is 4th day of November, 1909 CAMPBELL REDDIE, ork of the Executive Council

BY CERTIFY that "The Ella-inany," an extra-provincial has this day been registered pany under the "Companies" to carry out or effect all er objects of the company to legislative authority of the of British Columbia ex-

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REPROSPECT AND PROSPECT

(Richard L. Pocock)

The first day of the new year is the last day of the game-shooting season; after this we must be content with the sport we can get from the wild-fowl This last year was made remarkable by the extraordinary rainfall which put the Esquimalt & Nanaimo railway seriously out of gear, and thus interfered very materially with the concentration of season with terially with the opportunities of sport with the gun for the enjoyment of which so many town sportsmen depend upon the railroad. A good many complaints have been heard about good many complaints have been heard about poor bags, but, on the other hand, some very good ones were made, as I know from personal observation, about which not so much is said. The "poor-bag" men voice their sorrows and disappointment in louder tones than the more, successful ones, who, on making a good killing, are more chary of advertising the fact and attracting others to their chosen resorts. After all, personal observation and experience count for more than reports and gossip of the sport-ing stores, and I am of opinion that a little more knocking has been done than is really

Speaking for myself, I must return thanks for at least two very excellent days indeed, sev-eral other very fair days, all the days I have been out very enjoyable days, and no blank days. In these days of rapid growth in the size of the city and numbers of gunners frequenting the neighboring woods and fields, I feel that I have nothing to kick about in the way of lack of sport.

The deer hunters did about as well as usual of late years, and have proved that the chances of packing home a good buck from not too distant places are still good for those who favor this branch of sport.

The blue grouse have undoubtedly benefited by the alteration in the date of opening from the first of September to the first of October. Numerous good bags of blues were made in the opening days of the season by those who knew where to go, and were energetic enough to go there. Blues retire early to the tree-tops, and it is well they do, for one thing is very certain, that, however plentiful they might be, if in these days we were allowed to shoot them at the beginning of September, before the young birds are full-grown, they would without doubt speedily be exterminated in the home districts. One of their worst present-day enemies is the almost silent .22 rifle in he hands of the farmer's boy.

Willow grouse are certainly not as plentiful as they must have been in the early days, if we are to believe all the wonderful tales told by the old-timers who used to make such remarkable bags within a few feet of their back doors-tame kind of sport it must have been, to be sure. Still there are sufficient to test the skill of the best shots yet. Being a late season, they were not so much in evidence in the open country early, no more were the pheasants, and hence there were quite a few sports-mn to do a little grousing of the other kind.

Valley quail are more numerous than ever, though I am afraid that the reverse is the case with the mountain quail, which seem less able to withstand the cold snaps with which we have been visited of late.

On the whole, though 1909 has not been a remarkable season for the small game shooter, there seems little reason for pessimism in looking forward to the fall of 1910. No one can reasonably expect to find free shooting grounds in the near neighborhood of a large city teeming with game, and, considering prospects for the future are none too bad.

The season has been unfortunately marred by several bad accidents, two to local men, one of which has left a nasty blot on the good name of Victoria sportsmen as a body by the dastardly way in which the party who did the shooting ran away from his victim, and has never yet had the courage and the sense of justice to come out openly and confess to the deed, and thus clear the names of other innocent persons from a horrible suspicion. At different times I have had the names of no fewer than three parties given to me as without a doubt being the guilty ones. To hush up a thing of this kind is a public scandal and a public danger.

As for legislation, the regulations as they stood this year as far as small game goes, which is all with which I am concerned with in these present remarks, seem to have been regarded as satisfactory by most reasonable people, though the arrangements made for enforcing the same left much to be desired. As a writer in a contemporary remarked, the game warden was alright, but there was not enough of him, and he could not be in more than one place at once. An almost unanimous opinion seems to exist among sportsmen that the time has arrived for the introduction of a gun license as a check on irresponsible gunners as well as a legitimate tax on those of us who get enjoy-ment from the free use at present of a public

I do not believe that any political party need be afraid of imposing this license on the users of guns in organized districts, and I feel sure that it would be welcomed by all real sportsmen, that is, of course, if the cost of the cense were fixed at a low amount, which is all that is necessary, and the proceeds set apart for the improvement in the arrangements for the protection of the game.

The system adopted in Manitoba, which I recommended some time ago in this column, seems to me to be a very admirable one, by which every holder of a license to shoot is made a game warden by the fact of taking out

ment for doing his share to see that the game laws are respected. I believe that such an arrangement would have a most excellent effect in deterring evil-doers, and I should very much like to see it tried here.

CHRISTMAS SPORT IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

Year after year, when December comes round, the old speculations become new again. We look forward with a longer experience be-We look forward with a longer experience behind us; we guess and discuss with hopes never less fresh even if the eagerness of years gone by may have become a little mellowed, the enthusiasm tempered by remembrance of other years. We cannot all of us expect Christmas holidays as long as the schoolboy's; we have not all of us the full leisure of those who are privileged to spend the year sound who are privileged to spend the year round in the country without the necessity of getting a living somehow out of the town; but for all of us, whether we expect to enjoy our own holidays or only to help others to enjoy theirs, the beginning of hopes and fears is Christmas weather. Shall we have a white Christmas or a green? Will it be warm and wet, with a south-west wind tossing rain against closed doors and windows, or will it be quiet and cool and without wind, one of those weeks in with a mist drawn like a curtain between earth and sun—a week for hunting, perhaps, but not the week the shooter would ask for first? Or will it be one of those seasons which the shooting man, doubtless, hopes for most? Bright sunshine every day from the moment when the mist clears first in the morning to the hour when the light fades in a clear green sky above the low, rusty reds of the west; enough snow to set a sprinkling on every furrow, and more than a sprinkle in the drifts; enough frost at night to fill the brook reeds with wildfowl and the marsh with snipe— there is the prayer, or something like it, of the shooting man who hopes for something wilder and better than the mere formalities and the ordered difficulties of the modern covert shoot.

Not that the shooter at Christmas-time does not welcome a good day's covert shooting. How should he fail to welcome it? The weeks of which Christmas and the New Year are the centres provide some of the most exhiliarating days of the whole round of the year's shooting. The leaf is off the trees, the last oaks and beeches have spread their bronze and russet carpet, and the pheasant rising in covert shows out darkly and sharply over the highest twigs as he gathers pace going forward over the guns or curling back over the heads of the beaters-one of the sporting

gun." The birds themselves have learn't new fears and new wisdom; some of them, like the old cock pheasants, have discovered and proved a hundred tricks of the hunted. You want almost more stops than beaters to get an old cock pheasant high on the wing in January. But all the birds fly faster and "merrier," as the gameleesers say in the later mouths, and the gamekeepers say, in the later months, and a touch of frost in the morning air sets a briskness in the blood of both the shooters and the game. The morning, perhaps, or the early part of it, has been set aside for driving a few fields of partridges; you cannot drive partridges late on a winter afternoon, and certainly there is no time which suits better with the nervous vigor of the scattering coveys than the first hour of the shooter's morning. The day holds no moment of keener anticipation than those when the guns are lined out in the stubble behind the high, quickset hedge, or belt of firs, and the distant shout or whistle is followed by the sudden flash of wings and the blur of the chocolate and grey breasts fronting and swerving above the trees. The later morning remains for the pheasants, and after lunch there may be pheasants again, or one of those pleasantest of all rough beats, when any one of five or six kind of game may be started by the beaters and come out at any angle and any pace into the open; the wily old cock pheasant of two or three seasons forced to his wings at last; the unexpected covey of partridges sunning themselves on the flattened grass and bracken; the mallard or teal clattering up from the pond in the clearing; the hare dashing wildly out over the brow of the stubble; or, most loudly proclaimed of all, the sudden woodcock flitting, like a brown shade, between the tree stems. That is a true sound of Christmas holiday making, when every beater within sight of the noiseless, nimble bird salutes him with a shout he keeps for no other bird or beast in the woods. A rabbit darting in and out among tree stems, bracken, and beaters' gaiters produces a hullaballoo which no other creature of the same size could raise in such a moment of time; there is no infection runs so quickly in the villager's mind than the joyous desire to chase a dodging rab-bit with a stick. But the rabbit, for all the ex-citement he provides, is a joke. The woodcock is a serious matter, he is a rarity, he is hard to hit, or he is supposed to be, and he adds distinction to the bag. The shout of "Woodcock forward!" is to the ordinary "Mark over!" what an adjuration is to a mere friendly warning

because either means necessarily easy shooting, but because both need qualities of patience and perseverance which somehow do only belong to schoolboys, at all events, in a higher degree than to their more experienced elders. It is only the man who has kept much of the schoolboy who, having had experience of most forms of shooting, is yet enthusiastic enough forms of shooting, is yet enthusiastic enough to spend a long morning, or a morning and an afternoon, waiting for rabbits to bolt out of buries in a bank or hedgerow. True, rabbits bolting well and fast, offer quite sufficiently dificult marks, especially if there are other buries close by into which they can tumble without any warning but the difficult part of without any warning, but the difficult part of the day is the almost inevitable spade work, digging out ferrets "lying up." That, added to the chance whether or not the rabbits will bolt so as to give good shooting, generally ends after a few days' trial in persuading those who have passed the first stages of sport with the gun that the worst way to shoot rabbits is to stand about on a cold winter's day waiting for a shot which may not come, or which, when it comes, may be so simple, as hardly to be worth taking. Yet there is, for all that, or there can be, for those who know how to find it, a very distinct charm in the sport of ferreting on a bright winter day. There is, to begin with, the essential charm of solitariness of shooting alone. All that the gun needs in the way of companionship to enjoy ferreting properly is a keeper's boy who knows how to handle ferrets, and a well-trained dog who can be trusted not to run in. Two guns are too many by one. Two guns interfere with each other; they are liable, however well they know each other to wait one on the other's shot, and, when there are of necessity many shots which belong to neither gun more than the other, the result often is that the rabbit escapes, or that one gun fires too late, and only wounds without killing, or that both fire together, which is needless and annoying. But the charm of the sport is far more than the mere shooting. It lies somewhere in the long hours spent in the quiet woods and the open fields; in the many sights and sounds which cannot be sought for and seen and heard at will, but which come only to the knowledge and into the experience of many days passed in the sun and wind and rain. The shooting itself may be poor sport; the chances of shooting, even may vanish, when, perhaps, both the working ferrets are lying up, and the string ferret has taken a prodigious amount of cord after it into the bury to find them. Yet aain, the sport may chance The winter holidays bring joy to the school-boy, his especial pleasures, the forms of shoot-it is first rate, would not be denied by the

The Sportsman's Calendar

JANUARY

Sport of the Month-Wildfowl shooting. In Season-Ducks, geese, brant, snipe. January 1st the last day for shooting pheasants, grouse and quail.

ried little bodies into the open—it can be good enough schoolboy exercise to please others much older than schoolboys. A sprinkle of snow, frost enough to keep the snow dry, and sunshine to throw a good light on the bank—those are three of the ideal conditions, and a fourth, for a winter day, should be little wind. A searching north-easter is not only an unhappiness to the standing shooter, but it empties all but the deepest and warmest buries, and makes the proper working of these, by the mere filling of them fuller than usual, the more difficult and confusing.

Of one form of shooting, which should belong essentially to the winter countryside, how many of us have seen the best? The sport of shooting wood pigeon is not yet properly recognized in the majority of country districts. We read of it often, and we all know how it should be done, but how often is it done? The procedure, as we have most of us seen it described, even if we have taken no part in it ourselves, is simplicity itself. A date is arranged simple words! for who does not know the difficulty of "arranging" a date that will suit even a dozen neighbors—on which every farmer and owner of shooting in the neighborhood agrees to shoot pigeon. All around the neighborhood everybody is to be walking through the fields and woods firing at the flocks of wood pigeon whenever he gets a chance, never allowing the birds to settle, but teeping them flying from one wood to another, perpetually passing over gun after gun, until everybody has made a fine bag, and the flocks of pigeon are reduced to scattered remnants. It sounds admirable work, and doubtless where it has been tried it has succeeded, but how much more often it might be tried, and with what excellent results, in keeping down the numbers of a troublesome bird and in providing an afternoon's amdsement for a neighborhood. The beginning, the first organizing of it, that is the difficult thing. If it were once arranged, and were a success in one season, the arrangement of a day in the next season, or even the next month, should be no more difficult than the fixing of a meet of otter hounds or beagles. Imagination suggests a new occupation for a country dweller —honorary secretary to the South Blankshire Wood Pigeon Club, perhaps. There might be a less useful occupation. As conditions are at present in most places, with little organization, for pigeon shooting in existence, winter after winter, sees the larger woods of the southern counties white with the roosting flocks of migrant and partially migrant pigeons, often of late years wasting with disease, but only very rarely properly tackled by shooting and farming neigh-

Most of the memories of Christmas shootng, or the distinctest memories at all events, belong somehow to the late afternoon. For many of us the days of informal shooting, and the companionship in shooting with old friends become less frequent as the years go on. We have memories of old days which were marked with a red letter, and we try to see if we cannot set one more red letter in the calendar. The day, however successful, must not end too soon, on one of these winter afternoons, with the frost in the air and the snow on the ground, as it should be, and if it is too dark to shoot pheasants much after half-past three, it is not too dark to shoot duck. If the old memory of duck shot at dusk can be revived for another year, what could be better? The sun down behind a bank of tawny clouds, a doubled coldness in the air with the failing light, the frost hardening the snow again, till shooting boots crunch on it too loudly, perhaps, for wary waterfowl-who that has tried often for duck winter cannot see that sky and hear the crunching snow, and smell the frost in the air as he remembers the stealthy stalk down the hedgerow or the lane to the corner in the stream or the belt of sedge in the pond? The quick, nervous gabble of the duck, alarmed before they fly; the clatter of the birds up from the water, the shots that ring so loud in the still air, the splash of the mallard striking the water, and the duck falling crumpled into the sedge; the two or three beautifully plumaged birds retrieved from the water, and the trudge home under the sudden starlight-those are memories which belong inalienably to December evenings and Christmas holidays, to days in keen winter air, ending with the open housedoor, the piled and glistening holly, and the wooden logs alight in the wide fireplace of the hall.—Field.

Some Interesting Facts About the King's Valet

Among the Household appointments made by the King on his accession to the Throne was the appointment of Mr. Chandler to the position officially designated the Superintendent of the Royal Wardrobe. Mr. Chandler had been for many years prior to this chief valet to the Cing, and the appointment merely meant that e would continue to hold the position, though his duties became necessarily more enlarged and of rather more responsible a character.

the Wardrobe, Mr. Chandler also acts as private accountant to the King, in which capacity he checks and scrutinizes all the King's private accounts for such matters as clothes, cigars, plate, and jewelry (purchased by the King for wedding presents and like gifts), theatre tickets, and innumerable other articles.

In his capacity as supervisor of the Kings' wardrobe, Mr. Chandler has many complicated duties to attend to.

His chief work consists in the supervision of His Majesty's uniforms, of which there are over 300 in the Royal wardrobe. These are kept in mahogany wardrobes termed cases, ranged round the walls of the large wardrobe room. Each wardrobe or case containing ten uniforms is numbered, and the number refers to the page in a "Uniform book," in which a minute description of each uniform in the case

All the uniforms are kept in readiness for wear at an instant's notice, though, of course, some are in much more constant use than others; but the whole wardrobe is inspected in sections every day by Mr. Chandler, all the uniforms being thus inspected at least once a

Before the King dons a uniform it is placed on a dummy figure for Mr. Chandler's inspection decorated with all the Orders which His Majesty intends to wear, and it is one of the Wardrobe Superintendent's chief duties to see that all these Orders, as well as every badge, buckle and strap are placed and arranged correctly. This part of Mr. Chandler's duties would be quite beyond, probably, any other person in England, with the exception of the King himself, for to carry them out properly requires an intimate and accurate knowledge of a highly intricate subject possessed by very

There is a story told that on one occasion Mr. Chandler "passed" the placing of the Star of the Indian Empire over instead of under the Star of India, the latter taking precedence of the former. The mistake was instantly detectthe license, and is responsible to the govern- ed by the King, who drew Mr. Chandler's at-

tention to it with a smile; but this is the only mistake on record against the Superintendent of the Wardrobe, who is one of the greatest living authorities on Orders and Decorations, a fact due, perhaps, to his position in the King's household, for His Majesty, among all European sovereigns, is acknowledged to be the greatest expert on the subject.

Some few years ago, the King was sitting for his portrait in the uniform of Colonel-in-In addition to his duties as Superintendent chief of the Grenadier Guards to a distinguished par several Orders, among them being the Royal ter; His Majesty was wearing Victorian Order, and the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The ribbons of each Order are rather similar, though in the manner in which each is placed the expert can detect a wide difference. The painter in question, however, though a great artist, was not an expert in such matters, and he represented the ribbons placed over the star of each Order almost, exactly alike. Luckily, however, he thought of showing the picture to Mr. Chandler before he completed it, and the Superintendent at once pointed out to him not only the error he had made in the manner in which the ribbons were placed, but also a number of other little details in the uniform over which the painter had gone rather astray which, after many expressions of gratitude to the Superintendent of the Wardrobe, he hastened to put right.

A little while later the picture was com-pleted and shown to the King, who congratulated the artist on the exceedingly accurate manner in which he had presented all the details of the uniform, and the placing and arrangement of the Orders. The artist confessed afterwards to a friend that he felt somewhat ashamed at receiving such praise which he said he felt to be really more due to Mr. Chandler

When the King orders a new uniform, a design of it is in the first place sent to Mr. Chandler, who sees that it is correct in every detail, which it seldom is in the first instance, until it has been amended by the Superintendent of the Wardrobe.

A "dummy" uniform is then usually made up from cheap materials, and sent in for Mr. Chandler's inspection. For some uniforms there may be two or three ways of placing certain buckles, ribbons or straps, all equally correct. This is specially the case with some foreign uniforms worn by the King. In such cases the dummy uniform enables His Majesty to readily decide on the particular manner which he will have these buckles and straps made, and when the matter is settled, the dumThe uniform is tried on three times on a dummy figure for the inspection of the Super-intendent of the Wardrobe, and then tried on by the King to avoid the slightest possibility a misfit occurring in any part, though this is nearly always an unnecessary precaution. A uniform for His Majesty takes at least three weeks to make, and costs from two hundred to six hundred guineas.

His Majesty's ordinary attire in the way of frock coats, lounge and morning suits, though looked after nominally by Mr. Chandler, is in reality in charge of one of his assistants, of whom he has four. None of them, however, approach the King, Mr. Chandler being always the personal attendant on the sovereign in the Royal dressing-room.

The Superintendent of the Wardrobe always travels with the King, and, in company with his Royal master, has visited every court in Europe, and has traveled, besides, in America and India. The German Emperor has a particular liking for King Edward's chief valet —because the Kaiser, like King Edward, takes a considerable interest in the matter of Orders and Decorations and has often had long talks with Mr. Chandler on the subject.

In his capacity as the King's private accountant, Mr. Chandler, as has already been stated, checks all His Majesty's private accounts, to see that they are correct, and that the charges are not exorbitant. The King, of course, never makes what is popularly known as a bargain; he never even inquires the price of anything which he buys. When the account is sent in, it passes in the first place through the hands of the Keeper of the Privy Purse, who hands all such accounts to Mr. Chandler, by whom they are scrutinized.

It is King Edward's wish to pay a fair and reasonable price for anything he buys, and it is Mr. Chandler's business to see that the price charged is reasonable. If an account is exorbitant, it is simply sent back to the tradesman with a request to send in the account again. Of course, it is open to the tradesman to send in the same account again if he pleases, and it would be paid, but he would very probably lose the custom and patronage of the King, and most likely of all the other members of the Royal family who might happen to be among his customers. This would not only be sure to inflict on him a considerable loss in his trade, but also be a serious injury to his prestige.-M. A. P.

made, and when the matter is settled, the dummy is "passed" by Mr. Chandler, and sent to poetry, doesn't he?" "Yes, and I wonder why for nobody seems running after it."