

# HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

## Opening of Shooting Season

By the recent orders-in-council the dates for the open season have been fixed as follows: **DEER SHOOTING OPENS ON THE FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER** for that part of Vancouver Island and the islands adjacent thereto south of a line commencing at Little Qualicum river, thence following that stream to its junction with the Alberni road, thence following the Alberni road to the Alberni canal, and remains open until the fifteenth day of December, both days inclusive.

North of this boundary and on all other islands except Queen Charlotte Islands, deer shooting opens on the first day of September and remains open until the same date as above.

**DUCKS AND SNIPE** may be shot on Vancouver Island and the islands adjacent thereto from the first day of October, 1909, until the twenty-eighth day of February, 1910, both days inclusive.

**COCK PHEASANTS, QUAIL AND GROUSE** of all kinds may be shot on Vancouver Island and the islands adjacent thereto, except in North and South Saanich municipalities from the first day of October until the thirty-first day of December, both days inclusive.

**GEESE** remain open for these districts by order-in-council of March 23rd, 1909.

**GEESE, SNIPE AND DUCKS** of all kinds may be sold from the first day of October until the twenty-eighth day of February, 1910, both days inclusive.

## OUTDOOR COMMON SENSE

There is probably no one subject in the world on which there is such a jumble of near-knowledge as there is about the wilderness and its ways. A lot of writers have gone to the wilds a few times and have then come back and broken into print with a lot of lurid pipe dreams about "the best outfit" or the "habits of this, that or the other wild creature," putting down all their near-knowledge as certain fact. A lot of manufacturers have had dreams also, and proceeded to put them into shape as fishing lures or parts of the outfit that everyone should take who leaves his own fireside for a few nights under the sky. Most of this stuff is as useless as a set of parlor furniture. Some of it is fairly good, for it spells comfort in camp, but it means expense and a burden to get it there.

It's like taking along a big beef roast for camp use where a pound of bacon would be better from any point of view.

A man can buy enough different kinds of rods, guns, bats, beds, boots and clothes to fill a steamboat, and they run all the way from indispensable to utter uselessness and range in price from a cent to a thousand dollars.

When we get down to bedrock a trip into the wilderness means just this: A healthy man to start with—grub, clothes, bed, cooking outfit and guns and fishing tackle to fit the job. If the trip is to be a week or less the grub problem is best solved by the ration basis, which puts every bit of grub into units of one meal each multiplied by the number of meals and number of persons to give total weight and bulk.

The ration can be well or badly managed, and the traditions of the wilderness usually make it bad unless experience holds the tiller, in which case the ration will be a mixed diet built with the idea of care of health and stomach, strength-giving properties for hard work, nutriment for the body to take the place of the things used up by the body in performing the work in hand, and, last but not least, the elimination of weight.

The same ideas on a larger or bulk scale should govern the grub list on a longer trip. Here is a ration that I have used on short trips of a week or less in the hardest kind of mountain climbing and trail work with a pack-sack to carry through the woods on foot—heart-breaking work, all of it, if you please—and yet this ration has stood the test of actual use for years and has proved its worth to my entire satisfaction and to the satisfaction of other practical men time and again: Here it is—all packed in a 3/4-pound candy box—a full meal in each box and little or no cooking to do: One hardtack, two slices of bacon (cooked or raw, as you choose), two slices of dried beef, one tablespoonful of shelled nuts, one ditto seedless raisins, three dried prunes (raw) one square inch Swiss cheese, four pieces Swiss milk chocolate, four caramels, four macarons, one tablespoonful of ground coffee, one tablespoonful sugar.

This ration contains, in its chemical value, everything needed by the body. It is a square meal that does not overload the stomach and make you slow or drowsy, and you work harder on it and longer than you can on the traditional "bacon and beans" that are supposed to form the mainstay of every camp outfit. I'll have more to say about this ration in a future issue.

The bedding question resolves itself down to this: Warmth, easy transportation and ability to keep dry while used on the ground. Therefore, waterproof quality without weight means that you take a piece of muslin (unbleached sheeting) such as the women use to make bed sheets out of. Have it as wide and twice as long as your bed; sew a piece of hard-twisted cotton chalk line clear around the edge of it inside a hem to keep it from tearing; then take linseed oil and rub into it until the pores of the cloth are full. Don't paint it on with a brush; don't dip it, or soak it, or anything else, except to rub the oil into the cloth between the palms of your hands, until the

cloth won't hold any more. Then stretch it up tightly in the shade and dry for ten days; then put it in the sun and dry three days more, alternate sides up to the sun. Use ordinary boiled linseed oil and nothing else. This makes an absolutely wind-proof, water-proof sheet to lay on the ground to build your bed on, and gives enough length to pull up over the bed after it is made and you can sleep safely and in comfort through a gale of wind, a pouring rain or a snowstorm, and by pulling it up over your head you can dispense with a tent when you have to "go light." You can use it for a tent or a fly or make a two-man tepee out of it. The bedding should be two pieces, made as follows: Waterproof khaki, blanket size, lined with a soft all-wool blanket with carded wool between the two just as an ordinary cotton comfort is made. That's all there is to it and it is warm, dry, comfortable, healthy and lightweight.

Clothing is a matter of personal taste, but it should be selected with an idea of not binding the limbs, of keeping warm but not too warm, and—most important—keeping the wearer dry. A change of underclothing should never be absent, clean and ready to put on in case of a soaking rain, a fall in the river or killing travel that brings one into camp wet with perspiration. Dry underclothing then means good health and rest.

Wool—light, soft, loose-woven—is the best for all except the outside clothes, which must take the strain of contact with brush and dirt. For these Khaki is as good as the market affords.

Shoes should be strong, of the best wearing leather obtainable. Woolen socks are better for hard tramping than cotton, but they should be soft and loose-woven, as everything else of wool should be, and they should be washed daily in clear water to keep them soft and clean, for without the softness and without having them clean they are worthless.

Personal outfit can be curtailed or added to as the person sees fit; generally it can be cut down to good advantage rather than added to.

For tramp trips the pack-sack of waterproof canvas, using two long 2-inch straps that run through loops and cross sawbuck fashion over the back of the pack are the best for actual use, and you can make the whole outfit yourself. The whole outfit for packing should weigh not over 60 pounds and this will grill the ordinary man on a ten-hour tramp. I have carried 95 pounds up the mountain trails,

but I don't unless I have to, for that is work that is heart-breaking.

Transportation has a lot to do with the whole outdoor question, for the man who travels in a canoe or boat can take easily and comfortably four times the weight and bulk that the pack horse is limited to, and the pack-horse can take four times the load of the man who goes afoot and carries his all in his pack-sack; so there can be no hard-and-fast rule for the assembling of an outfit except this: Don't take a pound of unnecessary weight nor add a useless article to the outfit, and when an article proves useless abandon it then and there. Then you will learn swiftly what not to do.

The cooking outfit is a simple proposition that hardly needs comment.

The matter of guns and fishing tackle is altogether personal and no amount of argument for or against any particular gun or rod would convince the other fellow that it was the right thing, if he had set his heart on having something else; so advice on these subjects from anybody would not be worth the paper it was written on.

The one best bet, the one most valuable thing for the wilderness traveler is an intimate knowledge of the wilderness itself—its ways and its resources and how to make them as you find them. This means a practical study of botany, especially, so that one may identify the plants along the way, and, having identified them, know whether they are good or not, whether eatable or otherwise, and the chemistry of them in actual use, which means to know what the effect will be if you eat them or use them in any way. Couple this with a knowledge of camp usage and woodcraft and the outfit you tarry means very little, for you can make the wilderness support you.

A good outdoor man could bet that you could set him down in the wilderness as naked as he was born and without a single thing to work with except what the wilderness affords and that he could come back to civilization in ninety days, fat, happy, healthy and well clothed—and he'd win.—El Comanche in Outdoor Life.

## THE "WHITE" BEAR OF B. C.

Some important information in regard to the so-called white bear (*Ursus kermodei*) of Gribbel Island, British Columbia, is given by

Dr. J. A. Allen in vol. xxvi, pp. 233-238, of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History. Two specimens of this bear, in full winter coat, were obtained in October, 1908, and differ considerably in color from the type specimen, which, like others mounted in the Provincial Museum at Victoria, were taken in May. In place of being clear, creamy white, with no trace of brown or black, the new skins have the whole of the top of the head yellowish rufous, while in one the back is conspicuously variegated with bands of bright golden rufous. *Ursus kermodei* has hitherto been described as clear, creamy white to the roots of the hairs; but the new specimens differ not only in having the color distinct from that of the body, but the basal portion of the hairs of the body is strongly tinged with buff, ranging in tint from pale to orange buff, and in some places to orange-rufous. "It is perhaps reasonable to suppose," observes Dr. Allen, "that the buff suffusion so conspicuous in October specimens may become somewhat faded later in the season, but the rich rufous tint of the head could hardly thus disappear. So far as the pelage is concerned, these skins might readily be looked upon as albinistic examples of a normally dark-colored bear. The skull, however, presents distinctive character of some importance, warranting the recognition, for the present at least, of *Ursus kermodei* as a strongly marked form, and possibly as a 'good species.'" The skull difference consists in the much greater arching of the hind portion of the profile to the Gribbel Island bear, as compared with the typical North American black bear. But this difference need not by any means be of specific importance, and it is much more reasonable, as Dr. Allen himself seems to hint, to regard the Gribbel Island bear as a local albinistic race of the black species, under the name of *Ursus americanus kermodei*.

## AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH A LYNX

The shadows of the fall morn were beginning to lengthen when I began to realize that I was, turned round, I thought I had a good idea of the direction of camp, but a lake had barred my way on two occasions. It was my first day in this piece of country, and leaving Big Ike to put the finishing touches to our temporary shack, I had wandered off to get my bearings, and had succeeded in losing them. However, on circling a small lake

formed for the first time in England on Wednesday of this week. The work was produced in Naples in 1906, under Signor Panizza, who conducts it on this occasion. The libretto, which is founded on Thomas Hardy's novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," is by Luigi Illica. We shall, therefore, have the curious situation of a Wessex story being sung in Italian by French, German and Italian artists, while the composer is a Britisher with a French name.

With these cosmopolitan proceedings on the one hand we have the newly awakened agitation for all-British opera on the other. Mr. George Dance, of musical comedy and comic opera enterprise fame, has put forward a scheme under the title of the Imperial Opera League. Much was the interest attached to his meeting with Mr. Thomas Beecham, who practically represents the £300,000 offer recorded last week in these columns. But like the Shakespeare Memorial scheme, there are more dreams than doings at present.

## A PEN PORTRAIT OF G. K. CHESTER-TON

Those of us who read with interest week by week Chesterton's clever notes in the Illustrated "London News," will be amused at the following description of this literary genius from A. G. Gardner's new book:

"Walking down Fleet Street some day you may meet a form whose vastness blots out the heavens. Great waves of hair surge from under the soft, wide-brimmed hat. A cloak that might be a legacy from Porthos floats about his colossal frame. He pauses in the midst of the pavement to read the book in his hand, and a cascade of laughter descending from the head notes to the middle voice gushes out on the listening air. He looks up, adjusts his pince-nez, observes that he is not in a cab, turns, and hails a cab. The vehicle sinks down under the unusual burden, and rolls heavily away. It carries Gilbert Keith Chesterton."

## THE BIRTH OF NATIONS

(Continued from Page Four)

men and women gathered in the great hall which was part of the earl's house, the earl himself sitting on a high settle, while all about him on the mead-benches were grouped the many guests. Bards sang the hero-songs, and at an appointed time the earl's wife with her maidens appeared with the great ale-bowl, which they passed first to the earl and then to the guests. No doubt revelry waxed high, but this is not to be wondered at, for their religion taught them little or no restraint, and it was probably a matter of pride with them as to which of them could endure the most excitement and be none the worse for it physically.

From Woden, who was their god of war, comes our Wednesday. Thursday was the day of Thunder, the god of air and storm and rain. Friday was Freya's day; Saturday the day of a god called Saetere, and Tuesday is named for Tiw, a dark god to meet whom was death. Our festival of the Resurrection takes its name from the god of spring, who was called Eostre. (To Be Continued.)

performance of this duty there is a great mystery.

## A MUSICAL COMPOSER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE WRECK OF THE S. S. SLAVONIA.

Albert Mildeberg, the composer-pianist, with his mother and sister, were among the passengers who were wrecked with the steamship Slavonia off the Azore Islands a few weeks ago. Mr. Mildeberg, in a letter to the editor of Musical America, writes: "Safe on board Irene" (meaning the Dampfer Princess Irene, of the Norddeutscher Lloyd line). "Our ship sank two hours ago in eighty fathoms. We struck head on with full speed on the Razorback shoal of the Isle of Flores, at three o'clock in the morning.

"On account of the fog I had not retired, but was reading fully dressed. I never do go to bed on shipboard in a fog. We had 108 women and children and twenty men on board. When the order was given to take in the boats we had just time enough to fit all the women and children with life belts. Characteristic American cool-headedness showed at every point, principally among the women. Not a sound or a cry of any kind. No hysterics—nothing but cool, calm courage. We were balanced on a jagged rock which ripped open our bottom, with another jagged hole on our side. The prow was bent sideways against a cliff a half mile high.

"We were eight miles away from any habitation, the nearest village being Lagerns, to which we had to proceed in small row boats. We were received most cordially and the women were taken in, by the fishermen. It was a beautiful sight to see those lonely people endeavoring to do their most.

"I imagine that the first hearing of my opera will be submarine, since all of my orchestral score—the copied parts, my original piano score—is at the bottom of the sea, and Davy Jones and his piscatorial orchestra will regale themselves in this. It has taken me Angelo. I am sorry for this. It has taken me four years to write this work, and for the last nine months I have been waiting for a hearing at the Metropolitan Opera House, in which they deceived me—Gatti-Casazza made eight different appointments with me to get Toscanini to listen, and at last asked me to meet them both in Milan. It was for this engagement that I sailed last week. I don't need them now, for I have not the strength nor the courage to rewrite the work. What's the use? Had it not been that I had my sister with me I might just as well have followed my score to the bottom, and listened to its rendition below.

"However, we are all safe and sound. This will change all my plans for the summer, and I will be back in New York in a few weeks. Sincerely, ALBERT MILDEBERG."

## A NEW OPERA

Mr. Frederic d'Erlanger, who, by the way, is one of the directors of Covent Garden Opera Syndicate, will have his opera, "Tess," per-

I heard the ringing of axes, and then knew I was near a lumber camp, of which Big Ike had told me, and was travelling in the right direction, but was a little farther off camp than I at first thought. I then decided to call at the camp, from which a logging road ran to within half a mile of our shack, rest there a while, and the moon being full, take the "cage road" home. I soon got on the right side of the cook, and played havoc with the solid camp fare, and sat listening to the men's songs and stories, until I realized that I ought to be moving. "Better not go now, Buddy," said the "boss"; "stay here till morning." However, most lumber camps are tenanted by creatures having more legs than two, so I said that my friend in camp might be getting anxious, thanked him, and set out.

It was a clear frosty night, and the moon was just beginning to herald her approach in the east. The wolves were howling in a valley to the north, but I had heard them too often before to be worried. I had about four miles to go, and the ground was firm and the walking good; but when I left a pine ridge and descended into the low land which ran back from the head of the lake, the dense growth made it unpleasantly dark, especially as some heavy clouds were coming up with the moon.

I was swinging along at a good pace, when suddenly I heard a tiny snap, a little on one side of me, and turned round for a second, but, thinking no more of it, went on. A minute or two later the same noise came from the other side of me, followed by the distinct rustle of something moving through the underbrush. "Wolf!" flashed through my mind at once, and I suddenly seemed strung up to concert pitch. I could see nothing, and walked a few paces with my rifle at the ready, when a rustle directly at my back swung me round as quickly as before, and this time I heard the beast move off to one side. This made me feel better, as, whatever it was, it seemed to give me right of way. Suddenly there was a loud rustle almost at my side, which fairly made me jump round, and I saw staring at me out of a clump of young hemlocks two large round eyes. Before I could raise the rifle they were gone, and their owner went away with a rush, and I heard him stop a short distance away, leaving me but the haunting impression of baleful green eyes. It now kept at a more respectful distance, and soon I heard a scratching noise like a cat whetting his claws on the bark of a tree, and then knew that my chance acquaintance was not a lone wolf, but a lynx. A lynx, eternally following, as do all his tribe, and trying to make up his mind to attack a man, but living and dying except for isolated instances, without having summoned up enough courage to fulfil his object.

My way now led on to a high ridge, a short way from camp, where I had to leave the cage road, and as I did so the moon shone out from behind the clouds, bathing a bare, rocky hill over which I had to pass with its brilliant white light. The idea suddenly struck me that this might be my chance to see and perhaps get a shot at my eric companion. So, having crossed the moonlit ridge, I wheeled round and hid in a thicket on its edge. Looking out over the ridge, the mica and ore sparkling defiance to the stars, it seemed as though a rat could not cross its whitened surface without my detecting him. I had waited there about five minutes without seeing anything, when the lynx sent up his wild, melancholy yell about twenty yards away in the shadow of some balsams, directly behind my back, where he had evidently been watching me. When his call died away in its weird cadence, I steadfastly set my face toward camp, cursing softly. He was too old a hunter himself to be caught that way, and had crossed further down. He called twice during the rest of the way to camp, in a way that only those who have heard it can understand, but did not come near, evidently being suspicious of my actions.

A short way from camp I was glad to see Big Ike coming to meet me, his rugged old face full of anxiety. "That lynx, he's up to no good, is that feller," he said. "We catch him, catch him for sure." The next morning I went down early to get water at the lake, and there, stretched out on an overhanging branch that leaned over the water, was my friend of the night before. A fine male lynx he was, and he slowly turned his head over his shoulder, and gave me a low, hissing snarl. My pretence at not having seen him I am afraid was feeble. I filled the kettle, walked back to camp, grabbed the rifle, and came back on the dead run. My lynx was gone, but a V-shaped ripple with a round bullet head at its point showed clearly against the rising sun. It was the work of a moment to launch the canoe and go in pursuit, but I soon saw that he would beat me to the further shore, which was not far away, so I stopped the canoe and fired as his shoulders rose out of the water. He was just able to get on to the bank, and died with a flurry, clawing at the unresponsive rock. When I reached him he was quite still, his fierce old face set in a snarl, which still looks down at me from the wall as I write these lines. When I rounded the canoe back to our landing I found Big Ike with his morning pipe had been an interested spectator, and with a cheery "Good boy!" he jerked the canoe, lynx, and myself several yards up the bank.—Shoe-pack.

"For my part I don't see any more harm in a game of cards than in a game of chess." "But consider the associations." "What associations?" "Why, at chess you play with two bishops, while at cards you play with four knaves."

ED

LIES THE HEAD THAT  
WEARS A CROWN

Young Shah of Persia

MATCH



of the four daughters of the Edinburgh, has married the Infanta Eulalia, the daughter of the King of Spain. The marriage, which was opposed very strongly, not only by the King of Spain, but