

ment and anxiety to make a kill, neglect to get down into his sights? Perhaps a combination of the two would explain some of the seemingly impossible misses.

My fourth deer was going much too fast for me to hit. I fired twice, but must register misses in both instances as the doe's flag was flying as she disappeared in the bush. The cleared space this doe had to cross would probably measure thirty-five yards. She covered the distance, if my memory serves me aright, in four jumps. Much too fast for this Nimrod!

My fifth and last deer appeared on the scene not more than five minutes after the doe quitted it. He was a very large buck and was coming slowly. At about eighty yards I fired and the buck went down. I could picture the appearance of a mighty fine pair of horns in my sanctum. But Mr. Buck felt that he was fit for better things than an ornament in a country newspaper office, so he got up and made off. I hit again as he was going and within two hundred yards he was knocked down again by Mac. And still that buck got away.

I have no other excuse for mentioning my own deer hunting experiences than that I could not better explain the trials and tribulations of the novice. Our party was made up largely of novices, and the most of them had troubles similar to mine—at least I conclude they had or they would have "brought home the bacon." The old hunter is not so troubled. In the majority of cases when he sees a deer he gets it, and he gets it without filling it with lead. One or two shots usually suffice because the old hunter knows, firstly, where to hit them, and secondly, hits them.

One gains considerable information even in the wilds of Parry Sound. The writer has, for some years, been a close reader of various sporting journals. From his perusal of these publications he had long been under the impression that a "still hunter" was one who matched his craft against the natural instincts of the deer. But from experience gained on this trip he is forced to the conclusion that the definition is erroneous. In the Naiscoot district there was not one "still hunter" of this description. The "still hunters" of that district took their stands on each side of the territory hunted by the men with dogs and, as the deer ran before the other man's dogs, the "still hunter" potted them. The latest definition of a "still hunter" in the Naiscoot district is "A —, who is too miserable to feed a dog himself, but who does not hesitate to shoot his full count in front of another man's dog." Presumably all "still hunters" are not of this sort.

After the day's hunt, hunters came in to spend a while chatting or playing cards. There were a dozen or more camps within a radius of five or six miles and there was a spirit of camaraderie among the hunters. The day's runs or the day's kill or the stories of the big one missed served to pass the hours of the evenings.

At every meal there were twelve hunters to feed, as well as the frequent visitors, and the meals were well prepared and splendidly cooked. Whether the meat was beef, pork, venison or rabbit it was placed upon the table in a mighty appetizing form, and the choice and preparation of vegetables would please even a gourmand. And at that the stove was in a bad state of disrepair—no front damper, door fastened in place with wire, a cracked oven and pie-plates for stove-lids. The cooks managed to bake some apple pies—the top of a box served as a bakeboard, and a bottle, empty, of course, served for a rolling-pin—and the pies were very acceptable, even though they were a trifle overdone on the top and a little underdone on the bottom.

When the game was brought into camp it was hung upon a heavy pole supported by crossed saplings. While putting up deer number six the supporting saplings at one end slipped and the horizontal pole with its load of six deer landed on the back of Frank's neck. Some jar! Then someone in the crowd asked, "Did it hurt, Frank?" Frank, who was handling his neck very tenderly just at that moment, said, in a tone that was very like a peeved growl, "Certainly not, I just held it on my neck for exercise." It would seem as though the query might be listed Foolish Question Number 1,793,497.

Writing of the deer reminds me that the bringing

in of the game was by far the most tiresome and uninteresting part of the two weeks spent in camp. The game was shot, in nearly every instance, more than three miles from camp and, as it was impossible to reach water with it, or at least any body of water upon which it could be floated nearer to camp, the deer had to be carried in. With the smaller deer it wasn't so difficult. With them the legs were tied together and the load hoisted on the shoulders of one man who would carry for several hundred yards before passing the load over to the next porter. For the larger deer a sort of stretcher was made. The game was tied thereon and two men, with the aid of tump lines, would lift the load and carry. It was tremendously heavy work, particularly where the country was very rough, and it might be said to have fairly skimmed the cream from the day's sport. For the transportation of the last three deer the rear wheels and axle of an old buggy were used. A platform was built upon the axle and the deer were securely lashed thereon. With two men steering and four pulling the work was made much easier. But the rough country proved too hard on the "jitney," as the boys called it, and the conveyance broke down when about two miles and a half from camp. Then the game had to be lifted and packed the remaining distance as before.

Dan was elected captain of the party. He assigned certain of the boys to certain duties and thus the work about the camp was done. Some were delegated to help the cooks, others to light and tend the fires, others to care for the maintenance of the wood supply, and others to look after the dogs. The captain, the first morning, placed us on the runways and left to "put in" the dogs. About one o'clock the boys headed for camp leaving the captain in the bush with the dogs. After reaching camp the writer and Baze took shot-guns and went out to try for smaller game. While tramping through the bush, about four hundred yards from camp, we raised a

large doe, which disappeared so rapidly that she must have broken all speed records for that district.

Hearing a noise a few hundred yards to our left we hurried over and found three of the party, including the captain, on the road to camp. We mentioned that we had started a deer a little to the right. This provided an opening, if one was needed, for the captain, and he sure did "open up." He brought his rapid fire gun into operation and the writer had the pleasure (?) of listening to the finest calling-down it has ever been his misfortune to receive. The address was illuminating and instructive and clothed in language lucid and lurid. The duties of a huntsman were thoroughly explained, and it was evident, when the captain got through, that a man placed on a "stand" had a right to remain there until taken off, particularly when someone was in the woods with the dogs endeavouring to scare up game.

When it is known that Dan had walked perhaps eight or ten miles through the woods in his "dogging" operations and had returned to find not a single man on his runway, and two of the number tramping around with shot-guns looking for rabbits, it is scarcely surprising that he opened up when he found someone to talk at. Owing to the fact that Baze and I got our rifles and went out after the deer we were not at the camp to hear what happened when the captain arrived. However, we subsequently learned that the rest of the boys had "got theirs." The dressing was productive of good results. The runways were carefully watched thereafter.

In benefit to health the trip proved a good investment. It took the hunters from their daily grind and returned them to their work refreshed in mind and body. For a time it solved the problem of the H. C. of L. by bringing to each of the party a liberal share of venison and bear-steak. The successful shot and the unsuccessful shared alike. Practical socialism, and a deuce of a good time—that's what we got for going out after DEER.

GOING AFTER THE HARD-SHELLS

(Continued from page 6.)

something that's over and done with. More men than the half million might be needed, you say? Well, not immediately. They could settle how to get them later on. If they had the usual Laurier luck, the war would be over before they had any trouble over that. Sir Wilfrid and the Grits would be securely in power, and Borden would be in the soup, where he deserves to be for not sticking to his own party. I tell you I am afraid it's the shrewdest plant that has been known in Canada since the day when John A. out-manoeuvred George Brown in the "double shuffle."

"You alarm me," I said, "or rather you would alarm me if I were able to take your ideas seriously. But I am not. To my mind, public opinion is what has forced union government and made it possible for Borden to carry out his plans in spite of all discouragements. Public opinion wouldn't stand for any such shenanigan even if these men were capable of such treachery. Borden would have it in his power, anyway, to ask for a dissolution, and the country would be quick to punish any such nonsense as you seem to fear."

"Dissolution within three or four months after an election, and with no supply voted? He couldn't get it. There would be nothing to do but make way for the one man who would be in position to 'carry on.' And the tragedy of it is that, with the new Franchise Act, the old government couldn't possibly have lost. Didn't you notice Sir Wilfrid's comment, 'Are we downhearted? No!' He has no reason to be."

I left this Conservative Jeremiah and an hour or two later encountered one of my dyed-in-the-wool Liberal friends. He had lost all interest in things political. Usually a war horse whinneying for the fray around election times, he saw no likelihood of that sort of conflict that had been the joy of his previous existence, and he was correspondingly depressed. Of course, there was nothing to do now but line up behind the Union band waggon, and there was no prospect of any fun in that. In short, he was frankly indignant and sadly disappointed.

"If our fellows only had had the nerve to stand

by the convention platform, we had your crowd trimmed," he complained. "It was the grandest chance ever to put the West on the political map and the old man back into power, but Calder and Sifton have spoiled it all by losing their nerve and being carried away by a lot of sentimental flapdoodle in the papers. Why, we'll hardly know we are having an election. I know what a Grit is, and I know what's meant when they call a man a Tory; but hanged if I know what's meant by a Unionist. I know what a Unionist isn't. Remember what Bob Edwards said about Independents in that rag of his that is more widely read in the west than the Gospel according to St. John. A Unionist, like an Independent, is 'neither fish, flesh, hash, hell-fire, nor mahogany.' Nevertheless, I suppose if there is an election here there will be nothing to do but vote for a Unionist. There will not be any other candidate here that any man but an anarchist could support. I am assuming there will be no straight Liberal candidates in the west, although I am not so sure of that, after all. If the government candidate happens to be a Grit in a Unionist uniform it won't be so bad," he concluded. "But elections were the best sort of fun I knew, and apparently there is to be no more of it—thanks to the Kaiser and Jim Calder's sentimental foolishness."

His attitude reminded me of the story of the Irishman who listened with open mouth to the happy prediction that this was to be the last war, that the treaty which will bring it to an end would usher in the era of universal peace.

"Do you mean there will be no more sodgerin', no more fightin'?"

"That's what I mean exactly."

"Thank God, there'll always be the police."

I next sought counsel with an old friend, known to a small but intimate circle as "the senator." For years an active political worker and as much in the confidence long ago of his one time chief, Sir Clifford Sifton, as any man was permitted to be by that political sphinx—I thought his opinions would be of value.

(Concluded on page 24.)