

man's lodge will be built, the club proposes to secure fishing and shooting rights over other land in the county, and will engage in the propagation of fish and preservation of game. The proposed site of operations has been one of the richest hunting and fishing grounds in the province, and with two years protection, the club hope to be able to re-stock the rivers and forests of the county. Salmon will be introduced into some of the rivers. Messrs. W. Skillings, of Bethel, J. P. Spaulding, of Boston, Romeo H. Stephens, of St. Lambert, Sheldon Stephens, of Montreal, and W. H. Parker, St. Elie, have been elected a provisional board of directors. The club will seek incorporation at the next session of the Provincial Legislature, under the name of the Winchester Club, with a capital of \$6,750 divided into thirty shares.

NOTE.—There are good names connected with the above Club, and we will use our influence to make it a success.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

John H. Mowlen, Hyde Park, Ont.—Write to S. E. Cassino, 299 Washington St., Boston, U.S. He is the publisher of the "Naturalist's Directory," in which you will find the addresses of the most prominent Taxidermists on this continent. You must send two dollars for the work.

Correspondence.

DEAR SIR,—On page 170 of your Journal you say in answer to a correspondent, that "three other species, viz:—the Scarlet or "Swamp Maple (*Acer saccharinum*); the "Sugar or Rock Maple (*A. nigrum*) are used "as ornamental trees in the neighbourhood of "Montreal." Permit me to point out that you only mention two species in addition to *A. dasycarpum*, and that the Scarlet or Swamp Maple is *Acer rubrum*, the Sugar or Rock Maple is *A. saccharinum*, and that according to Gray, *A. nigrum* is only a variety of *A. saccharinum*.

Yours truly,
H. H. LYMAN.

NOTE.—Our correspondent is correct regarding the above maples. A mistake occurred in the specific names; the Soft or Swamp Maple should be *rubrum*, and the Sugar Maple *saccharinum*; the *nigrum* referred to in our article is a variety of the latter.

MY BARK CANOE.

Fresh from the dusky Indian's hand,
I launched thee on the pebbly strand
Ten years ago; tight, trim and new,
My buoyant, light-built bark canoe,
No white man's hand could fashion thee,
Thy perfect lines curved gracefully;
"A thing of beauty," through and through,
Wert thou my matchless bark canoe!

Oft o'er the Ottawa's rippling swell
I journey'd in thee safe and well;
Steady wert thou as any rock,
Resisting the explosive shock
Of "*Frang-a-Balluck's*" roaring ring,
At swift, black duck upon the wing—
From thee the "chilled" went always true,
My staunch, my beautiful canoe!

Upon thy ribs red stains I see,
Each is a record plain to me
Of scenes gone by—each crimson spot,
A witness of some long range shot,
There lay the quarries side by side,
Arrested in their plumaged pride;
Delightful to a sportsman's view,
My beautiful old bark canoe!

Some killed at eighty yards and more,
Have stained thy sheathing with their gore;
The mallard in his headlong flight
Hurled quivering from his airy height,
The gorgeous wood-duck and the teal—
The strong merganser's wings of steel!
The golden-eye, whose whistling wing
Made Nova Zembla's inlets ring,
Each shattered fell pierced through and through,
To freight my beautiful canoe.

The stately pintail there has lain,
The black duck and the red-head slain—
The bluebill and the lullie-head,
There stretched beside each other dead—
The graceful white-crowned merganser—
The wild goose—Canada's great *anser*—
The osprey from his lightning sweep
Has flutered to eternal sleep,
The huge-winged heron often too
Has graced my beautiful canoe.

There lay the widgeon in his pride,
The mottled spirit duck beside,
The ruffed grouse, yellow leg and rail,
The cackling coot with restless tail,
The snipe, dabchick and golden plover,
The woodcock, monarch of the cover,
The night heron with drooping crest,
The bittern in loose garment drest,
Each has a place in past review,
In thee my beautiful canoe.

And last, not least, the antlered deer,
Has found his final pillow here,
Down from the "mountain's crown" he came,
The proud, majestic king of game!
"Swift in his wake" old Bugle's yell
Rose on the blast with echoing swell;
Like otter through the flood he dashed,
The paddle swept, the rifle flashed,
And on the crashing bullet flew,
He's lying in my bark canoe.

I look on thee through memory's haze,
And see once more the camp fire's blaze,
My loved companions seated round
That almost consecrated ground—
I hear their merry laugh again,