

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

CAMP AND CANOE.

LETTER 6.

LAKE KAHPEEKO,

November 10, 1893.

Dear Sam:—

I have not much that is exciting in this letter, but may give you a little insight into camp ways, and tell you of some of the incidents that go to make up our daily life. I am sorry to say that we have neighbors camped on Healy's Lake, and very unpleasant ones at that, although they are blue blooded autocrats from Toronto. They are here ostensibly for the purpose of deer hunting, but the name of the sport is unfortunate—deer slaughter would be more suited. Six "gentlemen of leisure" are in the party, and they have no less than eight Indians to care for them, eight boats and canoes, and a pack of yelping, snarling curs they call hounds. The lordly sport they follow is easily described. A point is surrounded by boats and watchers, the hounds are put on the first fresh trail found, and the deer, if a buck takes to the water at once, if a doe or a fawn circles about for a time but eventually swims, and is met at every point by a distinguished visitor from Toronto, who is paddled up to within two or three yards of the unfortunate deer, which is blown to pieces by a ball from a 44 Winchester. Such is almost the invariable history of the deer slaying performed by these Nimrods. When they have butchered enough game, the deer are hung up on a long pole, and the mighty hunters, arrayed in true hunting costume, are posed in striking attitudes and the Kodak fiend called in. The venison is not eaten by the party, that would destroy the record, but is shipped to Toronto on the same train as the returning hunters, and after it has created a sensation

among the local sports, is sold to the butcher. This is not an over-drawn picture, it is a fact that makes me boil with indignation every time I think of it. No wonder such pressure is brought to bear on the Ontario Government to put an end to the hounding of deer, but it must be ended at any price, and the less we see of these monied sports the better. Not only that this party in particular is decidedly offensive to the true lover of nature. While it is true that these men have a legal if not a moral right, to come out into the wilderness and guzzle as much whiskey and soda as they please, even at the expense of their livers, they have no right to make night and day hideous by a constant fusillade from their extensive battery of rifles. They shoot for coppers, they shoot at coppers—they bang away at everything living about the camp from chickadee to chipmunk—they go in and have a drink, and return to their shooting, and even in the middle of the night constant volleys are fired at goodness knows what. These pot huntersevidently have more ammunition than sense. We made a friendly call on Sunday evening, but when we found them playing poker at \$2.00 limit, even the greatest sinner in our crowd felt decidedly queer. Do nothing though that all Toronto sports are like that, there are some delightful exceptions, and in Blackstone Harbor we have found some fine fellows who shoot and fish and photograph just for the sake of true sport. No less than three of them are Professors from Toronto University, and they have camped so often that they know how to extract the benefit, mental and physical to be derived from an outing in the woods. Like ourselves they do not believe in the wanton destruction of game, and do not come into the woods to do things that the fear of the