

Friday, November 26, 1909.

NOTICE.

Seattle Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 286.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE.

R. C. P. No. 10 Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 282.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE.

R. C. P. No. 11 Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 283.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE.

R. C. P. No. 12 Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 284.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE.

Kagle No. 7 Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 287.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE.

Kagle No. 8 Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 288.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE.

Seattle No. 1 Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 289.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE.

Last Chance Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 286.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

NOTICE.

First Chance Mineral Claim, situated in the Quatino Mining Division of Rupert District. Located at West Arm of Quatino Sound.

Lot No. 285.
TAKE NOTICE that James A. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. B13876, intends, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 27, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 10th day of September, A.D. 1909.

R. C. PRICE, Agent.

A FEW REMARKS.

(Richard L. Pocock).

The one absorbing topic of the week is the deplorable shooting accident at the Summit. At the time of writing, the affair is a mystery so far as the general public is concerned. Various stories have appeared in print to the effect that the police know who the party is who did the shooting, but refuse to make known his name without instructions from the attorney-general's department. We have been told first that the party is in a state of mental and physical collapse, and then are informed the next day that the police do not as a matter of fact know who he is, but only have a suspicion. If they really do know, and the party is not man enough or mentally capable of coming forward and owning up himself, they are allowing, by withholding his name, the possibility of unjust suspicion to fall on the heads of other innocent parties who were known to be hunting in the vicinity of the shooting. It looks to an outsider as if they most certainly did not know. Before this is in print, the mystery will no doubt be solved, but at present there is a strong feeling of dissatisfaction among sportsmen, and naturally so. If the shooting was done by a boy, as seems most probable, it is easy to understand that on hearing the shouts of his victim, he would be panic-stricken and would run without making any attempt to ascertain what damage, if any, he had done; it is hard to understand the same action in a grown man. In shooting accidents of this serious nature there must always be some sympathy for the poor devil who does the mischief in his hour of horror and remorse. This sympathy can hardly be extended in the case of one who is not man enough to admit his responsibility openly, especially after his turning what was no doubt an accident in the first place, into a dastardly crime, by running away from the victim of his carelessness, when he must have heard his cries for help. And this is putting it a great deal more mildly than most are putting it now in general conversation.

Accidents will always happen, but measures can and should be taken to minimize the chance of the occurrence of such accidents as this. One very obvious one is the restriction from the use of firearms of boys not yet of a responsible age. There is a law on the statute books I believe, which the carrying and use of firearms by any person under the age of fourteen years. This is a law which is not adequately enforced, and even if it were, the age limit is too low. How often do we hear the remark passed: "Look at that kid with a gun as big as himself, isn't it a wonder there are not more accidents when they allow youngsters like that to handle guns?"

Every user of a gun should be required to take out a license. The cost of a license need not be very great, but postmasters and others who might be authorized to sell such licenses should be required to satisfy themselves that they are not issuing them to any but responsible persons, and every user of a gun should be required to produce his license on demand at any time when he is carrying a gun. Accidents would still happen, doubtless, but they would be much less frequent.

"Outdoor Life" printed a little while ago the following pertinent remarks of State Game Warden Nowlin, of Wyoming:

"A year or two ago, the newspapers compiled a list of seventy-two fatalities in the hunting fields of the United States for one year. Such appalling statistics suggest some drastic remedy. Nearly all this killing was done by careless or nervous hunters. Many states have already enacted carefully drawn statutes which provide severe penalties for the inexcusable carelessness of hunters. I am of the opinion that we should take time by the forelock and serve notice upon the too eager sportsman that they will have to face a felony charge if they maim or kill a human being while in pursuit of wild game. A man killed accidentally is just as dead as if he were purposely shot, and the loss and grief to the family and friends is not mitigated by the plea of 'accidental shooting.' Hunting is a highly commendable form of recreation, and, under sensible restrictions, ought to be encouraged; but notice must be taken of reckless shooting, and means employed to minimize the consequent danger to human life. If a notice were printed upon each hunter's license that the accidental wounding or killing of any person by the holder thereof, while hunting, would be punished as manslaughter, it would serve well towards preventing hunting accidents."

No boy should be given or allowed to buy a gun of any kind without being properly schooled in its use, and duly instructed in its death-dealing powers. There is a criminal responsibility resting on the parent who puts a gun in the hand of his son, without first being quite sure that he has brought him to understand fully its danger if improperly handled. Youth with his first gun is naturally impatient to be killing something, and, if his impatience is not curbed, and he is not taught restraint at the first, he is liable to kill the wrong thing. Some score of years or so ago, a good old English sportsman of the old school gave me my first lessons in the handling of a shot gun, and his methods were so simple and at the same time so effective, that venture to describe them to others who may take a young hopeful in hand for his first lessons in the handling of a gun.

To begin with, before putting a gun in my hand, he gave me a short, but impressive lecture on the powers of the weapon, explaining

that, although for sporting purposes the range of a shotgun was roughly taken to be about forty yards, it was none the less capable of doing mortal injury at a much greater distance. He explained the dangers of glancing pellets from trees, fence-rails, the ground, and other hard substances, and then, after thoroughly impressing on my mind the deadly nature of the weapon he was about to entrust me with, he taught the one great rule, which any man who ever handles a gun should always observe at all times: Never hold or carry a gun, even though you are absolutely positive that it is not loaded, in such a way as to make it possible for it to point in the direction of any living thing, including yourself, except when actually aiming at game. Having shown me the correct way to carry a gun, he took me out with him, giving me an empty gun to carry, and no cartridges for the first day. He promised that if I carried the gun in a safe manner during all the time we were out that first day he would let me have some shots the next day, but assured me that, if only for an instant, he caught me handling it in a dangerous manner or carrying it in any way but as he had shown me, he would make me carry an empty gun again for the next day, and not allow me a shot until I had stood the test absolutely perfectly for a whole day. That was a lesson which sunk so deep in the mind of a school boy, dead anxious to learn to shoot, that it has never been forgotten.

Running deer with dogs is against the law. Good sportsmen respect the law, but, unfortunately, there is a class of gunners who frequent the woods who are not good sportsmen at all, the sort of men who are chiefly responsible for the thinning out of the game through their greed in days gone by when they tell us they used to bring home thirty or forty grouse to a man for a day's shooting, as if it were something to be proud of. Some of this kind of sportsmen were seen running deer with dogs at Shawnigan last Sunday, the result being the slaying of a doe with buckshot. Sportsmen who are brave enough to risk their lives in that district assure me that this is not an isolated instance, but that it is the regular practice of many of those who go out of town to hunt deer in the country adjacent to the E. & N. track.

But why use buckshot? Why not stretch a net across the runway (as the Chinese do) and not spoil good meat with shot holes.

A game warden or two to do a little hunting themselves in the country where this deer running is carried on might act as a deterrent, even if no arrests and convictions took place. We are told "Ask and ye shall receive." Well we will keep on asking.

A correspondent writes to ask what we consider the safest costume to wear in the woods, seeing that a red hat appears to be no protection. This is a puzzler. A red hat I never did consider much of a safeguard; it does not show up well in all lights, and in the fall the woods are full of bright red tints. If you wear a brown coat you look like a deer to the man who is not accustomed to seeing deer, except in his imagination. If you wear a grey coat he will not put you for a squirrel; squirrels in this part of the world are no good for food or for their hides, no good at all, in fact, except to give pleasure in seeing them, to those of us who are foolish enough to take pleasure in this kind of thing, but that is a detail, they have life, and it can be taken with impunity, therefore beware of making yourself look the least bit like a squirrel.

You might wear striped clothing, but then you run the risk of being taken for a chipmunk, whereas, if you adopt a checked or spotted pattern, you look too much like a foolhorn or a porcupine. Armour-plate is a trifle cumbersome in the bush, besides they sell guns nowadays for shooting deer which are guaranteed to penetrate half-an-inch and more of steel. We give it up; better stay at home and teach your setter parlor tricks.

A WARNING BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

In a very striking article entitled "The Rogues' Gallery," in Collier's Outdoor America, Mr. William Hornaday describes a state of things in the country below the line which may well be studied by Canadian sportsmen, containing as it does many a lesson which we can take to heart and profit by now before it is too late. The article follows:

For the protection of wild life, a republican form of government is unquestionably the worst in the world. The worst men in America are the ones who feel that they are the real lords of creation, and that being in a land of liberty, they are licensed to do exactly as they royally please. It is that spirit that is manifested in New York and many other cities in the form of rubbish on the streets, rubbish and despoiled shrubbery and flowerbeds in public parks, rowdiness on trains and wholesale burglaries and robberies. Thanks to the lawless element now becoming so dominant in this country, our once prized "freedom" has already become a Dead Sea apple.

The Americans of 1909 will find here a country in which there is no hunting for real game, outside of the rigidly protected areas. The forces of destruction are so strong, so merciless, so all-pervading and so lawless, their power to pulverize all wild life is (apparently) beyond resistance. The people of America, as a mass, are apathetic regarding the enforcement of even the most reasonable game laws; and in many game districts a conviction by jury is almost an impossibility.

I think that in another twenty years or less the "do-as-I-damn-please" spirit will give us, outside of the game preserves a barren and gameless America, everywhere between the Barren Grounds and the great forests of the tropics. It is for this reason that some of us are bending our energies to the making of great game preserves instead of squabbling with sportsmen over the "bag limit" and season dates for killable game that will totally disappear.

Lack of Public Support

This looks like a digression; but it is not. It is the crux of the whole wild-life situation. We make good game laws, well nigh everywhere that game exists; but no state can put into the field ten thousand wardens that would be necessary to protect her wild life from her two thousand or ten thousand lawless game killers! Take the case of Long Island, here under our eyes.

There is a splendid state game commissioner, an equally splendid chief game protector, and ninety-six as fine game wardens as one could wish to see. They all do their utmost; but in view of the lawlessness of about ten per cent of the people of this eight million state, it would require the services of one thousand game wardens to really and truly enforce the game laws of this state. Today, in view of the lawless spirit of certain hunters view of the south shore of Long Island, it would take twenty additional men to break up the lawless duck killing that now goes on there every winter and spring, openly and defiantly. As usual, public sentiment along the south shore is either hostile to the anti-sport shooting law, or else apathetic; and so long as that is the case, how many honest men will it take to watch all the rogues, day by day, hour by hour?

Persons who have not specially looked into the matter have not the faintest conception of the power and deadliness of the forces that constantly are warring upon wild life. In the United States, so I have been told by a very competent authority, about five hundred thousand shotguns are sold annually, and about seven million loaded cartridges. Perhaps three million cartridges are reloaded annually. Of this enormous output, perhaps one-tenth are used on clay pigeons; and the remainder, whatever it may be, is aimed at wild life. A very effective breechloading shotgun of Belgian make can be purchased for five dollars, and no alien laborer who desires to kill our songbirds for food is too poor to buy one! It is true that in New York and Pennsylvania are at use of firearms by unaturalized aliens are at present a little troublesome to Anglo and Sinkewicz, but inasmuch as the aliens now hold the balance of power in this part of the world, I am sure those annoying laws soon will be repealed. The societies for the defense of Italians will see to that.

Throughout North America generally, what are the principal factors in the destruction of wild life? It is easy to catalogue them, in the order of their deadliness. Here they are:

1. The "resident" pot-hunters, who kill game all the year round, part of the time for sale, and part of the time to save butcher's bills.
2. The commercial killers, who slaughter to secure salable plumes, hides, teeth, oil, fertilizers, or other products.
3. The sportsmen, who shoot according to law, but kill to the limit that the law allows, regardless of the future.
4. Wanton destroyers generally, who kill wild creatures because they can, regardless of reason or decency.

Notwithstanding the fact that thousands of good men and women are striving to shield our birds and mammals from annihilation, I believe that throughout our own country there are about fifty times as many persons seeking to destroy wild life as there are endeavoring to protect it! In our market there are ten patterns of modern, high-power, long-range sporting rifles, using smokeless powder, and telescopic sights if the users so elect. All of them are repeaters, and one is automatic. And now, as the finishing touch to the big game, and to rob it of its last chance to escape, comes the Maxim noiseless attachment, the climax of ingenuity, deadliness and unfairness. When game is robbed of its last chance, and killing is made so easy that he worst bungler on earth can make a "good bag," why not poison the game and shorten the bother?

For the State to Say

And there is the automatic shotgun of evil fame, that shoots five cartridges in response to five pulls on the trigger. When Pennsylvania enacted a law against it—in spite of one of the best lobbyists in the world—a country justice decided that he law was unconstitutional and in restraint of a legitimate industry. On the appeal, Judge O. R. Day, of the supreme court of Pennsylvania handed down a decision that is at once the most logical, comprehensive and altogether beautiful opinion that ever came from the bench bearing upon implements and methods for the destruction of wild life.

When the country magistrate gave his decision in favor of the automatic gun people, the fact was emblazoned in dozens of periodicals; but thus far I have not seen Judge Day's opinion published in any periodical save "Shield's Magazine." But the opinion of this judge is going to be circulated, nevertheless. It asserts that any state has the constitutional right to say by statute how her wild life may or may not be killed or captured; and all the "industries" must regulate themselves accordingly.

We have no longer any wild bison, save one small band of about twenty.

The elk remains with us only in the Yellowstone region and the Olympic Mountains of Washington, plus a few individuals in a few localities.

Antelope exist in widely scattered bands, to the number of about five thousand.

The big horn mountain sheep is now rarely seen in the United States, and it is threatened with total extinction at an early date outside of the game preserves.

The mountain goat is not yet so rare in the United States as the mastodon, but wherever it may legally be hunted it soon will be.

The passenger pigeon is gone forever.

The heath hen (of Massachusetts) may be blotted out any year.

The pinnated grouse of the West now exists in a few localities only.

The splendid sage grouse is fast being shot off the cattle plains and soon will disappear.

The wheat-whopping crane is very nearly extinct.

The trumpeter swan is so nearly extinct that skins are not procurable.

The California condor will last about twenty years longer.

The Labrador duck and great auk are quite extinct.

The "plume birds" of Florida are but little more than a memory; and so are the scarlet ibis, roseate spoonbill, and flamingo.

Fur Seal Doomed.

The fur seal has been reduced from about four million to about thirty thousand only; and if the United States government does not quickly execute with Canada and Japan a new treaty, providing for it a ten-year close season, the species is doomed!

Today it is our duty to devote our space and thoughts are energies to a consideration of practical ways and means by which to preserve the remnant of wild life.

In the enforcement of existing laws there are tons of heavy work to be done. We must not make the mistake of dwelling too long, or too exclusively, on the making of new and better laws. The United States needs about five thousand clubs and committees working hard to secure the enforcement of the good protective laws that are already on the books, but are not enforced properly.

Wild Life an Asset.

The wild life of any country is the property of the nation, and if preserved it forms a valuable public asset. To protect it is not only good statesmanship, but it is also one of the bounden duties of good citizenship.

No wild game can long endure slaughter for commercial purposes! As the supply of legitimate game sinks lower and lower, the market shooters and eaters encroach more and more on the list of birds that once were forbidden. Fancy a sora-rail or a reed-bird as a thing to eat! When a large cold-storage house in New York City was searched in 1903, the officers of the State Game Commission found the following dead birds: 8,058 snow buntings, 7,607 sand-pipers, 5,218 plover, 7,003 snipe, 788 yellow legs, 7,500 grouse, 4,385 quail, 1,756 ducks, 288 bobolinks, 96 woodcocks.

The protection of wild life is partly a matter of business, and partly a matter of sentiment. Every American farmer with a grain of reading intelligence now knows that the killing of insectivorous birds means certain financial losses to him. The most intelligent farmers know that only the Cooper and Sharpshinned hawks are so destructive to other bird life that they deserve to be shot on sight. Next, it is to be hoped that every farmer will learn that surplus house cats are very destructive to bird life, and should not be tolerated where birds live and breed. Maine has learned, and so has British Columbia, that big game can be a very valuable asset, and that the bag limit should be reduced to the lowest point.

The Need of the Hour.

Today, precisely as it was twenty-five years ago, the great need of the hour is the education of the masses to the necessity for wild-life conservation, and the creation of a fifty times better public sentiment in favor of the enforcement of existing laws. The game wardens need the support of the law-abiding people of their respective communities to an extent that now is rarely found. Very often it is the Game Warden vs. the Whole Country! Wardens complain that in many country places it is almost impossible to secure a conviction of an offender against the game laws. Many men who consider themselves decent citizens consider it a smart thing to evade the game laws. But the worst discouragement of all comes from the "sympathetic" juries.

Unless a great change takes place in public sentiment, twenty years from now, there will be on wild game of any consequence left alive in the United States, outside of the absolutely protected game preserves.

Despite adequate game laws and the untiring, unselfish endeavors of sportsmen, the outlook, it must be confessed, is not re-assuring. The reason is simple and all-sufficient—the American people as a whole are so slow to kindle to a supporting sentiment—that the wild life may be gone like the bison before they wake up.

THE STORY OF A SPECIMEN

I have caught a dace weighing one pound. Between the words of this calm, cool statement those who know will read the indications of a triumph that will out. For, in fact, no one catches dace weighing one pound except by a special dispensation of providence. It came about in this way: A certain fishing

society has two streams, a large and a small, which run parallel to one another. The one holds many fat fish, but has no shade for the angler; the other holds fat fish, too, but sparse. Where it excels on such a day as the hottest of the recent hot series is that it has a shady bit or two on its banks. Thus it was that, standing in one of them at noon, I became aware of the dace in a deep pool below a little bridge. There were two and I coveted them because I could see that they were giants of their kind—three-quarter pounders evidently. I will here interpolate and say for the benefit of the salmon fisher and other descendants of Gallio that a three-quarter pound dace is in most rivers the ne plus ultra of the species.

To resume, from coveting I proceeded to action. I dabbled with a gentle. This done, I left the shade and perspired through the glaring meadow, trying to catch some kind of fly. Then I returned and dabbled some more with a gentle. Next I again tried to catch a fly. For more than an hour the course of events was a restless, perpetual changing from the gentle dabbling to the fly hunting and back again. Finally, when it was past lunch time, the dace took the gentle which I had despised, and I landed him. My spring balance, to my surprise and delight made him a pound exactly. After that I missed the other (he was a bit smaller, so it did not greatly matter) and went back to headquarters, the house where the fraternity stays. There I called for scales in a solemn tone, collected a band of spectators, the good landlady, her daughter, some of the domestics, Ben, the dog, the cats—no, they were "shooed" away—everybody and everything capable of appreciating the great moment, and weighed the dace again. He weighed one pound. One pound!

"I shall," I said, "have him put into a glass case." The good sense of the spectators was apparent; they were unanimous that that was what ought to be done. The dace was a specimen; it was a credit to the river, and the establishment. Certainly it must be set up. "That," said the hostess reflectively, "is the first pound dace that ever I weighed here." The moment was not without its exaltation even to a humble minded man, and, having reiterated the determination about the glass case, I superintended the placing of the fish in the cool cellar to await despatch to the taxidermist on the morrow and went away happy.

In the evening the brethren came in one by one from the different waters, where they had been having poor sport. "Yes," I replied calmly to each inquiry, "I have caught a dace weighing one pound." I will say for them that, dry fly men though they mostly are, they took it in the proper spirit; even the game did not affect their cordiality of congratulation. "Very good indeed," said Clement, who himself had got a grayling. "By Jove!" said another. "That's a fine dace," said a third. "I shall," I said, "have him put into a glass case." And all with one consent applauded the intention. They were, I was more than ever convinced, the nicest set of men one could meet anywhere. They even showed just that trace of envy which is necessary to give a spice to one's emotions. Also they were patient with me, with the number of sentences that began with "My dace—" or "That dace of mine—" or "Dace fishing!—I way seems to me—" and so on. I think I noticed that they went early to bed, but that may have been because most of them had to arise early and catch trains on the morrow.

Personally I was not so early, getting down just in time to see their luggage put into the wagonette and themselves wave me farewell. It was sad to lose them, but it was a fine day, and I had a dace weighing one pound in the cellar. There was much to be thankful for. After an unburied breakfast I went down to fetch the fish so that it might go to the naturalist in the neighboring town before the heat of the day, and—there was no dace. I searched high and searched low, and found nothing but a grayling of about a pound, left there, I suppose, by one of the others—rather waste of good fish, I thought, so far as agitation would let me think. Then I sought out Martha, the handmaiden. "Where," I asked, "is my dace?" Martha was sure she didn't know—if it wasn't in the cellar. There was a fish there. Only a grayling? But she didn't know the difference between a dace and a grayling. Had any of the other gentlemen taken a fish with them? Yes, Mr. Clement had one—in a paper parcel. Yes, she had fetched and done it up for him. Yes, very likely that was it. And Martha went off unperturbed. A fish is to her just a fish, nothing more.

And so has vanished my pound dace. Clement, I know, gives his fish away, and no doubt the paper parcel went unopened to some pensioner on his piscatorial bounty, with a note saying, "Here's a grayling for you." Since then the fish has probably been anatomized for its bad flavour by an individual like Martha, to whom a fish is just a fish, and a dace a bad fish, even though it weigh a pound. Perent et imputantur. As for me—discreetly, in the same language—Perli—H. T. S., in The Field.

"What is the most aggravating thing in married life?" asked Dorothy. "Sometimes," said the bachelor friend, "it's the husband, and sometimes it's the wife."

"How is it you always back the winner?" "A friend gives me tips." "I see; and you follow his advice?" "Certainly not! I always back another horse."