

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.

THIS fine picture gives a graphic view of some of the magnificent moose and caribou deer of the forests of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia. The favorite time of hunting them is in the deep snow of winter, when the hunter on his snow-shoes can skim over the surface while the moose breaks through. The moose has a habit of treading down the snow within a certain area, called a moose yard, till he has

which soon distances his pursuers, and, but for the sagacity of the Indian guide in picking out the trail, would almost always escape.

The largest moose that I ever saw, measured six feet and nearly five inches at the withers, and from the withers to the top of the skull, twenty-seven inches. The head measured two feet and five inches from the muffle to a point between the ears, and nine inches between the eyes. The horns weighed forty-five pounds, and measured four feet and three inches from tine to tine

the weight of his body until the coveted branches are within his reach.

The senses of smelling and hearing are very acute, his long ears are ever moving to and fro, intent to catch the slightest sound, and his wonderfully constructed nose carries the signal of danger to his brain, long before the unwary hunter has the slightest idea that his presence is suspected. When alarmed, this ponderous animal moves away with the silence of death, carefully avoiding all obstructions, and selecting the moss-carpeted logs and swales,

in Canada, which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* during 1884—only \$2 a year, or *Magazine* and *Christian Guardian* together only \$3.50.

KEEP THE BOYS HAPPY.

INVENT every possible amusement to keep your boys happy at home, evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats and books. Never mind if they do make a noise



WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.—(Specimens of several full-page Engravings of Canadian subjects to appear in early numbers of the "Methodist Magazine")

eaten all the tender shoots of the trees, and then he moves on to fresh fields and pastures new.

The mode of hunting which generally prevails is that of still-hunting, or creeping upon the moose, which is undoubtedly the most sportsman-like way. Still-hunting can be practised in September, and all through the early winter months, until the snow becomes so deep that it would be a sin to molest the poor animals. The moose possesses a vast amount of pluck, and when once started on his long, swinging trot, his legs seem tireless, and he will stride over boulders and wind-falls at a pace

at their widest part, and at their greatest width the palmated parts measured thirteen inches. The horn, at its junction with the skull, was eight inches in circumference. The great length of its legs and prehensile lip are of much benefit to the moose, and wonderfully adapted to his mode of feeding, which consists in peeling the bark from, and browsing upon, the branches and tender shoots of deciduous trees. When the branches or tops of trees are beyond its reach, he resorts to the process termed by hunters "riding down the tree," by getting astride of it and bearing it down by

through which he treads his way with a persistence that often sets at defiance all the arts and endurance of even the practised Indian hunter.

We do not know whether the picture is intended to give a portrait of our friend A. W. Lauder, Esq., M.P.P.; but if not, the seated figure is enough like him to pass for one. The broad snow-shoes and the toboggan-like sleigh will be observed, also the big ass-like ears, and broad heavy horns of the gigantic moose, and the more slender and branching horns of the caribou deer. This picture is one of several equally fine illustrated scenes

around you, with their whistling and hurrahing. We would stand aghast, if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff friends at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. The influence of a loving mother or sisters is incalculable. Like the circle formed by casting a stone in the water, it goes on and on through a man's life. Circumstances and worldly pleasures may weaken the remembrance for a time, but each touch upon the chord of memory will awaken the old time music, and her face, her voice, and her loving