ROLD, hnson, Agent.

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OBERTS. bsen, Agent

College BOARDING Col-8 to 16 years. 1-appointed Gen-lovely BEACON oer limited. Out-red for Business 1 or University

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

THE DRY FLY

By Walter McGuckin The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait. -"Much Ado About Nothing."

And there you have it-the fascination of

Crystal clear runs the stream under the noon-day sun—a hopeless situation to the wielder of the rod that tosses a wet fly; the very impact of your fly upon the surface of the water will but send the wary trout darting up stream, his head crazy from the zig-zags of his course, distrustful of you and yours, intent only on flight! All this you know to your sorrow: sunlight and clear water for the oct's rhapsodies perhaps, but for the wet fly isher alas, there is but little hope!

Yet so long as there are fish to be caught inst so long is there hope. Now then, quick. get out your nine-foot leader-tapered almost o invisibility; see that it is perfectly straight and well paraffined, and tie on this cahill-no, better try this March brown. Lengthen your ine by casting through the air. When you think you have enough out to reach that smooth eddy just this side of the rock, make your cast. Bravo! My, but that was a good ast! Your fly landed just as light as the proerbial feather, at the head of the eddy. So ightly did it touch the water that seemingly the fly is simply resting on the surface, no part submerged. And your line and leader, too, both as straight as straight can be! Pull in carefully what slack line you may, always with your eye on the fly. Now watch, the current in the eddy is slowly working your fly down stream, but so light is the leader that absolutely no ripple is made on the water's surface, fly, leader and water moving in the harmony of union. Suddenly from the bottom of the stream, up darts a trout and takes your fly! And the beauty of it is, you have seen the entire proceeding—the fly floating quietly down, the dart of the fish, the seizure, the strike and finally the capture. There has been no guess work, which adds largely to your pleasure, as does also the consciousness that your captive would never have come up to a wet fly. It was the close imitation of nature which caused the downfall of Mr. Trout, and it is this very study of nature which adds so much to the charm of dry fly angling.

For years the English decree that the dry fly is only adapted to waters of a smooth surface—"chalk streams"—has been accepted without question; but while we are willing to credit our English brothers with the origin of this most delightful pastime, let us rig up and endeavor to enlarge the field of action in order to take in some of our own rapid waters. t the outset, I will use line, leader and fly of English make—for there are not any better, me judice. That must be the proper expression, for Frank Forrester uses it constantly. h! yes-Isaac Walton, Frank Forrester, Andrew Lang-pleasant guides to the country of liss! But I am skidding. Back to the stream -"To find a rising fish is the first problem," I quote from Halford. All right for English waters, but if we wait for a "hatch of fly" on some of our own waters our vacation will be ended and we will be kept waiting. I admit the advantage of fishing a rising fish rather than fishing the water, but alas! there are many hours during the day when the fish are not rising; but still they may be caught. And besides, bear in mind that a fish that jumps clean out of the water is not feeding-it is merely piscatorial "rough house." When his highness merely comes up and causes a swirl on the surface, then is your opportunity.

parently no "hatch of fly." Looks hopeless and would be with the wet fly. Now to work, but always slowly and with care; wade out into the stream as quietly as possible. Shorten your line, for the casting must be rapid in the quiet water, and besides a long cast is not needed here, as the fish are not so shy as in the smooth water. Look around for a spot where the surface of the water is smooth; it may be only a foot square, but such spots are to be found in all rifts. Cast you. fly at the top of this spot and let it float down towards you. Draw off your fly just at the moment it reaches the edge of the rough water, and repeat your cast. This cast must be made so that not more than two feet of leader are on the water, less if possible. On the down cast your rod must not go lower than half way from the horizontal, and the proper drop of the fly upon the water is obtained by a quick action of the extreme end of the tip, due to force exerted entirely and only by the wrist. Your line and must be kept from contact with the surface, otherwise your fly will "drag"; to say, it will not follow the same route d a live fly, nor drift at the same speed, be pulled diagonally across the smooth ace and at a quicker speed than the moveof the water on the particular spot upon h you are casting. Once your fly drifts put the rough water it instantly becomes subed and is no longer a dry fly. The ideal ly must ever float quietly on the surface. o not become discouraged if you get no the first cast, but keep on casting in exthe same spot, for your fly drops so quietly on the water that the fish do not become frightened. After a time you may change your fly if you wish, and at about the

time that you have given up all hope, that will be the instant you get your rise. Persistent casting has much to do with the capture of the brown trout I find, and I have also found that the dry fly is equally seductive in the rain, so long as no part of the fly is submerged.

There are large stretches of our streams that may be fished in this manner, so that there is no longer any ground for the assertion that the rough waters of our mountain streams are not adapted to the dry fly. And predict that in a short time the small-mouth bass will fall a victim to the same seductive lure.-Recreation.

A CALIFORNIA DUCK CLUB.

The State of Calfiornia is celebrated for its sporting advantages, and there is probably no place in the world where duck shooting has been brought to such perfection. The Suisun marshes are situated forty miles below the mouth of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, the area covered being about thirty miles by ten. Many clubs rent portions of these marshes, most of them comprising from three to 600 acres. The club to which I am fortunate enough to belong is composed of eight members, and owns a large island of about 1,400 acres on the north shore of the Suisun Bay. The tidal waters are brackish and intersect these marshes, being controlled by flood-gates. Sloughs or wide streams, pronounced "slews," traverse the entire area, and the island is surrounded by "levees" or embankments about 15ft. high. The shooting season runs from October 1 to February 1, and in September the ducks begin to arrive in flocks from their northern breeding haunts. Some remain all the year in the swamps, but the northern birds may always be distinguished at the beginning of the season by their finer plumage, and altogether look much better than the native birds.

The island in question is reached by the Southern Pacific Overland railway, which traverses the marshes. This was built a long time ago, and is maintained at the cost of millions of dollars. It was a most difficult job to construct this part of the line. At first piles were driven in to the depth of 200ft., but as the swamp was practically bottomless, they proved useless, the road bed constantly sinking, owing to the soft nature of the mud. In the end a more or less stable foundation was formed by bundles of brushwood laid on frames and sunk, but even now the ground shakes distinctly as the train passes over it. Waves of mud nearly 20ft. high are at times ally one of the heaviest items, and tons of stuff must be bought, stored, and scientifically distributed in the ponds by the keeper. There is also considerable rivalry amongst the duck clubs in discovering the most tempting cereals, and if a new and successful kind is discovered. it is kept an inviolable club secret.

At the commencement of the season everybody is up at 5 a.m., for some of the ponds lie at a considerable distance. The steam launch conveys the shooters to the different landing places, where narrow planked walks laid between the tules lead to the ponds. These tules form an impenetrable barrier about 15ft. high, and grow in 4ft. of water. Gum trees are planted at the landing places, which grow higher than the tules, and can be seen from some distance, so are of assistance as a guide to the launch. Bulrashes or flags preponderate in the marshes, and form good covert round the ponds; they grow to an immense

size, the head being as much as 8in. long. On arriving at the particular pond allotted to you, you proceed to put out your decoys, already placed in the boat by the keeper. This requires some knowledge the position chosen depending on the direction of the wind and other circumstances. The duck generally circle around a pond until satisfied that no danger exists, and then come towards it up wind. It is therefore advantageous for the shooter to be concealed on that edge of the pond from which the wind is blowing. The decoys must also be put out with discretion, that is, sufficiently in sight to attract the attention of the birds, but not right in front of the shooter, where a nice open space should be left unoccupied by decoys which the birds may approach with the ultimate intention of alighting.

There are three sorts of blinds used—the platform which is placed on stakes driven into the marsh, the boat which is run in between two thick screens of tule, and the barrel, which is the one I much prefer. It consists in sinking a barrel level with the mud, in which you can sit comfortably out of the wind, and a little marsh grass placed round the edge completely

disguises your position. At the first streak of dawn you anxiously peer out, and great is the joy when you perceive the first ducks approaching. You are fortunate if they come in by twos and threes, but the flocks vary considerably, some numbering three to four hundred. The law allows only thirty-five ducks to be killed by each person daily, having reduced the number from fifty with a view to stopping the destruction caused by "market-hunters." As the bag is limited, the sportsman is careful, on days when

extremely rough, and shooting is carried on under difficulties. I remember two members of our club, both exceptionally strong men, experiencing a most uncomfortable time. We had had some extraordinary fine shooting one Wednesday morning, and, contrary to our general rule, had decided to stop over the next day, as ducks were so very plentiful. We had apportioned the best pond to one member who had a guest staying with him, betaking ourselves to some of the smaller ponds, where we had excellent sport. On our return with limit bags, we hoped to hear good news of the rest of the party, but were disturbed to find them in a very sorry plight. The wind had raised a perfect hurricane on the large waterhole, and they found, after loading up the small boat with about twenty couple, they were in danger of foundering. They only succeeded in reaching the landing place in safety by casting overboard their cargo and keeping close to the side of the tules, one of the party having to wade in the soft mud and push the boat in front of him. The unhappy sportsmen arrived at the club house soaked to the skin, having lost even the few ducks they shot.

The morning flight generally lasts from daylight until 8 a. m. or 9 a. m., when the birds retire to the open water for protection. At the time of the evening meal they return to the marshes. Last year, however, for some reason the best flight took place at II o'clock. have seen teal, which have an extraordinarily swift flight, come in at dusk like hail upon the ponds. "Mud-hens" are a great pest, eating up three-quarters of the ducks' grain. They are a bigger bird than our English moor-hen, with dark, blue-black plumage, green legs, and white round the legs. Drives are instituted in some clubs to keep them under, and they are also destroyed by poisoned wheat, which is placed in a boat; this method is quite safe as regards the ducks, which are too shy and suspicious of a trap to meddle with it. Carp, also, unfortunately introduced by some idiot, are a terrible pest, and very plentiful, eating most of the natural food, which the ducks prefer to artificial bait. This food consists mostly of the root of a wild celandine. These plants throw out little bulblets from the root fibres, and are eagerly devoured by ducks. They are especially appreciated by the sprigs or pintails, which, after clearing a pond, move on to other places in search of it. As you wade through the water, huge carp swim out from under your feet; they grow to an immense size here. There is a plan on foot which it is hoped may be successful, and is to be tried next summer, when the ducks are away from the marshes. It is believed that the carp may be exterminated, or at least much reduced, by placing permanganate of potash in the ponds, which, though killing the fish, loses its deadly effects in a few days. The difficulty of getting rid of these pests is much increased by reason the entire area being very often completely submerged, allowing the carp to move freely

from place to place through the tules. But it is not only the shooting which forms the attraction of the autumn season. Amongst my most pleasant memories are the cheerful gatherings at the club house, where the friendly members discuss present and past sporting experiences. The club house is not in any way luxurious, everything being plain but comfortable, the centre of interest being the big gun-rack which adorns the wall.

-A. D. H.

A CHINESE SPORTSMAN'S GUN.

The gun is a match-lock made of welded telegraph wire; the barrel measures 72in., and the stock, which is shaped like an old horse pistol, measures perhaps another 12in. The trigger is worked by two slips of bamboo for springs, and what would correspond to the hammer is an iron clip on a grotesque stalk, in which clip old Dar San Feng puts a bit of lighted incense-stick whenever he views a hare squatting. That gun is the pride of his life, but what especially pleases him are two alterations carried out by the local blacksmith to his instructions. At least 2ft. have been added to the barrel quite recently, and if the welding had been done by a blind man that would account for some inequalities and also for a good 2in. twist in the barrel, but the proud owner stoutly maintains that now she shoots better than ever. Nobody in his senses would worry about a little matter like a twist in the barrel, and if a man can shoot with this gun what could he do with a straight onethree perfectly fair contentions which I for one would not venture to dispute. Then I questioned him about the other alteration, and here he waxed more enthusiastic than before. Pointing to a rough, scarred blotch at the breech, he showed me how the old hole for the priming had become so incrusted with charred powder ash and rust that the incense-stick would no longer ignite the charge, so a section was cut off the breech, which, from all accounts, then received its one and only cleaning. Next a heavier piece was welded on in the same place and a new hole drilled for the priming. This job would have ashamed even a grate fitter in Europe, but the proud owner thought it was the finest job he had ever seen, and he assures everybody that his friend the smith is the cleverest one of his trade north of of the Yellow River. His powder is the usual Chinese sort, very black and full of impurities. He rests the stock of his gun on the ground, then walks to the muzzle and pours the charge down its 6ft. of length, and the iron, shot straight on top of the powder. He uses no wads, and considering the state his gun-barre! must be in after years of neglect, perhaps it is somebody else.—Harper's Bazar.



Sportsman's Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Trout-fishing at its best this month. Bass in certain lakes. Spring Salmon and Cohoes all over the

September 1st, shooting season opens on the Mainland for grouse, duck, snipe

and deer. September 15th, shooting season opens on Vancouver Island for grouse, duck, snipe and deer, except for grouse in North and South Saanich Municipali-

Wild Pigeons plentiful and in season in many localities.

as well fo rthe safety of his head, and the result is that when he fires his gun, directly after the fuse is applied to the touch-hole it fizzes and splutters for several seconds before it finally goes off with a noise like a badly-made squib. The way he holds his gun is also rather unusual. He grips the barrel with his left hand somewhere near the middle of the gun, with his right hand on the stock, which projects some 2ft. straight out behind him; then he lays his cheek bone along the barrel of the gun and pulls the trigger. The result is that after shooting six or seven times he has a large raw bruise on his cheek bone; but this does not worry him, and he is just as keen as ever, although I have seen him shooting with the blood trickling down his cheek from the

DONALD I'D RATHER BE YOU.

Were I to have my choice today, Donald. I'd rather be you. Your smile is a smile that is well worthwhile. And your eyes are the truest blue.

You haven't the air of a city youth. And you haven't the clothes to wear: But your dress is good for the good, green

And God, He put you there.

He put you there for a purpose, too, Where the beasts and birds are free. He let you roam round your forest home Even as He let me.

But I am a pale skyscraper lad; Pale as the white-walled cell That I've labored in, till I'm wan and thin Where once I was strong and well.

Once I lived in the same, small house, On the same, small, sunny hill; And I dreamed a dream of the winding stream That you are dreaming still.

I trod the path that the cows had made: The trail that the sheep had trod. But I had my say, and I had my way-And it wasn't the way of God.

Above the cow bell's tinkling sound There clanged a city's call: And I dreamed a dream of the hiss of steam. And the roar of the train, and all,

I dreamed a dream that carried me far. Far into the din and strife; And I know full well that the white-walled cell Has stolen the sweets of my life.

So. Donald, I'd rather be you, my boy: Rather be you by far Than the one so bold he will search for gold

'Neath the rays of a phantom star.

For the rays grow faint, and the rainbow fades. And the gold it melts away. And the dreams of a street with its hurrying.

Are the dreams of another day.

And I'm longing now for my forest home With its wonderful skies of blue. If I had my say, and I had my way, Donald, I'd rather be you.

> ALLEN AYRAULT GREEN in Outdoor Life.

A PARTNERSHIP

Woggs-So young Saphead and his father e carrying on the business? Boggs-Yes. The old man does the business while young Saphead does the carrying

Agent-Don't you want to own a home of your own?

Knicker-No, I'd rather own the home of

on.-Puck.



Mr. New-come Fishanshoot-Great Scott! Deer and grouse all over the hills, ducks and snipe in the flats and marshes, salmon in millions all over the coast, and the best month in the year for trout; what the deuce is a fellow to go for first?

forced up on each side of the line by the pressure of the railway.

We shoot two days in the week, Wednesday and Sunday; this is a universal custom over the marsh, as it gives the birds time to rest in the meantime, and they are not otherwise disturbed. The keeper's work on these marshes is most onerous, and it needs much

experience to understand the habits and requirements of the different ducks which vary considerably. Great care is needed in making and maintaining the ponds, which must not only be of the necessary depth and conformity to attract certain kinds of fowl, but must be so arranged that shooting from them does not divert the flight from the other ponds. For canvas-back ducks a depth of from 6ft. to 15ft. is best, as these birds prefer to dive deep for their food. The sprig-tail or sprig, better known as the pin-tail, prefers to have its head at the bottom and its tail in the air, and for this duck the ponds have a depth of about 18in. The clever old mallard is suspicious of much open water, so does not often trust himself on the ponds, but will generally drop into potholes or small natural pools amongst the tules, and for him the grain is placed near the edge

of the water. The baiting with grain is natur-

ducks are plentiful, to select the better sorts, such as sprig, mallard, and canvas-back, though for the table the little teal holds its own with any other duck.

The excitement increases as flock after flock spears, circling round three or more times, high above you, before pitching, during which time you must not move a finger, for they are examining the pond most carefully for danger, and at the least movement are off. As before mentioned, the mallard is the most cautious of all, and it is my custom to mark the pot-holes into which I have seen sundry pairs drop. When sport is slack, I steal off, and with careful stalking generally manage to bag a fair number.

Some ducks, of course, continue their flight overhead, their goal being other ponds. When they do not intend remaining at your water-hole their flight is direct, and not wheeling. Now is the time to take a right and left, and it is not an unknown occurrence for a man, while his attention is occupied with the second shot, to be knocked over by the first duck he has killed, which falls with tremendous impetus.

If the weather is very windy the large ponds called waterholes sometimes become