

The tyro usually carries a lot of things into camp that he would be better without, and leaves behind the few simple necessities which would enable him to live in health and comfort in the bush. The experienced woodsman does not ask himself as he overhauls his modest kit, "May not this also be of some use?" but rather questions himself as to whether he cannot do without it. Some things—blankets, matches, axe, for instance—he knows he must have, but useless "truck" he discards, and by such judicious paring "travels light," and enjoys himself all the more in consequence. Of course, if a party proposes camping close to civilization, where farms or stores are within reach and transport is not a difficult problem, its members may enjoy all sorts of luxuries they would have to deny themselves in the wilderness. It is the difference between a coasting voyage, and one taken in blue water out of soundings. No hard and fast rules can be laid down.

An outfit which would be perfect for Florida, would not do for Maine or the Adirondacks, nor would an expedition to the plains of the west require the same equipment as one fitted out to explore the wooded region north of Lake Superior. The prospective camper must consider the size of his party, the probable duration of the trip, and the means of transport likely to be at his command. In Quebec and Ontario he will usually be able to travel by canoe, though even here he is likely to have more or less portaging, or carrying to do, over necks of land or around rapids, so that he will enjoy himself none the less if he have no superfluity of this world's goods with him. Should he not be able to use a canoe he and his guide must pack everything on their backs, and the inventory must undergo a most rigorous pruning before starting. On the plains waggon is available, while in the mountains pack horses, burros, or mules, become the means of transport.

No traveller in the wilderness can dispense with matches and an axe, and a compass is usually required. I always carry a few matches in my pocket in a leather case, as that does not condense moisture; in a metal box the matches are often spoiled from this cause in winter. A reserve should be kept in a dry, wide-mouthed bottle, securely corked. The compass should be about the size of a watch. Personally I prefer a small prismatic compass, but they are much more expensive, and the ordinary kind will serve all purposes except the taking of an exact bearing of some distant object. An axe of less than three pounds weight is not much use, though a not overstrong youth might find a so-called hunting axe of two and one-half pounds better adapted to his strength, but cutting up a night's fuel with such a tool is a heart-breaking task.

Novices are always impressed with the tremendous importance of a tent, and generally choose one heavy and large enough to shelter a squad of militiamen. Now as a matter of fact a good Canadian woodsman hardly requires a tent either in summer or winter. A few sheets of birch or spruce bark in warm weather, and a log and bark cabin in winter afford him ample shelter. The great Napoleon found that his troops were more healthy when bivouacking (sleeping under the stars) than shut up in tents; and the summer camper will certainly find the same thing. Even in summer, when flies are numerous, I prefer a lean-to with a mosquito bar.

All provisions should be kept in separate bags, then the salt and sugar do not become too intimate, and the pepper does not fraternize with the tea. A couple of squares of waterproof material, or light duck, about 6 x 8 feet, with metal eyelet holes around their borders are better than any tent, and can be used for a variety of purposes. They serve as shelters in

case of a sudden storm, or to wrap the camp kit in—in short are worth their weight in gold.

A clean flour sack filled with balsam tips makes an excellent pillow, and a couple of feet of these same fir tips laid under the blankets will woo slumbers to content a king. By the bye, there are two ways of laying the boughs. The first and most natural, the wrong way of course, is to dump them down "any-which-way" as the woodsmen say; the second to spread them in layers beginning at the head, with the tips of each feathery bough pointing toward the head of the couch.

The cook of the party ought to be supplied with a frying pan with socket handle, tin kettles without spouts, a few "dippers," knives, forks and spoons, and if transport is available, a tin baker for bread making. At a pinch cups may be fashioned out of birch bark, and a sheath knife serve in lieu of table cutlery.

No doubt it is a difficult matter to provision a large party for a long trip in the woods, and a novice would be wise to consult some experienced friend or guide in this matter, but beans, pork, flour, baking powder, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, and canned fruits and vegetables may be selected safely.

Generally trout, and, occasionally, grouse and even venison, in season, may be reckoned on to help out the bill of fare. In some parts of the country game and fish are so abundant that the hunters and prospectors take little except flour and tea, or coffee, but in the east this might mean starvation or something akin to it.

A few simple hints should suffice if followed to keep the camper in robust health. Don't sit in wet clothes, or boots, don't work too hard on an empty stomach, or in a very hot sun; and lastly keep good hours and wear flannel under-clothing—all very old and time-worn advice no doubt, but well worth attention nevertheless.

It is a long time since a sea salmon was seen in the St. Lawrence, but one was killed last week in the raceway under Mack's mills, Cornwall, according to the Freeholder, by W. Borthwick, a mill employee, while spearing suckers. He did not know what a prize he had captured, and took it home and had it cleaned, but on showing the head to Mr. Mack, the stranger was clearly identified from the scales and shape of the head as a genuine *salmo salar*. The fish was a female, weighing about five pounds, and was full of spawn. It is a pity that Mr. Borthwick had mutilated the fish before speaking about it, as it would have been worth a good deal as a curiosity. No doubt it grew from one of the innumerable salmon fry which have been deposited in the river from time to time. We hope fishermen will be on the lookout for strange fish, and let us know about them, as the matter is of decided scientific interest.

In a recent issue of *ROD AND GUN* the statement was made that a license to shoot big game in the province of New Brunswick, cost a non-resident \$20. This was an error, the ante has been raised another \$10, and it now costs \$30 to "come in."

Several of the English journals have of late referred to a "decline of sports" in Great Britain, but as a matter of fact there is a healthy, progressive condition of affairs in connection with the pastimes of that country. True, the Americans have shown supremacy in most of the international contests, but this merely indicates that the sportsmen of the United States have improved more rapidly, not that British sports have retrograded.