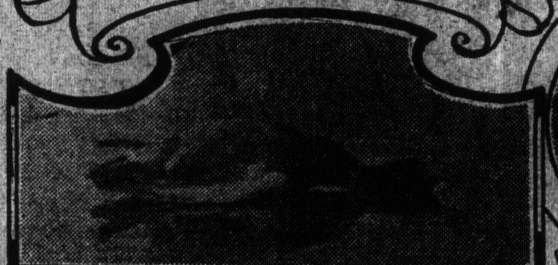


How Our

SHOWS AFFECT THE WEB-FOOTED FOLKS

BONNYCASTLE DALE PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR



MALLARD DUCK DEAD ON THE ICE



BLACK DRAKE WING BROKEN INSTANTLY KILLED—BIRD TURNS OVER AND OVER WHEN FALLING



WOOD DRAKE—THIS BIRD CIRCLES WHILE FALLING



BLUE-BILL DRAKE TRAP CAUGHT



A STONE, STONE BUILT HIDE



THE GUIDE IN HIDE ON THE MARSH



YOUNG PINTAIL DRAKE THIS BIRD PITCHES STRAIGHT DOWN

One of the many camps in which we gathered these notes was rendered remarkable by our neighbors, a couple of young Englishmen, fresh from London town—that great city that, while it teaches one many things of crowded cosmopolitan life, neglects to teach the simplest things of everyday existence. We saw the two young men lazily draw their boat up onto the minutest edge of the shore line and start to unload by carrying one object at a time in the tips of their fingers halfway up the shore. We busied ourselves about getting our camp up as soon as we landed, and had little time to watch their amateur manoeuvres. Finally, when the tent was all fixed, Fritz went and built a rude fireplace.

Back he came with a laugh on his happy, expressive face:

"They have brought coal in a sack for firing and are trying to light it with paper."

A glance at our neighbors confirmed the lad's statement. There was one of them on his hands and knees industriously blowing the smoldering flame while the other busily fed the expiring flame with pages from a magazine; several obstinate lumps of coal completed the scene.

We were seeking the wood duck, that expiring breed, passing out because it was not protected in the United States, where it used to breed in quantities. Actually at one time this bird was without any close protective season in some of the Atlantic states. Now we have to seek it with much pains—and find very few. In Ontario it has been killed clean off in many of the hunting grounds in my own time and remembrance. Look at this exquisite drake lying dead on the beaver grass of the bog edge. Fritz and I were in the marsh before daybreak, each in his canoe. Between us—and we were not separated by more than twenty-five feet—a young wood drake was "squealing." Every time a pipe touched the gunwale or a disturbed paddle blade rattled, that soul-stirring squeal would ring out on the misty, half foggy September morning. At last it became light enough to shoot, and we jumped and killed the bird. This shows how close and covering these simple, foolish wood-ducks will sit.

"Pardon my taking your bird, lad; it was on your side," I said.

"Did you shoot?" asked the boy. "I didn't hear you."

"Of course I did; but I did not hear your gun."

We had fired simultaneously; the morning was misty and the bird had risen right over both of us, about midway between. To prove who killed it, we plucked the resplendent creature right there. The glories of its green and white head and brilliant bill and, dotted, chestnut, almost ruby breast; its wondrous plumage, its dainty feet, must be seen to be appreciated. Now we found but one single shot hole in that creamy yellow skin. Right through from breast to back the pellet had sped; right through the back bone it had gone, piercing the cord. We noted, as we pictured it, that the drake's wings were stretched in paralysis, so, when you see a bird die in midair with extended wings locked fast in death, you can know it for an instantly killed, mercifully paralyzed bird. These often fall in ever-widening circles.

I will remember the first wood drake I ever saw. As a little lad I ran away from my home to New York, of all places. On my first morning's wander I came to a low stone wall that crossed a street, shutting off a big park. I vaulted this right into the arms, almost, of a stooping policeman. I explained my vague knowledge of parks and things generally, and he made me vault back—I did it higher this as he slightly aided me with a little persuader he carried—and I walked up to the gate and wandered in and along until I came to a pond. Here swam two of the most gorgeous drakes I had ever conceived of. From the black buttons on their red bills to the tip of their glossy tails they were one mass of bright colors. "They can't fool me," I wisely argued; "these birds are painted." Today, as we examined this most excellent bird, I could almost repeat my words. Aye, the Great Artist that painted all the exquisitely colored and designed things of creation truly and wonderfully painted this king of the wild drakes. I pointed out to Fritz the strong flying plumes that bordered the wing; these flying plumes allow the air to pass through unobstructed when the wing is raised, but all the wondrous minute feathers of each flight plume close and interlock when the wing is lowered. Thus the bird flies. We dissected the bird and saw the lungs, big, red masses of blood and air vessels that line the backbone and ribs, in fact are imbedded in them. These, and the hollow quills and air-sacs, give the bird that lightness that makes the flight a thing of beauty to the unaided eye.

One other thing I remember about the wood duck. Fritz rather wishes I would not write this. We were in Illinois, among the pukka-brush of the Kankakee, that onetime most celebrated duck-shooting river, where, before we were properly educated to give all the birds—and the other fellow—a chance, one man that I know of killed 202 ducks between sunrise and sunset. Well, Fritz and I were pulling the canoe along this inundated state; we had crossed the border into Indiana by

now. Ahead was the first bit of ground we had seen for many spring-flooded miles, so we landed for lunch, but first I explored the pukka-brush, hoping some wood ducks lay concealed in the cool shelter. I left the lad to shoot any that flew over the canoe. Later, when I waded out with the bird I had dropped, I asked Fritz what he had shot at.

"A wood duck came flying out of the pukka-brush and I dropped it right over there," I went "right over there" and picked up a paddler; a down-covered fledgling, a poor little wood duck flapper, that had only pin feathers on its arm-like wings. It was indeed a remarkable shot to drop a bird out of the air that had never flown. I carried back the self-accusing thing and laid it down near Fritz. It lay there in all its nakedness while we ate lunch—and the coming red of its bill would not excite the redness of a certain lad's cheeks. That was the only lie I ever caught the lad in. I had warned him not to shoot on the water; it is a clumsy, amateur method, and no lad can learn to be a good shot who continually practices it.

The next bird that we studied the effect of the shot upon was a young pintail, a young drake. Now you have no doubt noticed a bird that you have shot at fall very swiftly, very silently, all closed up as if it had been neatly folded. This bird did that. It was an instantly killed bird, shot right through the body. The instantaneous death caused the head to fall, the neck and body followed, and the bird pitched straight down. I am always glad to see a bird do this; that angling fall, with one wing vainly beating, tells of the wing-tipped, partly disabled bird, a bird that was not well centred by the sportsman. I have seen one of these birds fall so directly in a straight line, no wind blowing, that it hit bill first on the rocks and smashed the poor bill right off.

Take, for instance, the picture of the ruddy duck. Now, although this bird was also instantly killed, it came down head over heels, turning and twisting; the cause was not far to seek. Although the shot had mercifully pierced its vitals, it also had broken a wing bone, the tip of the wing had caught the air, and had tossed the falling bird so that it turned somersault after somersault.

I have seen a big mallard killed while the wings were fully outspread. The wings instantly locked in death, and the finest drake of them all, weight, plumage and flight and flesh considered, swept slowly towards the earth, in ever-increasing circles. Again I saw a big mallard fall slowly this way and drop on top of a big wave; it had been hit at a rather great height for number six shot. We saw it lying there and ran to launch the canoe; the rattling of our feet on the pebbles gave it sufficient alarm to cause it to raise its head, sit upright and fly off. The bird had only been stunned by a pellet hitting it on the side of the skull as it inclined its head to look at the man pointing the black object at it.

If you observe these birds during the moulting season, you see adult drakes that are as dowdy as the plainest female, drakes that have lost so much of their plumage that they cannot fly; you would not recognize the lordly mallard during June. In fact, Indian boys kill them with sling-shots at this time.

There are many other shots that affect the fine big birds we take our sport in killing. Take a flock of northern-reared birds approaching breast-on with the wind on a stormy cold day. A man is astounded that he did not drop the bird. Well, the firmly-packed, well-angled coat of feathers that protect these big birds readily deflects shot when encountering it at long range. But I do not think they deflect it well enough not to allow any of the pellets to pierce the flesh. If you pick up one of these poor body-struck birds later in the fall, you will often find healed wounds, and

also find the shot firmly imbedded in the flesh or fat.

Again, there is the tailing shot, when the bird carries away a few pellets in its legs and wings and feathers. I have shaken shot out of the wings of a bird killed by this raking shot. Then there is the time we miss them when shooting over a calm sea of water with a heavy wind blowing over the bank above, or around the corner of the island beside. I must recount an experience: I was shooting on the north point of an island, over the calm sea to the south. Of course you all know why a wild duck flies for the point of an island, so that it will get into the smooth path in the air caused by the island's construction, very much as we walk through an already formed path in the forest. Well, I saw a bluebill duck sitting in my decoys; I was younger then and there was the excuse that if it flew out into the wind I could never retrieve it, as no canoe would live in the sea that was pouring past that point. So, like a little murderer, I started to kill it sitting. The bird flew up as I fired, circled out over the point, swept back with the wind and alighted again right among the decoys. Again I fired, and the bird varied the monotony by swimming out and swimming back. This time, to make sure the fault was not mine, I rested my gun on the lag that formed the front of the hide. "Bang! Bang!" sang the gun, and the bird lifted itself off the water and flew gracefully away. It did not intend to sit there any longer and be insulted. Now what was the matter? Indians told me it was a spirit duck, and I could not kill it. Indeed I would not, for I could not. In later years I have seen the same thing repeat itself, and by holding to the windward side of a bird that flew at forty yards over my decoys, I have killed them in similarly heavy winds. The shot was drifted by the violent gusts that poured around the corner of the island, and the bird was not as tough as my boyish imagination pictured.

It is in the cruel, cold late fall and winter weather that my heart goes out to the feathered red friends that crowd our lakes and rivers and sea front harbors. Then, unless we centre our birds and kill them instantly, much suffering ensues. Right here I want to ask you if you think it right to allow the pump-gun and the repeating shotgun to be wantonly used as they are? It is a common sight to see a boy or man, red or white, empty his gun, with a rip, rip, rip, right into any passing flock of any kind of birds. I have seen

turning to his tent, had come on a breeding ground of wild ducks. With great foresight he collected enough eggs to do him for weeks, using his removed trousers as a carryall—and the poor man had slipped!

JOURNALISM IN 1825

Not the least interesting chapter in Mr. Moneypenny's forthcoming "Life of Lord Beaconsfield" is entitled "Finance and Journalism in 1825." In it is related the history of the founding of The Representative, the daily newspaper started by the first John Murray in collaboration with the boyish Benjamin Disraeli.

It was in 1824 that John Murray, having successfully founded the Quarterly Review, and determined to create a new daily newspaper. He communicated his resolve to the son of his old friend Isaac D'Israeli, at that time a youth of 20, burning to distinguish himself. Young Disraeli—he had even then dropped the distinguishing apostrophe—was only too eager to seize on such an opportunity and threw himself into the project with characteristic impetuosity.

Murray was anxious to obtain Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, as editor of the new venture, and Disraeli volunteered to go to Scotland to engage Scott's advocacy of the scheme and to interview Lockhart. Lockhart invited young Disraeli to visit him at Chilfist-wood, where he dwelt, some two miles distant from Abbotsford, under the impression that his visitor was Isaac D'Israeli, author of "Curiosities of Literature." His surprise when an overdressed young gentleman with curled and perfumed locks presented himself may be imagined. The interview ended by Lockhart's refusal of the post.

The first number of The Representative appeared on January 25, 1826, price seven pence, and on July 29 of the same year came the last number. Murray lost \$130,000 in the scheme and the bright vision of the "wondrous boy who wrote Alroy" vanished into space.

THE BEGINNING OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Westminster Abbey, the unique and historic pile of church architecture in London, which has challenged the admiration and excited the wonder of scholars, ecclesiastics and secular for centuries, was built by Selbert, in the form of a chapel, in the seventh century. It was erected in honor of St. Peter on a slightly elevated spot rising from the marshy ground bordering the Thames. A church of greater proportions was erected on the spot by King Edward about the year 980. That structure being partly demolished by the Danes, Edward the Confessor founded within the precincts of his palace an abbey and church in the Norman style, which was completed in 1065, and of which there now only remains the pyx house to the south of the abbey, the substructure of the dormitory and the south side of the cloisters.

The rebuilding of the church was commenced by Henry III, in 1220. At that time were erected the choir and transepts and a lady chapel, which were subsequently removed to make way for the chapel of Henry VII. The building was practically completed by Edward I, but the greater part of the nave in the transition style and various other improvements were added, down to the time of Henry VII, including the west end of the nave, the deanery, portions of the cloisters, and the Jerusalem chambers. The two towers at the west end were erected by Wren. The length of the church, including Henry VII's chapel, is 51 feet, and the extreme breadth 203 feet. The height of the nave is 102 feet and of the towers 225 feet. On approaching Victoria street from Parliament street the buttresses and pinnacles and the whole expanse of the abbey gradually open to view. The British sovereigns from Edward the Confessor, whose coronation occurred in 1042, to Edward VII, have been crowned in Westminster Abbey, and many of them are buried there, some with and others without monuments. Surrounding the east end of the abbey in a semi-circle are nine chapels, the most interesting of which are those of Edward the Confessor and of Henry VII. The centre of the former chapel is occupied by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, which was formerly richly inlaid with mosaic work. Henry VII's chapel is a fine specimen of the architecture of the time of that monarch. Monuments of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart are in the north and south aisles of that chapel. In the south transept, in and near Poets' Corner, are monuments to most of the great poets of the country, and here, as well as in both aisles of the nave and choir, are monuments to other illustrious Englishmen. Among those buried there most recently are Macaulay, Dickens, Bulwer, and Livingstone. Religious services are held in the Abbey daily, and those on Sunday are numerous attended, though the voice of the preacher is, as a rule, inaudible. The Abbey is officially called the Collegiate Church of St. Peter's, Westminster.

A distinguished member of the illustrious profession of waiters has declared that to be successful in his calling a waiter must have:

- The patience of Job.
  - The wisdom of Solomon.
  - The wit of a diplomat.
  - The skill of an artist.
  - The bearing of a prince.
- To which, perhaps, should be added, "and the soul of a waiter." For, like the poet, and despite all protest to the contrary, the waiter is born, not made.—Argonaut.

"Why don't you go to the dance tonight, Harold? Haven't you any flame?"

"Yes, dad," said the student, "a flame, but no fuel."

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