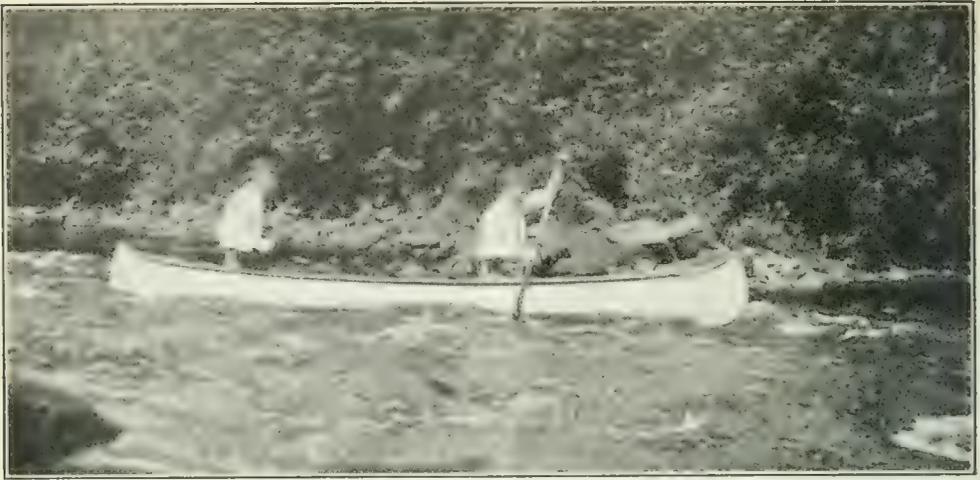
The trip of the Ox-Tongue had been planned by the Experienced One as an easy paddle for beginners and a nice day's excursion.

The morning was glorious, typical Canadian August weather with a tang in the air and a hot sun overhead.

In our two canoes we stored a kettle, tin pail, lunch basket, hatchet and extra paddles. By nine o'clock we slipped the two silvery colored canoes into the water and stepped aboard. We paddled gently along the densely wooded shores of the motionless lake, Indian fashion, close to shore. The deep black water reflected vividly every hill and tree and cloud.

After several miles we came to a chain of rocks that apparently barred our entrance to open water beyond, but the Experienced One drifted down to a shadow spot where one flat rock lay a few inches below water. Over this we floated safely into a five mile stretch of open lake, roughened by a bit by breeze.

My knees had begun to ache terribly. I was ashamed to complain so soon of being stiff and I dared not ask to change my position until we reached shallow water at the mouth of the river. The Experienced One had looked at me askance when on starting I had mildly suggested he paddle me half way as I was a



Shooting the rapids on the Ox Tongue

novice and only good in the bow. Oh, why had I not thought of padding my knees? How they ached! I remembered having read of Indian fakirs holding one position so long that they harden into it, and I wondered if, at our journey's end, I would have to be lifted out of the canoe stiffened into this reverential position for the rest of my natural days. I hoped the Experienced One would feel badly then, and this thought at times made me feel better. However my knees throbbed horribly; they felt like mumps, but we paddled on and on.

At last we neared the further side of the lake, its shores covered with charred skeleton trees and a second growth of timber. Dense masses of plants and lily pads almost hid the opening into a tiny stream, our goal, the Ox Tongue.

Its waters were shallow; we rested and I joyfully stretched my numb legs. The sun beat down hot. The droning of insects, the note of a bird were the only sounds. The Experienced One began to hum an old Indian song learned in his boyhood from an Ojibway, and as he sang we paddled slowly up the stream that bends and winds like a ribbon through beds of blue and white and yellow water lilies. An eagle flew in the distance near some tall fir trees, silhouetted against the blue sky like a Japanese print.

For some three miles the river twists and turns, then suddenly brings up at a miniature water fall whose spray dashing over giant boulders makes a lively rainbow. In the deep pools below are quantities of trout.

After landing the canoes below the fall we portaged up steep banks, scrambling over rocks into a grassy trail that brought us in ten minutes to the Upper Ox-Tongue, lovelier, wilder even than the lower river, for the banks were more densely green, the trees larger, the water shallower and faster as it danced along over fallen tree trunks and pebbles.

An hour's paddling and we reached rapids, nice little safe rapids in which you could upset and walk ashore. On one bank was an ideal spot for camp so here we decided to stop and refresh our inner men.

Sonny made a stone oven. Young John cut firewood and the Experienced One boiled glorious coffee in a pail swung on a green sapling over the flames. I unpacked the sandwiches, hard boiled eggs and peerless pies of wild plum. Then we set to.

After our meal and a lounge on the soft turf thoroughly rested and lured by the dancing swirling waters we launched the canoes and shot the rapids again and again.

It was great fun paddling and poling up against them, then shooting down the wild current for an eighth of a mile. We would have stayed for hours, but shadows were lengthening and we had fourteen miles to paddle home.

Just as the sun set behind the hills we sighted our point. The two canoes with a final spurt made for the beach and ran their bows into the golden sand.

The Ox Tongue brings to mind such a medley of memories of a fairy-like winding river, cardinal flowers blooming on green banks, the scent of lilies, the hum of dragon flies, the sound of a water fall, the notes of a wood thrush, the dip of paddles and the lines of Blake's beautiful poem,

*"When the green woods laugh with the voice of  
joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
And the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it."*

Obnoxious Fishes in Lakes and Ponds  
Use of Copper Sulphate for the Destruction  
of the Same

By Hon. John W. Titcomb,  
Fish and Game Commissioner for Vermont

Angling Notes by H. Mortimer Batten  
in May Rod and Gun

# FISHING NOTES

## Salvelinus Fontinalis—His Capture (Article 4)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

**T**ROUT fishing by the use of the wet fly or the dry fly, in fly casting with the bamboo rod may well be said to be the poetry of fishing. Much may have been written about catching other varieties of the finny family, but the trout and his capture forms a pastime for early spring and summer that cannot be equalled. It has been well said by the masters that every trout fisher is a poet by nature. While such a poet may not find expression for his feelings within the confines of a poem, at least he may find expression for them wading the sunshine brightened waters of some favorite trout stream, with rod in hand enjoying life to the full. Founded upon the quiet and unobtrusive philosophy of Isaac Walton, trout fishing to this day retains its pleasure of appeal and every season witnesses an army of men out with rods and creels to hunt the shy ones and fool them if they are capable. Careful attention given to the stocking of streams and lakes with fish by the government will ensure a continuance of past good conditions and though the wild game be gradually withdrawing from the upland and lowland covers, surely the fish supply will never know such a falling off; being so prolific and so abundantly planted in streams and lakes for the benefit of the angler. There is no doubt but that the trout is the king of all living fishes. It has been pointed out that the nearest approach to the trout in beauty and massiveness of structure is the Chinook Salmon; and the comparison is fitting though the trout at all times stimulates the deepest joy and delight; the angler regards this fish with an ecstasy broad and deep and all-absorbing, for he knows as he walks those golden sands and pebbles that he is indulging his soul in the very best of all human emotions. Blessed angler! There are those who will look upon it in a practical manner; but never true trout enthusiast. He is poet pure and simple and when he wades the streams he does so for the variety of it, the communion with Nature, and her imitable manifestations of light and murmuring sound which it provides.

To properly appreciate trout fishing via the fly casting system one must have an approximately good outfit. The true fly casting outfit embodies beauty and simplicity, but at the same time durability must distinguish every feature of it. Anyone can catch trout if they know how. Little boys get them often easily enough with a mere grocery thread, worn hook and worm, but to get them rightly is quite another thing. The fly casting system is the right way. Other systems cannot be admitted to the poetry of the pastime. Properly, the bamboo rod and the fly represent the right system, the rod being the main feature of the outfit. In bait casting it has been noted that the rod was really a thing of se-

condary consideration. In fly casting, however, the rod is the thing of signal importance while the reel takes second place. A good rod will furnish the greatest amount of pleasure; the bamboo rod is recognized as the leader, though we have open to our consideration also the wooden rods and the steel rods, which though not quite as good are worthy of the speculator's attention. For sheer gracefulness, perfectness of resiliency, evenness of pliancy; for power, for real worthiness there is nothing to equal a true bamboo rod. By this I mean one of the handmade order; one that has been accorded the very highest and best of skilled workmanship. The handmade rods represent the acme of beauty and thoroughness of construction, the closest attention being given even to the minutest details, often passed over as insignificant by the untutored. The low priced rods are turned out by the thousands in machines and are what are known as the machine made rods. The hand-made rods are turned out carefully by skilled men and have received, individually, the best attention. Accordingly they come very high in price and as much as thirty to sixty dollars represents the price one must pay for such an affair. Then again we have rods, presumably, as said, handmade. These rods will cost the buyer from ten to fifteen dollars and are well worth the money. The fifteen dollars rod makes a very complete purchase and is recommended to the man who has more than five or six dollars to invest in a rod. If you are a man of moderate means however, the five or the six dollar rod will surely interest you. Under these two prices nothing can be purchased worth anything to speak of. The five dollar rod is machine made. This does not condemn it. Far from it. I have heard for years more than one withering review of this rod by the higher lights and can fully understand their position in that they cater to the attention of men to whom the purchase of a handmade rod will be no inconvenience, or a crimp on the purse. If the prospective purchaser has the money to make the necessary expenditure the hand made rod of fifteen dollars is surely worthy of the best attention. In all the time I have been before the outdoor public I have known many anglers, if not personally, through correspondence and I have learned from many of them that they at all times have the best of respect for the five dollar machine made rod. This is only natural. The five dollar rod has to a marked degree the same resiliency, the same pliancy, the same gracefulness which identifies the handmade affair. With it you can make practically as good casts, and you certainly can catch as many fish and it will stand the strain quite as well as the better, more highly finished rod. Bamboo rods are made of strips of the material that come from that tree,

glued together to form the whole. Thus it is that we have two varieties of rods; the eight strip bamboo and the six strip. By examining one of these rods it can be readily seen that the manufacture of a really good rod is something that cannot easily be passed over. Consider the thinness of each strip and you will perfectly understand what a task it is to put out a thoroughly good appliance. The average trout rod for which there is a demand is nine, nine and a half or ten feet in length, though they are also made in longer lengths, as eleven feet and twelve feet. The bamboo rod at the tip is so fragile appearing that it seems impossible to the beginner that it can bear any strain whatsoever; but it has a toughness in its fiber equal to that of iron. The six strip is always preferable to the eight strip for the reason that six strip calls for larger pieces at the tip, the eight strip has been designated as only thin slivers of wood and glue at the end. Therefore the six strip is the best. I have mentioned that the nine foot or ten foot length is the best. More than that is a distinct encumbrance and of no value. A true bamboo rod is a thing of perfection; the handmade rods are at least.

In examining the true rod it should be worked from tip down, actually bending it, testing it for the perfect curve so demanded, also for the well known pliancy, and the resiliency. A good rod will work forward with a well defined spring to it; and will dart into place again in a twinkling. A rod that is too limber, too whippy should not be purchased. Every true rod has a grain of iron in it, so to speak. It has that recognized feel so often spoken of. The right rod is perfectly balanced in every way. Therefore, if you do not believe it hold a good rod in your hand, experiment with it to your heart's content, then pick up a cheaper rod and you will soon be able to tell what is meant by the feel. When you are purchasing your rod, and if you go into a sporting goods store do not take the clerk's word for it: test for yourself. While you are listening to his stories of fishing trips in New York State on the Willowemoc, and of his happy days upon the San Gabriel or The Sierra Madres of California, test your rod for yourself, despite his greater knowledge. Approach your rod in a matter-of-fact, practical manner. It will not bite. At least I have never known one to. Work it, bend it and test it for that perfect balance. The caution to the beginner is that he shall shun poorly manufactured rods. A dry-goods store special may look very nice decorated over with its gaudy threads but it lasts only till you begin to work it. Do not jump at a bargain; you will always get the worst of the deal. Good material necessarily costs good money and to get the most pleasure out of trout fishing you must recognize the many elements of construction that make for perfection. Aside from the split bamboo rods we have also the solid wood rods—well worth of attention but as nothing in comparison with the former rod. Greenheart, bethabara and lancewood—these three woods are used in solid wood rods, with more or less success. But I have gone through many stores in various parts of the continent and I have found that they are very uncommon; there is very

little call for them. The lancewood rod however you will find in use; to the beginner I certainly would suggest the purchase of this rod despite the fact that it inclines in a singular way toward sluggishness and whippiness. The selection holds good; even lancewood above the machine made six strip bamboo. But it is entirely a question of individual preference; either will give a good amount of faithful work if the man behind the rod has some degree of skill and is willing to learn.

The true and eminently desired bamboo rod has three joints. There is also a rod having two joints. Another rod comes in one piece. The one piece rod is a good one if the angler does not intend to travel; to pack such a rod around is about the hardest proposition one can think of. This is needless when a rod of three joints is obtainable. The two joint rod is better but it too is somewhat of an encumbrance. Preference leans almost entirely to the three jointed affair. It is the best. The trout fisher who wishes to go in as light as possible has open to his consideration and purchase a rod which comes in many joints, sometimes as many as nine. This rod may be packed away in a suit-case without the least inconvenience. In this respect it has points in its favor; but it is a rather stiff affair, in that it has so many ferrules; it cannot possibly have the perfect sweep and resiliency of the three joint rod. The three piece rod comes in the butt piece, the middle piece and the tip and there is also an extra tip that usually goes with the rod.

The beginner will pass over the ferrules without giving them much consideration; but in the selection of a rod this should also be given initial recognition. Cheap rods are provided with nickle ferrules; and it is often noted that cheap rods, when permitted to go through rough weather will rot at the place where the ferrule enters upon the wood. The well made rod is especially protected in this respect and has serrated edges thus making it firm at its point of adherence to the wood, thus binding better and with more power. Ferrules should always be serrated, and therefore waterproof; good rod ferrules make for a waterproof affair in that they are inwardly protected. The best material for ferrules is undoubtedly the well known German Silver and it should always be looked for. Care should always be taken of these ferrules; they should never be allowed to soak water but should be thoroughly wiped out; if they swell, as they sometimes will, then they should be slightly filed off but not deeply enough to injure them.

Passing from the discussion of the ferrules we come to the handgrasp. The hand-grasp on the fly rod is always above the reel seat, in contradistinction to the bait rod where it is below. Hand-grasps are furnished in several styles but the best of them all is the solid cork grasp. I have before this in a discussion of the hand-grasp identified with the bait rod spoken of the fact that some rods purporting to be solid cork are nothing more or less than a thin strip of this material glued into an inner piece of wood. The true solid cork comes in washers and can easily be told from the poor type in that each section is marked. Procure such rod with such a grasp and do not allow your-

self to be fooled by any imitations. Hand grasps come in two styles, the swelled cork and the so-called shaped cork, grasp. Either of these styles are good and will do; they are easy on the hand as compared with wooden grasps, or grasps coming in hard materials. After a day on a trout stream one will notice the feel; the cork grasp should be given first consideration.

The question of guides is another which may be spoken of in a few words. There are two varieties noted; the ring and keeper guides and the well known, so-called snake guides. The ring and keeper guides I have found to be the best. They are given the preference in rods that are put out by the best makers. They are herewith recommended.

In the above I have briefly given an idea of what should be looked for in a good rod. Such a rod should have marked resiliency and

pliancy and that "feel" that marks it as reliable. Bamboo is the best, but if the beginner wishes to get a cheap yet durable wooden rod, the lancewood is the best for this purpose. In the question of weight I might say that for heavy fishing the seven ounce, or six ounce is right. Some keen and thoroughly skilled anglers delight in using a fragile, four ounce rod; but the beginner should never outfit with anything so light. It is all right for the man who has "been there" and has learned through experience how to conduct himself but for the novice it is quite another matter. Get a six ounce rod; it is best for all round purposes. With such a rod you can be fitted out for all seasons and all streams, whether in fly casting or in bait fishing in the early spring, before the insects have begun to fall to the water. Take care of your rod. With good care one will last many years and still be as good as new.

## ANGLING NOTES

WALTER GREAVES

WHEN the days begin to lengthen one naturally begins to think of overhauling his fishing tackle for the coming season. I have been looking over mine and examining my favorite rods and flies. The rods that I take the most pleasure in fly fishing with for trout and bass are Chubb's 8 strip split bamboo "Murray" rod, and one of my own make of Kaliki, both ten and a half feet, and for salmon, one fifteen feet long of lancewood, my own make. When I first tried this rod I found it a little too long (it was then fifteen and a half feet), so I cut it down to fifteen feet, and it is now what I consider to be just right. So far as my experience goes, Kaliki and lancewood are preferable to greenheart for fly rods, as greenheart is too uncertain,—at least I have found it so—and I have seen rods of that material in the hands of several good anglers break without any warning or apparent reason. This happened to me on three occasions last season when I hooked a small salmon and two trout of about two pounds. I broke the rod three times in one afternoon and made up my mind that I would not make another rod of greenheart.

Some time ago I began to tie a few flies for the coming season not forgetting to make a supply of my old favourites, particularly the "Massassaga" and Parmacheene Belle, with silver body, a hook no. 1 for bass and the latter on hook No. 7 for trout and white-fish. I find it very interesting work to spend an hour in the evenings, occasionally tying flies and casts; repairing and varnishing rods, cleaning rods and putting tackle in shape. All fly-fishermen no doubt take an interest in this fascinating work,—which is really a harmless hobby. It is, to me, a source of very great pleasure to have a chat and a pipe with an old angling friend and go over our past experiences and the times we lost the big fish or saw a monster jump out of the water about a quarter of a mile away. I shall really never forget the time, a few years ago, when Mr. Throop

and I were fishing a beautiful lake not many miles from here, in which there was no other fish that we knew of except speckled trout, minnows and perch, when our attention was drawn to a splash which sounded like a person falling into the water, about a quarter of a mile away. We went over to see what it was, when I noticed a fish jump not very far ahead of us, which looked like a salmon, and, to be, as near as I could judge, about three or four feet in length. It moved very rapidly and jumped about three feet at a time, straight ahead. Mr. Throop rowed as hard as he could to give me an opportunity to cast over the fish. We, however, did not succeed in getting him to rise, and to this day have not been able to arrive at any conclusion as to what kind of a fish it was. I caught a speckled trout in the same lake three years ago, with a teal and mixed body fly, that weighed four and a half pounds and we have caught a number that went from three to four pounds. The one referred to was, however, a fish of at least twelve or fourteen pounds, I should think. It certainly was a monster. I daresay people who read this article will be inclined to think we had been taking something stronger than the water from the lake, but such was not the case as anyone who has been with me on a fishing trip can testify.

Fly fishing for black bass is certainly excellent sport and we sometimes get a day near Aylmer, although I think netting and taking the fish out of season, is having a bad effect, and the sport does not appear to be as good as it used to be a few years ago. Mr. Loveday does all he can to prevent illegal fishing, but it is a difficult matter to watch such a large territory.

The so-called white fish in the Ottawa River afford us quite good sport with the fly. They are sometimes very difficult to catch and it is well to have a rather large assortment of flies, tied on hooks about size No. 7.

# BULL MOOSE AND THEIR HORNS

## OBSERVATIONS OF A YUKONER

C. H. PADDOCK

**A**LTHOUGH not a subscriber to "ROD AND GUN", I am a constant reader of it whenever I am where it can be obtained. I have read some startling hunting and fishing stories, written by people from various parts of the world, but I have never felt it my duty to criticize any article until this fall. There may have been ideas that did not harmonize with my own but different sportsmen, even though they be pastmasters of the art, may have different ideas of game animals and their habits and these ideas may all be correct as I think that different parts of the country may to some extent change the habits of animals of the same species.

The article I refer to was entitled "The Bull Moose and its Enemy the Wolf," written by Hamilton Fisher, who professes to be an old Yukoner and to have lived on the Upper Stewart River. I will take this article and try to point out where Mr. Fisher's ideas and my own do not agree, and at the same time try to convince the readers of "ROD AND GUN" that all Yukoners do not think alike.

Mr. Fisher has taken it upon himself to inform the public of the habits of the bull moose and as a starter ridicules the idea that they shed their horns in the fall and grow a new set during the summer. I am surprised that a man could have lived so long on the Upper Stewart which, I can assure you, is an excellent moose country, and apparently know so little about the habits that are peculiar to the deer of North America, including the moose. The location of the animal, in this case, can make no difference as it can hardly be called a habit, having been provided by nature. Moose horns must come off in the latter part of November or December no matter how much the moose would like to keep them.

Mr. Fisher seems to be pointing his finger at the City Sportsman on this subject. I might say that I have lived many years on the Upper Stewart and it has been so long since I have seen a city that I hardly remember what one looks like. I have killed moose at all times of the year, when they had no horns, when they were in the velvet and when they were prime, and I can say that I heartily agree with our City Sportsmen and I will endeavor to prove that Mr. Fisher knows as little about the moose and its habits as he does about wolves, a subject he has written about in this same article.

For four years he claims to have lived on the Upper Stewart, northeast of Dawson. Mr. Fisher is surely mistaken in this particular as a study of the map will show that the Stewart River is Southeast of Dawson and nowhere near the Arctic Circle, and I can think of no place in that vicinity where a man need live on moose meat long. There are trading posts at no great distance from any

part of that River. Four hundred and fifty miles from Dawson, where he claims to have been located, would bring him in close range of Ferrell's store, where he could get anything in the line of provisions that he would need. This trading post has been there about fifteen years. It was started by Brain and Nash, who sold out to Mr. Ferrall and later he sold out to Messrs. Boze and Merwin who run it at the present time.

Item No. 2 is a statement as to bull moose protecting their young. Mr. Fisher says they do but I do not agree with him. I base this statement on the fact that from the time the mating season is over the bulls and cows do not stay together and as soon as the bulls have shed their horns the cow becomes the aggressor and will drive the bull from her immediate neighborhood, especially when his horns are in the velvet and are soft and tender. This is about the time the cows are caring for their calves in May. If Mr. Fisher had given the cow the credit of protecting her young I would to some extent agree with him. When a cow moose is frightened she will stand between her calf and where she thinks the danger lies. I have noticed this many times.

Mr. Fisher in his article begins at the season of the year when the bulls, cows and calves live peacefully together which, he states, is January, February and March. I would like to say for Mr. Fisher's benefit that there is no time except during the mating season that the three are found together and then the calf keeps its distance from the bull and, during the three months mentioned, the bulls and cows are separate. You might find several bulls together, say four or five, sometimes three or four cows by themselves, but seldom more than that, but at no time during the winter do they associate with each other. Moose in this country do not yard as they do in Eastern Canada, the reason for this being that the snow here does not crust over as it does in the East and there is no time when a moose cannot travel without difficulty and, therefore, the wolves do not have the advantage they would if there were a crust on the snow that would hold them up.

The wolf is certainly the enemy of the moose but I have found few instances where they have killed full grown animals. They will often catch the calves or a wounded adult. A cow moose generally gives birth to two calves and sometimes three but they seldom raise more than one. It is hard for them to protect two and there are but few cases in this country when the wolves do not rob a mother of one of her young.

I am surprised that our friend has never seen the tracks of more than one wolf at a time during the winter as that is the only time they band together, in fact, in my experience, I can recall very few occasions when I have

run across a lone wolf track in the winter. I cannot understand it, he living on the Upper Stewart where wolves are plentiful. His idea would answer very well for the wolverines, as they always travel alone. I wonder if he could have been mistaken? Wolves mate and pair off in the spring. They give birth to four or six pups and sometimes more and both the male and the female care for the young.

Mr. Fisher's idea that the bulls go to the top of the mountains to attract the wolves away from the cows while they are caring for their calves, is in my opinion, the height of nonsense. They go above timber line when their horns are in the velvet and are soft and very tender. It would be impossible for them to travel through the woods without bruising them. They take great pride in producing a fine set of horns, taking good care of them until they have hardened. Their horns are pretty well matured by the latter part of August when they then rub them against small trees, spruce preferred, until they clean off the velvet. By this time the mating season is on, their horns are prime and they start calling for a mate, which they generally find in the lower valley.

Another thing that is hard for me to understand is this, that herd of moose that passed down the river in front of Mr. Fisher's cabin. Moose, as a rule, do not travel in the open. I think they might possibly have been the shades of moose that our friend had killed in

his dreams, or possibly they were caribou. Female caribou do not shed their horns until May and they are very apt to follow a river when it is frozen over.

What a thrilling experience to have a band of wolves surround your cabin. I can imagine that Mr. Fisher was pretty badly frightened. I have always found it extremely difficult to get within shooting distance of a pack of wolves and I have been on the Upper Stewart off and on for fifteen years. I wonder if this, too, could have been a dream?

I would like to ask Mr. Fisher just where Mt. Jesus is located. I thought I was pretty well acquainted with the Stewart but there is evidently one mountain that I have not been introduced to and I have never met or heard of any Good Hope Indians in that vicinity. I do not think for a minute that the local Indians allow an outside tribe to kill the game on their hunting grounds.

Mr. Editor, I read most of the sporting magazines such as "Field and Stream", "National Sportsman", "Forest and Stream", "Rod and Gun" and any others that come in my way. Often I see articles that cause me to smile but this one of Mr. Fisher's is the only one that ever brought a reply from me. I trust our City friends will not be dismayed or think that all Yukoners are as ignorant about our native game animals as Mr. Fisher's article would lead us to suppose he is.

## OBSERVATIONS IN THE YUKON AND IN NORTHERN ALBERTA

GEORGE WOOLLY

**I**N your January issue appears an article by W. H. Ford entitled "A Quebec hunter's Opinion" referring to a statement by Mr. H. Fisher that moose around Dawson City do not shed their antlers annually. I must say that I have hunted on the east of the mountains, on the Mackenzie River, and have also hunted two years on the Stewart River which empties into the Yukon above Dawson City. I have also shipped moose meat to Dawson, and have seen the bull moose without his antlers, also with the bulls, and in the velvet, which must show that they lose their antlers like the moose in Alberta, or in any part of the world where the moose lives. I am sure I am correct in this matter as I was on the Stewart River all the year round and saw the moose almost every day, whereas Mr. Fisher might only have seen the moose in hunting season. Mr. Fisher also states that the moose only loses his antlers either in fighting or when caught in the forks of trees. Now in either case I am sure it is impossible for them to lose either one or both antlers in fighting. They may break off some of their points but the main part stays there until nature lets it go. For instance while hunting with my partner Mr. Grant Chase on the Stewart River we came across the

skeleton of two bull moose which had died in combat, for their antlers were locked and they had died as they had fought "together". Now we had all we could do to break them apart or knock the antlers from the skull. This would seem to show that it was impossible for them to lose their antlers fighting.

Secondly, if Mr. Fisher had noticed the way the bull moose goes through the bush with his nose straight out, and his antlers well laid back on his withers, he would, I think, have come to the conclusion that it would be impossible for him to get his antlers caught in the forks of any tree, for in all the trees I have seen in the Yukon the forks were very high and were supported by trunks tall and straight as flag poles.

For the information of Mr. Ford permit me to say that I had a talk with Mr. E. Carey and several other moose hunters, and they all claim that the moose loses his antlers every year. In fact, Mr. Carey had made a study of the moose in all its haunts. He is one of Alberta's best hunters and guides and was chosen by the government some four years back to get young moose for the parks. Some of those he captured were sent to Australia, and others were put into parks in Alberta.

Now, Mr. Carey claims it is the first time that he ever heard anyone say that the bull moose never shed his antlers. When I spoke to him of this matter he exclaimed: "Come out here and see". He took me to his warehouse and showed me a moose head that had thirteen points and the velvet was still on the antlers in places. That shows clearly that the antlers were shed last year. "But," said he, "I believe they shed at different times in different parts of the country." In fact he had never seen them shed so early as they did this season, when some shed before the 15th of December the earliest he could remember. On looking up my old diary I find that on the 22nd of December 1901, my companion, Grant Chase and I, left Lansing Creek; on the 23rd as we were making a cutoff on the river Chase said to me, "We will unhitch the dogs and see how many moose there will be on the big bar". When about 300 yards from the bar, we unhitched the dogs as the wind was blowing from the bar to us. We counted fourteen, "all bulls",

said Chase, and not one of them had his antlers. But the tassels were there, which showed they were bull moose, the tassels being very large, and that they had shed their antlers. I shall never forget the sight when we fired a shot to see how the moose would get through the snow, as the snow was four feet on the level and the drifts they went through were a sight for anyone to see and one not easily forgotten.

Again for the benefit of Mr. Ford, permit me to say that moose when caught young are very stupid, but can soon be taught to drink out of a bottle, and as they grow up will come at feeding time when called and will even fight to get fed first and very soon become tame.

In conclusion, during the three years I was on the Stewart River the bull moose most certainly shed their antlers, and the only difference I saw between the moose in the Yukon, and the moose in Alberta was that the moose in the Yukon were larger.

## SOME INCIDENTS OF CAMP LIFE IN NEW BRUNSWICK

VINCENT E. CROSS

**W**E had been in camp about two weeks when by previous appointment "Rene" left me one morning in charge of our humble domicile, while he with old Dobbin harnessed to the rickety express wagon drove to the nearest railway station, a mere trifle of eighteen miles, over a road decorated with stumps and stones that would have put a Rocky Mountain trail to shame, to meet a "sport" as Rene termed it.

From previous conversation with my host I learned that this was to be the initiatory trip of the expected visitor after big game and I will admit this was a source of no little satisfaction to me, for I now considered myself an adept hunter and woodsman and was impatient to exploit my knowledge before some one whom I thought would appreciate it. My conceit however was to receive several large sized bumps, the first of which occurred that same evening when after supper I heard our visitor refer to me as the cook. This however is anticipating somewhat.

When Rene had departed and the last rattle and bump of the dilapidated rig had died away on the crisp October air, I took a shotgun and went out to get a partridge or two. Taking the canoe I paddled the length of the lake to the narrow outlet that flowed into the smaller pond, and there I landed amid a thick growth of birch and maple. Leaving the canoe on the narrow strip of land I left the shore of the little lake and headed for the deeper recess of the woods. I had gone, perhaps, 500 yards when I started from a thick growth of underbrush, what I took to be a bear, which surmise afterwards proved to be correct. I did not stop then to investigate as all I had was a shotgun with partridge shot, which is rather a poor defence against a bear. Thinking discretion the better part of valor I downed my curiosity and let Mr. Bear finish his nap.

Have my readers sometimes thrown aside the cares and responsibilities of this great struggle of ours for existence and shouldering rod or gun gone

for a ramble in the woods where nature in all her primeval beauty is glorified by a perfect autumn morn? To those who have experienced this pleasure I need say nothing, but to those who have yet to breathe the exhilarating and nature-scented air of the autumn woods, I can truthfully say that they have missed one of the greatest pleasures of life.

After two or three hours rambling and the bagging of three nice birds I turned my steps towards home. When in the vicinity of the place where I had started the bear I noticed a fine round-wood tree laden with large clusters of berries, which an early frost had made exceedingly tempting, and laying my birds and game at the foot of the tree, with more or less difficulty I climbed up among its branches and was soon busy breaking off the bunches of berries and throwing them to the ground with the intention of gathering them up later, when I had descended. Glancing below what was my surprise to find that I had a willing helper in the guise of a large black bear. I was so amazed that I stopped and stared at my visitor for at least five minutes while he very contentedly sat on his haunches and picking a bunch of berries from the ground proceeded to eat the same. Now, if it had not been for alarm at the predicament I was in, I should have had to laugh, as indeed I have done every time since, when I have thought of this episode.

But there I was aloft in a large tree, astride a limb, industriously gathering a meal for a hungry bear who sat below and ate his fill. I could not tell but that I would be the next item on his bill of fare.

My alarm soon turned to angry remonstrance when having eaten his fill of the berries he began to smell around and discovered my partridges. When he again settled down and with one of his great black paws reached out to take one of the birds I yelled at the top of my voice:

"Hey, leave those birds alone!"

Whether or not I expected him to understand, I cannot say, but I do know that the effect of my words was startling. Dropping the partridges he rose up on his hind feet and gazed

around him for a few seconds—though it seemed like weeks to me. Then, although I do not think he saw me, he turned toward the tree as if to come up, when, although almost falling out of the tree from sheer fright, I yelled again and jumped up and down on the limb. The poor bear must have thought I was one of his brothers gone crazy. He cocked his head to one side, stared up at me for a minute and then with the back of one of his huge paws he rubbed the side of his head as though wiping away tears of sorrow, then he backed away to where he could get a better view of me and my idiotic actions, for all the time I was shaking the limb and yelling to the full extent of my vocal apparatus.

I think now, as I have so often thought since the incident occurred, that if that bear had had any sense of humor it must have been strongly appealed to just at that time. So far as I could see however he stood and gazed at me only with wonder. When through exhaustion I was forced to abandon my contortions, he got down on all fours and wagging his head, as though in disgust, shambled off into the woods and that was the last I saw of him although I spent the greater part of the next day hunting for my tormentor.

I lost no time, after I was sure he had really departed, in regaining the ground and after securing my birds and gun and a generous supply of berries that Bruin had left me, I was soon ready and got home in time to prepare a nice bird for supper before Rene and our guest arrived.

It was nearly dark when at last I heard the rickety wagon with its excess freight stop at the door. After that it took us two hours, more or less, to unload the pile of junk our man had brought. Talk about your north pole expeditions! Included in this bill of fare was everything from coffee tablets to powdered onions, while as to equipment anything from a pair of leather leggings to a dress suit was available. Besides he had a small sized arsenal, each gun being done up neatly in its leather case with two or three belts with holsters for revolvers. Say! By the time we got it all inside

the camp we had to back in if we expected to come out nose first, or vice versa. And Rene! One look at him was enough. He was beyond speech. To tell the truth I went out into the woods and laughed until my sides ached.

After this spasm I went back and we had supper, and matters might have adjusted themselves nicely had not our guest, who was a cross between an Englishman (the one-eye-glass kind) and a Wall Street banker, calmly asked that individual if he had ever "rode to hounds." And when Rene complacently answered that he had never heard of that place it was too much for my over-wrought nerves and I exploded. Rene, who was smoking with his chair tipped back and his feet on the front of the stove, got up with a bang and growled:

"By D—! I go to sleep. I one tired man." He thereupon started to disrobe, which was the signal for us to retire for the night.

As stated, I spent the greater part of the next day hunting for my bear, while Rene and our visitor, whom we will call "Smith," because that wasn't his name, loafed around camp getting acquainted with one another, as Smith was too tired after his long trip to go out.

The following day proved one of misfortune for me and one that I shall not soon forget. After breakfast had been prepared and eaten by the light of the lantern, Rene and Smith set out for a day's tramp, their objective point being one of Rene's smaller cabins, used on his trapping expeditions at the foot of Porcupine mountains, nine or ten miles away, where we planned to spend the night. I was to go direct to the camp with the necessary grub, blankets, etc., that we would need as there was nothing in the camp but a small stove and Mr. Smith could not go for even one night without his scientific nuisances.

There are those who have nothing but praise for these scientifically prepared foods, such as bouillon and coffee tablets and powdered vegetable foods, but I cannot help but think

that the followers of this game got along very well before these things were invented and no doubt would have continued to do so.

I made as small a bundle as possible of the necessary blankets, putting my shotgun in the middle, for I planned to spend a few hours during the afternoon in getting a partridge for our supper.

After having reached the cabin and having put everything in order, I shouldered my gun and hit the trail.

I had been out about an hour and was more engrossed with my thoughts and in admiring nature than interested in the pursuit of game. From this trance I was suddenly awakened by the loud drumming of a partridge that rose from almost beneath my feet and beat a noisy retreat to a point of safety.

This interruption had the effect of directing my thoughts towards my task and turning in the direction whence the bird had flown, I made my way noiselessly through a thick growth of birch and spruce and presently came out on what I took to be an old log road, down which I turned. I had gone probably a hundred yards when round a bend in the trail I came face to face with a large bull moose, not fifteen yards away. At the moment I came upon him he was busy rubbing the velvet from his huge antlers against a sapling that grew at the side of the road.

To say I was startled is putting it mildly. My heart started jumping like a trip hammer and I began to shake as though with the ague. I tried to turn and get away but I could not make my muscles obey the will of my brain and I stood transfixed, staring at the huge beast which was so near me that a dozen steps would have taken me to his side.

I had been standing thus a few seconds before he saw me. Then he raised his head and blinked his little eyes and stood still looking at me, while long strips of velvet hung from his antlers down over his heavy ears, which he kept twitching back and forth.

It seemed a battle of nerves between us, but I was beaten before I had

fairly started. Knowledge makes of man a coward and I was frightened, while the beast had not sense enough to be afraid of me. I could feel my flesh creep and I seemed to be suffocated as he emitted a short grunt, and shook his ponderous head. I think—although I am not sure—that he took a step towards me. I know I seemed to waken. An uncontrollable impulse seized me and although I knew that I might be inviting almost certain death, I raised my gun and fired point blank at the two blinking eyes before me, and before the report had died away, as if loosed by a spring, I turned and ran for a heavy limbed spruce a dozen yards away.

I reached the foot of the tree but here I found I was handicapped by the gun. I could hear my enemy behind me as he advanced in a shambling trot, emitting short, deep grunts at every step; and I could imagine I felt his merciless big hoofs pounding me into the earth. In my haste I abandoned my gun, my only hope of victory, and clambered up the branches of the tree. None too soon, for I heard a mighty snort and looking down, after I had reached a point of safety, I saw my pursuer at the very foot of the tree. He was tearing up the ground with such fury that, if he persisted, my source of safety would be in danger of being uprooted.

After I had had time to collect my wits and could look calmly on the situation, I saw there was no chance of any immediate escape as my enemy had worked himself into a frenzy and was walking round and round the tree grunting and shaking his head, stopping every few steps to tear up the earth with great powerful strokes of his front feet. I settled myself at last for a long weary wait.

In a short time my predicament became very monotonous and I began to devise all manner of means that might enable me to make good my escape, such as crawling through the branches of the thick growth of trees but after attempting to change from my substantially built spruce to a nearby birch, the limb of which bent until I was almost on the ground, I

clambered back to my perch in the spruce and stayed there.

I could only think that I was destined to spend the rest of my days in the tree tops, while the beasts of the forest made sport of me from below.

While I sat astride my limb in deep thought I almost forgot, for a time, my captor, who was standing perfectly still with his back towards me. A red squirrel came springing from limb to limb and coming to a standstill chattered away on the very tree which I was occupying, little more than two feet from where I was perched. He seemed to be looking directly at me, so I sat perfectly still while my little friend sat up and with his tail curled over his back began dissecting a green bud he had found. I watched my interesting little neighbor so long that I took a cramp in my leg and when I started to change my position he dropped his head and with an unearthly chattering was off like lightning. At that moment I was jealous of that little dumb thing, one of the smallest of God's creatures. It seemed ridiculous but, nevertheless, true. That little beast possessed a power that was unknown to me. Truly man is great only in his own estimation.

After this I turned my attention to the moose, who had hardly moved, and I began to think he had forgotten me, but I had reckoned wrongly for when I started down the tree in the hope of securing my gun, which was lying on the ground not a yard away, I had scarcely begun to descend when my tormentor turned and came back to the tree, beginning to chafe his neck and shoulder against it.

I had been in my lofty position the greater part of the afternoon and I began to think I would have to spend the night there. It was nearly sunset and I was ravenously hungry and also very sleepy, due to inactivity in the open air. My limbs were aching with cramp and I was growing desperate. I had exhausted every means in my mind to rid myself of my enemy but to no avail. I took off my hunting jacket and utilized it for a cushion, putting it over two limbs that grew close together and resting my feet on

one that was lower down. I leaned my back against the trunk of the tree and was a little more comfortable. But after the sun had set and I began to feel the chill of the night wind I had to put my jacket on again to shield me from the cold.

It was shortly after this that I was sitting up, uncomfortable and almost asleep from exhaustion, when the sharp report of a rifle almost knocked me from my porch, so surprised was I to hear it. Instinctively I looked for the moose. He lay a quivering heap on the ground and as I watched I saw our friend Smith break through the thick growth of brush, closely followed by Rene. If ever a man were

more grateful for a service rendered than I was, he is yet to be found.

After the first surprise was over I clambered to the ground as fast as my stiffened limbs would let me and I think my rescuers were as surprised as I when I appeared on the scene.

As I look back upon it now I am thankful to both of them. They did not ply me with questions. They seemed to understand and to this day neither of them has referred to the incident. I will confess, too, that I was very much mistaken in my first estimate of "Smith", which was not complimentary to him either as a hunter or as a man.

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## NEW SPECIES OF TROUT

For some years several interesting specimens of trout have been taken in the lakes that are found in the boundaries of Algonquin Provincial (Ontario) Park, situated in the "Highlands of Ontario", 200 miles north of Toronto, 170 miles west of Ottawa and 280 miles west of Montreal.

During the year 1913 specimens were brought in from Delano Lake, within a few miles of the "Highland Inn," situated at Algonquin Park station on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. Those specimens resembled both the salmon and the speckled trout, so much so that the Superintendent of the Park sent one of the specimens to Professor Prince of the Fisheries Department, Ottawa, who is probably the best authority on Fish Culture in America. Professor Prince's report on this specimen is a most interesting one to anglers and reads as follows:

"The specimen of peculiar trout have been carefully examined and it really appears to be

a hybrid, namely, the Brook Trout and the Grey Trout (or Lake Trout). The dental features and the nature of the vomer, as well as the peculiar color and the shape of the tail, all indicate a combination of the two species, which, as is well known, are now separated further than they used to be. The Brook Trout and the Lake Trout were at one time included under the same Genus *Salvelinus*, but they appear to be now separated into two Genera, the Grey Trout being put into the Genus *Christivomer*. A hybrid specially connected with two separate Genera is a remarkable and exceedingly interesting occurrence. I am most interested in this specimen and intend to look into the question further as the nature of the egg and the features of hybridisation are so remarkable scientifically, that it is worth while trying some experimental work to see if the hybrids can be produced artificially."

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The Grand Trunk System has received word from the Chief of Architecture of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, that the design submitted for the Grand Trunk Building at this great event which takes place during the year 1915, has been approved. The information is of great importance as being the first of the proposed Canadian Railway Buildings that will be erected at this Exposition. It will in a way set the pace for the balance of the Railway Plaza in which this Building is situated and where all the other Canadian Railway Buildings are to be placed. The group of Buildings therefore will be of one design and all will follow the Grand Trunk Style of architecture, which is taken from the Spanish Renaissance and which follows to a certain extent the general scheme of architecture of the Main Palaces at the Exposition.

The location of the Building is in one of the best parts of the Exhibition grounds and faces on the south side the entrances for the ferries from the many towns and cities across San Francisco Bay. On the west side it faces the Machinery Palace. On the north side are located the beautiful Sunken Gardens, that will be part of the landscape scheme of the Exposition and on the east side is San Francisco Bay.

Estimates for the construction of this handsome building which will contain 10,000 feet of floor space, are now being secured and construction will proceed at an early date. It is the intention of the Grand Trunk to install one of the finest exhibits they have yet assembled for this Exhibition and one which will place before the people of the world Canada's illimitable resources, its scenic attractions and its haunts for fish and game.

# ALONG THE TRAP LINE

## ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT

GEORGE J. THIESSEN

1. How many muskrats can be raised on a Lake 1½ miles long, 200 yds. broad?

Ans. This depends upon the vegetation whether the water will rise fast in the Spring and drown the young, etc.

2. Muskrats here have three litter per year. Is a good average litter seven?

Ans. Generally speaking, yes.

3. Is there any reason that each female should not produce 21 per year if the lake area is properly fenced, all necessary food supplied the rats, and the animals left undisturbed?

Ans. Generally speaking, no.

4. The lake will be fenced off at least 50 yards from the waters' edge, with 1½ inch Chicken Wire Netting. At this distance is it only necessary to sink the fence 1 foot in the ground?

Ans. This depends upon depth of lake. I would say that a fence sunk a foot would be sufficient. In truth, no fence at all is necessary except to keep off poachers.

5. Do you think Muskrats would attempt to climb a 1½ inch mesh fence, four feet above ground?

Ans. No, that is if the water will not rise too near the top.

6. What is the correct price of Prime No. 1 Muskrat skins at the present time?

Ans. Spring No. 1, 32 cents—Winter No. 2 22 cents—Fall No. 3, 14 cents—Kits, 5 cents.

7. Are Mangels a good food to grow for Muskrat feed, if not what cheap root vegetable is?

Ans. Yes; potatoes, beets, carrots, corn, etc. in fact almost any vegetable will do.

8. Are Muskrats polygamous or do they mate like Beaver?

Ans. They are Polygamous, I think.

9. Say a stock of 1500 males and 1500 females are introduced to a Lake and allowed to mix and breed, also in turn their litters allowed to mix and breed and so on for each year, do you think there is any possibility of close breeding in time?

Ans. I would say no, considering the fact that you would kill off a certain percentage of rats each year.

10. Would close breeding cause any harm either physically or to the fur?

Ans. It might and yet I doubt it.

11. Are Muskrats ever/infected by a plague or disease, similar to Rabbits?

Ans. I believe they are in some localities, but not in others.

12. What is the present market value of Coyote skins. Prime No. 1 quality?

Ans. \$3.00 to \$5.00 in your locality. (Alberta). Write to some reliable fur house for list.

13. Do you think Coyote and Muskrat skins will increase in value from year to year?

Ans. That depends: For instances, rats, were higher last year up to the present time, however, they have proven a drug upon the market especially early collections. Present indications, are, however, that the demand will strengthen.

14. Are Prairie Gophers of any value, either for fur or tails?

Ans. No.

15. What is a good book upon raising ferrets?

Ans. I know of none. Ask some large dealer.

## A TRAPPING TRIP IN THE ROCKIES

CHARLES C. HEWER

MY partner came over to my cabin one day in last December as I was cooking my evening meal, and asked me if I were ready to hit the trail with him in the morning. Having spent the preceding three or four days at the cabin I was only too pleased at the prospect of getting on the move again so told him I would be ready at daybreak the following morning and would take my camera along and two Airedale pups, and we would see what we could do.

Early in the morning we were off and we struck our first trap at about 12 o'clock. There wasn't anything around there so we decided it was time to sit down and eat our

lunch, which we washed down with a little snow.

We then started out for trap number two having the same luck, or lack of luck there as at the first one. On our way to our third trap my partner said there was a lynx's track in the trail and on rounding a turn in the trail we heard a hiss which told us our luck had turned. We caught the pups and I went up to let the camera have a peep at him. The dogs made so much noise that the lynx's attention was completely diverted by them which gave me a good chance to secure the photo I wished to get. Click went the shutter and I had Mr. Lynx in my keeping. Then we turned the



dogs loose. This being their first lynx they thought he was easy but were not long in finding out their mistake when they felt his claws. They backed out for a while to apparently discuss the best method of finishing him, then suddenly one jumped in and took a nip, then as suddenly jumped back again when the lynx tried to scratch the dog. The other dog was too quick. He saw the game and thought his turn had come. Mr. Lynx soon found he was up against it although he would catch hold of one of the dogs whenever the opportunity presented itself. For two or three minutes they played around, giving me another chance to snap the shutter, and get picture number two. The dogs were doing very well indeed for their first lynx but by this time they were getting a little tired of barking and as they had both received a considerable number of bites and scratches they decided it was about time to end the affair. At all events they both sailed into Mr. Lynx just as I snapped the shutter for the third time and got a picture in which it was difficult to distinguish dogs from lynx. About one half minute after that and the dogs succeeded in killing the lynx. Then we pulled them off for fear they would tear the hide. They were pretty well scratched up but had enough wind remaining for another fight which they got at the fifth trap, which brought to an end the sport for that day.

Next morning we decided to leave the dogs at the cabin and go for a deer hunt. At day-break we were off to try our luck with the rifles. Sure enough as we were half a mile up from our cabin up jumped a four pointer about three hundred yards away. There was a report and Mr. Buck doubled up, having been shot through the heart by a bullet fired from my partner's rifle. We went over and I photographed him with the buck. There was now one film remaining and I took a photograph of my partner and the dogs making off for camp.

On this trip we were away eight days in all and got a haul of five lynx and two deer, for which we worked very hard.

## Furs from Northern Alberta

Many thousand dollars' worth of furs were carried out of Northern Alberta this winter", writes our Edmonton correspondent. "Some of the animals were taken alive, particularly in the case of foxes, to be used as breeding stock for the many fur farms of the East and also for local ranches of which there are quite a number.

"Perhaps the most valuable consignment was that brought in by Colin Fraser, a well-known northern trader. This catch was brought in from Fort Chippewyan, about 600 miles north of Edmonton, and is worth in the neighborhood of \$100,000. In the lot were forty-five silver foxes and furs of twenty-five black fox; seventy-five silver fox; 150 cross fox; 250 red fox; eighty five white fox; 450 marten; 375 mink; fifty fisher and seventy-five otter." Walter Eaton brought in skins of black fox and two silvers from Lake Saskatoon, Peace River District.



Our Dining Room

## THREE WEEKS' OUTING IN AN ANGLER'S PARADISE ON GEORGIAN BAY

RUSSELL HONE

**B**ACK again in the office at work after a three week's fishing trip on Georgian Bay. Georgian Bay with its beautiful thirty thousand islands; its numerous channels; its bays bordered with grotesque rocks and towering pines and cedars—a perfect angler's paradise.

In my opinion our form of vacation last year was an ideal one and not too expensive.

There were only three of us in "Camp Pazazza". We were to have been four in number but unfortunately at the last moment "Mac" found he couldn't come and so we had to go ahead by ourselves, sorry though we were to be without him.

As we hailed from the West we met in Winnipeg and bought our principal supplies there, wiring Toronto for a tent, a case of eggs, and some butter, all of which were to be shipped to Point au Baril station, our point of embarkation. The supplies bought in Winnipeg we took along with us as luggage as previous to that we had scarcely any, our only provision in the way of clothes being an old suit, a sweater, and a change of linen each.

Eventually we arrived at Point au Baril reaching it at 10.40 one morning after an hour's stop over at Sudbury. All trains from the north and south are met at Point au Baril by motor launches that you take wherever you want to go. As soon as our luggage and the mail for that place had been put on board we started off for the "Bellevue Hotel." This we found to be a nice little place situated on a beautiful island off the mainland, where the two stores are that supply the village and campers with necessities.

We landed just in time for lunch, which by the way we were good and ready for, after which we lost no time in hiring a canoe from the hotel. We were soon off on an expedition to locate our camp site, which we were not long in doing. We had scarcely been out an hour when we came upon an imposing little point with a picturesque little bay or inlet to the west.

Nick was our chief organizer and was to be congratulated on the way he arranged everything, to say nothing of his being an excellent cook. Almost as soon as we landed he set to work on our bed, the framework of which he made out of stout pine poles. As a substitute for a spring he wired a lot of thin cherry boughs together very closely, spreading small sprigs of balsam to the depth of about two feet on top of them. When complete this balsam bed was as comfortable as a feather bed.

Nick's next undertaking was to build a cook stove, which he did, with apparently no trouble whatever, out of stones and pieces of rock finishing it with an iron plate on top with holes in it for pots and pans.

When everything had been prepared, the tent pitched over the bed, and our luggage inside, we lit a big smudge outside on the rocks, sat around and chatted over our "Pazazza" (which was our pet name for our 'wee drappie'), till the moon rose high in the heavens and we turned to our couches to dream of the splendid times we were going to have in the next three weeks; far from even the thought of office cares or worries.

I was feeling very proud and contented with myself, for while Nick and Curly had



My 7 lb. Pike caught the first day in Camp

been arranging the bed I had taken my rod and some of the only bait we possessed at the time (a tin of worms I had bought for twenty-five cents from the hotel porter), jumped into the canoe and paddled out a little way to a weed bed, and in less than an hour had had the extraordinary luck to hook a jack weighing seven pounds, and brought him in with several shouts of glee. Of course my companions wouldn't believe at first that I had caught this fish with a worm but as they were

well aware that there was nothing unpacked in the way of trolls and nothing else but worms in the canoe they had to give in.

For the next few mornings we were up at four or five o'clock and after a few minutes devoted to a cold plunge, were away in the canoe with our tackle all in order, to a weed bed a little east of our camp, in a small bay. Then Nick would paddle and Curly and I would throw out our lines with our infallible lures (as we called them) at the end, one on each side of the canoe. We would hardly ever go round more than twice without a sharp tug and the familiar ejaculation: "Got yer!" Then we would both wind up with lightning speed; Curly would grab the gaff and poise it awaiting the opportune moment. After one or two dashes in all directions our game captive would be brought near enough to the side of the canoe for Curly to get him under the gills with such accuracy that one would imagine he had been handling that instrument of torture all his life instead of holding down a bank accountant's job for years. This performance was repeated four or five times and then we would return to camp when Nick would clean the best fish and cook them deliciously for breakfast.

Curly was rather a critic on cooking and never hesitated to tell Nick what he thought of a repast, which often caused considerable amusement. The washing of the dishes always fell to the lot of Curly and me. Curly had no love for domestic duties and if anything I had less. As a result we were always forgetting our turn and both vowing we had done it last. However the dishes never went unwashed for Curly's good nature would prevail and he would often end the discussion by doing them himself.

Next came the mile and a half trip to the stores, that is to say, if anything were needed. If not, we would sometimes go picking blue-



"Nick": An Afternoon's Catch



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## You fire up a jimmy pipe

that's filled jamful of Prince Albert and you'll get what you're looking for in pipe smoke joy.

No use arguing or losing sleep about the question. There's one answer—Prince Albert! You, nor any other man, ever smoked tobacco with such class for bully deliciousness — flavor, fragrance, aroma!

Never was such pipe smoke tobacco as P. A., because it's made by a patented process that cuts out the sting and throat-parch and just leaves the stuff that makes every man who smokes P. A. joy'us for life!

*You get this hot!—*Polish up your smoking irons. Get 'em tuned for action. You buy some P. A. in the tidy red tin and go to it, because it's your right to be jimmy pipe joy'us! Since P. A. hit the turf, three men smoke pipes where one smoked a pipe before. And that average is growing right smart like.

You buy Prince Albert *everywhere* tobacco is sold. Stick to P. A., because P. A. will stick to you. Buy Prince Albert in the tidy, full 2-oz. red tins. And take a tip: Before you do the next thing, you get acquainted with

# PRINCE ALBERT

*the inter-national joy smoke*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.

berries. Curly, on account of the heat, frequently went berry picking in his bathing suit. Many a pleasant morning we spent canoeing to neighboring islands and taking photographs of pretty bits of scenery, Castor and Pollux islands being favorite resorts. We tried several places for fishing but found none of them as good as our weed bed east of the camp.

After three weeks of this paradise we were very loath to pull up stakes and it was with chastened feelings that we waited for the

launch that was to take us and our goods and chattels to Point au Baril station. Curly left three days before Nick and I went, and solaced himself by gloating over the fact that we would have to do all the dish washing by ourselves. However we would willingly have done all the housemaid's work there was to do had it been possible for us to have delayed our departure further and prolonged what had been such a very pleasant holiday outing.

## OLD TIME ACTIONS AND BARRELS

MARK G. McELHINNEY

**I**N your January number is a short but very interesting article by Mr. A. B. Geikie under the above heading which I take the liberty of using. Some of the old arms are really worthy of notice and it may be that some of your readers, like myself, have made a hobby of collecting such.

My earliest specimen in rifles is a sort of combination muzzle and breech-loading carbine. The action is a simple, horizontal breech plug worked by a top lever which engages forward beneath the block of the back-sight. The firing is percussion type calibre about the same as a Snyder and barrel fairly well rifled. It is marked,—“J. H. Merrill, Balto. Pat. July 1853.” “Balto. 1858. May 21—28-61. No. 4003.” The trimmings are of brass and there is a patch or cap receptacle in the stock. The backsight has two leaves marked 3 and 5, the point blank sight folding back with the 3 leaf.

I have also a Burnside in good condition. The rifling is particularly good for the time and the workmanship compares favorably with much later productions. It is marked,—“Burnside Patent, No. 7886.” The backsight is single leaf with a peep sight hole half way up. There is a personal mark stamped on the stock, the first letter indistinct, the last two GB in script, evidently made with a steel die. The carbine is well balanced and feels good. A small portion of the stock is burned out near the butt plate where it evidently got too near a campfire.

Another interesting specimen is a silver-mounted, double-action, percussion revolver, octagon barrel and stock like a Colt. It is marked,—“Cooper Fire Arms Mfg. Co. Pat. Jan. 7, 1861, Apr. 25, 1854, Sept. 4, 1860, Sept. 1, 1863, Sept. 32, 1863, No. 3848.” Why Sept. 32, I do not know unless they made months longer in those days. The foresight is a simple brass pin and the backsight is miked in the firing end of the hammer. The steel parts are blued, some of which remains. The first man who handled the weapon must have swelled with pride. It is well rifled and well balanced and would be an effective weapon

today at short range in a brief scrap. The rammer is attached to the barrel mounting.

When we consider these weapons alongside of the effective productions of today we cannot but respect the courage of the men who used them. They had to shoot some to save the number of their mess. Imagine facing a horde of Indians or a peevish bull moose with the old Merrill. Personally, I should prefer a Savage coupled with a good get-a-way.

The Burnside especially indicates the line of evolution of the lever principle which is so perfected in the Marlin and Winchester of the present day. The excellent fitting of the breech block shows what good mechanics could accomplish without the milling-machine which renders modern production so rapid, easy and accurate.

Amongst my revolvers is an old, single action, 32 cal. rim fire, five chambered, blued Smith & Wesson with which my father, a sea captain, quelled a serious mutiny on board his first command, the brig “Latona.” It also figured in a “didn’t know it was loaded” episode. One of my younger brothers accidentally fired it into a file of ship’s papers on board the old Cromwell Liner “Alhambra” of which my father was master at the time. The papers were some scratched but we never heard any more about the incident. Wise old Dad. The lesson was ours.

I have often wondered what a tale some old guns could tell if the fairies gave them tongue. Dr. Brady tells us much about the adoption of the “Devil Gun” or breech loader in the early Indian wars and if I remember rightly, the Burnside was the first to receive the diabolical christening. Certainly the whole method and tenor of warfare was changed by the innovation and not a little of modern peace is due to modern excellence. Ultra peace apostles should remember this and cease damning the gun-maker.

The development of the absolutely necessary weapons of war have done more than a little for the progress of peaceful arts and manufactures and articles like Mr. Geikie’s wholesomely recall the road we came by.

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# MY FIRST BEAR

H. S. ABBOTT

EVERY man who has hunted big game can remember his first bear and when a number of his friends are gathered around he delights in relating his experience. Most old hunters are usually hard men to try and drag a story out of, but they will generally yield when pressed for a yarn and tell you how they obtained their first bear scalp.

Perhaps it was not my fault that I ever bagged this particular bruin, but nevertheless I did, and I must confess that I felt mighty *cocky* at the time.

In Vancouver, B. C., in the early spring of the year 1911 I secured a job "packing" for two timber "cruisers" who were going to locate some timber up the Squamish, an inlet about sixty miles to the north of the city of Vancouver. The Squamish is reckoned to be one of the best hunting grounds for black bear on the Pacific slope.

Reaching the little village of Squamish by steamer we intended to "pack" up the river bottom about eight or ten miles.

The two cruisers for whom I was packing were very pleasant old men and had spent quite a number of years in the back woods both in the States and in Canada.

At night when we pitched camp the conversation usually drifted to big game, and as a young fellow I was delighted to listen to their *YIPPS*.

One of the cruisers, we'll call him "Davey", was particularly emphatic as to what he would do when he came across a bear, and by his tone and manner I imagined at the time should we ever meet a bear "Davey" would rush in barehanded and tear the poor brute limb from limb and feed the remains to the wolves. But to give him credit I think his boastful talking was merely done to try and make an impression on me. However, I was very anxious that we should meet a bear on this trip, just to see what old "Davey" really would do when it came to a 'show down.'

Myself, I was by no means a 'greenhorn' in the woods having made several trips away back in the mountains with a survey party during the previous twelve months, but had never run up against anything worse than a cougar, although I had seen bears at a safe distance.

One noon when the three of us were camped for our mid-day meal, I left the camp with the kettle to get water for our tea at a little creek not very far from the camp. At the creek I noticed bear tracks on the soft sandy bank, the tracks were quite fresh and looked to me very large. I also noticed a strong smell of bear, which by the way is particularly strong in the spring of the year. This smell I noticed all the way back to camp, so I called old "Davey's" attention and asked him if he smelt bear. "Bear be blowed" was his reply, "That's skunk-cabbage you can smell, man." So I let it go at that and said no more.

The meal over and having well rested ourselves, we saddled our backs with our sixty-

five pound packs and started once again on our journey. Old "Davey" muttering something about skunk cabbage and bears, was in the lead of the party, the other cruiser followed him whilst I followed along in the rear. It was necessary for us to travel in Indian file as the country was very thickly grown with under-brush and very rough travelling.

Old "Davey" used to carry his pack with the aid of a 'tump' line that is a broad strap attached to the top of the pack and drawn across the brow of the packer; this necessitated "Davey" walking with his head bent down.

We travelled along in this fashion for about three quarters of a mile. All the time I imagined I could smell bear but never said a word for fear of rousing old "Davey's" ire.

At last we came to a rock bluff over which we would have to climb. The perfume of Mr. Bear, thinks I, is getting very powerful.

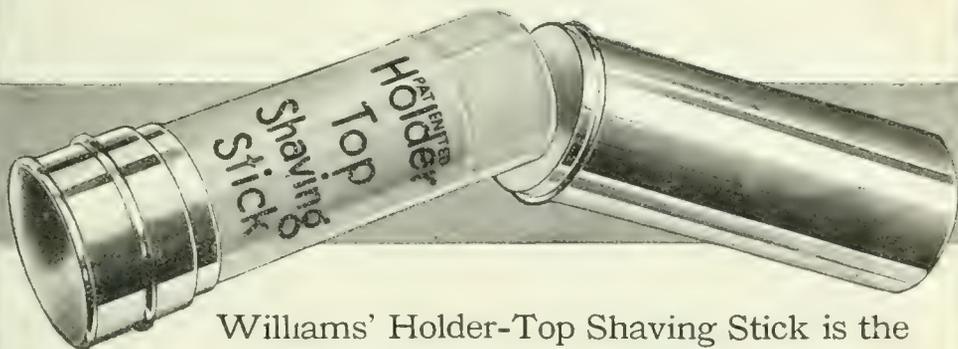
"Davey", in the lead, his head bowed down through weight of pack, started to climb the bluff. The other cruiser and myself were shifting our packs to a comfortable position in order to be able to climb easier. Suddenly we heard the most blood-curdling yell ever produced and "Davey" came toppling down the side of the bluff, yelling out "Look out for the bear!"

Across my pack in a canvas case I carried a 30-30 Savage rifle. Slipping out of my packstraps, I wrenched the rifle, case and all from the pack and started up the side of the bluff where "Davey" had so unceremoniously come down, only about twenty yards further along the side of the bluff. Just before I reached the top, I looked over at "Davey" and his partner in order to ascertain in what direction they would be in case I had to shoot. There was "Davey", his eyes staring wide open and his mouth moving as if trying to say something (probably something about skunk-cabbage). His partner had slipped off his pack and was quietly lighting his pipe, as if he quite anticipated something like this of "Davey."

Having satisfied myself in what direction they stood, I cautiously crept along the top of the bluff to the point where "Davey" had started to ascend, when I reached a large boulder. On looking over this, I saw the largest black bear I ever before saw. He was lying on a flat slab of rock, sunning himself after his long winter's sleep. On seeing me he simply raised his head and grunted in an angry manner, as much as to say, "What in the blazes do you want to disturb me for?" But when I made the movement of placing my rifle to the shoulder the click of the breech, roused him a little and he must have thought that I was too inquisitive, for he started to come in my direction showing his teeth. Just then I pulled the trigger. Whether it was excitement or nervousness, I don't know, but I had a dead bead on his head between his eyes, but he came on faster when I fired, with a red streak flowing down his neck. The shot had

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not gone where I had intended it to go, and I began to feel something like "Davey" must have done, and I wasn't at all slow in the way I pumped another cartridge into my rifle. The second time I fired, the bear was not twenty feet from me, but fortunately this time the bullet reached its mark, and with a groan the brute rolled over.

I was just going over to the body, when I heard a shout from "Davey", who had scrambled up after he had heard the two shots fired, warning me not to go near the bear for a few

minutes. In his hand he carried a huge bore German automatic pistol, which he must have been carrying in his pack. However, we did not need its services, as my second shot had penetrated the animal's brain.

That night when we camped about another mile up the Squamish, the conversation did not turn to hunting big game. But just before I went to sleep I made some remark about the smell of skunk-cabbage. I will not try to put down on paper what our friend "Davey" said.

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## HUNTING RINGTAIL IN OLD ONTARIO

W. A. McCLURE, M. B.

**F**OR the last three or four years I have been a regular and interested reader of the columns of ROD AND GUN. I am particularly interested in fox and 'coon hunting and for some time past have thought that I would like to give to this magazine's readers some experiences I have had in pursuit of Reynard and Ringtail. In the following brief article I will endeavor to relate a 'coon hunt which I had last fall.

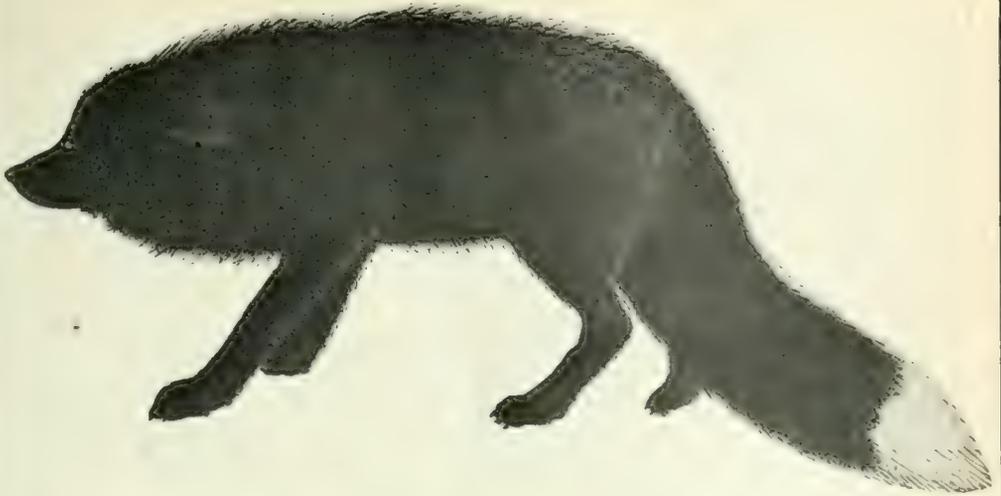
There is nothing more enjoyable surely than to leave behind the noise and bustle of a large city and hie oneself away to the quiet woods in search of game, there to watch the interesting manoeuvres of one's dog, to listen to the thrilling music as his voice is raised when he makes his first strike. The love of hunting however is inborn. I have no patience with the so-called sport who becomes sleepy about midnight and talks of rounding for home. Many happy hours of the day and night have I spent without a gun, simply prowling around and listening to the dogs.

It was on the night of October 15th, 1913, that I went to my brother's home in the country, where he is engaged in work on a large farm. It is here that my dogs are kept. Until last winter I had two good dogs. One died then however of old age. Keeping the dogs in the city is a bother. There is no chance for a hunt and they do not enjoy being tied up and seem often quite unhappy after having been used to the freedom of farm life. On this particular occasion the night was beautiful in the extreme. The moon was shining and it was still but not too cold. This sort of night does not always prove to be the best for hunting however. On the contrary a dark, cloudy, or misty night with even a slight drizzle of rain, is the ideal night for hunting 'coon, in my opinion, as they seem to prowl about more on such nights.

About 10 o'clock I left the house on my wheel, taking with me my gun and my dog. The latter is an experienced hound, especially on fox. He has of late developed into a good 'coon dog, seldom bothering with a rabbit; and seems to know what you are after when you strike out at night. Where many dogs would scorn a corn-patch, that is where he digs right

in and works it thoroughly. You can hear his tail rasping the standing corn one hundred yards away, as he gets sniff of a scent. The quieter a 'coon dog is on an old track, the better. This is where a collie, spaniel or other species has an advantage. Most hounds, with their loud voices, begin to tongue immediately they strike scent. I might say that my own dog in this regard is inclined to be quiet and gives little tongue even on a hot chase—but then quite enough. Some go yapping about all the time. My dog is very sure too and when you hear him it usually means business.

Wheeling down the country road and across a side road, about two miles in all, I came to a row of hardwoods where I have always been successful in getting runs and oftentimes a 'coon or two. After placing the wheel in the bush and taking the gun I started out. The dog ranged away and I went south in the direction of a large elm tree near the outskirts of this woods where they have been reared almost every season. Before I got up to the elm the dog struck a trail near this tree and with a sharp run left the woods and was off across a field. He tongued very sharp and I knew the scent was very fresh. In a moment or so I heard him barking "treed." I went over and found him at the foot of a fairly tall oak, the leaves of which were frozen but mostly all still hanging to the tree. I examined the tree thoroughly but could not see any signs of the game. By lighting a few matches I caught the gleam of a couple of pairs of eyes, lying close near the top. By taking a chance shot near the spot I brought down Mr. 'Coon. The next one took three shots before I landed him. The dog met each one in the air and soon finished any life that was left. I was careful to use fairly fine shot so that I would not injure the hides too much. Had I had some one with me I would have climbed the tree and had any killing that had to be done, done on the ground, but when you are alone you have to make the best of it. After a careful scrutiny of the tree I discovered another pair of eyes looking at me from the opposite side of the tree. With a single shot this chap was dispatched. Still another was found right on the topmost branch, and a couple of well-



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placed shots brought him down. This made four 'coons in the one tree, not too bad for one night and that after being out only forty minutes. I might perhaps here make a little digression to tell a secret in regard to using matches or other lights to discover the whereabouts of 'coons in a tree. Strike a match and hold it between the two hands over your head as you glance into the tree. You can catch the gleam of the eyes just as the match flares up. Even with a lantern you have to hold it over the head to see them; and in the hands of another person you will not be able to see the 'coon. I remember having to hold the lantern over my brother's head while he did execution with a gun and vice versa. You will have to handle the match or light yourself before locating the 'coon's eyes. This is a very useful thing to know.

To return to my story. The dog took a track, then at least one hour old, from the foot of the tree I had got the 'coons out of and ran it steadily and quite fast across four or five fields; then changed his course and went down a lane towards a farm house. I heard him barking "treed" up a large elm about two hundred yards from the farm-house. I had just discovered Mr. 'Coon and fired one shot when the farmer came out with his dog. As I

knew he would shoot my dog I made a hasty retreat. This man was of a very contemptible disposition and had no use for either hounds or hunters. I was telling an old 'coon hunter about this last run and he advanced the theory that this was one of the old 'coons, or perhaps both, that upon hearing the dog's voice, had put the young ones in safety and then hiked with the idea of taking the dog on their trail and thus saving the young ones. There might have been something in this theory as the four I got were all young 'coons.

A few nights after the hunt recorded my brother and I going over the same ground got one 'coon and three skunks on the same night. Last year we got a 'coon and the year before four 'coons. It was reported in a sporting journal that the 'coons had left the hardwoods and higher grounds and were to be found only near large rivers and streams. This was due to the scarcity of water this summer and fall, some rivers and creeks being dry for the first time in many years. Whether this is true or not, I got the four the first time and later on I may tell you of some fox hunts I have had.

I trust this recital has not proved wearisome but that it may add a little to the interest of the issue in which it appears.

## ROCKY MOUNTAIN FELINES

MAX McD.

The lion has long been called the "King of Beasts," but that appellation applies to the lion of other countries than ours. Our lion known as the mountain lion, puma, panther, or cougar, has no particular kingly qualities save a sort of aloofness of demeanor, a dignity of manner, and a self-contained poise. He is not of formidable appearance, but is the largest and most powerful of the cat family in America, and is capable, because of his size and great strength, of putting up a terrific fight. He was never known to have attacked anybody voluntarily, except when cornered or when suffering from hunger. Deer and all small game are his natural prey. Were he however, inclined to be disagreeable he would be an enemy not to be flouted or despised, for he is well supplied with weapons of defence or offence in the shape of great hook-like claws and dagger-like teeth.

The mountain lion will average ten feet from nose to tip of tail, will stand half as high as a man, and weighs some 400 pounds. His shoulders are huge and muscular. His raids on the stock of the rancher in the early days caused a price to be put upon his head, which has resulted in a considerable decimation. He is not easily destroyed, however, for his habits are mostly nocturnal. His home is for the most part in some more or less inacces-

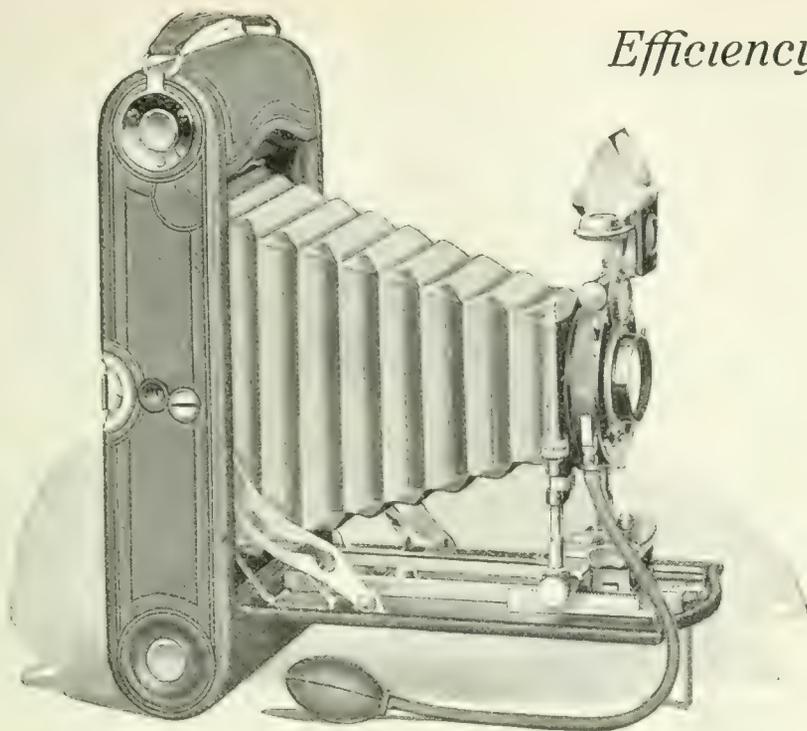
sible retreat among the rocks of the mountain side.

The mountain lion is a beautiful animal, with clean-cut curving lines, sinewy and graceful in his movements, mild and harmless in appearance. He has a friendly look, and you might like to make a friend of him but he will have none of such an intimacy.

The lynx has the lank form of all the cat family, but its thick soft fur makes it appear larger than it really is. Its feet are large and tufted, so that it can get about well in deep snow. Its coat is ashy grey, with a tuft of black hair on its ears and may be distinguished in this way from the wild cat. The lynx has an ugly look, and were he as large as the mountain lion, one would prefer not to meet him unarmed. The tufts on each side of his face, the general contour of his head, and his short stub of a tail, gives him a savage look. He will not attack a man unless at bay.

The wild cat is about as much smaller than the lynx as the lynx is smaller than the mountain lion. He is like the lynx in many way, but is of stockier build. The wild cat may be frequently seen in the day time, although he too is usually nocturnal in his habits. He seems less afraid of man than the other two felines, and you may often hear him growling in the brush near your camp in the wilds.

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# Notes On Foxes And Other Fur Bearers

A half-dozen silver foxes consigned to Messrs. Graham Bros., owners of a big fox farm in Lobo township, were found dead upon arrival at Komoka, Ont., Graham Bros. breed silver, black and red foxes, minks and other fur-bearing animals and hitherto have had excellent luck. In the present case they claim that the death of the animals was due to lack of care in transit. The foxes were shipped from Fort William by the Dominion Express Company. On reaching Komoka station they were found to have been smothered to death. Messrs. Graham Bros. valued the animals at over five hundred dollars each and entered a claim against the express company. The amount is said to be between three and four thousand dollars.

A new method in hunting foxes which may, or may not, be adopted universally, is told by Capt. John Burns, of the Temiskaming Navigation company on his return from the foot of the lake where he had put his boat, the Silverland, into winter quarters.

On the last trip down the lake, the captain was at the wheel cutting through the thin ice, when he spotted Mr. Fox on a floe of ice, between the boat and open water. The boat was rapidly cutting off all retreat and finally left the animal stranded on an island of ice. The boat was turned around and the ice breaking up deposited the fox into the lake where it was easily caught and killed. It was not of the fancy fur variety but an ordinary, every-day red fox, whose pelt was worth a few dollars. The method of capture, however, was unique.

Muskrat and beaver skins at \$50 apiece come high for even Adelard Lefrance, manager for Revillon Freres at Missanabie, but when the fine amounts to \$5,500, or in default twenty-seven years in jail, it is a serious matter.

This was the effect of a conviction registered against Mr. Lefrance by Superintendent Rogers, of the Provincial Police, and Magistrate J. E. Depew, of Missanabie, for the illicit possession of skins.

"Underground" traffic in skins has been going on more or less in the North Country for years. There has been trapping out of season and the large fur traders have benefited, while the country has lost through the depletion of the fur-bearing tribe.

For the last two years fins have been mounting higher, but the conviction of Mr. Lefrance, against whom there were 110 charges, will probably put a damper on the enterprise of the poachers. Fourteen days' grace were granted to Mr. Lefrance to finance his fine.

A valuable fox which escaped from the ranch of Mr. T. L. Borrowman of Wyoming, Ont. some months ago was accidentally shot by some boys who were quite unaware that they were making such a costly bag. The fox was a female and valued at \$5,000.

Fox farming in Alberta is fast passing the experimental state and bids fair to develop to large proportions, as well as to become a valuable asset in the already large fur business of the city of Edmonton. It is estimated that no less than one million (\$1,000,000) dollars worth of raw furs are sold in Edmonton alone each year.

Let it be noticed that fox pelts from the farms in the maritime provinces bring a much higher price than the pelts of the wild animals; that farming obviates the cruelty of trapping and saves the species from the menace of extinction, and that the provincial legislature passed, last session, a law which makes it a misdemeanor to hunt, trap, or possess a wild fox between April 1st and December 1st.

The care of foxes at a Lacombe, Alta. farm is a matter of particular interest, when one learns that Mr. Lundy, the Superintendent, has pitched his sleeping tent inside the high board enclosure and nearest the pen of the most valuable foxes. An electric light button is within reach of his hand at the head of his bed; and in case of any disturbance or trouble, a flood of light from numerous arc lamps is thrown over the entire enclosure, making it possible at an instant's notice to discover any marauder.

Henry Rosenbaum recently brought in \$14,000 worth of live foxes and pelts from Battle River district to Edmonton. The consignment included two live black foxes, and three live silver foxes and eleven silver fox skins. The pelts go to the St. Petersburg market but the live foxes have been purchased by a local ranch for breeding purposes.

In February last considerable excitement was caused among the inhabitants of the country between Morrisburg, Ont., and the village of Williamsburg, six miles away, because of a black fox having been seen on farm properties in that district.

John Gentile of Edmonton, according to a despatch from Edmonton, tried to chase what he thought was a dog out of his chicken coop in his back yard and when the animal resisted found that it was not a dog but a very fine specimen of female black fox. Forty minutes after the capture Mr. Gentile was offered \$6,000 for his prize.

"Fox breeding in Newfoundland offers one of the best inducements to investors to-day," says Mr. Barrett who is manager of the Western Star, the pioneer paper of the West Coast of Newfoundland and published at Curling, Bay of Islands, the heart of the herring, salmon, hunting and fox breeding country. Mr. Barrett in company with his brother, had quite an experience on the Exploits River on the east coast of Newfoundland last April while returning from a trip to Twillingate. They were out all night in the bush at Exploits, having missed the trail leading to the pilot station,

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where they had made a dash to connect with one of the A. N. D. steamers going to Botwood. The next morning they reached the shore, where a whale had been cast up by the sea, and they secured trophies therefrom. The following day they experienced the time of their lives. In a forty mile trip up the Exploits river in a very tiny rowboat they got caught in the grip of the ice which was being swept down the river at a maddening speed and were carried miles out of their course,

during which time they had all they could do to keep the frail craft from being crushed to matchwood or swept under the ice-floes. But it was only after a continuous battle for four hours they succeeded at last in reaching land and barely escaped being swept out to sea.

"Newfoundland," continued Mr. Barrett, "is the home of the famous black fox and possesses all the natural requirements for its propagation"

## OUR LETTER BOX

### Bull Moose and Their Horns

Editor, Rod and Gun:—

**I**N your magazine of November appeared an article by Hamilton Fisher, propounding the idea that bull moose do not shed their horns, that they protect the calves by enticing the wolves away from them and that wolves do not travel in packs in the winter. Mr. Fisher describes himself as a Yukoner and states that for about two years he lived about 450 miles northeast of Dawson at the headwaters of the Stewart River "where the high snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains are intersected by the Arctic Circle and where the sun disappears altogether below the horizon for at least three months during the winter."

Such statements do not indicate a close observance of the animals referred to and are so inaccurate as to warrant some correction. The description of the writer's abode would alone cause Yukoners to doubt his veracity. The most northerly point on the Stewart River, or any of its tributaries, is at least 150 miles south of the Arctic Circle and at no time of the year does the sun disappear for the whole 24 hours at that latitude. 450 miles northeast of Dawson would be East of the Mackenzie River and into the Arctic watershed.

Adult bull moose shed their horns in December, the yearlings not until early in February. The new horns begin to show in March. In appearance the new horn is a round smooth velvety growth. By June they have reached about one foot in length, with only one prong. By September 1st the horns have hardened perfectly and the velvet has all rubbed off.

The bull moose does not protect the young but on the contrary treats it viciously and is fought off by the cow. The bull having no horns, or very tender horns, while the calf is young, the cow easily beats him off.

The bulls do not remain with the cows or calves at any time except during the mating season in September and October. In the

summer the cows and calves go to the valleys and the bulls to the mountains above timber. One reason the bulls remain above timber is doubtless for the purpose of protecting their tender horns from contact with the trees and heavier brush.

Immediately after the mating season small bands of cows and small bands of bulls may be found but they shortly separate and remain apart all winter and summer, the calves remaining with the cows until she calves again, when the cow drives the yearlings away.

Moose in Yukon Territory do not yard. The snow does not get deep enough nor become crusted, which conditions cause the moose to yard for self protection.

The statement by your contributor, that the bull moose lure the wolves to the mountains and keep them there throughout the summer while the cows and calves frequent the valleys, is ridiculous on the face of it. The wolves of his acquaintance must have been awfully stupid specimens or else not particularly fond of veal.

Wolves travel and hunt in packs in winter and destroy many moose. They do not travel in packs in summer. They mate in the spring and remain in pairs throughout the summer, congregating in packs during the winter.

These are easy facts of verification and can be corroborated by many hunters in all parts of this Territory.

Yours truly,  
George Black,

Dawson, Y. T.

### "Nothing Curious in the Statement."

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I notice in your February number that Mr. A. D. Daly of Digby, N. S. finds it a "strain on his credulity" to accept my statement that I had "smacked a bull moose with a paddle" while he was occupied in feeding with head submerged in a lake. I suppose Mr. Daly means that it is impossible to approach near enough to a bull to do this.



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 Montreal.



Moose in Algonquin Park

Of course I could go to the trouble of getting affidavits from the various fellows who have been with me during the last few summers, showing that we had not only done this once, but on several occasions—if it were worth it.

But I prefer to leave it to the experience of others, whom I do not know, to show that there is nothing at all curious in my statement.

It never occurred to me when I incidentally mentioned this that it would provoke even passing attention—for there are hundreds of people who go into that northern country and have exactly similar experiences.

Ask the 150 members of the American Keewadin Camp on Lake Temagami. Their varied "moose episodes" include the riding of one in Florence Lake, and the capture of another on their tennis court in the midst of some forty tents. Their canoe parties go everywhere—even to the "Bay" and they see and do everything.

Ask the fifty members of Cochrane's Camp (Canadian) on the same lake.

Ask the rangers who live up there for five months. Finally ask Harry Woods—H. B. Factor at Bear Island if there is anything unusual in a camper approaching a bull moose from the rear while the latter is feeding in a lake—and touching the animal before he is seen.

These little episodes are so common to those who really live in the woods that it seems curious that anyone should doubt them. Why not simply go there in June and see for yourself?

Before a week was passed you would cease to consider that you were doing anything so very wonderful after all.

I enclose a photo of a young hornless bull—taken in June—and at a distance of ten feet (as close as my camera will take). He has just been disturbed with the paddle and is consequently in a desperate hurry to get away.

There is a quotation—"Those that go down to the sea in ships—see the wonders of the deep".

Conversely—those that *do not go, do not see the wonders*, and are inclined to *disbelieve the statements of those that do*.

C. H. Hooper.

P. S. The cow in the other photo stood calmly for twenty-five minutes from the time we first saw her—a mile to leeward of us. We drifted straight down the wind across the lake

in plain view giving her every opportunity of getting our wind.

There were two of them—also a red deer fifty yards to the left. This latter of course winded us a very long way off and decamped in the usual manner—flag up. One of the cows showed uneasiness but the other stood her ground and let us drift down, in full view, talking aloud to each other (two of us). I took the photo at twenty yards—fearing to wait longer. I needn't have hurried for she only moved when we had halved that distance. But there is nothing extraordinary in this.

H.

### The Americans' Relation to Canadian Bred Ducks.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

The writer has been a commercial traveller for some fifteen years, having travelled through the State of Maine for nearly five of those years. For this reason I wish to be fair in what I shall say, to the Americans as well as to the Canadians. I have been a game warden for the love of protection of game and this has made me observant of game conditions.

In my opinion the number of market hunters in this province (New Brunswick) is not to be compared with those in the Southern states. Neither have we in Canada as lax enforcement of the game laws. I believe there are 100 ducks killed in the United States for every duck killed in Canada. We are only a large breeding ground and from it we have only a very short flight till the Boundary line is reached. Then follows a long flight along rivers and lakes that stay open very much longer than ours, and the further south the ducks go the more restricted is their ground, which makes them bunch more and seem more plentiful. The fact that many places in even this restricted area have lost their ducks is making the American people sit up and take notice. They and the 44-10 rifle largely brought about the extermination of the buffalo.

Now that the depletion of the geese and ducks seems imminent as a result of their own excessive shooting they seek joint protection with the Canadian Government. They should first prove their sincerity by passing restrictive laws of their own such as will stop the market hunting and cut the number of birds per gun per day from 25 down to five and seeing to it that the law is observed.



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They should also, in the opinion of the writer, prohibit the pump and automatic gun. When this has been done Canada may then be asked to put on what restrictions are considered necessary. Canadians, it seems to me, can better afford to lose this game than put undue restrictions on themselves, for their share of the hatched birds at present is very small.

Snipe, plover and woodcock leave here very early and do not bunch nearly as much as they do in Maine or down the shore. The snipe or peep season opened in Maine, when I left it two years ago, on August 1st; and I have met Southern hunters in Jonesport, who followed the birds as they went south. Our season, on the other hand, does not open until September, 1st. Just below Dorchester, N. B. you can see through August and early in September thousands of peep on the shores. How many must there be on the Maine coast when these peep join with the others there?

In D. J. and E. M. Sawyers' at Jonesport, Me., they have maps showing the supposed flight of ducks, etc. from Iceland to Sable Island, then to the Islands around Jonesport. While travelling in Maine I met a traveller who told me that while on a trip South he had killed 125 ducks in one day; he hired four colored men, making an average of twenty-five birds each. Twenty-five birds for five men would have been big here.

With very little restriction on time, guns, or methods and the smaller quantity of birds our neighbors to the South, have become alarmed, but if they will take care of the game while it is on their side of the line they can always be assured of a fair supply from the different provinces.

Yours truly,  
W. T. Chapman.

Salisbury, N. B.

#### Defends the Pump Gun.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

I have watched for some time the reports of game protection, or the lack of it, in Canada and have come to the conclusion that we are in need of better laws in some parts of the country or our game will soon go the way of the buffalo, wild pigeon and other species now extinct. This generation owes something to the generation that is to follow.

In your February issue and other back numbers I notice your various contributors mention specially the abolition of the pump gun. There seems to be a prevailing idea that the repeating shot-gun is in the same class with the galling gun, Maxim gun, swivel gun, etc., and in the hands of a hunter is a long horned demon of destruction to all game in its locality; and now they are going to enact a law to prohibit its use. Do they stop to consider what it will mean to their brother sportsmen when we know that over 50% of the users of shot-guns on this continent are using repeating shot-guns?

To illustrate. Suppose that ten men are starting out on a hunting trip. Seven of the ten are using repeating guns (and this is a condition that is very often found). The latest copy of the game law comes to hand and the repeating gun is abolished. Now! Those seven men have either got to buy a new

gun and adjust themselves to a new condition, or quit the game, all on account of their double barrelled friends.

How about the fellow who shoots a repeating gun at the traps? It is only necessary to go to one of the tournaments and watch the firing line to ascertain that the repeating gun is in the majority.

A great many of these guns are only the Standard grade, not the higher grades, and are doing the same work that the high priced double guns are doing, which shows that they are reliable guns in all ways—and they are low in price. Perhaps a great many of these trap shooters and other shooters cannot afford the price necessary to buy a reliable double gun, and if the repeater is abolished they have got to buy a double barrelled gun and keep two guns on hand in order to enjoy a day's shooting at game.

I have used a double barrelled gun hunting with men who were using repeaters and they could not bring in any more game than I did. I have also used a repeater hunting with men who were using double barrelled guns and I cannot see where the repeating gun has got it on the double barrelled one in the number of birds killed.

As regards the popularity of the repeating gun, it certainly must be the most popular shot gun in use when over 50% of all shot guns in use are repeaters.

To hear some men making a fuss about the pump gun one would imagine they wanted us to go back to the days of the muzzle loader, or perhaps they will be kind enough to allow us to use the smooth bore 22 cal. with shot cartridges.

Respectfully yours,  
L. H. Nichols.

Sioux Lookout.

#### Canadian National Field Trial Club Organized.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

Kindly publish the following in your next issue.

At a largely attended meeting of sportsmen from all sections of the county held on Tuesday February 17th at the Herendeen Hotel, Windsor, Ont., a new organization, the Canadian National Field Trial Club was formed and the following officers elected:

Pres., Thos. Gilbert, Walkerville; Vice-President, J. H. Bishop, Jr., Wyandotte; Hon. Pres., Mr. Louis Hilsendegan, Detroit, Mich.; Sec'y, Treas., W. P. Smith, Sandwich.

A letter was read from Mr. Edward R. Kerr of Walkerville, President of the North Essex Branch of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association, and this was followed by addresses by Mr. Johnston of Detroit; Dr. Bromley of Detroit; Mr. Calix LeBeauf of Sandwich; Mr. McHale, Detroit; Mr. Bishop, Wyandotte; Mr. Gilbert, Walkerville; Mr. Seyburn, Mr. Hilsendagen and others, all of whom promised to devote their earnest efforts towards making the newly formed organization just what its name signifies.

The addresses referred to the lack of protection for quail in Essex county, to the fact that there was one game warden only whose time was amply taken up in looking after the

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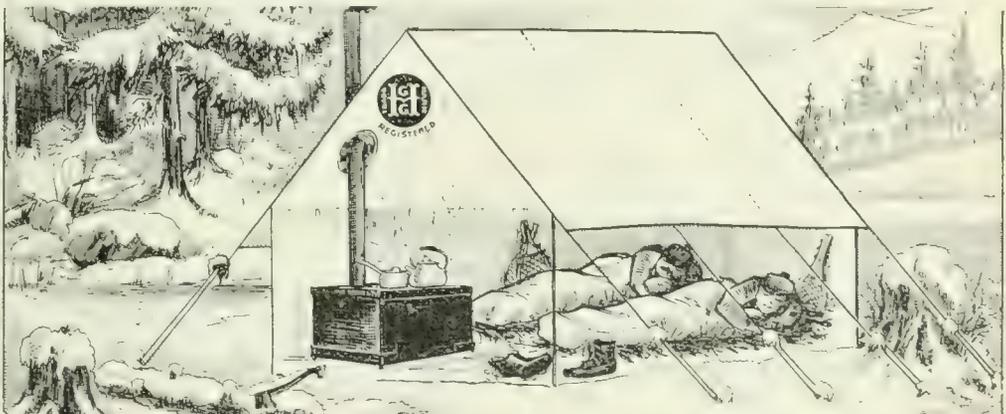
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interests of the duck and fish. A close season was suggested by some, while others asked why the law prohibiting shooting for eleven months in the year as it now stands, was not enforced. Some of the speakers contended that the laws were good but that the fault lay in the apparent lack of power to enforce them. The hard work of the game protectionists in the matter of planting game, contracting for preserves, building shelters, feed troughs, setting hawk and crow traps, etc., was dwelt upon. It was pointed out that the co-operation of the farmers was being sought in the matter of having them assist in the breeding and protection of birds. Although there had been a Field Club in the county for some twenty-five years it was forced to disband on account of the increasing scarcity of birds to work the dogs on. The Field Trails usually last two days and mean considerable trouble and expense. During that time those interested do not fire a cartridge that contains shot, the object being only to allow the canine lovers the opportunity of educating their dogs that they may be able to compete with those of other counties.

The chairman of the meeting, Mr. W. P. Smith asked for the co-operation of the Ontario F. & G. P. A. in the club's endeavor to bring about more adequate protection for quail. The club also bespeaks the co-operation of all dog and bird lovers afield in the work which it proposes to accomplish.

Thanking you in advance for publicity given this account.

Yours truly,  
W. P. Smith.

Walkerville, Ont.

#### What About Breeding Bob White?

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

In the February issue of *ROD AND GUN*, I notice the appeal, clipped from the *Chatham Planet*, to save Bob White, or the quail. I am pleased to see that there are still a few of the family left in Southern Ontario. It is now all of ten years since I saw the last of Bob White in this section of the country. Would it not be possible to breed the quail on a restricted area or in captivity and use the surplus birds to stock or re-stock the area of country on which he has become almost extinct? I believe it would be possible in five or eight years at the outside to so establish Bob White in almost any suitable section, with a close season during these years, and each alternate year for a further period of not more than ten years, as would enable him to hold his own for the subsequent forty years. It would be necessary of course to have a limit placed on the bag that any sportsman might take, together with a limited season, certainly not extending to November 15th so far as this locality is concerned.

I am heartily in favor of all the suggestions put forward by Mr. Edward Kerr of the North Essex branch of the O. F. & G. P. A. in February *ROD AND GUN*, with the possible exception of clauses 9 and 14, because the only game left in this section outside of a few cotton tail rabbits are the black squirrels and they are anything but plentiful, although more so than before the present season of two weeks, November 15th to December 1st,

came into force. The present season seems to be increasing the supply. As regards clause 9 I should want to know how license money would be expended to help game preservation.

Yours truly,  
Melville Mitchell.

Centralia, Ont.

#### Grizzly Bears' Skulls Wanted.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

Half a century ago a considerable number of wholly distinct species of Grizzly Bears inhabited the western part of North America. They ranged from the eastern edge of the Great Plains in Manitoba and the Dakotas westerly to the Pacific Coast in British Columbia and California, and from the shores of the Arctic Ocean south into Mexico. The species inhabiting Alaska and the western provinces of Canada, though reduced in numbers, may still be counted among the living, but those of the western United States are with few exceptions extinct; and what is still worse, in most cases only a few skulls remain to afford future students a fragmentary and imperfect picture of the great carnivores which not long ago were dominant figures in our wild life.

For twenty-three years I have been engaged in a study of the Bears, and have been favored with specimens (mainly skulls) from nearly all the museums and private collections of the United States and Canada. Still, owing to wide gaps in this material, many questions have arisen which cannot be answered. Not only is it impossible to map the ranges of the different species with anything like precision, but in some cases, owing to the absence of skulls of adult males, the characters which serve to distinguish one species from another can be only in part determined.

Therefore, in the hope of obtaining more light on some of these questions before going to press, I wish to make a final appeal to all who have skulls of Grizzlies in their possession. I am anxious to see as many skulls as possible of both sexes from all parts of the western United States, British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, Yukon Territory, and Alaska and would like to purchase or borrow all that I have not already seen.

C. Hart Merriam,  
Smithsonian Institution.

Washington, D. C.

#### Game Laws in Ontario.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

Just a few words from one of your American subscribers on Ontario Game Laws. I read Canuck's views in the January issue and think he has the law doped out about O. K. Just consider for a few minutes the position of the non-resident who pays fifty dollars for his license and travels from six to eight hundred miles at a cost of from two to three hundred dollars to take one shot at a buck. Isn't he crazy to do it? I have done it myself but never again. I hunted in Ontario every year from 1903 to 1909. When I first went to Ontario the license was \$25 for two deer. Later it was \$50 for two deer. Then it was \$60 for one deer even though that one was no bigger than a jack rabbit. Every year from 1903 to 1909 our club of from 8 to 10 paid license for moose,



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caribou and duck, of which we never got any, deer being the only thing we killed. In 1910 we went to Quebec and besides a moose I got two deer on a \$25 license. In 1911 we went to Quebec with some good results. In 1912 we went to Ontario and tried for moose but all we got was one deer each. In 1913 four of our party went to New Brunswick where the license is \$50 also but we got good hunting securing one moose and two deer each. The beauty of this last trip was that we had our game hauled with a team from where it was killed and did not have to break our backs portaging the game out.

We always still hunt. No dogs for us. Those fellows that hunt with dogs kill everything that comes along and mostly in the water. I do not think that a deer that is run by dogs until it is all heated up is good meat as in my business—that of a butcher—I would not think of killing a bullock that was over-heated. His meat would be black as your hat.

I approve of Canuck's platform. If you want to hunt deer take out a deer license and similarly if you want to hunt moose. I hope Ontario will make it a little easier for the non-resident. When I spend my hard-earned cash I like to get some sport in return.

Yours truly,

A Non-Resident.

Pennsylvania.

#### Bull Moose and Their Horns.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Although only a new subscriber I am an old reader of your magazine and have been much interested in your LETTER BOX which has been running each month for some time past.

Having followed moose for twenty-five years I was interested in Mr. Hamilton Fisher's Moose Horns contribution. While reading it, I mentally recalled incidents of my own experience. Stockport Lewis, at present manager of one section of the S. H. White Lumber

Co's lands, and myself were at one time, some fifteen to twenty-five years ago, called poachers. Afterwards for two years we were game wardens on the Canaan River section in New Brunswick.

Before becoming wardens we killed nearly all our moose in February, March and the early part of April when the crust on the snow was strong, using dogs. At first we thought New Brunswick moose had no horns but that Nova Scotia Moose had. Later on we found they were largely killed before Christmas, and when we started killing in September and October we found that the horns of New Brunswick moose were as large if not larger, than the horns of Nova Scotia moose. Moose calling has only become general in New Brunswick during the last fifteen years.

On March 2nd and 3rd, 1896 we shot two bull moose. The small moose had three pointed horns like a light deer. When he fell the under horn dropped off and when I touched the other with the toe of my snow-shoe it dropped off as short as a carrot at the head.

The large bull was the largest moose I have ever seen killed. It had lost its horns.

While wardens we picked a horn out of the snow in February which might have been in the snow two or three weeks.

The lightness of the small horns accounted for their not falling off earlier.

Re wolves. We do not have any but I would like to know why such keen scented animals as wolves will follow the bulls to the hills when the cows and calves are so much easier to get.

Also notice how frightened Mr. Fisher was when the wolves visited the cabin notwithstanding that in order to enter they would have had to do so by an eighteen inch window. I think that Indian who killed the nine wolves with a knife would have enjoyed being inside and would soon have blocked the window with dead wolves with his knife only, to say nothing of a rifle or hunting axe.

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I enclose you a photo of one of the pairs of black beauties in the Salisbury Black Fox Co., which I helped promote and of which I have charge.

Still hunting the last of November and December is real hunting.

Yours truly,  
W. T. Chapman.

Salisbury, N. B.

### The Mysterious Moose.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

Moose differ, and the beast is a mysterious animal anyhow. There is much that we do not yet understand about him. Mr. A. D. Daly can not quite swallow the story that a man has approached a moose feeding with its head submerged and whacked it on the back with a paddle, but, while this may not often occur, I believe that it is very plausible. I know of many canoeists approaching so near to moose feeding on bottom stuff that this feat does not seem impossible. Mr. Daly is Nova-Scotian, and forgets that, while in Nova Scotia moose feed much less in water than in N. B., and in fact are seldom seen in the water, it is not uncommon in New Brunswick to see from one to ten moose feeding at one time along the shores of a lake. I have even heard of fourteen being seen at once, cows and bulls together, but mostly cows and calves. In N. B. moose are often called from canoes or from the banks of lakes, a custom seldom indulged in with us in N. B. It is this fact that makes N. B. moose-hunting easier than that in N. S. I would rather hunt in N. S. on that account because one must have greater skill to get one's moose. They are apt to be smaller in N. S., or rather they do not grow on an average such big heads, but N. S. is a place for a sportsman to hunt. I should send a tenderfoot to N. B., especially if he had money. In N. S. you go with a smaller outfit, and fewer guides, and you are pretty sure to be alone in your territory. In N. B. the same head-guide will be apt to entertain two or three different parties, claiming to have territory big enough to do that.

To return to feeding moose: of course to say that a moose dives to the bottom in water over his head, or that he stays under water "for several minutes" is arrant nonsense, nothing less. He can however keep his head submerged for a surprisingly long time.

I cannot agree with H. M. B.'s belief in the possibility of seeing a bull moose with mature antlers in spring. I doubt if anyone has ever seen or ever will see a bull moose with mature antlers at that time of the year unless it be an extraordinarily freak case, from which no conclusion could be drawn. I have one hundred dollars in good cash for anybody who will "show me" the contrary.

Annapolis Royal, N. S. Edward Breck.

P. S. I wonder whether any of your readers know where young duck-hawks (peregrine falcons) or goshawks can be got this spring.

### A Ten Day Hunt of the Muskoka Spikehorn Club.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:*—

Our party consisting of Mr. A. H. Gidley of Toronto, J. A. Bonney, Midland, Engineer

Cowdry, Midland, C. Bonney, Toronto with a couple of duck hunters and Mr. Fitzpatrick, a merchant of Midland and A. Tean, who left us at Quarry Island, left Midland on November 2nd last in a forty foot launch with a cabin which was provided with comfortable bunks for sleeping purposes. We were bound on a deer hunting expedition and as the wind was blowing a hard south-west gale, we decided it was best to stop in at Coganashene Lake until Tuesday the 4th. Through the efforts of Captain Gidley our boat's navigator, and our good engineer L. Cowdry, we managed to get to Split Rock where we were compelled to stay in shelter for a couple of days. While there we bagged a few ducks and partridge and shot a few divers at long range.

On Thursday there was a little lull in the wind and we again started out for Twelve Mile Bay where we were forced to tie up at Indian Harbor on account of heavy seas. Here, also, we enjoyed a good day's sport, bagged a few partridge and gave our dogs some needed exercise.

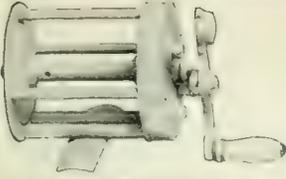
The following day we made another attempt to reach our destination. Getting around Moose Point we reached Twelve Mile Bay about 4 o'clock. We tied up in Gidjagie Harbor and the next morning, which was Saturday, put out our dogs and gave them another run, having pretty good luck as we secured some fine cotton tails and partridge and enjoyed a meal of excellent salmon trout. The next day the 9th of November, we went down the lake about forty miles in the face of the worst storm in history on the Great Lakes. Reaching Portage Harbor on McCrae Lake at 4.30 after a rough voyage and a hard north east wind with about five inches of snow, we tied up our boat and accumulated a good pile of dry wood. In the morning we started out and portaged our canoes into McRae Lake and went over to our camping ground. In about an hour C. Bonney saw a fine buck about 400 yards to his left and took a couple of shots at him but without any success. In the meantime J. A. Bonney and A. H. Gidley had a little skirmish with a cotton-tail and the former got a fine specimen of a buck at nice range which weighed when dressed 175 pounds. L. Cowdry bagged a few more partridge and cotton-tails.

After a hard pull we succeeded in getting our buck to camp which we reached at 3.30. We had a good supper that night of partridge and rabbit and after the meal we lighted our pipes and enjoyed a few stories of the hunt and after a few hands at pedro turned in for the night.

The following morning we were up at day-break and off in the canoes to the same stamping grounds. All hands had good luck. C. Bonney got a couple of fine shots at a good range and brought down a fine buck which when dressed weighed 190 pounds and had a spread of eight prongs. After a hard pull we managed to get the buck to the camp. In the afternoon we took the long trail to Cranberry Lake and did not get back to camp till nearly dark.

On Wednesday we had another run with our dogs and went to Pleasure Island on McRae Lake for partridge and rabbits where

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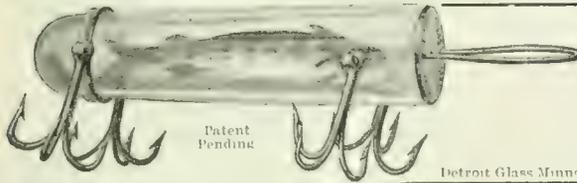
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we added a few to our count. We broke camp in the afternoon and arrived in town again, finding everything all O. K. and hoping to return the following season to the tall timbers.

C. B.

Toronto

### A True Tale of Timagami.

Editor ROD AND GUN:—

Mr. A. D. Daly seems to doubt the story of the smacking of a bull moose by Mr. G. H. Hooper.

Some two years ago I had as my guests in Timagami, Highlands of Ontario, Mr. Rudolph Kauffman, a famous fisherman, managing editor and part owner of the "Washington Star." Another guest was Dr. John E. Jones, then United States Counsel General at Winnipeg. I chased a bull moose, using another Indian for motive power, out into a lake, surrounded him, turned him round and drove him back across the lake. After much urging I got my Indian so near that I was able to toss my flies on the back of the bull. Just before reaching an island where the moose was making a landing I tickled his ears gently with a ten foot casting rod. He didn't like it, but he was tired and seeing the shore he beat it.

On the following afternoon, we were returning to camp. Passing through a narrow neck of water we entered a beautiful lake. I, with my Indian, was in front. The sun was setting and between the long shadows that lay across the bosom of the lake fell splashes of gold. Presently the Indian said "Yonder moose." Just across the lake on the farther shore a moose was doing a dip waltz as it seemed to me and with every movement of her body the sunset splashed gold along her dun flanks. It was a beautiful picture and if it could have been reproduced in colors would have been wonderful; "What's she doing?" I asked. "Gettin' supper" said the Indian. Then I realized that instead of waltzing she was gathering lily pads that lay on the lake "like lotus leaves that float."

"Maybe so she's got baby moose back in the bush." Taking my paddle I helped the Indian and the little canoe shot forward noiselessly over the smooth surface of the water. As often as the moose rubbered we stopped and let the canoe drift, sitting like statues. Always however, she rubbered landward, where she had left her baby, so that we were able to glide up within fifty yards of her before she noticed us. When she headed for the shore however, she seemed to have been feeding along a sand spit and fell almost immediately into deep water. Now, one Indian can easily overtake a moose—even two moose—so the other Indian and I had no trouble in overhauling this moose. She was so anxious to reach the shore that she refused to turn her head, until we literally shoved her seaward with our oars. Then she headed for an island. By this time Kauffman and Jones and their Indians overtook us and we conveyed the mother moose to the island. I was in front and having no moose-sense whatever, urged my Indian to pull alongside the chased moose. I spanked her, calling playfully to my guests that we would not be allowed to land her, as only real Indians are allowed to kill female

moose. Presently I lay alongside the moose, or rather the moose lay alongside my canoe. I petted and fondled her as a mother moose fondles her fawn. Out of innate hellishness and my ignorance I put my hand on the nose of the ma-moose and ducked her. Coming out of the water she found herself headed toward the other Indians and the other canoes. She shook her head, flapping her great wet ears about her neck; but seeing me she went about. She laid her long ears back as a mule does when about to tackle another animal in a barn lot, and came for me viciously. She struck me a little forward, her long neck diving across the canoe. Nothing was visible now but her neck and head. I learned later by talking to intelligent people—men with moose-sense—that she was feeling for the bottom of the lake and that if she could have reached bottom she would have driven her left front foot through the bottom of my boat and I would have probably not been able to tell you this simple true tale of Timagami.

As it was, failing to wreck me and being spent she left me, reached the shore and climbed labouriously into the tangled wild. I may add that by these heroics I gained the title of "Cymoose."

Cy. Warman.

## TRADE NOTES

The William English Canoe Co. of Peterborough, Ont., the well known Canadian firm who were pioneers in the manufacture of canoes and rowboats, have recently issued their fifty-third catalogue, which contains full descriptions, as well as illustrations and prices of all their regular models. This company also invites correspondence about anything special that may be required.

"The Latest Word in High Speed Design" is the title of an attractive little folder which has just been published by the Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co. The purpose of the folder is to introduce the new four-cylinder 3¼ inch x 5 inch "Buffalo" high speed engine and it explains in detail all of the points in this engine's design and construction and goes on to point out why in the opinion of the builders, this particular model is the latest word in high speed construction. The folder will be sent upon request.

The Standard Motor Construction Company of Jersey City, N. J. announce that they have placed on the market an oil engine which will burn kerosene perfectly, without odor, with the same flexibility and control as is had in the modern gasoline engine, and above all, with no increase in first cost for the engine. The advent of an oil engine at the same first cost as that of gasoline engines but burning kerosene at .06 cts or .07 cts. a gallon widens the scope of the marine engine in yacht work and in the working boat throughout the country.

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**WM. J. MACKENSEN**

Naturalist

Dept. K.

YARDLEY, PA.

# OUR MEDICINE BAG

It is a long time since most old time westerners ate their last piece of buffalo meat. But about 300 of the pioneers of the West who located in the prairie provinces previous to 1888 broke their long fast on February 12th, when they sat down to dinner given by the Old Timers' Association in Edmonton. The meat was a gift from Hon. Mr. Roche, Minister of the Interior and came from the preserve.

A Newfoundland paper comments on the fact that there is so much waste in the valuable by-products of fish saying that tens of thousands of dollars worth of cod tongues and sounds are annually consigned to the waters around the coasts of Newfoundland, owing to the fact that the fishermen fail to appreciate that those by-products can be made to materially increase their earning power. It is pointed out that there is a ready market in the United States, some of the American cities offering remunerative prices for by-products of cod such as fish tongues and sounds.

A deputation from South Essex saw the Minister of Marine and Fisheries on Feb. 12th, and asked that the close season for pickerel in the Great Lakes should be abolished. The United States has no close season and this, it is said, operates to the hurt of the Canadian fisherman working almost side by side with the American. The pound net fishermen they say are ready to supply the hatcheries with all the spawn required if the season is opened.

A despatch from Washington under date of Feb. 5th, says:

"Representative Flood, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign affairs, to-day introduced a bill to give effect to a treaty of April, 1908, between the United States and Great Britain concerning fisheries in waters contiguous to the United States and Canada, and to create an international fisheries division in the United States Fish Commission to carry out the conditions of the convention.

The measure would authorize the President to promulgate regulations to govern the seasons and methods of fishing in the Great Lakes, regulations to be effective after January 1, 1915. It would also direct the United States International Fisheries Commission to conduct an inquiry to determine what modifications are required in regulations on the United States side of the boundary line. The Commission would be directed to report at the next session of Congress.

Maximum penalties of \$500 fine or six months' imprisonment, or both, together, with forfeiture of fisheries equipment, would be provided for violations of the regulations.

George Miskelly of Smith's Falls, Ont., a C. P. R. conductor, while riding in his van,

spied a bear alongside the track. Stopping his train, he took the axe, the only weapon available, and soon despatched his bearship. The killing took place between Merrickville and Smith's Falls.

Crown Prince, Frederick William, it is said, is strongly desirous of visiting America. The Crown Prince is not particularly anxious to pay an official visit, but he wants more than anything else to do some big game hunting in the Canadian North-West and Alaska. The Crown Prince, as is shown in the book he has written on that subject, has hunted in India, and is going to the African colonies in June, but he would like very much to hunt in Alaska.

Recently the Crown Prince attended a lecture on hunting in Alaska by Herr Niedeck, one of Germany's most famous big game hunters. This made the Crown Prince more anxious than ever to go to America and the British North-West.

A ski party from Lemberg, near Vienna, Germany, was held up by wolves in the Carpathian mountains. Their route lay through a forest, and darkness overtook them before they reached their destination. The wolves followed them at a distance during the afternoon, and, emboldened by the darkness, endeavored to rush the last man in the party. The skiing party decided that it would not be safe to go any further, and halted beneath a high rock. Then they made a fence by sticking their skis into the snow. The party had revolvers and electric lamps, and were able to defend themselves against the attacks of the wolves, killing several of them. When daylight came the party escaped.

Three fortunate sportsmen Mr. O. Bechard, E. Dupius and G. H. Moreau, on Oct. 20th, 1913, bagged a white deer weighing 245 lbs, at Windsor Mills, P. Que.

The deer was almost white, with only a few spots on the back. The horns are perfectly symmetrical, the front hoofs pure white, while the hind ones are of a brownish tinge. It was said to be one of the most beautiful specimens seen for some time. As a souvenir of their hunt they have sent same to be mounted by the Montreal Taxidermist, the house of Learo, 181 Bleury St., Montreal, P. Y. We are informed by Mr. Learo, that the white deer will be used in his advertisement in one of the coming issues of this magazine.

The following item says an Edmonton correspondent reprinted under a heading "Forty years ago," and clipped from a recent issue of Kansas City Times gives good ammunition to those who say "our game is fast vanishing". It reads: "Prairie chickens have gone up to \$2 and quail to 75c a dozen, but you can get



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plenty of buffalo meat at 3 to 5 cents, antelope at 6c and 7c, and venison at 6c to 8c a pound. Wild ducks are \$1 to \$1.50 a dozen and wild geese at 50c to 60 c a dozen."

"Prices here of wild ducks" he goes on to say, "per pair during shooting season, range from \$1.00 to \$1.50. Even rabbits bring 20c to 25c each. Perhaps the fact that there are more customers now to buy game justifies the present prices but most of the shooters feel that there is another reason. There are less to sell."

Mr. Edward R. Kerr in a letter to the Windsor Record deprecates the opinion given by the editor of a Simcoe paper who expressed himself in favor of throwing open the wild game of the Province of Ontario, to the pot-hunter, in order to make cheap food for the people. Mr. Kerr, who is president of the North Essex Branch of the F. F. & G. P. A. says as follows:

"Of course no such result could follow, even temporarily. If the pot-hunter could slaughter all the deer in the province, venison would never be as cheap as beef. And after one year there would be no more venison. The same thing is true of all wild game. There is not enough of it for everybody, and there never will be, until we adopt the European system of artificially raising semi-domesticated game in preserves. And then it is no longer wild game, but a commercial product, like mutton or poultry. So long as there is not enough of the game for everybody, then if everybody is to have equal access to it that access must be hedged about with some condition which only a few can meet. There are only two conditions—very high price, or considerable personal effort. Which is more democratic, to open access to the game to everyone who will personally go and take it for himself, or to open it only to the man who can pay a price so high as to be prohibitive to most."

"The logic seems strangely topsy-turvy. The claim is that the way to render a commodity accessible to the poor man is to make it cost money, while the way to confine it to the rich is to leave it free to everybody for the taking. Money, so the argument goes, is the common possession of the poor, but personal effort is the monopoly of the rich. The argument is too ridiculous to be taken seriously."

"Our game system is of course still far from complete. We have learned much about protecting the game, but little about producing it. The latter problem is a slow one to solve. Meantime our first duty is to preserve the game, whether anybody gets any or not. Experience, however, has shown that there are more lazy men with money than there are diligent men with guns. If the wild game has to compete with commercialized pot-hunting, the game will succumb. There will be none left. The wild game, left to its own resources, can compete for a limited time or season with the individual hunter dependent on his own resources. For the preservation of the species of game birds and beasts no other method is now available."

"And besides, just for the benefit of our human species, is it not well to have some of

the good things of life which are not for sale for money and can be obtained only by personal effort? Is it not well to have some mountain beauties into which no man can passively be transported for the price of a railway or stage ticket, but into which any man may go freely, by the labor of his own legs? Is it not well to have some luxuries which no man is rich enough to buy, but any man may get by a little work? In fact, would not life be better and freer and more democratic if more of its good things were on this basis?

Pound-net fishermen of Lake Erie aired a grievance before Hon. J. O. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, when a deputation, headed by Mr. F. G. Macdiarmid, M. P. P., Mr. Phil. Bowyer, ex-M. P. P., and Mr. W. D. Bates, representing the pound-net fishermen, complained that the fishery resources of Lake Erie were being wantonly wasted by the gill-net fishermen.

Mr. Bates, who spoke as a practical fisherman, declared that the Government inspectors were lax and the system of inspection was faulty. Miles and miles of gill-nets were strung in the lake, rarely visited and often abandoned. The fish caught in these were simply drowned and great waste was caused.

The gill-net fishermen it was claimed are mostly in the employ of the fish trust, and are provided with steam tugs. "We know of one case," said Mr. Bates, "where forty miles of net with its dead fish was abandoned by one tug company. They throw away thousands of pounds of fish a day."

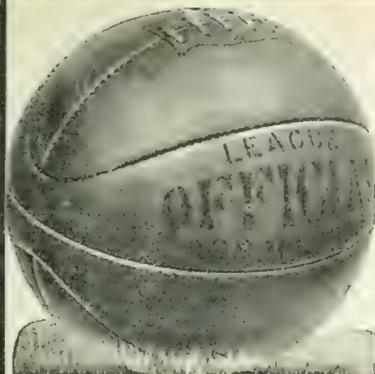
Mr. Bates criticized the Government's inspection system. The men were poorly paid, and did not make more than enough to recompense them for making out licenses and reports. They were of no use whatever to the industry, and the lack of proper enforcement of the law was driving the pound-net fishermen out of business.

Mr. Bates went on to point out that the fishermen would be willing to co-operate with a cold-storage system established by the Government. The season for many varieties of fish was short, although enough could be caught in a few weeks to supply the public institutions the year round, if a freezing plant was maintained.

"We do not like the impression that is being created that Canadian fishermen want to supply the American market first. We are anxious to supply the Canadian market if there was only a market or freezing plant which would take our whole catch."

The fishermen would be content to receive four cents a pound for their fish, but it did not seem fair that the fishermen should get only four cents and the retailer fifteen cents. "On the whole, I would say that the high prices of fish are due to the rascality of the middlemen," he declared. The Canadian fishermen would not object to the export trade being cut off so long as proper facilities were provided for storage.

Mr. Bates concluded by asking that no more gill-net licenses be issued, that a proper protection service be maintained and the inspection system be improved.



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*References*—Sportsmen and hunters everywhere in Canada, U.S.A., England and Germany.



*Deer Head mounted by Edwin Dixon*

**EDWIN DIXON, Canada's Leading Taxidermist, UNIONVILLE, ONT.**

Dr. Reaume made it clear that his sympathies were with the deputation. Care would be taken in the granting of gill-net licenses in the future. He would endeavor to convince his colleagues of the need of a large steam vessel to protect the fisheries on Lake Erie.

The Ottawa Field Naturalist Club proposes to establish a number of bird sanctuaries for the protection of birds. Nesting boxes will be provided, and the birds will be encouraged to make themselves at home by receiving a kindly welcome. The repayment will be ample. From an economic point of view the birds will repay by keeping in check the insect pests that are a constant menace to the shade trees. From the point of view of sentiment the reward is even more generous and ample.

The fisheries department has practically decided to locate a large and modern fish hatchery on Bois Blanc Island, in the Detroit River, opposite Amherstburg. This will take the place of the present small hatchery at Sandwich.

The land on which the Sandwich hatchery is located is not owned by the Government, but has been held under a lease which is now about to expire. As it is close to the site of the new steel plant at Ojibway, which will undoubtedly pollute the waters of the Detroit River to some extent, it was deemed best to locate the new hatchery at some other point. The smoke that would come from the steel plant was another objection to the present location.

Bois Blanc Island is owned by the Detroit Ferry Company, but the Government of Canada, of course, holds all the shore rights, and there was no difficulty in coming to an arrangement with the ferry company for the location of the hatchery on the island.

It is understood that the Government will take over several acres and the establishment will be the most modern in Canada. Another hatchery will be located at some point on Lake Erie, not yet settled. It is considered desirable to have hatcheries located close to the locality where the fry are to be deposited, as they do not stand the shaking well that is necessary when they are removed from place to place by train. It is remarked as likely that the Lake Erie hatchery will be at Port Stanley, Port Burwell or some point near by.

A copy of "Early Days in the Yukon," being the reminiscences of William Ogilvie who played an important part in the development of the Empire's farthest North, has recently come to hand. Mr. Ogilvie was practically the first Governor of the Yukon—his predecessor Major Walsh having held the position only a few months—and received his appointment in the summer of 1896 when all was chaos. His energies and abilities were devoted to the very great problems that were presented in the government of a vast wilderness that in the course of one year became a populous territory. The book contains much of the information that is embodied in the Klondike Official Guide which was published by Mr. Ogilvie in 1898, and is probably the

most authentic record extant of the discovery, mapping and settlement of this far northern part of Canada. While valuable as a history, the book makes entertaining reading, enlivened as it is by the recital of many a graphic incident and anecdote of frontier life. Even the characteristic modesty with which Mr. Ogilvie tells his story is not sufficient to conceal the fact that in devoting the best years of his life to the work of settlement and government of the Yukon he was playing a singularly important and useful part as empire builder. This book should make its appeal to both Canadians and Americans in view of the fact that the interests of Alaska and the Yukon are so closely related as to be almost inseparable.

Commenting on the resolution of the Commission of Conservation at Ottawa when the Commission decided to urge on the Provincial Governments to solicit the offices of the Federal Government in obtaining a treaty between Great Britain and the United States for the more effective protection of birds passing between Canada and the United States, the Montreal Telegraph expresses the hope that the Fish and Game Protection Association of Quebec, who have been active for the preservation not only of game but of song birds, will take the lead in giving effect within that Province to the spirit of the Commission's resolution. The United States Government has already taken action to do its share for bird protection and has invited Canada's help in the good work. It is to be hoped that the Canadian Provinces will respond as only by co-operation can the desired ends be effected.

The explosion of gunpowder is divided into three distinct stages, called the ignition, inflammation and combustion. The ignition is the setting on fire of the first grain, while the inflammation is the spreading of the flame over the surface of the powder from the point of ignition. Combustion is the burning up of each grain. The value of gunpowder is due to the fact that when subjected to sufficient heat it becomes a gas which expands with frightful rapidity. The so called explosion that takes place when a match is touched to gunpowder is merely a chemical change, during which there is a sudden evolution of gases from the original solid.

A fatal shooting accident occurred near Gilbert, east of Kenora, when Albert Halverson was shot in the knee by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a companion with whom he had been trapping for a few weeks. He was brought to Kenora, but died en route owing to loss of blood.

In his experiments to determine whether it is the color or the odor of flowers that attracts bees and other insects M. Plateau, the Belgian zoologist, bethought him of trying a mirror. He selected a flower of striking color and strong odor and placed it before an excellent glass in which the reflection was perfect. All the insects went straight to the real flower, and not a single one approached the reflection in the mirror.

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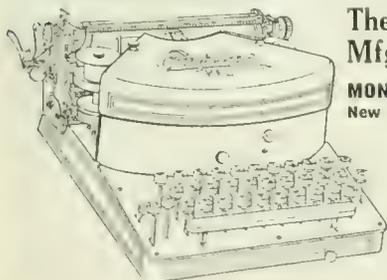
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Announcement is made at Edmonton, Alta., that the coming summer will see a missionary boat, costing \$5,000, in operation between Herschel Island and Coronation Gulf, 1,000 miles. The craft, forty-five feet in length, with a beam of eleven feet, is being built at Collingwood, Ont., as a sailing vessel, and is to be equipped with auxiliary motor, kerosene being used to develop the power. Rev. C. E. Whittaker, stationed at Herschel Island and Fort MacKenzie, will have charge of the boat.

The boat is for work among the Indians, Eskimos and Blonde Eskimos, included in the Anglican diocese of MacKenzie river, which covers an area of 500,000 square miles with a population of less than 6,000, including forty white persons, principally fur traders, mounted police and missionaries. Rev. James Richard Lucas, a native of Brighton, England, who has passed most of his life in the north country, is bishop of the diocese.

From Collingwood the vessel will be taken overland to Edmonton and transhipped thence to Athabasca, whence it will start on a journey of 2,000 miles to Herschel Island. On the Athabasca river the boat will shoot 90 miles of rapids. At Smith's Landing there is a portage of 16 miles, over which the boat will be skidded to Fort Smith, from which point it will journey the long reach to the mouth of the MacKenzie river.

"The Messenger" is the name decided upon for the boat, which will be christened by Bishop Lucas. The boat will have a beat almost as long as that covered by the Royal North West Mounted Police, from Fort Chipewyan to Fort MacKenzie on the Peel river—a distance of 1,400 miles.

Bishop Lucas regards the boat for the MacKenzie diocese as important as a church in a parish in Edmonton, and its advent will be hailed with delight and tribal ceremonials by the natives of the far north. The full program has not yet been decided upon, but it is known that the fur trappers and traders between Edmonton and the Arctic circle will join with others in making the occasion one that will be long remembered.

The boat will give the churchmen opportunities to make more frequent visits to their distant charges. The method of travel since the first voyageur entered the country to the present time, is by canoe in the summer and by dog teams in the winter. Thirty miles a day is good travelling, though Bishop Lucas has a record of doing 163 miles in three and a half days.

There is a strange, almost uncanny fascination about the white north. Men and women who have passed most of their lives in the silent places, are eager to return almost as soon as they reach the fringe of the city. Even the casual visitor to the country north of the 55th parallel of latitude longs to go back to the forests, mountains, valleys and rivers where nature's handiworks are yet unspoiled by the hand of commercialism.

The white residents of the far north are chiefly men and women of education and ideals and the trappers, principally Eskimos, have been under the influence of the church

missionaries for more than a half century. The north is no place for a renegade. The Royal North West Mounted Police maintain law and order and the chieftains and headmen of the tribes enforce the law to the letter as well as in the spirit.

Residents at Herschell Island, where a detachment of Royal North West Mounted Police is stationed, and other points in the MacKenzie river district, receive mail twice a year, once in the summer and once in the winter. Four employes of the Hudson's Bay Trading company recently took their way to the Mackenzie river and Herschell Island districts. They travelled with dog teams, each carrying 300 pounds of mail and supplies. The party left Edmonton on November 28 and was due at Fort McPherson on February 28.

The Commission of Conservation has issued a new report on the subject of the development, environment and culture of oysters, embodying the results of investigations carried on over a number of years by Dr. Joseph Stafford of McGill University. The work is divided into two parts, the first being of a technical character, dealing with the biological aspects of the oyster's development, and the second indicating some practical applications of this scientific knowledge.

From a popular standpoint the two most interesting features are the determination of the exact time for planting culch and the feasibility of rearing Atlantic oysters in the Pacific. Much trouble and expense would be saved to fishermen if they could know exactly the time when oyster larvae are ready to settle and begin their fixed existence. At this time great assistance can be rendered to the oyster by putting out clean shells, tiles, stones, etc., for the young oysters to settle down on. The time of doing this has hitherto been a matter of guesswork, but Dr. Stafford believes that he has discovered a method by which this period may be gauged exactly. The method consists in making daily catches of oyster larvae with a very fine net, when by microscopic examination the end of the larval stage may be determined.

With regard to the other point it may be said that hitherto it has been generally believed that Atlantic oysters will not breed in Pacific waters. Dr. Stafford is strongly of the opinion that this is not so, because he has discovered larvae of transplanted Prince Edward Island oysters in Vancouver Island waters. As the native British Columbian oyster is of much smaller size and inferior flavor to the Atlantic species, this is a discovery of much importance for the western Province. Another fortunate circumstance is that, owing to the Pacific oyster being hermaphrodite and the Atlantic bi-sexual, interbreeding between the two is impossible, and hence they may be kept on the same beds without the larger species being deteriorated by crossing with its less valuable congener.

The appearance of Dr. Stafford's report will be hailed with interest by all persons interested in the important work of developing Canada's salt water fisheries.



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# THE TRAP



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## TOURNAMENT DATES.

- April 10.—Third Annual Tournament, Ruthven Gun Club, Orville Fox, Sec'y, Ruthven, Ontario.
- May 7.—Riverside Gun Club Third Annual Tournament. John Fleming, Sec'y, Chatham, Ontario.
- May 24th.—Annual Tournament of the Thousand Islands Gun Club, Gananoque, Ont., C. A. Lewis Sec'y-Treas.
- June 17.—Second Annual Tournament of the Sea Cliffe Gun Club, Leamington, Ont., Dr. R. D. Sloane, Sec'y.
- June 17.—Tournament of Greater Edmonton Gun Club, J. F. Pollard, Sec'y., Edmonton, Alta.
- June 27, 28, 29, 30-July 1st.—Annual Tournament of the Canadian Indians, W. T. Ely, High Scribe, Imperial Bank Building, King and Sherbourne St., Toronto.
- July 1, 1914.—Annual Tournament of the Sandwich Pastime Gun Club, formerly Keystone Gun Club. (Silver Cup Championship of Essex Co.,) J. Pentland Secretary, Windsor, Ont.

### Riverside Gun Club.

The blustery weather on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14th, did not interfere with the attendance of gunners at the Riverside Gun Club for the regular weekly shoot, and although the scores were not as high as usual there was nevertheless keen competition in every one of the three events. After being tied in the Spoon Shoot with Mr. Clark, Mr. D. Brown won the shoot off with 20 out of a possible 25 birds, while the second spoon shoot of 25 birds was also captured by Mr. Brown. The above mentioned marksmen also tied in the 75 bird event for the Dominion Cartridge Company's Carvers, but in the shoot off Mr. Clark was the winner this time with 19 out of a possible 25. The scores were as follows:—

Spoon Shoot, 25 birds, handicap—D. Brown scr., 18; Clark 5, 18; Pyle 3, 16; Redman scr., 15; Lewis scr., 13; Murray scr., 13; Laing 5, 13; Dey scr., 13; Keough scr., 12; Irving 5, 12; Tie off—D. Brown scr., 20; Clark 5, 18.

Spoon Shoot, 25 birds, handicap—D. Brown scr., 20; Clark 5, 18; Redman scr., 18; Pyle 3, 17; G. Jones scr., 17; Tapley scr., 16; Taylor 5, 17; Eastlake scr., 15; Dey scr., 14; Lewis scr., 12; Irving 7, 13; Murray scr 11; Laing 6, 11.

Dom. Cartridge Co., Prize, 75 birds—Clark 15, 56; D. Brown scr., 56; Pyle 9, 52; Redman scr., 52; Eastlake scr., 42; Holder 25, 40; Dey scr., 40; Laing 18, 37; Irving 19, 35; Murray scr., 35; Albert 15, 35; G. Jones scr., 35; Tie off, 25 birds—Clark 5, 19; D. Brown scr., 14.

The glitter of the sun on the ice was rather a drawback to the shooters of the Riverside Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 21st, and this, added to the fact that many of the members were at Ottawa attending the tournament, made the attendance less than usual. Four events were on the programme and the scores were:—

Spoon shoot, handicap, 25 birds—

	H'cap.	Score
Dunn	7	22
Laing	8	22
Murray	Scr.	20
Clarke	3	19
Dunn	8	18
Pyle	4	17
Boa	2	17
Ruel	Scr.	1
Monk	Scr.	14
Holder	6	14
Reece	8	12
Tie-off		
Laing	5	17
Lake	6	15

Spoon shoot, handicap 25 birds—

	H'cap.	Score.
	8	22
Clark	4	21

Pyle	6	21
Boa	4	21
Murray	Scr.	18
Dunn	0	18
Laing	5	17
Ruel	Scr.	16
Lake	6	15
Monk	Scr.	13
Strachan	Scr.	13
Handicap match, 25 birds (Dom Cartridge Co. carvers)—		

	H'cap	Score.
Bingham	4	23
Holder	8	22
Pyle	5	22
Boa	3	21
Lake	7	20
Clark	3	20
Laing	6	19
Monk	Scr.	19
Murray	Scr.	18
Ruel	Scr.	14
Strachan	3	12

Handicap match 25 birds (Clark's Tie Holder)—

	H'cap.	Score.
Laing	6	20
Clark	5	19
Lake	6	18
Strachan	6	18
Murray	Scr.	18
Long	Scr.	16
Dealy	6	14
Holder	5	14
Lake	Scr.	11
Stark	Scr.	13

Excellent shooting was in order at the weekly meet of the Riverside Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, the weather being all that could be desired by the marksmen. Two professionals, Messrs. J. Boa, and E. G. White, broke 49 out of a possible 50 birds. The scores were as follows:—

Spoon shoot—Maher, 25; Ewing, 24; J. S. Boa, (pro.), 24; Irving 24; Lewis, 23; Meloon, 23; Muir, 23; F. Lyall, 23; E. G. White, 22; Pyle, 22; Holder, 21; Monk, 21; Redman, 20; Laing, 20; Elliott, 19; B. Strachan, 19; Ruel, 18; G. Boa, 18; Murray, 17; Keough, 17; Doremus, 17; Whittall, 17; H. Brown, 17; G. Arthur, 16; B. Clark, 15; H. Boa, 15.

Spoon shoot—Ruel, 23; E. G. White, 23; Lyah, 23; Ewing, 22; Murray, 22; B. Clark, 22; A. Boa, 22; Lewis, 22; Irving, 21; Whittall, 21; Maher, 21; Laing, 20; Holder, 20; Monk, 20; Redman, 19; Elliott, 19; Pyle, 19; B. Strachan, 18; Keough, 18; J. Boa, 17; Doremus, 17; G. Arthur, 17; G. Boa, 16; J. Muir, 16; Meloon, 14; Kemp, 11; Waters, 11; Albert, 9; Lyall, and Ruel tie; shoot-off, Ruel, 20; Lyall, 18.

Spoon shoot—Muir, 23; White, 23; Ewing, 21; Maher, 19; Lewis, 19; Murray, 18; Monk, 18; Redman 18; Clark, 18; Irving, 16; Strachan, 16; Laing, 15.

Dominion Cartridge Co. Prize—Lewis, 68; Irving, 68; Ewing, 67; E. G. White, 67; Holder, 65; Laing, 65; Lyall, 64; Maher, 63; Muir, 63; Clark, 62; Ruel, 61; Monk, 61; J. Boa, 60; Elliott, 58; Murray, 56; Redman, 56; Pyle, 56; A. Boa, 54; Doremus, 51; B. Strachan, 50; Meloon, 47; G. Boar, 47. Lewis and Irving tie; shoot-off, Lewis, 19; Irving, 16.

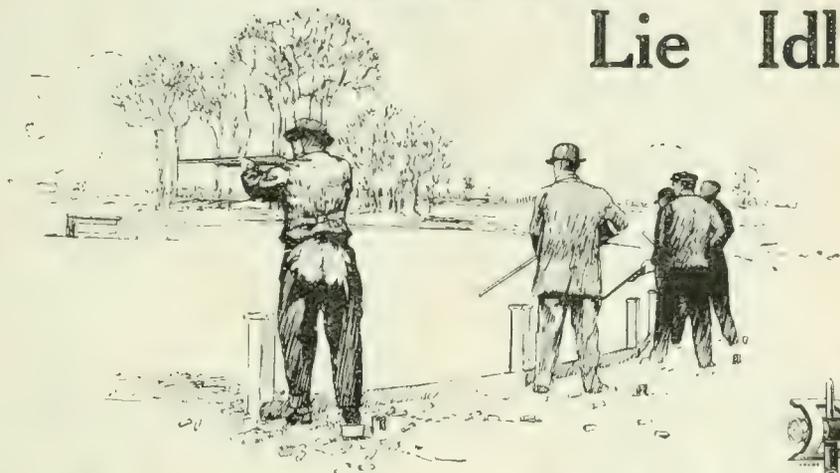
### Lachine Gun Club Shoot.

Four events were shot off on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14th, at the weekly meet of the Lachine Gun Club. A severe snowstorm was raging at the time and a high wind blowing which affected the scores somewhat, but all the competitions nevertheless proved most interesting. The scores were:—

Parker shoot, 25 birds—Barnes 19; Woodward 18; Black 18; Burton 18; Torrance 17; Clarke 17; Wurtele 16; Barrell 15; Clifty 14; Brodie 14; Strathy 12; Horner 12.

Spoon shoot, 25 birds—Wurtele 20; Barnes 19; Burton 19; Clark 18; Torrance 18; Woodward 18; Black 17; Strathy 17; Barrell 14; Clifty 13; Brodie 12; Horner 11.

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Spoon shoot, 25 birds—Clark 19; Woodworth 18; Wurtele 18; Black 18; Torrance 17; Barnes 17; Strathy 16; Burton 15; Barrell 14; Clifty 12; Brodie 11; Horner 11.  
Sweepstakes, 15 birds—Barnes 14; Torrance 14; Clark 14; Wurtele 13; Black 12; Burton 11. Shoot off, 10 birds—Clark 9; Barnes 8; Torrance 7.

Owing to several of the members attending the Canadian Indian tournament at Ottawa on Saturday, Feb. 21st, there was only a fair attendance of shooters at the Lachine traps on Saturday afternoon. Shooting was difficult owing to the glitter of the ice and the severe high cold wind that was blowing, consequently the scores were not above very fair. Five events were on the programme as follows:—

Practice Match, 25 Birds.  
Lucas-Howard, 18; Muir-Barnes-Wurtele, 17; Black-Johnson-Woodward, 16; Clark-Ranger, 15; Fobert, 11; Cosgrove, 10.

Sweepstake, 25 Birds.  
Howard-Lucas, 20; Muir, 18; Clark, 17; Fobert, 15. Shoot off: Howard, 23; Lucas, 22, out of 25.

Sweepstake, Handicap, 25 Birds.  
Muir-Johnson-Barnes, 22; Wurtele-Lucas-Clark-Woodward, 21; Howard, 18; Ranger, 16. Shoot off: Johnson, 20; Muir, 19; Barnes, 18 out of 25.

Sweepstake, 25 Birds.  
Lucas, 22; Boucher-Johnson, 20; Muir, 19; Clark-Barnes, 17.

Practice Match, 25 Birds.  
Black, 19; Wurtele-Boucher, 17; Muir, 16; Cosgrove, 15.

Good weather accounted for both a large turnout of gunners and spectators at the weekly shoot of the Lachine Gun Club Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, and the scores were good. J. Lucas and D. Torrance won the spoons, while the former was first in the practice shoot and the latter high in the sweepstakes.

Saturday's scores:—  
**PRACTICE MATCH—25 BIRDS.**  
Lucas, 20; Black, 20; Howard, 20; Woodworth, 20; D. Torrance, 20; Boucher, 20; Wurtele 19; F. G. Torrance, 19; Clark, 18; F. G. Torrance, 18; Strathy, 18; McLaren, 17; Barnes, 17; Ranger, 16; Weyman, 16; White, 15; Cosgrove, 12; Robichon, 10;

**SPOON SHOOT—25 BIRDS.**  
Lucas, 24; Howard, 23; Boucher, 21; D. Torrance, 20; Wurtele, 19; Taylor, 19; F. G. Torrance, 18; Clarke, 18; Woodworth, 18; Black, 18; Ranger, 17; F. Torrance, 17; Strathy, 17; Barnes, 17; Weyman, 17; McLaren, 16; White, 14; Cosgrove, 13.

**SPOON SHOOT—25 BIRDS.**  
D. Torrance, 22; Barnes, 21; Boucher, 21; Howard, 20; Lucas, 20; Strathy, 19; Wurtele, 19; Woodworth, 18; F. Torrance, 18; Black, 18; Clark, 18; F. G. Torrance, 17; McLaren, 17; Ranger, 16; Weyman, 16; Cosgrove, 14; White, 14.

**SWEEPSTAKES—25 BIRDS.**  
D. Torrance, 21; Howard, 22; Boucher, 21; Lucas, 20; Wurtele, 20; Black, 19; Barnes, 19; Strathy, 18; Woodworth, 18.

**St. Hubert Gun Club.**

The competition for the Stevens Arms Company's gold watch fob commenced on Saturday, Feb. 7th, at St. Hubert's. The fob goes to the high gun in eight shoots. The bad weather made the score poor on Saturday, the following being the record in 50 birds—  
C. Bethune ..... 36  
W. Corby ..... 36  
G. Easdale ..... 31  
G. O'Connor ..... 33  
W. Cameron ..... 33

Good scores were made at the weekly shoot of St. Hubert Gun Club, held at the traps, Westboro, on Feb. 11th. Mr. W. J. Corby had the highest score, viz 42, but as Mr. George Easdale had a handicap of two birds, he carried off the silver spoon, offered in the 50 bird event, with a score of 41. He was also high man in the final stage for the Stevens Arms and Tool Company's trophy, which was for the four best scores out of eight consecutive shoots. Mr. Easdale, one of the pioneer gunmen of the district was thus a double winner. The scores were:—

**FIFTY BIRD EVENT.**

W. J. Corby	42
Easdale	41
L. Cameron	39
W. Throop	37
W. Slaney	35
R. A. Sibbitt	35

A. Moore	31
E. G. White, (Pro.)	33
C. Bethune	32
G. O'Connor	33
B. Beattie	32
G. White	29

**EXTRAS**

R. A. Sibbitt, 33 out	50
A. Moore, 23 out	25
G. O'Connor, 21 out	25
G. Easdale, 19 out	25

**Indian Tournament at St. Hubert's**

The big Indian Tournament held at St. Hubert's Gun Club on Saturday, Feb. 21st, was a decided success. About fifty shots were present, and while the weather conditions, did by no means favor the gunners, some very good scores were made. The principal event of the day was the shoot for the Montreal challenge cup. A five-man team from the Lachine Gun Club shot against a team from the St. Hubert's Club, and the visitors were successful in carrying off the trophy by two birds. At the end of the shoot the teams were tied with 98 birds but in the shoot-off the Lachine Club managed to win out. In the fifty yard event, three prizes were donated by the Canadian Indians and were won as follows:—

High gun (open to Indians) R. Hutchison, 43 x 50.  
High gun (all comers) George O'Connor, 39 x 50.  
Long run (open) J. Maher, 38 straight.

Following were the results in the sweepstakes:

No. of targets	15	15	15	50	15	15
W. Ewing	9	11	11	31	15	13
R. Hutchison	13	13	13	43	13	14
R. Lewis	11	11	11	34	13	12
T. Lyall	10	11	11	37	15	7
J. Maher	12	9	11	33	11	10
D. Kearney	12	13	13	35	13	13
S. G. Torrance	7	8	9	—	—	—
W. M. Irving	7	8	5	21	7	5
A. L. Moore	10	10	10	33	12	7
C. Bethune	12	12	12	37	10	8
E. G. White, (pro.)	12	13	12	45	14	12
Geo. Abbott	8	14	12	35	11	14
J. Boa, (pro.)	11	11	14	40	10	11
B. Beattie	12	13	13	39	10	10
R. A. Sibbitt	13	15	10	30	13	11
J. B. Hurkin	11	12	11	31	10	13
Geo. Easdale	9	13	11	31	14	10
W. J. Corby	13	12	10	37	11	12
W. L. Cameron	8	13	10	33	9	9
Geo. O'Connor	13	12	10	39	12	12
J. Dionne	10	10	9	28	11	8
F. A. Robertson	12	13	13	37	10	13
Geo. Dunk, (pro.)	11	10	8	38	11	12
T. Doremus	—	6	11	26	8	8
A. Heuser	—	—	—	—	9	9
F. Bedard	—	—	—	—	12	7
Dr. T. G. Smith	—	—	—	—	9	12
P. MacLuekie	—	—	—	—	5	7
Williams	—	—	—	—	—	10
J. R. Rainville	—	—	—	—	—	12

**Lachine vs. Ottawa.**

Montreal challenge cup, 25 targets per man:  
Lachine.

W. Ewing	19	18
R. Hutchison	19	22
R. Lewis	18	21
T. Lyall	19	16
J. Maher	23	20
	98	97
		<b>Ottawa</b>
Geo. Abbott	18	17
R. A. Sibbitt	16	18
B. Beattie	22	18
W. J. Corby	18	21
Geo. O'Connor	21	18
	98	92

A large number of members turned out Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28th, for the weekly shoot of the St. Hubert's Gun Club. The light was fair and good scores the rule. Mr. Geo. Easdale won the spoon on the day's shoot and was also high man in the series for the J. Stevens Arms and Tools Company's Trophy. In the McCallum Trophy Competition Messrs. W. J. Corby and George Easdale won by 11 birds from Messrs. G. R. White and Cecil Bethune. The scores in the McCallum Trophy shoot were as follows:—

	Birds.	Birds.	Total.
	25	25	
W. J. Corby	22	20	42
G. Easdale	22	19	41



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Total			83
G. R. White	13	19	32
C. Bethune	18	22	40
Total			72
The day's scores were:—			
	Birds.	Birds.	Total.
W. J. Corby	25	25	44
G. Easdale	22	22	44
W. L. Cameron	23	19	42
C. Bethune	22	18	40
H. O'Connor	21	19	40
G. O'Connor	17	21	38
A. C. Moore	21	17	38
V. V. Rogers	21	17	38
J. M. Roberts	14	18	32
E. R. McNeil	14	16	30
G. R. White	10	13	23

EXTRAS.

	Birds.	Birds.	Total.
W. J. Corby	25	25	43
G. Easdale	23	20	40
V. V. Rogers	21	19	40
C. Bethune	22	17	39
G. R. White	13	22	35
G. R. White	19	15	31
G. O'Connor	23	—	23
J. M. Roberts	18	—	18

St. Paul (Montreal) Gun Club.

There was a great attendance of gunners and great excitement at the contest for the prizes which were offered for competition at the traps of the St. Paul Gun Club on Feb. 14th.

Three events were on the programme—a 15 and a 25 bird shoot and also a sweepstake match.

The scores were as follows:—

25 birds—F. Lake, 17; A. Gowday, 14; A. Trotter, 11; C. A. Barnes, 11; Leo. Carter, 10; B. Pain, 10; F. Reese, 8; A. Dunn, 7 out of 15 birds.

Tie-off for first prize, 10 birds—F. Lake, 9; A. Trotter, 3.

Sweepstake, 10 bird match—F. Lake, 8; A. Goury 7; A. Trotter, 5; C. Barnes, 3.

TORONTO DOINGS.

Balmy Beach Gun Club.

The Canadian Indians paid a visit to the Balmy Beach Club on Feb. 7th. The weather was very rough for shooting but taking all into consideration some very good scores were made. The Indians brought with them three pieces of cut glass as prizes, which were won by Mr. Parker, Mr. Lundy and Jennings and Caruthers tying for High Gun as Indians. The following were the scores:—

INDIANS.

	Shot at	Broke
Joselin	50	35
Wakefield	50	26
Dunk	50	27
Watson, F.	50	26
Jennings	50	37
McGaw	50	32
Boothe	50	18
White	50	35
Vivian	50	21
Fenton	50	26
Ely	50	32
Sibbitt	50	21
Caruthers	50	37
Fox	50	29
Parker	50	36
		439

BEACH & VISITORS.

	Shot at.	Broke
Hirons	50	21
Lundy	50	34
Brunswick	50	29
Harrison	50	32
Broker	50	19
Casie	50	20
Cutler	50	27
Brednay	50	22
Hoovey	50	33
Shaw, J. A.	50	18
Shawden	50	21
Albert	50	31
Springer	50	33
shaw, J. G.	50	25
Townsend	50	23
Craig	50	23

Taylor	50	31
Hogarth	50	31
		172

On account of darkness the Indians were unable to shoot the match of ten men against Balmy Beach ten men, but High Chief McGaw promised to have this event take place at an early date at the Beach Club grounds.

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Club<sup>d</sup> was held as usual on their grounds, Eastern Avenue on Feb. 14th. A very good turnout of members and their friends were present, and some good shooting took place, W. H. Joselin winning the spoon. The scores:—

	Shot at	Broke
Hirons	30	22
Hodgson	60	48
Maj. Singer	125	114
J. G. Shaw	75	62
Hoovey	100	87
Ferguson	40	28
Cutler	125	98
Fox	80	62
Kennedy	80	51
Joselin	115	99
Newberry	45	25
Darby	45	28
Murphy	35	18
Bond	60	52
Taylor	80	63
Lowe	25	18
Bradshaw	10	6
Stringer	25	19
Ross	50	32

At the regular weekly shoot held Saturday Feb. 21st a very good attendance of members and their friends were present and some good shooting took place. This was the first Saturday of the team shoot which resulted in a win for Cutler's team over Joselin's team. A. M. Bond won the spoon. Scores:—

	Shot at.	Broke
Pitcher	45	30
Millington	110	89
C. E. McGaw	95	65
Joselin	105	85
Seager	45	38
T. D. McGaw	70	59
Boothe	80	65
Hodgson	110	76
Taylor	55	45
Monty	45	38
Bradshaw	50	39
Hoovey	55	47
Hirons	45	38
Cutler	45	43
Black	30	22
Draper	45	38
Lyons	20	12
Smith	40	32
Bond	65	57
Frerenlin	20	16
Davis	25	18
W. F. Hodgson	25	15
Stringer	40	32
Ross	25	16
Shaw	70	51

Messrs. Joselin and Cutler would like to have every member of the teams on hand every Saturday.

At the regular weekly shoot of the club on Feb. 28th W. Carruthers won the spoon with 25 straight and Cutler's team won from Joselin's again by three birds

	Shot at.	Broke
McGaw	90	69
Lancing	55	43
Hirons	45	39
Cowling	75	48
McAdam	70	59
Wase	50	32
Hodgson	70	54
Joselin	90	76
Armand	75	48
Hoovey	80	63
Fox	80	63
Newberry	55	28
Boothe	70	63
Cutler	70	56
Sproule	20	12
Murphy	20	14
Black	50	39
Shaw	70	59
Smillie	70	49
Carruthers	80	76
Groch	70	52
Bond	60	48
Buckle	50	41

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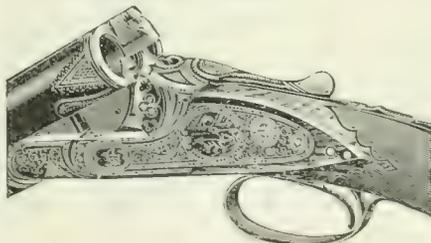
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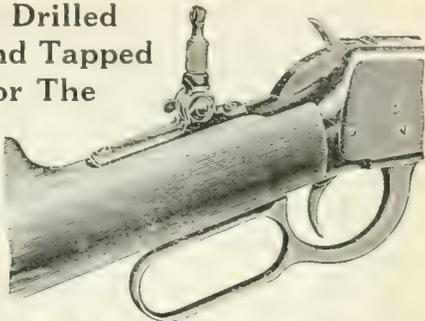


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Pickering	35	27
Kennedy	35	22
Foster	50	34

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Club was held Saturday Mar. 7th on their grounds, Eastern Avenue. A large turnout of members and their friends were present. In the spoon event, A. F. Craig won with 25 straight, and in the team shoot, Joselin's team defeated Cutler's by 12 birds. Scores:—

	Shot at.	Broke
Taylor	80	74
Joselin	100	89
Hirons	45	38
Hoovey	80	75
Hodgson	60	49
Wase	40	28
Tomblam	55	41
Ingles	25	15
Cutler	60	42
J. G. Shaw	35	32
Lawrie	70	42
Cowling	60	49
Armand	60	49
Boothe	45	42
Craig	35	33
Fox	105	92
Freeman	25	12
Rounding	30	18
Gooch	115	105
Carruthers	50	46
Smillie	50	39
Black	45	38
Low	60	52
Bond	45	39
McKenzie	75	66
Foster	50	38
Svball	10	8

**National Gun Club.**

The members of the National Gun Club of Toronto paid a visit to the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon Feb. 14th, and everyone enjoyed the sport of breaking the elusive clays. The wind and the sunshine made it a little difficult for those who were not used to the traps, but some very good scores were made.

The main event was a twenty-five bird race between the two clubs, and as one side had more shooters than the other, it was necessary to take the average of the scores to decide the winner. The results showed that the Hamilton club was high, with E. Harris and M. E. Fletcher tied for the best score with 24 each. Dr. Brunswick was the best for the visitors with 20.

Dr. Brunswick had the best total of his side for the afternoon with 76 out of 90, and he won the sterling silver shield put up by the H. G. C. George Dunk, the active Dominion representative, put up a total of 95 out of 115. J. Lawson, 55 out of 70, and J. Harrison, 72 out of 100.

T. W. Barnes had the best total for the Hamiltonians getting 86 out of 95. He went straight in a twenty-five bird event, the only one turned in in the afternoon. Bert Smith put up a consistent total of 88 out of 100, as did E. Harris with 65 out of 75, and both these members are coming along in great shape. M. Carr got 95 out of 110, scoring no less than three 23 marks out of 25 in succession.

After the shoot was over, the president of the National Gun Club expressed his thanks for the hearty reception that was accorded them, and invited the local members to visit their club at an early date. The rousing cheers for both sides that marked the close showed the good-fellowship and the feeling that existed between the two clubs.

Capt. E. V. Spencer was referee, and with Jas. Thomson, the energetic secretary of the Nationals, kept things in proper order.

The scores made during the afternoon were:

	Shot at.	Broke
T. W. Barnes	95	86
M. Carr	110	95
A. Bates	50	41
J. A. Armes	100	78
D. Konkle	50	39
H. Kretchman	140	99
W. J. Wark	50	40
Jas. Crooks	50	34
H. L. Morris	135	104
J. W. Nairn	95	60
C. Graham	70	53
I. Leonard	50	27
I. Hunter	75	58
I. Goodale	50	30
S. House	35	22
J. J. Cline	50	33
J. Bowron	50	29
E. Harris	75	65

W. Dillon	125	84
F. Potruff	30	12
M. E. Fletcher	50	42
Bert Smith	100	88
H. J. O'Neil	80	41
A. J. Tompkins	50	21
E. H. Sturt	50	10
F. W. Watson	90	63
Nelson Long	95	73
A. Parmenter	50	41
T. Gardiner	40	23
G. Dunk	115	92
A. Curran	50	26
J. Lawson	70	55
F. Coburn	50	25
F. Peacock	75	43
C. Beare	50	33
J. Harrison	100	72
L. Lowe	75	41
P. McMartin	100	65
F. C. Fowler	75	37
C. Moore	75	36
Dr. Brunswick	90	76
A. Smith	10	7
D. A. Hogan	15	11

The National Gun Club, Toronto held a prize shoot on Saturday, Feb. 21st. The prizes shot for in A and B. class at 50 Birds were the Gun cases, donated by J. A. Varley and D. Pike & Co.

There was a good attendance of members and all enjoyed the sport of breaking the Birds. The strong west wind made good scores hard.

In the Gun Case shoot J. Harrison topped the list in A. class with 20 out of 25 at 17 yards.

In B. class P. McMartin was high with 17 out of 25 at 18 yards.

P. McMartin	75	46
Geo. Wallace	35	17
Dr. Brunswick	40	33
C. B. Harrison	60	40
L. W. Lowe	20	9
J. Harrison	50	35
C. Best	50	20
J. Lawson	35	23
Major Curran	55	33
W. Erwood, sr.	55	31
C. L. Brooker	30	31
C. Moore	35	15
H. Usher	35	27
C. Beare	25	16
F. Peacock	37	16
Fegan	25	14
R. Hale	15	3

The National Gun Club, Toronto had a good attendance of shooters at the last day for the Gun Case shoot Feb. 28.

The Gun Cases shot for were two handsome cases donated to the club by J. A. Varley and D. Pike Co. Ltd.

The competition was very keen and right from the first to the last it was hard to tell who the winner might be.

But James Harrison came out victorious in A. class by 1 bird only. His score was 43 out of 50. He was closely followed by J. Gladstone, 42, J. Lawson 41, H. Usher 40, E. C. Coath 40, Dr. Brunswick 39.

In B. Class, the interest was very keen, Percy McMartin won by 1 bird. He broke 35 and was closely followed by J. W. Erwood 34, J. Turner, sr, 31, F. C. Fowler 30, L. Limpert, 30.

	Shot at.	Broke
Major Curran	45	23
Dr. Brunswick	85	66
Dr. Samuels	50	36
Frank Aid	110	83
F. C. Fowler	75	42
J. Harrison	80	68
J. Brown	25	15
T. Woodburn	25	19
J. Turner	50	31
Geo. Wallace	60	36
P. McMartin	55	37
L. W. Lowe	55	28
W. Erwood, sr.	40	27
J. Dean	50	30
W. Fegan	50	35
J. Lawson	40	36
C. B. Harrison	40	31
T. Cuthbert	25	11
H. Usher	35	28
L. Limpert	50	30
W. McReand, J.	10	8
J. Gladstone	60	50
E. C. Coath	60	48
J. Turner, Jr.	50	20

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**QUEBEC**

Saturday, March 7th was the first day's shoot of the National Gun Club's big yearly programme shoot. This year it is better than ever, both in prizes and the amount of money.

The Club is giving away each Saturday for six Saturdays, \$12.00 in prizes, contestants shooting at 25 birds per man. It is divided into 2 classes, A. and B. \$6.00 each class, then the high average prizes are: First—a ten dollar gold medal; second—a five dollar Gun case. This is also in each class.

Saturday April 11th will be one of the hardest competitions shot on the National grounds, for a long time, when all the monthly shield winners for the last year will shoot a fifty bird race for a \$5 silver Cup.

On March 7th the Club had one of the best turnouts of shooters for a long time, and there were 1500 Birds shot at. The weather was ideal and with that and the hot coffee some pretty good scores were made.

In the monthly challenge shield J. Lawson was again the winner for the fifth time, by breaking 23 out of 25. He was closely followed by L. W. Lowe and C. B. Harrison, 22, Frank, 21, Dr. Brunswick, 20. In the programme shoot 25 birds per man, winners in A. class were: 1st, Frank Aid broke 22 at 16 yards, (silver cup); 2nd, E. C. Coath broke 21 at 16 yards, (cut glass); 3rd, J. Lawson, C. B. Harrison and C. Beare tied with 20, but in shooting the tie off at 15 birds C. Beare won with 14 at 16 yards. (silver medal)

In B. class at 25 birds per man the winners were: 1st, Samuels broke 20 at 17 yards, (silver cup); 2nd, Percy McMartin broke 19 at 18 yards (cut glass); 3rd, Major Curran broke 18 at 16 yards, (silver spoon).

Information of Club or shoots will be gladly given the Secretary, James Thomson, 22 Palmerston Ave., College 5517.

	Shot at	Broke
Dr. Brunswick	80	62
Dr. Samuels	85	65
Judge Durand	115	36
Major Curran	50	32
F. C. Fowler	50	26
C. Best	35	19
J. Turner, sr.	50	22
P. McMartin	60	43
Frank Aid	105	83
J. Harrison	60	45
J. Turner, Jr.	70	37
C. B. Harrison	65	54
J. Lawson	50	43
W. Erwood, sr.	60	36
J. Dean	40	22
L. W. Lowe	63	50
C. Beare	25	20
T. Woodburn	43	35
F. Peacock	50	41
Geo. Wallace	35	22
H. Usher	63	47
E. C. Coath	35	31
J. Gladstone	35	19
F. Coburn	25	9

**Stanley Gun Club Shoot.**

Quite a large number of members and visitors were present at the regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club on Saturday, Feb. 14th. The weather was fine and some good scores were made. Mr. B. Hare, of the Nobells Explosives Company, was present and gave a very good account of himself, breaking 59 out of 70. The following is a list of those present with their scores:

Name	Shot at	Broke
Millington	120	102
Jennings	125	94
Marsh	110	78
Wakefield	105	82
Neandorf	90	52
Lundy	80	52
Hogarth	75	57
B. Hare	70	56
Ely	60	49
Sockett	60	41
Alberts	60	39
Back	60	39
Dewey	60	38
Springer	60	36
Reney	55	37
Sawden	55	32
Carruthers	50	42
Smiley	50	36
N. Buck	50	17
Hallford	50	26
Goldring	50	20

Any Toronto shooter wishing to become a member of a good gun club is requested to communicate with any of the members or the secretary, R. Whichello, 120 Langley Avenue.

There was a good attendance of trap shooters at the Club shoot Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28th. The weather was ideal, and some good scores were made.

Millington was high, with a score of 162 out of 180. The following are the scores:

	Shot at	Broke
Millington	180	162
Ely	130	115
Wakefield	110	98
Jennings	130	91
Lundy	110	88
Springer	100	91
Hogarth	90	77
Alberts	90	69
Nundorf	80	66
Schnaufner	80	65
Dewey	80	56
F. Scheibe	70	53
Burney	70	35
Reney	65	54
Buch	60	47
Hallford	50	38
Douglas	50	27
N. Buch	45	22
Goldring	45	35
Townson	25	16

There was a good attendance of trap shooters at the Stanley Gun Club's shoot Saturday afternoon, March 7th. The weather was fine and some good scores were made. Mr. A. E. Millington was high, breaking 175 out of 190, including two straights of ten each and four scores of 23 out of 25 birds. Mr. W. Ely also made a straight 25 birds.

In the spoon event Mr. Lundy was high breaking 24 out of 25.

This Saturday was also the last of a series of shoots for the month of February at 100 targets, the winners being as follows:

Class "A" Broke	
1. Millington	90
2. Ely	83
3. Lundy	78
Class B Broke.	
1. Hogarth	74
2. Buck	70
3. Nundorf	70

The scores in the regular events were as follows

	Shot at	Broke
Millington	190	175
Dunk	185	137
Hulme	155	130
Wakefield	155	127
Schnaufner	155	110
Lundy	105	91
G. Scheibe	100	70
Nundorf	85	65
Ely	75	70
Hogarth	75	47

**Creekside Gun Club.**

The regular weekly shoot of the Creekside Club was held at Wychwood on Saturday, March 7th. Scores:

	Shot at	Broke
E. Brown	33	25
F. Spiller	38	19
D. Baird	52	18
J. Platt	33	20
Ned Elliott	76	40
H. Coocy	87	59
W. Edwards	78	43
Eli Elliott	51	26
F. Edwards	25	10
A. Edwards	61	38
F. Curzon	56	37
A. Spiller	25	11
W. Curzon	44	21
A. Magee	65	35
R. Christie	85	49
W. Le Cornu	40	11
F. Christie	25	11
S. Cotterill	63	36
E. Brown, jr.	5	2

**Hamilton Gun Club.**

Some good shooting was done at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon Feb. 21st, and nobody had any excuses to offer, as it was fine and clear. It may have been due also to the fact that the members had had a lot of practice lately that such excellent scores were turned in. There were 2,034 targets thrown, and out of this 1,662 were broken, or an average of nearly 82 per cent. This is some performance when you consider that there were twenty-six entries in all.

The fourth event of the Klein & Binkley handicap was shot off and resulted in E. Harris still retaining his lead with 91. He put on a score of 20, while H. Kretzman got 23, which put him in second place with 90. M. Carr and A. Bates tied at the third peg with 89, with other members close up.

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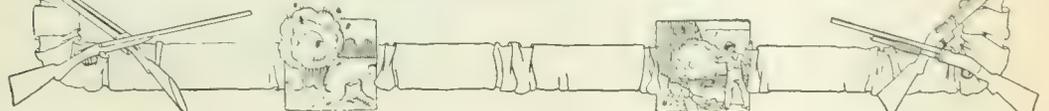
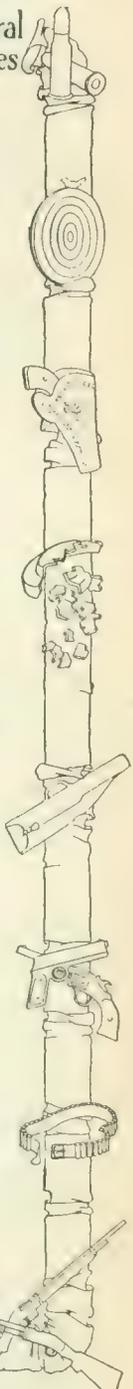
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Robert D. Emslie, National League Umpire

There was a silver shield put up for high handicap score in the K. & B. event, which was won by H. J. O'Neil with a straight score of 25. He is one of the new members that are coming along in good form, and will no doubt be heard from in future. J. A. Armes gave him a close run, with 21, and like the winner is improving every shoot.

Bert Smith was high for the afternoon, getting 68 out of 75, which included a 10 and a 25 straight. T. W. Barnes nearly tied him with 113 out of 125, as he was just a few birds shy. E. Sturt liked the going also with 90 out of 100, and Court Thomson hung up a total 106 out of 120. The scores made during the afternoon were

	K.&B.	S. A.	Br
T. W. Barnes	73	125	113
Nelson Long	87	125	109
W. Dillon	88	112	95
M. Carr	89	116	100
D. Reid	78	77	65
W. Wark	82	77	56
A. Bates	89	75	65
D. Konkle	81	77	61
H. Kretchman	91	126	110
T. Carpenter		5	17
D. Hozan		20	8
T. Gardiner		10	9
E. Harris	92	100	87
B. Smith	88	75	68
E. Stuart	84	100	90
A. J. Tompkins		25	20
J. A. Armes	82	101	81
G. Kuntz		102	67
H. J. O'Neil	79	58	42
C. Thomson	82	120	106
A. Parmenter	70	68	40
H. Marshall	79	77	60
T. Bowron	86	75	42
M. E. Goodale		14	31
M. E. Fletcher	80	60	41
J. Hunter	76	75	66

Capt. E. V. Spence, referee

**Burlington Beach Gun Club.**

The regular monthly shoot of the Burlington Beach Gun Club was held on Saturday afternoon Feb. 21st, at station 6. Members and friends turned out in fair numbers, but nothing spectacular was done at the traps. The scores follow

	Shot at.	Broke
Jas. Hazell	25	13
J. Lewis	25	12
A. Pearl	25	10
P. Johnston	25	9

Chas. Howard	25	9
Al. Hannon	25	9
A. Harris	25	9
R. Howard	25	7
H. Hannon	25	6
Wm. Hazell	25	6
Dr. T. Peart	25	6
R. Serson	25	4

**International Shoot to be Split in Two**

The Grand International registered shoot of the St. Thomas Gun Club will be divided into two stages this year.

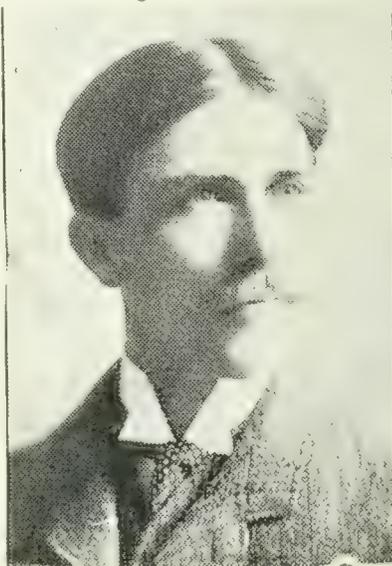
Formerly the targets and white flyers were all run together in the one December shoot. The shooters complained that the long seige was too much for them on account of the strenuous shooting. This year targets will be shot at on June 2, 3 and 4 and white flyers on December 1, 2 and 3. This plan will keep the events as far apart as possible and relieve the situation considerably.

The two shoots will be open to the world. Considerable added money and a number of trophies will be added to the already large list. Shooters may look forward to this greatest of all Canadian shoots with anticipation. Nothing will be left undone to make these two shoots the best ever.

**Jordan Gun Club.**

The Jordan Gun Club held the annual President vs. Vice-President's shoot for an oyster supper, Saturday, Feb. 7th, and the vice-president's side was victorious. The fierce gale which was blowing was a severe handicap to the shooters and was the cause of some rather low scores. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

Names	Shot at.	Broke
O. Fisher	35	27
H. W. Hunsberry	35	26
J. Rittenhouse	35	26
H. Boulton	35	26
D. Konkle	35	25
D. Troup	35	23
J. Troup	35	23
J. Spence	35	23
A. Rubel	35	23
D. Price	35	22
M. Honsberger	35	21
E. Honsberger	35	20
M. Jones	35	20
A. Heckadon	25	17
W. Caskey	25	16
E. Fisher	25	15
A. Iligh	25	14
H. Troup	25	14
P. Wismer	25	11
W. Nicholson	25	11



W. J. McCance, Mgr. St. Thomas Gun Club



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A. Bishop	15	5
P. Hagermao	10	3
A. Honsberger	10	3
G. Brand	10	3
V. Reakes	10	2

The Jordan Club held their regular bi-monthly shoot Saturday, Feb. 21st, and the usual large attendance of club members were present to enjoy the sport. Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

Names	Shot at.	Broke
H. W. Hunsberry	50	45
J. Spence	50	38
E. J. Fisher	50	38
A. Heckadon	50	37
W. Caskey	50	37
A. High	50	37
H. Boulton	50	35
M. Honsberger	50	27
A. Wismer	50	27
E. Honsberger	50	27
J. Rittenhouse	50	30
A. Rubel	40	22
H. Troup	30	27
H. Newhouse	30	25
W. Nicholson	30	17
W. Poole	30	17
O. Fisher	20	13
D. Price	20	11
A. Bishop	10	4
M. Jones	10	4
V. Reakes	10	3

**Galt Gun Club.**

The week-end shoot of the Galt Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 14th, brought out seven members. The shoot was considered very fair as the shooters wore gloved fingers with the temperature hovering around zero. The veteran A. B. Smith was on deck with a score of 15 out of 25. Archie is considered one of the best wing shots in Canada when in practice, and is the father of the younger generation at the traps. The following is a summary of the shoot.

	Shot at.	Broke
W. Pickering	50	32
W. Clark	25	23
J. Clark	25	20
H. Teat	25	10
W. Cowan	50	37
E. Clark	50	38
A. B. Smith	25	15

A good number of members of the Galt Rifle and Gun Club turned out Saturday Feb. 21st, at the ranges and some good scores were made. E. Clark was the high man with 45 out of 50, while H. D. Sherwood had a score of 41.

The full scores are:

	Shot at.	Broke
H. D. Sherwood	50	42
W. Pickering	50	35
W. Marshall	50	41
W. L. Cowan	50	38
H. Teat	25	17
Wm. Clark	25	21
E. Clark	25	19
E. Clark	50	45

Eight members of the Gun Club were at the traps on the 28th for a friendly shoot and the scores on the whole were very good. J. Hounam made 23 out of 25 and E. Clark had the best out of a possible 50 with 45. The scores were:

	Shot at.	Broke
W. Pickering	50	39
W. H. Marshall	50	41
J. Hounam	25	23
W. Clark	50	43
W. L. Cowan	50	38
H. Teat	50	38
E. Clark	50	45
H. Newlands	50	40

**Officers Elected.**

Officers of the Pastime Gun Club for the coming year are: Thos. Reid, Hon. Pres., Walkerville; W. Duggan, Pres., Windsor; J. Pentland, Sec'y-Treas., Sandwich; A. Reid, Mgr., Walkerville; V. Bradshaw, Capt., Walkerville; J. McLeod, Ass't. Capt., Walkerville; The Pastime Gun Club was formerly the old Keystone Club and on re-organization started out with a member-

ship of upwards of 100 with grounds on the river at Sandwich. These grounds are four acres in extent and well adapted to the requirements of a club of this kind. The Western Automatic Traps and Hamilton Blue Rocks will be used and weekly shoots will be a feature of the club. On July first the Club purpose holding a tournament.

The Remington Rifle and Gun Club's officers are: Hon. Pres., J. H. Ross; Pres., H. H. Steers; Vice-Pres., H. W. Drake; Sec'y-Treas., Capt. D. A. Reid; Treas., J. B. Thompson; Range Officer, J. Broderick; Ass't. Range Officer, H. Ford.

The Remington Club started with about forty members. The range is laid out on the Remington Arms Co's property at Windsor. On the opening day the members held a match for turkeys and some very good scores were made.

**Greater Edmonton Gun Club.**

The annual meeting of the Greater Edmonton Gun Club was held February 6th, the following officers being elected for the year: Pres., J. A. Pollard; Vice-Pres., Capt. Robinson; Second Vice-Pres., D. McAfee; Sec-Treas., V. F. Pollard; Field Capt., G. Speers; Ass't. Field Capt., A. Garbe.

The club concluded a successful season last year, in which they participated in several tournaments and won many cups. They hold the Kirkland trophy, emblematic of the ten-man championship of the province and individual members took home to their wives much valued silverware.

A committee was appointed to find a suitable club ground for the present year, the club being forced to move on account of the complaints of residents who live in the vicinity of their present grounds.

It was decided that the Club should hold a tournament registered with the Interstate Association which tournament it is hoped will become an annual affair. The date of June 17th was set and, given good weather—rather an uncertain matter anywhere, but especially so in Edmonton district as the date falls in the rainy season—the club may be certain of a successful shoot so far as attendance and enthusiasm are concerned.

**The Capital Gun Club of Edmonton**

The Capital Gun Club held its annual meeting for transaction of general business and election of officers early in February. Officers elected were: Pres., E. H. Simpson; Vice-Pres., Dan. Sewell; Secretary, E. Northmore; Squad Captain, W. Holmes; Grounds Committee, R. McLennan, D. Currie, G. Gryde, W. Holmes.

Mr. Simpson, president of the club, announced it as the intention of his firm to offer a cup to be shot for among the membership. The cup is valued at \$50 and will be known as the Simpson-Hunter Co. handicap trophy. The stipulation is that it shall be shot for at five regular club shoots, the members to be handicapped either by so many targets or by so many yards, as the handicap committee shall decide. The winner shall hold the cup one year and have his name engraved thereon. Probably the club will offer a gold medal with the cup, same to be the property of the winner.

With a tournament on May 24th at the Capital grounds, if it is decided to put one on, one on June 17th at the Greater Edmonton and another, a two-day shoot to be held in mid-summer, by the Northern Club and other shoots held by the clubs in the towns in that district, the trap-shooters it is expected will have a busy year.

**Sidney, B. C. Gun Club (Vancouver Island)**

The Sidney Gun Club was organized on Dec. 19, 1913, starting with a membership of about 35 and everything points to a bright future for the Club. Many fine prizes have been donated for competition. On the Saanich Peninsula where the grass retains its beautiful green the entire year, clay pigeon shooting is conducted during the winter months.

On Jan. 31 the Club held its opening shoot. There was a great turnout of members among which were many novices. Most creditable scores were hung up. In a 25 bird matched race F. J. Roche broke 22, J. Roberts 20 and L. Horth 19. Later in the day in a 25 bird event L. Horth broke 24 and J. Roberts 22.

On Feb. 7 was held the first shoot club. Some high scores were made and a decided improvement was shown by the novices. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke
J. Roberts	25	23
F. J. Roche	25	23
L. Horth	25	21
J. Nickol	25	19
E. L. McKenzie	25	19
H. Mumch	25	19
F. North	25	18



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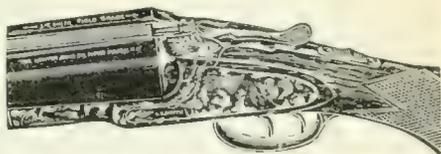
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W. Warne .....	25	16

exaggerating when he made the remark about there being nothing new under the sun. Along comes a fishing supplies concern with a device whereby one solitary minnow can be made to do duty as bait all day long. The Detroit Glass Minnow Tube Co. will tell you how to do it if you mention this note in ROD AND GUN. Their address is Detroit, Mich.

The Secretary of the Clay Bird Shooting Association of London, England, who is Mr. E. Stone, Rosebery House, 8 Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C., asks us to announce the 22nd Annual Championship Meeting of the Clay Bird Shooting Association which will be held in London during the week ending June 27th next. The meeting is open to all amateur shooters and Mr. Stone thinks that possibly some of our readers interested in trap shooting may be able to attend.

At Madison Square Garden, New York City Indoor Shoot February 21st to 27th—Mrs. L. G. Vogel won the Ladies' Championship with the remarkable score of 47x50 using The L. C. Smith with the Hunter One-Trigger. The Smith Gun, which is a product of The Hunter Arms Co. of Fulton, N. Y., also won the Professional Championship in the hands of Neaf Appar 239x259

That well known Biblical character must have been

## SCALES OF FISH TELL ITS AGE

**J**UST as you may estimate the age of a tree by the rings in its bark, or that of a horse by the markings of the teeth, now according to the investigations of the British Museum, you may tell the age of any kind of fish by the markings on its scales. Moreover this observation can be extended to the measurements of the scales. Their size represents the growth at the end of each year, and the amount of growth of the fish itself can also be estimated in its way

One of the English investigators, Miss Rosa M. Lee by an acute and thorough analysis of the scales of the herring, trout, and haddock, shows that if the length of a fish is calculated

at the end of each year from the size of the annual rings on its scale, proved that young fish grow more and faster in one year than the older ones do in two. Furthermore, she found the startling fact that herring are shorter at the end of their fourth year than they were at the end of the third year. This she explained upon the theory that the scales shrank together or her fish escaped in some way and younger ones took their place. The latter view, however, is almost inconceivable for the fish remained in the same aquarium all the time, therefore they must have miraculously shrunk.

Mark Aric of Thomasboro, Ill., shooting a brand new Marlin hammerless trap gun, which he had never given a real try-out, at the big six day Sunny South Handicap Tournament at Houston in January last not only won the Sunny South Handicap (the premier event of the week) by breaking 94 out of a possible 100 targets from the extreme distance, 22 yards, but also won the High Amateur Average and the High General Average—high over all other shooters for the six days breaking 1140x1205, 94.6%

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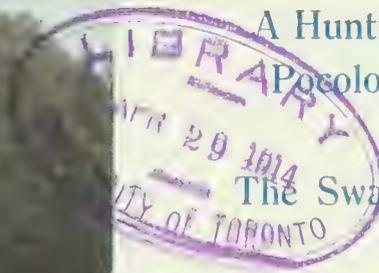
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Woodstock, Ontario, May, 1914

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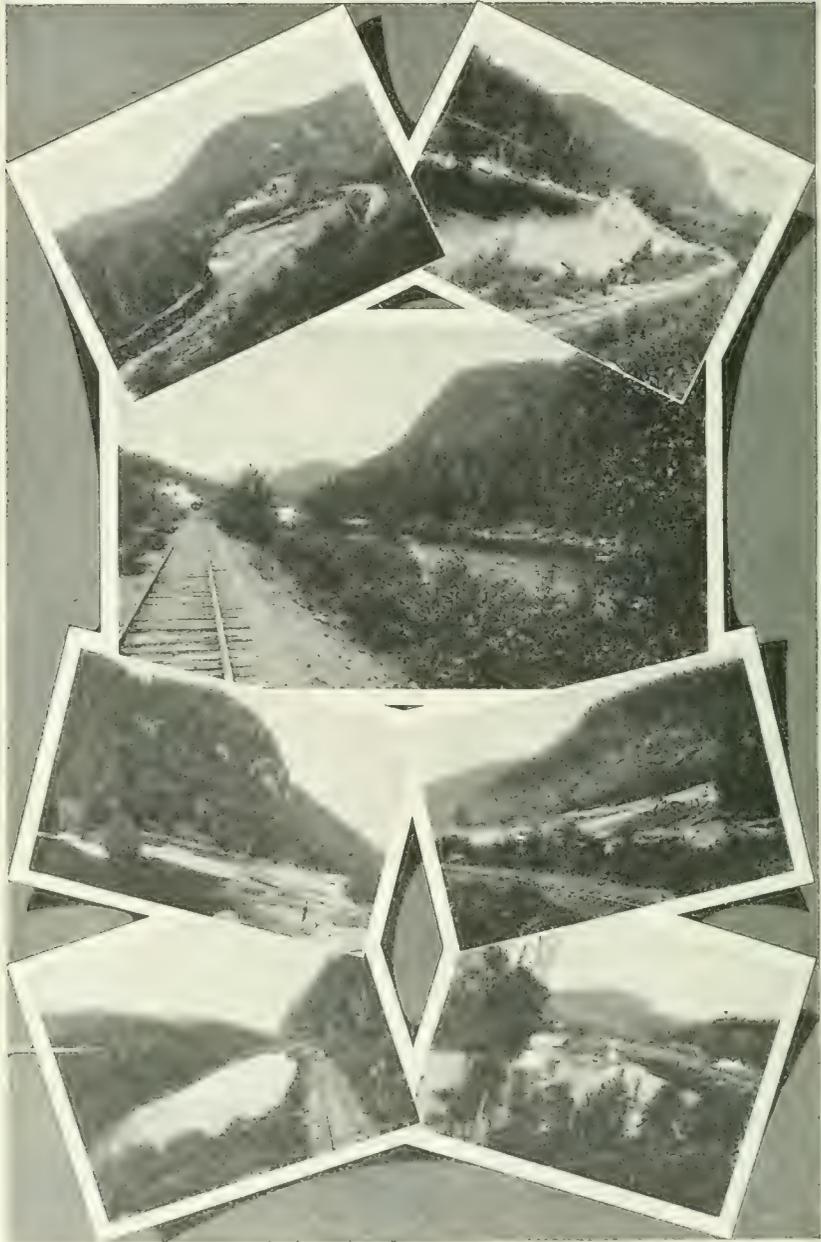
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**ROD AND GUN**
  
**IN CANADA**

## THE DOGS OF THE NORTH

“Mush! Mush! Damn You, Mush on”

BERNARD MUDDIMAN

**T**HE husky dog belongs to the prehistoric age. His manners are those of the dogs that crept from out the great forests to join the hairy men, who squatted on their naked haunches gnawing meat off red bones. He is a creature of an age of club and fang. He lives where the right to survive belongs only to the strongest and the fiercest. Yet he belongs to the fraternity of dogs, for he has a man master. Probably his half-brother the wolf calls him a fool and servile for this allegiance; but the husky cares not, for he has the reckless devotion of the true dog. In spite of blows and starvation he comes to his man master, knows him and bows before him. But other men he knows not, and that, again, is true to the canine creed. For no dog serves man in the abstract; he serves man in the concrete, the one who feeds him. He serves one master, but never two. An allegiance once contracted has something deeper than the flesh-pots of Egypt to bind him. He has no sense of philanthropy, and is unethically indifferent to his master's morals. So the husky is of the canine fellowship, even though at times, he will point his long nose to the polar stars above in the Arctic night and call the wolf call. But he is not really a wolf, for he has found a God, and the wolves, timber or grey, have no God.

He is short in the legs and chunky of body, over which arches resplendent a curled bushy tail. His “pelt” is of a coarse thick fur in which nature

has overcoated him free of charge from the severe Northern cold. Some have said he comes from Alaska, others from Greenland and Labrador. This much, at least, is certain, he belongs to the Esquimaux, for his appellation, “Husky”, is the Indian insult for anything pertaining to the blubber-eating Esquimaux.

The husky's life has but two phases or seasons, year in and year out. Without him in the far North in winter the white man or the Indian, who owns him not, is helpless, for the husky is the dromedary of the snows. But in summer man needs him not, and he becomes a wolf in habit, since he has to feed himself or starve. In winter the long raw-hide lash cracks about his ears, and the cry, “Mush! Mush!! Damn you, mush on!!!” goads him on to the long white trail, while answering he springs to his feet and strains at the raw-hide harness of the toboggan. In teams of five or six hitched to ice-shod *Komatiks*, or to a freight toboggan, he hits the trail from dawn to dark, each dog pulling, his hundredweight. He brings food, letters, and the thousand things men need into the great white North's crystalline heart. Viciously beaten, overworked and underfed on whitefish, he staggers on with bleeding or frozen paws—the slave of man. Now and then one drops out, but the trail goes on. Men only swear and ask whose dog it is. Now and then one eats through the traces and vanishes northwards where the wolves are.



The End of the Trail

Fasting and gasping and flogged on hard trails, like the famous Esquimaux, on he goes for days at a time. Upon the barrens, however, where caribou fall to his lord's gun, he feeds for a space like a king on venison. In the southern wastes tallow and cornmeal keep his body, and, I think we may say, his soul together for weeks. Round the igloos of the far North he wins his share of the "Blubber." But this is a glorious time compared to the summer. How the husky must be thankful for its northern brevity. For if it is one long, unending day of muskeg smells and flowers, it is also for him a day of starvation, until the sun at last sets and the winds of winter blow. Until then, it is true, he roams at will, but he roams also a

slave to hunger. For it is the time of the canoe and water transportation. The husky is useless. And as no work is required, no food is given him. He must fend for himself. So the wolf in him rises. The call of the wild comes to him in all its full meaning. He goes inland for days and nights together to the hills, hunting his prey after the manner of his wolf sires. But food is scarce and to take life, life must be given in the grim north where man and beast cling passionately to the gift of breath. What can one dog work with a moose or a stray imported horse? So they gather hungry and cruel, and sweep the land more ravenous and bolder than the wolf in pack. Even man, when alone and unarmed, is unfeared so that they



Teams of 8 Huskies harnessed to Eskimo "Komatiks"

may fill those hollow bellies of theirs, staunch that gnawing at their vitals. Of their ways in summer and how they subsist, when they belong to the shiftless Cree or improvident Esquimaux, no man knoweth more than he knows of the way of the wolf.

Yet the first deep snow finds them back at the trail again working out their destiny in a waste of snows. And the trail has no end all winter long beneath the austere sky, where the northern lights flash and flame like battling angel hosts.

And only the men of the north in their parkis, with frost-lit eyes and clouds of frozen breath, know how the

cooking fire. Then he wakes the party to "boil the kettle" (which in Northern parlance means food). It is cold and clear. Now they hitch up their teams long before the dawn spills itself along the east. Bells ring. The men shout. Their whips crack and the dogs bark. "Mush! Mush!! Damn you, mush on!!!" One team after another goes forward in its turn to break the trail. By ten o'clock the dogs must be rested, and the bannock is thawed out and breakfast gobbled from the frying-pan before it has time to freeze. Then on swing the teams again. Sometimes a blizzard lashes down, lifting the snow, stab-



Hauling Fire Wood

huskies go on barking for joy with their curling brushes in the air up to the world through the violet creamy light of sun-kissed snow. Each man, then, knows that nothing matters save the dogs. On them depends everything. For them everything is planned and done. For the trail is the husky way, and God pity him who forgets it.

Let us go with them a little way. In the bright moonlight of early morning, long before the brilliant starlight of the North has lost a vestige of its lustre, the guide, half-breed or pure-blood Cree, gets up from his spruce bed to rekindle the

bing the men's faces with cold-sores. Each man ploughs his own way with the twanging crunch of snow-shoe beneath his feet. If he falls, he is alone. These huskies that now slave on under his lash have been known to eat him. There is no mercy here either for the dog or the man who peters out. He who falls, sometimes never rises. He who fails is finished. Iron wills and steel muscles and a lust for life alone survive.

By two in the afternoon another halt is called to rest these huskies, whose dogged grit has by now caught your soul with admiration. Bannock and tea for the humans, but not a

scrap yet for them. Famishing they swing out for the last of the day's marches. But the vim of the trail, the elasticity of the dawn is dying in weary man and beast. If a side wind swings your sledge off the trail, those devils of huskies seem to know and wag their tails exultingly. Perhaps a moose scent is caught by them, and away goes a whole team from a green hand, flinging sledge and its cargo overboard on to the snows. Perchance as the sun dies out in a splash of crimson blood over the white rim of the snow, the trail is running over a frozen river. You find your huskies edging into the bank, for they know. But the camping-ground lies up stream, and you lash at them furiously like a devil without mercy. It has got to be made. Your eyes are wicked, and theirs have the ugly green light.

At last you come to the day's goal, and look for the lee side of its trees. A sleeping place is dug in the snow and floored with green spruce. Men light the two fires—the camp and the cook fires. But the veterans of the party turn to the huskies. They bed them. That is, they choose a spruce about eight feet tall, lop it of its green, which they pile on the weather side, and chain the husky up to it. They feed them. That is, each dog gains his white-fish or moose meat. Afterwards the men may feed and smoke. Then betwixt their eiderdown quilts in the sleeping bag comes happy-hearted sleep. Until another trail stretches out for men and dogs, until another dawn leers across this white world, and the heavens are again filled with the mirages of the North. "Mush! Mush!! Damn you, mush on!!!"

## FISH CAUGHT BY RINGING BELLS

**M**R. Sam Thalheimer of Baltimore, has long been a worshipper at the shrine of Isaac Walton. Not only is he a piscian expert with rod, reel, and headline, but he has a collection of various editions of the Complete Angler and all other literature which bears upon this great outdoor sport.

Mr. Thalheimer is noted far and wide for his fishing propensities and his early spring expeditions with line and tackle. Weather never daunts him and for years he has been recognized as the original early worm when it comes to casting the fly and bait for the wily inhabitant of brook and stream.

A year ago was no exception to the rule, so on Sunday, March 9th, a greenish, balmy budding day almost like midsummer in its glorious sunshine, Mr. Thalheimer with a novel idea and no less than six rods and lines hied himself into suburban woods around Baltimore in search of the vanguard of gudgeons. Finally in one of the little tributary branches of the Patapsco river, he began his unique experiment.

That strollers passed along the little stream is putting it mildly. For he it said here, he was able to haul in fish from six different lines attached to as many rods without holding anyone of them. The six rods and lines were placed at intervals along the bank of the inlet and upon each one was a little tinkling bell. These bells were not all of the same tone, but were about the size and shape of the ordinary sleigh bell. These were placed at that portion of the rod where the line joined it. As soon as gudgeon began to nibble at the lines, the bells would at once notify the angler.

He would then go to that rod and land his watery prey.

When the fish were not running well, Mr. Thalheimer would loll back under the shade of a large willow tree and read his favorite magazine. On the other hand when a school of hungry gudgeons ran into his lines, he was kept on the hop, skip, and jump hauling them in and rebaiting or flying his half-dozen busy lines. It is conceivable that if the bells were properly toned and the gudgeons would bite at the correct intervals upon the different lines, that the anvil chorus from *Il Trovatore* or the Maiden's Prayer might be correctly played by the nibbling fish just before they were taken from the Cradle of the Deep.



Wildcat shot in Pennfield, N. B. by James McAdam, a well known Big Game hunter of Pennfield



A Salmon Pool at the Big Hole Falls, Pocologan River

## A HUNTING TRIP TO POCOLOGAN, N. B.

J. EDWIN CONNORS

ONE day late in September 1913 while working at my desk the office door suddenly opened, and a tall well dressed gentleman walked in. I presented him with a chair and after a few moments he entered into conversation with the boss, who had apparently met him before. It seemed that he was desirous of going on a hunting trip and when the boss found this out he said:

"I don't know but that Edwin could go with you." Hearing this the visitor turned towards me and asked if I were the man who had written an article that had appeared in the previous month's issue of Rod and Gun, concerning a hunting trip to Pocologan in 1912. I had to confess that I was guilty.

"I was reading that story only this morning" continued the stranger, "over at my summer residence at Connopobello and it looked good to me for a trip in the same country this Fall."

Before very long necessary arrangements were made for this trip, on which we were to start one week from that date.

A week later we reached the Game Warden's and after procuring the necessary papers went into camp. After looking about for a day or so and taking in a good part of the country the gentleman decided to go back and cable to England for two of his friends. Accordingly we returned to our starting point, Black's Harbour, Charlotte County, N. B., and the sportsman, whom we will call Major No. 1 went by yacht to Connopobello from whence his cablegrams were dispatched. About two weeks later I received a telegram asking me to build a camp four miles up the river from my camp at Forked Lake. I hustled round and got another man to assist me and on our way to the hunting ground to locate a site for the camp we got a man to take the contract to build the camp, for which I sent him the lumber, etc., and a new cook-stove. About a week later I got another telegram to send the boat to Eastport, Me., for a man who was coming out on October 16th. In the meantime Major No. 1 had gone to New York to meet his English friends and while there did not forget to send

me one hundred twenty-five cent cigars, duty paid, an attention which needless to say I greatly appreciated.

On the afternoon of the 16th of October the boat arrived at the public wharf at Black's Harbour and the following morning I was up bright and early so as to get the teams in good running order.

The truck teams were in charge of Harry Trynor and George Young and we soon loaded them up with trunks, grips, tents, sleeping bags and guns, duffle bags, etc., and started them on their way to the camp ground. The next thing to do was to get the driving team ready. This consisted of a good double seated rig with a cover and was in charge of Ralph Wright, the driver. Just before we were ready to start, a visit was paid to the ranch of the Northern Foxes Limited, which was just across the road from where our team was drawn up. Soon the voice of the driver was heard proclaiming "All aboard" and away we started for Pocologan. We had not been long on the road when Major No. 1 spied a covey of partridges on the side of the road. Putting up the horses some of us got out and the Major succeeded in getting two fine birds. The next place we reached was Mr. Howard Trynor's house, Mr. Trynor being the Game Warden. Major No. 1's friends procured their licenses and we proceeded for a few miles until we came to the end of the logging road and there found our truck teams waiting and also the team that contained the canoe that had come by the railroad. The rest of the road was very rough and all hands had to walk in to the camp, a distance of seven long miles. The canoe had to be left to come on the next day by team. The long walk to camp gave us all fine appetites and it was with joy that we saw, when we reached the camp, our good old cook, Mr. George Justason, standing in the door wearing his white apron and waving a frying pan in greeting. The cook and the grub had gone in on the first team in. Major No. 1 after taking a look around expressed himself as very much satisfied with the way the camp had been built and its situation,

which was not twenty feet distant from a good cold spring of water, and not fifty yards from Forked Lake. A mile away was one of the highest points in the county, Little Porcupine Mountain, from which can be obtained a grand view of lakes, rivers and forest.

Not far from this camp is a neat little log cabin belonging to an Indian trapper, a very quiet old gentleman who makes strangers welcome any time they happen to visit him.

In our party also was Mr. John Hunter, a guide, and as there were three men to be guided and only Hunter and myself to act as guides I had to take two of them one day, and John two the next day. The cook also was very good in assisting us with the canoe, etc.

After we had had an appetizing lunch the Major proposed to pitch his large green tent alongside our camp and while some of the party assisted him others busied themselves cleaning up the yard, getting water, and wood, etc.

The first four days in camp proved most discouraging to the Major as it rained all the time, the rain being accompanied by a terrific wind. Nevertheless we kept on the go notwithstanding rain and wind, though we knew it was very little use looking for big game in wet weather. As it was then too late for calling on the old birch bark we found it necessary to still hunt, or stalk, as they call it in the north of Scotland.

One dark stormy night about 12 o'clock we were startled to hear a cry: "Help, help, she is down."

The voice came from the direction of the big tent. Major No. 1 and Major No. 3 had gone to sleep in this tent for the night while Major No. 2 bunked in the camp with the cook, the other guide and myself. Majors 1 and 3 had said that they preferred the fresh air of the tent to sleeping in camp.

At the call for help we all tumbled out of our berths and seizing, one a lamp, another a candle and still another a lantern, rushed round the corner of the camp to find Major No. 1 coming in to the camp evidently on the hunt for Major No. 3, whom to



The Cook, the Writer, and Major No. 2 in the Centre on Forked Lake

our great surprise and amusement he found under one of our berths, laughing to kill himself. About an hour before the squall had struck the tent Major No. 3 thinking that it was getting rather rough got up quietly and without making any noise that would waken Major No. 1 took his good old sleeping bag with him and went into camp where he stowed himself away under one of our berths and went peacefully to sleep. Major No. 1 laughed good-naturedly at the deserter and spent the remainder of the night with us.

Next morning we were up long before daylight and to the delight of us all it was a fine morning and the rain having passed and the sky cleared there had been a good frost. "Something doing to-day" was the unanimous verdict. Just before day-break we struck out, Major No. 1 with John and Majors No. 2 and No. 3 with me. Cruising along until dinner time we got no game although we saw quite a few moose with our field glasses, all of which were too far off for a shot. The mere sight of them, however, encouraged the Majors. At dinner time we boiled the kettle and had lunch and then continued the hunt over the mountains. Back at camp again in the evening we found Major No. 1 and John there telling the cook about the big black bear they had seen and had had several shots at, but on account of the

long distance he was away had not been able to get.

Supper over that night we lighted our cigars and pipes and had a real bear story or two before retiring to our sleeping bags, all hands in the camp this time. The snoring of the tired ones suggested a brass band at sea in a storm.

Before daylight next morning the cook could be heard rattling pots and pans and getting the poached eggs and bacon and coffee ready for our breakfast. Pretty soon came the good old call, not on the birch bark, but from the cook, of "Turn out," and in an incredibly short time we were seated about the table.

Breakfast over we were pleased to observe that it was another fine morning, with a little frost, which as every moose hunter knows, is good for hunting.

Starting out Major No. 1 and Major No. 2 went with John, and Major No. 3 and the cook with me. We were going to drive a big valley. John and party were to drive up the valley toward where Major No. 3 and the cook and I were waiting.

Getting out to a good point of view and looking over across a pug hole and swamp on the side of a hill we could see five black objects in the morning sun. Putting up the glasses we could see that they were moose, lying down. This being a very difficult place to stalk to I decided to try

a low call to see if we could not start them towards us. I gave a low call and right in the valley below us from the swamp there came an answer. I called again and there was another answer. Coming close Major No. 3 got ready to shoot, but as Mr. Moose saw something he did not like he went back into the swamp and we got no shot at him.

By this time the five moose on the side of the hill had got up on their feet and were moving around feeding. We decided to crawl through the swamp and try and get a shot at them but upon going over we found that they had gone over the hill into another valley which was a very good place for a drive. I decided we had better go on top of the hill and see if we could not see the other party—John, and Majors 1 and 2. Pretty soon we looked over to the south and on top of Porcupine Mountain we could see figures moving around. Putting up the glasses we were able to distinguish the other party so we got a pole and putting a white handkerchief on one end raised it up and waved it back and forth. Pretty soon they saw our signal and started down towards us. We lay down to rest while they were coming down the mountain and across the valley. When they got up to us I saw that Major No. 1 had an extra fine smile on and upon close enquiries we found that one of the monarchs of the forest had fallen that morning, a victim to

his sporting Mauser, Major No. 2 saying nothing but looking on.

After lunch we started to drive the valley where the five were that we had seen go into it that morning. We put Majors No. 1, 2 and 3 on a point where if anything came up the valley they could see it and get a shot. John, the cook, and I went to the further end of the valley and started to drive up. We made considerable noise and came along towards the men with the guns but all that came out by them was a cow and calf, the bulls getting by us somehow.

Coming up to the Majors we changed men, Major 3 and the cook going with John and Majors 1 and 2 with me for the rest of the day. We cruised along a little further and came across two cows. Keeping on we saw two bulls but these were too far away for a shot.

In the meantime the cook left John and going over the ridge to the lake got the canoe and went over to the camp to get supper ready. We all arrived back at the side of the lake however and right up about 300 yards in the birches John said Major No. 1's moose was lying. All hands put up a holler for the cook to bring over the canoe and while he was doing this we went up to the moose and John and I took off his head and front feet. The head was not very large but as it was the first moose the Major had secured he was well satisfied and said he



Right to Left: Major No. 1, Guides, J. Hunter, Edwin Connors, Cook, Major No. 3

would try for a big one the next season.

We all went down to the side of the lake and got into the canoe, which was a seventeen footer, but well loaded with six men, a moose head and fifteen or twenty pounds of moose meat, all the guns, bags, etc. We reached the shore near our camp O. K. but somewhat tired out it must be confessed. Supper was ready as the cook had seen to that when he had gone to get the canoe.

That night John was well in the limelight, all the wind seeming to blow his way. Major No. 2 decided he would like to try my rifle, a good old Ross, the next day, to which I consented, saying I would take his shotgun along with me.

Next morning after breakfast the cook said to me:

"Edwin it is up to you to get somebody a moose to-day as it is a dandy morning with lots of frost."

Major No. 1 decided he would stay in a little while and he and the cook would go after ducks on the Forked and Love lakes. Major No. 3 went with John and Major No. 2 with me.

We struck out up along Clear lake and the first high ground we came to we sighted three moose with the glasses. Keeping on farther we sighted two more on the side of a big hill. We started to stalk them but when we were half way over looking back to the place we had just left we saw two more moose. I saw that we were among the game and that if we did not get a shot there must be a cat under the tub somewhere. Going back down the hill again we came out on to a big flat piece of burnt land and sat down to rest. After lunch and a short smoke, which latter is contrary to the rules of moose hunters, we had but just started when we put up two or three moose in the edge of the woods, and big ones too, by the sound of their horns in the trees. I got upon a large rock and looking across a small gully I saw a cow leisurely feeding and told Major No. 2 that there must be a bull there somewhere. We lay there a while watching the cow; then we decided to crawl down into the swamp and across to where the cow was getting

down in the third swamp. We had to move very carefully for we were getting closer all the time. Pretty soon I heard the cow whine and the bull in the swamp answered her, so I thought I would try a low call. No sooner had I done this than the bull answered me right in the swamp about fifty yards away. Then he started moving towards us and the old cow set up a long whine and all sorts of noises. Major No. 2 said to me: "I believe that is John on the other side of that bull. It sounds like him." But John was not within five miles of us at that time. Anyway I kept fooling with the bull, all the time working out to the other side of the swamp. Pretty soon we got out and I looked along the edge of the swamp and saw about forty yards away a large bull. I pointed him out to Major No. 2 and told him to shoot for the middle of the fore-shoulder, which he did, and the old Ross rang out on the side of the hill. As luck would have it he ran out in the clearing instead of going into the woods, which gave Major No. 2 his chance to do some good shooting. Bang! Bang! Bang! But the old bull would not come down but just kept moving along slowly and apparently looking for a place in which to lie down. Pretty soon he knelt down and sat up the same as a domestic cow would for the night, looking at us rather wildly. The Major went up quite close to him and I told him not to go too close but just keep the rifle ready in case he got up. Suddenly up he got and made straight for us. I told the Major to let him have it again. Bang! Bang! and down went Mr. Bull for the last time. Waiting a few moments we went up to him and I held his head up till we had a good look at it. Turning round to Major No. 2 I told him he need not be ashamed to take that head out, and then as we had no rule with us we cut a long straight stick and placed it on the horns, cutting it just the exact width of the horns. It was then getting along towards 3 o'clock and as the head was a large one and it was a long way to the camp we decided to put up a signal and then make for camp. Cutting a long pole we tied Major No. 2's blue silk

handkerchief and my white one to the top of the pole, then climbing a tall birch tree I lashed the pole to the top of it with the handkerchief flying in the breeze.

Then we struck out for camp and at a good pace too. Part of the time Major No. 2 was ahead of me as he was anxious to break the news to the rest of the party and also to get a rule on the stick we had cut to measure the width of the horns. Hurrying along the valley and ridges we came at last to the side of the lake and sent out a call to those at camp to bring over the canoe. We got an answer right away from Major No. 1 and the cook who had been over the lake shooting partridges.

"Did you get a moose?" asked Major No. 1 and just for fun Major No. 2 answered back:

"Yes, a *small* one."

As we came up to them Major No. 1 eyed the stick that Major No. 2 was carrying. "What have you got that stick for?" he enquired. And Major No. 2 replied that he would see when we got to the camp. The old cook however needed only a hint and at once exclaimed:

"I know. That is the width of the spread of horns."

"Right you are," confessed Major No. 2.

We were not long in getting across the lake into camp. Getting out the rule and laying the stick on the table Major No. 2 slowly measured off the inches. Then turning round he said:

"Make a guess."

Everyone had a guess and three of us guessed correctly—sixty-one inches from tip to tip.

In the meantime John and Major No. 3 had come round the lake and into camp.

"Well boys. What luck," asked Major No. 3. He, it seemed, had had some shots but being in a difficult place had not got his moose.

"What have you Major No. 2?" And then the stick came into view again. Major No. 2 was congratulated on all sides on his fine success.

A jolly evening followed and after a good sleep we set to work early next morning to pack the tent, bags, etc. for the three Majors were due to take



The Writer giving a Call: Cook beside him

that day's train from Utopia, a small side station on the New Brunswick Southern Railway. Major No. 2 left his camera with me that I might take a photograph of the big moose where he lay, not having had his camera with him when he had shot him the day before.

After breakfast and the packing was over we all shook hands with the three Majors and bade them a safe journey home. John and the cook and I had to stay to get out the two moose heads which were destined for Mr. Henry Mathewson, a taxidermist at Bonney River, N. B.

When the team had gone we struck out for the big moose. It was a foggy day and we took twelve photographs of the moose as he lay in the place where he had fallen the previous day. We also took his measurements. We had a long carry but got back to camp all right and everybody had time that evening for a good shave and a clean up before starting out on the old logging road to civilization.

We reached the house of the Game Warden in time for dinner and after dinner the warden's son Harry took the two moose heads to the taxider-

mist to be mounted. Before this account is published I expect the Majors will have their moose heads in England. If any Canadian guide should have the good fortune next year to accompany these gentlemen he can be assured of having as agreeable a party and as generous a one as he

ever travelled with. Anyone who contemplates a good outing for trout, salmon, moose, deer, bear or small game such as ducks, partridges, or woodcock will do well to write a line to, or drop in to see the writer at Black's Harbour, Charlotte County, N. B.

FOOT NOTE—Small game such as ducks, partridge and woodcock is also to be secured in this locality.

I made a trip last fall with a reverend gentleman and the first day out we were successful in getting a big black bear. The next day this gentleman went out with a friend of his and secured a large moose with a head that had what they call double board horns, measuring fifty-four inches.

On another trip which was made about the end of the hunting season with a fox rancher, Mr. Wm. Farquharson, by name, we secured in our party, three big buck deer, one of which was said to be the largest ever seen in the county. I have the head of this big fellow mounted and will be pleased to show it to any one who may come to see it. J. E. C.

## A TRIP TO BASS LAKE

REX SNOW

Not far inland from the shores of Lake Rosseau, and separated from that body of water by a gently sloping grass-covered hill, there lies a little lake, planted picturesquely among frowning cliffs, hemlock crowned. It is a delightful spot, the clear greenish water contrasting prettily with the dark moss-covered rocks, and it is difficult to imagine a more suitable retreat in which to spend a quiet afternoon, remote from the bustle and gaiety of Muskoka summer life.

Besides these natural scenic attractions, so refreshing to the nature loving eye, there is a lure in the little lake which exerts an influence even greater than the novelty of its surroundings: for, if rumor is to be believed, far down in the green depths lurk many voracious bass, eagerly waiting for a chance to pit their strength and cunning against the angler with his rod and line.

It was here that my brother and I, with a couple of friends, decided to spend a quiet afternoon, and, incidentally mingling visions of the material with appreciation for the aesthetic, to catch enough bass for breakfast the following day. So we left our wharf one fine morning towing behind our motor boat two canoes laden with the paraphernalia common to such a trip. Conspicuous among the rods and bait cans was a well-filled luncheon basket of very comforting proportions.

Strange to relate—and this is the only part of the narrative that my friends are inclined to disbelieve—our "put put" ran quite well, and by ten o'clock we had arrived at the portage. It was the matter of only a few minutes to carry our canoes across, and we put our rods together with high hopes of "four pounders."

But as the minutes lengthened into hours, and the bass were mainly conspicuous by their absence, our thoughts turned at ever shortening intervals towards the spot where

lay our luncheon basket, cunningly concealed behind a fallen log. Finally we decided that the bass were less hungry than ourselves, and after a refreshing plunge in the clear water we raced for the portage.

As the writer was the one best versed in the art of fire lighting this task fell upon him. But what a stubborn thing a camp fire can be upon occasion, especially when one is hungry! This one sulked, and smoked mightily. A capricious breeze kept us busily dodging the choking fumes around the four points of the compass. At last after much coaxing, and a scientific application of dry birch bark, it burned bright and clear and our troubles for the time being were at an end.

What a dinner that was! Hunger is a potent relish and we "fell to" with a vigor that did full justice to the cook who had provided the meal. It is true that the tea was a trifle strong, a very particular person might even have pronounced it "boiled," and a lemon pie had suffered considerable damage in a mixup with some bananas, but we were not fastidious. We unanimously voted the meal "first rate" and returned hopefully to our fishing.

Bass? Well, perhaps. But not the size of our catch keeps the memory of that day green in our recollections. Whether the slimness of our string was to be attributed to our own lack of skill, or to an unusual wariness on the part of the finny tribe, is a point we have never fully decided. On the whole we prefer to lay the blame on the fish. H—however, caught six catfish in almost as many minutes, an incident out of which the rest of us derived much amusement.

But all good things come to an end. When the sun lay half concealed by the western horizon, and our own sensations warned us that it was a long past tea time, we once more turned the noses of our canoes toward the portage, and left the bass in peace.

# ANGLING NOTES

H. MORTIMER BATTEN

**T**HE angler who has plenty of time on his hands usually delights in making and improving his own tackle so far as possible, and here are a few hints which may prove useful to those who think it worth while following them out.

There is yet to be put on the market a fly book, in which mounted flies can be kept and drawn as required without the danger of their tangling and blowing away. We have tried many arrangements and the following, which I have now used for some years, seems to be as satisfactory as any. Cut several pieces of thin, light cardboard the exact length and width of the pages required. Sew these together in pairs at the centre, as indicated in sketch (1), by means of a strip of calico, making as many pairs as will be necessary to carry the desired quantity of flies. Then, on either side of the squares at the top and bottom, notch the cardboard slightly, so that it will carry an elastic band, and having placed the band over it stitch the latter lightly in centre so as to keep the elastic in place. The leaves are now complete, and can be sewn into the flybook in place of those supplied by the makers. The flies are just pushed under the elastic band with gut pointing inwards, and can be arranged so that the tail flies and droppers are kept separately. The elastic bands, when worn out, can be renewed with ease, and the flies are fully in sight immediately the book is opened, while there is no possibility of their blowing away. In order to prevent tangles, place a leaf of stiff brown paper between each cardboard carrier, sewing the leaf into place in the centre with the rest of the book. This arrangement is stiff and light, and does not take up very much room in the pocket.

The angler whose holidays are limited is often out in all weathers, and there is nothing more unpleasant, I think, than to feel one's clothing wet and clammy round the wrists while wielding a rod. Every time the rod is lifted a stream of water runs down it and duly deposits itself in the sleeve, while even the best of raincoats becomes moist round the wrist after long exposure to damp. This can be guarded against by making a gauntlet cuff of soft leather, one end of which is wide enough to entirely enclose the coat sleeves, while the other end draws tightly round the wrist by means of an elastic band. I am still using a pair of these cuffs I made, with the assistance of my Indian guide, when hunting in the Rainy River country three years ago, and certainly would not be without a pair when out in wet weather. The measurements taken with the cuff flattened out, are given in the accompanying sketch (2); the wrist piece is made of soft leather, and is slack enough to admit the passage of the hand, while the actual cuff is of fairly stiff moose hide. This little outfit is very easily made, and if sewn with care will wear indefinitely.

The drip can easily be prevented from running down the rod into the wrist by placing a rubber umbrella ring just above the rod grip, so that the stream of water drips from the ring instead of continuing its course down the handle and into the wrist. In wet weather, however, this does not entirely overcome the difficulty, while the arrangement previously described is useful at all times to keep out wind and wet.

In Great Britain every tiny hamlet that nestles at the side of trout burn or river, has its angler expert—one who lives at the water's edge and knows the habits of trout almost as well as he knows the habits of his own children. He may be the village joiner or blacksmith—a nature-lover by temperament and probably by inheritance. He is an expert fly-dresser, and at the water's edge can tie a fly in a few minutes to meet the immediate requirements, and it is to him that the tyro looks for guidance and advice.

These men began, so to speak, half way up the ladder of successful angling. Probably their fathers and grandfathers were equally expert, and each succeeding generation has added a little to the book of knowledge on which their success depends. It would be difficult, indeed, to trace back to their origin many of the fly-dressings that are to-day used on British rivers. The old hands usually have their book of dressings, and I know many a man who would gladly pay a large sum of money to procure a copy of certain lists kept and guarded by old native anglers. But as a rule these old lists are not for sale; the old hand prefers to keep his dressings secret; and rightly so, since they have brought many a florin to his pocket and will prove equally valuable to his successor.

In Britain the days of pioneer angling are gone; in Canada, for the most part, they are yet to begin. Occasionally we come across an old hand regarding whose skill there is no question, but expert though he may be he has not the advantage of a long line of angling predecessors.

Canada is a new country, and as a rule people work at higher pressure than in Britain. They have not the time to dawdle at the river side for an hour or two each day throughout the season and consequently the progress of so deep a study as the entomological side of angling is slow in progress. Indeed, if I may be forgiven for saying so, I believe that very little is known about the insect life that exists in many of our most famous trout rivers—so little indeed that, as a rule, the Canadian angler resorts to fancy flies rather than trouble himself in attempting to imitate the actual insect on the water.

This is all right so far as it goes. In many of the British rivers fish will take fancy flies readily, but not half so readily as they will take the lure that represents the insect of their fancy. And I believe that, were more known

about the insect life of our rivers over here, sport would be a thousand times improved by the adoption of proper dressings. We have in our possession some of the finest and most beautiful rivers in the world, and were more known concerning the angling possibilities of these waters not only would they prove a source of pleasure to thousands, but they would yield a substantial revenue to the Dominion and to those directly interested in them.

Of course, I am aware that British methods could not be entirely adopted. The deciding factors on which every branch of angling depends are universally so different from those prevailing in the Old Country that one must needs work on different lines; still I believe that those who fish for sport would do well in following the example of the British angler in devoting more attention to the entomological side of the question.

The Chippeway, forest Crees, and many other woodland Indians still rely largely upon the fish supply in isolated districts. The tribes follow the same routine and visit the same hunting and fishing grounds year after year. When the ice breaks and the wild fowl begin to flock northwards, the Indians go northwards too, and until the end of June they live almost entirely upon wildfowl and their eggs. With the coming of summer the red men take up their quarters near to some rapid stretch of water, across which they set their nets. The fish pass their heads through the meshes, whereupon their gills become entangled, and they are unable to withdraw.

Another favorite camping ground during the heat of summer is at the edge of some grassy bay, where the bed of the lake is

smooth and the water shallow. The nets, generally about a hundred yards in length, are set to the depth of eight feet, pegged into position by light poles, and floated with cedar logs. One curious feature that this style of fishing brings to light is that the small fish and the large carnivorous fish are never taken during the same hours. It seems that the small fish frequent the shallows during the daytime, retiring to the depths at fall of darkness, while the large fish—the pike, maskinonge and trout—frequent the edges during the night only. When canoeing at night time, exceedingly large fish can sometimes be observed wallowing with their backs half out of water.

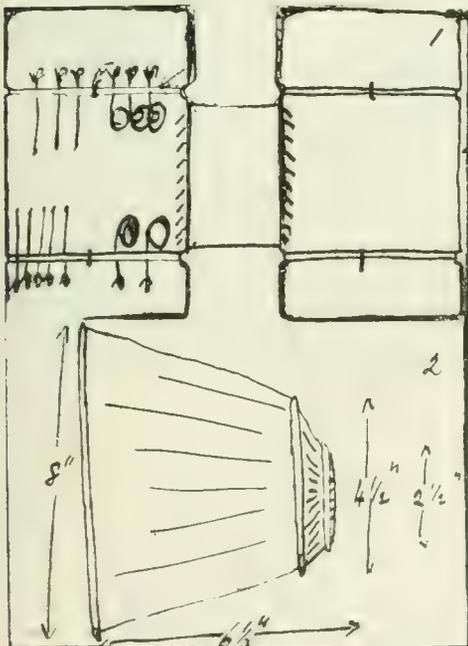
On one occasion my brother, when forest ranging in Algonquin, was wakened at night by a terrific flapping and splashing at the water's edge below his camp. He ran down to find the cause of the disturbance, and was just in time to see a large fish struggling desperately to gain deep water. His theory was that the fish had been attacked by an owl which, finding it too heavy to lift, had attempted to drag it out of the water. Doubtless the owl would have succeeded had it not been disturbed.

Perhaps the most enjoyable day's fish I ever experienced was spent on a small lake some miles east of Sundridge, Ont., on the T & N. O. Railway. The bass were properly on the feed, and it was most amusing to see the sturdy little fellows leap out of the water in their frantic endeavors to snap up the crimson and green dragon flies that were alighting upon the rushes. Evidently the lake had been little fished, for whenever we hooked one several of his friends would escort him sociably to the net, and having seen him safely landed would proceed on their own affairs with an air of utter unconcern.

By the same lake lived an old Swede, whose method of fishing was somewhat original. His tackle consisted of an old Hudson Bay muzzle loader and a huge troll attached to a long line. Swinging the troll over his head he threw it far out into the lake, then proceeded to haul it in hand after hand. The large fish would follow it almost to his feet, whereupon he snatched up the rifle and gave them a bullet before they had time to retreat.

In the lakes of British Columbia I have taken many fish that at the time I could not classify, though I have since come to the conclusion that most of them belonged to the carp or sucker family. Beautiful looking fish many of them were, though my partner invariably screwed up his nose and shook his head when I suggested cooking them. In the prairie creeks and rivers carp are by no means uncommon, and the dried flesh of these fish is used extensively for baiting marten traps. Personally I should not care to eat them unless the stern alternatives were carp or starvation.

Ling, found occasionally both east and west of the mountains, are also very poor eating, while another beautiful fish is the Golden Eye. This fish is usually about fourteen inches in length and has derived its name from its large and brilliant yellow eyes. The flesh is firm and white, and the shape of the body rather flat. The Golden Eye is usually found in sluggish waters, but I have yet to learn whether it exists east of the prairies.



1. Card-board fly-book  
2. Gauntlet Cuff of Soft Leather

Curious it is that certain lakes and rivers are entirely destitute of fish. In North Ontario, for instance, I know of several rivers from the lower reaches of which fish are never taken, though all the conditions seem favorable for their existence. Trout and pickerel may be found among the headwaters, and in certain of the rapids lower down, yet one comes across vast stretches from which, the Indians will tell you, fish have never been taken during their recollection.

The creeks that flow into these barren rivers are often well stocked, and why the fish steer clear of the deeper waters remains a mystery. The same curious feature is to be found in the forests, where one valley is swarming with life while the next valley across the watershed is pulseless as a desert. Forest fire or disease may account for the latter. Disease breaks out among the rabbits, for instance. They die in thousands, and under every windfall their bodies are to be found, lean and wasted, one side of their necks swollen. Migration to healthier quarters follows, and since most wild creatures are dependent to some extent upon each other, the move becomes a general one. Forest fire, of

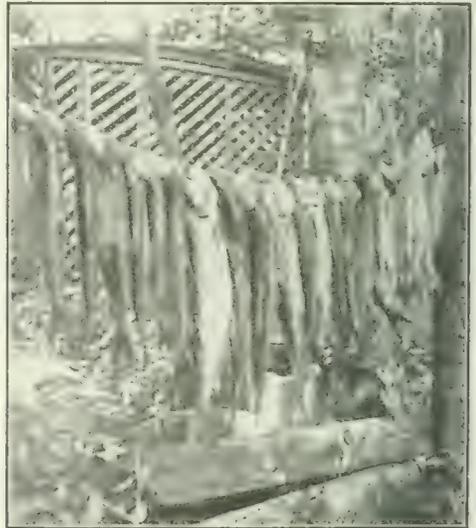
course, makes a clean sweep of the country, and some time elapses ere the game find their way back into it.

It is quite possible that disease in the first place is responsible for the desertion of certain waters.

When in the Rockies a friend and I came upon a small lake the east shore of which was literally white with the bodies of dead fish. They lay in thousands all along the margin, and upon examination we found that many of them were covered over with ugly sores. We could distinguish numbers of diseased fish travelling slowly in circles over the deep water some of them stomach upwards, and many of those which were floating, apparently dead, came to life immediately we touched them. Is it possible that an epidemic of this sort could completely wipe out the fish population of certain rivers?—and if so, how is it that the fish do not eventually return? Personally I am inclined to think that some mineral poisoning, introduced possibly by the tiniest of tiny creeks, renders these waters uninhabitable until finally they became purified by the slow process of filtration.

## TROUT CAUGHT IN GILLIES LAKE

The photograph from which the accompanying reproduction was made was taken by Mr. W. Kent and was sent us by Mr. Chas. Mathieson of Dyer Bay, Ont., and shows a string of mountain trout which were caught in Gillies Lake by the Holditch camping party in an hour and a half's fishing. This lake, Mr. Mathieson writes, is situated in Lindsay township, Bruce County, about 200 feet above the level of Georgian Bay and within a quarter of a mile of the same. Although as yet comparatively unknown it would make a beautiful summer resort as it would provide both good boating and bathing as well as excellent fishing. The Lake is about three miles long and one mile wide and is right in the heart of the forest.



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A Typical Model Canvas Covered Type—Steady for Fishing

## THE HISTORY OF THE CANOE

S. E. SANGSTER

**C**ANOE!—it is a mystic word among the red-blooded Brotherhood of the Outdoors; the history of CANADA is writ large in the bygone centuries with this wonderful craft. It has carried the voyageur and explorer—from the days of Champlain down through the period of the Courier du Bois to the days of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Nor'West Company. Without the canoe and the Woods Indian the white race would never have gotten its footing in the Northland Wilderness. The history of the canoe is indeed a thrilling one in this Lakeland of silver paddeways and gleaming, rippling byways of the North. The 'Rivers of the Waiting Silences' were conquered and made the highways of the Hinterland by the old-time birchbark craft of the Indian—"Les Canots du Nord."

But while it is true that we must credit the redskin with the invention of the thin-skinned craft of America's inland lakes and streams, as well as with the gut-strung snow-shoe,—there has been a marked evolution of the former, dating from the time of Columbus' sailing up the old St. Lawrence to where Quebec stands—on down the centuries to the present time. From the type of Columbus' time of a crude model, bark-covered

and fibre-laced to the 1913 models of smooth-skin canvas-covered craft there is a very interesting history of progress and ingenuity. However, owing to necessarily limited space, it is my desire herein to confine myself, generally speaking, to the types most practical for the outer and sportsman for cruises in the East and North, for summer fishing trips, long northern 'hikes' and autumn hunting vacations. While some of my readers may differ with my remarks on some points, I am confident that all "been there" outers will find many salient features outlined that agree with their own experience and its teachings.

### THE EVOLUTION

The original canoe type of which we have authentic record was, as we all know, a covering of birchbark laced over more or less satisfactory ribbing; this type of craft has been improved during the past fifty years by the Indians, until we find a canoe made by the Montagnais tribes of Northern and eastern Quebec and the Crees and Ojibways of the Height of Land that embodies the most that it is possible to obtain with the material used.

The white man, with inherent ingenuity, has devoted time, thought and much money to the work of evol-

ing a substitute for the bark covering, one that would possess its meritorious features, and also add those lacking in the original. Many models have been tried out—some with varying success; mainly three materials have been used by him—the cedar-planked canoe—the basswood and the canvas-covered type. No factory has ever attempted to manufacture birchbark canoes, primarily because the object sought was to produce something better suited to the various uses of the whitemen than the Indian type was.

### TYPES AND USES.

In discussing the several types of present-day canoes evolved by the whiteman, they might be briefly summarized thus—

(1) The all cedar type; this has been highly developed and some beautifully finished and modelled canoes may be seen on any of the Canadian or American Club waters. They are not intended, however, for long, racking cruises in the rock country of the open, and are therefore eliminated from this discussion.

(2) The basswood type, a cruiser in style, made of planked basswood, battened along the joints, ribbed with rock elm or oak. Used extensively for enjoyment in cities where the cedar type is considered too expensive and also by the timber cruiser and outer. A good all-round craft, with the one big disadvantage, i. e. that *basswood* is not a timber suited to use in water.

(3) The canvas-covered type in a dozen models; perfected only within the past five years. This largely replaces all other types in the Outdoor Country, and has proven itself the most practical and satisfactory craft for the rivers of the Northland and the Eastern Gameland. Various systems of ribbing; a strong, dry and light craft, embodying the salient features of the birchbark, together with the more seaworthy assets of the wooden-planked types. The best suited to long, rough cruises in the North, where hard portages, rocky and bush-encumbered, make lightness a live factor.

### BIRCHBARK VS. CANVAS-COVERED

In making the following comparison the writer wishes to point out that the viewpoint is of craft meeting best the conditions of the North and East—New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario—Maine, Minnesota and Michigan—and that the features of the craft kept in view are confined only to such uses.

A great many letters have come to the writer in which was asked the question whether he would recommend their using the Indian birchbark on Northern cruises rather than a canvas-covered model. While it is but fair to give all credit to the bark craft for the big part they played in the exploration and taming of the Wilderness over the Height of Land, and while I hold a mighty respect for the work performed through their medium, (coupled, it must be remembered, with the woods' quality of the Cree and Ojibway Indian), yet I am on record as in favor of employing a good-lengthed model of smooth-skin canvas canoe, preferably one of 18 or 19 feet. A varied and practical experience under all conditions forces me to immeasurably so favor the more modern, better and truer built invention of the whiteman, because it possesses the good features of the bark-coated canoe, in addition to which it is stronger, better modelled and a faster traveller in heavy headwinds and against currents. This is, remember, based on and confined to, exploratory and real cruising work. For, while the bark canoe is very 'corky' on the water, it loses the *drive* of the paddle much more quickly and in headwinds rapidly loses place in competition with the better modelled and stronger-running canvas type. The bark has gained a big reputation as a *white water* runner; yet, despite this, the writer is convinced that in this latter respect, as in many features the canvas outclasses it. Owing to the fact that really good birchbark is getting scarcer and more difficult to obtain, and also, partly, to the fact that the present generation of Indian has found his skill unequal to produce a craft as capable as the whiteman's product, you will find birch bark canoes getting fewer and farther between, and these mostly of some years' age.



1. The Canoe—the "Vehicle of the Silent Places," and Outfit  
 2. The Canvas Covered Type is Unsurpassed

Under such conditions as are involved in the Silent North, my choice between the two types unhesitatingly lies with the modern invention, and, failing that, I should prefer a staunch basswood, well-built. Such conditions as are referred to, include primarily—

(a) *Seaworthiness*:—a feature of initial necessity for any extensive cruise, where one's canoe is the *only* means of transport, and the only path the paddleways. (b) *Dryness and easiness of repair*;—(c) *Easy paddling and steadiness* under all conditions of weather and wind. (d) *Lightness and balance on the portage*:—a very important factor, too, when one has a mile or more to tote

through tangled brush and around sharp turns among the rocky hills of the open. (e) *Buoyancy and displacement under heavy loading of equipment*:—this also bearing, in part, on phase (c). In each and all of these five respects I yield the palm to the canvas-covered model, with the basswood a second choice. A cedar-planked type I do not consider as at all suitable for such conditions in the rock country.

#### THE IDEAL CANOE FOR CRUISING

As the reader will have concluded ere getting this far into the article, the writer's choice of any craft is a canvas-covered smoothskin. But, here too, we find various types and models, sizes—lengths and widths

flat-bottoms and rounded, some of which are certainly preferable to others. From an experience of many years' paddling and cruising of the rock country from New Brunswick west to the prairies, I would give as my own choice of model and specifications the following as best suited for meeting all conditions as summarized for real cruising—

Model flat bottomed, some *tumble-home*, length from 18 to 19 feet, (according to trip), cedar ribbed (ribs 2 inches wide, spaced  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches apart),

planked with thin cedar planks, joints lying closely together, and well-covered with the regulation canvas, properly prepared and well-fastened; depth amidship of canoe to be from  $14\frac{1}{2}$  to  $15\frac{1}{2}$  inches and beam at widest part from 32 to 34 inches, varying where possible according to nature of waters and load to be carried; the "Peterboro" extension gunwale I consider a vital adjunct to any canoe; without it heavy seas will persist in breaking inboard; the finish to show stempieces giving a finished



1. A Sail comes handy on Long Cruises in from Steel
2. Cree, Mending Bark Canoe

design, but not brought up at stern and bow as in some types—high ends simply showing bearing-space for side winds to play upon.

With such a canoe one can place a maximum load with proper balance, yet have plenty of canoe above the water-line; he can handle it in fair weather and foul; will find it holds the *drive* of the paddle well; is dry and steady, and can be toted over the longest and roughest portage with a minimum of exertion. For fishing purposes it is equally unsurpassed, and I have handled, played and 'landed' a 20 lb. black-spotted salmon trout—with my wife in the boat. It is equally up to standard for running rapids, being buoyant and quick-handling.

It is desired that my readers understand that I hold no brief on behalf of any manufacturer, and I have, consequently, eliminated any reference herein to any special model or maker, either of wooden-planked or canvas-covered types. Sufficient to say in passing that there are a number of reliable manufacturers of all types most of whom will supply any special features and specifications asked of them.

#### HINTS ABOUT PADDLING

Perhaps, in concluding this short article, it may be proper to make brief reference to the management of a canoe; the points dealt with may be known to those who have "been there" but the novice, especially in the Northland, will find them of value on occasion. First,—and paste it in your outing hat—never, *never*, lose your wits under stress of excitement—if you get into 'white water' by accident stern-first,—and I got into that situation once for about 30 seconds—don't 'go up in the air', but get busy and *handle the canoe*—you'll need to. Leaving out the question of getting in and out of your canoe—and it is really a more important item than many suppose—or how to balance your load or tackle head-wind, just a few remarks on paddling itself. Of course the bow paddle should run higher than that for the stern man; probably a good rough basis would be for the stern a length from the ground

to your mouth and for the bow to your forehead—or about 4 inches difference. Kneeling in the bow or stern, the thwart as a partial support, the best all-round stroke is one, not too long nor yet too short and choppy, but a happy medium, the top arm doing its share of propulsion, that arm slightly bent; do not, under any circumstances, acquire that style so much evidenced by racing paddlers—it may be ideal for such spurting work, but it is a mighty poor one for an all-day cruise with a heavy-loaded canoe. Put your weight into the paddle as the blade catches the water, and bring it right through. The stern paddle should, in steering, be turned out *behind*—or a better way of putting it, the inside edge of the blade turned toward the stern, the thumb of the upper hand thrown forward.

Never sit right up on the thwarts—again, I say, paste this somewhere that you can always see in your canoeing eye; especially be careful of this advice in heavy side-winds. When one sits up in this manner he has a canoe top-heavy and no hold on that weight to steady and balance it. Keep a grip on the sides of the hull with your two knees, and whenever you find it necessary to move off that position, *put your weight on your arms—either hand on the two gunwales*. Again keep this in mind—*never stand up in a canoe*, particularly when heavily loaded—such an action is on a par with that of the "fool who rocks the boat"—incidentally, (surely I need hardly say it), *don't rock the canoe*.—you may be willing to drown but your guide isn't, as a rule; if he is, let him do it his own way.

Generally speaking, balance your canoe to trim a trifle up in the bows, except when running into a head-wind, when it will be found an advantage to run slightly bow-heavy. When bringing aboard a fish, especially in rough seas or where there is a strong current, *sit down*—or if you have to have more elbow-room, at least confine it to kneeling with that grip of the knees on the sides; the same is equally emphatic when shooting either gun or rifle from the water. This latter point was emphasized last autumn when a chum and his com-

panion upset through the combined result of a second barrel 'jarring off' of his gun and a racing position on one knee of the stern paddler.—result was a lost gun and a narrow escape by both from drowning. I think that

those who keep these points in mind and at all times, no matter how involved the situation, remember to keep cool, will escape a watery grave—unless they let the 'other fellow' do it.

## A SHORT GHOST STORY

A. A. HOTTE

SOME eight or ten years ago an old companion and I were hunting ruffed grouse in a worked out lumber district, employing as guide a middle aged man whom I shall call Joe and who, having hunted and trapped in that country for many years, was intimately acquainted with every road, path and old clearing likely to contain game.

Joe was something of a character and, although unable to either read or write, was well informed on all subjects coming within his ken, particularly so on matters relating to the trapping of fur bearing animals whose habits he had learned so well that none of the other trappers in the vicinity were so successful as he in pitting their wits against those of the wild creatures. Many an evening has he beguiled, dishes washed and guns cleaned, with tales of the beaver, otter, mink, fisher, marten, and bear whose habits he knew far and away better than many of the men who make a living by writing on such subjects, for Joe was not only exceedingly intelligent but his whole life had been spent among these animals.

But to get to the ghost story—one day we determined to pack some blankets and food to a house long out of use by the lumber men, who had built it and the out buildings and cleared a large section of land for the raising of hay and vegetables, to supply the surrounding shanties. We intended hunting there for a couple of days and then returning to the original camp. Well, it rained most of the second day and we did not feel like taking the long walk back to headquarters. So we returned to the house early in the afternoon, had supper and after fixing things up a bit, lay down on our hay on the floor and lazily smoked our pipes.

Before proceeding further, I must give some description of the house in order that Joe's tale may be better understood. The house was a two storey one, built of logs with a kitchen attached. The up stairs was divided by a thin partition into two rooms and the down stairs was the same. There was a door from the outside leading into the eating room and another from the kitchen. After we had talked a while the conversation gradually turned to the discussion of ghosts and I asked Joe if he had ever seen or heard one.

"Yes," he said, "I heard one in this very house."

"When was that?" I asked?

"Well, I'll tell you about it. Two or three years ago I was trapping in this country and I had made this house my headquarters, living and sleeping in the kitchen where I had made up a bed and where there was a good stove to do my cooking and to keep me warm. I was all alone but was occasionally visited by Joe Laponite, a trapper. As I had a large number of traps set, my daily round was a long one and generally I was pretty well tired out at night. One evening I went to bed early after having something to eat, and slept soundly until well towards morning when I was awakened by some one knocking at the door leading into the eating room. I sat up in bed and thinking it was Laponite—although the hour was an unusual one—I called out "is that you Joe?" Receiving no answer and the knock being repeated I again asked the same question but still received no reply. Then I heard the door being opened and the fall of a heavy footstep deliberately crossing into the next room, going slowly up the stairs and across both rooms up there. I did not know what to make of it but determined to investigate, so I got out of bed quietly and throwing on some clothes grabbed my hunting axe and started to see who was in the house. Having heard the steps going up stairs I at once started for that point, but, search as I would, could find no trace of any one. I then came down and went to the door to see if there was any trace of footsteps in the fresh snow which had fallen during the night, but the snow bore not the slightest trace of such nor any indication that any one had been near the place."

"Had you been drinking?" I asked.

"Not a drop for months" was the reply.

"Well, then how do you account for it all?"

"I can't account for it unless it was a ghost, but the circumstances were exactly as I have told you. Some one may have died or been killed here long ago and you know their spirits have a habit of returning to such places at times."

We thanked Joe for this tale, which no one could doubt he believed in fully, and, with a shivery sort of feeling in our backs, rolled over and went to sleep.



Carrying the Boat in Sections

## BUILDING A SECTIONAL BOAT

C. A. FLEMING

**T**HE writer began experimenting about two years ago on boats that could be easily made by any handy man, that were light and tight, easily transported by train or vehicle, easily portaged, stored in small space, and quite safe for any inexperienced person to handle; and succeeded in building one that filled the conditions aimed at.

This boat was used by our deer hunting club in the wilds of Algoma two seasons, and answered all requirements. The sections were nested inside of one another and were checked on the railway as ordinary baggage, no excess being charged as on ordinary boats and canoes. The sections could be used like large trays, by putting rope handles through the bolt holes, to carry all sorts of duffle in-if necessary. Each section is made water tight by putting corks into the bolt holes, and will float a man if necessary. I will describe the building of one 13 feet, 7 inches long and 42 inches beam that usually carried four or five men and two dogs.

### Length of Sections.

- Bow section, 4 ft, 3 in.
- Middle section, 4 ft, 6 in.
- Stern section, 4 ft, 10 in.
- Total, 13 ft., 7 in.

### Material Required.

- 110 ft. board measure  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch spruce, cedar cypress or pine for planking and flooring.
- 2 pieces 1 inch by 10 inches, 12 ft. long for bulkheads, etc., spruce cypress or hard pine.
- 2 pieces 1 inch by 3 inches, 14 ft. long for angle pieces.
- 1 piece  $1\frac{1}{2}$  by 2 inches by 18 inches long, oak for stem piece.
- 4 pieces  $\frac{1}{2}$  by 1 inch by 14 ft. long, oak for rub and wale streaks for outside and inside of top of boat.
- 30 pieces  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch by 1 inch by 4 ft. long, cedar for ribs.

- 1 piece 1 inch by 7 inches by 10 ft. long for seats.

- 2 pieces  $\frac{1}{4}$  by 1 inch by 14 ft. long, oak for rub streaks to protect bottom.

- 1 piece 1 by 1 by 14 ft. long, oak for keel.

- 16 ft. lineal  $\frac{1}{2}$  by 2 inches by 10 feet long, oak cut into sixteen pieces to strengthen bulkheads where bolts go through.

- 1 lb. 2 inch nails.

- 1 lb.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inch nails.

- 2 lbs.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch shingle nails to nail planking on.

- 1 lb.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch tinned clout nails for nailing planking on.

- 2 lbs.  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch tinned clouts nails to nail ribs to planking.

- 6 pks. 3 oz. tacks

to nail canvas on.

- 3 pks. 6 oz. tacks

- 3 dozen stove bolts  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches long to bolt on gunwale streaks and keel.

- 13 yds. 8 oz. duck 30 inches wide.

- 25 lbs. best white lead.

- 1 gallon linseed oil.

- 1 quart best spar varnish.

- 1 pt. turpentine.

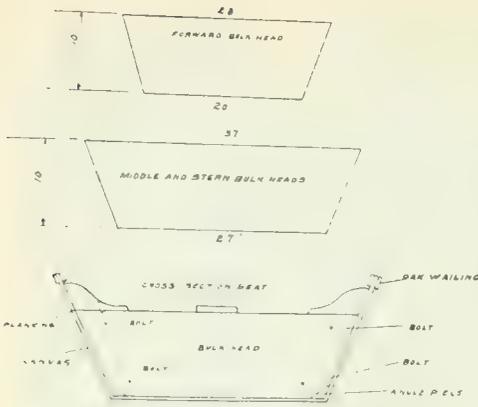
- 1 pt. dryer.

- Color to mix in paint to suit, 4 iron rowlock plates.

- 8 machine bolts, square heads,  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches long with 16 washers to suit them for bolting bulkheads together.

### How to begin.

Having the material on hand the building may be done in any shop, shed or cellar where it is dry. Cut out the front pair of bulkheads alike, bore four bolt holes as indicated in sketch. Place enough strips of pasteboard between them to keep room for a saw when cutting the boat sections apart. Bolt together and dress off with a plane, the front one a little shorter than the other one, on a level to allow planking to spring in easily to stem.



Sectional Boat Diagram

Cut out the other pair of bulkheads, bore bolt holes, and bolt together like first pair, and dress up square with plane. Nail on the small angle pieces on upper edge of all bulkheads. Cut out stern same size and shape as last pair of bulkheads but  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch at front.

#### Set the Boat up.

First take one of the  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch boards, dress the edges and lay out with a square the places for the stern, stem and bulkheads, according to the lengths of the sections given above. Nail this board to the stern and the bulkheads making sure that they are perfectly square and plumb as laid out. Nail on the stern piece giving it a rake forward of 3 inches. Nail on battens and braces to hold all these in place and true. Nail on the bottom boards, making sure that they project  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch wider than the bulkheads. Bevel the lower edges of the two boards for the lower planks and nail them on carefully, beginning at the stern and working towards the stem putting both (one on each side) on at the same time. When you come to the stem, use a clamp to put the two boards together evenly before nailing them. It will be found that the stem will be raised about six inches by bringing these planks into place. Nail on the other planks beginning at the stern as before. They should be an inch above the bulkheads to allow for the wale streaks that are to be bolted on. Dress off the edges of the bottom even with the sides.

#### Strengthening angle pieces.

Rip and dress up the sides pieces of 1 inch by 3 inch stuff in the form of a wide V to fit the angle where bottom and sides meet, cut into suitable lengths and nail in thoroughly with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  clout nails through bottom and sides clinching all nails on inside. Fit in a piece of 1 inch lumber into the bow about 18 inches long and nail firmly through the bottom. Lay them all in good white lead paint and give the whole boat a coat of paint inside and out.

#### Putting in the ribs.

Make a V shaped trough a little over 1 ft. long with two pieces of boards 9 or 10 inches wide, place the ribs in this and pour boiling water on, then cover up, nail ends on to keep hot till they are used. The ribs are long enough to go across the bottom and up the side. Space them so that they will be 6 inches apart at sides and 3 inches apart at bottom.

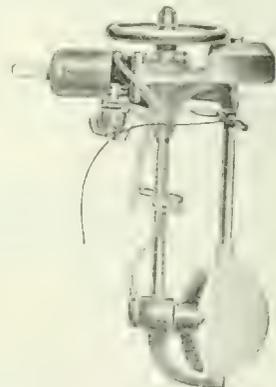
Mark the places for ribs before beginning to put them in. A tie put across the middle of each section will prevent any spreading when ribs are put in and keep the boat straight. Put in the ribs bending and nailing each from the outside with the  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch clout nails, and clinching them carefully on the inside. Cut off ends of ribs even with the sides, paint the ribs and fit in an A shaped piece into the bow 18 inches long, cutting down the ribs to let it down flush with the top of planking, and cut off stem even.

#### Cutting into Sections.

Insert a saw between the bulkheads and cut the section apart, dress them off evenly with plane and take off any sharp edges so that the canvas will not be cut. Examine the work carefully to see that every part is properly nailed, no part missed, and all nail heads driven in flush with the wood. Nail on pieces of oak  $\frac{1}{2}$  by 2 inches over the bolt holes on the inside of each section, bore through the oak pieces holes for 8 bolts.

#### Putting on the canvas.

Mix up the white lead paint using equal parts of linseed oil and spar varnish, adding turpentine and dryer as in ordinary paint. The varnish helps to fasten the canvas firm and permanently to the wood. Take a section, turn bottom side up, paint a strip 2 or 3 inches wide along the middle of the bottom, stretch a piece of canvas lengthwise on the section, cut it off long enough to go up the ends to the top of the bulkheads, lay it in the heavy coat of wet paint, put a tack in each end to hold it tight, then tack along this side putting tacks about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch apart. Turn the canvas back and give all the wood it is to cover a heavy coat of paint, draw the cloth over this, nailing with tacks along the angle of the boat then at the edge of the boat, then upon the bulkheads taking special care in cutting and lapping, using plenty of paint on the canvas at corner folds and joints. Do not spare the tacks and be sure to have the canvas nicely stretched. Put on the other side in a similar manner, overlapping the first piece on the bottom 1 inch. Cover the other two sections with canvas the same way as the first section and give these a good coat of paint inside and out and allow to dry.



Waterman Marine Engine which can be readily attached and is easily removed for portaging along with the boat

**Putting on the keel-rub streaks and gunwales.**

Bolt up the boat and see that it is level and true.

Cut up the  $\frac{1}{2}$  by 1 inch oak strips in lengths to suit the sections, clamp on outside and inside, piece on, bore holes for the stove bolts through the alternate ribs and put in the bolts, put a nail through the ribs not bolted. Continue until they are all on. Turn the boat over and cut and nail on the rub streaks on the bottom out at the edges to protect the canvas from being chafed at the angles on the stoves when landing. Cut and nail on the keel pieces at each end to the bulkheads, then bore them for stove bolts up through the bottom of the boat, about 9 inches apart, and put bolts in them, see that the heads are properly countersunk so that the boat will slip easily on the keel.

**Row lock blocks.**

Take four pieces of good sound timber, oak, or maple or hard pine,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  by 2 inches, 10 inches long, shape and bore them for the row lock irons, also for four strong screws to fasten on top of the gunwales 18 inches astern of each pair of bulkheads and put on the row lock irons.

**Flooring.**

Make flooring for each section from what remains of the  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch planking, ripped into strips 2 inches wide, cut to length of inside of section, lay down three pieces for battens between ribs, lay the floor pieces 1 inch apart

and nail to the battens with  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch clout nails, remove and clinch the nails. This makes a removable floor so that it can easily be taken out for cleaning and painting.

**Final Painting.**

Take apart the sections by removing bolts. Give the boat two coats of good lead paint, the color desired, outside and inside, allowing each coat to dry thoroughly before putting on the next one, and your boat is finished ready for use.

These boats have been tested out two years by our hunt club. In 1912 we used them as row boats and in 1913 one was utilized very successfully as a motor boat by the addition of a Waterman outboard motor on the stern. The speed was between six and seven miles per hour. The Waterman engine was usually nick-named the 'Humming Bird' and one cold morning when the engine in a heavily built motor boat, 20 feet long  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet beam, declined to act and was stalled at the wharf, the sectional boat with the 'Humming Bird' towed it out at a speed of four miles per hour till the large engine started up.

The boat described above weighs about 90 lbs. and it was very little trouble to take apart—we had only to take out eight bolts and separate it into three sections. We found no trouble in carrying it back two miles through the bush to a lake where the deer were taking to the water. The portable boat and the portable engine made a fine combination for the hunting grounds.

## BREEZE FROM THE PINES

CLOA A. PARKER-FULLER

I am weary of smothering odors,  
Which poison my every breath;  
Of the smoke-fumes and poisonous gases,  
And germ-laden demons of death;  
I am sick of the sizzle of steam-pipes,  
With withering, weakening air,  
And the hot dusty breath from the furnace,  
Which smokes up the garments we wear.

Oh, I long for a breath from the up-lands,  
A mountain-kissed breeze from the sky,  
That was nipped by Jack Frost from a snow-  
cap,  
As flirting it danced swiftly by;  
Then slipped out of sight in the forest;  
Brought nectar from fruit-laden vines;  
Gathered perfume from wild, tangled roses,  
And peeped in the gold-laden mines.

Played awhile in a broad, fertile valley;  
Chased butterflies out in the sun;  
Then a wild, merry race with a brooklet,  
Was next on the program of fun;  
As it breathed in the perfume of wild things,  
The tang of green woods and rare wines,  
For a mingling of all of this freshness,  
I find in the breeze from the pines.

# THE SWAMP MAIDEN

CHAS. A. SINGLER

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon of a drowsy mid-summer day. Repose seemed to have settled in the marsh; even the insects had subdued their banter, and only the bees, mumbling from bloom to bloom, appeared to be undaunted.

Joe Harrison, bait-caster, looked up into the heavens, as though to augur his success or failure by the face of the sky. But he saw no promise there—for a fisherman. No piled-up clouds brewed in the West; there was not the faintest sign of a breeze which might stir the still mirror of the swamp, and only the sun, fierce, unveiled, flashed down and sucked at the heart of things.

So Harrison, despairing of a "strike", set the click on his reel and laid down his rod, satisfied that there is nothing drearier than a day at a fishing resort when the mysterious creatures will not rise.

A blue-heron passed with slow, even wing-beats. To slay a heron for the mere excitement of it, Harrison had always held as being wanton, but with fishing in its present state of dullness and with a loaded gun lying in the hold beside his idle rod, he felt at liberty to help himself, without reproach.

He acted quickly. Simultaneous with the sharp report, the blue wings crashed downward with a splash, churned the water into a froth and then settled into the quiet from which they never emerged. Harrison stared at the pathetic heap of blue which might even now be riding ponderously in the air, or exacting toll of the swamp in some quiet bog—but for him. For a moment he felt a keen remorse, and then forgot. Someone was singing.

It was a girl's voice, and wonderfully sweet. Had an aeroplane hurtled down into this desert of flowers, it could not have given him greater surprise, as these far northern marshes were equally shunned by both. Eagerly the man's gaze shifted from the dead bird to the weed-fringed pool in which he thought the singer might be concealed. He even went so far as to assume a half-standing posture, in an effort to win a glimpse of this full-throated maiden who flung "Annie Laurie" over the wild-rice with an abandon he had never heard.

The voice suddenly ceased—strangely enough in the middle of the second verse—and Harrison, charmed for the moment into a state of blissful indifference, cared not whether he behold the songster or not, just so her refrain be resumed. But it was not, and after the lapse of a certain short interval he decided to inquire into the causes which might have contributed to its abridgement, and learn if a further selection might not be had, if necessary, by request.

Cautiously—aye, stealthily—he rose to his feet and peered over the bank of weeds, but discovered nothing other than a flock of reed-birds, each swaying on a separate spike, too languid to chirp. As for her disappearance, he could advance only one explanation; while

he had been waiting for another burst of song, the girl had silently paddled away.

This conclusion however, had not been correct. When he resumed his seat his gaze rested on a young woman, whose blue eyes were fixed on him accusingly. Just what swift and noiseless route she had taken to thus deceive him, mattered little. It was enough that she was there before him, as fresh and pretty as a newly opened flower.

Her boat, moored in a bed of purple hyacinths, was a rakish looking craft, which gave one the impression of creaking oar-locks and a half-filled hold, rather than the silent, seaworthy vessel it proved to be. Near the stern, in letters rudely fashioned, appeared the legend "Alice M."

Harrison smiled, but no answering smile came to the girl's sweetly sensitive lips, nor could he detect the slightest gleam of encouragement in the wonderful eyes. To Harrison, who knew no formalities in the great unrestrained, her aloofness was disappointing, and he felt his half-formed resolution to ask her to sing, fast losing strength in the light of her disapproving scrutiny. Then it suddenly occurred to him that the lifeless heron might be responsible for her coldness, but he instantly dismissed this idea as foolish. She did not own the swamp.

"Caught him on the wing," he said proudly, pointing to the jumbled mass of neck, wings, and legs.

"O you cruel monster!" she said cuttingly, and paddled away.

Harrison almost collapsed in his boat. "Monster!" This was by all means the most insinuating name he had ever been called, and this, added to the suddenness of her withdrawal, almost stunned him.

Two plans unfolded themselves to him in those first harrowing moments of his surprise; one was to ram his boat through the high, thick reeds, where she could not see him, and the other was to follow her and explain that this had been a first offence, if the picking off of one of those noisy marauders could be termed an offence. Harrison chose the latter plan.

He could have called to her, as she was only a dozen strokes away, but he chose to swoop down upon her. It would be more masterful.

But Harrison did not swoop down upon her. At the end of five minutes' hard, vigorous rowing, the girl was still in the lead by a good hundred feet, her light shallop leaving behind an ever-widening trail of ripples. Harrison was not a weakling, nor was he a slouch with the oars, but strain at the blades as he would, he was unable to diminish the distance between the girl and himself one foot.

In and out they dodged, sometimes through lilies thick and green as a carpet, where the oars caught treacherously in the heavy stalks, and again through shallow avenues of wild-rice, sprinkled with its mead of swaying birds.

Occasionally Harrison heard or fancied he heard, a laugh, no less musical than the voice

which earlier had quavered out of the reeds. How she could laugh while the pesky lily-stalks wrapped around the oars, was more than he could understand, but he was sure she would not laugh last, for, although his boat was fully twice as large as hers, she must relax soon, whereas he never would.

At the time, it did not occur to Harrison that racing after an ill-tempered girl over a stretch of swamp-land was unbecoming the dignity of a banker, especially so as the girl's inclinations seemed to favor solitude. However, when he had first attempted to overtake her, he had not expected that she would try to evade him, but now that matters had gone thus far, it would be farcical for him to quit. So he kept on rowing.

Just at what point in the race the girl disappeared, Harrison never knew, but before he reached the tamaracks, which marked the edge of the swamp, he was certain that she had wedged her boat into some weedy morass and laughed at him as he had passed. At any rate the boat, "Alice M.," with its charming burthen was no longer to be seen.

Harrison mopped away the beads that had gathered on his brow, and lit a cigar which had suffered much during his recent exertion. Taken all in all, he was disgusted with the afternoon's developments and quite willing to call it a day.

He was on the point of leaving, when a voice in the reeds startled him.

"Any luck, M'sieu?"

Turning, Harrison beheld an ancient trapper who was just emerging from a weed-bank. "One beaut," he answered grimly,—“but she got away.”

"Rotten line, M'sieu?"

"No; rotten oarsman."

Harrison then gave an account of his misadventure, the ending of which the trapper already seemed to know all about.

"Just slipped you, M'sieu?" he cackled, as he pulled from his pocket a time honored pipe. "Ah, that is the way of the Swamp-Maiden. Have you a moment, M'sieu? That is good. Listen!

"Each year when the summer enters with its slumber into the swamp, we have her with us for a little while. There are those who say she rides the swamp only at night, but I have seen her in the daytime, M'sieu, paddling among the hyacinths.

"Where does she live? Track her? It cannot be done! She is swift as a loon! Pierre, who loves her, has tried to follow the swift stroke of her paddle, but pouf! who is it that can track a mad woman? Yes, mad, M'sieu! Pierre says she is mad. Louis Renault has said it, and I now say that she is mad. She is mad! It has been written on her boat!"

"You mean that the "M" stands for "Mad"?" inquired Harrison.

"That is it, M'sieu."

The old man stopped and puffed deeply at his pipe. Then he resumed: "Pierre, my brother, some day he will come to harm. They are not his traps from which he sometimes takes the game. Pierre is in love, and he means no malice, but trouble will come to him we all are sure, unless he drives from his heart

the wicked love which has so blinded him that he does not know his traps!

"Where shall you find her this evening? 'Ah, M'sieu, the swamp is an evil place at night, but if you must know, I can point quite near the spot. You need not be on hand before the moon is well up, as she has a fear of the shadow. Yonder is a tamarack, standing broken and alone, well away from its kind here, I shall point it out. There is a strip of bark ripped from its trunk by which you will be sure. You will find her there, M'sieu, beyond a doubt, paddling noiselessly among the lily-tubs."

The old man relit his pipe, and stared into the gathering gloom. Harrison leaned and pressed something into his hand—a crumpled bill. "I, too," he said, "ride the swamp to-night."

Would she never come? It seemed to Harrison hours since the moon arose above the far hills in the East. He had watched its slow ascent; he had seen the stars blot out one by one, as the moonlight dripped into the water, his senses strained all the while for the sound of dripping paddles, or the shadow of an approaching boat.

This was the place, beyond a doubt. A tamarack bit in half by some monster gale and gashed and seared by a bolt of fire, gave assurance of this. But why did she not come?

The man was conscience of a sense of impatience keener than he had ever experienced. His nerves were distinctly on edge, heightened, perhaps, by the myriad noises of the swamp, which seemed to blend into a gigantic wail and rise to heaven. A bittern flapped heavily from the grasses, and with great squawkings, whirred close by; in quick succession a muskrat scurried from its hiding place among the roots and clawed against his boat. The man shivered, and involuntarily his hands gripped the oars.

A considerable time passed—and then she came—like a lone gray ghost, out of the filmy tangle of the slough. She seemed a part of the moonlight, so still she came, and so wan she appeared in that setting of water and sky.

She showed no surprise. "Oh, I knew some day I should find you here, and I have waited so long, Will—O, darling, so long!" She extended her white ghostly arms.

Harrison was ready for flight. Unstrung as he was by what had seemed to him an interminable period of waiting here in this lair of the turtle and the muskrat, it needed little to convince him that this creature of waving arms and streaming hair, albeit beautiful, was an engine of destruction.

"Oh, do not think me mad!" she cried out suddenly. "I have simply mistaken you for another!" She flung her head proudly backward, and her body stiffened perceptibly. Her whole attitude now was one of aloofness.

Harrison's nerve returned. Her explanation threw a great deal of light on the case, and it would help materially to dispel some very popular superstitions.

He resorted to boldness. "Let us be friends," he said amiably. "We all make mistakes."

A moment or two of indecision, and she was won over to him.

"Yes, I will. It seems so good to meet someone in these lonely places. Have you been here long?"

"An hour or two, more or less," he answered. "I was beginning to notice an awfully creepy sensation when I saw your boat. Funny what a difference company makes!"

"Doesn't it, though?" she agreed. "You are the very first person I have ever met here at this hour."

"But what brings you to this forsaken place? Are you not afraid?" This was Harrison's first step towards unravelling the mystery which centered about her, and for a moment he feared it was a blundering one. A certain fluttering of the eyelids, lips slightly tremulous, and a perceptible wave of color—all indicated that he had trespassed a little too far.

"I am going to confide in you," she said at length, scrutinizing him keenly, as if appraising him. "You look like a man who will not—laugh at me. My story is odd. It is absurd! Sister thinks I am crazy, and so do you. O, I can see it in your face. Jean has told me everything—Jean the trapper—who fears not God or man—only me!"

Here she burst into tears.

Little by little and with infinite tact, the man gleaned from her the story of doubt, love, and shame which had brought her here. It was a queer tale, full of pathos, and narrated under circumstances which savored of the unusual.

Years earlier, in this precise spot, a man and a maid had disagreed. The man could not find it in his heart to for-swear sundry habits required of him before a closer bond could be established between the two. Much time had been spent pleasantly in each other's company, but this was the grand climax, as well as the grand finale. Each decided to go a separate way. If he had looked for a sign of relenting as he paddled slowly out of that labyrinth of weeds and flowers towards the faintly gleaming lights, he had been disappointed. There was no relenting in the gray eyes suddenly grown hard.

She still remembered the morning of the next day with all its blinding tears. She had meant to be brave, but a glimpse of the buck-board in the yard in readiness to carry him away, had unnerved her, and she had fled to the friendly cover of the reeds. They called her, searched for her, but she would not come forth. At length he had driven away in the company of a few of his friends. Then a little later there was a mournful engine whistle, which swooped down upon her over the heads of the tamaracks. Airbrakes hissed, wheels ground on steel, and then she could hear only the melancholy puffs which bore him out of her life. They had never met since.

This had been the substance of her story. As to whether it were a true account or not, Harrison felt himself in doubt, for there was something queer about it all. Might not this

be the trick of a disordered imagination, as had been intimated by the trapper?

He lit his pipe. "You say that was two years ago?" he asked. "Well, why visit these places if they bring you pain? I should be inclined to forget all about him, and especially

tempted to keep strictly away from this terrible place. Great Scott! I should think you would be frightened to death. I was before you came."

"You do not understand," she half sobbed, drawing a light wrap closer about her form. "He said he would spend out of each August one week in this swamp, and would row past that tamarack between the hours of eight and ten. But he has never done so!"

"But if you still love the man can you not communicate with him through some quicker and less expensive medium?" insisted Harrison. "Why don't you write to him or call him up?"

"No," she sighed. "He settled his affairs and disappeared. No one has heard from him since. He had no relatives."

"All the more reason why you should put away all thought of him," remonstrated the man. "Ten to one he has gone to the dogs, and it is better that you keep out of the swamp at night for fear that you *do* meet him. Such a character as I take him to be does not deserve the love of a good woman, and sooner or later he becomes acquainted with the lock-step."

She shuddered and glanced nervously down the reflected patch of sky in the still mirror of which seemed to glow another moon. A loon close at hand burst into its mysterious lament, then having either seen the twain or scented danger, took alarm and fled into the illimitable reaches of the marsh.

"Those terrible birds always make me nervous" said the girl, trying to follow the shadowy flight.

"And still you come?" he demanded incredulously.

"Yes, but I have no real fear," she explained. "I know that these out-of-the-way places are not quite the thing for a girl alone at night, but there is really no danger. If I chose I could have company, but I insist upon coming alone."

"What's that!" she almost shrieked, as she pointed to a shadow which had seemingly dropped out of the moonlit sky.

There was no time for the man to frame a reply. A boat poked its prow through a thick wall of rushes, scarcely fifty feet away, swung noiselessly about, and pointed toward them. The occupant of this strange craft was a man of medium height and stocky build. A slouch hat set at a rakish angle, partly concealed his face.

The stranger released his oars and doffed his hat. "Alice," he said simply, "I have come back!" He stretched out his arms.

The girl remained mute and motionless, staring at him from wide, frightened eyes. She had always felt that some day the swamp would yield her sweetheart to her arms once more, even as their estrangement had found its inception in these desolate places. And her wishes had been fulfilled tonight. There would be no more boatrides in the lonely watches of the night, waiting, always waiting for a boat to creep out of the shadows or suddenly cleave through some bevy of flowers. Her waiting was over, for he was but a few strokes away and calling her by name, yet she

could not utter a sound, so complete had been her surprise.

"I've given it all up," the rather unsteady voice went on, a voice which somehow conveyed the impression that he had *not* given it up. "It did not pay! and I am going to start all over again and save what I can from the mess."

"You—you have been down to the bottom of things, George?" the girl asked tenderly, at length finding speech. "Come!"

He gripped his oars eagerly, then dropped them before the blades had cleared the water, as though someone smote him. Until now he had not noticed Harrison, so keen had been his scrutiny of the girl, and one swift glance convinced him that he had been intruding. A sneer curled his lips, and in the half light his face took on a harder expression.

"Buttin' in, am I?" he growled between shut teeth.

"Oh, you do not understand!" the girl attempted to explain, half rising from her seat in the stress of the moment. "Oh, let me tell you everything!"

But the stranger had made his decision. There were one or two horrified strokes, straight for Harrison—straight as the fumes of liquor would allow. A crash; then a figure with paddle upraised and descending stood in relief against the palpitating sky. Like a great black flail the blade whizzed downward and missed, shivering itself against Harrison's boat rather than crushing in his skull, as had been intended.

As for the man who would have turned an oar into a bludgeon, his was the misfortune to be precipitated into the quiet, black depths, which would have swallowed him quickly enough, but for the swift intervention of Harrison. It was Harrison who tugged and strained at the sinking form, which for a moment it looked as though the swamp would claim. And it was Harrison, who having by a supreme effort jerked the hulking and helpless body into his boat, lost his balance, pitched backward into a patch of hyacinths and sank.

He was no swimmer, but as the waters closed over his ears and eyes, shutting him in with that awful roaring, he thrashed madly about and succeeded in becoming twisted in the thick, oozy stalks of the hyacinths, which offered him a short respite, and would hold him clear of the quick-sands, at least until his lungs should fill. A water-rat slipped by, and across his face he felt the slow beat of a turtle's paddles. It seemed to him ages since he had been in this stifling pool, struggling with his pent-up breath.

A dim thought flickered through his mind in the few seconds that he clung to the supporting stalks—a thought of that other world above him in which he had lived and moved and breathed; of the girl with the blue eyes and piled-up hair a little way above him, but so immeasurably far.

His mouth opened, and the dead waters poured in. But he was not yet done! He released his grip on the stalks and fought himself free of the tendrils, realizing in a half-drowned way that the hyacinths, as well as the other sweet-smelling things which endure

in the slime, would contribute only to his defeat. An impelling force now clutched him, his body stiffened, and in his half delirium it seemed as though he were being sucked down, down, down; below the evil lily-roots, deeper than the swamp itself—down, down, down—or was he going up? Surely, for no full harvest moon rides the waters under the earth, nor does the free, rich air of heaven there fill one's lungs.

Mechanically and with utter hopelessness, he flung out his arms, and clutched—something. It was smooth and firm and he hugged it close, trustingly, while the ooze dripped from him. He opened his eyes and glanced fearfully at the smooth trunk of his benefactor, smooth but for the ragged gash of a lightning stroke. It was the tamarack which had saved him, and he instantly concluded that he must have drifted a dozen feet or swam. Everything was just the same; the sky, the swamp, the flowers. The three boats drifted idly, just beyond reach. A huddled white heap in one told a story. In the second the drunken form of the stranger lay, just as he had been dragged from the water, face downward. The third was empty.

Harrison tried to yell, but could only bring forth a dismal croak. If he could but arouse the stupid fellow, or the girl, who had perhaps fallen into a faint, matters might not be so bad. He tried again to win attention, but failing, decided to husband his strength. By shifting his position occasionally, he found less strain and greater ease, but still he weakened rapidly. A few minutes at the most and he must surrender to this insatiate slough which gapped under him, black and pitiless.

With fixed intensity he watched the girl for a sign of returning consciousness. As he watched, an unreasoning bitterness quite overmastered him. Had it not been for her, he would not now be flirting with death, with the chances all in favor of a couch of seaweed at the bottom of the swamp.

He was failing. His arms had grown palsied and his fingers could no longer clutch. Inch by inch his cheek slid down the trunk, nearer and nearer to the rim of water. The girl in the boat seemed dim and far away. She was stirring now, but it did not matter. He was through.

He turned his glaring eyes towards the facet of light in the east, which, too, had suddenly seemed to fail.

"M'sieu!"

Swift as summer lightning the trapper acted as his boat churned past. There was no fumbling. Jean Gaspard never missed. And when Harrison returned to the land of the living an hour later it was Jean Gaspard's shrewd old eyes he looked into, and Jean Gaspard's whiskey that was burning down his throat, which did much to convince him that he was still on Mother Earth. A glance disclosed the fact that they were on high, dry land, with motionless treetops overhead, all of which perplexed him.

"M'sieu need have no alarm," said the understanding Jean Gaspard, as he re-corked his precious flask. "Everything is well."

"But where—how—"

"It matters little, M'sieu," said the trapper, shrugging his shoulders. "A little while back and you were in the waters, and now you are here. It is enough."

"But the man! The girl!" gasped Harrison.

"Ah, that is so. You see I am armed, M'sieu? Good. As for the man, he has passed through these swamps, much the same as he came,—only quicker, M'sieu,—lest Jean Gaspard pump him full of lead. And the lady? Ah, M'sieu, you have been to the bottom of the great slough, and the seaweed is still in your eyes. Look about. It is not so bad!"

Wonderingly Harrison turned, and wonderingly he stared into the smiling face of this queer, queer girl whom the trapper had called

the "Swamp-Maiden." A bit of her hair brushed his cheek. The moon shone through a cobweb.

"Ah, disillusionment!" she murmured. "I think I *must* have been insane to wait so long for him! Can you ever forgive me for having—attracted—you here tonight,—to your undoing?"

"Not undoing," he said softly.

For a minute there was silence, broken only by the unceasing murmur of the marsh beyond.

"Let us speak to Jean," said Harrison, rising. "Let us thank him. We both owe him that!"

But the trapper had slipped away.

## A GAME PRESERVATION COMMITTEE'S REPORT

WE are in receipt of a report made last year by the Game Preservation Committee of the Boone and Crockett Club, an American society which concentrates its efforts upon projects directly or indirectly concerned with the preservation of big game, and which co-operates with the Biological Survey in its active work of fostering the protection of game through out the country. The report contains much that is of interest to Canadian as well as to American subscribers of this magazine. The game protection movement numbers among its advocates both extreme reformers and reactionary reformers. The extremists are tending toward the discouragement even of reasonable sport and their expressed views seem to imply that all effective game protection is contained in the word "Prohibition." The Game Preservation Committee of the Boone and Crockett Club, however, does not sympathize with either extreme. They take the stand that reasonable sport is admissible and that prohibition is only one of the many elements in the problem. They would prohibit where necessary, and approve the shooting of animals and game birds where it can be done without detriment to the breeding reserve to maintain the stock unimpaired in numbers. They believe that to discourage the sportsman would be to destroy the most effective force now working for game protection. But the sportsman, they contend, must conduct his sport like a gentleman; he should be the first to refrain from shooting animals in places where they are so diminished in numbers that the killing of them will tend toward their extermination, or even endanger their increase. He should only secure trophies which he himself kills and should never buy them except for purposes of scientific study in museums. The Committee suggests that sportsmen should make their trophies available to museums for study instead of retaining and isolating them. It is pointed out that measures proposed for enactment in laws should possess the elements of variability and quick adaptability to diverse and constantly changing conditions. The advantages of pro-

posed legislation against the use of improved fire-arms it is further pointed out will be offset by increasing population resulting in a proportionate increase of hunters. Such legislation will, too, arouse active opposition by powerful interests, a most undesirable thing. Long close seasons are often necessary some times unnecessary, often beneficial, sometimes harmful, it often being the case that the resulting advantages are offset by the killing of the increased supply of game so rapidly on the opening of the season as to restore the old conditions. Natural enemies, increasing population, the gradual occupation by settlers of the game country, motor cars, improved power boats, the extension of trolleys, of railroads, of good roads, in fact all advancing interests are inevitable improvements which tend to exterminate our game and which must be offset by protective legislation. Continued effort is urged on behalf of valuable measures which have been already proposed, namely, better means of enforcing game laws; more effective means for the extermination of natural enemies of all kinds of game and a more effective agitation of this aspect of the question; laws in all states for non-sale of game; game refuges and game propagation.

Careful consideration of laws including permissive close seasons is also urged, variable bag limits and other necessary restrictions. It is claimed that the laws should accomplish these ends by creating commissions for the preservation of game and investing them with elastic powers and full responsibilities; these commissions to have full authority to make or unmake, lengthen or shorten, close seasons, to increase or decrease bag-limits; to set aside and entirely prohibit shooting on areas of land or water necessary for feeding grounds of wild fowl, shore birds, game birds or animals to establish rest days on which neither game nor water-fowl can be disturbed; in fact full and complete powers to establish such constitutional regulations or restrictions at any time or in any section independently, as varying and changing conditions may require, adequately to conserve the game.



A Snap of the Moose being held by Pen and Jack

## THE ANNUAL TRIP OF THE PINE RIDGE HUNTING CLUB

“MALLY”

**I**F a stranger had dropped into Port Arthur early Wednesday morning on October the twenty-second, and had wandered over towards the Canadian Northern Station, his attention would have been drawn to a circle of men, clad in red Mackinaws, standing impatiently, as if waiting for some train to arrive or depart. The majority of them wore high boots, similar to those worn by river-drivers, and all were clad in black Mackinaw pants, which were none too warm, as the morning air was clear and frosty. In a corner close by lay a pile of packsacks and rifles, while nearby stood a short, thick-set man, with a dark mustache, who appeared to be keeping an eye on the baggage, at the same time, listening very intently to the taunts and jibes the men in the circle were hurling at any of their acquaintances who might happen to pass their way. Just then the train agent appeared and asked the men if any of them had a cigar that was lying idle, taking care to mention that he preferred one that wasn't loaded. His wants were soon gratified, and humming a Scotch ditty, he passed on his way, and was soon lost in the crowd.

As our story deals with these men in the circle, who appeared to be attracting more than ordinary attention, perhaps it will be as well to tell who they were, and why they all appeared to be so supremely happy. First of all, in the centre of the circle, stood “Billy”, the President, whose word was law, and when he spoke, the other boys listened, ready to do his bidding. Then there was P. W., the genial utility mananger, whose physique

showed he was quite capable of holding his own against all comers. Next came “Black Bob,” the entertainer, who could thrill an audience with some of his hairbreadth escapes in his early days. Then there was “Doc,” or “Reddy,” as he was called because he was always ready with his answer, thereby obtaining for himself the title of “Wit of the Club.” Next came “Pen” whose chief topics always were, a game warden's duties and girls. Being rather handsome, the girls had termed him their pretty boy. Then came Tommy, or “Rastus” who began his career at pole climbing, but had graduated to the “Hello” problem, which he was now endeavouring to perfect so that he might enter the secret service class. Then there was Jack, who, while he was listening to what the other boys were saying, appeared to be thinking of the wife he had left at home, whom he had married last June, and this day would be the first day they had been separated. Last of all came the secretary, nicknamed “Mally” of whom we shall hear later.

These eight business men formed the nucleus of the Pine Ridge Hunting Club, who were leaving that morning on the Pee Dee on their sixth annual hunting expedition into the mountain fastnesses in the vicinity of Addie Lake. None of them were tenderfeet, all had been out before, and having enjoyed themselves, were delighted beyond measure, that the year had passed so quickly, and that once more, they were able to shake off the fetters of business, and begin a two weeks' vacation in the forest, in search of big game.

Just then the puffing of the engine announced that it had arrived and was being coupled onto the train, and with an "All aboard" from "Dolph" the genial conductor, the Pee Dee pulled out, forty minutes late, but with good prospects of making up time before North Lake was reached. Anyone who has ever travelled on this train has remarked on the cosmopolitan throng of passengers which it carries, and this morning was no exception. There were lumber jacks on their way to tie camps for the winter, with all their earthly belongings tied up in a small "turkey." There were would-be farmers returning to their homes whose very appearances showed that they had undertaken gigantic problems when they attempted to carve out destinies in the forests of this district. There were two or three prospectors who were going to look over the ground around the old Badger and Beaver Mines, and several travelling salesmen bound for the camps to dispose of their wares, generally consisting of jewelry and clothing. There were also a few of the weaker sex, returning to their homes after having been to town on business or pleasure, who for the most part, occupied a front section of the first class coach, which, soon after the train started, was fast being filled with the fumes of tobacco smoke.

But in spite of the mixed crowd, there appeared to exist a spirit of friendliness and good-fellowship among all the passengers, as well as the train crew, which showed itself in many forms. Although running on schedule, this train might have been called an accommodation train, as it would stop to put off passengers and freight at whatever places the crew might be asked, which was indeed a great convenience to the many settlers who lived along the line. Besides the members of the Pine Ridge Club, there were other hunters on the train, all bound for different points, but most of these, as well as a majority of the passengers had left the train before Addie Lake was reached. Arriving there at four-thirty in the afternoon, our supplies were soon unloaded, and

after bidding farewell to the train crew, we began at once to prepare our camp, which is located about one hundred yards on the north side of the track. We found that our friend "Con" had piled up carefully all the lumber used in the walls and floor of our camp when we had left it the previous fall, and had also levelled the ground considerably, so that it did not take us very long to lay the floor, put up the walls and pitch the cook tent, which is sixteen by twenty-four in size. While this was being done some of the boys were carrying the supplies from the track to the camp, and in this were assisted by Pete, the cook. (Perhaps a word of explanation here with regard to Con might not be amiss. Con is a great big, good-natured Dutchman, who is the only settler around Sand Lake, situated about five miles east of our camping ground, and he freely admits that his best time of the year is when Pine Ridge Hunting Club have their annual hunt.) Everybody was working and by nine o'clock Pete had prepared his first meal, the three bales of hay had been scattered for the beds, blankets had been rolled and lights were extinguished, as all were anxious to get a good night's rest and be on the trail at dawn of the next morning. It being the President's duty to waken the boys, Billy gave the call at six o'clock, to which all responded, and after breakfast had been served, and plans laid for the day's hunt, all, with the exception of P. W., prepared for the trail, only to find that it was still quite dark. Upon consulting their watches they found that Billy's must have stopped the night before, possibly on account of excitement, as it was not quite six o'clock then. So the only thing to do was to wait for daybreak which finally came, after many unkind remarks aimed at the president for the two hours' sleep lost, and Pen asserted that if it occurred again he would be obliged to put his rifle into action. As general utility man, P. W. thought it was his duty to stay around camp the first day and complete several odd jobs which had been only half done the night before. He also pitched the



A Snap of the Camp



The Hauling of Pen's Big Buck was no easy matter

sleeping tent, which was never used for that purpose, as two of the club, (the two Georges) who had promised to join us later, never came, and we used this extra tent as a storeroom. The first day, when all had returned to the camp late in the afternoon, it was found that no game had been seen, which was somewhat of a departure from our usual record of getting game always on the first day out. The second and third days saw the same result as the first, as it snowed considerably, which made it very difficult to see any great distance. The next day being Sunday, all remained in camp, and performed the necessary chores, such as splitting wood and setting up an extra stove, preparing for cold weather which must always be expected at that season of the year. It being a very bright day, Pen, who had brought his camera, decided to take a snap of the camp. P. W. who is on the extreme right clearly shows his passion for industry by holding the cross-cut, which he hardly could refrain from using long enough to admit of the picture's being taken. Pete on the left is holding a half-plucked chicken, one of several given us by Con, which he is preparing for our Sunday dinner.

Monday morning, fresh from our Sunday rest, all were on the trail early, and when reports of the day's hunt were called for that evening, it was found that Billy and P. W., the two old warhorses, had scored, the trophy being a fine big bull moose, which had been shot nearly three miles back from the track. The question then arose how best could the meat be brought to the track, and it was decided that Jack and Pen the next morning should strike out for Clark's camp, where there was a canoe, portage this down to Arrow Lake, and paddle down the shore a mile or so, where the rest of the boys were to meet them, as the moose had dropped just about three hundred yards from the shores of Arrow Lake. On their way in, the boys fell in with two other hunters, who had also shot a moose the day previous, close to this lake, and it was arranged to get the two carcasses out together. Before loading the two heads in the canoe, we took a snap

of them being held by Pen and Jack whose duty it was to get all the meat to the head of Clark's tote road, so that a team could haul it out to the track. This occupied the remaining part of the afternoon, and they stayed at Clark's camp that night and completed their job the next morning, returning to our camp the next afternoon.

The following three days were what might be termed hardluck days, as several of the boys saw game and fired at it, but did not even wound it. Even Billy, who had previously earned the reputation of the best shot in the camp, found trouble in firing straight, and some of the boys suggested that perhaps his whiskers, which extended to his eyes, might be interfering with his eyesight. Game appeared to be very plentiful, but as we had been hunting now nine days and had only shot one moose we began to feel a little discouraged, although we were not forgetting that we had seen many red deer tracks, and the season for them was opening the following day.

The first of November was the signal for our luck to change, and Pen and Mally were responsible for it. While walking quietly along a ravine, Mally being at the top of the slope and Pen being down in the valley, the former came upon a small opening on the side of the hill where a herd of five deer had been lying down. Six shots brought down two of them, while a shot from each, finished another, and the remaining two escaped. But Pen and Mally were satisfied with three, which, unfortunately, were all does, and after dressing and hanging them up, struck out for camp. On arriving there they found that Doc and Bob had also shot a young buck the same morning, so they decided to keep their luck "mum" until the next day. On rising the next morning they saluted Pete by throwing the three deer hearts at him, and when the story was told, there was a great rejoicing, as we had now four deer and needed only two more to complete our licenses. The next day was spent in bringing to the track the four deer which was a hard day's work, as they had been shot a good two miles from the track. An-

other snap was taken which shows the boys having their first rest after carrying the three does not more than three hundred yards. When camp was reached at three that afternoon, all were ready for their dinner.

The next day Pen was successful in shooting a fine big buck, with twelve points on his horns, a nice shot through the heart doing the trick. Tommy also scored that day wounding a young buck at a distance of three hundred yards, which he had to follow for over a mile before he again caught sight of him. The next day was spent in bringing these two deer to the track, and the hauling of Pen's big buck was no easy matter as the accompanying picture will show. Bob and Pen are the team in front, the president and secretary are the second team, while to Tommy has been assigned the task of steering. Doc's job was cutting the trail and taking the picture.

The next day was the last day in camp, and as we had all had our fill of hunting, we spent a part of the afternoon in target practice.

Later, Con and his men came up for a visit and made things lively for a while. Lights were out early that night as the train was due at ten the next morning and, in order to get all our baggage packed, we had to be up at six.

The return journey on the train was uneventful, there being the usual number of tired and satisfied hunters on board, all busy telling some of the most thrilling experiences which had taken place during their hunt. None however could compare with one of our number who had shot at eight deer and missed them all, notwithstanding the fact that he carried a 30 U. S. rifle. But he squared himself with the boys by tendering them a banquet at the Vendome Hotel on Monday evening, December twenty-ninth, at which a spirit of friendliness and goodfellowship prevailed, and the only regretful note voiced during the entire evening, was that it would be ten months yet before we could again embark on the trail. This event ended the sport of the Pine Ridge Hunting Club for 1913.



The First Rest after carrying the Three Does

Benjamin Lawton, chief game warden of Alberta, has issued a notice that the new game laws prohibit foxes between April 1 and October 31, also that no one is permitted to shoot or capture any prong horn antelope before October 1, 1917, elk or wapiti before November 15, 1915, or bison or buffalo at any time. Ducks and swans are protected between January 1 and September 1, and grouse, partridge, pheasant, ptarmigan and prairie chicken from December 1 to October 1 in the following year. Not more than 10 birds of this family can be taken in one day nor more than 100 in one season, and English pheasants cannot be taken at any time. Hungarian partridge, however, which were protected during the entire year formerly, may be shot during October and November. The penalties range from \$50 to \$200 for each offence. Farmers and homesteaders and members of their families or those living north of the 55th parallel of latitude in the province, are exempt from the necessity of obtaining a

license or permit, but others must not only have a license, but also a button, which is given with the license.

When C. C. Helliwell, known all over the western country as "Tip" Helliwell, died at Brandon, (Man.,) hospital the night of February 9, following an operation, one of America's oldest hunters was gathered to his fathers. He was a native of Ontario, born in Toronto 75 years ago. After wandering all over the North American continent, he went to Brandon in 1881 where he settled on a homestead. Before that time he spent some time on the Canadian Pacific surveys in the Rocky mountains. As an expert in any form of game hunting he had few equals and no superiors, and owing to this fact he was specially chosen to accompany the Duke of York (now King George) during his visit to Canada, to Senator Kirckhoffer's shooting base at York Lodge. Latterly he has been a clerk in the Land Titles office at Brandon.



In the Canyon

## THE ROUGHNECK FISHING CLUB

H. B. W.

THE above Club is one of the exclusive, and therefore little known sporting clubs of the City of Calgary, Alta. Although the name would imply that the organization was composed of a gang of ruffians, such is not the case. The term "Roughneck" simply signifies that when the members take an outing they dispense with all the comforts of home, and believe in roughing it in the true sense of the word.

Last year's fishing trip was no exception to the rule, barring the use of automobiles instead of the slow, but sure-going teams.

The main stamping ground of the club for fishing has been the canyon below the falls of the Elbow River, in the Rocky Mountains, about fifty miles from Calgary, the idea being to get away from the maddening crowds which flock along the streams in the immediate neighborhood of the city.

The date set for the big event last year was July 23rd, and after several organization confabs a start was finally made on the evening of that date, with two automobiles, loaded to the gunwales and handled by "Jim" and "Mory". The party consisted of members, who may be designated as "Happy", "Kay", "Bob", "Jack", "George", "Dan" and "Hank", and a bushel of regrets were received from members who had made the trip in previous years, but found it impossible to join the party of 1913.

After a drive of an hour and a half the machines dropped the party, just at sundown, in the beautiful valley on the river, about fifteen miles below the falls, it being found impossible to make a closer approach with the mode of conveyance we had used.

The drivers were quickly fed, introduced to the "documents" of a wet nature, and started

back to town. To pitch camp the whole bag and baggage had to be toted about half a mile, but this was quickly accomplished, and after a hearty supper the gang rolled into a "field bed," to dream of mighty denizens of the rushing waters.

Promptly at five o'clock "Hank," the old campaigner of the gang, blew the breakfast horn on an empty bottle (this had occurred the night before), and as the sun streaked over the hills to the east the boys made a rush for the river for their morning dip, or "bawth," as the Englishman out here styles it.

Breakfast over, a council of war was held to decide on orders for the day. It was finally settled that the first day's fishing should be in the neighborhood of the camp, in order to harden up for the long "hike" to the falls, which would be a matter of a two day trip and sleeping out at night.

The party were soon rigged out in their old clothes and boots, rubber waders being barred on account of the danger of being swept off one's feet in the swift waters.

Then came the christening in the icy water (these mountain streams are always icy) and the party were off up the river.

After considerable experimenting the proper bait was found to suit the wily "bulls," which species of trout predominate in the upper reaches of the Elbow, and a fair day's fishing was the result, the party reaching camp in the early morning, wet and hungry, but happy. The only event of the day occurred to "Happy," and "Hank", when a big buck mule deer attempted to rush them into a deep hole in the river,—and they only had fishing poles for defence.

Supper over, after camp-fire song and story the weary nimrods again sought their



The Catch

“downy” couch, but not before a deep bed of spruce boughs had been laid, as “Happy” made serious complaint that mother earth was not built in strict conformity to his angular frame.

During the night some strange beast visited the precincts of the camp in search of crumbs from the master’s table, or ground,—to be more correct,—but as none of the masters were armed with more than a pocket knife the sleepy crew decided to lie low,—that’s a good word.

In the morning, according to several Sherlock Holmeses in the party, the midnight marauder was nothing more than a stray dog from a ranch away down the valley.

Well, this was the morning for the big trip to the falls, so grub was packed, extra sweaters and coats were made into convenient shoulder rolls and everything in the shape of fishing tackle for handling anything from a whale to a minnow, was stored in capacious pockets, and with a farewell look at one-tree camp the party set out.

The morning was dark, and murky even to closeness, with rain clouds hanging low over

the hills, but after a few hours’ tramp, interspersed with fordings of the river, the sun broke though as if to cheer us over the rocky road.

At noon a halt was made for cold lunch, and again the weary trail was taken up. Some excitement was furnished during this stage of the journey by a beautiful doe almost running into “Kay’s” arms, he being the leader of the Indian file on a steep hill climb. Late in the afternoon the falls were reached and greeted with cheers, while we were assailed by a downpour of rain.

Nothing daunted, after duly feasting on the beauties of nature, a descent was made into the canyon, rods unlimbered and rigged, and a determined assault made on the inhabitants of the swirling waters.

The attack proved successful, and after three hours down stream, fishing, fording and fighting our way over the rocky river channel, we reached the mouth of Canyon Creek, the first opening in towering cut banks with which we were surrounded, and where, on our way up, we had cached our grub and extra clothing.



Washing Up



Making a Ford

Darkness and sweeping storm clouds were fast settling over us, and haste was made to gather dry wood for the night's camp fire. Fortunately in rummaging around in the tall timber, one of the party came across an old tent, which had been cached by a lonely prospector, and this was quickly pitched near the roaring fire. Although only 6 x 8, this old bit of canvas certainly made things more comfortable for the tired party, and at least furnished a dry place to sleep, that is, if one could successfully dodge the places where the drops were coming through.

A hearty supper was cooked, which the boys partook of, most of our garments meantime being hung around the fire, which was battling fiercely with the rain in an endeavor to dry them out.

Then to bed, or rather to the holy of holies. Most of the party went to sleep; the rain gained mastery over the fire and then cleared away; after a while, Jack Frost came along to add to our discomfort and everybody was glad to arise ere the sun had crept over the mountains to the east of us.

A bunch of magpies, in the neighboring woods, vainly endeavored to chatter with us till the fires were started, but we had them beaten to a frazzle. However breakfast was soon ready in the "dining car", and plenty of steaming coffee soon set everybody to rights.

We then hit the canyon again for down stream, and, after many exciting adventures, during one of which "Hank" and "Dan" came near going to Kingdom Come by the water route, the home camp was reached in time for supper. It was noticeable that, although "Happy", the "tenderfoot," required about a quart of the most precious stuff we had in camp, to bathe his feet in, and "Bob" took a massage with a whole box of Zam Buck, none was as tired as on the previous day going up; the excitement of landing the "big ones" had apparently served to allay all weariness.

The "documents" were again produced from the recesses of the deep woods, where they had been cached for safety, and the success of the trip to the falls duly celebrated.

All were so hungry that everybody wanted to cook, and consequently supper was ready, in "three jerks of a dead lamb's tail."

It had been planned by some of the older members to hold a "ran-a-ka-boo" on this, the last night in camp, but some of the young fry got away to bed and it was considered a pity

to wake them. It may be explained to the uninitiated that "ran-a-ka-boo" means a "rough house."

The last day was spent in fishing in Cow Camp Creek, about six miles over the divide to the south. This day might, or at least should, have proved the most uneventful, but two of the party, "George" and "Jack", succeeded in getting lost.

The main bunch reached the camp about five o'clock in the afternoon and spent an anxious three hours before the strays hove in sight, footsore, and voluble in their explanations of how it happened.

Then a grand rush was made to get supper and strike camp, which had to be toted the half mile back to meet the autos. They however never came till midnight, and we were just shaking out our beds again on the dewy grass when the big headlights of one machine hove in sight over an old timber trail. The other had broken down, hence the delay. However, the baggage was cached and canvas covered hurriedly over it; then all piled in the one big car and rushed through the stilly night, with songs which made the coyotes envious, to the hum drum of city life. The baggage reached our back yards two days afterwards.

Friends of the party in the city fared well as a result of the trip, the members being ashamed to look a fish in the face after their gourmandizing efforts up-river.

## LAND OF THE MAPLE

DOROTHY PATRICK DYAR

Land of the maple leaf, of thee I sing;  
 Land of the maple leaf, to thee I cling;  
 Far from my valley home, over the sea;  
 Land of the maple my thoughts turn to thee.

Wood from thy forest lands, grain from thy  
 plains;

Ore from thy mountains that brings thee  
 rich gains;

Vast are thy grazing herds, from sea to sea;  
 Land of the maple, my heart is with thee.

# FISHING NOTES

## Salvelinus Fontinalis—His Capture (Article 5)

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

HAVING purchased a good rod the next thing of importance is the reel, though its importance is nothing in comparison with the importance set upon the flies, the lines, and the leaders. The duty of the reel in fly casting is mainly to hold the line; in bait casting the reel is drawn upon for a great deal of energy; its impetus decided the destiny of the bait and the cast. It can therefore be seen that the subject of the reel is not one demanding overmuch consideration, but a good reel should always be purchased, for no outfit for fly-casting is fully complete without one. Nor is a large reel necessary. The quadruple multiplying reel while it can be used proves itself to be unnecessary. The one big point against the use of the large reel is its protruding handle across which the line will inevitably foul, proving a detriment rather than an aid to success. For fly casting the angler should have a reel that lies in close to the rod, the handle not too pronounced. There are any number of good single action reels on the market well fitted for the angler's purchase. The price of this affair need not be over one dollar and a quarter though if the angler so desire he may pay up to four or five dollars for it. There are feather-weight reels on the market, very light, which can be purchased for seventy-five cents. Other reels come in nickle and hard rubber; they are more durably made and therefore last longer, work better and can give the angler more general satisfaction. But while a single action reel fully supplies the needs of the angler still for all that he should not have a reel too small. I have used a short barreled quadruple multiplying Shakespeare reel and I have found it well fitted for my purpose. Cramped quarters on a reel, whether on a fly casting reel or on a bait casting reel is something that should be shunned. Get a reel with ample space but not too small. Mention might here be made regarding the automatic reels, good affairs in the right hands but to the beginner a poor contrivance. The amateur had better provide himself with a single action and be assured of himself and his outfit. In regard to the right size to use, in my opinion the one hundred yard reel is the best for all round purposes and is here recommended for use.

The same care should be taken of a fly casting reel that is accorded any reel. It should be oiled and dried out after a day on the stream and should never be allowed to lie wet or clogged with sand as is sometimes done when the owner is careless and inconsiderate. Simplicity is the keynote of the true fly casting reel; it comes in very few parts and as a rule is not meant to be taken apart for examination. Leave it, therefore, well enough alone, being sure to oil it in the oil-cups where the lubricant will do the most good. Mention is here made of a very significant fact; that being to include at least one more reel than the one you are

using, in your tackle box, if you carry such an affair. It is always best to go well provided if you are sure it would not inconvenience you; while there is hardly a chance that you will lose you reel, there is such a thing as its coming out of order and a fresh reel may then be brought forth without detriment to your honest pleasure. The rod and the reel having been purchased, the next thing is the proper line to use. Only one line is just right and correct for use in fly-casting, and that is the enamelled line; this line should be of silk treated to the preparation that safeguards its existence. There is also a line known as the oiled silk line that is much used but it is not to be compared with the true enamelled line. The enamelled line is the undisputed leader of them all. Now do not make the mistake of thinking that everything handed out to you that looks as though it is the real thing is so. Poor material is frequently pushed off on beginners and one does not escape when it comes to lines. It is odd to go around among the stores and ask to be shown material they have for sale. Here is an enamelled line for instance. Looks good you say. Let us see. We take it between our fingers and we rub it back and forth and twist it around and around. Result: the line turns white and bits of the enamel fall off. That is the line you do not want. The good, true line withstands all this treatment; it is round and hard and you may rub it all you want and it will not peel off or turn white. This is the line you should look for. In enamelled lines we have several styles. The most commonly used line is the level line; that is a line of the same thickness throughout its whole length. This is the one most commonly in use throughout the fishing world. However we have also for our careful consideration the tapered line and the double tapered line. The former line is one that tapers from a given end point to another end point, fine at one end, thicker, more uniform at the other. The double tapered line is one tapering two ways from a central point. The one point in favor of the tapered line is that more may be put out in a cast than when using the level line. The degree of fineness at the thin end allows of its being joined more readily to the leader, making the junction more inconspicuous when trailed on the water. There is no doubt but that one is able to make a farther cast with the tapered line. The double tapered line may be used both ways. When one taper has become frayed it can be swung around and the second taper used. In this way the line, somehow may be brought into use. The skilled angler however rules that the level line is as good as any. Long distance casting he will tell you is not exactly the earmark of a good fisherman, nor will any more fish be the result of the practice. This may be true but a tapered line has its good points. It also costs a bit of money, a little above the

means of the average man. To the beginner I would suggest the use of the level line, at least while he is in the stage of learning. Lines fitted expressly for trout fishing come in two sizes: size E and size F. The former is heavier than the latter and I have used it with success, though for light rods I certainly would suggest the second line—size F. Seventy-five feet is quite enough for your purposes and is all that you need for average fishing. It matters not whether you have a tapered line or level lines they always should be taken well care of. When in from your trip up the stream unreel the line and wipe it dry with a rag. It is a good idea to treat it now and then with some preservative. Dixon's Graphite is a good material and should be looked up. A line properly taken care of does not fray out for some time. The angler should always have two or three lines in his outfit and it is not a bad idea, if extra money can be expended to have them in various styles.

Passing on from the discussion of lines we next come to the leaders, a topic that cannot be disregarded. Good leader material is essential to the outfit. There is so much inferior gut leader on the market that the untutored surely will be worked for their coins unless the right can be selected from the wrong. The leader is fragile in appearance but is stout and will often bear a heavy strain and still remain intact often under distressing conditions. True leader material can pretty easily be told. Poor leader scales and cannot resist being bent and twisted without fraying or peeling. Poor leader also may be bitten into while the true leader will resist the teeth, and is perfectly hard. True leader is round while a poor grade of leader is often flat or cornered. Avoid all such. Test all leaders before you make a purchase and be sure, as above mentioned, that they are hard, round and clear. There are what is known as the mist-colored leaders, that is to say those that have a dim whiteness that makes them show well in the water; these are the ones you should give countenance to in preference to all other brands. There are leaders meant for different kinds of fishing. There are heavy leaders, medium leaders and the very light, or gossamer leaders. The latter are all right, if they are strong, for ordinary stream fishing. For bait fishing something heavy or medium is naturally needed. Care should always be taken to see to it that the snells and the leaders are the same in color; some anglers scoff at this and call it a trivial matter but where the angler is fishing a stream within the confines of civilization, and where the fish are more or less educated into the wiles of man, it is not a bad idea to carefully go over your outfit and attend to these trifling things. You will find that you will be ahead at the end of the day's sport.

In regard to the proper length of a leader I will say that the six foot one is as good as any. For bait fishing the three foot leader is all right. Some go as high as nine feet for their leader length, but this is not really necessary; in fact a bungling job is often made of the whole affair, especially by the beginner. Be sure to include in your outfit at least three or

five leaders, or a bunch of leader material so that if an emergency should arise you would have stuff on hand. Tying flies and leaders belongs to the school of craftsmanship and only skilled men, with years of experience behind them are able to tie good flies, let alone leaders. In some later article I will go deeper into details about various things, and will then touch upon leader tying.

You have now purchased your rod, your reel, your lines and your leaders. Before going into a discussion regarding flies and tricks recognized in trout fishing I will bring up the question of incidentals. Or perhaps we should say essentials, for certainly a good creel is a necessity to the trout fisher, as is also the landing net. A good creel can be purchased for a very reasonable price. For two dollars you are able to get a very nice affair and for a trifle over that something having leather trimmings; a very durable piece of construction well worth your money. If you wish to go to your fishing grounds as inconspicuously as possible then you have open to your consideration and purchase a very good, durable, canvas creel which may readily be folded up and put in your suit-case along with the rod of many pieces. Also get a short handled net, for such a feature is necessary in every instance. A long handled net is useless to the trout fisher when wading; it is all very well to use such a net when in a boat, but it is the worst encumbrance on the stream. The trout fisher's short handled net usually has a sling connected with it which is thrown over the arm or the shoulder. Notice is directed to the nets made in a steel frame, etc., which may be folded up and easily put away. Again if you want to go as lightly as possible, the rod of many joints, the folding creel and the folding net are things not to be scorned. A good net may be purchased for a dollar and a quarter. It is quite unnecessary to go over that amount. If you get a tackle box expressly for holding your trout fishing material it is not necessary to get a very large one but if you are also a bait caster, in season, you will need a rather larger box to hold your reels, bait, flies and what not. However for just trout fishing it is quite unnecessary to get a tackle box. If you have many pockets in your hunting coat it will do. Your flies however should be gathered together neatly and with care in a fly-book or fly-books. A good book I know holds forty-eight flies and is a dandy for the price; it is a perfect companion to your other material and is a recognized leader of them all. Such a book has celluloid leaves and clips to hold the flies. Any trout fisherman who has gone out with his flies contained in envelopes and in his pockets, loose, finally comes to know the value of a fly book. It is truly a thing of importance. While a book furnished cheaply is sold cheaply nothing can compare with the well made book costing the price of two and a half dollars. Then again there are excellent irreproachable books worth as high as ten dollars but they are unnecessary; the two or three dollar book is quite sufficient.

Now understand that it is not necessary to outfit yourself with every thing known to fishing science to obtain success. Of the later incidentals, the creel, the net and the fly-

book are more or less always in need. Other small material it is not amiss to include, as for instance a knife, some pliers for mending your rod; some silk threads for winding the rod, etc. All these things have their use and may well be included but they are not really essential. As for the clothes I will say that in the spring when there is a chill in the air it is well to use a duck coat of rather heavy material. A lighter hunting coat may be added for warmer weather, or in fact any coat of light material is then all right to use. A sweater is a good addition to the outfit. Woollen underwear should always be included. Perfect health must be assured to get the most pleasure out of the performance of trout fishing. Pants should be of some heavy material, especially in the spring when there are yet hints of snow on the ground. A hat to shade the eyes to ensure them their necessary keenness is a necessity. The cap cannot shield them properly from the sharp sunlight. A hat with a drop brim makes a nice affair for headwear. A stiff broad-brimmed hat is a nuisance. Always strive for something soft that will merge well around the head. The average fishing is done along very small

streams. In the mountains it is hardly necessary to include waders, or hip boots, for then the common hunting boots of leather will do and they will often prove sufficient even on most of our inland meadow streams. Hip boots of rubber should always be provided with hob nails to prevent the angler's slipping. Also by having hobs one can make his way along with more freedom. Aside from the hip boots as footwear we have the waders, in the form of pants and the stockings with which are worn rubber shoes. They cost quite a bit, however and are beyond the means of the average man. They are notable affairs but the hip boots are as good and are the ones commonly in use throughout the whole trout fishing world. A good pair of hip boots of the better grade of material will cost you about eight dollars though they may be purchased for five and six dollars. The eight dollar boots however are the best and are recommended for wear. These boots should be leather soled and as I have above mentioned they should always be provided with hob-nails, to assure one a firmer hold upon the rocks, and to prevent slipping.

## EDMONTON OLD TIMERS' BANQUET

AUGUST WOLF

**E**DMONTON Old Timers' Association, composed of men who came to the present capital city of the province of Alberta prior to 1885, when it was a trading post, entertained representatives of the King, the provincial and civic government and scores of members at its annual banquet in the Corona hotel, when yarns of the pioneer territorial days were "swapped" while the elaborate menu, including buffalo meat, was discussed. The waitresses were attired as squaws, the painted faces and ornamentations adding a picturesque touch to the surroundings.

Joseph H. Picard, president of the association, presided as chairman and toastmaster. He was supported by real pioneers, every one representing some phase of development in the far western country. Most of them recalled Edmonton when it was the outpost of civilization.

His Honor G. H. V. Bulyea, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, representative of H. M. the King, and Hon. Wilfrid Gariepy, Minister of Municipalities, representing the government of Alberta, responded to the toast, "Our Country." The latter also endorsed the proposal of Mrs. Arthur Murphy, (Janey Canuck) for the preservation of the Hudson's Bay fort buildings in Edmonton, also the necessity of preserving the records of the old timers of the west.

Captain Harry Watts, responding to the toast, "the Tenderfoot," made a witty epig-

ram in defining this term. "He is what you were; he may be what you are."

Major W. A. Griesbach, ex-mayor of Edmonton, who was here when Donald Ross and "Jim" Gibbons came to Edmonton with a cayuse, a short gun and some bedding between them, reflected that he had less than either of them, as he had no money, no clothes, no teeth and scarcely any hair—this being a humorous way of saying that he was a native son of the West. He spoke of the courage of the old timers on the trail and on the chase for big and small game in the days when strong friendships were made.

Other speakers were Thomas Lauder, chief of the fire department and Rev. D. G. McQueen. The latter in replying to the toast to "the Old Timers", said that he had been accorded the greatest honor that it is possible for his church to bestow but he did not value it higher than the privilege of associating with the men who had blazed the trail for the incoming multitudes. Their heads might be tinged with gray, but they were as young in heart and as full of hope and ambition, as many of those who were now coming into the country. The old timers did not always get the credit that was coming to them.

The chief item on the menu was supplied by Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior, who gave permission to kill one of the buffalo of a herd of 1,000 at Wainwright, Alta. The association sent him a letter of thanks for his courtesy.



## THE DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE ON THE CLUB'S EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY

The following extracts from the Director's annual message to the local sections of the Club which it is customary to have read at the anniversary dinners of these sections are published for the benefit of those who are unable to avail themselves of the pleasure of attendance at these functions:—

Eight years ago today the formation of our Club was completed. The roll then showed sixty-seven members. At the present date it has expanded to a membership of close on eight hundred, grouped in eight sections at various centres throughout Canada, at New York and at London, England.

The five classes of membership into which it is divided have been created with a view of meeting all possible demand and of building up the true alpine spirit in a country that Nature has endowed with one of the grandest series of mountain ranges in existence.

Such a variety of membership, necessarily creates a fluctuating one, and the fact that the Club is open to women as well as men has a further tendency in this direction. The saying that "Marriages are made in Heaven and in the Alpine Club of Canada" is one in which we glory, but we do so to our own undoing. The present wave of depression, has not, moreover, been without its reflection upon the Club, and when we issue our next Red Book, many names will be missed from the roll.

Notwithstanding, the real Alpine Club of the future, the one that will emulate the most famous of all Alpine Clubs—that of England—

grows apace, and evident proof of it is shown by the great increase of individual activity apart from the Club's parental guidance and in fields beyond its supervision. The infant has become a youth and desires to match himself with those of better recognized power.

Last summer we tried the experiment of holding two big camps, situated at points widely distant. Both were a success.

That at Cathedral Mountain was the best attended we have ever had. The weather conditions were absolutely perfect. Members in their eagerness to begin, crowded in upon us before the opening day and were loath to leave when the closing date arrived.

One hundred and ninety-five persons were placed under canvas and the attendance remained constant throughout.

The Robson Camp, in an almost new territory, was also a magnificent success, and the weather conditions that prevailed were unique for that section.

The crowning feat was the attainment of the highest point of the great snow-covered massif, Mt. Robson, by one of the Club parties.

Its success was due to the almost perfect weather conditions and the skill and resolution of the Club's guide, Conrad Kain.

The consummation of this feat detracts nothing from the magnificent triumph of those brave mountaineers, Kinney and Phillips, who fought the mountain for weeks against all kinds of perverse weather, who suffered great

extremes of hardships in the attempt, and who in the end, attained the mountain crest, although not its absolutely highest point.

The placing of a camp at Robson Pass was a very expensive undertaking, and the attendance was not so large as expected; but, thanks to the liberal generosity of the British Columbia and Alberta Governments, the G. T. P. Railway and of the members attending it, we have been able to make two ends meet.

At the Cathedral Mt. Camp we had two Swiss guides, loaned to us by Mr. Hayter Reed Manager in Chief of the C. P. R. Hotel System, and I now wish to express publicly our very deep appreciation of the goodwill and kindness he has always shown us in this respect. We also had one other guide in our employ.

To Mr. C. E. McPherson, Western Passenger Traffic Manager of the C. P. R., also, our gratitude is due, for all possible assistance to further our ends and make the travel part go smoothly.

In referring to the Robson Camp, I desire to express our hearty thanks to Mr. W. P. Hinton, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, and Mr. R. C. W. Lett, Tourist and Colonization Agent of the G. T. P. Railway. The former provided us with a Train de Lux from Edmonton west to Mount Robson and made every possible arrangement for our comfort, even to the building of a station and the installing of a telegraph operator at Mount Robson siding for our benefit. Mr. Lett was with us at the Camp and assisted us in every possible way.

The Club House at Banff was open from the 1st of June to the end of September. The attendance, though practically nil in June, was, for the season, the best we have ever had.

A handsome dining room, the gift of Mr. Stanley L. Jones of Calgary, was built and proved with its cheery open fire-place a very attractive spot on cold mornings at that high altitude.

A concrete retaining wall was placed around the new addition and in front of the driveway to hold up the mountain which has a habit of slipping down on us. This work was very expensive but necessary.

Owing to the Secretary-Treasurer's poor state of health for the whole of last year, the routine work of the Club has got behind and the 1913 Journal has, in consequence, been much delayed. The printing is now nearly completed and it will be distributed early in April.

It is very gratifying to see the active interest that has been displayed by the various

sections during the winter. It shows that the alpine spirit has taken root and is growing strong.

A new section has recently been added to our number. We congratulate Edmonton on its progressiveness and feel sure that, with the magnificent field for alpine activities within reach, it will soon make its mark.

During the past year the final call has sounded for one of our most prominent members. I have to record the death of Dr. Tempest Anderson on the 26th of August last. He was one of the leading scientists of his day and was recognized as the highest authority upon volcanoes and their action.

I cannot pass on without a tribute to the late Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Canada's High Commissioner to England. Although not one of us, he was closely associated with the great railway enterprise that has opened up the Canadian Rockies to the world's mountaineers, and a lasting monument to his splendid patriotism is found close by the Rogers Pass summit of the Selkirk Range, where Mt. Sir Donald towers aloft. Westward, not far distant, is the spot where the last spike of the steel band between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans was driven at Craigellachie by this great statesman, who has passed from our midst.

I expect, however, that the proposed programme for the coming summer will be of more interest than what is now of the past.

The Club House will open on the 1st of June and will be kept open until the end of September, should the attendance so warrant.

In order to furnish a special inducement during the month of June, the rate for guests will be \$1.50 per day, and from the beginning of July on will be \$2.00 per day to all members.

The annual Camp will be held in the Upper Yoho Valley, near timber line. It will open on Tuesday, 21st of July, and close on Tuesday, 11th of August.

It is proposed to try the experiment of keeping the Camp going for a longer period than usual. The main difficulty will be in the matter of guides and, unless skilled members of the Club give us their co-operation, I fear it will be difficult to make it acceptable to those whose chief object in going is to graduate to Active membership.

It is hoped that the plan of lengthening the duration of the Camp will enable those who desire it to take a longer holiday in the mountains, and those who have but a short time at their disposal to find dates to suit them.

It is unnecessary to dwell now on the attractions of the Yoho Valley, and particularly of the Upper Yoho. Eight years ago, we held our first Camp near the summit of Yoho Pass and the Camp next summer will bring back many pleasant recollections.

In due course the customary circular will be issued, giving details of the arrangements.

I would like to suggest that the distance from the nearest point to the Camp that can be reached by vehicles is ten Wheeler-miles, and yet more by alternative routes, so that all who plan to attend should be in good training before the date of their coming. I am assuming that the Alpine Club members will be physically fit before undertaking the arduous recreation of mountain climbing. Last summer at the Robson Camp, all who attended, except one lady, walked sixteen miles in one day to get there, and none failed or seemed the worse for it.

I should feel obliged if all who wish to obtain ice-axes through the medium of the Club will send in applications without delay to the Secretary-Treasurer, as our order for them will go forward in April. If it is desired to have names placed on axes ordered, the name

should be clearly stated in the application. All such applications must be accompanied by six dollars, the cost of an ice-axe imported from Switzerland.

Our annual Camps have so far proved a success and have drawn attendance from many places—not alone in Canada, but from the Great Republic to the south of us and from beyond the seas.

This success, however, is due, not to our own efforts, which are puny when compared with the magnitude of our field of operation, but to the magnificent ranges of snow-clad, cloud-capped mountains that form the crowning glory of the North American continent, and of which we possess a goodly share. They have brought to our alpine gatherings, year by year, many enthusiasts, who, through the fellowship of the camp fire, the partnership in the delights and dangers of long and hard climbs and a mutual love of the wild beauties of Nature at her outposts, have become bound to us by ties that are more than personal friendship, that have brought home to us in a most concrete form the kinship of the Anglo-Saxon race the world over.

## CLUB NOTES

Word has been received from the Director of the Club that the Annual Camp for 1914 will be held in the upper Yoho Valley, near timber line. The date is set for the opening on the 21st of July and for the closing on the 11th of August.

A new departure is found in the extension of the period from twelve days to double that time; thus affording those who desire a longer holiday in the mountains the opportunity, and also a wider range of dates for those who have but a few days to spend.

The locality is a magnificent one and provides in its numerous fine peaks and wide snowfields with their out-flowing glaciers, a field for alpine recreation that cannot be surpassed. A great advantage in favour of those intending to graduate is that the camp will be nearly at timber-line and consequently there will be no long tramp through the forest before climbing begins. There are a number of graduating climbs in the immediate vicinity, viz:—The President, Vice-President, Mt. Marpole, Mt. McArthur, Mt. Habel and others.

Mrs. Julia Henshaw of Vancouver, a well known member of the Alpine Club of Canada and who has the honor of being a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, gave a lecture on January 2nd, in the theatre of the Royal Geographical Society in London, England. The photographs shown by Mrs. Henshaw on this occasion were said to have been the best ever shown in the building. The title of the

lecture was "A New Playground in British Columbia" and Mrs. Henshaw dealt with the interior Alpine region of Vancouver Island that is comprised within the limits of Strathcona Park. In the interior of the Island is a range which has been named after Mrs. Henshaw by the Government of British Columbia in recognition of her many years' work among the mountains.

On the evening of February 23rd Major and Mrs. Mitchell entertained very delightfully a number of the Toronto Alpine Club members at their home in Rosedale. A number of out of town members of the Club also had the pleasure of receiving one of the uniquely designed invitation cards.

Prof. and Miss Coleman entertained at a very delightful tea at Annesley Hall, Toronto, on Saturday March 14th, for Mrs. Charles T. Schaeffer of Banff who received with them. Members of the Toronto section of the Alpine Club of Canada, a number of the University professors and their wives and a few special friends of the host and hostess were among those who took this opportunity to meet Mrs. Schaeffer and to greet old friends of camp and trail. The affair proved a charming prelude to Mrs. Schaeffer's address in the evening which was given before a very appreciative audience of members and friends of the Alpine Club. Over one hundred artistically colored photographs representing mountain flora and fauna as well as landscape, added to the inter-

est of the lecturer's entertaining account of her pioneer exploring experiences in the Canadian Rockies.

A general and cordial invitation has been extended by the Mazamas of Portland, Ore., to the members of the Alpine Club of Canada to join them on their Twenty-first Annual Outing which is to be held from August 1 to 16, 1914 at Moraine Park on the northern slope of Mt. Rainier. It is planned to go by rail from Portland via Tacoma, to Fairfax, Wash., on a branch of the N. P. Railway. From here a tramp, by easy stages, over twenty-two

miles of most interesting trails leads to permanent camp in this beautiful Alpine park at an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet.

The spacious rotunda of the new Central Y. M. C. A. building in Toronto was filled to capacity on Thursday evening, March 12th when Mr. P. L. Tait gave his illustrated lecture on the Canadian Rockies. The fine pictures shown proved of great interest to the audience who were given an idea thereby of some of the pleasures to be derived from a summer outing with the Alpine Club of Canada.

## SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE GAME AND FISHERIES DEPARTMENT OF ONTARIO

THE Seventh Annual Report of the Game and Fisheries Department of Ontario has recently been received. This includes in addition to the report of the Superintendent of Game and Fisheries. Mr. Edwin Tinsley, Statistics, Reports of Inspectors, Wardens, Overseers and Deputy Wardens and other matters connected with the administration of this Department.

Mr. Tinsley in his report refers to "the unwise and destructive policy of abolishing close seasons for white-fish which still prevails in what would be the most productive fresh water lake in the world if common sense methods and nature's perfect plan of reproduction were observed and respected; and goes on to comment with some asperity on the deplorable loss in the fisheries that is due to fish being taken when full of spawn and unfit for food. Eggs that are thus destroyed, it is pointed out, would, if left alone result in more than doubling the present supply of what is a much needed commodity. Mr. Tinsley contends that hatcheries are a most unsatisfactory substitute for close seasons and should be regarded only as an adjunct to the latter, which are in conformity with Nature's perfect plan of reproduction and perpetuation.

In referring to the legislation recently enacted by the United States with regard to the protection of migratory birds, Mr. Tinsley expresses the hope that our respective Federal Governments will mutually enact an equally effective and much needed measure for the protection of the fish in our international waters when migrating to their spawning grounds.

Reference is made to the lawless persistence of those owning factories situated on the banks of rivers and streams and to the immense destruction of fish particularly in the Grand River near one of the many factories located on that useful stream. While there is punishment for the miscreant who puts poison in his neighbor's well or spring, for the one who insists in poisoning waters which hundreds, and in many cases, thousands have to depend on, there does not appear to be adequate punishment provided.

Moose are reported as numerous as in past years and caribou will afford sport and recreation in the recent addition to the Province when access thereto is facilitated by the completion of the railways now under construction. Deer are reported as being numerous except in those localities in which destructive bush fires have occurred. Ducks were not scarce and quail were reported to have increased somewhat in consequence of last year's close season, but the Superintendent expresses himself as not very sanguine as to their future. Snipe are reported to have been more numerous than usual and with a short open season in the winter resorts of woodcock and the law effectually enforced it is hoped that the threatened extermination of these birds will be at least delayed.

Beaver have increased to a considerable extent and otter, mink and muskrats it is said are not decreasing to any appreciable extent.

Re-stocking was continued during the year with good results. The experience in raising bass fingerlings was most encouraging. During the year another pond was added to those already built. It is the intention at an early date to erect a small hatchery for brook trout in the vicinity of the Bass ponds and from this many of the once excellent trout streams of the Province will be re-stocked.

The sale of angling permits was much greater than during the previous year.

The patrol service was extended by an additional boat which patrolled the upper part of Lake Superior. Many illegal nets were seized and the guilty parties brought to justice through the patrol service.

Among the recommendations made by the various Inspectors are:

A Resident Trapper's License; a Resident Angling Permit; A Gun License or License to Hunt Small Game; A Size Limit for Sturgeon, also for perch, blue pickerel and herring; An Increase to \$25 in the Bounty on Wolves; Mr. Loveday of Ottawa suggests that the non-resident license for deer be reduced from \$50 to \$25 to correspond with Quebec as it is complained that Americans are going to Quebec who might come to Ontario if the license were reduced.



Mack Pointing - Quail

The Author and Mack

## SHOOTING QUAIL IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

J. S. CULP

**D**URING the fall of 1913 Barb and myself had planned for a "Quail hunt," through the fruit district near Beamsville, Ont.

One bright morning during the latter part of November we were on the way to our shooting grounds, accompanied by my Pointer "Mack". We had not been out more than about thirty minutes when "Mack" made a stand in a berry patch. I called Barb who went in and flushed the birds. Our Winchesters rang out and four fat, plump quail had gone to Quail heaven. The rest of the birds settled in a small thicket about two hundred yards ahead. "Mack" was not long finding them and made another beautiful stand. Several shots rang out and six more birds were safely tucked away in our game bags.

We continued straight ahead, and in a few minutes I glanced over and saw "Mack" pointing in a small clump of grass; Barb suggested getting out the camera and getting a snap of Mack setting the quail.

Another half hour found us in a small piece of underbrush where another bevy had made their home during the early fall. Suddenly

we missed "Mack", but soon discovered him frozen to the birds about half way through the thicket. I went in and the birds flushed. Whirr! Whirr! and about thirty arose. Bang! Bang! Barb made a neat kill and I a complete miss; the place seemed fairly alive with birds. Several more shots and we had added eight more to our bags. In the meantime "Mack" was hunting a patch of meadow grass when suddenly he made a stand near a small bunch of alders, and much to our surprise four pheasants arose as we moved in, but as there is a close season for these beautiful birds until next fall—we were compelled to test our power of resisting temptation. During the day we happened on to much varied game and added several rabbits to our bags.

We arrived home at 4.30 p.m. having enjoyed our outing immensely, and in looking over our bags found twenty-one quail and twelve rabbits, not too bad for a thickly settled fruit district. There is nothing in my opinion to equal a quail hunt with the assistance of a good pointer.

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THE PUBLISHER, WOODSTOCK, ONT.



An Unpremeditated Meeting

## SOME PECULIAR INCIDENTS

That Occurred while on a Fishing Trip at Sooke Lake,  
Vancouver Island, B. C.

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

**T**HE lake mentioned in the title of this article is one of the best for trout fishing, with either fly or bait, in the neighborhood of Victoria. I have fished in it nearly every season for twenty years and have invariably had good sport on each occasion. The fish are not very large as compared with those I have caught in other lakes and rivers, but they are game and of first class quality for the frying pan.

Sooke Lake is situated about twenty-two miles from Victoria and can be reached in several ways, either by driving or by taking the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway as far as Goldstream and walking the remainder of the way over the Sooke range of mountains.

From some of the elevations on the way the scenery viewed is magnificent, especially in the months of May, June and July, when the fishing is at its best. The lake lies between lofty mountains covered for about two-thirds of the way up by Douglas firs, cedars, arbutus

Jack Pine and other trees. Tall bracken, sallow bushes and a variety of other kinds of underbrush are also prevalent. The lake is some seven miles in length and about a mile in width at its widest part. At two points it is very narrow which gives to it almost the appearance of three lakes. The highest mountains are almost bare for about a third of their height down from their most extreme elevations, the surface mostly covered by loose boulders of rock and stunted grass. Deer are usually plentiful and elk are seen occasionally, also bear, panther and large grey timber wolves. Winged game such as blue and ruffed grouse, pheasants and mountain quail are not so plentiful as they were a few years ago owing to the great increase in the number of hunters and sportsmen from Eastern Canada and the United States.

Several residents of Victoria have built very comfortable shooting or fishing lodges on one side of the lake and boats can be hired from an

old settler at the outlet of the lake which after a winding course of some miles empties into Sooke harbour.

Last year in the month of June I happened to be fishing with a friend near the west shore of what is considered the widest part of the lake. There was a fringe of rushes extending for some distance out in the water from a long almost perpendicular ridge of rock, which extended for several hundred yards along the shore and was, for nearly the whole distance, some twenty or more feet in height.

A large Douglas fir years before had fallen into the water and most of its branches had either fallen or rotted off, leaving the trunk almost bare of either branches or bark. The tree must have measured at least two hundred and fifty feet in length, but of course about one third of it was sunk in the lake though part of the roots were still clinging to the rock.

We had been having some very fair sport, fishing from early morning, and were talking of starting back to camp for lunch. Our boat was anchored bow and stern by means of a couple of heavy stones and we were just in the act of lighting our pipes when I heard a lapping sound from the shore and glancing around was surprised to see a large wolf drinking from the near end of the tree. I at once called my friend's attention to the fact and for fully half a minute we watched the animal slaking his thirst.

There was a very slight breeze from off the shore but not having a gun with us we could only look on. My companion on rising to lift one of the anchors made a slight noise and the wolf after staring at us for an instant gave a grin that showed us his teeth, and then turned and walked quickly up the trunk towards the shore, as if he were perfectly used to such a performance. Perhaps he was, as the perpendicular rocks extended for quite a distance on each side of the tree he was making use of. Certainly no animal would reach the water for several hundred yards in that locality.

The oddest thing happened just then. As the wolf neared the roots of the tree a good sized black bear made his appearance and started down towards the water. Both animals seemed equally surprised and halted at the same time, snarling fiercely at one another. The bear appeared to take no notice of us whatever, but commenced moving cautiously towards his enemy who retreated backwards. My friend suggested that we should row in nearer and watch the fun so we commenced paddling slowly towards the scene of action.

The wolf on noticing us drawing nearer evidently got very nervous as he felt himself between two dangers. He advanced again up the tree until he was only a short distance from bruin, who did not manifest any intention of retreating nor did he appear to notice our gradual approach. As we came to within a short distance of him the wolf became frantic with fear and made a sudden dash to get past the bear who was ready for him. Rearing up he dealt the wolf a sweeping blow that sent him headlong into the bushes. At the same time he lost his balance and fell almost on top of his victim who was strug-

gling through the mass of reeds to reach the shore.

We shoved in our boat as quickly as possible as we hoped to be able to kill one or both of the animals by striking them with the oars, but although there was deep water the rushes grew so thick at that point that it was impossible to force the boat through fast enough to get near them.

The animals on reaching the rock could not climb out, but each kept swimming along its edge in opposite directions. The bear was first to scramble out and with great difficulty climbed over the rocky ridge and disappeared; but the wolf was not so fortunate. After swimming a long distance he managed to draw himself up on a low ledge of the rock but could get no farther. He tried desperately to reach the summit several times but always slipped back again to his first position. As he did not seem inclined to take to the water again at my suggestion we started for a settler's house that was about two miles away to try and borrow a gun. In this we succeeded and returned as rapidly as possible but the animal had disappeared.

That same afternoon we shifted our camp to the outlet of the lake and spent the evening in the cabin of one of the oldest settlers, who informed us that he had quite recently lost quite a number of his fowl, those that were in the habit of camping out as he expressed it, by which he meant those that roosted in the trees near the henhouse, and from the tracks that were visible and the bunches of feathers that were lying about he said he was pretty certain that a panther was the robber. He said he had already watched for two nights by moonlight without seeing the beast and felt properly disgusted.

My friend proposed that we should try our luck that night at watching, so we borrowed a rifle and shotgun from our host, and about eleven took up our positions to watch until daylight appeared. The night seemed to have no end and neither of us saw or heard anything of the panther. Once or twice there was a distant howl of a wolf and an owl hooted near us for a few times and that was about all.

As we were returning to our camp tired, sleepy and disgusted, we met a young man who was camping near us just starting out with gun and dog. He said he was after either bear, wolf or panther, but we suspected that deer also would likely be on the list as the game laws were not then very well respected in those parts. However we had barely got our fire started when we heard the report of a gun near the position we had been watching so faithfully all night. After breakfast we concluded to return the guns we had borrowed the night before. On reaching the settler's homestead we were surprised to see a large panther already skinned and the same young man we had met that morning, evidently in great glee at his success, as he could now claim the Government bounty of fifteen dollars besides having the prospect of receiving eight or ten dollars for the skin.

Our host was very much pleased as he had recently lost over two dozen valuable fowls and a month previously a fine young pig had

mysteriously disappeared, which he felt certain was carried off by the same marauder.

We felt rather small over the matter however, as after putting in a long night's watch to no purpose we had allowed another person to secure the brute within ten minutes after leaving his camp, where he had been comfortably snoozing all night.

The young man mentioned that he had been passing the very position we had been so carefully watching when his dog suddenly gave tongue and the next instant the panther had sprung up a small arbutus tree from among some low bushes, and as he was only

about fifteen yards away he had no difficulty in putting a ball through its head. We concluded that the animal must have visited the spot almost immediately after we had left it. Such is luck!

However, as we both had our baskets full of trout, which after all was what we had come for, we rolled up our tent and other belongings and set out on our twelve mile tramp over the Sooke mountains to Goldstream station, which we reached in plenty of time for a good long rest and a substantial meal before taking the train for Victoria.



A Skunk Farm in East Pinnacle, P. Q.

## A QUEBEC SKUNK FARM

“THE accompanying photograph shows the first real skunk farm to be started in this locality”, writes Mr. Wm. Brown of Sutton, P. Q. “The proprietor, Mr. Ernest Johnson of East Pinnacle, P. Q., is the second figure to the right in the illustration, and his farm lies almost under the shadow of the historic St. Armand Pinnacle, one of the highest mountain landmarks in the Province of Quebec. The ‘Round Top’ which is said to be the highest in Quebec Province lies in the town of Sutton about three and a half miles south-east of Sutton village. On the side of this mountain and far up toward the top a lovely pond of deep fine water is stored in its own natural reservoirs, hemmed in by rocks. The outlet from this pond on Mountain Lake is the main feeder to Sutton’s pure water supply stored near this village and fed by a continuous stream of pure water. To the top of the St. Armand Pinnacle is about six miles, a little south or west from Sutton, P. Q. Both mountains are visited every summer by many tourists and pleasure seekers who ascend to the summit.

Mr. Johnson who had the misfortune to lose his left hand when quite young, is engaged several months in the year as night watchman in the Clark Bros. tub factory, a position which he has held down for several years to

the complete satisfaction of his employers, who, by the way, are ardent and enthusiastic sportsmen. Mr. Johnson has found time to build up and fence in a strip of suitable land about 150 feet square which he proposes to enlarge during the summer. His farm is fenced with wire suitable for this purpose and sheet iron which is sunk into the ground about two and a half feet deep on all sides. An overhanging top prevents the skunks from climbing out. There is a separation fence that prevents the mother skunks from being molested. Mr. Johnson had about twenty-five to start with, all of which he caught at night with the aid of his dogs and without injury to the pretty striped animals. The ranch has attracted hundreds of people from the surrounding country to see it. Fresh water runs into the farm while just outside is a fine concrete dam which will be enclosed in a bigger farm the coming year, when either muskrats or other animals will be added to Mr. Johnson’s fur farm. This photograph was taken just before a snowfall, especially for ROD and GUN, and shows Mr. Johnson and some visitors. A number of dens provide good, warm, dry quarters for the skunks. A section of the skunk yard farm fence is shown back of the men who are holding up some of the live denizens of the ranch.

# OBNOXIOUS FISHES IN LAKES AND PONDS

## Use of Copper Sulphate for the Destruction of the Same

HON. JOHN TITCOMB (Fish and Game Commissioner for Vermont)

**W**HEN in 1867 a Fish Commission was established in Vermont its primary object was to attempt to restore to its former abundance the run of salmon and shad in the Connecticut River. The older inhabitants along the river recalled the time when the Atlantic salmon in its annual migrations penetrated the Connecticut river and its tributaries almost to their very sources and the shad every spring were abundant as far as Bellows Falls, where their journey was interrupted by the natural falls.

When efforts to restore these migratory fishes were unavailing owing to the artificial obstructions erected for power purposes the Commissioners turned their attention in other directions. Fish culture was in its infancy. Little attention had been paid to the final results to be expected from the introduction of various species of fishes into waters to which they were formerly unknown.

It was found that black bass multiplied when introduced into new waters and as a result the fish commissioners in the various New England states and particularly in Vermont, proceeded to introduce black bass in trout ponds and lakes where the trout fishing had become poor. As a result the bass thrived until the trout were all devoured and then for lack of sufficient food and range they were forced to live upon each other and in some instances due to environment became a stunted race. Perch, pickerel, bullheads and other coarse fishes were introduced either by the Commissioners or by private individuals. As a result many cold water lakes and ponds have been ruined for trout and furnish rather poor returns to the angler in the warm water fishes which succeed them.

To illustrate conditions, the writer has recently been informed that in one Vermont town there are fourteen trout ponds ranging in area from ten to thirty acres all of which contain perch. The presence of this species renders the waters almost uninhabitable for the trout family, none of which are armed to compete with its spiny rayed enemy. Unfortunately too the coarser species are invariably more prolific than the trout and salmon, and many of them, notably the basses and sunfishes protect their nests until the eggs have hatched and the young are free swimmers. All of them are quick to detect the spawning beds of the trout and are very destructive to their eggs and young.

While I have taken the liberty to give some local history it is well known that similar conditions exist in every New England State, in New York, and to a greater or less degree in other States and in portions of some of the Canadian provinces.

Fortunately a remedy for these conditions has been discovered which at comparatively small expense makes it possible to restore the smaller lakes and ponds to their original condition as trout waters.

The use of copper sulphate for the destruction of algae in municipal waters supplies first led to experiments to ascertain how strong a solution can be used without destroying fish. Advantage is now being taken of the knowledge thus obtained to see how little copper sulphate can be used to exterminate fish. It is now known that a solution of twelve pounds of copper sulphate in a million gallons of water will destroy practically all species of fishes except the black bass. Some species are more susceptible than others, but the black bass resists the poison more than any other fresh water fish thus far tried.

The first attempt in Vermont to exterminate the introduced species by the use of copper sulphate was made in September, 1913 at Silver Lake in the town of Barbard. So far as the writer knows it is the first attempt of its kind any where. It would have been more satisfactory to begin with a body of water of less area and shallower but it happened that this lake was drawn down to an unusually low level this summer, thus reducing its area from about one hundred to sixty-five acres or less and its depth some six or eight feet. At low water level the maximum depth is twenty-five feet. It contained large pickerel, pike, perch, yellow perch and horned pouts all in limited numbers and afforded rather indifferent fishing.

The copper sulphate was administered by dragging it over the surface in gunny sacks. Two launches and a number of rowboats were employed for the purpose. At the first attempt two thousand, seven hundred pounds of copper sulphate were administered, but this was not sufficient to kill all the fish and at a second attempt three thousand six hundred pounds were administered. The copper sulphate precipitates quickly. On each occasion it took about six hours to administer the poison. Dead fish began to rise the evening of the same day. More rose the second day and some on the third day.

It is impossible to declare positively that every fish was killed. There may be spring holes in the bottom of the lake which were not reached by the poison in sufficient strength. It is believed however, that the objectionable fish have been exterminated and that the lake is now ready to receive the trout for which the water is better adapted.

If success follows the efforts to restore the trout the lake should become an attractive resort and real estate values in the immediate vicinity should materially increase. Much de-

pends upon the public spirit of the citizens of Barnard and vicinity as to the ultimate success of the efforts to make the place an attractive fishing resort.

This is the beginning of a movement to restore some of the trout waters to their primeval conditions.

With the changes rapidly taking place in the natural conditions of our forests and streams the trout streams will naturally grow less in number. The ponds and lakes will if properly conserved, continue to afford recreation and food supply long after many of the streams are dry or are too polluted to permit of fish life. Upon these natural ponds and lakes then and upon artificial ponds and lakes must we look more and more for our supply of native food and game fishes. It is an asset the value of which is little realized by the majority of our people.

The copper sulphate precipitates so rapidly that there is little danger of contaminating streams flowing out of lakes while the poison is being administered.

As a result of the experiment at Silver Lake, the Lake Tarleton Club in New Hampshire has undertaken the extermination of pickerel in a forty acre trout pond with a view to restoring it to its primeval conditions.

Tests indicate that twelve pounds of copper sulphate evenly distributed to one million gallons of water will cause the death of all the common species of fishes except the black bass. As it is impossible to know all the subaqueous conditions, variations in depth, spring holes in the bottom of the ponds, etc, twenty to thirty pounds of copper sulphate per million gallons is a safer solution to use as the success of the work depends upon the extermination of every pair of fish of the species it is desired to kill. With present knowledge it is impossible to tell what solution is necessary to exterminate black bass but it must be much stronger than the one given above.

Tests made by the United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Plant Industry indicate that the carp is one of the first to succumb to the toxic effect of the copper sulphate in solution. This suggests that it may be possible to kill carp in a pond without at the same time destroying some more desirable species.

To persons undertaking to destroy fishes in a pond or lake the following suggestions are offered:

First ascertain the volume of water. This of course necessitates ascertaining the area and average depth. In sounding for depth it would be well to mark with buoys the deepest places. Note if possible any spring holes under the surface of the lake and mark them. Note all possible sources of water supply—even the smallest rivulets.

The copper sulphate wholesales at around

five and a half cents per pound and comes in barrels. It should be transferred to bran sacks or some form of bag of loosely woven material. For row boats fifty pounds to a sack is sufficient. For power boats one hundred pounds is a convenient amount to handle.

By the use of a twelve foot joist or bar equally fastened crosswise of the stern of the boat, a sack may be fastened at each end so that two bags may be drawn through the water by each boat. The sacks should be suspended at the surface of the water with no more of them under water than is necessary to dissolve the contents.

The copper sulphate should be thus distributed along the entire surfaces of the lake at intervals not exceeding twelve feet apart and the more quickly it is done the better. In other words the more boats that can be mustered into the service the better with a view to a general simultaneous distribution. Each boat should move at about the same pace as that of a fisherman when trolling.

The deeper portions and the spring holes should be covered more thoroughly than the shallower portions. If a definite boiling spring is found in the lake put a small sack of the material over it so that the water will percolate through it.

After the surface of the lake has been covered as thoroughly as possible and as near to the shore as boats can take it, have men on foot drag sacks around the edge of the shore line. Every stream or rivulet must be covered with the material as far up as objectionable fish are known to go. A strong solution of the mixture may be poured into the small streams with good effect. However the dissolved copper sulphate precipitates so quickly that there may be conditions in tributary streams where the introduction of lime would be more far reaching in its effects than copper sulphate.

Not more than six hours should be consumed in making the distribution. To avoid the necessity of having each boatman return to the source of supply one boat should be detailed to carry a supply of sacks filled and ready to replace the empty ones at any place on the lake where needed. Some of the copper sulphate will not dissolve readily and the supply boat will find a few pounds remaining in each sack when making the exchange. This can be gathered from the various nearly empty sacks into one and this may be dragged over the surface until dissolved.

If anyone tries this method of exterminating fish the writer hopes that he will report to him the results of his efforts. As this paper has been very hastily prepared he will be glad to answer any inquiries which its reading may suggest.

N. B. The foregoing paper was read at the Conference of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at Ottawa.

### One Hundred Miles in the Guide's Special

Being the Story of a Canoe Trip in Temagami Forest Reserve, from Bear Island to Latchford, via Lady Evelyn Lake and Montreal River and back by the Annia-Nipissing Lake to Bear Island in our June Issue

# Why Man of Today is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient

By WALTER WALGROVE

If one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire Canadian nation is striving for such an end.

And this is so.

The Canadian Man, because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener, and the stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The Canadian woman, because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now, what are you doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally; some of us much physically; but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, and one that has been known to physicians for quite a period, and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove—make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work; nor to clean an engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up, the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poison in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that

we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull, our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible, through its weakening and infecting processes, for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste, all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body, instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now, this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could, the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued, becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most noted eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New

York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M. D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external, and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced, so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

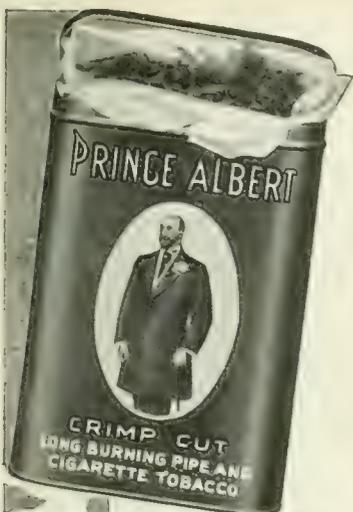
There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press; but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at Room 221, 280 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in ROD AND GUN.

Personally I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known, through reading the little book to which I refer.





# P. A. makes men pipe hungry

Just you get a whiff of "the national joy smoke," and it's dollars to doughnuts you beat it to the nearest store that sells tobacco and stock up. The flavor and aroma of Prince Albert has sure got 'em all backed off the boards.

Just figure on *that*, then realize P. A. *can't bite your tongue*, because the bite's cut out by a patented process. No other tobacco can get in the same class with

## PRINCE ALBERT

*the inter-national joy smoke*

You go to P. A. just like a baby puts its little hand out for candy, *natural like!* It's so delicious that you smoke it all day and all evening—and there's *no comeback!* You make a mental note of *that!*

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**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.**  
Winston-Salem, N. C., U. S. A.



# IDEAL TROUT FISHING IN ONTARIO WATERS

C. W. YOUNG

IT is not so difficult even yet to get bass or trout fishing in lakes within a reasonable distance—Muskoka and Algonquin Park abound in lakes which are far from being fished out, there being not a few to which few sportsmen have penetrated, and to go a little farther, there is the Temagami region, where fish and lakes are plenty.

But it is far from all of fishing to catch fish, and while it is very pleasant to go into the woods with your guides and paddle and portage till you find an expanse of water to suit your taste, there is something monotonous after all in trolling or casting flies from a canoe, and one longs to be beside a rippling stream, where the scene continually changes, even if the fish are not so large and possibly scarce.

It is my good fortune to know not a few railway builders, men whose work mostly takes them into new country, and I never lose an opportunity to enquire as to the fishing whenever I meet them. They nearly all tell the same story—lots of fish, the men go out on Sundays and bring home all they can carry. The information is not always reliable. These friends haven't time to fish themselves, and one may be grievously disappointed if one takes their stories for gospel. There may have been good fishing in the early Spring, just after the ice went out, or the men may have speared the fish or put in a shot of dynamite, but when you get there in June or July, there will be more flies than there were in plague-time in Egypt, and after tramping several miles through the woods to a bully good place, as you are assured, you find it inaccessible without a craft of some kind, or the stream may have dried up till there is little or no water left, and no fish but measly chubs or shiners.

Once in a while you do strike luck, however, and so it happened to me

last summer. As a part of its trans-continental line, the Canadian Northern Railway was building a road from North Bay to Ottawa, running mostly about 18 to 20 miles south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific, and for a considerable distance through the upper portion of Algonquin Park. One of my contractor friends had a piece of this work in this section, where they assured me there was great trout fishing. So it came about that a day or two before Dominion Day I took the noon train from Ottawa on the C. P. R. and after a very hot afternoon's journey, was at Eau Claire, which is a dozen miles west of Mattawa, and a little farther east of North Bay. By this time the temperature had cooled down, the moon and stars were out, and just after leaving the station, we crossed the Eau Claire, which bears the name of L'Amable du Fond, and is quite a sizeable stream at that season, as it was high water. There was quite a little rapid where the two bridges cross the stream, and a glance at the swiftly rushing water looked good to me. The hotel was but a few yards off, and the hum of the rapids pleasantly soothed one to sleep.

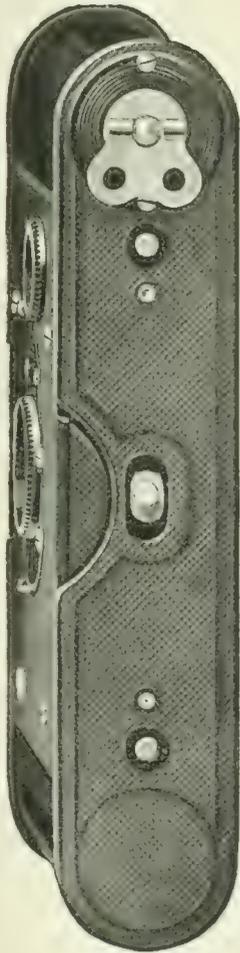
There was a slight frost in the early morning, and it was delightfully cool, after the grilling of the day before, when the summons to turn out was heard about 6 o'clock.

You never know just when you are going to get anywhere when you go on an expedition of this kind, so when the clerk told me the team for the camp would start along about 8 or 9 o'clock, I was in no hurry—hardly believed it anyway, but thought it was more likely to be after dinner, which proved to be the fact.

There was the morning to put in, however, so without saying "nothing to nobody" I mounted a light steel rod, and a phantom minnow which happened to show up first in the tackle box, and took myself to the

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Toronto, Can.

river a short distance below the bridge. There was a swirl about as soon as the bait touched the water, and a good-sized lunge, 12 or 15 pounds, proceeded to make things interesting for a quarter of an hour or so. The logs were slippery on which I had to stand, and the size and swiftness of the water made one think of the danger if he happened to slip into the drink, but no mishap came about, and the lunge gave in to treatment after a while, and I managed to lift him out with the landing net. A few casts more brought out a black bass between three and four pounds, and some smaller ones followed, by which time it seemed good to see if there were any signs of the team for the woods. Things were just as they had been, so I gave the fish to the cook at the hotel, and decided that it wouldn't be worth while going before we tasted the quality on the table.

Finally we got off with our team, and for the first few miles had a good drive over an excellent road till we came to the Booth farm, which is maintained by the well-known Ottawa lumbering firm to grow supplies for its extensive lumbering camps, and a recuperating station for the many horses used in bush work. After leaving the farm the road gets decidedly worse; in fact it would be hard to imagine anything much rougher. There are steep hills, deep mudholes, and stretches of corduroy over which the wagon rolls and bumps in a manner to test its springs to the utmost. Soon we catch a glimpse of the river again, and would like to get out and try a cast or two at the foot of one or other of the chutes which look ideal lurking places for trout, as indeed they are, so the teamster tells us. But the afternoon is waning, and we want to get to the railway camp before dark, and there is still a good distance to go, so fishing must wait.

My railway friends had two camps, a couple of miles or so apart, but as there was not much chance for catching trout at camp one or two I moved down to Camp three, which was right on the bank of the river. It was intensely hot all day, and not specially inviting to tramp through the woods

so we waited till evening, and then went to the outlet of Lake Cuyas-kokas, where there was a dam, of which all the gates were up and the water pouring through in a perfect torrent. The trout were there all right, you could see them jump, and they took the fly greedily as soon as it got to a little stretch of calm water, and there was all sorts of fun getting them out, as you had necessarily to fish from the gates, and when a fish was hooked he would get into the very heaviest rapid, and seem to be a whale for the time being. As soon as you could, you would lead him to still water at the side, and scoop him out with a landing net. There were two kinds of trout as there very often are in such places, one stout and blocky, and dark in color, the other clipper built, sharp and silvery. I am not naturalist enough to say why the difference, but only know that it exists. In size these trout were what might be called nice pan fish, from a quarter of a pound up, with occasional ones running to two or three pounds. They were strong fighters, took out lots of line, and frequently jumped out of the water. We kept at the sport till it was too dark to see, and made our way back to camp with much shouting and stumbling over logs, but with a catch that gave a nice sweet bite to most of the large number who were at the breakfast table.

Did I say there were flies? Well there were, and lots of them, and of all sorts and conditions, and they made life kind of miserable to those who were bothered, though they didn't bother me much, for although I know they are there and brush them off occasionally, the bites never inflame.

There were all sorts of dope in the company. In fact, in the summer season, bottles of fly preventive constitute a staple part of the stock of every camp—many men could not work without it. For my own part, I prefer a home made article, Fly Ile, given me by a Gaspé guide many years ago. It is simple and has the merit of staying on longer than the others. It consists of pine tar, with enough castor oil to make it of the consistency of heavy molasses, and



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Salmon Trout—Dec. 1st to Oct. 31st following year.

Black Bass—June 16th to April 14th following year.

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a few drops of bisulphide of carbon. It is as well to get this put into four ounce bottles, which are easy to carry, and you can take several of them with you, as everybody will want it when they see it work.

The weather continued very hot, without a cloud in the sky, and there was really little use in going fishing until evening, but I took across to the dam next morning, and found that during the night or early in the morning the stop logs had been put in the dam, and instead of a roaring torrent there was only a small stream, much easier to fish, if the fish would have taken a fly, but they wouldn't, nor would they touch a worm, or a piece of beef, or any other lure. It was disgusting. Looking down into the clear, still water, alongside the apron, one could see dozens, perhaps hundreds of big trout, but though you put your bait right in front of their noses, they would take no notice of it, except at very rare intervals. Walking down the bank, the river was found to have fallen five or six feet, and the conditions were ideal for stream fishing; one could wade almost everywhere, and if a particularly attractive hole was to be seen on the other side, there was no difficulty in crossing. There was little doing, but about noon, as I was idly casting over a rapid, I saw a big trout come up to the fly, and sink back without touching it. There was not a cloud, and the sun was shining brightly, but I took a little more care this time, and cast lightly where the rise had been. There was nothing the first or second cast, but when the fly struck the water the third time, up came the big fellow, gulped it down, a slight jerk fastened the hook, and there was fun alive for half an hour. I was casting from a breakwater some distance above the river, where it was quite ticklish walking along the logs, but got down to the bank after a while and managed the fight to better advantage. He was a strong fish and had the advantage of still water, and I was glad enough when the time came to put the landing net under him. No scales were available, but he seemed to me to be about three

pounds. Here and there, where the woods were thick and there was a deep hole, I managed to get one or two nice trout, but they were clearly out of humor as a rule.

In the evening we took a punt and rowed up stream till we could go no farther for rapids. All along the trout were jumping in the still water, but they were mostly small till we got to the dam, and again we fished till we could see no longer, bringing home with us another big string, which we did every evening afterwards as long as we stayed. The fishing recalled the old days on the Credit river, and was certainly ideal for any one who likes to wade the creek.

This fishing was just inside the park, on the northern end, and a license is necessary, but only a short distance below, the water is free and though I did not try it I was assured that the fishing was even better. This is not exactly virgin water, but almost so, as the number who have fished it, is very few indeed, and not enough to make any difference in the number.

Lake Cuyaskokas, out of which flows L'Amable du Fond, is a lake of considerable size, and full of salmon and red trout. It is not much fished, but it is well known to a select circle of campers, who come there season after season.

Being within the park, game was plenty to be seen during my summer visit. Seldom a day passed without seeing several deer, once in a while a moose, and partridges and rabbits without number. I came back in October, and while I could not shoot in the park itself, I found lots of sport on the outskirts, getting half a dozen brace of birds when driving in from the railway, as many going out, and not a few each day while strolling along the old tote roads. It was too early in the season for deer hunting, but there were lots of them, and I was told that several hundred were shipped during November and December at Eau Claire station alone.

Anyone who is fond of stream fishing for trout and willing to go to this section of the country should be able to have a successful outing.



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## Clark's Pork and Beans

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# RECORD OF GAME KILLED IN THE CASSIAR DISTRICT, B. C. DURING THE SEASON OF 1913

**M**R J. Hyland of Telegraph Creek, B. C. in a recent letter enclosed a list of names of sportsmen who hunted there last September, together with the names of their guides, the trophies secured and the measurements of their largest heads. The Cassiar district, Mr. Hyland asserts, is the best big game country in North America and in this district hunters get as large a variety of game as in any other place in America. The Indian

guides, Mr. Hyland says, are a little hard to get along with, as they are pretty independent. It is his belief, however, that if the Indian Department of the Provincial Government will lay down the rules the Indians can be quickly brought into line. Apart from this oftentimes too independent spirit they are good guides and the country is full of game. The list forwarded by Mr. Hyland is reproduced herewith:

No.	Moose		Caribou				Goat		Sheep			Bear Size			
	Spread	Palm	Points	No. Spread	Length	Points	No.	Length	Base No.	Spread	Length		Base No.		
2	50	33x13	29	3	44	56	36		1	25¾	40¾	14½			
Court Reed, Salm, Austria, McDame, Ind., Guide; McDame's Ck, Locality of Hunt.															
2	53¾	33x11	28	2	33	53¼	28	1		2	19¾	31½	11½		
H. E. Myers, London; Dennie, Guide; Nahlin, Locality of Hunt.															
2	51¼	28x11	23	2	47	52	50		3	24⅝	42½	14¼	1 Sm. grizzly		
Major Bradshaw, London; Larry Martin, Guide; Head of Stikine, Locality of Hunt.															
1	57¾	34x14	27	3	38½	49	35	2	10½	6½	2	21¼	39¾	13	2 Sm. grizzly
Major Church, London; Morris, Guide; Head of Stikine, Locality of Hunt.															
2	43¾	34x11	24	4	43½	50¾	32		1	21		28¾	13¼	3 lg. grizzly 8 2 med. " 3 pup "	
J. Denning, New Zealand; Ned Teit, Guide; Head of Muddy, Locality of Hunt															
2	56¾	31x11	22	3	44⅞	48¼	34	2	10	5⅞	2	24¼	39⅞	15½	1 Sm. "
Capt. Young, London, Bear Lake Billy, Guide; Klappan, Locality of Hunt.															
2	55¾	31x11	24	3	40	46½	46	1	10½	6	2	23½	32	13¾	2 black
Marcus Daly, New York; C. Little (white), Red Brooks, (Indian); Klappan, L. of Hunt.															
1	45	24x9	17	3	38	46⅞	27	3	10	6					
Judge Ford, New York; Bob Abesta, Guide; Klappan, Locality of Hunt.															
2	47½	31x11	19	2	42	48	35	1	Med.	2	22	35	15½	2 1 black 1 grizzly	
D. J. Singer, New York; McClusky, Guide; Klappan, Locality of Hunt.															
2	39	28x10	19	3	48	52	34	2	10¼	6¼	2	23	33½	13¼	
C. Leeke, Saskatchewan; C. Olsen, (white), Guide; Klappan, Locality of Hunt.															
2	51½	28¾x10½	20	3	38	54¾	31		2	26		43¾	14¼	2 lg. grizzly 5 3 med. "	
Max Budding, Amsterdam; Little Dick, Guide; Muddy River, Locality of Hunt.															
2	45	24x9	33	2	small			3	10	6	1	small		4 1 grizzly 3 blk.	
C. R. Eyton, England; Billy Fenn, Guide; Nahlin, Locality of Hunt.															
2	56¾	31x10½	27	1	38	50¾	29							1 med. black	
Geo. Welder and wife, England; Little Jackson, Guide; Dease and Muddy, L. of Hunt.															

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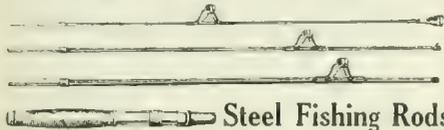
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18c	for an assorted dozen. Regular price... 24c.	Quality A
30c	for an assorted dozen. Regular price... 60c.	Quality B
60c	for an assorted dozen. Regular price... 81c.	Quality C
65c	for an assorted dozen. Regular price... 96c.	Bass Flies
75c	for an assorted dozen. Regular price... \$1.00	Gauze Wing
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## Steel Fishing Rods

FLY RODS, 6 or 9½ feet.....	\$ 75
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# FISHING RODS

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# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Professor Prince, Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, left Ottawa on March 11th via Vancouver for New Zealand, where he has been engaged on behalf of the government of that country to report upon the marine and fresh water fisheries of the two Islands. This is not the first time Professor Prince's services have been loaned to other governments, and it is highly significant that whenever a government desires to improve its fisheries it is to Canada and to Professor Prince that they turn. As most people interested in fisheries are aware, the fresh water fish of New Zealand have been imported from Great Britain, and while they are doing well they are not doing well enough to please the government and Professor Prince is asked to make recommendations that will lead to their more rapid increase. The Professor expects to be away from Canada on this important mission the next three months.

This year the ROD and GUN index for the preceding twelve months, instead of being bound in with the May issue of the magazine as formerly, is printed separately. Subscribers who may be desirous of obtaining a copy of the index for Volume XV—including the issues from June 1913 to May 1914—may secure same without charge by addressing a request for this index to The Publisher, Woodstock, Ont.

In Canada with the changed conditions which the extension of agriculture brings about, the ravages of insect pests become increasingly more serious. The lowest estimate for insect depredations on field crops alone is ten per cent., which means that in the year 1912 insects levied a toll of over fifty million dollars on the field crops of Canada. Birds are the greatest insect destroyers, but this is not generally realized, and their wanton destruction goes on year after year by thoughtless and careless people, especially boys. From the practical standpoint alone, therefore, the protection of our native birds is an essential adjunct to successful agriculture. It should not be necessary to insist upon the higher motives prompting the movement for the protection of our birds, whose presence adds so much to the pleasures of life and whose absence detracts so greatly from the beauty of the woodland and countryside.

A scheme has been adopted by the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club for the protection and encouragement of native birds around Ottawa. It is proposed to establish local bird sanctuaries in which the birds will be zealously protected. Nesting boxes will be provided for them and their general welfare will be looked after.

The institution of such a scheme in the capital city cannot but have a most beneficial

effect on public opinion in other parts of the Dominion, and its ultimate effect is sure to be of a far-reaching character.

Weary, the California alligator, domiciled in the Dundurn zoo at Hamilton, Ont., nearly came to an inglorious end during the February cold spell. Immunity from cold is the only thing that saved the reptile.

Park Superintendent Harry Marshall was making the round of the animals on the coldest morning, when, sticking up through the ice in the pond he saw what he thought was a pointed stick. Closer investigation disclosed the alligator's tail. The superintendent hurriedly accumulated an axe, ice tongs, and a bag, and commenced a furious onslaught on the ice. The unfortunate reptile was as stiff as a board and Mr. Marshall transported it to the nearest fire, where the alligator shortly thawed out, yawned prodigiously, and went to sleep again, as per its name, Weary. It is probable that it had been buried under the ice, with only its tail exposed to the air, all the night hours—but the cold immersion apparently did not freeze it.

An unusual sight for that time of the year was witnessed by the bridge constructors at the C. P. R. bridge at Peterboro in February last.

While engaged at their occupation, the builders were surprised to see a flock of half a dozen or so ducks skimming overhead. As most of the construction gang were "men o' parts," they were rather longing to have a pop at the birds.

A bird caught by a cat, of a Chatham, Ont., resident, on the night of February 6th, was identified by J. H. Smith, I. P. S., as an Orchard Oriole. On the night in question the cat walked into the house with the bird in its mouth. The bird was removed and an effort to save its life was made but it was so badly disabled from some former wound, that it died a short time afterwards. The people were unable to name the bird and finally secured Mr. Smith to establish its identity.

The presence here at this time of the year of the bird is unaccounted for. This species of Oriole winters in Central America and in the summer is found through the Eastern United States from the Gulf of Mexico to Massachusetts and occasionally in more northern localities. It arrives from the South about May 1st and is one of the first birds to leave in the fall, rarely being seen after September 1st. Nesting is begun late in May. The song of this bird somewhat resembles that of his orange-and-black cousin, the Baltimore Oriole, or Golden Robin, but is far richer in tone and more finished in character.

Mr. Smith, in conversation with a local reporter expressed the opinion that the bird had

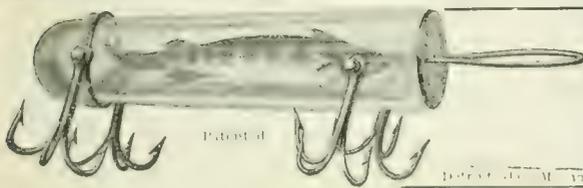
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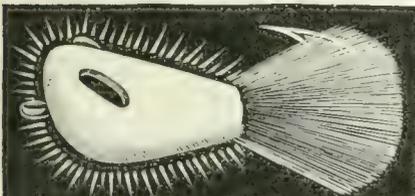
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"Coaxer" Floating Flies are real sure enough floaters. They have solid cork bodies that are coated with celluloid enamel. Absolutely water proof will outwear two dozen best flies, and they sure do get the fish. Trout, 6 Colors, \$1.35; 12, \$2.65. Bass, 6 Colors, 1.65; 12, 3.25.



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**CHARLES F. ORVIS**  
MANCHESTER VERMONT

either not left the south or had gone only a short distance and then returned. The body of the bird was not wasted but how it survived the cold was a mystery, as its food consists chiefly of grubs. The cold spell that came a few days later would have probably exterminated it, even had the cat not caught it.

Numerous robins were reported to be wintering in the city but the presence of the oriole was considered a mystery.

A very successful year in the work of the society was reported at the annual meeting of the Association for the Protection of Fish and Game in the Province of Quebec, held in the Windsor Hotel recently. The membership at present is 563, an increase of 57 over 1912 and during the present year it is hoped to bring the number up to 1,000.

During the year, said the president in his report, the association employed at various times as many as twelve wardens, Game Warden Griffith being in charge. Last year the Quebec Government saw fit to open the partridge season, but the birds were killed by thousands and the sale was then prohibited for a period of five years. During 1913, 698 partridges were seized, the fines imposed in each case being \$1 per bird making a total of \$698. There were eleven offences of shooting wild duck, the fines amounting to \$50, and 83 of killing insectivorous birds, the fines amounting to \$180. There were six cases for taking trout out of season, ten for taking dore, eight for bass, five for hares, two for having venison for sale, two for using nets, nine for concealing partridges and five for other cases. This made a total of 152 for the year.

The association appointed a committee to appeal to the Provincial government with a view to securing amendments to the game laws. An assurance of sympathy was given, but owing to the illness of the Minister and other matters, no action was taken. Although so many cases were made for selling partridges, sales were still going on. The minimum fine of \$1 is too small and should be at least \$2 per bird, as dealers are able to obtain \$2 a brace for them. The association should have another game warden as it is impossible for Warden Griffith to go out alone, a witness being needed in all cases. It is expected that the Government will increase its grant but so far no appropriation has been passed.

Mr. Innes, in his report as secretary, also outlined the work, stating that 152 cases had been made during the year. A tribute was paid by several of the members present to the efficient services of Mr. J. R. Innes and Game Warden Griffith and it was unanimously decided to increase their salaries.

Mr. Griffith, who was then called upon to read a report of his work, stated that during the year he had travelled in the interests of the association a total distance of 9,127 miles. He instanced, as proof of the progress that was being made, the fact that, although more work was done last year the number of convictions was smaller than in 1912. The same person had never been convicted twice.

During the year the association lost two valued members, the late Messrs. W. E. Davis and T. A. Emmous. The thanks of the as-

sociation were extended to the C. P. R., G. T. R. and C. N. R. for free transportation.

The election of officers resulted as follows: president, Mr. Guy Tombs; vice-president, Mr. O. A. Dostaler; treasurer, Mr. D. Robertson and secretary Mr. J. R. Innes. The following were elected to the committee: Messrs. A. Bergevin, R. Barrett, L. A. Amos, P. D. Gordon, W. G. Sheppard, R. J. Inglis, J. H. Yeoman, S. W. Tilden, W. Percival, L. H. Boyd, T. Lyall, H. Foster Chaffee, C. Golden, W. A. Loomis, A. J. Dawes, Dr. Geo. Fisk, Dr. J. T. Finnie, G. H. Ham, M. C. Hopkins, I. H. Stearns, W. L. Maltby, W. A. S. Ayerst, H. G. Elliott, J. J. York and R. W. Reford.

Among the members present at the meeting was Mr. J. R. Tannahill, of Huntingdon.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, are probably the most remarkable couple in this northern region at this hour, says a despatch from Northern Alberta. Carroll is a fur trader, and on his five trips, which have taken him 100 miles beyond the Arctic Circle, his wife has accompanied him. Looking rosy and in perfect health, Mrs. Carroll was congratulated upon the effect of the voyages. She smiled and said that she would enjoy the change of five to six weeks' residence at Athabasca Landing, when they will again set out for the north.

"There is plenty of hard work and hardships, or at least what may be considered hardships," said Mr. Carroll, "although the compensations of freedom, fresh air, simple living, and a natural life generally reduce the average amount of trouble to a minimum." Mr. Carroll is like all men who trade with Eskimos, he has a good word to say about them. They carry out their instructions and keep their bond.

The Dominion Government has been asked to stock Okanagan Lake with rainbow trout fry from the hatcheries at Gerard, B. C., in order that the lake may again be the "fisherman's paradise" it was some years ago.

Jack Frost is the best duck catcher after all," says a Hamilton despatch. "Scarcely a day during the winter months but some of the people who have occasion to go out on the ice of the Hamilton Bay found ducks frozen and imbedded in the ice with only their heads sticking up. While skating near the coal oil inlet Fred Davis, a lad living on Trolley street, struck with a hockey stick at what he thought to be a piece of wood sticking up through the ice. The frozen head of a duck flew off, and Davis, after making a hole in the ice, was the proud possessor of a first class cold storage duck."

William Smith, of Puslinch Township, Ont., was fined \$20 and costs at the police court for having in his possession, out of season, the carcass of a deer. The animal was one of several belonging to Mr. Cockburn, of Aberfoyle, and escaped out of the run. It was shot by the former party and the carcass found hidden in Mr. Smith's barn.

Farmers in the neighborhood of Clandeboye have formed a game protective association for



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- Each \$6.65

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Three piece with extra tip, two-ring guides, and three-ring tips.

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  - No. 3007. Short Bait, 8 1/2 ft., 8 oz. ....
  - No. 3009. Long Bait, 10 ft., 9 1/2 oz. ....
  - No. 2004 1/2. 5 1/2 ft. 2 piece Bait Casting extra tip, Agate guide and Tip ....
- Each \$6.65  
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Three piece with extra tip, snake guides.

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  - No. 3011. Light Trout, 9 ft., 5 1/2 oz. ....
  - No. 3012. Med. Trout, 9 1/2 ft., 6 1/4 oz. ....
  - No. 3013. Heavy Trout, 10 ft., 7 oz. ....
- Each \$10.00

**"SENATE" BAIT ROD, GERMAN SILVER**  
Three-piece with extra tip, two-ring guides.

- No. 3015. Bass Casting, 6 ft. 5 1/2 oz. ....
  - No. 3017. Short Bait, 8 1/2 ft. 8oz. ....
  - No. 3019. Long Bait, 10 ft., 9 1/2 oz. ....
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**WM. J. MACKENSEN**

Naturalist

**Dept. K. YARDLEY, PA.**

the purpose of putting a check on the destruction of wild birds by pot-hunters and people who delight in killing for the sake of killing. The owners of land who belong to the association have placarded their properties warning off trespassers.

Farmers are beginning to learn that from an economical point of view, the wild birds are too valuable to be wantonly killed. The service they render in destroying insect pests and weed seeds is of the greatest value to the farmer.

Nór is there any reason why the farmer should not take account of the sentimental value of birds. The beauty of their plumage, the mystery of their ways, the delight of their songs,—why should not the farmer take account of these, too? He cannot turn these things into dollars and cents, it is true; but the farmer's life is not expressed entirely in dollars and cents. He has his full right to the joys and satisfactions of life, and some of the most enduring satisfactions of life are outside the list of things to be found in the market columns. The farmer who fails to refresh his soul with the beauties of nature is wasting one of the very valuable resources of farm life.

A coon was discovered in a partly hollow log that was being sawed at McKillop's mill in West Lorne, Ont. The coon was frozen stiff and after being taken from the log was carelessly thrown down the sawdust chute which leads to the fire hole. Nothing more was thought of the incident until Mr. coon reappeared up stairs in the mill after he had thawed out in the furnace room.

Mr. Jen Duffy, a Downeyville blacksmith, killed seven coons this spring, the animals having had their winter quarters in a hollow tree in a nearby wood. Mr. Duffy, like William Penn, used neither sword nor gun in the capture. With an axe in one hand and a wagon spoke in the other he proceeded to the bush. Len knew the coons were there from divers tracks and sundry reports heard from the people who traded in his blacksmith shop. He located the tree without difficulty, and after stuffing the aperture which the coon family had used as an exit to and from their nest on their excursions around the country, he directed his attention to a point in the fallen trunk where he thought the animals were resting. With several well directed strokes from his keen axe which penetrated the timber, he succeeded in making an opening in the trunk which permitted the animals to rush out, and as they did, a sharp stroke on the dome of thought left each one ready for the hunter's scalpel.

He sold the pelts in Lindsay for \$2 each and as he walked up street with the skins thrown over his shoulder he excited more curiosity than a wild westerner.

Mr. Duffy said the seven young coons would be more than one year old. The fur was in first class condition, well striped and rich in color.

F. C. Walcott of Norfolk, Conn., recently purchased eleven deer from the Remington Cartridge Co. out of Remington Park, a 380-

acre expanse about a mile from Bridgeport, on which is stored powder in mounds. The park is surrounded by a high fence.

Several years ago a doe stole out of the forest, cleared the fence and found herself imprisoned within. Later the buck appeared and joined her.

Both were prisoners in the most dangerous place in Connecticut—a powder park underlaid with mines.

A short time ago a census was taken, and it was found that 28 deer were galloping about the powder park. As the years passed they had become more and more of a nuisance.

In Connecticut it is unlawful to either kill a deer or to ship it out of the state. So it was determined to sell them to someone within the state. Elaborate traps and runs had to be built, and even then it was hard to get them.

So far eleven have been shipped to Mr. Walcott.

Mr. Freeman Trumbull on March 25th, brought five wolf-skins to Minden, where he made application for the Government bounty, having disposed of the animals within a short time. Wolves were said to be quite plentiful in Anson township during the winter, and were killing off the deer.

Bulletin 218 of the Nature Study Series issued by the Ontario Department of Agriculture is a finely illustrated little publication by C. W. Nash, Biologist in the Provincial Museum, Toronto, in which the relation which the birds of Ontario bear to agriculture is discussed.

George McCulloch, an old newspaper man, but now in the happier role of a successful Western homesteader, had an unusually exciting few minutes when he left his homestead in search of a fox that had been seen some two miles away. At about three o'clock his attention was attracted by a big, white timber wolf, which, looking in his direction, rose above a huge log and gave vent to a savage growl. McCulloch replied by immediately cocking his gun, and in a second the contents were successfully buried in the jaw of the wolf, which immediately tumbled over and was afterwards discovered quite dead. McCulloch, it is said, is a capital shot. He never misses his mark.

To his surprise, however—it would be nearer the truth, to use the word amazement—a pack of twelve wolves appeared in the thicket of the wood, bounding away from the scene of execution. McCulloch examined the fallen monster, and found a simple explanation for the presence of so many animals of the forest. A moose, with its flesh quite warm lay on the ground, two-thirds devoured. The pack had apparently been in need of a hearty meal, or driven by hunger, had attacked the moose and turned it into a sweet morsel. The fact that the pack galloped away from its unfortunate partner is not unusual in the opinion of those who are familiar with the habits of the timber wolf in that district. The wolf is a coward by nature, and will only put his tusks into the flesh of man when incited by pangs of hunger, although, among these Alberta woods,

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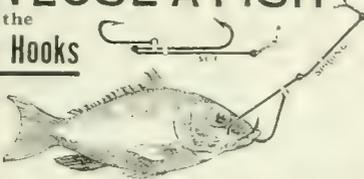
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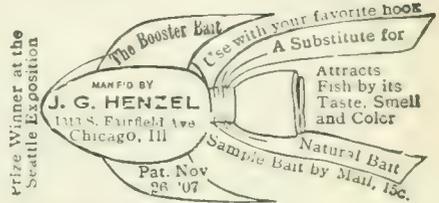
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Lynx	- - -	25 "	45 "	Swans	- - -	7 "	10 "
Wolverine	- - -	100 "	" "	White Cranes	- - -	50 "	75 "
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abounding with rabbits, chicken, and other game, the few timber fellows that make their beds thereabouts need not want for any good thing. This pack may have had bad luck, or out of sheer gluttony, had departed from their usual manners, and gone in for a special

guzzle of moose. At any rate, when Mr. McCulloch told the story of the thrill to his wife that good lady was thankful that the moose was well eaten up. "Perhaps," she remarked, "they might have eaten you up."

## AN HOUR'S SALMON FISHING

W. C. P.

IT was a bleak afternoon during the last week of April. The chilly wind seemed to get in at every pore. One instinctively sought the warmth of the fireside. The cheesemaker had attended to his last duty at the factory. Everything was in readiness for next morning for the farmers get in early with their milk. After taking a last look to satisfy himself that no detail had been neglected, he turned the key in the door, pulled his coat collar closer about his throat and hurried across the street to his neat cottage that nestles behind a row of venerable spruces, protecting it alike from the blasts of Winter and the gales of Spring.

Arriving home the cheesemaker took a seat by the cosy fireside and began to read the daily paper. In a few minutes his little grandson, Johnny, rushed in almost out of breath and said: "Grandpa I thought you were going fishing tonight." Grandpa looked at the comfortable fire, surveyed his cosy surroundings, listened for an instant to the moan of the chilly wind and replied:

"Why Johnny I guess it is too cold and rough to go salmon fishing tonight."

Grandpa noted the look of disappointment that spread over Johnny's eager face as he solemnly replied: "Well Mamma said I could come up, and I thought if you went salmon fishing I could go with you."

Salmon are plentiful in the Annapolis River at this season. The sport strongly appeals to the cheesemaker's heart and perhaps for this reason he was disposed to humor his grandson. So he said:

"All right Johnny, we'll go. I guess boys like you and me can stand a little cold."

So saying the cheesemaker put up his paper, took his rod and reel from their accustomed place, dropped his well filled fly-book into his pocket and accompanied by Johnny who carried the salmon gaff, started for "Hale's Island," a famous salmon pool on the Annapolis River, about a hundred yards from his residence.

Arriving there he adjusted the rod and line and attached a fly which he thought might, at this season, tempt the wily salmon. Thus equipped, he made one of his famous casts, the line shooting out straight over the water and the fly falling on its surface so naturally that even the most suspicious salmon could not detect the fraud. The fly was pulled skilfully over the water but even Johnny's keen eyes could not detect any sign of a fish.

\* After a little another cast was made, the fly falling on the water even more naturally if possible than before. This time a salmon broke the surface of the water but he did not take the fly. The cheesemaker then pulled

in his line and changed the fly. Another skilful cast was made and with better success. As soon as the fly touched the water a swirling splash was heard and Grandpa hooked a salmon. The fight to land the fish began immediately, little Johnny dancing with delight and earnestly watching every move.

The salmon rushed madly down the stream. The steady pull of the line, however, checked his speed. In a vain effort to rid himself of the horrid thing that clung so persistently to his mouth, he made several leaps out of the water, striking viciously at the line with his tail. Such tactics were unavailing. The skill of the fisherman failed his every effort. Trying another ruse the fish rushed up the stream but with no better success. Convinced by this time he would have a hard fight to land the fish, the cheesemaker told Johnny to call Grandma who by the way is a lady who can handle the gaff with greatest skill. Johnny started on the run and so excited was he that he shouted "Grandma" at every step. However before she arrived, Grandpa, skilful alike with the rod and the gaff, had succeeded unaided in landing the salmon.

Going a little farther up the pool, the cheesemaker made a few casts and hooked another salmon. This one seemed to be even more difficult to handle than the other. A longer and a gamier fight took place. The fish made a determined but ineffectual battle for freedom. He rushed to and fro in the pool and in his efforts to free himself, jumped several times out of the water, his silvery scales glistening in the sheen of the light of the setting sun, which now for a few moments broke through the dark clouds. Finding these strenuous efforts unavailing the fish dived to the bottom and "sulked." When a salmon does this he is usually dislodged from his position by throwing stones in the water directly over him, for it is only by keeping a fish on the move that he can be tired to such an extent that he can be brought close enough to the shore to be hooked with the gaff. Johnny and Grandpa stoned the salmon which once more took up the brave but useless struggle. Grandpa is a pastmaster at playing a fish and soon had the salmon so close to shore that Grandma landed him with the gaff.

The sun had now set. The shades of evening were falling. The Majestic oaks that stand like giant sentinels along the river's bank took on a darker hue. The air, if possible, became more chilly. The two old people and the little boy started proudly homeward taking with them as the result of an hour's fishing two handsome salmon, one of which weighed 10 pounds and the other 12 pounds.



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# OUR LETTER BOX

## Salmon Ascended Lake Ontario in the Early Days.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

While I have not for some years been a regular subscriber to your excellent paper, I frequently purchase it and read it with great interest. To place myself upon a proper footing I now enclose money order for \$1.50 for which please send me ROD and GUN for one year, beginning with the April issue. Assuming that this very modest sum will qualify me to criticize as well as praise, pray allow me to record my only objection to your publication, which is the continued use by contributors of the term "hunting" as applied to the pursuit of small game. "Hunting" and "gunning" are no doubt commonly used in the United States, but in the old country a man "shoots" partridges and "hunts" foxes.

As a salmon fisherman of some years' standing, it has occurred to me to make you a suggestion, which is that you should solicit correspondence from such of your readers as have evidence, hearsay or other, of the fact (for which I believe it to be a fact) that in early days the Atlantic salmon (*salmo salar*) ascended Lake Ontario and its tributaries for spawning purposes. A Toronto friend, who died some years ago, told me that his wife, as a child, remembered her grandfather bringing home a salmon caught with an artificial fly in the River Humber. In a book entitled (I think) "Letters from Early Settlers in Upper Canada" published about 1833 and edited by a Mr. Magrath, that gentleman, who, with friends, settled near the Credit River, speaks of having caught, in that river, within a few yards from his door, as fine salmon as could be got from any Irish river. He also speaks of the Indians spearing salmon there. In Mr. G. Brown Goode's book, "American Fishes" he speaks of the salmon as occurring "in all the tributaries of the St. Lawrence to Niagara Falls." I remember in the summer of 1876 meeting an old fisherman near Grimsby who spoke of either spearing or netting barrels of salmon near the Credit.

You must have numbers of readers who are interested, not only in salmon fishing, but in the history and habits of that noble fish, and I imagine that a study and some consideration of the subject which I have merely touched upon would be of great interest to them as I know it would be to

Your obedient servant,

C. R. G. Johnson.

Montreal, P. Q.

Ed. Note. There is ample evidence that in the early days salmon not only ascended the St. Lawrence but reached Lake Ontario for spawning purposes. In the government fishery report for 1900 Mr. S. Wilmot, the first fish culturist in Canada, states as follows: "I

took the eggs of *salmo salar*, impregnated them, hatched them and took them up to the rivers running into Lake Huron" He took these eggs from Lake Ontario. In 1883 in an address at London, England, he asked how the salmon in Lake Ontario could be said to be land-locked when the St. Lawrence emptied that lake into the sea? "Salmon are feeders in the sea and breeders in fresh water: they migrate annually to the rivers to reproduce, entering every stream on either side up into Lake Ontario: and were it not for this great barrier of Niagara Falls the salmon would be found in the upper springs of Lake Superior." There is ample evidence that some still living have fished for salmon in Lake Ontario. An article on this subject entitled "The Passing of the Salmon," appeared in the June 1913 issue of ROD AND GUN.

## Another Letter from Dawson, Y. T.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I must confess that I was somewhat surprised on reading W. Hamilton Fisher's article in the November ROD AND GUN, wherein he attributes to the Yukon moose characteristics which are foreign to his brother-moose in other parts of this continent.

I have hunted moose in different parts of the Yukon territory for the past sixteen years, and believe that I know something of the habits and characteristics of the Yukon moose, and I must say that I have never found any evidence that would tend to support a supposition that the moose in the Yukon and Alaska, differ in any particular from moose in any other part of this continent, and they, *most certainly*, shed their antlers annually.

Should Mr. Fisher ever visit Dawson, I believe that we can convince him that there is such a thing as antlers in the velvet, and that the moose ranging on the head-waters of the MacMillan River, (next to the moose of the Kenai Peninsula, the largest found on the North American Continent,) as well as moose in other parts of the Yukon, shed their antlers every spring.

Indians, Prospectors and Government Surveyors in the field, kill moose out of season, for their own use, consequently, there are those in Dawson who can show you sets of beautiful moose antlers in the velvet. One friend of mine has one of these with a spread of 51 inches. This animal was taken on the divide between the Stewart and MacMillan rivers, by a prospector, about the first of August.

I shall never forget my first experience with moose horns in the velvet. In July 1898, while up the Stewart River on a prospecting trip with two partners, we killed a bull moose. The animal fell on a rather steep hill side, and to facilitate the work of dressing the carcass, we went to pull the animal a few feet down the

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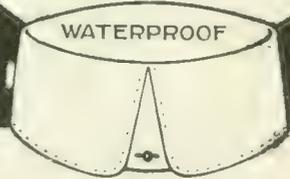
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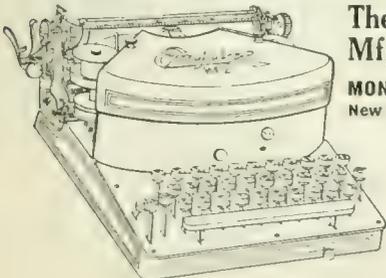
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hill to a level spot. My companions took hold of the front legs, while I firmly grasped the antlers, taking a prong in each hand. When all was ready one of the boys said: "All ready, Ho." Well sir, that moose did not move but I did, after turning several not too graceful hand springs, I landed on my back about two hundred feet down the hill with a bunch of "velvet" in each hand.

Time and again I have surprised a bull moose (Yukon) so intent on the work of removing the covering or velvet from his horns by slashing, swinging and rubbing them against a small tree, that he did not see or hear my approach, and when finally alarmed would dash off with the velvet hanging like ribbons from his antlers.

Writing in the February issue of ROD and GUN Mr. Fisher says:

"The animal I have written about inhabits some of the loftiest mountains in the most Northern Range of the Rockies."

Well undoubtedly that animal is the mountain horned Dinosaur, and not our North American Moose.

Ye Gods! and you hunters of moose, imagine if you will, moose inhabiting the loftiest peaks of the rocky mountains, feeding upon the succulent, and luxuriant snows which eternally crown the Northern Rockies. Hamilton, quit kidding the "city sportsmen."

Respectfully,

A. J. Gillis.

Dawson, Y. T.

#### An Answer to Trapper's Enquiry.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

The Letter Box is in the opinion of the writer one of the most interesting parts of your magazine.

Replying to Mr. H. Taylor's query re trapping in the vicinity of Owen Sound, I would say that practically all wild animals worth trapping are extinct in that section. Muskrat and skunk are more plentiful than anything else, but they too are becoming scarce.

On some points I agree with Mr. Preston, but on the whole I think he is putting the matter too strongly. He apparently forgets there are more deer killed with the old .44 than with any other rifle made. I own one of the despised 33.30's and the hole it made in a deer last fall was altogether too big to suit me as it resulted in one-quarter of the deer being completely ruined.

In my opinion it is the man behind the gun, not the gun before the man that really counts.

Yours truly,  
"Owen Sounder."

#### The Etymology of Maskinonge.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I sometimes think when I see the various spellings of the pliable name of that game fish what-you-call-'em—maskinonge, muscalonge, masklonge, muskellunge—I noticed two spellings in one article not long ago, but the most heroic attempt, I think, was Mr. Fraser's "Maskuhlunge"—that something should be done to settle the orthography of esox estor.

I think likely that a conference will have to be convened at the Hague; but in the meantime, some highbrow with passable piscatorial

erudition might give us a symposium on the subject.

The question is whether the word is Indian or French. If the latter it must be from "masque" and "longue"—long mask, or face, and I think I have seen this statement made. Then in passable English it should be "masquelonge" or "maskelonge" (but why that silly 'nonge') with 'lunge for short?

Yours truly,

J. W. Palmer.

Treesbank, Man.

Ed. Note.—"In Mr. G. Brown Goode's book, American Fishes, the author says: "An equally exaggerated venture in fake etymology has been committed in the case of that renowned fish—the Mascalonge. An early author to give expression to the concept was Henry William Herbert. In 1849, in Frank Forrester's Fish and Fishing in the United States, a very popular work in its day, it was recorded that the Mascalonge owes its name to the formation of the head—masque alonge, long face or snout, Canadian French—but which has been translated from dialect to dialect, maskinonge, muscalunge and muscalonge, until every trace of the true derivation has been lost. Now, it so happens that one of the earliest French historians of Canada, Father Charlevoix, distinguished the fish in question just because it had a *shorter face* or snout than the common Pike with which he was familiar, and he called what is now known as the Mascalonge or Maskalonge (the latter is the accepted form for the Century and Standard) the Masquenonge, having recognized the last as an Indian word. The officially recognized name of the species in Canada at the present time is Maskinonge, the rendition of the Algonquin name itself derived from mas, great, and kinonge, pike or pickerel."

#### Concerning the Wolverine.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I read recently an article in your January issue entitled "Prints from Canadian Trails" by H. Mortimer Batten, in which the author attempts to describe the habits and appearance of the wolverine. While I have no desire to pose as the defender of the wolverine—I have known him too long and too intimately to do anything but detest the pesky brute—experience convinces me that some of the things Mr. Batten says of him do him an injustice, as for instance when he describes him as having a generally unkempt and bedraggled appearance. That he is not a very graceful animal I willingly admit, but one clothed in such a handsome glossy overcoat as is worn by the wolverine in the winter time can scarcely be described as unkempt or bedraggled.



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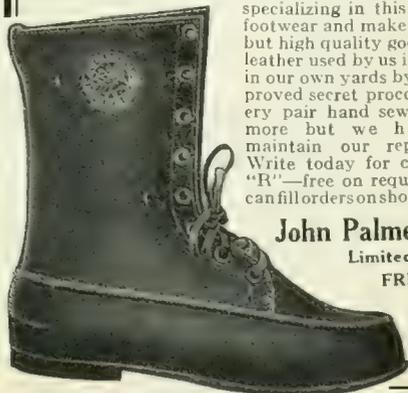
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In his description Mr. Batten omits mentioning the very distinctive marking of the wolverine, namely the yellow stripes and coal black patch by which he has gained the term of Skunk Bear.

As to the wolverine's alleged habit of discharging an evil smelling fluid over the carcase of a kill, I can only say that during a period of thirty years spent in the woods I have skinned as many—probably more—wolverine than the average trapper and I have yet to handle one that bore a more disagreeable odor than for, instance, his cousin the bear. On different occasions wolverine have fed on meat that I was forced to leave in the woods for a time but if they contaminated it in any way I never suspected it.

Twice, I remember, they stole meat from camps of mine, dragging it a few hundred feet and burying it in the snow, but although my heavenly harp may have been shattered by the language I used on these occasions my appetite was not in any way affected.

I am doubtful also if an animal with the heavy body, short legs and clumsy feet of a wolverine could make his way from bough to bough through the evergreen timber of the north as has been suggested by Mr. Batten.

Mr. Batten intimates that wolverine are always suspicious of bait. My experience, however, goes to prove that a wolverine will seldom pass a bait if it is possible for him to reach it without being caught, and believe me his judgment in such matters is second to none. As to the food of the wolverine he may subsist chiefly on venison in some localities but in this country and wherever I have known him he feeds on anything he can overtake, from a mouse to a porcupine or beaver, and when he strikes a trap-line he usually throws up his job and goes to board with the poor trapper. In the interior of B. C. deer are not found north of about 56 degrees while the wolverine ranges, I believe, to the northern limits of the woods.

In a life spent in the woods I have come across a number of recent kills but the overs would make a very poor meal for a wolverine.

I am not accusing Mr. Batten of nature faking for I realize that in the case of so shy an animal as the wolverine the average writer must take his information at second hand, and Mr. Batten's description of the beaver in the same article convinces me that he is an honest observer so far as his opportunities permit.

Respectfully,  
J. S. Hicks.

Hazelton, B. C.

#### Nova Scotia Fish and Nova Scotia Game-Laws.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

Mr. D. W. Pilkington of N. Sydney, N. S. complains that the game law does not prevent netting, dynamiting, etc. of fish. The N. S. game-law has nothing whatever to do with fish, the inland fisheries, like those of the sea, unfortunately being administered by the Dominion, with the result that things are, at least in most parts of the Province, quite as Mr. Pilkington describes them. If every good Nova Scotian would bring influence to bear on his local member to have the Province take

over the management of its own inland fishing, so that every game warden is also a fish-warden, then we might have some protection. Now there is nearly complete anarchy so far as trout are concerned.

As for the game-law, it is pretty well respected, and if Mr. Pilkington will perform the part of a good citizen he will collect some real evidence of violation and send it to the Chief Game Commissioner, Mr. J. A. Knight, K. C., in Halifax. But the evidence must be unimpeachable, otherwise the Government will not touch it, and quite rightly. If the evidence is to hand there is no fear that the law violators will get off. It is therefore up to Mr. Pilkington.

Personally I hope that shooting loons will never be legalized, for the waters would lose much of their romance and eeriness if these strange and beautiful birds no longer existed. There would be plenty of fish if the Government would but half restock the waters with fry, or better, fingerlings. At present the thing is a scandal, though it must be said that a beginning has been made. What is needed is the constant kicking, kicking, kicking of all good citizens. The average Nova Scotian is, however, I have found, an apathetic individual and appears to care more about local politics than the real good of the community.

Edward Breck.

Boston, Mass.,

#### An Adventure with a Grizzly.

*Editor, ROD AND GUN:—*

I should like to relate to readers of the best outdoor magazine in Canada the story of a little experience which I had last fall hunting in the mountains of British Columbia.

On a beautiful morning, October 15th, I set out for a hunt above timber line, to keep a look-out for caribou. This little tale will show how man proposes and God disposes. Soon after setting out I parted with my partner, he going around the foot of a dome-shaped mountain while I kept on going up the creek. I saw nothing until I got to an Alpine meadow. Then looking towards the east I espied a bear at the edge of the timber. It did not look very big and it appeared to me to be black though it was probably the sun shining in my eyes that made it appear thus. I cut loose with my .79 m.m. Mauser and then I realized that the animal at which I was shooting was a grizzly. Believe me, brothers, it was "some bear". He roared like thunder and hiked for the timber. I advanced to a cluster of small trees and it was some time before I could get sight of him. When I did he was looking at the spot from which my first shot had been fired and from the expression on his face I gathered that he was doing some deep guessing. All I could see of his bearship was his head and shoulder and once again I shot at him. My gun was sighted for one hundred yards and in the excitement of the moment I forgot all about this and as a result overshot, probably parting his hair for he came right up to the spot where I was hiding and I feared that he was going to treat himself to some fresh Canadian meat. But suddenly he took a circle in the meadow and I shot at him once more which had the effect of hastening his departure. I saw the

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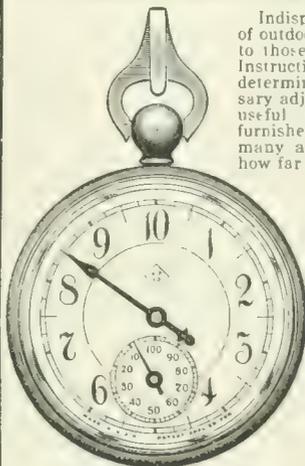
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dirt fly under him as I shot and he disappeared finally into the bush.

Now what does the gentle reader think? Would that grizzly have charged me if he had seen me when I shot at him the second time? I was about twenty-five yards from him at the time and later I saw where he had stopped and had no doubt had a good look at me from the edge of the timber. My first shot wounded him, how badly I shall never know. However he bled a lot and that is how I know he stopped and had a look at me. I could follow his trail plainly by the blood and after following it for some time I decided that he was going to stop and where I turned back to get my partner the signs told me that he was going over fallen timber three feet high. Right here I wish to make the statement that it is against my principles to follow a grizzly alone, particularly when he is a wounded grizzly. If I can get someone to come with me I am not so selfish as not to give them the opportunity. Later, therefore, together we trailed him but finally lost all signs of blood. If he is not dead I hope that he is enjoying peaceful slumber and that we shall some time meet again.

The week after this adventure we shot a big moose and there were signs of bear feeding upon him. It was in a very thick bush and as chances were slim for getting a shot I set a bear trap and got a medium sized grizzly and one black bear. It was then time to go back and trap martens, which we did, but that is another story.

Yours truly,  
Joe LaSalle.

McBride, B. C.

#### Letter from a Sumatra Subscriber.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

ROD AND GUN is a treat for which I have long been looking. I find its material bright, clean, and interesting and it reminds me of my boyhood days in Ontario. I recall the time when I purchased my first 12 bore shot gun from Mr. Chas Stark of Toronto, the price, I think, being \$8.00 I recall the anxious wait, the first loading, getting all the shot in one barrel and the powder in the other with no wad on the powder. I remember it was winter time and I found out my mistake by seeing the powder running out on the snow while I was trying to sneak up on a meadow lark. That was away back about 1884. Since '87 I have had the pleasure of hunting in a small way in many lands and have only been some five years in Canada during that time. Every month now after ROD AND GUN comes I am in Canada again for a few hours at least. Among the articles which most interest me I may mention those of trips up north and the Alpine Club notes.

My last shoot of any importance took place a short time ago when I had the luck to bring down a fine tiger while she was calmly and deliberately walking away with my best hunting dog in her mouth. At the first shot from my 351 Self Loading Winchester she came down shot through the shoulders. As she lay there she turned her head and the look she gave me (I was quite alone) I shall not soon forget. I put two more shots into her and turned back along the narrow path to call some

coolies to carry out the tiger, when some 70 yards from the scene a second tiger sprang across my path and disappeared into the jungle. I have two of the soft nosed bullets cut out of the dead tiger. After they had gone through both shoulder blades they lay against the skin on the opposite side. The Chinese coolies had a good feed that night as the carcase was taken home. The flesh looked all right. What a clean thing a tiger is! There was not a speck of dirt of any kind on it while in life. A lone elephant also calls this way often which I should like to meet under certain conditions—with him out on a high scaffold or myself out on a bridge, for he is a bad one and has killed more than one coolie. Orang-outangs are very plentiful.

Wishing ROD and GUN success,

Faithfully,  
"Orang Outang".

Brandon, Sumatra

#### Comments on Game Matters.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

Enclosed find payment covering my subscription to December 1914. I think every true sportsman should have this magazine come to him regularly. I approve of the new recommendations made in your February issue under the title "More Aggressive Game Laws." I do wish something could be done to stop spring shooting especially along the lake frontier as there are numerous flocks of wild ducks that stop here for a week at a time, but alas, many of them fall victims to the game hog's gun and the rest pull off for parts unknown to us and that is the way with all the game. It is shot as soon as it uncovers and the square hunter, as I call him, cannot get a shot when the season opens. I, for one, would like to see the game wardens more numerous and paid well for their services. I wish that the fines for out-of-season shooters could be made so heavy that every one of them would be afraid to take a gun off the peg. Black Squirrels, quail and ducks, are all being killed off by the out-of-season shooter. Red squirrels, I know from experience, destroy every quail and partridge nest that they can find. I once knew where there was a partridge nest and I kept watch of it from day to day. One day I visited it and found to my surprise that the nest had been robbed and the partridge was no where to be found. On looking further I found where the twelve little eggs had been carried away and sucked or eaten by one of those little pests, the red squirrel. Since then I am no friend of the red squirrel.

Yours very truly,  
Joe. W. Sharpe

Union, Ont.

#### An Adventure with a New Brunswick Beaver.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I should like to relate the story of a little experience I had in the fall of 1905 when the hunting and trapping of beaver was forbidden in New Brunswick. A friend of mine, whom I will call Joe, invited me to spend a few weeks at his camp on the ——River where he had been for some months trapping. I was then only a boy and this appeared to me the chance



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of a lifetime and I was not long in accepting my friend's invitation. I was soon on the way to his camp, at which I arrived one evening about dark. It happened that Joe did not have any great respect for the game laws and at this time he was engaged in the illegal trapping of beaver and other animals, all of which he related to me confidentially that same evening. The following day about sunrise we set out to visit a beaver dam which was about a half a mile distant to see what were in his traps. Joe carried an axe and I had two bags slung over my shoulder. We had to wade part of the way through about a foot of mud but this I did not mind as I had been told that at the dam I should see a live beaver, something that I had never before seen. Sure enough when we reached the dam in the first trap was a large beaver which was full of fight. A few blows from the axe however soon quieted him and Joe slipped him into one of the bags I had brought with me and gave him to me to hold while he went to look after the other traps, which were some distance away. I swung the bag over my shoulder and was waiting, when suddenly I became aware that Mr. Beaver was not so dead as I had imagined for there was undoubtedly a slight movement in the bag which increased until the animal had me swinging from side to side. The result was that I lost my balance and beaver, bag and boy went rolling over into the mud below, with the boy on top. I clasped my arms about the bag and held on for dear life but the beaver was getting livelier and livelier and soon we were rolling over and over in the mud. First I was on top, then the beaver. My face was covered with mud which got into my eyes and mouth so that I could not see what I was doing. I seemed to be fighting a losing game when Joe arrived and with a few more blows from his axe succeeded in taking the fight out of Mr. Beaver. Since that time I have at intervals visited Joe's camps and we often refer to the time when I wrestled with the beaver.

Yours truly,

R. A. N. J.

Newcastle, N. B.

### The Remedy for Deer Hounding.

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

I note with extreme satisfaction the way ROD AND GUN contributors have dealt with the subject of Moose shedding their horns, the editor having the honour of delivering a wallop in the March frontispiece.

As regards the hounding of deer, the only argument in favor seems to me to be that its chief partisans are those who spend their lives in towns, except for a brief two weeks' holiday, and are therefore incompetent to still hunt, and have not time to learn or get into practice, if they were previously proficient. The local owners of hounds will of course be staunch advocates also. The remedy appears to me to be to allow hounding for a special license and a stiff one at that. This will reduce the number and enrich the Province while those who cannot afford it can go round to the butcher's and can operate on cattle or sheep, no doubt at moderate rates, and at any time of the year. Perhaps it is not quite such

good sport but it will be quite safe, which seems a great object.

Yours truly,

W. T. S.

Syringa Creek, B. C.

### Answering the Query "Why Persecute the Loon."

Editor, ROD AND GUN:—

In your March issue a writer makes reference to the "persecution" of the Loon, and asks that some others take a hand in answering the question "why".

Now, I have shot many loons, and have no regrets for so doing, although I would regret exceedingly the destruction of any useful bird, or beast, that I could not make proper use of, and by 'proper use' I mean using their flesh for food, and their fur for garments.

Let us reason together on this matter. Does the Loon fulfil any useful purpose? So far as I know the answer is 'no'. Is he destructive to things that are useful? He sure is, and so long as he lives he will continue to be destructive—bad Loon. To put an end to his badness you must put an end to his life, so let him be shot.

The food supply of the world is the great question of the world. Anything that lessens that supply is an evil. So all things that eat, thus using up a portion of that supply, are evil, therefore man himself is an evil. Just so, but against that we must place to his credit the fact that by his efforts he creates a portion of this supply, so he establishes his right to eat and live.

So with many of the animals and birds that require a portion of the world's food supply to support their lives. The fur bearing animal gives his pelt in exchange for his food. Many of the birds destroy harmful things and also earn the right to eat and live. What can we place to the credit of the Loon? I don't know of anything, does anyone?

No one considers it wrong to kill the wolf that kills the deer, and many other useful things, or the hawk that kills the chickens,—so why is it wrong to kill the Loon? Have we any more right to kill the wolf than we have to kill the Loon? We have a right to *kill*. Nature gives all her children that right. She also gives them the right to protect their food supply, if they are able to do so, if not, they lose it. The fish are our food supply. We have a right to protect it if we can—we can kill the Loon, then we have the right?

We protect the fish from man and insist that he take only those of a proper size because it is waste to kill the small ones, and we insist that he make proper use of those he does take. By proper use we mean the sustaining of useful lives. The loon kills the small fish and does not make proper use of even those because he destroys a useful thing to sustain and continue a useless life. Therefore, and once again he is guilty, and deserves death, or at least the onus is on him to prove his right to live.

The Loon's answer would likely be that Nature had given him life, and provided his food without reference to man. He asks nothing of man but to be left alone.

# Sweeten Your Days Off

RECREATION  
& Outdoor World

**I**F you golf, Francis Ouimet, the very remarkable young player who won the open championship last year, will tell you, in Recreation & Outdoor World for May, how you may improve your week-end game. You will enjoy and value what he says.

If you fish, Edward Cave, the associate editor, will interest you with what he says about the unsuspected places trout lie in, the knowledge of which is the secret of the success of many uncommunicative big-fish anglers. Incidentally, he will touch upon the dry fly, and eke the lowly but useful angle worm. A helpful article, and jolly to read,

Baseball? You will be well entertained by Edward Lyell Fox, who knows a lot about ball players and in this number discusses the player's job. Do you know that every five years baseball loses 80% of its roster?

Many other contributions on timely subjects, all done by authorities, all usefully informative, all absorbingly interesting. And illustrations! Nothing to compare with them, anywhere.

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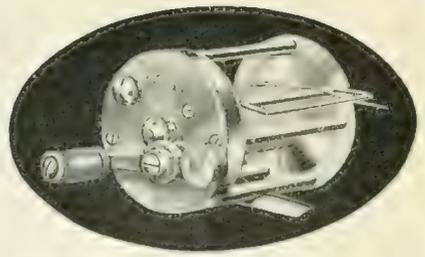
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claim in their case? We would not; then why allow it in the case of the Loon?

E. J. McVeigh,

Ottawa, Ont.

## Notes On Foxes And Other Fur Bearers

The Edmonton Hide and Fur company, reports buying \$40,000 worth of fox, lynx, mink and marten skins for shipment to England, Germany and Russia.

M. Hogue of Grouard, Alta., sold eleven black and silver foxes, captured in the north country in Edmonton recently for \$9,750. The animals were shipped to eastern parts. He also brought with him from the north a large number of fox pelts.

Colin Fraser, who has been trading in the north country the last 26 years, arrived in Edmonton this spring with a catch of furs, which, he said, is the largest he has made in 10 years. His pack included pelts of 17 silver, 70 cross and 45 white foxes, 56 otter, 30 lynx, 460 marten, 21 wolverines and several bear skins. He made the trip south from Fort Chipewyan to Fort McMurray with four dog teams, and from the last named point to Athabasca with horses. Fraser was much incensed over reports sent out by irresponsible parties in the north that he was lost. One of these reports was acted upon by the Royal North West Mounted Police, who dispatched a man to search for him.

D. S. Mackenzie of Fort McMurray, who accompanied Fraser on the down trip, brought these pelts: Red foxes, 189; silver, 21; mink, 479; lynx, 69; rats, 113; bear, 9; wolves, 14; wolverines, 2; weasels, 137; otter 20; skunk, 15 and two coyotes.

Fox farming that has been so successfully conducted in Western Ontario by a limited number, continues in favor, while new men are being attracted by the financial returns and tempted to enter the field.

One of Plympton Tp's most progressive farmers, Mr. J. D. Wright, sixth line, recently launched into the industry and in a quiet way has established a fox inclosure on his home farm.

Mr. Wright obtained a half interest in one pair with an experienced breeder. The first pair in which he was interested was purchased for \$4,000, from a Prince Edward Island dealer.

Two foxes were raised from them, and while one of the youngsters showed too much red color to be saleable at a fancy figure, the other at five months old, sold to an American buyer for \$3,400, netting the sum of \$1 per hour while in possession of the breeders.

Satisfied that larger returns are to be derived, Mr. Wright has increased his investment and looks forward to fuller profits with added experience.

Mr. Wright is a most up-to-date farmer as well and none in the locality or in the township can surpass him.

His 250 acres are a model of cleanliness and his crops give the highest yield. His farm buildings are the acme of comfort and convenience for his stock of 50 or more.

Believing that it pays not only to handle stock, but to finish them on the premises, it is customary for 30 or more exporters to be turned off each year. No branch of farming is neglected seemingly on this farm; fruit, poultry, bees, stock, corn growing, each seems a specialty in itself.

It is predicted that with his family of seven sons and the splendid opportunities afforded them, Mr. Wright may become the greatest farmer in Lambton county.

There are a hundred fur-bearing animals in the county around Hamilton where there were a score five or ten years ago" a Hamilton, Ont., fur-dealer is reported to have said in March last, as he unrolled two great rolls of ermine, one almost pure white, except for the jet black tail tips, and the others that delicate shade of yellow which some people prefer to the white. "I have just taken an order for a thousand skins, and expect to have no trouble in filling it before the present season closes on May 1st," he added. Taking down a skin about a foot long and two inches wide, he commented upon its quality and worth—\$3.25 a skin, just then. The season for trapping is about over. The animals are already beginning to change their color, and will soon be as brown as the ground they run on—that's Nature's protection. There are thousands of them in the country all around Hamilton especially in some parts of Ancaster township.

Rabbits are so plentiful that, but for the boy and the dog, they would be a nuisance. Their skins are bought in great quantities. Skunks are also abundant and in great demand.

Mink brings a high price just now, although there are lots of them around the bay and the marshes. It is the most valuable of all the skins found around this part of the world.

Pulling out another large bundle, the dealer displayed a beautiful fur in a strong, soft pelt. "Now, what do you think of that?" It was a close, even fur, fine and glossy, pleasant to the touch and sweet to the smell. "If I were guessing I should say it was a domestic cat," was the Scribe's reply. And so it was. When the whole roll was displayed there could be no doubt about it, for there was the big old tabby, the pure black, the black and white, the light grey and a dozen Maltese. No fur in the world makes a nicer floor rug, said the dealer, as he laid out these Maltese cat skins, while for trimmings the cat's fur is useful and valuable. "Some people laugh about the cat industry story, but whenever a good skin is brought to me I buy it," said the fur man.



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# FIVE MILLION FISH ARE SOLD TO FACTORIES

DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

**M**ORE than 5,000,000 fish, caught last year in the meshes of nets that were stretched at the head of the Chesapeake Bay went into the machines of fertilizer factories in Virginia.

So far this season 800,000 fish have been disposed of in this manner, the fish bringing only \$1.25 per 1000.

Little effort is made to cull marketable fish from the nets and many perch and other edible species go with herring and the coarser grades into the fertilizer scows.

Figures show that 40,000 barrels of fish were packed here last year for the markets. This year it is estimated 10,000 barrels will cover the pack.

Maryland stands without a law to prevent what lovers of game and fish say is a wholesale abuse of the fishing industry, and members of the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association are alarmed for the future of bay herring and other fish.

Congressman J. Charles Linthicum has signified his intention of introducing a bill similar to that passed by the last Congress to protect migratory birds, whereby the edible fish will be protected by national legislation. This bill would apply not only to Maryland but to all other States in the Union.

Fishermen claim that there is practically no demand for herring for edible purposes. This is the fish that is mostly sold to the fertilizer people, and to realize any profits on their investments they declare they are forced to consign them to the fertilizer boats. In addition to herring, large quantities of small perch are caught in the pound nets and all are sold to the fertilizer people.

The place where most of the herring fishing is done is at the head of the Northeast and Susquehanna rivers near Havre de Grace. Pound nets are most used for this purpose. At the head of the Northeast river there are 15 and they extend 300 to 400 yards out into the river. At one place a net only lacks about 150 feet of closing up the river from bank to bank.

At the head of the Susquehanna there are three pound nets in operation and it is said that these nets alone delivered 147,000 fish to the fertilizer boats in a single day.

The choking up of the mouths of the rivers with nets, it is said, will prevent the brood fish from reaching their spawning grounds farther up the stream, and in time, imperil the fishing industry of the bay.

The boats from the fertilizer factories visit the head of the bay at intervals of from two to three weeks. Large scows are used by the fishermen in which to deposit their daily catch during these intervals and, as decayed fish are preferable to fresh ones, nothing is done to preserve them.

Some of the fishermen have refused to sell to the fertilizer boats, claiming that they have been fortunate enough to dispose of their fish to brokers in Richmond at a price, which, although, much lower than a few years ago,

is sufficient to pay expenses. Some state that they have packed their fish during the season and, having been forced to hold them until October on account of the low price, had eventually sold them to the fertilizer people at 85 cents, the cost of the barrel. A barrel holds approximately 600 herring and costs to pack, according to the fishermen, \$3.25, while the selling price is \$4.

Mr. Walter T. Jackson, one of the largest fish packers on the Chesapeake and who has been instrumental in bringing about several game laws, when seen at his packing plant near Harve de Grace was at first loath to discuss the question, stating that there were no practical fishermen as members of the State and Game Protective Association.

Mr. Jackson then said that years ago everyone in the South ate herring. It was considered as part of the diet in the rich as well as the poor household. The best hotels had it on their menus and the aristocratic Southerner considered it the "piece de resistance." For the last four years the demand has gradually decreased until this season the brokers in Richmond will receive over 8000 barrels of herring from the Chesapeake bay.

The herring pack of the Chesapeake this year has been an almost failure. With one-half the nets that he has this year, he caught 2,000,000 fish last year.

According to Mr. Jackson, there is no connection between using fish for fertilizer and the decrease in the supply from a practical standpoint. He fails to see what difference it makes as to the manner in which you dispose of fish. They are caught to be sold, whether fresh to the fertilizers or salted and smoked to the brokers. If a fisherman catches 10,000 fish in his nets and only has a market for half this amount and is offered a price for the balance, he will sell them regardless of whether they are to be used for fertilizer or not.

Mr. Talbot Denmead, president of the State Fish and Game Protective Association said that it is very true that the fish, principally herring, which are used at the head of the bay for fertilizer, are fish for which there is no market, but that is not the point. This year there was just 25 per cent of the catch made last year; next year it will perhaps be smaller still.

The idea is that the highest utility to which food fish can be used is for the purpose of food, and the use of such material for fertilizer, whether there is a demand for it as food or not is wrong in principle. While there may be a glut at the head of the bay and no market as food for herring, at the same time there are certain parts of Maryland where they cannot get herring enough to eat, due to the closing up of the mouths of rivers with nets.

Another point overlooked is that herring are not the only fish which are being used for fertilizer. Quantities of small perch and rock, too small to be marketed at any profit, are going along with the herring.

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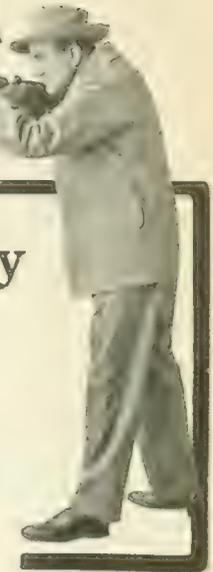
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# THE TRAP



Rod and Gun in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All Communications Should be Addressed to the Editor, Woodstock, Ontario.

## TOURNAMENT DATES.

- April 10.—Third Annual Tournament, Ruthven Gun Club, Orville Fox, Secretary, Ruthven, Ontario
- May 7.—Riverside Gun Club Third Annual Tournament. John Fleming, Sec'y, Chatham, Ontario.
- May 24th.—Annual Tournament of the Thousand Islands Gun Club, Gananoque, Ont. C. A. Lewis Sec'y.—Treas.
- June 2, 3, 4.—Grand International Registered Shoot (1st part, Targets only). W. J. McCance, St Thomas, Ont., Mgr.
- June 8, 9, 10.—Maritime Trap Shooting Association Tournament, at Amherst, N. S. R. H. B. Davison, Amherst, N. S.
- June 17.—Second Annual Tournament of the Sea Cliffe Gun Club, Leamington, Ont., Dr. R. D Sloane, Sec'y.
- June 17.—Tournament of Greater Edmonton Gun Club, J. F. Pollard, Sec'y, Edmonton, Alta.
- June 27, 28, 29, 30—July 1st.—Annual Tournament of the Canadian Indians, W. T. Ely, High Scribe, Imperial Bank Building, King and Sherbourne Sts., Toronto.
- July 1.—Registered Tournament, Red Deer Gun Club, S. W. Day, Sec'y., Red Deer, Alta.
- July 1.—Annual Tournament of the Sandwich Pastime Gun Club, formerly Keystone Gun Club. (Silver Cup Championship of Essex Co.,) J. Pentland Secretary, Windsor, Ont.
- Dec. 1, 2, 3.—Second part (Live Birds) Grand International Registered Shoot, St. Thomas, Ont.

## Riverside Gun Club.

The feature of the weekly shoot of the Riverside Gun Club on March 7th was the clever marksmanship of Mr. W. H. Ewing, world's champion in 1908, who signalized his return to the game by making 43 out of 50 birds from the extreme handicap of 18 yards, and winning first prize in the special event. Three events in all were on the programme, two spoon events besides the special shoot for a five-dollar gold piece. The first spoon was captured by Mr. W. L. Dart with a good score of 24 (handicap included), while R. Lewis won the other spoon with an actual score of 23 out of a possible 25 birds.

The scores:

- 1st SPOON SHOOT (HANDICAP) 25 BIRDS.  
W. L. Dart, 24; Westlake, 23; Fiske, 21; Ewing, 21; Lewis, 21; Laing, 20; G. Jones, 20; W. A. Dart, 19; Dale, 19; Brown, 19; A. Boa, 18; Muir, 17; Redman, 16; Irving, 16; Tapley, 16; Murray, 15; Tom Kay, 14; Hooper, 14; Holder, 13.
- 2nd SPOON SHOOT (HANDICAP) 25 BIRDS.  
Lewis, 23; Muir, 20; Westlake, 19; Ewing, 18; Redman, 18; Irving, 17; Murray, 16; Laing, 15; Alberts, 15; Brown, 15.
- 3rd SPOON SHOOT (HANDICAP) 25 BIRDS.  
Ewing, 43; Tapley, 40; Muir, 39; Lewis, 36; Redman, 36; Dart, 36; Westlake, 35; T. Kay, 35; Murray, 35; Brown, 34; Dale, 34; Laing, 33; Holder, 32; Fiske, 31; Alberts, 31; Jones, 27; A. Boa, 26; W. A. Dart, 23.

The Riverside Gun Club defeated the Lachine gunners at the latter's traps on Saturday, March 21st, for the five-man-team provincial championship challenge trophy, winning by 109 birds, out of 125, while the defenders totaled 98. The trophy which is famous in local shooting circles has been competed for forty times since presented in 1888. Some of the most famous shots in the world have competed for its possession, and on the date named two of the contestants in the initial match participated. They were Mr. Redman, of Riverside, and Mr. Strathy, of Lachine.

Both clubs put in considerable practice for the event and fine scores were returned. Redman had 21 out of a possible 25, and Strathy took 24, D. J. Kearney, of Riverside, also had a score of 24 in the challenge match with scores of 19 and 20 out of 20 shot at in the spoon competitions, gave him the handsome aggregate of 61 birds, out of 65 attempted. The aggregate score in the trophy match is the third best ever made for

The spoon events were each taken with a perfect score. T. O. Lyall won the first, and R. B. Hutcheson

the second each bagging 20 birds. In a miss and out shoot for a trophy R. Lewis won, making a run of 25 birds without a miss. After the trophy event another spoon shoot was held, and Lewis, Lucas and Clarke tied with a score of 14. In the shoot-off at 10 birds, Lewis, of Riverside, won with 9. Lucas and Clarke tied with 8 each. The scores:

## PROVINCIAL TROPHY.

Riverside—Kearney, 24; Lewis, 23; Westlake, 21; Redman, 21; Jones, 20. Total, 109.  
Lachine—Strathy, 24; Monk, 20; Hutcheson, 20; Lyall, 17; Boucher, 17. Total, 98.

## CLUB SPOONS

	First Spoon, Birds.	Second Spoon, Birds.	Total Birds.
D. J. Kearney	18	19	37
T. O. Lyall	20	17	37
R. Lewis	18	18	36
Monk	17	18	35
Strathy	17	18	35
G. Jones	18	16	34
Boucher	17	16	33
Redman	16	16	32
Johnson	15	17	32
Muir	18	14	32
Westlake	14	17	31
Lucas	15	16	31
Black	16	15	31
Kenyon	17	13	30
Payne	13	17	30
Parker	16	14	30
Murray	13	17	30
Clark	14	15	29
D. Torrance	16	13	29
Pyle	16	12	28
Bingham	12	15	27
Woodward	15	12	27
McKeough	13	14	27
Tapley	13	14	27
Rees	13	12	25
Arthur	10	15	25
Howard	12	12	24
Irving	12	11	23
Duckett	12	11	23
A. Boa	11	11	22
Barnes	10	7	17
Doremus	8	5	13
Cosgrove	1	6	7
R. B. Hutcheson		20	..

Miss and out cup, R. Lewis, 25 straight.

After defending the Province of Quebec Trap Shooting Trophy four times, with only another successful defence necessary to obtain permanent possession of it, W. H. Ewing was defeated at the traps of the Riverside Gun Club on Saturday, March 28th by Tom Westlake by the scant margin of two birds.

Although the scores were low, owing to the gusty wind, the match was close and exciting throughout. Westlake, by a great display of shooting ability and nerve at the finish, finally outscored the champion, winning the coveted trophy.

Westlake was soon afterwards challenged to defend his newly won honors by Kenyon, a former holder of the trophy, and a match for its possession was arranged for in the near future.

Besides the big match, there was also a shoot for a trophy given by the club, which was competed for at three different styles of shooting, fifty birds each man, including ten birds thrown two at a time. T. McKeough won the silverware by one bird after an exciting match. The club spoon was won by Mr. Ewing, who had to shoot off two ties to beat out T. Lyall. The scores follow:

- 100 bird match for championship of province—Westlake, 78; Ewing, 76.
- Club handicap, 50 birds)—T. McKeough, 34; Irving, 33; Lyall, 33; Ewing, 32; Hooper, 32; Hutcheson, 32; Pyle, 32; Lewis, 31; Monk, 28; Arthur, 28; A. Boa, 27; Albert, 26; J. Kay, 26; Morin, 25; Westlake, 25; Montbriand, 25; Laing, 24; Watson, 24; Doremus, 23; and Arsenault, 23.

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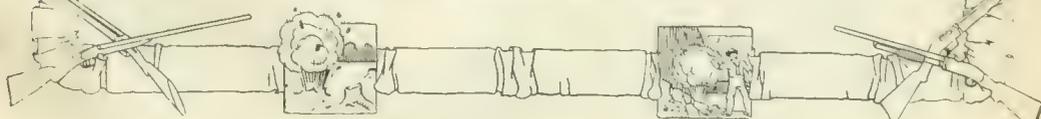
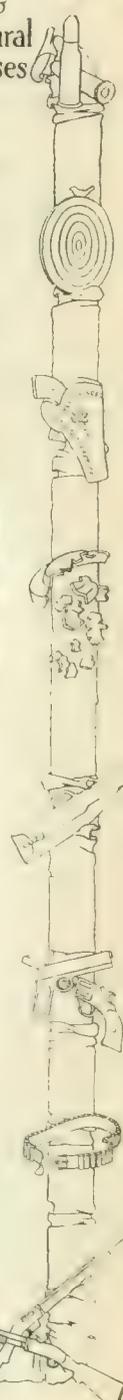
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Club spoon (all scratch, 25 birds)—Ewing, 22; Lyall, 22; Westlake, 19; Kenyon, 18; Lucas, 18; Laing, 16; Irving, 16; Monk, 15; Ruel, 15; Lewis, 14; Pyle, 14; Dumont, 14; McKeough, 14; Mortin, 14; Hutcheson, 14; Murray, 13; Watson, 13; Whittall, 13; Montbriand, 12; Holder, 12; Arsenault, 12; Inglis, 12; and A. Boat, 12. First shoot-off (25 birds), Ewing, 18; Lyall, 18. Second shoot-off (25 birds), Ewing, 18; Lyall, 17.

Saturday's high wind interfered materially with the week-end shooting at the Riverside Gun Club on April 4th and the average scores returned were small. The exception was scored by Day in shooting off the tie in the sweepstakes, 22 out of 25 birds.

Saturday's scores:  
Spoon handicap, 20 birds—Lewis scr, 17; Watson 2, 17; Montbriand 3, 16; Mann 3, 15; Dey scr, 15; Lyall scr, 15; Kemper scr, 15; Ruel scr, 14; Redman scr, 14; Ewing scr, 14; Cicotte 3, 14; Barron 2, 14; Pyle 2, 14; Albert 2, 14; Murray 1, 13; Doremus 2, 13; Laing 2, 12; Barnes 2, 12; Holder 2, 12; Black 2, 10.

Spoon handicap, 20 birds—Lewis scr, 17; Pyle 2, 17; Murray 1, 16; Redman scr, 16; Cicotte 3, 16; Ewing scr, 15; Kenyon scr, 15; Albert 2, 15; Barrow 2, 15; Mann 2, 14; Dey scr, 14; Westlake scr, 14; Holder 2, 14; Laing 2, 13; Lyall scr, 12; Montbriand 3, 12; Ruel scr, 11; Doremus 2, 10; Barnes 2, 10; Black 2, 10.

Spoon handicap, 20 birds—Murray 1, 17; Mann 3, 16; Doremus 2, 16; Ewing scr, 16; Watson 2, 15; Barrow 2, 15; Dey scr, 15; Barnes 2, 15; Kenyon scr, 15; Taylor 2, 15; Westlake scr, 15; Black 2, 14; Holder 2, 14; Laing 2, 13; Lewis scr, 13; Ruel scr, 13; Redman scr, 13; Lyall scr, 13; Montbriand 2, 13; Pyle 2, 12; Cicotte 3, 12.

Sweepstakes, 25 birds (all scratch)—Laing 20, Montbriand 20; Redman 20, Ewing 20, Ruel 20, Lewis 20, Lyall 19, Dey 19, Mann 19, Holder 17, Kenyon 16, Westlake 16, Murray 16, Kemper 15, Cicotte 14, Albert 13. Tie-off—Ewing 22, Dey 18, Redman 17, Kemper 17, Montbriand 16.

**St. Hubert Gun Club.**

In spite of the unfavorable weather conditions there was a good turnout and some good scores were made at St. Hubert's, Saturday, March 7th. In the spoon shoot Ald. O'Connor made 42, and with his handicap of 2 tied with Dr. I. G. Smith, each making 44 out of 50 birds, and in the shoot off Ald. Geo. O'Connor won by 1 bird

The scores:—

Dr. I. G. Smith	21	23—44
W. J. Gorby	22	21—43
Ald. George O'Connor	23	19—42
V. V. Rogers	25	20—42
George Lasdale	22	19—41
W. L. Cameron	21	19—40
H. O'Connor	17	19—36
V. Heney	14	14—28
W. Forbes	13	10—23
W. Chatillon	15	00—15

**Lachine Gun Club.**

A strong northwest wind blowing right in the mouth of the trap house and catching the clay pigeons as soon as they were sprung, resulted in low scores at the meet of the Lachine Gun Club, held on March 28th.

Practice match (25 birds)—Howard, 20; Bell, 18; Barnes, 17; Clark, 17; Black, 16; D. Torrance, 15; Boucher, 15; F. Torrance, 15; Strathy, 14; Woodward, 14; Kurtel, 12; Carr 10; and Brodie, 10.

Spoon shoot (25 birds)—Wurtel, 19; Black, 17; Woodward, 17; F. Torrance, 16; Barnes, 15; D. Torrance, 15; Howard, 15; Strathy, 14; Bell, 14; Boucher, 10; Carr, 9; and Brodie, 8.

Sweepstakes (25 birds)—Barnes, 19; Boucher, 19; Wurtel, 17; Howard, 16; Strathy, 16; Clark, 14; Black, 14; Woodward, 13; and F. Torrance, 12. Shoot-off (10 birds), Boucher, 8; Barnes, 7.

There was a large attendance of members, spectators and competitors at the weekly shoot of the Lachine Gun Club Saturday afternoon, April 4th, when four events were decided. R. Lucas won the practice match and the sweepstakes, both 25 birds. In the latter event Lucas, Clark and Johnson were tied with twenty-one each, a shoot-off of 15 birds, Lucas won out with a score of 13. Many old-timers were out, including an Robertson, Mussen, Ryde, Amos and Dawes.

Practice match, 25 birds—Lucas 20, Johnson 18, Woodworth, S. Torrance, Wurtel 17, Boyer 16, and Hanna 10.

Spoon shoot, 25 birds—Clark 22, D. Torrance, Lucas, Johnson 20, Strathy 19, Woodworth, Wurtel 17, S. Torrance, Boyer, McLaurin, 16, Hanna, 15, Eastlake

Spoon shoot, handicap, 25 birds—Johnson, D. Torrance, F. Torrance 23, Lucas, Strathy, Clark 21, Woodworth 20, Wurtel 19, McLaurin 18.

Shoot-off—D. Torrance 10, F. Torrance 10, Johnson 8.

Sweepstakes, 25 birds—Johnson, Clark, Lucas 21, D. Torrance, F. Torrance 19, Robertson, Strathy 18.

Shoot-off, 15 birds—R. Lucas 13, Johnson 12, Clark 10.

**TORONTO DOINGS.**

**Creekside Gun Club.**

The regular weekly shoot of the above club was held at Wychooper on Saturday, March 14th and some good scores were made. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke
S. Cotterill	74	55
H. Cooley	74	55
E. Brown	33	22
W. Curzon	50	33
R. Christie	73	47
E. Mason	46	29
F. Spiller	39	25
J. Platt	36	21
A. Edwards	42	22
F. Curzon	42	23
T. Woodburn	38	18
W. Le Corne	35	16
A. Magee	48	21
C. Dinwoody	52	23
F. Edwards	30	13
F. Christie	25	10
J. Edwards	30	10
Eli Elliott	42	13
H. Peterman	42	13
A. Spiller	25	7
D. Baird	35	9

**Balmy Beach Gun Club.**

The regular weekly shoot of the Balmy Beach Gun Club was held as usual on their grounds Saturday afternoon, March 11th. The day was fine and some good scores were made. C. A. Davis won the spoon with 25 straight. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
Seager	95	88
Hooey	105	96
Lancing	55	42
Hirons	55	45
Major Singer	100	98
Cowling	75	52
James	50	33
Smith	95	90
Davies	60	58
Hodgson	35	29
Kennedy	70	62
Bond	70	64
Wase	45	38
Carruthers	95	89
Gooch	170	154
Corker	25	19
J. A. Shaw	95	89
Black	55	49
Fritz	75	69
Foster	100	88
W. F. Hodgson	45	22
H. L. Ross	50	45
Knott	25	22
Webber	50	40
Rowland	15	12

Major Singer, who was a visitor to the club, made 98 out of 100.

The annual tournament of the Balmy Beach Gun Club took place on their grounds, Eastern Avenue, Saturday, March 21st. The day was fine, and some 53 shooters took part. The long run prize was won by A. E. Millington with 29 straight, and W. Carruthers was high gun for the day. It was one of the most successful events ever held at this club. Smith and Wells led for first place, with 95 each out of 100. In the shoot-off Wells won the gold watch and Smith the club bag. Out of the 53 members present 40 received prizes. Too much praise cannot be given to the Shaw brothers and W. Seager for the manner in which they handled the

shoot. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
*Joselin	100	87
Hirons	100	81
Bond	100	93
Seager	100	83
J. A. Shaw	100	84
Boothe	100	92
Taylor	100	87
*J. G. Shaw	100	80
*Millington	100	91
Empringham	100	84



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*Dey	100	85
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Pitcher	100	73
Long	100	68
Fox	100	90
Cowling	100	68
Gooch	100	76
Sheppard	100	76
Black	100	81
Craig	100	87
Watson	100	80
O. E. McGaw	100	76
McKenzie	100	91
Hooley	100	92
Wase	100	72
Cutler	100	82
Davis	100	84
Dr. Franks	40	22
Ruddy	40	19
Rounding	20	12
Adams	100	85
Kennedy	100	81
*Carruthers	100	92
Stascope	60	38
Wells	100	95
Lowe	100	67
Hambly	100	79
Hadly	20	14
Gibson	100	63
Pearsall	100	95
Pearsall	100	88
Smith	100	95
Bucke	40	29
Crew	100	82
Catton	100	85
Ten Eyck	100	79
Foster	100	65
*Scratch men.		

The regular weekly shoot of the Club took place Saturday, March 28th on their grounds, Eastern Avenue. A large turnout of members were present and having been worked up over the previous Saturday's shoot some good scores were made. T. D. McGaw won the spoon with 25 straight. The scores:

		Shot at Broke.	
Hadly	50	36	
Black	45	29	
Lancing	70	48	
T. F. Hodgson	50	42	
Wase	45	38	
Hirons	45	37	
Tomlin	80	69	
J. A. Shaw	60	52	
T. D. McGaw	45	43	
Cutler	70	62	
I. G. Shaw	60	55	
Inglis	20	14	
Wilt	45	32	
Hooley	70	65	
Joselin	120	116	
Bradnay	95	87	
Bond	70	59	
Jennings	70	64	
McKenzie	95	78	
Mills	95	58	
Fox	165	146	
Gooch	95	72	
Lowe	45	37	
Brown	20	14	
Kenned	90	78	
Doubles—			
Fox	50	34	
Bond	35	28	
Kennedy	40	26	
Gooch	25	19	
Mills	25	12	
I. A. Shaw	25	17	

The regular weekly shoot of the Club was held on their grounds, Eastern Avenue on Saturday, April 4th. A fair turnout of members were on hand, and some good scores were made. G. Gooch winning the spoon. The scores:

		Shot at Broke.	
Seager	55	43	
Wase	65	56	
Boothie	55	42	
Sheppard	80	55	
Gardiner	40	34	

Hooley	55	51
Joselin	70	68
Hirons	45	38
Hodgson	35	22
Monty	55	42
Lancing	55	37
Armard	70	62
Tomlin	45	36
Murphy	45	38
Bucke	55	39
Carruthers	90	81
Lyonde	35	31
Gooch	70	65
Fox	80	70
Foster	45	25
Ross	80	63
Henderson	25	17

**National Gun Club.**

The National Gun Club, Toronto had a good attendance of members at the second day's shoot of their programme series, March 14th. The strong wind made good scores hard.

Major Curran's side beat Dr. Brunswick's by one (1) bird in a team shoot.

Programme winners at 25 birds per man—A. Class—J. Harrison and F. Peacock tied with 21. But in shooting the tie off, at 15 birds, J. Harrison won with 10 out of 15 at 17 yards, (silver cup); 2nd F. Peacock broke 21 at 16 yards, (silver cream jug); 3rd, J. Stauffer broke 20 at 16 yards, (silver spoon).

In B. Class—1st J. Turner sr., broke 18 at 17 yards, (silver cup); 2nd Geo. Wallace and Percy McMartin tied with 17. But in shooting the tie off at 15 birds, Geo. Wallace won with 11 at 17 yards, (silver pitcher); 3rd, Percy McMartin broke 17 at 18 yards, (silver spoon.)

		Shot at Broke	
Major Curran	45	28	
Dr. Brunswick	45	35	
Dr. Samuels	82	45	
Judge Durand	112	36	
F. C. Fowler	35	11	
Percy McMartin	70	41	
Geo. Wallace	70	48	
Frank Aid	130	72	
C. Moore	35	19	
J. Harrison	60	47	
J. Lawson	45	32	
C. Beare	50	35	
L. W. Lowe	35	21	
J. Stauffer	60	43	
J. Turner Jr.	50	18	
L. Limpert	76	14	
J. Turner, sr.	35	26	
F. Smith	25	15	
W. Erwood, sr.	50	29	
J. Dean	25	13	
F. Peacock	50	35	
E. C. Coath	40	29	
W. Fegan	40	26	
H. Usher	36	23	
W. Erwood, jr.	25	13	
Dr. Callum	35	7	

The National Gun Club had a good attendance of shooters at the third day's shoot of the programme series on March 21st. In A. Class at 25 birds C. Beare and Dr. Brunswick were tie with 22 and in shooting the tie-off at 15 birds tied again with 12 but in shooting miss and out C. Beare came out the winner, prize (silver cup).

2nd, Dr. Brunswick broke 22 at 18 yards, (cut glass). 3rd, H. Usher and E. C. Coath tied with 20 and in shooting tie off at 15 birds tied again.

In B. Class at 25 birds Dr. Samuels and J. Turner sr., tied with 19 but in shooting tie off at 15 birds Dr. Samuels won with 13 at 18 yards, (silver cup).

2nd, J. Turner sr., broke 19 at 18 yards; 3rd, Percy McMartin broke 18 at 18 yards, (silver spoon).

		Shot at Broke.	
C. L. Brooker	95	69	
F. C. Fowler	75	40	
E. Springer	75	56	
Geo. Vivian	85	62	
Dr. Samuels	145	96	
Frank Aid	110	90	
Geo. Wallace	50	28	
C. Best	45	22	
P. McMartin	75	55	
L. W. Lowe	35	26	
Major Curran	55	23	
J. Dean	40	20	
Judge Durand	110	37	
C. Moore	35	16	
C. B. Harrison	75	49	

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J. Harrison	45	33
J. L. Lawson	25	14
W. Erwood, sr.	25	14
H. Don Carlos	46	33
J. Turner sr.	50	33
F. Peacock	52	35
J. Turner, jr.	65	13
L. L. Limpert	35	21
Dr. Brunswick	53	45
J. Gladstone	50	36
H. Usher	40	29
C. Beare	42	36
Davison	10	4
E. C. Coath	40	29
R. Hale	10	8
W. McKeand, sr.	25	12

The National Gun Club of Toronto held the weekly programme match, and the President vs. Vice-President match on March 28th.

The weather was fine and a good crowd of shooters turned out. The Vice-President's side won the match over the President's by 23 birds. President, Major Curran; Vice-President, C. L. Brooker.

In the programme match at 25 birds the winners were 1st, Dr. Brunswick 21 at 18 yards (silver cup); 2nd, Frank Aid 21 at 17 yards (cut glass); 3rd, E. C. Coath and J. Stauffer.

In B. Class the winners were: 1st, Dr. Samuels 21 at 19 yards. This is now the third time that Dr. Samuels won 1st out of 4 times. 2nd, W. Erwood, sr., 19 at 17 yards (cut glass); 3rd, Judge Durand 19 at 16 yards (prize silver medal).

	Shot at	Broke.
Dr. Brunswick	85	73
J. Harrison	70	48
Geo. Wallace	70	12
W. Erwood, sr.	100	71
F. C. Fowler	75	37
Major Curran	65	40
C. Moore	60	31
P. McMartin	70	48
F. Aid	160	87
J. Turner, jr.	25	8
W. Marr	10	5
J. Turner, sr.	35	26
C. Beare	35	27
J. Stauffer	60	49
C. B. Harrison	68	50
Dr. Samuels	125	92
E. Springer	50	38
Judge Durand	105	58
L. Limpert	50	30
I. Dean	50	25
F. Peacock	50	31
H. Usher	25	17
Erwood jr.	25	18
W. Fezan	25	14
E. C. Coath	50	34
J. Gladstone	50	34
W. McKeand, sr.	25	13

The National Gun Club of Toronto held its weekly Programme match, and the Monthly Challenge shield shoot on April 4th. The strong west wind made good scores hard. In the Monthly Shield shoot E. Springer came out the successful winner by the fine score of 23, the next man being 18.

In the Programme A. Class at 25 birds the winners: 1st, C. Beare who also made a good score of 23 at 17 yards, the next score being 19 (prize a silver cup). 2nd, H. Usher broke 19 at 16 yards. (prize cut glass); 3rd, E. Springer 19 at 17 yards (prize a silver spoon.)

In B. Class at 25 Birds: 1st, Percy McMartin 17 at 18 yards (prize silver cup); 2nd, Geo. Wallace, 16 at 17 yards (prize cut glass); 3rd, Dr. Samuels 15 at 20 yards (prize silver spoon)

C. L. Brooker	50	31
Dr. Brunswick	90	55
Dr. Samuels	115	68
J. Harrison	50	31
Geo. Wallace	35	20
C. B. Harrison	75	48
Major Curran	50	26
F. C. Fowler	75	31
C. Beare	25	23
E. C. Coath	75	38
H. Usher	65	49
J. Gladstone	50	32
W. Erwood, jr.	75	46
W. Erwood, sr.	75	28
W. Erwood, jr.	30	10
W. Erwood, sr.	30	11
W. Erwood, jr.	35	19
W. Erwood, sr.	75	36
W. Erwood, jr.	35	14
W. Erwood, sr.	50	30

L. Limpert	25	8
P. McMartin	85	62
C. Moore	40	21
F. Peacock	50	29
E. Springer	75	58
V. Hadley	50	32
C. Best	37	17
J. A. McKenzie	50	32
W. McKeand, sr.	25	8

**Stanley Gun Club.**

The usual weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club was held on March 14th. The attendance was not so large as usual on account of the Indians shooting at Guelph. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
Neundorf	100	79
Schnauffer	125	75
Lundy	85	63
Burney	85	59
Sockett	75	51
Simpson	75	53
Stevens	75	41
Buck	50	36
F. Scheibe	50	30
Dewey	50	30
Hogarth	50	29
N. Buck	45	32
Shaw	35	10
Sparks	25	10
Levy	25	5

The Stanley Gun Club held their weekly shoot on March 21st, with a good turnout of members and friends. J. Jennings was high, with a score of 141 out of 155. Mr. Turley, of Belleville, was also present, and won the spoon with a score of 23 out of 25. The following is a list of those present, with their scores:

Name	Shot at	Broke.
Jennings	155	141
Schnauffer	155	98
Marsh	150	94
Stevens	125	66
Turley	110	82
Neundorf	105	73
Wakefield	100	68
Lundy	80	69
W. Burney	80	50
Ely	75	62
Hogarth	75	58
Spencer	75	45
Buck	60	34
N. Buck	50	35
Hallford	50	28
Dewey	50	28
Alberts	45	34
Dey	25	15
T. Arthur	25	7
T. Burney	10	3

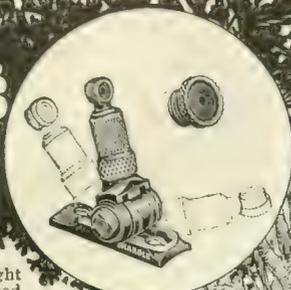
The Stanley Gun Club held their usual shoot Saturday afternoon, March 28th. The scores were as follows:

	Shot at	Broke.
Burney	125	88
Carruthers	100	90
Hogarth	100	80
Neundorf	100	77
Schnauffer	100	73
Stoscope	90	59
Wakefield	75	65
Lundy	75	56
Dewey	75	53
N. Buck	75	41
Ely	65	53
R. Buck	65	41
Sockett	60	39
Hallford	50	36

A large number of members and friends were present at the usual weekly shoot of the Stanley Club shoot Saturday, April 4th, and on account of a strong westerly wind scores suffered somewhat. Mr. Turley, of Belleville, was present and broke 98 out of 120. The scores for Saturday were as follows:

	Shot at	Broke.
Jennings	180	128
Stevens	180	94
Marsh	155	106
Dunk	130	102
Turley	120	98
Hulme	120	92
Lundy	115	80
Schnauffer	115	66
Neundorf	90	65
Sockett	80	47
Wakefield	75	48

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Bradannz	75	52
Hogarth	75	55
Ingham	70	46
Burney	65	42
Ely	60	43
Alberts	55	34
Hallford	50	37
Dewey	50	30
R. Buck	35	27
Steiss	15	10

**McCallum Cup Changed Hands March 28th.**

After defending the trophy for over a year, Messrs. Geo. Easdale and Corby were at last beaten on March 28th, the Beattie-Greene combination turning the trick. Mr. Blythe Beattie also won the weekly spoon. The scores:

Blyth Beattie	22	24-46
J. W. Bunn	22	21-43
W. J. Corby	23	18-41
G. B. Greene	20	20-40
Dr. I. G. Smith	17	21-38
C. J. Heney, Jr.	18	20-38
C. Bethune	20	16-36
George O'Connor	18	18-36
W. L. Cameron	17	18-35
George Easdale	20	15-35
W. Chatillon	16	18-34
F. A. Heney	17	13-30
W. Forbes	17	13-30
G. White	11	16-27
W. Wilson	12	8-20

**McCALLUM TROPHY.**

Two-man team, two 25 bird events.		
Blythe Beattie	24	24-48
G. B. Greene	20	21-41
Grand total		89
W. J. Corby	18	20-38
George Easdale	15	12-27
Grand total		65

**EXTRA.**

25 bird events.		
W. J. Corby	17	20 11-48
Geo. O'Connor	20	10 ..-30
C. Bethune	19	..-19
W. Forbes	14	..-14
J. B. Bunn	9	..-9

**Hamilton Gun Club Klein and Binkley Handicap Shoot.**

At the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon, March 7th, the members enjoyed one of the most strenuous shoots that has been held at the club for some time. The members were all in excellent form and every event was keenly contested.

The fifth event for the Klein & Binkley Handicap resulted in H. Kretchman and E. Harris being tied in first place with 112 each. W. Dillon was next with 110 while Arthur Bates and Bert Smith had 109 each.

D. Reid, J. A. Armes, M. Goodale and H. J. O'Neill tied with 25 each for high handicap score in the K. & B. event for which a shield and a spoon were put up. On the shoot off Goodale and O'Neill tied again with 25 each, and the former took the shield and the latter the spoon.

A great deal of interest was centered in the event for the clay bird championship of the club and for the silver belt which the winner holds as long as he can defend the title. Geo. Beattie was the last holder and he turned it into the club for further competition. He was shot from the sixteen yard mark and there was a large entry. H. J. O'Neill, F. W. Watson and T. W. Barnes tied with 24 out of 25 and on the shoot-off, Watson and Barnes tied again with 23 each. Watson led right to the last bird but it got away. It was necessary for them to go out again and Barnes won out with 25 straight, while Watson was one shy. This will go down as one of the liveliest races the club has ever had and both the winner and the runner-up are alike to be congratulated on the skill exhibited.

President E. H. Sturt had the high score of the day with 72 out of 75, and F. W. Watson gave him a good run with 119 out of 125. T. W. Barnes had 148 out of 160. R. Day of London, 92 out of 100, and Bert Smith, 40 out of 100. The scores were:

	K B	Chp	S A	Broke
W. Dillon	92	22	100	82
R. Day	97	24	160	115
M. Carr	107	23	100	92
H. Spratt	109	23	136	111
W. Dillon	110	23	75	66
D. Reid	110	18	60	39
S. House	103	23	101	85
C. Freeman	12	22	101	88
		15	50	39
			75	58

H. Kretchman	112	15	135	107
E. Sturt	108	23	75	72
H. Smith	109	22	100	90
F. W. Watson	107	24	125	119
W. Wark	104	16	63	45
A. Parmenter	91	18	83	51
T. Gardiner			35	19
F. Forsyth		15	50	26
H. Lennon		19	50	37
C. Graham		15	65	45
D. Hogan			15	10
E. Harris	112	21	100	86
M. Goodale		19	91	55
H. Marsh	102	19	79	58
J. W. Nairn	90	18	108	72
J. H. Armes	107	21	78	67
H. J. O'Neill	97	24	109	90
G. Kuntz	104	19	116	82
A. Smith			25	15
H. Leirsh			35	23

The first event of the series for the Royal Distillery gold medal was held at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon April 4th. E. Sturt took the lead with 24 and J. Hunter landed in second place with 23. D. Reid is next with 22, and the rest of the members are fairly well bunched. With three events more to go, this series is bound to develop some strong competition, as the medal is an exceptionally nice one.

The silver shield and spoon put up by the club for high score in the R. D. event, was won by E. Sturt and J. Hunter, who got first and second places.

Bert Smyth succeeded in wresting the club championship from T. W. Barnes with 24 against 20. E. Sturt has challenged the winner and will settle the question in two weeks. The silver belt which the champion holds is made up of silver bars. The names of the winners are engraved thereon as the belt changes hands and it is rather a coincidence that the first holder was J. Smyth, uncle of the present one.

Bert Smyth had a good day all round, as he had the best total, getting 67 out of 75, while T. W. Barnes nearly beat him out with 107 out of 120. A. Bates put on 65 out of 75, and J. Hunter 60 out of 70.

Most of the events were shot over number two trap, which has not been used for some time, and it took the members a little while to get used to it. The scores made were:

	R.D.	Shot at	Broke.
J. Hunter	23	70	60
W. Wark	17	72	52
N. Long	20	60	49
D. Reid	22	86	66
A. Parmenter	17	64	35
E. Sturt	24	75	65
F. W. Watson	18	75	56
A. D. Bates	21	75	65
D. Konkle	18	52	36
C. Syer	16	78	56
M. Goodale	20	113	71
T. W. Barnes	21	120	107
B. Smyth	21	75	67
J. Bowron	18	75	54
C. Graham	15	100	66
H. J. O'Neill	14	54	28
H. Marsh	21	103	84
J. A. Armes	17	101	77
W. Dillon	16	50	38
Dr. Wilson	19	75	59
J. Crooks	20	75	58
G. Stroud	20	100	81

**Burlington Beach Gun Club.**

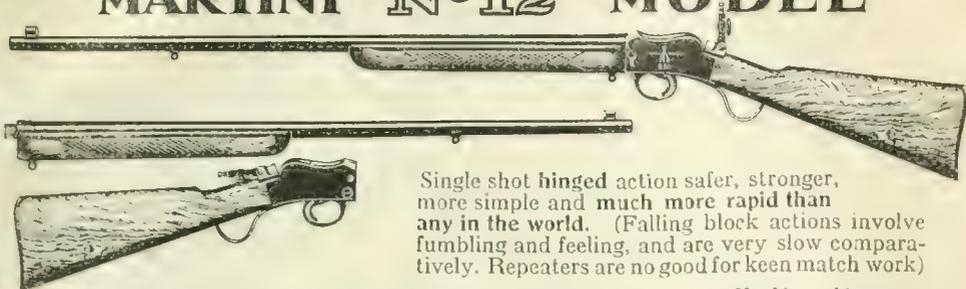
The regular bi-monthly meeting of the Burlington Beach Gun Club was held at station six on March 7th. This is the first shoot of a series of four for prizes donated by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Brown. The handicaps will be revised after every shoot to enable all the members to be in the running. Only a fair number turned out to shoot, and consequently the interest taken in this shoot was somewhat disappointing to the officers. The scores follow:

	Shot at	Broke.
Wm. Hazell	25	18
J. Lewis	25	17
J. Hazell	25	17
M. Nimmert	25	16
A. Peart	25	13
A. Hannon	25	12
J. Johnston	25	12
A. Harris	25	12
R. Howard	25	9
H. Hannon	25	9
R. Serson	25	8

The third handicap shoot of the Burlington Beach Gun Club, for the Johnson and Brown prizes, was held

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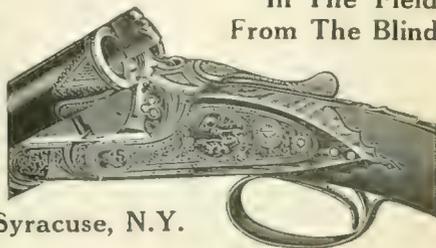
At The Traps  
In The Field  
From The Blind



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at station 6 on Saturday afternoon, April 4th. A special prize of a gold locket was put up by Harry Dynes for the best score in the 25 target race. The members are taking a keen interest in this series, and are turning out regularly, the Burlington contingent being particularly noticeable and aggressive.

In the 25 target race Messrs. C. Howard, John Hazell, Lewis, Serson and Harris tied, and shot a 5 target race to decide. Harris broke five straight and carried off the locket.

The scores follow:

	Shot at	Broke.
Hillary	64	55
Dr. Peart	59	49
C. Howard	54	53
G. Howard	49	49
Grant Smith	49	44
John Hazell, jr.	40	39
G. Heasman	40	27
H. Dynes	40	34
P. Johnston	35	29
A. Peart	35	28
W.G. Smith	35	21
R. Serson	33	30
W. Dynes	30	26
J. Lewis	30	26
A. Harris	30	30
R. Howard	25	24
James Hazell	25	24
F. Lee	25	24
N. Long	25	22
M. Smith	20	13

**Jordan Gun Club.**

The Jordan Gun Club held the 5th shoot of their winter series, Saturday, March 7th. Although the afternoon was stormy, and interfered more or less with the scores, nevertheless there was a very large attendance of shooters present to enjoy the sport.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

	Shot at	Broke.
H. W. Hunsberry	50	45
O. Fisher	50	41
D. Konkle	50	41
A. High	50	41
E. J. Fisher	50	40
H. Boulton	50	38
J. Rittenhouse	50	37
E. Boose	50	35
H. Heckadon	50	34
A. Wismer	50	34
D. Troup	40	36
J. Spence	40	35
W. Moyer	40	34
A. Rubel	40	30
W. Caskey	40	30
A. Cline	40	30
H. Davidson	40	28
M. Jones	40	28
H. Troup	30	21
J. Troup	30	17
W. Nicholson	30	17
P. Johns	30	15
E. Culp	20	17
T. Poole	20	15
A. Honsberger	10	4
L. Cline	10	3

The Jordan Gun Club held their annual merchandise shoot Saturday, March 21st, and were favored with good weather. The attendance of club members was the largest in years, and the competition for prizes was very keen in the different events. The club desire to thank their many friends who kindly donated prizes for this shoot.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Moyer	50	44
H. W. Hunsberry	50	44
J. Spence	50	43
M. Honsberger	50	42
H. Boulton	50	41
D. Konkle	50	40
O. Fisher	50	40
J. R. Rittenhouse	40	34
H. Troup	40	33
E. J. Fisher	40	33
J. Blank	40	33
D. Price	40	33
W. Caskey	40	32
H. Davidson	40	32
A. High	40	32
H. Newhouse	40	31
A. Wismer	40	30
W. Merritt	40	30
J. Troup	40	29
W. Troup	40	28

A. Heckadon	40	28
T. Poole	40	28
E. Culp	40	23
M. Jones	40	23
C. Donbrough	40	22
D. Troup	30	25
S. Hodges	30	23
E. Kratz	30	23
W. Luey	30	22
P. Hodges	30	19
D. Heckadon	30	19
E. Campbell	30	18
W. Reed	30	16
E. Honsberger	30	15
A. Rubel	30	15
W. Nicholson	20	11
A. Honsberger	20	10
T. Johns	20	9

**Niagara District Trap Shooting Association.**

The Niagara District Trap Shooting Association held the second round in their series of shoots at Jordan Wednesday March 25. The weather was fine and warm and consequently the shooting of the contestants was above the average. The Jordan and McNab teams had a most exciting contest, finishing in a tie, with each team having a total of 222 birds broken out of a possible 250.

Thorold and Port Colborne also were tied on the afternoon's total with 175 each. The Jordan club entertained the visiting shooters at luncheon after the conclusion of the several events which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Those shooting and their scores were as follows:

JORDAN—	Shot at	Broke.
Fisher	50	48
Hunsberry	50	47
Boulton	50	46
Caskey	50	42
Heckadon	50	39
McNAB—		
Miller	50	46
W. Singer	50	45
C. Singer	50	45
Lawson	50	44
Wilson	50	42
THOROLD—		
Munro	50	44
Ward	50	43
Redmond	50	35
Dinwoodie	50	34
Mawdesley	50	19
PORT COLBORNE—		
Evans	50	37
Boneberg	50	37
Paquet	50	35
Rolph	50	35
Johnson	50	33

**Grand International Registered Shoot at St. Thomas.**

St. Thomas is looking forward to a bumper crowd in June. Mr. McCance, Manager of the St. Thomas Gun Club, writes that they are offering five hundred dollars in "added money" to this shoot besides all the fine trophies and medals. The club is going to spend more cash on the grounds again this spring and are determined to leave nothing undone in order that all shooters may have a grand time while in St. Thomas. Mr. McCance, whose address is St. Thomas, Ont., will be pleased to mail programmes or give information to anyone making application for same. They are going to use five sets of traps for targets in order to prevent any long waiting and have arranged to furnish free tents for shooters. Programmes will be ready for mailing by May 1st.

**Eagle Gun Club.**

The Eagle Gun Club formed recently at Brantford, Ont, have elected the following officers: Park Mather, Pres.; Harry Clark, Vice-Pres.; Reg. Lambden, Sec.-Treas.

**Galt Gun Club.**

Eight members of the Galt Gun Club turned out at the traps on Saturday, March 7th for the weekly clay bird shoot and some good scores were made. W. Clark was the high man of the afternoon with 23 out of 25. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Marshall	25	21
W. Pickering	50	41
E. Clark	50	39
W. Cowan	50	40
W. Clark	25	22
W. Sherwood	25	21

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.280 Calibre  
High Velocity . . .

The Ross .280 High Velocity sells at \$55.00, and Ross Sporting Cartridges, with copper tube expanding bullet, patented, at \$7.50 per 100. Other models Ross Rifles from \$12.00. Sold by best dealers throughout the world.

Illustrated Catalogue on application.

**ROSS RIFLE CO. - - QUEBEC, CAN.**

J. Hounam	30	19
H. Teat	25	19

Some good scores were made in the Galt gun shoot at the Traps on Saturday, March 14th in which nine nim-rods took part. E. Clark was again high man with 43 out of 50, while Harold Newlands was a close second with 42. The lowest score of the shoot was 37. The scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Clark	50	38
W. Pickering	50	37
W. L. Cowan	50	41
W. Fearless	50	37
E. Clark	50	43
H. D. Sherwood	50	40
H. Teat	50	38
A. B. Smith	50	39
H. Newlands	50	42

Saturday afternoon, March 21st, the Paris Club paid a visit to the Galt Club and indulged in a friendly shoot at the traps which resulted in a victory for Galt by 34 shots.

An after shoot was held of the Galt Gun Club members and some good scores were made. Billy Marshall was the high man with the excellent score of 48 out of 50.

The following are the scores of the two shoots:

Paris Club.	
J. K. Martin	21
F. Hopkins	14
E. Chatterton	14
E. Shuert	12
R. McKinmon	18
A. Hopkins	19
E. Hopkins	20
F. Braithwaite	17

Galt Club.	
W. Marshall	25
H. Sherwood	24
W. Clark	20
E. Clark	20
H. Newlands	23
A. Smith	19
J. Clark	16
W. Cowan	22

Local Shoot.		
	Shot at	Broke.
W. Marshall	50	48
H. Sherwood	50	44
W. Clark	50	40
H. Newlands	50	45
A. Smith	50	37
J. Clark	50	34
W. Cowan	50	42
W. Pickering	75	57
H. Teat	50	36
W. Fearless	50	30
J. Hounam	57	27

**Berlin Gun Club.**  
Weather conditions were unfavorable for the Berlin Gun Club Shoot on March 7th, and the scores were not up to the usual mark. Mr. E. E. Bowman captured the silver spoon, the scores being as follows:

SPOON SHOOT.		
	Shot at	Broke
E. E. Bowman	25	25
E. Beam	25	16
W. H. Dumart	25	15
W. Player	25	14
F. Ferguson	25	13
L. Krupp	25	12
W. Johannes	25	11

E. E. Bowman and E. Beam who were tied, shot 10, Mr. Bowman got 5 and Mr. Beam 4, making the score 21 to 20 in favor of Mr. Bowman.

At the Gun Club shoot held at Berlin on Saturday, March 14th, Mr. W. Player won the silver spoon, rolling up the highest score. The results are:

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Player	25	16
F. Ferguson	25	12
L. Krupp	25	6
W. Johannes	50	22
E. Beam	50	20
W. Player	50	26

**Preston Gun Club.**  
The first practice shoot of the Preston Club was held on Saturday, March 21st, when the following scores were made:

	Shot at	Broke
Wes. Pickering	50	39
William Cowan	50	43
Chas. Sachs	50	38
Wm. Marshall	50	44
W. Sherwood	50	42
James Mills	50	37
A. Near	25	11
A. Langridge	25	15

**Ridgetown Gun Club.**  
The annual meeting of the Ridgetown Gun Club took place on March 9th at the Arlington Hotel Parlors.

The Club showed a very fair financial statement. Besides owning a Club House and a couple of automatic traps and ground appointments, they have a handsome surplus in cash.

The election of officers resulted as follows:  
Wm. Thorald, Pres.; H. McDonald, Vice-Pres.; Geo Laing, Capt., G. H. Eastlake, Sec.-Treas.  
Board of Management.—H. L. Taylor, A. McRitchie, A. Pow, Wm. Cruickshanks, Dan Leitch and W. C. Newman.

The dates arranged for annual tournament were April 22 and 23 a very attractive program being arranged.

Weekly Club shoots were also arranged and five prizes for averages—featured. Everybody is eligible. Each shooter handicaps himself with added birds from percentage in former score. The added birds to be shot at.

**Harwich and Riverside Clubs put on two Close Events.**

The Harwich Gun Club and the Riverside Gun Club of Raleigh met at the Harwich club grounds on March 6th, for a friendly match and again on March 10th at Riverside. It has been the custom of these two clubs to hold two matches each winter and many are the good times they have had together. Following are the scores for both matches. After the match a few events were shot off.

HARWICH SHOOT MARCH 6.		
Harwich.		
	Shot at	Broke
J. Houston	20	20
J. McCormick	19	19
L. Gregory	22	22
H. Hunter	20	20
Q. Burke	18	18
R. Miller	19	19
L. Jenner	21	21
R. Colart	12	12
J. Broadbent	15	15
J. Leatherdale	18	18
R. Shepley	15	15
R. Huston	12	12
O. Jencks	19	19
Total	230	

Riverside Club.	
Wm. Dolson	21
J. Cameron	21
M. Williams	17
D. Smith	22
J. Fleming	18
H. C. Lone	23
R. Smith	15
O. Gill	19
J. Johnson	13
C. Chinnick	15
H. Smith	20
F. Dolson	23
Wm. Little	13
Total	240

RALEIGH SHOOT MARCH 10.		
Harwich.		
	Shot at	Broke
J. McCormick	20	20
A. Miller	17	17
W. Gill	23	23
Wm. Nichol	19	19
J. Dauphin	13	13
L. Jenner	19	19
J. Jencks	11	11
J. Leatherdale	22	22
H. Jenner	19	19
B. Agar	17	17
R. Henry	20	20
L. Gregory	12	12
H. Hunter	22	22
J. Huston	8	8
J. Broadbent	15	15
Total	274	

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*The L. C. Smith*  
with  
*Hunter One-Trigger*

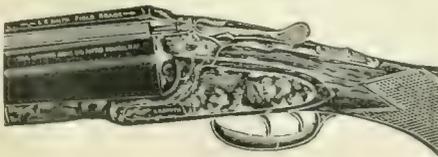
*Won Highest Honors for 1913*

The Official Amateurs Average Score shot at 6080, broke 5811, average .9558 per cent., in hands of Bart Lewis.

## NOW START 1914 RIGHT

At Pinehurst shoot E. H. Storr was high for entire program, including handicaps, shot at 800, broke 752.

At New York Sportsman's Show in Madison Square Garden, February 23-28, Mrs. L. T. Vogel won Ladies' National Indoor Championship, score 47x50. At same shoot Neaf Apgar won Professional Championship, score 239x250. A Smith Gun equipped with Hunter One-Trigger is a ladies' as well as a gentleman's gun at Trap or in the Field,



*Two Guns in One and at Price of One-Prices, \$25.00 to \$1000.00.*

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**THE HUNTER ARMS CO.**  
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The Small Game Rifle  
Big Enough  
For Deer

Price \$15



New Model 27

.25—20 or .32—20 calibres  
(Also made in .25 Rim Fire)

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REPEATER

**R**ABBIT, woodchuck, hawk, fox, wolf and deer fall ready prey to its high velocity smokeless or black and low pressure smokeless loads. For target work it is unexcelled.

Built with the famous Trombone Action and Smokeless Steel Barrel, unobtainable in any other rifle of its calibre.

Its solid top and side-ejection protect shooter's face and eyes, and prevent dirt from entering action.

The desirable take-down construction and Ivory Bead sight cost extra in other .25—20 and .32—20 rifles. You pay nothing additional for these in the *Marlin*.

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The certainty that a rifle is accurate gives a sportsman confidence which is bound to improve his marksmanship.

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Lyman Rear Sights are scientifically accurate. They do not shut out the front sight in any way. The eye easily and naturally finds the object.

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Gun Sight Corporation  
DEPT. C.  
Middlefield, Conn., U.S.A.



Riverside.

H. O. Lone	24
Wm. Dolsen	25
F. Dolsen	24
G. McGarvin	17
J. Fleming	17
P. Hodges	23
S. Clement	15
G. Crow	20
J. Cameron	21
M. Williams	20
T. Williams	20
W. Hodges	21
W. O. Lone	17
D. Smith	22
C. Chinnick	15
H. Smith	23
Total	327

1st Extra Event.

Shot at 15

G. McGarvin	5
R. Smith	15
B. Agar	7
H. Hunter	17
P. Hodges	15
W. Dolsen	13
L. Gregory	12
M. William	12
D. Crow	15
R. Miller	7
H. Smith	13
J. Dauphin	11
W. Gill	10
F. Dolsen	15
J. Leatherdale	13
J. McCormick	11
J. Fleming	17
L. Jenner	14
J. Jencks	11
D. Smith	14

2nd Extra Event.

Shot at 15.

B. Agar	7
D. Smith	12
R. Coltart	6
P. Hodges	11
H. Hunter	14
R. Smith	15
W. Nichol	10
W. Gill	12
L. Gregory	11
J. Leatherdale	14
M. Williams	10
J. McCormick	12
J. Jenks	9
H. Smith	12
W. Dolsen	12
G. Crow	14
F. Dolsen	11
G. McGarvin	11
J. Hunter	10
I. Jenner	11

Port Stanley Gun Club.

Following are the scores at the regular weekly shoot held March 23rd.

First event, at 25 blue rocks—F. Young 16, H. Moore 18, C. Thorn 17, H. Dunn 19, A. Oliver 19, E. Carry 22, A. Glover 19, A. Carry 20, G. Smith 15, W. Stanton 18, C. Hough 11.]

Second event, at 25 blue rocks—F. Young 17, H. Moore 18, C. Thorn 19, H. Dunn 22, A. Oliver 15, E. Carry 22, A. Glover 14, W. Stanton 18, C. Hough 10.

Third event, at 25 blue rocks—A. Glover 18, A. Thorn 22, F. Young 18, H. Dunn 21, E. Carry 22, W. Stanton 16, A. Oliver 15, H. Moore 18, C. Hough 9.

Fourth event, at 10 blue rocks—A. Glover 8, F. Young 8, C. Hough 6, H. Dunn 9, E. Carry 9.

Hannon Gun Club.

The Hannon Gun Club held their weekly match on Wednesday, March 11th at their club, when many new records were made.

Alfred Beare, at a distance of 20 yards, made a record shot of 24 out of 25, receiving a handsome prize.

Many other good shots were made:

J. Glover	23
G. Good	22
G. Good	18
J. Davis	19
C. Lebar	15
H. Glover	17
W. Oliver	14
R. Dartnall	9

Maritime Trap Shooting Association.

The Maritime Trap Shooting Association composed of Clubs from St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., New Glasgow, Amherst, Port Elgin, Pictou, and Charlottetown, P. E. I. and individual members scattered over the three Provinces will hold the ANNUAL TOURNAMENT of the Association at AMHERST, N. S., on MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY, June 8th, 9th, 10th, with preliminary day on Saturday, June 6th, 1914, at which no less than from seventy-five to one hundred shooters are expected to be present. This is the banner event in the trap shooting game of the Maritime Provinces for the year, and there will be present members of every Gun Club in the Provinces and shooters from every Town of importance, as well as a large number of professionals.

The programme as mapped out by the AMHERST GUN CLUB, LIMITED, will have for the first and second days Ten Events each day of Fifteen birds each entrance \$1.50, money division, Rose System, 6, 5, 3, 2, 1, and probably added money with valuable Cups for the first three guns each day and \$5 in Gold for the High Average for each day.

There will also be a special handicap event at which the first gun will get \$25 in Gold and a large list of merchandise prizes to be awarded to the other shooters, valued at from \$15 down. This event will be repeated the second day and \$25 in Gold will be given the first Gun and valuable merchandise prizes for the other shooters. The \$50 so awarded has been donated by the Dominion Cartridge Company of Montreal who have also loaned the Association the services of Mr. Rupert Watson to run the office.

On the first day there will be Two Man Team Shoot for the Dominion Cartridge Company shield valued at \$125.00. On the second day a Three Man Team Shoot for a valuable Association Cup and the third day a Five Man Team Shoot for a valuable Association Cup.

On the third day a Special McAvity Cup event for doubles and singles with money division, and the final event will be the GRAND AMHERST HANDICAP of One hundred Targets, the first prize being \$100 in Gold, second prize \$50 in Gold and third prize \$25 in Gold, besides Merchandise prizes numbering at least twenty-five valued at from \$20 down to \$4. This will be the great event of the meet and the biggest event of its kind ever put on in Canada.

A MISS AND OUT EVENT will be held during the three days at which the high run each day will get \$5 in Gold, and first for three days \$125 Gun presented by a prominent Gun Company; second prize \$15 in Gold, third prize \$10 in Gold and merchandise prizes too numerous to mention.

Three SOLID GOLD CUPS have been donated to be presented to the Three high professionals at the shoot.

It is also proposed to give a bonus of \$5 to the low gun each day and additional amounts of \$4, \$3, \$2, and \$1 to the succeeding low guns each day.

The High Amateur takes the MARITIME CHAMPIONSHIP Trophy donated by the Association and the second and third high average also very valuable Cups.

They are also offering to the Lady making High Average at the shoot a \$25 Gold Wrist Watch, and for second High Average a very handsome Gold Mounted Silk Umbrella.

A complimentary banquet will be given by the Amherst Gun Club, Limited, to all attending shooters. Besides there will be automobile attendance to take shooters to grounds and other attention to all visitors for which Amherst is so noted.

Dartmouth N. S., Rod and Gun Club.

The March shoot of the Dartmouth, N. S. Rod and Gun Club was the last shoot on the old grounds, the next shoot on Good Friday being scheduled for the new grounds of the club, situated off the Gaston Road, where their new club house has been erected.

There was a large gathering at the March shoot, a number of the Bedford club joining with the club members, and the events were keenly contested, the second event requiring a second shoot-off and in the fourth contest, the shoot-off between T. DeWolf and R. Hendry required four extra shoots at five targets, the first three resulting in ties. Results:

1st event, Spoon Shoot, 15 targets—A. Edwards 13; T. DeWolf, J. A. McLaughlin and H. D. Romans, 12 each.

2nd event, Ammunition Trophy, 20 targets—E. J. Butcher and D. K. Boyd, shooting with 10 handicap, 21 each; T. DeWolf with 3 handicap, 20; J. A. McLaughlin 2 handicap, 21; shoot off at 10, McLaughlin, 1 handicap and Boyd, 5 handicap, 9 each; 2nd shoot off, McLaughlin, 10; Boyd, 9.

3rd event, 5 double spoon shoot—L. F. Hill, 9; A. Edwards, H. S. Tolson and R. Hendry, 7 each.

4th event, 10 targets—R. Hendry, A. E. Edwards,



## Hey! Dad, Look What I Caught!

Young or old, big or little,

### GOOD LUCK

is waiting NOW for the Trout Fisherman in the little known streams around Maynooth and L'Amable, reached by the Canadian Northern Railway.

For further information and the sportsman's handbook "WHERE TO FISH AND HUNT" apply to General Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont., Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man.



## A HIGH QUALITY Wheel Like The "PERFECT" Is Cheapest to Own

Divide the first cost of a PERFECT Bicycle by the number of years of perfect service it gives.

The cost per year (the REAL cost of any wheel) is less with the PERFECT than with wheels selling as low as half its price.

Consider its HIGH QUALITY—its LIGHT WEIGHT—its EASE on rough roads—its SPEED on good stretches. These things justify you in paying *more* for the PERFECT Bicycle. Yet it costs less to own than other wheels.

Let the PERFECT Dealer explain PERFECT construction in detail.

T. DeWolf and C. E. H. Harrs, 9 each; shoot off De Wolf won.

**Notice to Trap-Shooters**

Owing to lack of space we are regretfully obliged to cancel a number of trap scores including those of Good Friday and Easter Monday shoots.

**To Protect Wild Ducks**

Two hundred wild ducks are all that anyone may kill or take in a season, following a recent decision reached by the Fish and Game Committee of the Ontario Legislature. Dr. Reaume, Chairman of that committee, will ask the Federal Government to prohibit the exportation of wild fowl.

Brace, McKay & Co., Ltd., Summerside, P. E. Island, are right in the midst of the fox zone and it is only natural that they should have become headquarters for the very best in ranch netting. This season, they are giving additional attention to this line and are already in a position to ship out, the moment the order is received, any quantity of their superior quality "RED LABEL" netting, that will safely enclose all the kinds of animals that are being bred in captivity in Canada. Look up their advt. in this issue.

Mr. William F. Hall, a prominent citizen and enthusiastic angler residing at Natick, Mass., writes, "Up to the time I used Julian's Bait I had as much faith in liquid fishing lures as I have in ghost stories, but I now realize that I was absolutely unjust in prejudging. A fishing friend and myself went trolling. We each used exactly the same pattern and size spoon hook. I 'treated' my spoon, the hook feathers, the gimp, swivel and attachments and a few inches of the lower part of the line with Julian's Bait according to directions. My friend did not (in accordance with agreement). I caught a handsome mess of fish; my friend did not, although his spoon was usually within a few feet of mine all day. This same friend says 'it is Julian's Bait for mine in future.' As for myself, I shall never go on a fishing trip without it. From what I have heard from others, equally good results are obtained by the addition of this lure when fly or bait casting and still fishing, and I therefore repeat that I shall never go fishing without this most excellent bait."

Julian's Bait is well recommended by sportsmen in all parts of the country, and is well worth trying.

"A new exhibition and salesroom for STANDARD engines has been opened in

Boston at No. 99 Haverhill Street. This will be in charge of Louis T. Carey. Mr. Carey is well-known as a practical marine engineer and can render standard customers practical service. A representative line of STANDARD engines and STANDARD OIL ENGINES will be carried at Boston which will further help Mr. Carey in his work of being of service to buyers and customers."

Catalog No. 17 of the Marble Arms & Mfg. Co. shows several new sights added to their already large and very popular assortment of rifle and gun sights. Three particularly interesting new sights are: The Sheard Three Leaf Sight, the King Leaf Sight and the King Sporting Rear Sight.

This catalog will prove interesting to both dealers and sportsmen as it shows the Marble Game-Getter Gun and Marble's Sixty Specialties for Sportsmen. Catalog No. 17 is now ready for mailing and will be sent to any address upon request. Write to Marble Arms & Mfg. Co., 581 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich., mentioning this notice in ROD and GUN.

The Lancaster Arms Co. of Lancaster, Pa. will send on request to any reader of ROD and GUN a small catalogue which gives particulars of the "Infallible Single Trigger" for double guns. The Infallible Single Trigger is a self contained mechanism, complete within itself, the gun does not form any part of it, and it can be set in any regular American or foreign made gun.

The Hyde Windlass Company of Bath, Maine, received a rush order March 5, 1914, from the Robins Dry Dock & Repair Co., Erie Basin, Brooklyn, N. Y., to furnish a Hyde Manganese Bronze Propeller with pattern and drawing for same, for the French Steamer "ROMA."

The drawing and pattern were made and the casting poured March 16th. After being bored, keyseated and finished, the propeller was shipped March 23.



**"Orb" Brand Fox Netting**

English Manufacture, heavily galvanized before and after being woven. Used by all the leading Ranches on P.E.I. The Netting with a reputation. Large Stock Prompt Shipment Lowest Prices. Write

**THE ROGERS HARDWARE Co., Ltd.**  
CHARLOTTE TOWN, P. E. I.



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"Nothing but 3-in-One is ever used at our Monroe Hunting Club in Lincoln Co., Mo. And your Handy Oil Can is great."

HARVEY W. BEGGS, 2d Nat. Bank, St. Louis

That's what all well posted hunters say. Handy Oil Can is the ideal container for the ideal gun oil. Can't leak, can't break, and is just hip-pocket size.

THREE E.C. 3-in-One lubricates every working part exactly right; cleans, polishes barrels and stock absolutely prevents rust.

FREE—Generous hunter's sample and dictionary of uses. Write for yours today. 3-in-One is sold by all hardware, sporting goods, and general stores, in 3 size bottles: 1 oz., 1/2 oz., 1/4 oz., 2 oz., (1/2 pint), 50c. Handy Oil Can, 1/2 oz. 25c. If your dealer can't supply you we will send a Handy Oil Can full, by Parcel Post for 50c.

**Three-in-One Oil Co., 155 New St., N.Y.**





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