aisles of the pine woods. The fragrant smoke rolled and beckoned a welcome to our midday meal. Later, as the Indian and I sat drowsily smoking the more thoughtful Fritz gathered up the fragments of our dinner and struggled off through the snow to feed the hungry grouse. When we saw him again, plodding back heavily through the drifts he carried a dark object in his hands. It was the grouse—dead. Fritz has a tender heart, and his trembling lip was so near the danger line that we read the bird's story in silence. Its torn breast spoke eloquently of the swift attack of the leaping mink, its own vain struggle, and, let us hope, its speedy, painless death.

We stood next morning around a hole cut through the deep ice far up Rice Lake. A red willow arch curved above the ice shavings that surrounded the opening. Robes were laid down. A big glass jar of live minnows was lowered until it hung suspended just beneath the lower surface of the ice, three feet below the upper. Throwing myself on the furs, and pushing my head under the willow, I was soon completely covered by Hawk. Robe after robe was thrown over me, until every ray of light was excluded. At first I could see nothing. Then a glass of green water showed beneath me; next the dark, ice-chiselled sides of the hole were visible. Then a weed, drifted by the current, glided into the scene, and at last I saw the inhabitants of the deep. As they came out of the warmer, sheltered depth into the cool gleaming shaft of light they seemed of more yellowish shades. But as they rose nearer the

Setting Loon on Nest

jar of minnows I saw they were big mouth bass. One large fish, his black luster eyes set on the tempting bait, charged the jar, and as it swung slowly away he followed. He and his mates crowded together, nosing and bunting it. Still the alluring minnows swam about. Time after time the bass charged, only to meet the cold glass. Finally they set it swinging in concentric circles, and they followed it, curving and darting, rising and falling, in a merry mad measure so irresistibly comical that I laughed aloud. The covering above me was disturbed. A ray of light flashed in, and the scene disappeared.

Again the robes were adjusted, and again I waited. Soon, far down in the murky depths, I saw a long green shadow swim slowly across the hole. In a few minutes it came back, but higher up; then again, still higher, until suddenly the long sharp nose and big, hollow-looking eyes of a twenty pound maskinonge were within three feet of my face. So sudden and alarming was its appearance that I dodged involuntarily; but deceived by the reflection I dodged the wrong way, and almost plumped my face into the icy water. Whether the great fish was as startled as I had been by the apparition below water of so strange an animal I don't know, but it swept out of the view circle instantly. All through the cold bright hours of the day the fish gathered about that mock feast. The bass came in couples, in schools even, and gazed and poked at those unapproachable minnows. It might truly be said that their mouths watered as they hungrily circled around the jar, fading away like shadows before the long green shark-like nose of the maskinonge appeared. These big fishes swam in many a curving line, solemnly encircling the imprisoned bait; but no matter how great the number of the fish, nor how small the circle they did not touch one another. The Indian saw and wondered. The fat boy saw and shivered through all his ponderous body until the furs shook with him. It was time to go home. With nipped fingers we pulled up our bait, our teeth chattering in our heads. A minute afterwards we were speeding home on ringing skates.

The wild ducks were the next to claim the attention of our note-book and camera. On the Southern Canadian lakes the great migration north pauses, for here are the great wild celery beds, wild rice seed, the spatter-dock of the marshes, the myriads of snails. Here the ducks linger and feed. Hitherto, as the isotherm of 35 degrees has moved north, they have closely followed, but now they wait, sure of food, until the breeding grounds far over the Height of Land—far up—almost to the Arctic Circle—are ready to receive them. One great bay held a flock numbering many thousands. In the evening, when the movement northward is the most pronounced, we calculated that there were about ten thousand of them, but in the morning, augmented by the great flocks of hungry birds from the South, there were at least twenty-five thousand. We counted twenty-two varieties of wild duck, the eider-duck and the harlequin only being missing. There were small flocks of Canada geese and brant, solitary specimens of pelicans and cormorants, pairs of loons and many varieties of griebe. As the birds dotted the calm surface of the lake we built our "hides." The rice beds lay sunken beneath the water, the grain growing from a black liquid mud. Into this mud we drove our poles. Then we placed cross poles in the crotches, and hung across them a great quantity of wild rice straw. The straw concealed our canoe and the platform we had erected to hold our cameras. We anchored a flock of decoys near by, and placed the camera, so that its bright lens could peer out at them from its straw covering. From our hiding place we could watch the wonderful ways of our web-footed friends. The golden-eyed drakes swam past proudly with their necks arched and their glossy green feathers and brilliant yellow eyes glistening in the sunlight. They were following, several drakes to each duck, the more soberly clad females. They dived as she dived; they rose from beneath the water and with flying wing speeded after her as she leaped into the air. They followed her every movement, settling where she settled, swimming around her as she rested, uttering the spring love note, which sounds like nothing in the world but a rusty hinge. "Creek, creek!" they called to her. This cry is to be heard only in the spring time, and is utterly unlike the "ducks" and "myamohs" of the regular note. At last the female hearkened to one of the drakes, and she and her mate drove off the rejected lovers.

Hawk built us "bough-houses" on the points of the islands, where we could watch the ducks unobserved by them. These "bough-houses" are circular fort-like structure of stone, from which the camera is peered out like canon watching for an enemy. But sometimes we watched for our subjects from behind great, ice-shoved boulders, and pictured them with rapid focal plane shutters as they leaped in many a strange play. One game—for game it surely is—most closely resembled the "tag" of our boyhood. A plain brown blue bill would come diving along the shore with her train of drakes. Suddenly for no apparent reason—except that it was evidently part of the game—she would leap from the water gracefully curving and spattering over the surface. All the male birds follow in hot pursuit. Down the female dives; she emerges in a cloud of spray. The males have dived too, and now they emerge, as the duck does, popping out of the water like so many flying fish. After the birds have played their game for a hundred yards or so they settle down again to the more serious game business of feeding, gravelling, and love-making.

We were exceedingly interested in the mergansers. The drake, with his dark green head and chestnut breast, is a glorious creature. His bright red eyes

Flannelette.

If purchasers of this useful material for Underwear all the year round would buy the best English make, which can be obtained from all leading Stores, they would avoid the risks they undoubtedly run with the inferior qualities of Flannelette.

Horrockses' Flannelettes

made by the Manuacturers of the celebrated Longcloths, Twills and Sheetings

are the best.

HORROCKSES"
stamped on selvedge every five yards.

Awarded the Certificate of The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.

Canadian-Phoenix Insurance Company

Head Office : Brandon, Manitoba

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $500,000.00

Full Government Deposit

Messrs. McMeans, Miller & Co.,

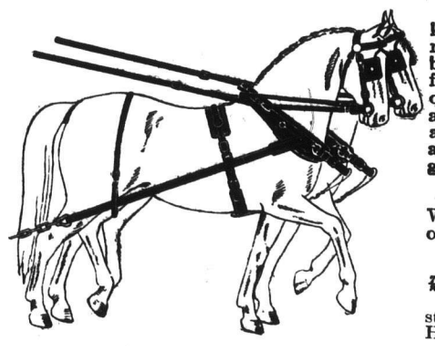
GENERAL AGENTS

Bank of Nova Scotia Building, Winnipeg

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS

A. E. McKenzie, Esq., President — Major A. L. Young, Vice-President — F. J. Clark, Managing-Director

SAVE MONEY BY BUYING YOUR HARNESS DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER



N.B.—Collars are Leather Faced.

We are the actual manufacturers of all kinds of harness and can save you a lot of money by giving you the opportunity of buying your harness from us instead of from the middleman. In order to get acquainted with readers of this magazine we are offering you a set of Team Harness at a very low price. This harness is strong and durable and excellent for farming and general team work.

SEE SPECIFICATIONS.

Bridles—¾ inch square harness leather Winker, or open if desired, short checks over hame.

Lines—1 inch 18 feet, with snaps.

Hames—Strong, varnished bolt hame, ¾ inch hame straps, chain spreaders.

Traces—2 inch double leather, and stitched with 3 rows of stitching full length. Heel chain with dee and five link chains.

Pads—1¼ inch top double and stitched with harness leather housing, 2¾ by 18 in., felt lined.

Belly Bands—Folded with 1¼ inch buckles.

Breast Straps—1¼ inch with snaps and slides, Martingales 1¼ inch.

Back and Hip Straps—¾ inch back strap to hame, folded cruppers and ¾ inch hip straps with trace Carriers.

Harness Complete - $28.00 — Without Collars $25.50

Without Back and Hip Straps, Deduct - $2.00

WINNIPEG SADDLERY CO., 284 William Ave., Winnipeg

REFERENCE, IMPERIAL BANK.