

WANDERER'S CORNER

PARTRIDGE.

While on my way down from the North on the Labelle train not long ago I noticed at St. Marguerite Station one of the section men enter the train and hand something done up in a newspaper to the superintendent of the division. It proved to be a very fine partridge. On enquiry, I found that on the way up in the morning the superintendent had noticed the partridge on the track, and had seen it struck by the train, and had asked the section man to get it and have it for him when he came down in the afternoon. The bird had one wing cut off, and a cut on the back of its neck, presumably done by the car wheel. It is said the Labelle country is called "the hunter's paradise."

FISH.

While in Lachute a short while ago one of my friends, who had just returned from a fishing expedition, told me the following story, which is vouched for by two of his companions: The three of them were fishing at the end of an island in the lake, where they were camping, when they noticed a short distance away a fish jump from the water two or three times, as if in trouble. One man said, "Boys, I'm going to take the canoe and get that fish." Getting into the canoe, he paddled in the direction of where they had seen the fish jump. On nearing the spot he noticed quite a good-sized fish swimming near the surface, and acting as if choking. Having forgotten his landing net, he paddled hastily back and got it, returned to where the fish was and succeeded in getting it into the canoe. It proved to be a fine speckled trout, weighing 13-4 lbs., and the cause of its trouble was a fresh water crab, that dropped out of its mouth into the bottom of the canoe. The crab was minus one claw, but it is very evident the fish had a larger mouthful than he could swallow.

CLAM.

A short time ago one of my friends was with a party cruising up the Ottawa River in a small steam yacht, and by way of amusement had a trolling line out behind. He had been holding it for nearly half an hour, when think he had a maskinonge. On hauling in the line he found, much to his disgust, only a fresh water clam, of large size, on the hook.

"WANDERER."

DEER SHOOTING IN ONTARIO

Chief Game Warden Tinsley, of Ontario, has now nearly complete returns of deer shooting last season. There were settlers' permits to the number of 2,615. Figures obtained from the express companies show that they carried 2,032 cases. Of course this is no criterion of the number of deer actually shot, but only of those taken by hunters who go a distance for their sport. Besides this there must have been large numbers killed by settlers and sportsmen living adjacent to the woods. Returns show that there were more than 6,500 deer hunters in the woods during the late open season, and it is safe to assume that an average of one deer for each man was killed, while many parties and hunting clubs got their full quota of two each. So that an estimate of 6,500 taken would be conservative and quite within the mark.

Game protection over an area so wide as the Province of Ontario must certainly be a very difficult matter, and much credit is due the excellent enforcement of the law by the chief and his deputy game wardens for the increasing number of deer in the woods, in spite of the encroachments of settlement. The nominal charge of \$2 to Ontario citizens for a hunter's license and 25 cents for a settler's permit is not felt by anyone, while it enables the game department to be practically self-supporting. The efforts of the department deserve the hearty support not only of those sportsmen who leave the cities for a couple of weeks' hunting each fall, but also of the settlers in the newer parts of the Province. An abundance of sport means lots of sportsmen, and a great deal of the money annually disbursed by hunters for guides, transport, etc., finds its way into the pockets of the settler.

W.A.F.

FOX HUNTING AS A PASTIME

One of the remarkable things about the world of sport is the manner in which it fluctuates in popular favor. In our Canadian sports this is peculiarly evident, those in vogue twenty years ago having apparently lost, in a great measure, their fascinations and been superseded by others then scarcely known. This is especially true of what are known as winter sports. But there is one pastime of which this cannot be said, and that is fox-hunting. In the early decades of the century it found a footing on this continent and has since then been steadily growing in

favor until what is generally looked upon as a purely English sport, has spread into the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and even to the Carolinas, to such a marked degree that there are a large number of excellent and well-managed packs in many of the States named. Many kinds of exercise coming under the head of athletics have a leaning to one-sided development, and are frequently evil in their results, as well as characterized by more or less brutality, but none of these things can be charged to fox-hunting and horsemanship, as its healthfulness cannot be overestimated, and its peculiar tendency for an all-round physical development unchallenged.

There are now 221 packs of fox hounds in the United Kingdom—180 in England, 26 in Scotland, and 15 in Ireland—and these packs consist of 8,000 couples of hounds, and they necessitate the employment of 100,000 horses of the value of \$35,000,000, involving an outlay of \$25,000,000 per annum for their maintenance.

W. L. Marble, Gladstone, Mich., has brought out a waterproof matchbox that is said to be really waterproof.

The box is a drawn brass shell 13-16 inch in diameter. The bottom of the box is double threaded to receive threaded collar, which is attached to the downwardly extending arms of the cover. The cover has a rubber gasket firmly held in place by a brass washer with projecting tooth, which prevents the cover being swung too far to one side.

Mr. Marble has also brought out a new gaff hook. This automatic gaff hook is one of the novelties introduced to the trade at the recent Sportsmen's Show. It is made from fine quality steel in a strong and substantial manner, and is capable of handling a large maskinonge or salmon. This gaff can be set with one hand, and requires but a slight touch on the fish to spring it.

Another useful device conceived by Mr. Marble is an attachment for holding a compass in a level position on the front of a coat or jacket, thus keeping the compass constantly in sight and leaving the hands free at all times.

Syracuse, N.Y., which has probably more sportsmen per square mile than any other town, is the home of the Malcolm Telescope Manufacturing Co., whose catalogue tells all about the many rifle scopes they manufacture.