

the depravity of poor human nature, it is far better to make the open season for woodcock and that for ruffed grouse, snipe, and duck begin on the same day. It is a noble thing to resist temptation, but there is a limit beyond which it is not safe to test the average moral fiber. The breaking strain is often reached when a nice, plump, but callow partridge goes up where a woodcock was expected. An ounce of No. 10 chilled is as effective at short range as a larger size—and spathe-cocked grouse is a delicacy to make the mouth water.

### THE 1900 DEER HUNT.

By J. S.

As we could not get our party together this year for a hunt during the hounding season, we decided to go on a still hunt later on, or as soon as the first snow fell. With this end in view we had made arrangements with Clark, who lives twenty-five miles back from the railroad, to come down to the front and wire us from Papineauville, and we would be in shape to start at once. Considerable snow fell in Montreal during the latter part of November, and we expected the message from Clark daily. After several days of anxious waiting the message we longed for came at last, and the party, consisting of N. W. Mac, John G. and myself, took the night express, the railway officials kindly arranging to have the train stopped for us although against the rules. Clark met us at the station with his team, and was prepared to start on the drive to the backwoods at once. But John, who is rather delicate (?) preferred to stop the rest of the night at the hotel and make an early start in the morning. This we decided to do although very much against our wishes. But I think he regretted the delay next morning, as before he retired he had to have a good dinner, etc. The result was that he was very, very bilious on the drive next day; in fact could not take the slightest interest in the scenery, which is famous in this part of the country.

We left the hotel at eight o'clock, and after a very pleasant drive reached the half-way house (which is a log shanty in the middle of the bush) at noon. Here we stopped and had a fine dinner, consisting of elegant salt pork of the vintage of 1800. This is where Mac distinguished himself by nursing a little "papoose" while the young mother looked on with a satisfied smile. The father, like most of the natives, was away in the bush, working for the lumbermen.

We continued our drive, and by three o'clock were a couple of miles from the house. And as we had seen tracks of several deer that had crossed the road we could not resist the temptation to try our luck for a couple of hours. We left the rig and promised to be at the house by dark, and would be ready for a good supper. We had not gone far when we jumped two deer, and saw the tracks of many more. We trailed our two until nearly dark without getting a shot and were compelled to make for the house. We were all pleased to meet Mrs. Clark and family again, especially as we were very hungry men, and as Mrs. C. is the best cook in the county we were soon enjoying one of her fine dinners. As someone remarked at the time: "The Board of Trade spreads are not in it." We turned in early as John, who is a very enthusiastic hunter, said that we must be up before day-light, and as he is also an enthusiastic sleeper, we made arrangements with Clark to call us. Next morning after an early breakfast we packed our lunches and started out to conquer or die. It was not long before we struck two fresh trails. We followed them for two or three hours before they began to get warm. As the deer needed a rest we

stopped and ate our lunches, and then took up the trail again. It was not long before we sighted a white flag through some thick underbrush, and as we were sighted at about the same time we did not get a shot. We were confident, however, that that deer was as good as ours. He did not run more than a hundred yards when his curiosity got the better of him and he stopped to size us up. He did not take much stock in us, so we drew a bead on the proper spot and pulled the trigger. That did not seem to have much effect on him. He simply raised the flag, which always indicates a "perfect miss," and continued on his way, not as before however, but in bounds at least thirty feet long. We apologized to ourselves for the mistake by saying that we had not handled our rifle for a year and were a little rusty. But still we knew, or thought we did, that the deer was still ours. After another half hour's tramp we found him waiting for us, and this time a cooler aim did the business, and he dropped after a few jumps. We had to drag him to the road and walk two miles to the house to get a horse to bring him in. We did not get home until nine o'clock. After a good night's rest, we were up and off again at daylight. After trying several mountains without success we came to a large one near where our camp is situated. Here we separated, one going each side and another over the top. Soon after reaching the top John saw a fine buck, and was fortunate enough to drop it in its tracks. This was a beautiful buck, with a fine pair of antlers. The natives said that it was the largest ever shot in the county, and John is having the head mounted to help decorate his rooms. This was where John proved that in spite of his being delicate he was good for something, for he dragged the best part of this large buck over and across the top of the mountain, of course he had two good men to help him or he never would have got there. It was hard work, but it had its funny side—as we were going down the side of the mountain there would be a slide, and all would go in a heap. It was hard to tell who would come out on top, deer or men. We left the deer in a clearing and sent the boy for a rig. We then started to continue the hunt and tramped for a mile or two without starting another. And as we looked down from the top of a mountain and saw Clark's clearing in the distance we concluded that we had had enough tramping for one day.

Next morning we hunted in a different direction, and it turned out to be a deer day, as we saw half a dozen, but it was a day of beautiful misses. Mac and I hunted together, while John and Clark went in a different direction. John trailed his deer round until it came out in the clearing within fifty yards of Clark's house. The deer, a fine buck, stood still and looked at him while he fired six shots at it. He then calmly walked off into the thick bush while John shouted to the boy to bring him an axe. What he wanted it for no one but himself knows. Mac and I were not long in finding fresh tracks, which we followed to a mountain which was fairly covered with tracks; here we lost the trail we were following, as it was mixed with the others. While we were debating what to do Mac spied the grandfather of all the bucks, with antlers the size of a tree. He said that it was coming straight for us, and I dropped to the ground. Mac seemed excited, and as I looked up I saw that his rifle was shaking like a leaf, or several leaves in a gale. I did not, however, realize that he was having a most approved attack of buck fever, until too late, and he had fired into the air, as he said the deer was as large as the mountain and he could not miss it. But he did, and as he was determined to have that deer he started after it, while I fired at a doe which was coming along, and also missed. We had returned to the