

with gun or rod, by stream or covert, can pursue his favorite pastime. Is happier than a king. Much of the success of chicken shooting depends on the sagacity and training of the "bird dogs," as they are called, and one of the peculiarities that strike the sojourner in the "Chicago of the Northwest," is the fine type of these animals to be seen everywhere. Gordon setters, Laveracs, Blue Beltons, Pointers, Irish setters, and all the noble breeds of this class of canines are as common in the streets as mongrels are elsewhere. Few sights are more beautiful than these noble creatures, with full, intelligent eye, graceful pose and feathered tail pointing and retrieving.

The lover of the gun in other countries is largely dependent upon the mallard, canvas back, and their kin, and in many cases he is obliged to go many miles from the commercial centres to find them in their habitat. Similarly the sportsman of other places is now forced to depend largely on the rapidly thinning out quail, partridge and woodcock, while at the same time the prairie province and the lands to the west and northwest of it are at the present time literally alive with the prairie hen, which unquestionably affords the finest shooting to be had on the American continent. With a well-trained pair of horses, a driver who understands his business, a Gordon setter thoroughly up to the mark, a number twelve Hammerless Greener, and an agreeable companion on the opening day of the season, a man can obtain, in a radius of from fifteen to twenty miles from Winnipeg, as good chicken shooting as the most exacting could desire. Better shooting, of course, can be had at a greater distance from the civic centres, but its superiority only lies in the fact of the game being less disturbed, and as a consequence not so shy as those in localities more accustomed to the presence of the hunter. As a matter of fact, however, prairie chickens are plentiful throughout the entire province, and no greater sport can be imagined or more easily obtained than this, which is essentially the sport of the western plains.

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Attention is called to the advertisement of Messrs. T. Costen & Co., sporting goods dealers, 1636 Notre Dame St., Montreal. This firm is one of the "old reliables" of the trade.

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The Rod and Gun Publishing Company will be pleased to receive addresses of sportsmen to whom sample copies of the magazine will be sent. Or, better still, make your friends a present of a year's subscription to Rod and Gun.

THE FOWLER OF THE COAST

(Atlantic Coast, late Autumn.)

By C. McKAY.



ABOVE, swart sky and sable cloud ;
Beneath, grey streaming surging seas ;
Inshore, old Ocean's hoary host
Charging the rock-embattled coast ;

And seaward, breathings of a breeze,
And shiverings of the Deep's dark shroud.

A fowler, stormy-petrel wise,
Seated within his crazy boat,
Swings o'er the swells, from crest to crest,
In wild, abrupt, reckless unrest ;
He waits the morning's moving note,
The whirr of wild-duck 'cross the skies.

The dawn grows dim o'er Fort Latour,
And dank along the mist-draped sea ;
The wild-duck rise from cove and bay,
Flurried and frightened by the day,
And scurry seaward, flocking free,
As shot-guns speak along the shore.

The fowler rouses with the light,
And grasps his ancient fowling-piece ;
Anxious, alert, his keen eyes gaze,
Up through the shimmering pearl-hued haze
That folds him like a mystic fleece,
Watching the wild fowl's swift-winged flight.

The wild fowl pass with whirring roar,
Shutting the sky out overhead.
A shot—another—so, well done !
Twelve fowl drop seaward, one by one ;
The fowler gathers up the dead
And wounded—loads—and waits for more.