Entertainer

to me and introduced duate of Edinburgh Unibeautiful nugget brooch pt it as a little souvenir, great pleasure my sing-had not noticed this man mentioned this to him. not in the hall, but my litthe street from the hall, h nights and lay and lisgan to cry a little, poor deeply sorry for him. I t he was the doctor in a wreck with drink. vious to my visit, he got er's death and took it nat he disappeared into days, and for over two uor in any shape or abit came back again, suppose. He was a e, and with the wound er still fresh, combined own weakness, he had ring me in the midst of m very proud of that count of this very paalmost more than any his is an unusual case. of much drinking going

ny people, too. A man isin that he hated the he heard a Scotch acred flag to a bull, and elt as though he could y. He was persuaded and I had the honor ne afterwards and sav all he had said about had come to the conhey were not so bad. airbanks they have a all over, with a megaentertainment. This mosphere, can be disitire mountainside and ot troubled with nerthis awful thing, yelltive hours, before one's begin, fills one with a one's sympathies seem dy" in the sideshow. all, I turned my back try with great reluct-look back and think eing the most intense-

E CHANCES

knocks at his door) wer, it's some wan to it's the landlord after

Flea

d to small pa in a ring on a musical going the fleas way bed manner, but this tion owing to the vi ox being transmitted

OFFICE HOURS.

considered to stop work. It would take a nap, or "forty t sleepy, but unfortuen the tired workers ot. A writer in the zine tells how the is brain very easily le savs:

d in spite of fatigue. is poor and the exnts constantly make ts of things to keep ht oil, when, if they they could accomptime in the morning Yet there are times t be overcome withhich injure the judg-

th a critical case, for ts about him, and it to an open window utes to take a dozen f cold air. His exbe great, but he can matter of fact, surwork requires the ictively choose the st efforts, reserving ure tasks or recreaof these extrac

taught to be obedisiderate of others, g the best use o nay bring, and who s the best schools reparation for after ive, and one th

AN ACADIAN MOOSE HUNT

It was raining when we crossed the boun-dam between New Brunswick and Nova Scella, it was raining at Truro, and when the Intercolonial train in which we were traveling dropped us at a little wayside station in the heart of the woods cataracts of water were pouring down from a melancholy sky on a yet more melancholy earth. Our guides, who met us on the platform, feeling that some apology for the weather was necessary, made haste to assure us that the season was quite exception-ally pluvial, and so, indeed, it was. As a rule, clear, bright days and starlit nights characterize the Acadian autumn, and only about once in ten years does persistent bad weather place the hunter at a disadvantage. We were unfortunate in having hit the exception rather than the rule; but, in spite of meteorological drawbacks, our stay in the province was so enjoyable, and from the sportsman's point of view so successful, that a brief account of it may be of interest to those who harbor the delusion that Nova Scotia has nothing to offer a visitor but apples and romance.

As a matter of fact, for the variety of game it provides Nova Scotia is a veritable hunter's paradise. A country less than half the size of England that yields annually from 500 to 800 moose might reasonably expect to rank high in the favor of British Nimrods; but, curiously enough, Nova Scotia has always been rather a terra incognita to the average English sports-man, who, in ignorance of what may be found there, has gone further afield, to work harder and, likely enough, fare worse. Consequently the moose grounds of the counties of Annapolis, Cumberland, Digby, Guysborough, Halifax, Lunenburg, Queens, Shelburne, and Yarmouth are still practically unworked. Moreover, the heads obtained are usually of good size and of quality, some of the most symmetrical moose antlers in existence having been secured in Acadia. The cost, too, of acquiring a trophy there averages not much more than half the expense of a shooting expedition in the famous forests of New Brunswick, which is the only province where the chance of killing a moose approximates to the certainty of shooting one in Nova Scotia. Were these facts more widely known among British sportsmen, the land of Evangeline would not want for those to sing her praises as a sporting country.

We spent the night at the house of Sandy,

one of the guides, and in the morning, the weather having cleared. Sandy's son drove us eighteen miles back into the woods over a trail that, as they say in those parts, presently turned itself into a rabbit track and ran under a stump. This does not sound like getting very close to the primitive heart of nature, but in Nova Scotia remoteness is often a matter of inaccessibility rather than of distance, and the scene of our hunt was one of the most difficult spots to reach in the whole province. Owing to this fact only a few native woodsmen had ever hunted there, and they but seldom, for it is characteristic of indigenous hunters that they travel by preference along the line of least re-sistance, leaving avoidable hardships to be con-quered in a spirit of sport by those to whom hunting is not a means of gaining a livelihoo Game was therefore exceptionally abundant in our chosen locality, and while we were packing over the last four miles, where horse transportation was out of the question, the signs of both moose and bear were frequently in evidence. Just before we reached our camping site Mr. Keeling, who as a boy had been an expert knife thrower, hurled his hunting knife at a grouse sitting close up against the bole of a tree, and actually nailed the bird to the trunk,

so that he was obliged to remove his pack and climb up to release it. Our first night in camping was most un-omfortable. Rain fell heavily till near daybreak, and, lying on our bed of fir tips under a convas lean-to, we bewailed the lack of a telescoping principle in the human anatomy that would admit of drawing one's legs in out of the wet. But the morning dawned clear, and the day promised to be fine. The air became rapkeener, the sun went into a cloud, and before breakfast was over a "sleepy" snow was falling. By nine o'clock there was as pretty a tracking snow as man could desire. That so good an opportunity should be wasted in Sabbath sloth seemed hard to us, but Sandy and Joe, the guides, accepted the situation philosophically, Sandy announcing his intention of doing some overdue laundry work.

In the afternoon, tiring of camp, I went for a stroll, taking my rifle, just for the feel of the iron. I was out three hours, and during that time I saw fresh signs of moose and wildcat, about thirty grouse, and the partly devoured carcase of a moose calf, evidently killed early that morning by a bear. A short distance be-yond this spot, as daylight was fading, I struck cross the segment of my semi-circle in a bee line for camp, reaching it just as the camp fire-began to glow ruddily among the trees. Hot biscuits and tea, with sundry heavier comestibles, a pipe or two, yarns by the guides, plans the morrow, sleepy yawns, then blankets and bough bed, and the "long day" of the

We were astir betimes. More snow had allen during the night and the woods were fairyland, but the air was far too calm for ideal still-hunting. For sheer joy of being in the wilds, however, I never knew a day to beat it, and the fifteen-mile tramp accomplished between sunrise and sunset was full of delightful impressions. Although both Mr. Keeling and I crossed not a few fresh moose tracks, we saw none worth following; but he had the good luck to shoot a bear, which blundered upon him as he sat on a "blow-down" eating his lunch of dough-nuts and cheese. This was the only bear we saw during the trip. Signs of others were abundant, however, and I feel certain that anyone with a liking for bear hunting could find some excellent and exceedingly chean sport in that socious if accident cheap sport in that section, if assisted by good guide and a well-trained hound. He would also, in all probability, pick up a wild-cat or two, these animals, which sometimes weigh 40lbs., being very numerous and affording a most exciting chase.

Tuesday was a grey day—the sort of day when one feels that hunting is work, if not lrudgery, albeit there is ever an underlying fascination that keeps one pegging along. I walked quite twenty miles over rough country, and sighted two cows and one bull moose, which however, had a small flead for his bodily development. Mr. Keeling had better success in getting within forty yards of a big head after a long stalk; but he returned to camp looking to the country of the state of the sta looking very glum, for, owing to a defective cartridge, he had failed to score. He brought back the cartridge with him, and after sup-per we interested ourselves in filing it open. Curiously enough, the shell, though supposed to have been filled by a reputable maker, con-

Two days later, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Keeling, hunting on a hardwood
ridge a few miles west of our camp, brought
down a large bull moose with a medium-ized
but very symmetrical head, and at 3315, while
hunting east of the camp, I shot a smaller bull
bearing a head of twenty-four points, with
14in palms and a spread of 52in. We arrived
back at camp simultaneously, each prepared
to be graciously consoling to the other, but our
self-complacent feelings underwent a swift
change when we discovered the true state of change when we discovered the true state of

To the sportsman whose chief desire is to hunt moose cheaply or not at all, Nova Scotia offers every inducement to tarry within its confines. The expense, even of the most ambitious trip, is a mere bagatelle. Apart from shipping and railway fares, hotel charges, and the cost of supplies, which can be bought to best advantage in the province, the unavoidable and irreducible expenditure is as follows: License, \$30; guide, \$2 per day; canoe or horsed vehicle, 50c or \$2 per day respectively. Some of the guides have complete outfits, others are rather badly off in this respect; but, for the benefit of sportsmen who are unfamiliar with hunting conditions in Canada, I may say that the universal custom is for the guide to provide his own blankets, of which three per man are usually taken. John McEwan, of Bear River, Digby County, is generally held to be the best guide in the province, and if past achievement is an earnest of future performance the sportsman who hunts under his direction is certain to secure a moose, for never has McEwan failed to provide one for his patrons.

His record comprises 137 moose, which, so far as I am aware, is the highest number credited to any one man in the province. McEwan has an excellent outfit, including cahoes, so that his patrons are required to provide the manual patrons are required to provide the patrons. his patrons are required to provide thems ing but their rifles, ammunition, personal kit, and such liquor as their fancy dictates.-Lincoln Wilbar in the Field.

DECEMBER ON THE MOORS

At the beginning of December we decided to go north and have another turn at the grouse and black-game, of which there was a good stock, before the season closed. We were only two guns unfortunately, as the notice had been too short to procure others, but we hoped for the best. The weather had been bright with hard frost for some weeks before we arrived, but had then broken, and cold storms of rain and sleet prevailed most of the time. However, we had come to shoot, so took little notice of it. The keeper said there were many blackgame near all the farms, as well as on the moor, so the next morning we sent the beaters on early and started by motor about 8:30. As we arrived at the farm we noticed the trees round all covered with dark objects, and when we got close A. said, "What a curious place for the fowls to be at this time of day!" However, we soon discovered our mistake, and found they were all blackgame. There must have been a hundred of them, and they appeared to take no notice of the house or the farm hands, who frequently passed under the trees. We determined to have them driven, and went on to a small plantation the other side of the farmyard

and told the men to put them over us. We had scarcely got there when loud shouts warned us they were coming, and soon the air seemed full of them. It was very difficult against the light to see which were cocks and which hens, but we managed to account ior three of the former and two of the latter, all young ones; the old cocks kept to the moor and were not much with the big packs. The rest had broken up rather at the shooting and had gone, some to the moor, others to the fields and hedges; so after a council of war we deeided to walk in line right across the lower face of the hill and try and drive them on in front of us preparatory to having them driven back over us, with the expectation that some would try and break back and give us some nice rocketing shots. We had no sooner started than a eting shots. We had no sooner started than a shout of "Mark!" showed me two coming back straight for me, and evidently bent on returning to their original position. I could not see exactly what they were, but, as there were so many about, we did not mind a few hens being shot, though we naturally picked out the cocks if possible. On they came straight over me, and one fell to the first shot, but the other, a

hen, though hard hit, carried on over the farm, were we afterwards picked her up dead. More had been moved on ahead of us, and A. had one or two shots, though I could not see with what results. When we got to the end of the farm we sent the men round to bring in a bit of moor on to which the majority had gone, while we hid under a wall. It was not long before a shout put us on the alert, and a lot were seen coming towards us. They passed over A., who killed a couple of fine cocks, and an unlucky hen swerving towards me, I managed to bag her with a long shot. Then a single cock came to me, followed by three grouse, of which I only got one; three greyhen, which I spared; and a covey of partridges, of which I got a brace; besides a hen pheasant. A had meantime been shooting also, and when we came to pick up I found he had four blackgame, two grouse and a cock pheasant?

This was an excellent beginning, so we now decided to leave the farm and walk up the hill some two miles to the butts and try for some grouse. It was very warm climbing, and we only bagged one greyhen and a grouse on the way, though a stalk after a grand lot of some twenty-five old blackcock was within an ace of being successful. By the time we had reached the butts we were fairly warm, but we did not remain so long, for the weather began to change for the worse, with showers of sleet, and before the first grouse arrived we were nearly frozen. It is a hopeless task trying to occupy a line of butts with two guns; whichever you choose are bound to be wrong, seemingly, and you leave the one you are in to take the next because a good lot have gone over them, only to see others almost touch the one you have just left. It was so on this occasion, and the result in numbers was not very great. First a good lot went wide on A.'s right, then two came to him nicely, one of which he got; then I dropped a lucky long shot and missed a sitter disgracefully with both barrels. Then an old blackcock came high and straight for my butt in the grand and disdainful way these birds will often come, regardless of the danger they must know is below them, and I got him in exactly the right place and crumpled him up. The result of the drive was five grouse and two blackgame. The next drive was a continuation, so to speak, of the preceding one, and we had to walk on some way to the butts. By the time we arrived there it was blowing and raining hard, and the few grouse that came over us were moving very rapidly, which, in addition to being muffled up in mackintoshes and thick waistcoats, made shooting rather difficult. However, we accounted for four grouse and two golden plover, the latter from a family shot at a lot of about a dozen. As it was not yet twelve o'clock we decided to have the return drive, and this was the one we expected great things of. The usual details of a drive followed. There were a nice lot of birds, and we shot fairly straight and managed to kill eleven grouse, though if we had had more guns we should have killed a lot more. After lunch, over which we did not linger long, owing to the cold, we had another drive towards home, getwith enough daylight to have another go at the blackgame. We saw a big lot of 100 to 150 on the stubble, so decided, as the buildings seemed to be their line of flight, to post ourselves there and have them moved to us. They came beautifully and well strung out, so that we had time to load again once or twice, and accounted for seven, mostly cocks. The others settled in a field, not far off, and we tried to get them back over us, but this time they would not have it, and broke back up to the moor. We had one more drive along the hill and back, as in the morning, but it was nearly dark, and we only got two blackgame and a pheasant. However, we were very pleased with our day, having killed twenty-eight blackgame, twenty-five grouse, three partridges, three pheasants, two golden plover, and a hare; total, sixty-two head—a very sporting day. The succeeding days were much the same, though we were never quite so successful as to numbers the same never quite so successful as to numbers, though our week's shooting realized over 200 head, which, considering the time of the year and small number of guns, may be considered very good. At any rate, we both thoroughly en-

ON ANGLING TRUTHS AND UNTRUTHS

joyed it .- H. W. M.

For all the angling yarns ever told by anglers, and disbelieved by an ungrateful public, which, though it may love to be entertained with romance, never fails to regard the entertained to reince the second of the entertained to the entertain as reincarnations of Ananias, truth is often stranger than fiction. Indeed, such strange things sometimes befall a fisherman when he is alone that he dare not recount them for fear of meeting with either a chilling silence or a less passive criticism of his adventures. Thus on fishermen are not unfamiliar with cases of hooked fish jumping into their boat and thus cutting short the preliminaries which constitute so much of their enjoyment. This has hap-pened on the Tweed and on the Eden, and probably on a score of other rivers. Fortunately the salmon fisherman usually has a gillie with him, salmon fisherman usually has a gillie with him, so that such quaint episodes are not lacking in corroboration. In the case reported from the Eden, the credulity of the angler's friends was hard put to it, for the acrobat proved to be a kelt, which he was in duty bound to return to the water. The only consolation is that, in other circumstances, eyen had they been able to stand before its stuffed remains, they would have disbelieved his story just the same. Both these amazing stories pale before one which came to me some time ago from the Ythan. In came to me son this story, the fisherman was worming for

trout, and had just laid his rod down to visit his sandwich box, when, without warning, it suddenly rose in the air and soared away like a Bleriot biplane over Esslemont Woods. For one wild moment he thought there were visions about, but the explanation was soon apparent. A trout had first seized the worm and had then in turn been seized and gorged by a heron. Away flapped the heron, only to find that it had captured something of unusual weight. Still it bravely flew towards its nest in the tree tops, and the angler might never more have recovered his rod had it not got entangled in some telegraph wires, with the result that the cast snapped, the heron went free, and the rod was eventually restored to its owner. Had there not, as luck would have it, been a little crowd of spectators of this little drama, the whisky flask would in all probability have been held responsible for the rose. bility have been held responsible for the genesis of the heron.

I remember telling this story to a man who, before I had even got as far as the telegraph wires, interrupted me with the assurance that it was mere everyday commonplace to what had once befallen a friend of his when mahseer fishing in India. It seems that his angling friend was casting with a large space, and its friend was casting with a large spoon, and in a back cast drove it into the ear of a tiger, which had been going to spring on him from behind. Goaded by the pain, the brute sprang crean over him and into the river, and the fisherman actually played it for an hour as it swam to and fro in midstream. I forget the ending of the story. I resented it too much to treasure its memory. For that is the worst of it; some folks never know the limit. My heron would have been all right if it had not been for that tiger. It is such stories which bring down on fishermen the unmerited reproach of being liars. This strange belief is so deeply implanted in the bosom of their neighbors that even compositors, who, of all men should be free from imagination, share it, and I remember on the consistency being the winting of this ber on one occasion being the victim of this prevalent custom of giving the angler the benefit of the doubt, and voting him the opposite of George Washington. I had been describing some memorable fight or other with one of the big fish of the past, and, by way of showing how the glorious struggle had remained in my thoughts, I wrote:
"I live over those tense moments again and

Did the printer so interpret me? Not at all. What he preferred was:
"I he over those tense moments again and

This sort of thing is very hard. What made it worse at the time was the fact that the friend who drew my attention to the misprint was a golfer !- F. G. Aflats in Baily's.

CHINESE FISHERIES.

The antiquity of fishing in the West re-ceives respectable testimony from the refer-ences to rod, line, and hook in Homer, but for the earliest "Minister of Fi bly have to look to China. In his interesting paper on "The Fisheries of China," published by the Washington Bureau of Fisheries amon the other literature of the 1908 congress, Wei Ching W. Yen, Second Secretary to the Chinese Legation at Washington, tells us that "the first statesman that recognized the importance of the fishing industry was Chiang Tzu-ya, who lived in the eleventh and twelfth centuries B.C., and who rose to eminence from a humble ome on the coast." Tradition relates that "this wise and virtuous angler, then eighty years of age, was fishing with a straight piece of iron, upon which the fishes readily allowed themselves to be caught," when he was discovered by the Emperor Wen Wang. He labored for twenty years, and raised fishing to the level of an important industry. With it grew an allied industry, the manufacture of salt, which was handmaid to the other when it came to preserving the fish caught.

Pisciculture in China first started, we are told, in the fifth century B.C., Tao Chu Kung being responsible for a beginning by an experiment with carp.

He dug a pond of the size of an acre, leaving nine small islands scattered about. In the pond he placed twenty female carps 3ft. in length and four male ones of similar size. This was ie in the month of March. In March of the following year there were found 5,000 fishes Ift. long, 10,000 2ft. long, and 15,000 3ft. long. In the third year the number had been multiplied ten or twenty times, while in the fourth year it was not possible to keep count. Carp must have been an amenable race in

the China of that period, and Tao Chu Kung must have been encouraged! More modern piscientume, which doubtless has less sensa-tional results, has been confined to Iresh-water fish, presumably chiefly members of the carp family. The fry are fed "with the yolk of eggs, with very fine bran, or with beans ground to a

The writer calls attention to the difference between Chinese and Western taste in the matbetween Chinese and Western taste in the matter of fish. Salmon, he says, would not appeal to his countrymen, ordinary fresh-water fish apparently being preferred. He gives a list of the more common edible fish—"perch, mackerel, sturgeon, goby, pomfret, eel, gudgeon, shad, sole, mullet, flounder, herring, carp, bream, etc." The right to fish in streams and open waters is open to all, except in a few cases. waters is open to all, except in a few cases, and artificial reservoirs are brought into service as fishponds; even rice fields near tidal water are so used in winter. Among the methods of catching fish mentioned is persuading them "to jump into boats by painted boards."



"The First of the Season'

Sportsman's Calendar

DECEMBER

Cock Pheasants may be shot COWICH-AN Electoral District only.

Grouse-shooting open on Vancouver Island, adjacent islands, and Islands Electoral District, except willow grouse in Cowichan Electoral District.

Quail-shooting open in Cowichan, Esquimalt, Saanich, and Islands Electoral Districts.

Ducks, Geese and Snipe may be shot throughout the Brovince. December 15 is the last day for DEER-SHOOTING.

December 31 is the last day for PHEAS-ANTS, GROUSE and QUAIL. The SALE of DUCKS, GEESE and SNIPE is now illegal.

Something of the same kind has, it has been recorded, been not unknown on salmon rivers in Scotland, where a white stone, possibly simulating a fall, has tempted salmon to jump into a trap. The well-known method of cor-morant fishing is, it is said, confined to one family, the Liu family.

CAUGHT TWO FISH TWICE ON THE SAME DAY

While fishing with a friend on the Gasconde River, in Phelps County, Mo., I had an interesting and peculiar experience. I was using live bait and fishing for bass and jack salmon. After an unsuccessful effort of about two hours, I got a strike, hooked a nice jack salmon and finally brought him up to the boat. My old friend took the landing net and in his excitement picked the fish up lying across the net, instead of in it. Just as he got it over the gunwhale of the boat the fish flopped off, dragging my line through the joint of the he of the net, cutting it in two; and I saw my jack swim leisurely away with about eighteen inches of my line.

My friend began to console me. He said: Put on a good bait and go right back down there and you will get him again." I followed his advice and let my hook float down to the same place, which was about forty feet from In a few minutes I got another strike, hooked my fish and as I began to lead him to the boat my friend shouted, "There! What did I tell you?" I replied, "I have a much better fish." After playing him for a few minutes I got sight of him; he was a pack also and much larger than the first. My old friend said that he would not have a thing to do with this one, and I would have to fight it alone. The water was very clear and as I played that fish around, my line looked very small. He finally gave up the fight, however, and I led him to the boat, took my rod in my left hand and stooped to get my landing net. As I did so the butt of my rod struck the side of the boat, and at the same instant the fish made a dash under the boat, broke the tip of my rod off at the first guide, broke my line just below the sinker and was gone.

I began to repair my tackle again, cutting my rod at the break, which left me a very clumsy affair to work with. My friend was hopeful. He assured me that if I would just go right back down there I would get them ooth. I expressed a doubt but said I hoped there were others there open for engagement. Once more I cast my bait and watched it float to the same spot. In a few minutes I got another strike, hooked my fish, led him up to the boat, took up my landing net and lifted him in. Imagine my surprise when I went to remove my hook to find another sproat hook with eighteen inches of silk line attached, firmly fastened in his jaw, the wound still bleed-

Much encouraged I once more baited my hook and anxiously watched it float back. In a few minutes I had a vicious strike, hooked fish, and the fight was on. I finally led him up to the boat and lifted him in with my landing net. As he hit the bottom of the boat my old friend grabbed him with both hands and expressed his delight by a shout that made the hills ring. Another surprise was in store for me. When I went, to remove my hook there, beside it, was another sproat hook with a short piece of line to it, proving that this was my second catch. He was twenty-six inches long and weighed seven pounds. The smaller one was nineteen inches and weighed three and a half pounds.-Albert Keenen, in Field and Stream.