

HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

AN APPRECIATION OF CANADIAN SPORT

(By C. F. Lane in the Field)

No one can, until he has visited Canada, conceive the enormous territory which is open to the sportsman, or the vast quantity of game it contains. With the exception of a few small tracts of country in the East, which are leased to private individuals, all shooting is free. Of course, the various provinces have game licenses, varying from \$25 to \$100 for big game; but as the money so collected helps, and is spent in, game protection, no sportsman grudges the payment thereof. Were no such licenses imposed, Canada would soon be in the same predicament as the United States, whose game, once so prolific, is practically exhausted. We will commence with the feathered game, for it is safe to say, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere else in the world is there such a variety of sport or more sporting birds.

The most widely distributed game bird is that known as the Canadian partridge, though why given this name is a mystery, for it in no way resembles the European partridge. It is really the ruffed grouse, and is found in the woods and forests of every province. Probably no bird can equal it for speed, and, though big and heavily feathered, it seems to rise as if propelled by springs, attaining full speed immediately. A day spent among "partridges," amidst such scenery and colorings as the Canadian bush offers in September and October, will never be forgotten. An indifferent shot need not expect a heavy bag, though the crack will kill all he wants, but will have no "one to three" average if he takes sporting chances. He will certainly admit that, compared with the "partridge," a woodcock in a fir plantation is a sluggard. The sharp-tailed grouse of the Canadian prairies is another fine representative of the grouse family, and, like our red grouse, is found in coverts in the early part of the season, later on packing, and keeping in packs till the spring mating season. The rolling prairies of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan, studded with bluffs, make ideal shooting grounds. The birds, when flushed on the open prairies or the stubble, fly straight to a bluff (a patch of small, light bush composed of poplar and low scrub, varying in size from a few yards to several acres), and, scattering, lie well to the dogs, giving very pretty shooting.

The pinnated grouse has been making his way up into the Canadian Northwest, and several will be bagged in the course of a day on the prairies, though this bird does not take to the bluffs, but remains in the open. It is a comparatively short time since the great Canadian West was cultivated, and before settlers came grouse knew nothing of grain, and lived on native berries and seeds, but they soon acquired a taste for domestic grains, wheat in particular, and, owing to good game laws, are on the increase. The stubble is seldom cut as short as it is at home, and sport can be obtained with dogs which cannot be beaten among the partridges at home, with the added advantage of a climate bracing enough, as some would say, to resuscitate a corpse.

But the marvel of the prairies are the vast herds of waterfowl that year by year visit its lakes and ponds, or "sloos," as they are called. Here the birds find a practically inexhaustible supply of their favorite foods: water celery, wild rice, and Manitoba No. 1 hard. The varieties of duck are numerous, the principal being mallard, redhead, black duck, blue-bill, canvas-back, wiggon, teal, and golden-eye; add to these geese and swan, and what more can one ask? The number of birds is incredible, myriads upon myriads being seen upon every sheet of water, and such shooting has to be experienced to be appreciated. Now to point out a few places where sport is certain and good.

The first stage of the journey after leaving the steamer is Winnipeg, which is an excellent centre to start from. A short trip over the Napinka branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway will land you at Whitewater Lake, in Southern Manitoba. Here, in addition to thousands of geese, duck, crane, and other waterfowl, snipe and plover are found, also the well known prairie chicken, so that the sportsman can vary his shooting to his heart's content. Killarney Lake and Pelican Lake, to the northeast are noted, and Rock Lake, near Clearwater, and Swan Lake, adjacent to Pilot Mound, provide big bags with unfailing regularity. The Tiger Hills, in the Pembina Mountains, besides holding great quantities of geese and duck, are also haunted by elk, mule deer, and black bear. Camp outfit must be taken to this region, but the sport will well repay the trouble. In Saskatchewan and Alberta, on the branch line from Pasqua, country that has seldom been shot over is reached, where ducks, geese and plover are to be found in myriads. Perhaps the best place for geese is the south side of Buffalo Lake, about twenty miles north of Moose Jaw. Geese in incredible numbers come here in September and October from the breeding grounds in the far north, and remain till the ice forces them farther south for the winter. This country is well settled, and the wheat stubbles afford splendid feeding. Hidden in pits dug in the stubble fields, with your decoys set out in the line of flight, the utmost anticipation of any goose shooter will be realized.

Countless other places could be mentioned where the shooting is of the best, and there must be an equally large number of desirable spots which the eye of man has, as yet, never seen. However, enough has been said; great sport and good bags are certain, and it is nowadays so easy to get to Canada that the won-

der is that the dock, on the arrival of each steamer at Montreal, does not remind one of Perth station on August 11. There is room for all that come.

And now for the big game. I almost fear attempting to persuade the bird shooter to try his hand at big game. Many a fisherman has been satisfied with catching trout, till one unlucky day he got his first salmon; result, he is never again satisfied with trout. Grouse shooters have been satisfied that they have enjoyed the acme of sport, till fate put them in the way of stalking deer. Likewise the man who, if he never faced a moose in Canada's woods, would be satisfied with birds, may upon his first luck with the rifle desert the shot gun, and thereafter be satisfied only with big game. To be satisfied and content with little is one of the secrets of happy life on this earth, and on the principle that what has never been enjoyed can never be missed, it may be unwise to advise the bird shooter to look higher.

Big game in Canada is more than plentiful; at present it is abundant, but how long it will remain so is problematical. At one time the greater part of the United States was one large game preserve, but look at it today. Though it is fairly certain that Canada will not come to such a bad pass, yet big game will disappear before the birds, and trophies with the rifle

cannot be guaranteed with the same degree of confidence as those of the shotgun. However, there can be no doubt that as a big game country Canada is today second to none. Not only is game prolific, but sport can be enjoyed under the most perfect climatic conditions, and at far less expense and with less hardship than in any other quarter of the globe.

The king of the deer tribe is without doubt the moose, and he is found in every province of the Dominion, though Quebec, Ontario and New Brunswick would undoubtedly be considered the best in which to try one's luck. This magnificent animal is indeed noble game, for in weight a full grown bull often exceeds 1,000 pounds, and the spread of the antlers is six feet and over. Moreover, he is brave and fearless. To obtain a trophy entails perseverance and care, his sense of smell being so keen and his hearing so acute that the least error will cause disappointment. The method usually adopted in moose hunting is "calling." Those inventors of the megaphone, the Indians, make horns of the bark of the birch, and therewith imitate the call of the cow moose. The bull soon answers, and if he approaches from leeward and the hidden hunter keeps still and out of sight, the chances are that a crashing of branches with the splendid antlers will be fol-

lowed by his appearance. What the sportsman's feelings are the first time he views this splendid beast in his native forests can easily be understood. Will birds ever again satisfy his sporting lust? At least one-third of the Province of New Brunswick is good hunting ground, perhaps the best district in this province being that to the north and east of the river St. John. This territory can be described as one vast game preserve, running 150 miles to the north, with a width in places of 100 miles.

In Quebec Province the best places in the eastern portion are about Lake Edward and La Belle Riviere, in the Lake St. John country; in the west, around Kipawa and Lake Temiskaming. In Ontario are many excellent districts, the best being the French River district, the Mississauga River district, and the country on both sides of the railway line from Fort William to Kenora. The last named territory is literally alive with moose, caribou, red deer, and black bear, while small game, such as timber wolf, lynx, and panther are all too plentiful; it has been little shot over so far, and will probably remain a game resort for years to come, as the land is unsuitable for agricultural purposes.

Deer are found in great numbers throughout the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and

in some places settlers have to keep boys driving them away from the young crops, pretty much the way a boy scares crows at home. This may sound "tall," but it is nevertheless the truth. Canadian conditions are ideal for deer. In the Southern States of America, where a few deer are still found, the bucks do not often exceed 80 pounds in weight, whereas in Ontario they frequently scale over 325 pounds. Northern Ontario and Quebec are ideal deer ranges, and, despite the number killed each year, this game is undoubtedly increasing. The numbers that exist may be realized to some extent when one finds that the railways carried over 4,000 deer from Ontario alone last season.

Caribou are found in Newfoundland, Labrador, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Northern Ontario, and Quebec, and perhaps the first named country is the place that holds the palm. There are two varieties of this splendid beast, the woodland caribou and the barren ground caribou. The former is the larger and of darker color, but the antlers are lighter. In winter the woodland caribou makes its home in the barren, frozen swamps, where it finds the lichens that form its staple food. The full grown animal is from 4½ to 5½ feet in height, and frequently weighs over 600 pounds. The barren ground caribou travels in herds of from twenty to many hundreds, and is noted for its migratory habits.

The best district in Quebec for caribou is that known as Les Jardins, the luxuriant growth of long grasses and small shrubs accounting for the name. This district is located some fifty miles north of Baie St. Paul, near the headwaters of the Murray Bay River. Enormous herds are seen here every winter. In Ontario the country north of Lake Superior is good. The handsome coloring and peculiarly shaped antlers make a caribou head a handsome trophy indeed.

The black bear is found throughout the length and breadth of Canada. In parts they are a positive nuisance to the farmers, and no sportsman can fail to secure several specimens any spring or fall; but in summer their fur is in poor condition. The black bear is a harmless creature, whose food consists of fruit, berries, fish, slugs and mice, with meat occasionally. It is impossible to tell how he secured his notoriety as a dangerous animal, for in reality he is an ardent coward, and, unless wounded or in defence of cubs, will never attack man. The best specimens are secured in the north, and Alaska robes often exceed 8 feet.

Antelopes roam over the prairies and foothills of Western Canada. The best way to secure a shot is to start them on the run and then cut off their flight at an angle, as in flight they rarely change the original direction of their course. Their meat is good, but the hide is of little use. The grizzly bear, the wapiti or elk, the mountain sheep, and mountain goat, also several varieties of the grouse family, are found in British Columbia among the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains. The sport to be obtained in Canada is endless and varied, and when next sport enters your head, make up your mind to try Canada; you will never regret your trip.

SIGNALLING TO MARS

M. Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, in an article regarding the plan of Professor Pickering, of Harvard, to signal to Mars, said that it was quite within the bounds of possibility that in some future era the earth might succeed in establishing communication.

"Every condition," he said, "points to the probability of Mars being inhabited, but the epoch in which the inhabitants of Mars might be able successfully to communicate with the earth has not yet come for us, though it has perhaps long gone by for the Martians.

"All our studies agree in representing Mars as much older than the earth. Whatever the form of Martian humanity, these brothers of ours in the heavens are probably infinitely superior intellectually to us, who have not yet learned to conduct our own affairs and who spend three-quarters of our total resources in maintaining armed men.

"If the Martians ever had any idea of communicating with the earth it was probably many millions of years ago in the mammoth and cove period of the earth's existence. Never having found any reply the Martians probably concluded either that the earth was uninhabited or that its people were engaged in a much grosser occupation than the study of the universe."

Professor Pickering says that in July Mars will be 5,000,000 miles nearer to earth than ever before. Professor Pickering's plan is to establish a series of mirrors occupying a quarter of a mile, which will be attached to one great axis parallel with that of the earth, and will be run by motors timed to make complete revolutions every twenty-four hours.

"The light thus reflected," he says, "would easily be discernible by the aid of telescopes by the Martians. We should begin a series of flashes, cutting off the sun's rays for an instant, and then throwing them on the mirrors again, repeating this at irregular intervals according to the telegraphic code of dots and dashes. This ought at once to attract the attention of the Martians, who will give an answering signal. Once such a signal is received it will be a comparatively easy matter to establish a code and transmit messages."

Professor Pickering is ready to furnish such a code, and says he is confident that if this proposed plan could be adopted, we on earth should be able eventually to converse with the Martians.

A Hole Through Mother Earth

Camille Flammarion, who loves to deal with the mysterious side of science, is responsible for the following:

The discussion aroused recently by the proposal to dig a geothermic well has brought up again the idea, still more original, and, besides, altogether romantic, of a tunnel piercing the entire globe, broached in the eighteenth century and commented on by Maupertius and Voltaire. The proposal was, in fact, to make a tunnel the length of which would correspond to the total diameter of the globe, at the ends of which we and our antipodes could look at each other by means of telescopes pointed toward the nadir. Really there is nothing new under the sun. Eighteen centuries ago Plutarch studied this same problem, and in the fourteenth century, long before Galileo's experiments on weight and Newton's theory of gravitation, Dante pictured Lucifer fallen ages ago from the height of heaven to the antipodes and enchained in the centre of the earth, "at the point of which, from everywhere, weights are attracted."

Il punto
Al qual si traggon d'ogni parte i pesi,
"L'Inferno," Canto xxxiv.

When one faces for the first time this problem of what would happen if a solid body were dropped into the proposed opening one is tempted to reply at once that "the body would stop at the centre of the earth, because gravity is there at its maximum." This reply is based on two errors, as, in the first place, far from being at its maximum, gravity is, on the contrary, at its minimum, null; and, on the other hand, on reaching the centre of the earth the body would have just the speed necessary to continue on its way to the other end of the diameter to the antipodes. Theoretically the body, left to itself, would immediately return to the centre and come back to its starting point. Then it would continue to describe a series of analogous oscillations; it would be a pendulum of a new kind.

Calculate Figure of Fall
What would be the duration of this fall? As a first approximation the ordinary formula for falling bodies may be employed to calculate it. In this formula the "time" sought is equal to the square root of twice the space traversed, divided by the intensity of the force of gravity. This intensity is, as we know, 9.81 metres; that is, the speed acquired at the end of a second by a body falling freely in space. Needless to say in this we leave out of consideration the resistance of the air. Now, using this

formula, we find the time to be 1,139 seconds, or eighteen minutes and fifty-nine seconds; or, in round numbers, nineteen minutes. The first hypothesis supposes the force of gravity to be constant the entire length of the well. It is certainly not exact.

If the earth be considered homogeneous mechanics teaches that gravity at any point is proportionate to its distance from the centre and gives us as the duration of the fall 1,267 seconds, or 21 minutes 7 seconds. It is certain that even this hypothesis is not exact, for the heaviest materials have been necessarily forced by the very action of the force of gravity to condense toward the centre. Basing his views on theoretical and experimental consideration, M. Roche, the astronomer of the scientific faculty of Montpellier, has been led to suppose, as is very likely, that the density of terrestrial matter must increase from the surface to the centre, according to a law which declares that the force of gravity increases as far as the sixth part of the radius, thereafter diminishing.

This formula gives us 1,150 seconds, or 19 minutes 10 seconds. This result, you will notice, is very close to that obtained by the first hypothesis. Thus, if the earth were pierced along the whole length of one of its diameters a body dropped at one opening of this tunnel would reach the centre in 19 minutes. Its velocity on arriving at the centre would be 9,546 metres a second. What would happen to the body on reaching the centre of our imaginary well? Would it stop like Lucifer and remain fixed at the central point of our planet?

We have just said that it would arrive there with a speed of 9,546 metres per second. This speed would consequently carry it beyond this central point and would take it to the antipodes. On reaching the other opening of the well our projectile would stop, and, acted on again by gravity, would fall once more to the centre, where it would again arrive with a velocity of 9,546 metres per second, and it would come back to us at the end of four times the time spent in reaching the centre, that is, in 4,600 seconds after its departure. The journey would have lasted in all one hour, sixteen minutes, forty seconds.

Theoretically, and leaving out of consideration the resistance of the air, this poor body, abandoned to itself, would again traverse the earth and would be thus shuffled to and fro forever. If we suppose the tunnel pierced from one pole to the other the body would go in a direct line along the terrestrial axis from the north to the south pole, and reciprocally.

A Moment With the Poets

The Time of the Year is May.

Oh where art thou, sweetheart,
Thou art my undoing
Come, chase all these shadows away,
Come, chase all these shadows away,
'Tis wonderfully fair,
The birds are swooning,
And the time of the year is May.
Oh, come quickly, sweetheart,
I weary awaiting,
All nature's in bridal array;
Then why dost thou linger,
Whilst thy lover is waiting,
Nearth blossoming fragrance of May.
—Elizabeth Thomson Ordway in the Boston Transcript.

The Sheath of Hiss.

One more unfortunate
Gasping for breath!
Rashly importunate,
Laced moist to death.
Gaze at her tenderly,
Dressed with such care;
Fashioned so slenderly
By coquette.

Look at her garments
Clinging like ornaments,
Judge her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly.

Not of the best of her
All that is left of her
Now is pure womanly.
O, to what meagreness
May a plump body come!
Basking with eagerness
Left but a modicum.

See those silk slips of hers
Clinging so lovingly,
(One might say glowingly),
Sheathing those lips of hers.

See her soft tresses
Escaped from the comb;
Her fair golden tresses,
While wondrousment gosses
Whose head they're from.

She is dressed rightly,
No matter how tightly
Her heart is compressed,
Director sheathing,
May stop one's breathing,
But one is well-dressed!
—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

Daffodils.

(Success Magazine)
From a vase they nod at me,
Throw me fragrance, pungent, sweet.
Fling me notes Spring cannot sing,
Sitting at rest and Winter's feet.
Give me cheer to wrap my mood
As I scan the city's street.

Maiden of the daffodils,
Face of youth and heart of gold,
In my silence here I yearn
For your love, untouched, untold;
For your petal'd dreams of bliss
In my keeping to unfold.

Must you droop, my daffodils,
Pale grow aethereal faces?
Fairer blooms by you will smile
(They will take your faded place);
Yet—sometimes a new-blown joy
Thrills not like a by-gone grace.

The Coming of Spring.

The snows have joined the little
streams and slid into the sea,
The mountain sides are damp and
black, and streaming in the sun;
But Spring, who should be with us now,
is waiting timidly.

For winter to unbar the gates and
let the rivers run.
One morning when the rain-birds call
across the single hills,
And the maple buds like tiny flames
shine red among the green,
The ice will burst asunder and go
pounding through the hills—
An endless grey procession, with the
yellow flood between.

Then the Spring will no more linger,
but come with joyous shout,
With music in the city squares and
laughter down the lane;
The thrush will pipe at twilight to draw
the blossoms out,
And the vanguard of the summer host
will camp with us again.
—Lloyd Roberts in Appleton's.

To the Songster.

Oh, sing to the heart that is lighter than
thou,
Oh, sing to the heart that is lighter than
thou,
Oh, sing to the heart that is lighter than
thou,
Oh, sing to the heart that is lighter than
thou.

To the eyes that are bathed in the glory
of summer,
To the eyes in which hope lies shat-
tered and slain!

Oh, sing to the toiler whose brow,
deeply chiselled,
is lined with the furrows life's battle
has ploughed!

Oh, sing to the idler who sits in the
noondays,
And laughs with the sunshine and
froams with the cloud!

Oh, sing to the footsore on Time's rocky
pathway
A song that shall cheer them and ban-
ish their fears!
Oh, sing to the lips smitten dumb with
swift sorrow
A song that is liquid with sympathy's
tears!

Oh, sing to the youth whose long, deep
horizon
is fearlessly met with a vigorous
gaze!
Oh, sing to the aged, their way dimly
groping
Through the shadowy vale to the
river's dark haze!

For yours is a heritage rich in posses-
sion,
That wealth cannot purchase nor jeal-
ously spoil;
So give to the poor or the rich of your
treasure,
To lighten their burdens and sweeten
their toil.
—Joseph Francis.

By wearing a sheath gown instead of a
skirt
A woman not only doth court withal
Attention from all, but provideth withal
A visible means of support.
—Cornell Widow.

CURRENT TOPICS

A week ago on Saturday a
children in Vancouver were
one. They blamed ice
bought from a Greek peddler
their illness. Just why these
dren, belonging to one family,
have been poisoned and all the
children who bought ice cream
comes from the same man has
escaped has not been learned. The
ice folks have recovered from
very serious illness.

Although ice cream, like
sweets, is good for children, it
in moderation, the habit of tr
one another and of spending
on every occasion, in this way
very bad one. Children shou
able to go to town without l
for the nice things they see
stands and in the streets, try
something boys and girls wou
well to think about.

Every fourth year the run
mon in the Fraser has been
Many say that they grant
not be so many fish in the river
1905. This opinion is given by
who have been trying to learn
habits of the salmon. It is
hoped that their fears will
groundless, for salmon cannin
always been a very profitable
ness.

Kipling once wrote a poem in
he called Canada "Our Lady
Snows." The pretty name spr
and wide, but it did not countr
harm. People in foreign co
were slow to learn that the
covered plains of winter co
converted into miles of waving
in autumn by the glorious
sunshine. During the last few
the truth has been learned, an
all directions farmers have
till the fertile land of the
West. The traveler who call
ish Columbia "A Sea of Mo
was almost as unkind to our
Province. It is true that our
rain scenery in the future com
habits of the salmon. It is
that our mines are r
British Columbia's valleys,
many thousands of acres of
live, soil and fit some parts
Province there are wide areas
tile land. That the riches
good woman and serve, is
chards and meadows and gra
is what Captain Tattow, Min
Finance and Agriculture, has
not only the people of Great
but of Eastern Canada and o
Province.

The Government has taken
pains to send men through th
try who shall teach the
dairy men and fruit raisers ho
their work better and survey
finding out where the best
lands are and how they may
reached.

On Vancouver Island the E
ment League and the Canad
cific Railway Company are at
the work of bringing the peopl
land. Unlike a mine, the lon
more thoroughly the farm is
the richer it becomes.

Before you read this the
tion of the Twenty-fourth w
reader. The editor hopes to
send and every one they lo
have the happiest possible
The memory of Queen Victori
we all should cherish. She
good woman and served her
long and well. It would have
her to see the fathers and
with their children spending
Day in this fair city which
name. For she was a loving
a wise and kind mother. B
King Edward ordered that
her's birthday be celebrated
than his own during his life
asked that all his subjects
keep it in honor of the Em
loved so well. So in all you
remember the greatest and
to the Empire to which you be
do nothing unworthy of her
This does not mean that you
to be as happy and merry as
on a holiday can be.

Now that peace has been
in Asia Minor it has been fo
a greater number were report
that was actually the case
have come out of their hidin