

HUNTING LICENSES, 1899.

Season license for foreigners, \$25.

Season license for Ontario people, \$15.

Non-residents, who require only a few days' hunting, will be charged only \$1.50 a day.

N. B.—The above hunting license allows the licensee to kill every kind of game coming within range of his rifle or shot gun during the season provided by law for the killing of such respective game.

AS TO CLUB MEMBERS.

Non-residents, namely, bona-fide active members of clubs, duly incorporated under the laws of the province or licensees of fishing and hunting territory, have no licenses to pay to fish and hunt on their territory.

Non-residents, namely, invited guests and honorary members of clubs or licensees of fishing and hunting territory, have to pay the full license fee.

The holder of the license shall, at all reasonable times when required, exhibit the same to any gamekeeper or to any person having ex-officio such quality, under penalty of the forfeiture of the license, without prejudice to the penalties enacted by Article 1410, 59 V., c. 20, s. 8.

The above applies also to membership certificate of a duly incorporated club.

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Trout.

Bring forth the royal coachman, boys,

The hacklets and the others;

Take down the reel, the rod and line

My piscatorial brothers.

Unfurl the long-top wading boots,

And gently soak the leaders,

For these last days of blithesome May

Are all trout-fishing breeders.

Brush up the good old fairy tales

Of many a charming season,

Antediluvian though they be

And lacking rhyme or reason.

The sportsman's eye will brightly shine

O'er tales of battle royal,

And tho' the telling hints of age

Not one will prove disloyal.

Revisit all the fishing grounds

In fancy's broad dominion,

And hear again the war of words

To back each curt opinion—

Of flies and casts and reels and rods

And fishlore good and plenty,

The thrill will catch you as it did

When you were one and twenty.

—J. B. Dorman.

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How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing

In days so sweet with music's balm!

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;

I ask for nothing superfine:

No heavy weight, no salmon great,

To break the record, or my line:

Only a little stream,

Whose amber waters softly gleam,

Where I may wade, through woodland shade,

And cast the fly, and loaf, and roam:

Only a trout or two, to dart

From foaming pools, and try my art:

No more I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing.

And just a day on Nature's heart.

—From "The Angler's Wish," by Henry Van Dyke.



WHEN moose are ripe and the crop is good, it is the unexpected that may always be expected to occur. You will seldom find your game at the pre-appointed time or place. The conditions are always novel and peculiar. Perhaps since the world began no bull moose was ever killed by a sportsman in precisely the same manner as any other bull moose. It is this glorious uncertainty—this shuffling of the cards by hidden hands—that lends to the life of the big game hunter its everlasting charm.

In the month of September, 1897, an amateur friend and I started up the Sou-West Miramichi from Boiestown, en route for Miramichi Lake. The lake had no special repute for moose, but reliable reports had reached us of their being seen in the summer months, splashing about like great water-dogs in the deadwater that connected the lake with the main river, and we determined to investigate. We had two log canoes manned by four of the stoutest policemen that ever faced a rapid. Three days we toiled (or they did) against a current swollen by recent rains. Next morning we re-embarked bright and early, happy in the thought that by noon we should reach our camping ground at the mouth of the deadwater.

The rising sun flashed upon the dripping white spruce poles as we hugged the northern shore of the stream. A faint suspicion of mist curled upwards from the face of the foam-flecked water. We had just passed McKel's "bogan" and were entering a narrow passage way between a low grassy islet and the shore, when Don, the leading man in the head canoe, seemed to be seized with a fit. His pole was arrested in its downward stroke, his sturdy form stiffened in an attitude of cataleptic rigidity, and from his trembling lips, came the startling announcement: "Moose! moose!" Glancing up the shining incline of the rapids, I saw a large bull moose leisurely crossing the river about 200 yards away. Here, on the very threshold of our hunt, before we had even reached the promised land, was our opportunity. There was only one thing to be done.

The roar of old Habeas Corpus, by which name was known the faithful Martini rifle that had never failed me yet, was followed at once by the report

of Arthur's weapon from the second canoe a few yards astern and as many feet nearer the centre of the stream. Two spouting jets of water, one beyond the moose, the other fair in front of him, showed where the bullets struck. The moose, then about midstream, turned about, making for the southern bank, from which he had emerged. Arthur's canoe shot alongside, and I beheld that precocious youth, pulling trigger as fast as he could load and aim, with a corncob firmly clinched between his teeth.

About this time the men began to distribute the English language in a very reckless way. First they would try to hold the canoes steady in the tossing flood in order that we might shoot. Next a panic would seize them lest the moose should escape, and they would pull up stream for dear life. Never to be forgotten was the din the rifles made up the valley of the river, echoing from hill to hill that peaceful autumn morn. How the fusillade affected the moose it was impossible to state. He had by this time reached the southern shore and seemed to be making futile efforts to ascend the steep, bushy bank. We could see from where the water-line rose upon his flanks that the water on that shore was several feet deep. The vital question formed itself in every mind: Was it the steepness of the bank, or the wounds he had received, that kept the monster still in sight? The canoes had advanced by fits and starts and were now almost opposite the noble game, the loudly barking rifles and the excited shouts of the men resulting in a pandemonium something like this:

"Boys, he's done for! He can't git up the bank!"

"No, he ain't! The bank's too steep. Give it to him for your life. He's just lookin' for a place to git up!"

"Now, let him have it! I'll hold the canoe!"

(Bang. Bang.)

"That's the stuff! Did you see the fur fly? That last shot fetched him!"

"No, it didn't! Shove her over, Dan! Shove her over! Look, he's swimmin' up the shore!"

(Bang.)

"Keep back, Bob, or you'll git the top of your head blown off!"

"Boys, we're goin' to lose him! He ain't hurt a mite! Oh I could kill that moose with a plate of beans!"