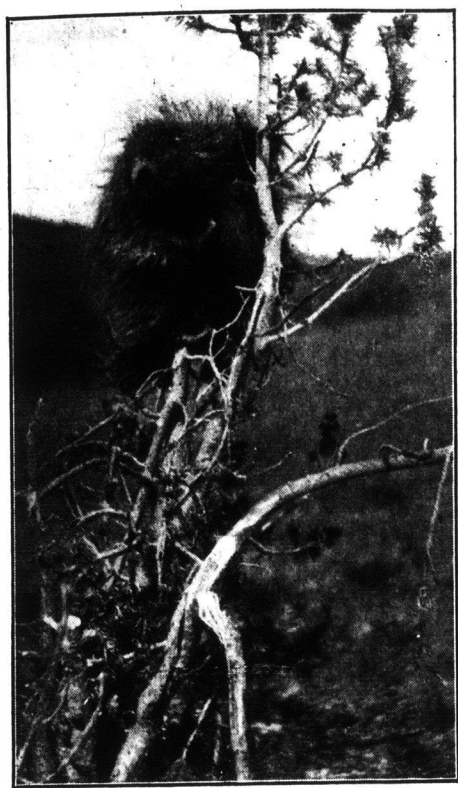


bow, ahead of me, sat the big reflex camera. On its right was the shotgun and rifle. On its left the fishing rod and specimen tripod or spear. Ahead of us innumerable widgeon and teal, mallard and pintail, bluebill and bufflehead and whistler, or rare greycoated, whitespotted harlequins rose and spattered and flew. Overhead long circling columns of



The Porcupine—the pest of the camp and the most destructive beast in the forest

sandhill cranes called and cried. Brant rose from every sand bar "carrup-ing" away merrily. Great wedges of "Canadas" and "waxies" cleaved the air overhead. I have often asked "O'poots" to just let the canoe glide that we might picture these overhead hosts, with the result that we have now hundreds of flight pictures in our collection. At times, as we swept swiftly around bends, deer, or moose, or bear would clumsily scramble into the ever present forest; they need not have feared as we never—save once when I had to kill a lynx that wished to join our party in the canoe—kill any animals, and few birds, save for table. Laddie Jr., and the guides trap for their own personal benefit.

There is nothing in all this land of plenty, no animal, native or snake that will injure man if he does not first injure them, the only thing to fear is a falling tree. I know of a case where some friends of mine set up their camp—their



Typical B.C. Black Bear

permanent camp, right in the midst of a great group of tall Douglass firs. The month was December. That year we caught a wind right off the Pacific that blew—finally—at the extreme rate of eighty miles an hour. My friends slept peacefully in their canvas home, until a forest giant, bowled over by the wind, hit that huge tent lengthwise, smashing the ridgepole into the long worktable for its entire length, but not injuring one of the men severely that slept along the sides of the tent; luckily for this gang of footloose men the small Douglass fir had no limbs until a great height was reached.

I have received from Victoria, B.C., many excellent illustrated hunting pamphlets telling of all late discoveries,

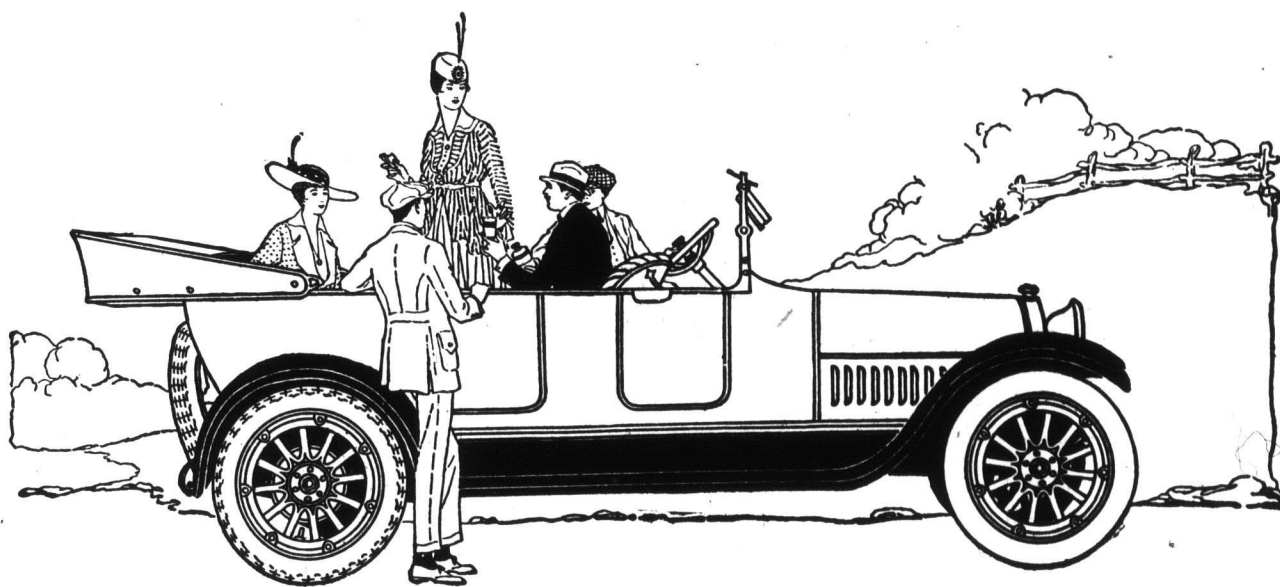
game laws, etc., for this, the last great hunting ground in the continent to be opened up, a letter to the Head Game Warden, Vancouver, B.C., will bring these.

I will close this rambling article by telling you of my last night on the trail. I had wandered alone, a very unwise thing to do in an unexplored country, along a wild animal trail in the ferns, the path was as well trodden as is a cow path in civilized centres. I was deeply interested reading off the arrowpointed hoofs of the deer from the soft pads of the following panther, it was evident that three wolves had followed the big cat, hoping for a bit left over. The ferns were fully eight feet high along this upper valley and they pressed in on my elbows in all places and at time arched above my head. I glanced at my watch and to my intense dismay found it was

still five o'clock, although I had been walking then some two hours since last I read it as "five o'clock," a sudden fall on the trail had no doubt stopped it some hours back, and, as I glanced up on the hilltops, I saw the gold was now but light grey light, and an early autumn night was on me. I knew it was hopeless to think of finding the right turns in these really excellent trails in the dark so I took stock of my matches and food—a dozen of the former and a big cake of chocolate for the latter. I struck straight up the foothill for clear ground and dislodged a small band of deer from some dwarf cedars. Here, if the bed and outlook was good enough for these shy, fearful wood-dwellers it was good enough for me. I gathered many dry branches, cut down some standing ones with my big jack knife—I was weaponless save the big

tripod for the camera—lighted my fire, munched my chocolate, heaped my fern into a bed, and as soon as my fire died out, slept the sleep of the tired man. I awoke at sunrise, still uneaten, you will note. I remember wishing I had here, in this wild valley where man probably never slept before, one of those modern desk writers who picture every animal a perfect halo of teeth and claws, just to show him my yet warm nest, and to go with him, on hands and knees in circles down and around that fernclad slope, and to most carefully measure how near to my night nest any of the nocturnal feeders dare approach, the nearest pad pressed into the black loam since I had closed my eyes was over thirty feet away, and it was only that of a cowardly panther. Within six hours I was eating lunch with Laddie Jr. and O'poots in our wee tent.

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