

# Field Sports at Home and Abroad

## THE COMING SHOOTING SEASON

(By Richard L. Pocock)

The present season is an excellent one for the nesting birds and there seems every reason to believe that the stock of young birds will be a good one this year. Many healthy broods of pheasants have already been noticed and reported from Saanich, and other districts, while any man who has been in the woods lately has only to believe the evidence of his senses to know that the blue grouse have benefited enormously from the two practically closed seasons which they have enjoyed. In the early spring the woods were full of hooters everywhere, and it is only reasonable to suppose that a good stock of young birds will be hatched.

From many places last year reports which were undoubtedly reliable came in that the blue grouse were commoner in the late summer than they had been for many years. Therefore we are quite justified in asking that we should be allowed to shoot blue grouse by the middle of September this year. It is quite true that at the beginning of September there are many birds not yet fully matured and consequently too easy marks for any sportsman's gun, and "pie" for the pot-hunter, but with the fine nesting season we are having there is little likelihood of finding many blues by, say, September 15th, which are not quite strong enough on the wing to have a fair chance for their lives against the gun. Certainly if pheasants are ready to shoot by October the first when it is quite possible for a man to fail to distinguish a young cock from a hen, blue grouse are ready for the gun. A few did well with the blue grouse last year after October's first week, but they owed this success to exceptional luck or exceptional facilities.

The number of blue grouse which have been shot legitimately in the last two years is insignificant. If the shooting of blues is allowed in the middle of September, they will suffer no great harm as they will not be with us more than a week or two, while the better way to help the willow grouse is to shorten the season at the other end, there being far more willows killed at the latter end of the season when they are to be found on more open ground and have left the wet bottom lands and swamps and taken to the drier land higher up the hills.

There are very good reasons why, if it were practicable, the opening day of the season should be the same for all game, but where the nature and supply of the different kinds of game is as different as it is here, where we have both native and imported birds, it does not seem practicable to make a hard and fast opening date for all species.

September the first is too early for all game birds here, if we are to prevent their being killed out, September 15th is too early for pheasants, but not so for grouse which should be fully strong enough by then to be ready to shoot. October the first seems right for pheasants and willow grouse, though too late for blues, unless we decide that they need yet another close season before they are numerous enough to afford good sport, and the opinion of the majority seems against this. Why not open the season for blue grouse and deer on September 15th, and for all other game birds on October 1st, and close them all at the end of November? The pheasants can usually look after themselves pretty well in this country of abundant thick cover after the first week or so of shooting, indeed, it seems unlikely that we shall ever shoot them out if we try, though we may change their habits a bit and make them less confiding in man and less inclined to come to close quarters with him. Go through a certain stretch of country with the best dog you can get a month after the opening of the season and you may see very few or no pheasants. Stroll quietly through the same stretch the following spring and you will hear the cocks challenging in every direction. The Saanich pheasants were supposed to be shot out the year before last. Last year they were given a rest. Now ask the farmers if they find them scarce. The willow grouse are different; they want more protection, but they want it worst at the end of the season instead of the beginning.

## PIG STICKING IN BENGAL

Some years ago I was stationed in Bengal, not far from Dinapore. Behar in those days was one of the most pleasant spots in the world, where good sport and good sportsmen made life worth living. Not far from where I resided there was a big grass jungle some 2000 acres in extent. In this the greater part of the grass was about knee high, interspersed with bare patches. About 200 acres however, as heavy elephant grass, not all in one piece, but divided up in lots of from five to thirty acres. It was in these patches that wild boar were to be found. The riding was rough, but not very bad, except for the holes here and there. Earlier in the season I had arranged a day's pig sticking, but only got one boar. This, I think, was due to the fact that the raha (Revalenta arabica), a kind of pulse, was still uncut, thus affording cover, of which for some unknown reason they were extremely fond. Not satisfied with the poor results obtained, I determined a month later to have another day. My friends, however, with that frankness born of old friendship, declined on the ground that prospects were so gloomy, judging by past experiences that they did not

think it worth while to turn out. However, a neighbor asked if his young brother, who had just come out from England, might be allowed to go in his place, to which I, of course, assented.

We made an early start next morning, and it did not take us long, with one change, to drive the fifteen miles that lay between us and the jungle. The morning gave promise of intense heat, the sun appearing above the horizon like a great yellow ball—a sure sign that the day was to be a real stinger. Arriving at the grass, we found the jemadar, or headman, awaiting us with a goodly band of coolies marshalled under the previous night's command. Our horses, sent on the previous night, seemed to scent the coming fray, with ears cocked and one foot pawing impatiently, they seemed to say, "Come along, let us to work ere it gets too hot!" The jemadar, an important personage by reason of his having a pony to ride, tells us that the villagers report a "burra-barri soor" (a very big pig) has come in after his nocturnal wanderings, but natives often say that which they think will please. Mounting our nags, I on a trusty old waler, the youngster on a pony, we got the line into order and make a start, tom-toms (native drums) being vigorously beaten to the accompaniment of shouts from those unprovided with musical instruments.

The line had not advanced more than 200 yards, when a shout on the left of "Barri soor!" made our hearts beat a bit quicker than normal. Galloping up, we found the barri soor to be a sedate old sow. We, of course, left her alone, as it is a great crime to stick a sow in Behar as it is to shoot a fox in England.

Back to the beaters, who had hardly started, when a rush in the same vicinity once more raised our hopes. This time there was no mistake, for a young boar of 28 in.—a pig is measured from the withers in a perpendicular straight line to the back of the hoof—sailed away in front of us. Settling down in our saddles, we galloped for about half a mile before getting up with our quarry. A rush and I just prick the boar. That prick, however, is quite enough to put him in a fighting mood. "Woof, woof," he grunts, and makes for the youngster, who in his excitement misses him altogether. No harm is done, however, the pony getting cleverly out of the way. Having come into his line of vision, I am made the object of his attentions and a grand charge follows. But eye and hand work together, with the result that a fierce rush is stopped, and the boar, reeling under the impact, is up and at the youngster again. The latter by this time having recovered his coolness delivers a good spear which would have done credit to any old hand. Still full of fight, the boar makes charge after charge, finally falling dead without a groan—a gallant foe, and a gallant fight.

Riding quickly back to the line, we are met by the jemadar, who in a state of wild excitement informs us that a heavy pig is watching the beaters from a bare patch of ground about 100 yards from the line. Quickening pace, we canter up to the line, and true enough find the jemadar's statement to be correct. Telling the beaters to stay where they are, the youngster and I walk our horses towards the boar, which seldom shows fight till he has had a run and been touched with the spear. This boar, a fine fellow of about 31 in. proved an exception, for when we were about fifty yards from him he came at me like lightning. Getting my horse into a hand gallop, I proceeded to meet him, when just as spear was about to meet flesh the pig thought better of it and jinked to one side. Turning quickly, we were after him. A good gallop followed, when just as I was getting on terms with him my horse put his foot in a hole and came down, letting the youngster up on his pony. Picking myself up and remounting, I was just in time to see the youngster stick the pig fairly and squarely, another good fight ending in a kill.

By this time it was getting very hot, so we cried a halt to allow of iced drinks and sandwiches. After a short adjournment we again started off, the youngster still on the pony, I on another waler, a seasoned follower of pig, but always very excited at first, indulging in "pig jumps" just to show his appreciation of the sport. The line beat slowly along, as though loth to leave a blade of grass unsearched, care which was duly rewarded, for we had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards when another boar broke, making off as fast as his short legs could carry him, and to those who have never seen a wild pig travel the pace would appear incredible, a good gallop ending in the killing of a 26 in. pig. We had, however, by no means finished for two more boars, one of 30 in., were added to the number of the slain before horse and man cried enough.

Riding back to where my dogcart was awaiting us, I had got within a hundred yards of the edge of the grass when my horse stopped short. Looking to see what could have caused this extraordinary manoeuvre, I spied a large tiger cat looking up at me about five yards away. Now, in Behar we use the short spear with a lump of lead on the butt. Such a spear is never thrown, for the simple reason that the weight brings the butt down, causing the point to stick up—a menace alike to horse and rider. I was in rather a dilemma, for I knew if I rode up to the cat she would bolt into the thick grass. On the other hand, if I threw and missed the point would most certainly stick up. As, however, no one was rid-

ing near me I chanced the throw, with the best of results, the spear transfixing the animal. Her skin was afterwards converted into a handsome rug.

A. S. V. H.

## SPORT IN ENGLAND ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

From the Sporting Magazine of 1810  
Easter Hunt—Epping Forest.—A new scene was exhibited at the Epping Easter Hunt this year. Colonel Thornton, to gratify the company, permitted a stag to be turned out before his hounds.

The uncommon brilliancy of the day attracted vast numbers to witness this charming sight. The ladies in carriages surpassed in number, splendour, and beauty all that had ever appeared there before. Several real sportsmen, friends of Colonel Thornton, with many Newmarket men, taking the advantage of hunting on that day, on their way to the races, added greatly to the unusual display of company.

By those accustomed to this annual assemblage, the numbers were estimated at about thirty thousand, the very trees being occupied by persons of all descriptions eager to view the gay scene.

At 12 o'clock Colonel Thornton arrived in a sporting barouche drawn by four cream-coloured Arabians, and the ladies in the carriage with him all in scarlet uniform. The warmth of the day rendered the refreshments offered by them to the gentlemen most acceptable, and consisted, from what we could perceive, of sandwiches, with champagne or other French wines drunk out of a gold fox's head—a prize formerly won by Colonel Thornton's hounds.

Next came the huntsmen, whippers-in, and helpers, mounted or leading six high-bred chestnut horses, said to be descendants of Eclipse, and with them the hounds, all of the same colour—fawn and white.

The deer was now ordered by the Colonel to be unceremoniously done with great difficulty, the populace being so extremely anxious, and leaving no opening for him to go off. He was ornamented according to custom with gay-coloured ribbons, which many of the Cockneys, who had but an imperfect sight of the animal, supposed to be part of his natural hue. In clearing his way through the people, he leaped over a gig and horse, creating much alarm, and then dashed into the forest. The huntsman was compelled, from the concourse of people, to make a considerable circuit before he could lay on his hounds.

The deer, as may be imagined, was headed at every instant. The hounds, however, settling to the scene, drove him out of the forest, which induced the Colonel to order them to be stopped, to prevent that mischief which must unavoidably have happened to many an honest farmer.

The hounds, returning into the forest, soon ran a herd of red deer, when a fine old one was singled out, and after a run of great speed and close hunting, through clouds of dust, dry roads, hard frosts, and easterly winds and baked by an intense sun, in about three hours was gallantly run into a red kill, to the admiration of every good sportsman, who had conceived it impossible that any hounds could have afforded sport under such circumstances.

The deer that was first turned out escaped from the cause before mentioned, but not until followed for ten or twelve miles by horsemen, who conceived the hounds to be coming in their rear.

## FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON IN CONNEMARA

The twelve Bens raised their heads in solitary grandeur, casting thick shadows on clumps of pine woods at their base; their deep, clouded sides, through which cascades flowed when clouds broke on their peaks, were black and silent, and paid no tribute to the chain of lakes from which the rivers flowed. It was only a few miles from the sea, and the salmon were already up in goodly number and could be seen sporting themselves in the pools. It was good to feel one's feet sinking in the purple heather, to drink in the fragrance of the invigorating breeze that swept through the mountain passes, and to carefully select under surveillance of the veteran gillie the flies that would be likely to enlist Salmo salar's patronage. If the essay were a failure it would not be for want of fresh-run fish, for there they were showing three and four at a time, some so distinctly that the silver on their sides flashed in the sunlight.

Soon a Jock Scot and silver doctor were joint claimants for their favor and swimming with short, quick jerks over their resting places. There was a fine curl on the water, an essential condition to sport, as the pool was deep and sluggish. The wind was blowing up stream, and casting was not so easy, the line stretching on its errand with a low sweep. One has the instinct in active form at times that sport is certain. I am bound to confess to the feeling, everything point to it. It would not be long, surely, before one of these lively risers would succumb. I thought so, there was the unmistakable break in the water, that irregular convulsion in the pool called a rise but which is really a descent, when the sweep of a broad tail sends the fish down, having quietly closed his mouth on the supposed prize. The answering movement of the rod gave the assurance that the hook had not missed its mark. So the sport began, which was continued in several fine dashes across stream, the captive declining to show himself for six or seven minutes. When he did the strong play given did not seem out of proportion to his plump dimensions. In ten minutes he fell to the gaff, and was put on the balances and scaled 6lb.

Within ten minutes of his capture I was playing another fish. He was not so large, but made up in activity for what he lacked in weight. I was afraid from the way in which he sprang out of the water, and made the reel scream with sudden rushes, that he was lightly hooked. It is the usual tactics of fish when parting company with the angler to open the proceedings in this way. One has an unfortunate memory for such mishaps, and I found them crowding in, and was quite prepared for history repeating itself. Fortunately my rod was not heavy and yielded quickly to the sudden rushes, an advantage one does not enjoy with a stiff weapon. The harder a salmon plays the sooner is he exhausted, and in half the time of the previous fish he showed signs of capitulating. I resisted one temptation to lean on him and take advantage of this stage in the battle, which can generally be turned to the angler's account. I think I acted wisely, as when he was transferred to the gaff the fly dropped out. He weighed 6½lb.

The breeze, which had been raising a good ripple on the water, now became fitful, and the change was unhappily reflected in the mood of the fish. The rise began to go off. The playful fish showed themselves at longer intervals, and the approach to the fly was marked with suspicion. Close to a big rock one fell broke the water behind the Jock Scot. He could have had it easily enough were he so minded. A second cast which dropped the fly on the same spot brought him up again. I rested him, but the breeze fell away, and he declined further acquaintance with the lure on a glassy surface.

A consultation with the gillie resulted in crossing over in the boat and going up stream; the river flowed through a wood for half a mile, interlacing branches at some points completely hiding it from view. It could be traced by the musical ripple it made amongst the cover; the canopy of foliage acting the part of a sounding board. A distant noise of falling water could be heard, and on nearer approach its throbb was felt in the woodland. It was to this broken water, that dispensed with the need of a breeze, that the gillie led me. The river seemed to gush from the side of a mountain, and descending from a high tableland, plunged madly down the steep incline, with thunderous roar. In the rapids, where the water sobered down between these declivities, salmon rested, and in hopes of meeting one I fished the most likely spots. At one moment I thought our pilgrimage would be justified. The fly was taken with a pull, the vigor of which would have justified a springer. But it was only a very fine brown trout, which drew line from the reel freely, and bent the salmon rod with the strength of a gristle. No, the water was too low to bring the salmon up so high, and we had to be content with the fario addition to the basket.

The breeze did not return, and the heavier water, which held abundance of salmon, yielded nothing more than many shy rises, not one of which led to an attachment.—Corrigee, in Daily's.

## PHEASANT REARING IN THE UNITED STATES

The department of agriculture at Washington has issued a useful Bulletin dealing with the subject of pheasant rearing from an industrial point of view. It describes the various species of true pheasants and their immediate allies, and gives a sketch of the acclimatization of the pheasant in Europe and its introduction into the United States, Australia, and New Zealand.

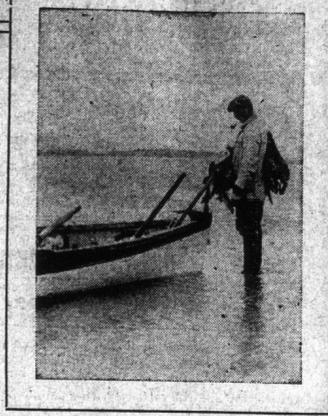
The first attempt to acclimatise pheasants in the United States was made more than a century ago by Richard Bache, an Englishman, who married the only daughter of Benjamin Franklin. He imported from England pheasants and partridges which he liberated on his estate in New Jersey, near the spot where the town of Beverly now stands. But, although he provided food and shelter, the birds had disappeared by the following spring. Many similar attempts met with like failure. However, about thirty years ago a successful attempt was made to introduce the pheasant into Oregon, and since then acclimatization experiments have followed broader lines and assumed greater importance.

Many States have established game farms and pheasantries, and in others the work has been undertaken by individuals and associations. Most of the commercial pheasantries established in the States and Canada have been short-lived, but some have succeeded and have proved an important source of revenue to their proprietors. The private preserves have been as a rule, fairly successful. On some English gamekeepers and English methods are employed, others are American in character, though borrowing largely from the long experience of England and other countries of Europe. The failure of many efforts to add pheasants to the native fauna is attributed to insufficient knowledge of their habits and the character of their normal environment.

Details on these points are supplied by the author (Mr. Henry Oldys, of the Biological Survey), who also treats of the species best adapted for introduction—the English, ring-neck, Japanese, Mongolian, Prince of Wales's, Hagenbeck's and Reeve's pheasants—and the most approved methods of propagation. Dr. Morse, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, has added some practical information on the diseases of pheasants.

## TIGERS ON THE HOOGLY

The low-lying region at the mouths of the Hoogly river, known as the Sunderbunds, has always been overrun with tigers, which are particularly difficult to kill by reason of the



## Sportsman's Calendar

MAY

Trout-fishing good this month EVERYWHERE.

Steelheads still running in certain rivers.

A run of small silver salmon or cohoes comes in May.

Geese and brant may still be shot.

## A SPORTSMAN PICKEREL

My brother came to visit me at Crooked Lake, Mich. I had purchased a new artificial bait for the occasion. We started across the lake, and at the first cast my brother hooked a pickerel that looked a yard long. As he had never caught anything larger than a sunfish before, he supposed Mr. Pickerel could be handled in the same way and, regardless of my shouted instructions, proceeded to haul him bodily into the boat. Mr. P. objected to being handled in such an unsportsmanlike manner and, with a good healthy flop, broke the line. My heart sank, not at the loss of the fish, but at thoughts of my new bait; but Mr. P. quickly decided that he did not need the bait, and that he had had all the fun he could have with it; so, with a mighty shake of his head, he flung it into the boat. Between us we almost stamped the bottom out—my brother in disgust at losing the fish; I, in delight at regaining my bait. If all fishermen would learn a lesson from the pickerel and throw back what they did not need, after they had enjoyed all the fun there was in it, it would be far better for both fish and fishermen.—G. A. Bennett in Field and Stream.

## SHOOTING STILL GOOD IN OLD IRELAND

The following return of two seasons on a shooting in Donegal will be read with interest. The grouse were killed by two guns shooting together; nearly all the rest of the bag was made by one gun shooting alone: Grouse, 570; snipe, 1,242; woodcock, 55; hares, 98; ducks, 53; teal, 23; widgeon, 2; pochard, 5; golden eye, 1; merganser, 2; white-fronted geese, 14; bean geese, 9; golden plover, 120; green plover, 28; grey plover, 1; rock pigeon, 113; curlews, 6; rabbits, 55; landrail, 1; coots, 2; otters, 11; seals, 2; wild goat, 1.

## REMARKABLE CARIBOU HEAD

A remarkable pair of antlers of the Barren Ground caribou, belonging to Sir Ralph Champey Williams, governor of Newfoundland, have been sent to London for mounting. They are very narrow, and curve inwards at the tips; the beams are small, and the palmed brow line is missing from the right, but well developed on the left. The following measurements have been taken: Length, 42½ in.; girth, 4½ in.; between tips, 7½ in.; widest inside, 19½ in.; points, 15 x 10.

## LOCAL ATTACHMENT

A stranger in a Southern town was surprised at seeing an old colored woman strenuously belaboring her husband with a stick. He asked what she was beating the old man for. "Ca'se he done opened de coop do' an' turned out all de chickens," was the reply. "Oh, well," said the mediator, "if you leave the door open they will all come back." "Huh!" was the indignant reply. "Come back? Dey ain't gwinter come back; dey's gwinter go back!"—Harper's Magazine.

## ciation

is not a cannery for putting up her whole of the Pacific Coast, appears to be one of the homes of this sh. With the type of machinery by the company, which, by the purchase from Messrs. Rhodes at Skefield, herring can be put up in bloomers, fresh herrings, kippered and herrings in tomato sauce. During run, which begins early in November, herring are obtained in unlimited quantities and packing purposes at a cost from \$3.50 to \$8.00 per ton. The immediate vicinity of Nanaimo there are hundreds of acres of rich fruit and fish. The annual rainfall amounts to 60 inches, and the climate is as equal as any other district on Vancouver country roads are well kept, and favored by motorists. As a centre in Nanaimo is unsurpassed. Fish in sea, lake, river and stream; and game are abundant within land bears, panthers, wolves, and me are by no means scarce in the island.

## FEMALE BEAUTY

Rodin, in some remarks recorded speaks of the beauty of woman modern. "Maitre, do you easily models?" he was asked. "Yes," is not very rare in our country?" "It changes quick—not say that woman is like a land-sun's inclination changes ceaseless comparison is correct. Real lasts scarcely more than six when the girl becomes a woman, it of beauty, still admirable, but less pure."

me, do you not think that ancient surpassed that of our time, and women are far from equalling out to Phidias?"

less, the beauty of the Greek then, had eyes to see, whilst, to blind; that is all the difference were beautiful, but beauty resident of the sculptors who represented

## Modern Equals Ancient

of today are their equals, especially Europeans. Modern Italians, for long to the same Mediterranean models of Phidias. The type is fertilized by the equality of width with the lower part of the

not the Barbarian invasion alter, ages, antique beauty?"

is possible to suppose that the were less fine and less well balanced Mediterranean races, but time ruins of a mixture of blood and almost of the old type to reappear. of the beautiful with the ugly, the beautiful which finally nature, by a divine law, constantly the best—tends without ceasing action.

ide of the Mediterranean type extreme, to which belong many n, as well as the women of Germany.

pe the lower trunk is strongly de-shoulders are narrower. It is you observe, in the nymphs of in the Venus of the "Judgment of by Wateau, and in the Diana"

said Rodin, "beauty is every- is character and expression."

## A German View

ther hand, Professor Reinhart in, writing in the North German it as his opinion that female all over the modern world, if indeed it be a fact, he assigns

of these, says Professor Thilo, is elegance in outdoor sports. He that the size of women's hands increased by athletic sports, for of small hands and feet is pure but he says almost regretfully, exercise spoils the feminine produces lumpy, muscular excess-nature intended only smooth

cause ruining woman's beauty a slender figure. The so-called (dress glued on), says Thilo, is the natural lines and injures fraze for slenderness is working early in the United States and

d last, according to this author- in the female mind, in woman's ng, is affecting her outward ap- example, instead of desiring stern women encourage flirtation-ness which appears clearly in the val statuary and paintings, us, is disappearing from the lean women.

What is the correct style in is year?

Well, there is a great deal of choice of styles this season.

Well, I want one as—er—latti- pu can make it.—Chicago Tri-