

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



A good deal of dissatisfaction is felt over the existing Fish and Game Laws, which make the first of October close season for trout, and the commencement of the open season for deer and other large game. September is the month above all others for camping, as there are few mosquitoes then, and the nights are cool enough to render a camp fire an absolute necessity, and what is there more delightful in connection with camp-life than the evening gathering round the camp fire, the recounting of the incidents of the day, and the swapping of fish stories, and other stories, calculated to draw out the humorous side of one's recollections, while the resinous odors of the balsam or hemlock boughs of which the bed is composed, create an aroma which even the curling circlets of tobacco smoke cannot dispel. There are many who care less for fishing than hunting, and how much more agreeable it would be for those most interested if the law would permit one to exercise his choice at the same time. We believe the extermination of large game would not be increased by making September an open month, as so many more amateur sportsman would be induced to try camp-life, that it would lessen the chances of pot-hunters and the more experienced sportsmen. With the amateur the shooting of a moose would be the event of a life time, but with the skilled sportsman or professional hunter, one every season would not be considered anything to brag of. It is a well known fact that a party of experienced sportsmen can secure more game, if undisturbed by others, than a dozen parties of amateur sportsmen occupying the same territory. Then by having numerous parties scattered through the woods,

the chances of the pot-hunter, who follows in the dreary months of October and November, when camp-life has no charms for the amateur, will be considerably lessened, as game will have been stirred up enough to render their capture a difficult matter. We feel confident that the simultaneous action of the Maine and Quebec legislatures in making September an all round open month would lead to the expenditure of considerable capital where it would do most good, and by those who can amply afford it, while at the same time the fish and game would be better protected than they now are through the instrumentality of paid wardens and game keepers. There would be more true, genuine sportsmen in the field, who would have a personal interest in seeing that the Fish and Games Laws were enforced. Deer are more plentiful now in the vicinity of Spider Lake than they were 25 years ago, although this is the headquarters of the Megantic Fish and Game Club, and where their clubhouse is erected.

Those who delay in remitting \$2 to become members of our Short-Hand Class are losing an opportunity that may never occur again. We can supply the copies of our paper giving the first, second and third lessons of the printed course. With a knowledge of short-hand anyone can always secure a good, paying position.

This City is becoming quite a game resort. A few days ago two foxes—an old and young one—were seen on Melbourne street and the young one was killed. Last week a fine mink was killed in a stable in the heart of the city, while in the act of getting away with a chicken. A band of Kickapoo Indians is camped on the flat near the Grand Trunk Railway Station and in their paint and feathers remind us of what this locality was a hundred years ago. The Indians are engaged in advertising an Indian remedy, and in a *physical* sense are fine looking fellows. The advent of Indians and game is a pretty good illustration of "Looking Backward."

We believe that we are excusable in feeling flattered by the following notice which we clip from *The Vermont Watchman and State Journal*, Montpelier, Vt., (July 22nd, 1891). The *Watchman* is in its 86th volume with a reputation unexcelled by any newspaper in the States, so that we think coming from such a high source, we have good reason to be flattered:

Some readers seem to infer, because we think more of sheep than of sheep-killing dogs, and oppose the misuse of the noble horse as a gambling and swindling instrument, that we are a sort of kill-joy; but that is where they get left." Any one who enjoys clean, honest sport better than the agricultural editor must be leading a joyful life indeed. Hunting and fishing, riding and driving, occupied a pretty large percentage of our time while we were a young man in Maine and Kentucky—and we enjoy them yet, though we can almost reach out and touch our threescore and tenth year. All of which is introductory of a passing notice of our Sherbrooke friend Thomas' excellent monthly magazine, *The Land We Live In*. It is now in its third volume, and has grown constantly better with each issue. It is a "sporting journal" that hearty orthodox ministers, like Beecher or the Fields of New York might have enjoyed and contributed to—and, indeed, some such are in the lists of its writers. Canada is a true sportsman's resort, and if you want a reliable guide to the best shooting and fishing there, just send your dollar to D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke, P. Q., for a year's subscription to *The Land We Live In*.

We expect to receive in time for our September issue an article from the pen of B. R. Buffham, of Fort Worth, Texas, better known to the sporting fraternity by his *nom de plume* of "Almo." Mr. Buffham is an authority on shooting and has invented several improvements in modern arms. He has hunted over a good part of this continent, and 23 years ago organized a hunting party which spent some time in Canada. He is recognized—even in Texas, noted for its good shots—as an expert in the use of a gun. He has had a life long experience in shooting and in 1866, when only sixteen years of age, bagged three hundred quail on the Island of Malta, as the result of ten hours shooting.

We notice in our columns anything sent us by way of sample, to the extent of its value, and accept the agency for such as we can handle to advantage.