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Field Sports at Home and Abroad

WOOD AND WATER EXPLOITS By Ernest McGaffey

Joe-Dad's Bee Tree

"See that," said old Joe-Dad, as he rose the skiff and peered into the surrounding per. "Mmin," went on the ancient "push "I reckon they's a bee-tree round here Newhere's. How'd some honey taste on n flap-jacks we're havin' at camp?"

'What're you mumbling about, Joe?" was answer as I hooked on a medium sized meadow frog, the kind the big-mouth bass are so partial to; "what did you see when you stood up just now?"

"Bee," said Joe-Dad. We had been fishing for several days on the Illinois river, with our camp at the mouth of a creek that emptied into the river. Bigmouth bass, wall-eyed pike and young squirrels had been our bill of fare, with plenty of cornmeal pancakes, or "flap-jacks," as the pusher called them. The possibility of honey, lowever, interested me mightily, for I have what is commonly known as a "sweet tooth"

So when we got back to camp, after getting a half-dozen thumping bass, and after Joe-Dad had carefully located the direction the bee went, the plans and specifications for raiding the bee-tree were elaborately discussed.

"We've got plenty of rope," said the "pusher," knocking the ashes out of his shortstemmed pipe, "and two good axes. We may have to build a 'smudge,' and agin mebby we won't have to.'

"What do you want with rope?" was my query; "are you going to lasso the bees one at a time?"

"Well," was Joe-Dad's remark, "I reckon rope's a mighty prominent article in gittin' after bees. If it hadn't a-been fur fifty foot o' rope or so I wouldn't be a-settin' here talkin' about raidin' a bee-tree."

"You must have been an interested party in some bee scrape, Joe," was my answer. "Fur awhile, fur awhile," was the "pusher's" response. "Yes, I reckon I was about the most pisenously interested feller in a chunk o' rope that ever happened into the timber."

'Why, that sounds like a story, Joe," said; "tell me about it."

"Well," begun Joe-Dad, it was this-a-way. I was young, an' I wuz green as to bees. I wuz the best climber next to a squirrel that ever shinned up a saplin'. I'd lived in the woods, an' yit I wuz so busy huntin' an' fishin' hat I'I never been huntin' fer bee-trees more'n ur er five times. But I wuz mightily shore wuzn't a-skeered ux ary bee that ever drawed

"So one night over comes Bob Early to e cabin, an' he's got a bee-tree sighted that's plumb full o' honey to hear him tell it, an' nothin'll do but fer him an' pap to git out after it next mornin'. But the old man's got a line o' traps he's got to 'run,' an' he says fer me to go 'long 'ith Bob. So bright an' soon the next mornin' Bob an' me's pinted fer this here beetree. Boh's got an ax, I've got an ax, an' Bob's carryin' a long rope."

"'What's the rope fer, Bob?' sez I. "'Jist to hang ourselves ef we miss findin' that bee tree, says Bob.

"I didn't say nothin' to that, fer I knew Bob Early was raised on bees, an' that he wasn't packin' that quoil o' rope fer fun.

"An' so perty soon we got to a clearin' down in the timber, an' Bob took a squint through the bresh, an 'at last he sez, 'straight out from this here log to'rds the river.' So we starts to plow through the awfullest tangle you ever seen. Buck-bresh, blackberry briers, pieces o' swamp, old logs an' the devil's own mix-up o' wood an' water. Finally old Bob halts clost to the river, an' lookin' up at the edge uv an openin' in the woods he sez, 'We've hit, fer here she is."

"Then I squinted up, an' there was the biggest and slickest sycamore I 'bout ever seen, no branches low down, but up about forty feet or so there wuz a turrible big dead limb stickin' out from the main trunk. An' from that dead limb you could see the bees goin' in an' comin' out, an says Bob, 'Thar's our honey.'"

"There wuz another good-sized limb stickin' out from the tree clost to the dead one, an' finerly I sez, 'How're we goin' to git all this here honey? That sycamore would tough a grey squirrel to climb it. Ex fer a man, he couldn't climb it no more'n he could climb a rainbow."

"Bob never said nothin' but jist kep' figgern' 'round, an' then he sez, 'We'll fell that thar aplin' so'st it'll fall acrost the dead limb,' sez e, 'an' ef it don't bust her down, one o' us'll ave to climb the saplin' an' cut away the mb. It kin be done by standin' n that limb love the dead one, an' mebby the saplin'll reak her off an' save us climbin.'

"So Bob an' me lays our axes into the sapthen the saplin' is about ready to go, ws the rope over one of it's limbs es to a tree close up so'st the saplin's

come down on the dead limb. Well. comes Mr. Saplin' square across the lead limb a few feet from the big sycamore elf. But it didn't bust the limb. Some o'

he bees they come out but went back agin', n' Boh an' me we jist steed an' looked."

"'It's a case o' climb,' sez he.'" "Now bein' that I wuz nacherly the best limber in the world, I allows I'll go up. Box sezs 'Cut her off as near the butt as you kin. an' I'll sling you the rope up after the limb busts off, an' you kni tie her to the green limb you'll standin' on, throw down you ax, an'

slide down the rope. I'll cut loose from the green limb with a couple o' bullets, an' there you are."

"So I ties the ax tight to me an' up I goes. It wuz'nt very hard, an' I gets up to the spot in a few minutes. Then I unties the ax an' begins choppin' on the dead limb. I hadnt' got ner half off when the weight o' the saplin weakens the limb an' it tears off an' falls, takin' with it the heft o' the honey, but leavin' about seven bushels o' bees at the butt o' the limb an' along on one side o' the limb where it had fetched loose from. Well, that looked all right, but in about three seconds the bees app'inted a committee to investigate. Something like twelve or fifteen thousand bees wuz on this committee, an' the first thing they did to me wuz to jist sting me once for good luck. 'The rope!' hollers I, an' then I shet my mouth an' eyes fer fear the bees't start in on me there. They cert'ny did sting me awful. I thought I'd fall off'n the limb. I wuz skeered to try to slide down the sycamore' cuz I'd a dropped forty feet an' broke my neck certain. The saplin' o' course had gone with the dead limb, an' thar I wuz forty feet up in the crotch, an' gittin' stung at the rate o' six hundred stingers a

"Well, Bob, he jist nacherly gits the rope untied from the saplin' as soon as he kin, an' quoils her up an' sends it across the limb so's I ketch it the first sling. By that time I'm one big bunch o' pizen from them stings, an' paitickler my head and neck. Pears like they mostly settled on my back, an' the back o' my neck, an' when I got the rope, they sort o' shifted an' commenced to sting my hands.

"Well, sir, I didn't lose any time gittin' a hitch to the limb with that rope an' when I slid down her Ic ert'ny perty near set fire to it, I went down so tarnation quick.

"Talk about PAIN! Why, I was jist the painfullest feller in the woods. Bob grabbed me the minute I lit, an' he had a big gob a' honey in his hands. He rubbed that honey into the stings, an' I want to say right here that in two hours I wuz all right, though I wuz some sore. But the honey took the pizen out, an' after a couple o' days I wouldn't aknowed I'd a-been stung at all. But lawz-ame! I'll never furgit settin' up thar a hundred feet from the ground, er say forty feet, an' gettin' peppered by them bees.

"An' so you see ef it hadn't a-been fer the rope we had along, I'd a-had to jump an' break my neck er stuck thar tell them bees had jist nacherly stung me plumb off'n the limb.

"After I'd got shet a little o' the pain, by Bob rubbin' in the honey, he sez to me ,'What do you think of a rope in raidin 'a bee-tree?' " "And what did you say that that, Joe-Dad?" was my inquiry.

"I sez the next time I does after a bee-tree. I 'lowed I'd pack a ladder, if they wuzn't no

SOME THOUGHTS ON WILD DUCK

Pheasant, partridge or grouse we shoot with a calm content, rather than with a thrill of excitement. It is the same with hare and rabbit, or wood-pigeon. The cry of "woodcock" makes the heart beat faster, and the "sceap" of a noisy snipe is a fascinating sound; but woodcock are far too uncommon in Engsnipe-shooting, if one gets enough of it, ceases to excite, though never to charm.

I am the last person in the world to decry one of these birds or beasts-I love them allonly one gets used to them and their ways. It is left to the wild duck to afford the cream of shooting, that bird of infinite variety of habit, and next to the wild goose, the most wary and retiring of all winged creatures. There are some men who have killed hundreds of ducks, and who have grown to look upon them in the same way as they look upon pheasants; they have only met the duck artificially—the wild duck as man has made him, not such as he is when bred in the lap of Nature. To them he is a fine flyer, a bird easily reared and cheaply fed, and nothing more; he comes when he is driven, and in numbers nicely regulated to give quick, but not too quick, shooting; he is a bird that can be trained to come and feed at the sound of a horn or the report of a gun. He is admirable to look at, admirable to shoot,

but one does it without a thrill. How different the real wild duck, with the salt of the sea still clinging to his breast! To start with, he cannot be dismissed with the one word "mallard." Variety is the essence of shooting, and the varieties of duck are delightfully numerous. I am not writing now of the shore and the waves, of the punt-gun or the eight-bore, but of the sport that still remains by lake and river in wild corners of our civilized England; of hours devoted to daytime stalking, of half-hours at change of light in evening and morning. The mallard, of course, is the commonest duck to be found by fresh water; this much—and it is a lot—we owe to those who breed him by hundreds, for the home-bred duck soon realizes his birthright and answers the wandering call of his blood. The big shoots over, he has, if he survives, often become a wild and never-more-to-betamed creature, hating the sight of man and ready to produce a family without his aid. He has forgotten the incubator and the hen and resumed his nature, though, if food is still supplied he will often visit and revisit his old home. Add to his numbers a quantity of immigrants from the North, a host of wild-bred birds from our own moors, rivers, and marshes, and we have ample reason for the numeri-

cal superiority of the mallard over the other

But come a spell of frost, a freezing of the scas far away, and straightaway the supply of duck on our lakes and rivers instantly increases. In mid-winter, even when the weather is mild, favored waters will always hold their complement of various kinds of wildfowl. Still, frost and snow are powerful factors in the making of a bag, and those who possess a secluded stretch of water that runs so swiftly as never to freeze can count on reaping a rare harvest under really wintry conditions.

Locality, privacy and running water may be said to be the necessary adjuncts to a preserve of really wild duck. There are certain places to which the birds come naturally, and will always come year after year, and probably there are no counties so beloved of wildfowl in their inland parts as Norfolk and Suffolk, while portions of Hampshire have a great reputation, and flooded fields in the valley of the Thames attract ducks in hundreds. Most lakes of any size and kept free of intruders can be made to tempt wildfowl, even if they do not do so naturally. But neither large lakes nor tracts of flooded land will afford much sport to the user of the shoulder gun, nor are they agreeable to duck when frozen over, as they must be in any prolonged spell of frost. I have at times seen more than a thousand wildfowl disconsolately sitting upon ice, but in the main they are inclined to desert a sheet of water that is completely covered. Open water they must have, and a shallow rippling river running by wooded banks is a haven to them in hard times, and the gunner's paradise. Hither come teal and wigeon, gadwall, golden eye and tufted duck; of course, the mallard, and, perchance, the shoveller, pochard, pintail, and that rare visitor form America, the butterball or buffel-headed duck. The possibilities of sport and variety of bag are unlimited. I have in mind such a stretch of water, lying in the heart of a great estate, where I have killed six different species to my own gun, four of them in a single day, and have had the somewhat rare experience of bringing down a mallard drake with my right barrel and a cock wigeon with my left.

Wildfowl differ as much in behaviour as they do in kind. I count the mallard the wildest of them all, the wigeon a good second, though he, when fresh from the sea, is not always difficult of approach on inland waters. The teal is sometimes wary as the mallard, but often he will give you a shot, rising at from 30 to 35 yards. The gadwall is more confiding, while tufted duck and golden eye are nothing short of accommodating; I have flushed both these ducks 60 to 100 yards away, and, instead of flying from me, they have flown straight over my head at a nice killing distance, but at a great speed. And both these ducks have a peculiar habit when winged; they will disappear as they fall into the water completely and absolutely. The mallard or wigeon, when winged, looks round him and then dives, but golden eye and tufted duck fall and are seen no more till they come to the surface 60 yards or more away. I have again walked straight up to a small lot of tufted duck in full view for 100 yards, while they merely swam about until I was within easy gunshot. But in this kind of shooting one kills most birds by stalking the border of the rivers with consummate care and such other spots as are known to be favored of the fowl, and though the shot may be easy, the stalk is always difficult. 1 have memories, too, of a brilliant moonlight night when the ground was covered with snow, how we went forth after dinner to look for duck. We found them in quantities, and my friend took a right and left, while I fell into an unfrozen dyke in my dress trousers. The duck sanctuary is very prolific in what it has to offer-the day-time or night-time stalk, the morning or/evening flight, and perhaps of all

its gifts the latter is the best. I have no happier moments to recall than when I have stood by the river in the twilight with the north wind lashing the river into yellow waves as they caught the last kiss of a dying winter's sun. One night I stood there in 20 degrees of frost, and dropped a favorite pipe; it was found next morning severely gnawed by rats, who doubtless could discover no other meal. Wigeon and mallard I have shot at flight-time, and also gadwall and teal, but the latter was disturbed by a keeper and not genuinely in llight. I have seen no other species of duck during the change of light. In frosty weather any open part of the river is a good stand for the flight; in mild weather it is a good plan to wait where one has seen many duck collected in the daytime; they feed day and night, though chiefly when it is dark. The morning flight is best by the lake-side if it remains unfrozen, and the half-hour's sport that one may obtain in the grey of the morning or the dusk of eve is quite unrivalled while it lasts. Those racing shadowy forms! The splash or thud of a fall! Covert shooting, partridge or grouse driving, we have nothing quite like this. If only it lasted longer; if only it was not quite so uncertain!-Alan R. Haig Brown in Baily's.

A TALE OF TEMAGAMI

(Continued from Last Sunday)

Words were entirely superfluous, though every man had instinctively planned just what he would do when we piled her up on the rocks, as was momentarily expected. Even a light aboard would have been some comfort, but we had not anticipated any night

cruising, and had left our lanterns in camp. As for welcome light ashore to guide us on our course, there were none, for we were alone in a vast wilderness and could expect no help from any quarter.

In this intense situation we were aroused to instant action by a sudden cry from the Norseman. "Water!" he yelled. "The boat is leaking! Bail for your lives. The boat is leaking! Bail for your lives!" Buffetted and battered by the angry waves and strained in every timber by the terrific blow of a few hours previous, our laboring craft had sprung a leak which was beyond the power of our bilge pump to handle, and the water had already reached the level of the engine bed and was being thrown in all directions by the swiftly revolving fly wheel. Hastily groping through the darkness the Novice and I managed to find a couple of buckets, and tearing up some of the deck planks so as to give us access to the waterlogged hold, we bailed frantically through the long dark hours, spurred on by the knowledge that on our ability to keep the water down and our engine dry depended the salvation of ourselves and our good little boat. That warning cry from the Norseman came none too soon, for immediately following it there came a break in the heretofore regular pulsations of our motor, indicating to our strained sensibilities that one cylinder was out of commission through short circuiting, and it seemed a question of seconds only until the other would quit, and leave us drifting entirely at the mercy of the gale to be dashed to pieces on the rocky shore. We could not see the Norseman's face, but we could easily imagine his tense expression as he tinkered over the balky engine, using all the wiles at his command to coax it into action again. With rare good fortune and by some magical power which he alone possessed, he managed to inject new life into that inert part, and in a few moments we were cheered by the welcome throb of both cylinders in action again and doing their utmost to carry us to safety.

Every turn of our propeller we knew was bringing us nearer to camp and safety, and another half hour, if we could last that long. would put us in the still water of our home port, provided our helmsman could find our island in that impenetrable gloom.

This was a most vital point with us, as de spite our constant bailing we knew that the water was gaining, and it was becoming more evident every minute that unless we could find our harbor we would be forced to run ashore on some unknown island, taking our chances of making a safe landing and finding a sheltered berth where our craft might rest until daylight revealed our location. The inlet to our bay we believed was somewhere on our port side, but whether we had run past it in the darkness none of us could determine. For all we knew to the contrary, we were hopelessly lost in a vast, watery wilderness with only a vague idea of the points of the compass. Even Ed, who all along through the trying hours had displayed such wonderful knowledge of the course ,and had brought us through the tortuous channels so far without a scratch, was commencing to lose confidence in our location, when something which he was never afterwards able to explain, call it Providence if you will, or instinct, prompted him to turn sharply to the left. We held our breaths in silence, knowing that a few moments would determine whether we were headed for the safety of our harbor or destruction on the rocks. It was like shooting blindfolded at a mark, with about one chance in a hundred of scoring, but this time our helmsman's aim was true and, to our intense relief, he scored a bull's eye, for we grazed the ragged rocks on either side as we made the narrow inlet, and in a moment we were gliding quietly along in still water with our snug harbor only a few yards

And fortunate it was for us that we found our inlet when we did, for no sooner had we reached the shelter of the bay than our faith. ful motor, as if having reached the limit of its effort, withoue last dispiriting cough, gave up its life and was silent. But we were safe now, and a few strokes of the paddle aided by the momentum of our boat, soon brought us to the landing at our deserted but nevertheless

most welcome camp. It was certainly good to feel the solid ground under our feet and to stretch our tired and cramped limbs while doing full justice to the hasty meal which Ed had soon prepared. And as we lay on our fragrant beds of balsam that night listening to the gale howling through the tree tops, we thought over the stirring experience of the day, and realized that Temagami, the lake of beautiful water, is not to be trifled with when she gets on a rampage. We had seen her in all her summer moods, still as a mill pond with mirror like reflections of blue sky and green verdure, and again stirred into dancing ripples by the fragrant ozone laden breezes, but never before did we realize that she could display such an ugly

temper as she served to us that wild night. We bend our knee in homage to you, Temagami, peerless gem of the Ontario Highlands. Fair as a beautiful maiden when the sun smiles on your glistening bosom and al! nature is in accord with your wonderful charms, you worthily merit the praise which is so lavishly bestowed by nature-lovers fortunate enough to visit your shores. But when the wind howls through your courses and the sun hides himself as if in shame for your violence, you are no longer "Temagami the Beautiful," but "Temagami the Terror,' 'at whose rage the strongest men will anail, and only the



Sportsman's Calendar

OCTOBER

Oct. 1.- l neasant (cocks only) and quail shooting opens for Esquimalt, Cowichan, Saanich and Islands Electoral Districts.

Pheasant shooting (cocks only) opens on Hornby and Denman Islands. Game Now in Season-Deer, pheasant, grouse (except in Saanich), quail, also ducks, geese and snipe.

N.B.-Municipal regulations of both North and South Saanich require written permits from both owners of land on which it is desired to shoot and reeves of the municipalities.

Trout-fishing now excellent, also Salmontrolling. Tyees at their best at Alberni this month.

foolhardy who know you not will tempt your passion. We have learned to respect you profoundly, and we are glad to know you in all your phases, for whatever your mood we love your every ripple with a deep and everlasting affection, and will always worship at your shrine.

And the brave little Papoose, we offer you a testimonial for the gallant fight you fought and won. Though sorely wounded and strained in every timber, you kept stubbornly to your task through the long, dark hours and brought us safely through the battle with the elements, finally landing us unscratched on a friendly shore. We doubtless owe our lives to your staunchness; so here's to you! May you never again be so severely tried as on that eventful August 23, and may we who shared with you the tribulations of that wild night always keep green the memory of the thrilling "Cruise of the Papoose."

PARTRIDGES UPSET AVIATOR

A covey of partridges upset the balance of the aviator Gidy at Chumery, France, and nearly caused his death. M. Gidy was circling, attempting to win the Michelin prize, when some sportsmen beneath him disturbed a covey of partridges, which flew right into his monoplane. Several of the birds struck the aviator and caused him to lose his balance. He came down suddenly and the machine turned completely over. By almost a miracle M. Gidy was able to crawl out of the wreck unhurt.

KILLED SWORDFISH WITH RIFLE

When Capt. Enos Nickerson, of the fishing schooner Pontiac, reached the wharf at Boston the other day, he proudly exhibited a 450-lb. swordfish which was pierced behind the left gill with a rifle bullet.

Capt. Nickerson was fishing in the South Channel, and upon seeing a good sized swordfish he determined to substitute the rifle for the lily iron. One bullet performed the deed and the prized fish rolled over with a great flapping of its tail and was easily hauled on deck. This is the first time that a swordfish has been known to have been caught in this

MOST VALUABLE GARDEN IN THE WORLD

There are many curious things about the Bank of England, but among them how many know that it possesses a respectable garden? It is to be found just inside the Threadneedle street entrance. on the lefthand side.

This old-fashioned garden has a fountain in the centre, gravelled paths and a couple of trees, the whole forming a quadrangle with the bank building running all round.

Its history is a curious one. In reality this garden is the churchyard of the vanished Church of St. Christopher-le-Stock, which used to stand where the Mansion House now

One reason why the church was pulled down was because its tower completely overlooked the bank, and it was feared that it would be a danger to the "Old Lady" if the church was occupied by rioters.

As the bank occupies the site of the entire parish of St. Christopher-le-Stock, it is said that any freeman of the city can claim admission to the old garden. But, as a matter of fact. any one who cares to see it may do so during business hours, and it is well worth a visit, if only for the fact that it is the most valuable. garden in the world!

The shark's skin when dried is hard and smooth and is called shagteen. It is used for covering whip handles and instrument cases. It is also used by cabinet makers for polishing fine woods. Shark's fins are made into a glue. that is largely used by silk manufacturer-