

# Field Sports at Home and Abroad

## COLONEL BILL'S CATCH

(By Ernest M'Gaffey.)

This is a story of the Idaho country. A fish story, but a true one. What's the use of a true fish story, you say? Right enough, but think of the novelty of it. Col. Bill is the hero and the villain of the story, and, as he told me the tale himself, I vouch for it. The colonel is a well known Chicagoan, and one of the greatest sportsmen of a city renowned for its devotees of gun and rod. He also is a staunch friend and outdoor companion of a certain four time mayor of Chicago who is an adept with either rifle, rod or shotgun. And between Col. Bill and his friend, why, thereby hangs this tale.

The colonel's hair and mustache are a trifle gray, but he is the youngest man for his days that the sun ever smiled on. The years that have passed over his head have only left their springs behind. His eyes are as clear as crystal, his carriage easy and alert, and for endurance and skill he has many a man half his age absolutely outclassed. Together these two, with other companions, went west one summer to the fastnesses of Idaho and Montana to fish for trout and grayling.

And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling,  
Angle for Elusive Trout

Now, it so happened that a certain well known Chicago lawyer had a ranch in that far region of the sunset land, and the destination of the party was planned for this habitation. After reaching this spot the party launched out into the wilderness, set up their tents, like the Arabs of old, and began to angle for the trout which cut the cold and clear waters of the mountain streams.

These streams came plunging down from eagle swept pinnacles above, dashing foamily over rocky beds and on through echoless defiles of parti-colored stone and out past to the more level country, cool with the snows of centuries, clear as a pane of glass, the natural home for trout. Jagged battlements of cliff embossed granite frowned down on the waters as they leaped past, and elk and black tailed deer drank from the occasional sandy spots where the torrents curved in, while the tracks of wildcat and puma emphasized the solitude and remoteness of the surroundings.

And it came to pass that a certain angler, who may be called Harris, was also a member of the party, and this Harris had a most kindly fatal facility with a fly rod. He could coax a trout out of a hole and land him when almost every other means had failed, and while he was not so able with the rifle or shotgun as his companions, in the line of fishing he was a "seven ply baby and a living wonder."

Now, between Col. Bill, the mayor, and the said Harris there existed a friendly rivalry as to who would catch the biggest and the "mostest" trout. The party was so large and their appetites were so voracious that the three anglers were kept busy in supplying the table with fish. It was the habit of these brothers of the rod and reel to keep "tab" on the numbers each one caught and the respective weights of the trout, so that there would be a faithful record of the exploits of each fisherman for every day he fished.

### Live Bait Strictly Barred

It seems hardly necessary to say that all fishing was done with artificial flies. In the case of the mayor, he tied his own flies. The use of any live bait, the suggestion of a worm, a grasshopper, or a bit of salt pork would have been considered nothing short of a felony by either of the three.

The camp was finally pitched on the banks of a stream which, after cavorting around in the canons for a while, had broadened out into a river in this particular valley where the encampment was located. Here the party stopped to enjoy the sport for a few days, and here the colonel's adventure took place, as follows, to wit, and hitherto.

Now, it so happened that this locality was also haunted by other various wandering disciples of Izaak Walton, for the fishing was famously good, and sundry scattered members of the tribe other than our party waded up and down the waters of the swift flowing river, casting the light and variegated "flies" over shining ripples or into boiling pools in search of the bull jawed and glistening trout that lurked therein. And there was a camp above them where two anglers abode.

Now, on a certain cloudless summer day the three arose and went about their tasks, and it developed upon Col. Bill to fix up camp and get things straightened out for the day, and so he allowed that he would come along after Harris and the mayor some time later. So the accommodating warrior busied himself with camp duties, and he did not notice one of the anglers from the upper camp who passed down the river while he was getting his tackle ready.

### Colonel Always Calm and Collected

The colonel always prided himself on his habit of not getting excited. If there was any excitement loose, the colonel didn't join. He was a man of an eminently cool disposition, with plenty of lightning when necessary. But he was not addicted to the fidgets. He calculated he would get a good mess of fish

before night even if the other boys did start before he did. Anyway, the river split into two currents a few miles down, and he could cross over, if he liked, to a canon a mile distant and reach another fine stream, so he did not worry about a place to wet his line in.

### Poor Success at First

So after getting his fly book, his pipe, rod, creel, and waders, he set sail in the wake of his departed companions. He fished leisurely and with success. Somehow or other the old fellows—the big trout—must have been a little slow about getting up that morning. He made cast after cast into the deep pools and tumbling rapids, and several lusty trout rewarded his skill before he had gone a mile. One senatorial aspirant for his fly "bucked" the barb so strenuously that the colonel failed to land him, and a vanished bit of gimp, feathers, and tinsel, and a line floating in the air was the signal that you can't catch them all.

At last the colonel waded into a line of rapids where it required all his coolness and experience to keep his balance. The current raged at his legs like a pack of wolves. Rocks rose up in the stream at most unexpected places and he mentally resolved to take to the banks on his return trip. But he managed to get through without spilling himself. And as he waded on down, close to the edge of a dark shaded pool, his piercing eyes caught sight of something like a straw colored object partially sunk by an overhanging rock. He waded over and hauled up a weighty creel and adjourned to the bank for inspection and deliberation.

### Succumbs to Temptation

In this creel he found sixteen magnificent trout, and an examination of the creel showed him it was not the mayor's creel, nor Harris'. The colonel was not disposed to "look a gift horse in the mouth." He transferred the trout, still fresh and brilliant, to his own creel and "cached" the empty creel from which they had been taken beside the bank. Then he took up the even tenor of his way, again and waded down the river. Presently he met the mayor, standing away out in the stream, casting into a pool on the right.

"What luck, Bill?" said his honor.

"Oh I guess I've got about 20," remarked "Bill," carelessly.

The mayor cast again without effect and rejoined scoffingly, "If you've got ten you're doing wonders."

"Well," replied "Bill," "I've got my creel about full to the top and I'm going to hike for camp pretty quick."

The mayor cast once more, hooked his trout, played him, brought him in, and creeled him. Then he waded over to where the colonel stood. As he did so Harris appeared around the bend and the three men began to compare notes and "catches." Harris had landed eleven fine trout. The mayor's last fish counted him nine, all big fellows. But the colonel's catch when emptied out of the creel caused the eyes of Harris and the mayor to assume lobster like bulges and they were loath to believe his calm assurances. Yet how was it?

### Wouldn't Believe Their Eyes

He couldn't have bought them, for he wouldn't buy a fish from principle. Even if he was willing to buy, no one in that country would sell him a trout. He must have caught them, and he was too thorough a sportsman to use anything but flies. So they talked and pleaded and protested with the colonel and even grew, so the colonel declares, somewhat miffed at his placid assurances that he caught them just the same as they caught theirs.

The colonel's sphinxlike sang-froid was proof against their united assaults, so the trio returned to camp, the mayor and Harris still unconvinced that Col. Bill had told "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

A still sadder shock awaited them when they came to "count" and "weigh up" the fish. This marvelous catch of Col. Bill's threatened to leave them so far behind that they would never get within striking distance of his record during that trip. They smoked and grumbled and spat and disputed, and finally, to give his story the requisite flavor of authenticity, Col. Bill assumed anger at their gibes and they were compelled to smooth over his supposed wrath and admit that he could catch that many trout in that time in order to keep peace in camp.

### Transgression Is Revealed

But the next morning, just as they were about to rise from the rough plank table, in walks an angler from the upper camp.

"Howdy, fellows," said the new arrival, with the easy comradeship of the angling fraternity. "Did any of you see a creel down the river yesterday? I got tipped over in the rapids a piece below here and lost my creel. Sixteen of the finest trout you ever saw in it. Hunted for it, but never saw it again."

His honor was the first to speak. "I didn't see any creel while I was out," he said. Harris took up the thread of the conversation. "I never saw any creels but the ones in our camp," he asserted truthfully.

And they looked at Col. Bill!

### A DAY AMONG THE KANGAROOS

"When are we to have that kangaroo hunt?" asks the blue-eyed cousin from Sydney. At last a day is fixed, a day stolen from the busy life of a western sheep station, and

horses. Maisie, of course, will ride her flying Brown Duchess; Blue Eyes will take Dexter because he is steady and reliable and does not pull; Jack chooses Midnight because of his staying power and cleverness in rough ground; Bob will ride Brownlock of course; Max will have Navigator if the little chestnut does not buck him off at starting; and we'll ride Loyal Heart, because the dear old chap does not like to be left out of a hunt, or any fun that is going. Down to the yard with the bridles; and then the catching of the chosen! What dodging and spluttering round in the dust! "Look out for Navigator's heels!" "Stop Duchess, stop her!" "Whoa, Loyal!" "Whoa, Brownlock!" At last they are all caught. The mud is brushed off them; the saddles are girthed; "Come along, girls! Let the hounds out, Bob!" Up goes the bucking Navigator in a cloud of dust; and we are off, with the dogs racing in front of us.

It is scarcely eight o'clock yet, but the sun seems high in the heavens, and already is making itself felt. The plains are bright with wild flowers, the buddha bush scents the breeze, spring is in the air, and the horses leap and bound below us as we leave the river behind and start for a merry canter across the frontage plain. The blue grass and barley grass are stirrup-high on each side of the bridge-path, along which we ride in single file, Max on the pulling chestnut a long way ahead, then Maisie, then Blue Eyes, then Jack, then Bob—then we, old Loyal cantering as steadily as an armchair, keen as a pebble, but too well-broken to pull. What a joy it is to hear the beat of the hoots, the snort of the eager horses, the creak of the saddles, the soft voices of the girls as they call to one another.

The dogs rush and gambol around us in the tall grass; Scottie, dark muzzled and determined looking; Bluey, small and neat; Lubra, racing-like and lean; and the two brown puppies, eager but inexperienced, glad of the romping gallop, but quite ignorant of what it means. They race on in front, but when the real work begins the older dogs will lead! Old Scottie is the true type of kangaroo hound, a heavy yellow dog, like a cross between a mastiff and a greyhound. He has been a fast one in his day, and has pulled down many a flying kangaroo; but now his pace is gone, he makes up for this deficiency by a cunning born of long experience, and he is still pretty useful when the chase has not been too swift. He is full of courage and ferocity, and is covered with the scars of countless fights. Bluey—so-called from his color—is a much lighter dog, with more of the greyhound and less of the mastiff about him. He is a fast and true runner, a splendid stayer, and if it comes to a long punishing course will outlast the speedier Lubra. He has stood a deal of grugging from kangaroos at bay, and bears a long scar on his hip that he will carry to his grave; but his courage is undeniable, and "first up, first in," is his motto when the fiercest "old man" stands ready to receive him in battle; never flinching, he goes straight for the throat, and gets there under the most desperate punishment. Lubra is the flier of the pack; light as any greyhound, she has enormous pace, and can run up to the swiftest "flying doe" that ever crossed the plains. There is some doubt about her courage, and she will seldom or never tackle her quarry unless the other hounds are up. She is a black bitch, symmetrically built, deep of shoulder, and light of flank, very quick at sight, and a dashing starter. The rollicking half-grown brown puppies are hers—Lightfoot and Logan we call them.

It is four miles across the frontage plain, and we cover it at a smart pace. The horses are very fresh, even steady little Dexter is playfully prancing under his light weight, but the long canter has given them something to think about, and both Brown Duchess and Brownlock are white with foam. At last we reach the first sandhill and cross it at a walking pace, then there is another small bit of plain, and then we cross a corner of the scrub and emerge into wide open country. On our right is a far-stretching blue-grass plain, fading into a distant mirage of mingled earth and sky; to the left of us rises a sandy ridge crowned and cloaked with scrub and trees. Between the ridge and the grassy plain is a broad tract of firm red sand, ideal galloping ground, and along this we ride slowly, keeping a keen lookout for kangaroos, which, as we well know, generally feed along the edge of this plain, making for the ridge when alarmed.

Blue Eyes is vaguely excited at the prospect of a chase at last. Bob rides close to her, explaining about kangaroo hounds, haunts, and hunts. The dogs cluster at his heels, they have given up romping—they know this plain of old, and how it spells for them strenuous running. Suddenly there is a low call from Max, who is riding in front. Everyone reins up, as he points with his whip to a clump of lignum bushes out on the plain. The dogs, guessing what our silence means, begin to jump and prick their ears, and Scottie steals out into the grass. Bob is riding slowly forward, calling them, "Here, Scottie! Here, Bluey! Lubra!" Out beyond the bushes we can see four large kangaroos sitting up watching us. Suddenly they turn and make off, running parallel with the ridge, but a quarter of a mile from it. With a yell Bob cheers on the dogs, and with a "Come on!" to the girls, drives his spurs into Brownlock and goes rocking over the rough black soil at a reckless gallop. Max sticks to the red ground, and standing up in his stirrups, sends Navigator out at his top speed, riding parallel with the flying mob to try and turn them from the ridge, should they

attempt to make it. The rest of us follow Bob, who has stolen a good start, bucketing the brown horse along, hat in hand, cheering on the five hounds, which are already strung into a long line—Lubra in front, Bluey next, Scottie cutting off a corner, the puppies laboring and stumbling in the bumpy cattle tracks. Jack and I get badly away, but, as it happens, we have the fastest horses, and in less than a minute we five are all bunched together, riding like demons, while far ahead the dogs are gaining rapidly on the kangaroos. The pace is tremendous, and first Dexter drops out, then Brownlock, then the Duchess, while Jack and I pass the struggling puppies and race along level with old Scottie, on whom the pace is beginning to tell. The kangaroos are veering inwards towards the ridge and scrub; three of them are going strong, but the fourth, a fat and heavy "old man," is stumbling and making heavy weather of it in the rough ground. Lubra is only a few yards behind him, Bluey is close to her, and Scottie, cunning as ever, is slanting in towards the ridge to gain by stratagem the ground he cannot make by pace.

And now Max's foresight becomes apparent. Pressing Navigator to his utmost speed he rides between the kangaroos and the scrub. He has the advantage of sound going and a good start, but even so the flying marsupials beat him to the angle, and three of them dash over into the timber just ahead of his horse, the "old man" tries to do the same, but just as he reaches the sand Lubra hurls herself on to his flank with more than usual courage. It takes Max all his time to wrench the chestnut round to avoid a crumpling fall over them. The kangaroo goes down when tackled, but is up again in a moment, and with a vicious ripping kick throws Lubra yelping on her back; at the same moment Bluey, like a blue streak, flashes to his throat, and in a cloud of dust the fight wages fiercely. The odds are heavy against the two light-built dogs, but before they can be much punished by those ripping upward blows, old Scottie arrives, blown and panting, but full of vehement hate, and flings himself into the fray. The death grapple is hidden in whirling dust, but soon it subsides, and there lies the great kangaroo motionless, with the three hounds tearing at his lifeless body, and the puppies tugging at ear and tail.

Up comes Blue Eyes, with fair hair—all tumbled about her face, full of the joy of the unaccustomed gallop; Maisie behind her, groping for hair-pins, reins loose on the Duchess' neck; Bob, with a cheery "Good old Lubra! Can't she travel?" Max is on the ground pushing the hounds aside with his foot. "I was nearly coming a cropper over them; this horse is as slow as a top!"

Loyal Heart stands with heaving flanks, tossing his old head up and down. He enjoyed that spin.

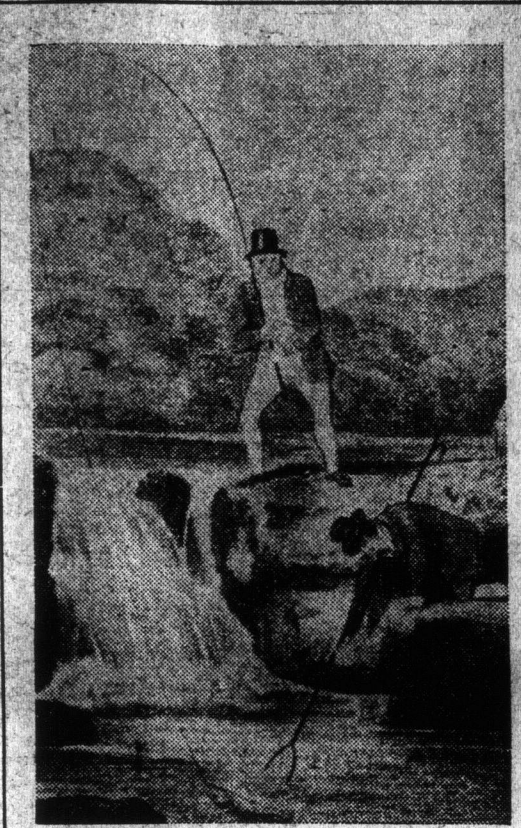
Max, the ardent, is left to skin our quarry, while we take the dogs away to a little pool in the scrub, and let them roll and drink. Lubra has a deep scratch along the ribs, and looks rather sorry for herself. Bluey has blood on a foreleg. Scottie is very breathless, and Logan is limping; he took a header over a dead log in his haste. "That was only a short spin," Bob is explaining to Blue Eyes, "they run for miles sometimes, and often they beat us if they get a long start. It takes a good hound and a good horse to catch up, then!"

After a rest we mount our horses again and ride slowly out to the plain. Max joins us with the victim's skin looped to the deers of his saddle; there is blood on his bridle-hand and content in his eye—for he has got another good skin to add to his already large collection.

It is laughing and jesting now along the level sand at a foot's pace, till we come to a sharp corner in the ridge, and "Quiet!" says Bob, "Often a mob of them at this corner!" "Standing in his stirrups he peers cautiously round, then with a sudden yell to the dogs he is off. Two large kangaroos are racing along the edge of the sandhill, half a dozen others are slipping away through the trees on our left. The dogs take after those in the open. We are right on their tails this time, and the pace is hot from the jump. The great creatures cover the ground in huge leaps, but they are a bit shaken evidently by the sudden attack, and becoming bewildered turn out to the plain and danger instead of into the scrub and safety. In the rough ground they split up, Bluey and Lubra follow one, with Bob, Jack, and the girls in pursuit. Scottie chooses the other, and soon overhaul their victim, and as he shows little fight, soon put an end to him. Scottie, who seldom makes a mistake of this sort, soon finds that he has chosen a young "flying doe," and, knowing the hopelessness of such a chase at this time of life, loses heart and stops.—Will H. Ogilvie.

### AFTER SPRINGBUCK ON A SOUTH AFRICA FARM

We started from Bloemfontein at 11:30 a. m. on a lovely sunny morning in June, the winter of South Africa, and had a drive of some five or six miles over the veld—the extensive 40 miles distant, were very striking—and looking back one enjoyed a charming view of Bloemfontein nestling under Naval Hill and Signal Hill kopjes. Just as we reached the entrance to the estate, which contains some 6,000 morgen (about 12,000 acres), a big covey, some 30 in number, of wild guinea fowl crossed the veld in front of the carriages. After we had outspanned the horses we returned with the Dutch manager of the estate, and accompanied by a useful Irish setter, endeavored to find the birds



Landing the Trout

## Sportsman's Calendar

JULY

Trout, Salmon, Grilse, Bass, Char.  
One of the two best months for sea-trout fishing in the estuaries and inlets.

among the long grass and bushes at the foot of the kopjes, but without success; wild guinea fowl are very shy, and travel quickly if once disturbed.

We then clamber a kopje immediately behind the farmhouse and homestead, from whence a lovely view across the veld was obtained. At our feet were the farmhouse, manager's cottage, and numerous farm buildings and cattle kraals, the buildings being of red brick, with corrugated iron roofs painted red. A curious effect is produced by large quantities of mealies and Kaffir corn, which are spread on the flat roofs to catch the full benefit of the sun; the bright yellow corn gives a singular appearance. A large orchard of peach, trees, oranges and lemons, the latter laden with ripe fruit, formed a charming foreground. In the distance appeared a fine double avenue of gum trees, running some three miles through the estate, and this is being extended round a big kopje, so that in a few years this double avenue will be more than four miles in length—judicious planting on these estates greatly enhances their value from an agricultural point of view, as they form shelter for the stock from the strong winds.

Water, an important desideratum in South Africa, is well supplied by three large dams, and deep wells have also been sunk at considerable outlay to a depth of nearly 300 feet, but with limited success. From the top of the kopje a number of ostriches could be seen feeding in the long veld grass. We carefully examined under our field glasses the vast plain for springbuck, and my friend spotted several small herds, which are extremely difficult to find, for in the long grass, more than 2 ft. in height, one can only see the head and horns.

After luncheon we tried one or two shots with the Mauser at a target under the hill, and found it shoot with great accuracy, though with a tendency to carry high. The Dutch manager and I started off down the main avenue in a buggy drawn by two rough but well-bred Basuto ponies, with a small Kaffir boy sitting at the bottom of the cart to hold the ponies if needed. We soon came out on to the veld. It was a novel sensation, driving at a rapid pace over this vast expanse, which to the eye looks absolutely flat, but is most delusive, for one constantly comes to deep depressions and spruits, which require experience both of driver and team to cross and it is quite possible to get stuck in one of these chasms. The ant heaps, also, are dangerous when driving through the long grass, for they are not visible until you are nearly on to them. We drove over one which was over 2 ft. in height, and which nearly upset the buggy, and it was only by good fortune that we escaped a bad accident.

A sharp look-out must be kept for buck, and when any are seen the driver of the buggy moves, as fast as the nature of the ground will permit, in a circle, gradually decreasing the distance from the bucks, which are very difficult to approach, for directly the cart stops they are off at a great pace in huge bounds, covering from 30 ft. to 40 ft. in their stride.

The shot has to be taken standing up in the buggy, for, in consequence of the height of the grass, the animals cannot be seen if the sportsman is standing on the ground. My first two or three shots were too high, passing just over the buck's back; but after about an hour we sighted a large herd, some 50 or sixty, making off towards the boundary fence of barbed wire, and we galloped to endeavor to turn them. I had a shot with the 400-yards sight up, and hit one as the leaders were leaping the boundary fence. It got away, however, though we had the satisfaction of having stopped the majority from following.

(Continued On Page Twelve.)

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WILSON, President. TODD, Vice-president. L'WORTHY, Secretary.