

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

PASSING COMMENT.

(Richard L. Pocock.)

This is the banner fishing month of the year. Spring salmon are still running in considerable numbers, and are hanging about the estuaries waiting for the rain to swell the rivers before ascending to their spawning grounds; cohoes are now running well in most parts, though, probably, the complaints that they are not in the straits in such numbers as Victorians have grown accustomed to, is due to the fact that the traps are operating for cohoes this year. The last few days there has been a good run of trout from the tidal water into the lower and middle pools of the Cowichan River, and nearly all those who tried the river on Labor Day were rewarded by good baskets, the fly-fishermen doing best. The trout now in the river are in excellent condition, silvery from the sea, and rising well, especially in the evening.

The deputy game warden has been busy to some purpose, three convictions for offences against the game act having been obtained by Deputy Game Warden Terrell and his assistant during the last week, as already recorded in the news columns of this paper. Besides making the arrests recorded, many complaints have been investigated by them of alleged illegal shooting and searches made of suspected parties and their rigs and cabins. There is little reason to doubt that the amount of illegal shooting done now is very much less than it was some time ago, and the arrests of the last few days are calculated to put the fear of the Game Warden into the false sports and poachers of the country.

In the case of the youths caught with teal at Swan Lake, many complaints had been made of shooting in that vicinity, and the Game Warden had made several attempts to get the culprits, but without success, his identity being well known in the neighbourhood and his movements closely watched by the bad boys who were doing the shooting. A little stratagem however, resulted in catching two of them red-handed. Of course there are others who have escaped the clutches of the law, but four convictions in three months' service is pretty good proof that we have a man here as game warden who understands his duties thoroughly and is working hard to carry them out.

Unfortunately there has been no gun license yet imposed in this province although it is undoubtedly wanted and would be welcomed by responsible sportsmen, especially if provision were made to use the revenue it would produce for purposes of game protection and propagation. Saskatchewan now has a gun license and we hope by next season at least that British Columbia will have come into line. When Magistrate Jay was trying the case of the youths caught shooting teal the other day he remarked that the case was an argument in favor of a license to carry firearms, which would prevent their getting into the hands of such irresponsible boys and others not fit to use them. We have not yet forgotten the serious man-shootings of last season, and the culprit who shot and ruined the sight of Mr. Allen for life, disregarding his cries for help and leaving him to die unaided and in agony for aught he knew, has not yet been detected and made to answer for the crime. Many rumors were afloat regarding the supposed confession of the culprit and the payment of indemnity to Mr. Allen, all of them untrue and without any foundation at all in fact. Mr. Allen having lost his means of livelihood and almost his sight without having received any indemnity, compensation, or assistance, and being in ignorance to this day of who it was that shot him.

Many accidents are humanly speaking unavoidable, as long as firearms are used some gun accidents are unavoidable, but the great majority of serious gun accidents are caused by carelessness and ignorance of the parties handling the gun. It should never be forgotten that a shotgun as well as a rifle is a very dangerous weapon of destruction when improperly handled and no one should be granted a license to use one, especially in thickly populated districts, without first proving to the satisfaction of the party responsible for the granting of the license that he is competent to be entrusted with such a lethal weapon. Although many fatalities are caused annually by the careless and ignorant use of loaded guns in the field, there are many accidents directly traceable to the improper handling of unloaded guns. This may sound like a contradiction in terms, but the man or boy, who has been duly trained to always handle a gun as if it were loaded, even though he is absolutely certain that it is not, is never likely to have a "didn't know it was loaded accident," and will always handle a loaded gun in the way it should be handled because he has "got the habit," the habit that all thinking men who use a gun are agreed is one that every man and boy should get before he is allowed to handle death-dealing weapons. As it is every man going into the woods in the shooting season runs the risk not only of being potted in "mistake for a squirrel," but of receiving all or part of the contents of someone else's gun improperly carried and accidentally discharged.

have before now been laughed at and talked at in loud "sides" on the E. & N. train for requesting the man on the seat in front of me to move his gun from a position in which its business end was pointing straight

where the bull's eye would be very poor carcase a target, but I would rather be laughed to scorn a hundred times by such an ill-mannered jackass than have my wife made a widow and my child an orphan through his having forgotten on the hundred and first occasion to remove his cartridges before boarding the train and accidentally blown my head off.

I remember an experience of my early days on this coast which possibly is responsible for a loss of nerve when in the line of fire. Camped on the bank of a coast river, our camping ground was intruded on by a party of three men from Vancouver with guns. They arrived late one evening and erected their tents much closer to ours than was appreciated. Shortly after turning in, partner and self were aroused by the sound of a shot from the unwelcome neighbours' tent. Being sleepy we forbore to investigate at the time, thinking it a foolishness. Next morning I was cooking breakfast at the camp fire, when up walked one of our friends (?), carrying a shotgun umbrella-fashion under his arm, who stood to observe my actions with the barrels pointing straight at the place where the breakfast was soon to be inside my anatomy. As I quietly executed a flank movement, I noticed that both hammers were at full cock. Quietly I enquired if the gun were loaded. "Loaded? Why, of course it's loaded! What do you think?" I remarked that I thought, that being the case, that it would be as well to put it at half-cock, and not to hold it with the barrels pointing at my stomach. This little matter being adjusted to my satisfaction, and the other's amusement, I enquired with mild and polite curiosity what they had been shooting at the evening before after we had gone to bed. "Oh, that," said the hero—"that was very funny. Jack was oiling up his rifle and it went off through the roof of the tent, and only missed my father's head by about a foot. You can see the hole through the tent if you like." That was enough for mine; Jack was evidently as dangerous as his partner, and as we moved our camp to safer quarters, deeming discretion the better part of valor, we speculated on whether they would have thought it an even better joke if the bullet had not missed the poor old man by a foot, but had found its billet in his brain.

OPENING DAY OF GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE OLD COUNTRY

Mist, driving rain, something like half a gale of wind, and sudden floods of sunshine sweeping up stream from soaked heather and bracken—that was the weather of the Twelfth on the Welsh border, and from the newspaper reports it must have been the weather for grouse shooters in a good many other places besides on the moors of England and Scotland. It was a day of disappointment and pleasure mixed. A Twelfth of August which opens with mist and rain at five and six in the morning, begins by threatening the worst. No wind tears a rift in the grey drifting cloud which blots out the hills; there is a steady drip from every tree in the garden by the house, every gutter of the roof, which is one of the most depressing sounds, surely, which can belong to those half-waking moments of earliest morning, when we lie trying to hear what the day is going to be, and hoping for the silence which means fine weather. Still, depression which begins at five or six in the morning need not last. "Rain before seven, shine before eleven" is the most reassuring of all weather proverbs, for it comes true the ofttest, and it certainly came true on the Twelfth. It shone at intervals before eleven and after; it began to blow on the hill by nine o'clock, and before ten the wind was driving alternate sweeps of mist and open sunlight along the whole stretch of moorland. The first covey of the day got up in a squall and spluttered back over the line of guns; but the wind dropped a little later, and then, with the coveys and the stray pairs of old birds rising in front of the steady pointer ranging over the drying heather and bracken, we were back again once more among the familiar sights and sounds of grouse shooting in August. The best of it, at least, was familiar—the spring of the stems of the old heather, the ease of walking over the patches lately burnt, the first right and left out of a covey, and the halt, often welcome enough in the longer heather, while the retriever picked up the line of a running bird. But the Twelfth, this year will be remembered not so gratefully as in other years, for heat and sunshine and coveys lying like stones before the pointers and setters. There were other less familiar features of the day to distinguish it from other Twelfths. We do not often get such a wind and so much wet early in August, and the consequence was that the birds, though they were well grown and strong on the wing, were as wild as hawks. Many, no doubt, we did not find at all, for there is no knowing where the coveys may not get to in a gale of rain. But there were only two or three coveys the whole day long which you could say lay well; there was only one, if memory serves aright, out of which two guns dropped the expected four birds. Much more often than not the pointer got the scent of birds from a long way up wind, and the birds rose far out long before the guns could get near enough to do more than chance a lucky first or second barrel.

If the Twelfth was partly a failure, the thirteenth reserved for us almost unmixed ill-luck. It began with drizzling mists and driving rain, as the Twelfth began, and it hardly stopped for half an hour till the evening. There was never even a question of shooting. We walked up to the moor; we even had lunch sent up to the moor, and ate it sitting on water-

proofs in a little spinney of firs, hoping the sun might come out, but the day went by without a break in the clouds. Birds which were wild on Friday would be wilder still on Monday, if this was to be the weather for the opening days; but hope began to be centred on Monday, for all that, for on Monday there would be driving, besides walking, if the weather allowed any shooting at all, and wild birds would drive as well down wind as any other. So for Monday we waited. And Monday began in the early hours with a thunderstorm, not the sharp, short burst of lightning, thunder, and a broken rain cloud which clears the heat of a summer night, but a long-drawn-out storm with peals of thunder every four or five minutes and rain in torrents—as if we had not had rain enough already. Still, the full morning came with a clear sky, with the wind high from the north-west, too high to make driving possible, except on certain beats; but it was those beats to which we were looking forward. And, after all, we were not disappointed. The birds came forward well, single birds and coveys and single birds again, with the variety of angle and pace and height over the gun which was grouse driving its distinctive and abiding charm. Here, on the first beat, the grouse came to you over a stretch of a hundred and fifty yards of heather in full view of the butts; not enough ground, of course, for you to see the drive develop, but enough to make it uncertain when the little black specks broke over the brow, which but they would be over in the high wind blowing them this way and that. "They're coming this way—no, they're not—yes—no—yes"—who could change those moments of indecision for the ordered sequence of a rise of pheasants, however high and however curly? Nobody choosing in August, at all events. Or what is there in pheasant shooting or partridge driving, even in a wind in November, which gives quite the same sense of expectancy and the same thrill of success as to stand in a butt just under the brow of the hill and to know that up the far slope of the hill there may be a covey speeding up towards you, to be poised for one tremendous second against the blue sky above the heather and to sweep over the butt, leaving at least one of its members, let us hope, tumbling with the flash of a white underwing into the heather in front of the butts, or hurting down behind it into the rushes and bracken below? Those are the sudden, splendid moments. But perhaps best of all it is to watch many hundred yards away, the long line of driving waving flags; to see at intervals the flash of the rising covey, to hear the whistle or the shout down wind, and to hope as the dark little birds sweep on, now tilted on this angle, now turning on that, that this is the way they are going to come, and that yours will be the butt where they will leave one or more behind them. No day's shooting holds a sight better worth seeing or hopes better worth having than those.

We have had our shooting days once more, and how good it has all been! There may have been mistakes, and a few minutes of mismanagement, perhaps, and of small annoyances—the disobedient dog, the gun who will not keep in line, or who will talk walking down wind, the covey getting up wild for that very reason, and all the dozen little occasions of irritation which a quiet temper knows best how to forgive. What do they all matter in the end? We have once more tramped the yielding floor of heather; we have looked out on the long panorama of blue and grey and purple hills, and have watched the cloud shadows riding up and over the slopes one behind another; we have heard again the curlew crying in the sun and rain, the snipe darting up from the green ravine between the banks of bloom, and the challenge and call of the old cock grouse in the August wind. The sights and sounds of the Twelfth and the opening days have come pound again, and the pleasure of the remembrance of them remains with us, as a happy welcome as ever.—The Field.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mr. Farquharson and Mr. Richard Allen started on September 3, on Mr. Farquharson's moor of Gunville, to decide their bet that they should on that day kill 30 brace of birds. The lateness of the harvest and the state of the weather were circumstances so unfavorable that 5 to 4, and at length 7 to 4, were repeatedly betted against them. Great reliance, however, was placed upon their dogs, which are chiefly of the Norfolk breed and are supposed to be the best in the country. The gentlemen shot with spirit till near 2 o'clock and then gave in from excessive fatigue, having killed 37 brace of birds and lost their bets by 13 brace. Mr. Pollen killed 19½ brace; Mr. Farquharson 17½.

Captain Clayton, the celebrated shot, made a considerable bet that he would kill 20 brace of partridges on September 1. Six to 4 were betted against him, but he killed 22 brace by 3 o'clock on that day.

GUN LICENSE IN SASKATCHEWAN

The game laws of Saskatchewan now provide that those who wish to carry guns during the open season for game must pay licenses. The fees have been fixed as follows: Bird license, \$1; non-resident, \$25. Big game license, \$2; non-resident, \$50. Non-residents of the province may obtain a six-day license to kill birds for \$10. If caught without a license there is a penalty of from \$10 to \$300. The open season for ducks, geese, swans, rails, coots, snipe, plover and curlew is from September 1 to December 31.

LOCHS AND LOCH TROUT

The loch trout is at present living desperately on a reputation which he is rapidly ceasing to deserve. Time was when he would rise with a simple acidity which took little heed of the nature of the fly, and no heed at all of the character of the tackle, when his vigorous appetite was uncurbed by reason, and seemed practically incapable of learning from experience, and when his innocence was still free from those fastidious affectations about the weather which disfigure the manners of the English river trout.

But, while we deplore, we can hardly be heard to condemn this degeneration, since we have chiefly ourselves to blame for it. The angler is an estimable person, but he can easily be overdone, and in most parts of Scotland this process has become dangerously complete.

Lochs which could once be fished for the asking have become valuable assets, which are either snapped up by enterprising innkeepers or reserved by the proprietors for their private use, while new fishing centres have sprung up from which new lines of communication have been opened out to water that previously had been practically unexplored. Under these disturbing influences the character of the loch trout has suffered considerably; no longer does he rise in the fearless old fashion, but doubtfully (in technical language "stiffly") or with a sort of hysterical splash, which seems to indicate that Max Norland's prophetic degeneration has reached the lower animals, and has turned the light-hearted loch trout into a morbid bundle of nerves.

The common incidents of loch fishing are too often profaned for me to profane them once more. We are all wearily familiar with the loch which nestles like a sheet of burnished silver among the everlasting hills; whose clear expanse is just flickered with a crisp ripple, which promises the eager fisherman a heavy basket; with the sudden "boil" as the two-pounder turns at the fly, and the leap of silver into the air which proclaims the prize to be a sea trout; with the ponderous wisdom of "Tonal," and the lunch and the pipes, and the whisky, and the other well-worn delights.

We also know as a matter of sober experience that the crisp ripple too often will wax into a hurricane, or die away into a dead calm; that two-pounders are more frequently seen in the water than out of it; that, if by luck one blunders on to a sea trout, he has been weeks away from the sea and is as black as ink; and that the actual "Tonal" is usually called John, and is physically and morally less picturesque than his ideal.

The exasperating storm which renders fishing impossible is often followed by the equally exasperating calm which seems to render fishing useless. This, at any rate, is the view of the loch trout—the honest body—who will begin to regale himself freely on the natural fly. "Tonal" will be anxious to pack up and go home, but his yearning should be firmly though judiciously resisted.

Off with stout gut and gaudy fly and substitute for these a fine cast armed with a single dun, if by luck you have one with you, or, failing this, the smallest Cochybondu you can raise. Keep the boat as still as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, and await the courtly events. There will be flies all round you, but for a while they will all be out of range. At last an oily dimple will break the water within a few feet of the boat. Drop the dry-fly over it quickly as may be. This fish, however is an absent-minded beggar, and wanders off without observing it. Repeat the experiment on the next rise, and this time, perchance, your invitation will be accepted. There will be a wild rush by the startled fish, but after a few moments he will be safe in your basket. "Tonal" protests that this is "just no fishin' at a," but heed him not, and you may scratch up a decent bag under conditions which a few years ago would have been deemed utterly hopeless.

If the soul wearies, as at times the soul will of what may be called the regulation loch, with its fixed beats for the rival boats, its jealous anglers, and still more jealous ghillies, there is perhaps within reach some hill loch which offers a refuge from them all. The refuge, it must be confessed, is often an uncanny one. It seldom boasts a boat, and still more seldom a boat which is seaworthy.

It therefore becomes necessary to wade it, and for the wader it is a veritable sea of sorrows. The hill loch constantly suggests a suspicion that it is one of Nature's engineering failures. She seems, in some remote past, to have picked up its pavement for repairs—a process needs sadly—and then to have abandoned the job in disgust.

Still, the angler will have his reward. For the time being the loch is his own, and for whatever it may be worth he is "beatus possidens." The trout are less critical and, if the loch be spring-fed are probably better fish than those of the fashionable lochs, and with decent luck he will return home with a light heart and a heavy basket.

There is yet another method of coping with the loch trout. A day's drifting has carried you to the far end of the Big Loch, and there is a three-mile row home. Out with a "phantom" and light the pipe of well-earned ease, while the lure spins away merrily 30 yards behind you. A mighty tug startles you suddenly from your dreaming, and a certain seething commotion in the wake of the boat shows that you are fast in a big one this time. Show him no tenderness, for the tackle is strong, and he will soon be flapping in the net. His weight may be left to the taste or imagination of the in-



Sportsman's Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Best month for salmon trolling; Cohoes running. Trout-fishing. September 15—Opening of season on Vancouver Island for shooting grouse, ducks, snipe, and deer.

dividual. "Tonal" at once pronounces him to be a "ferox," or more probably a "ferok." He is not; but he will certainly figure as such in the records of the local inn, and after all there is not much in a name. It is not a high class of sport, but such a fish would never have fallen to the fly, and the loch will be all the better for his disappearance. —London Times.

GAME REGULATIONS

Cock Pheasants

Cock pheasants may be shot in the Cowichan Electoral District between 1st October and 31st December, both days inclusive.

In the Islands Electoral District, except the Municipality of North Saanich, between 1st October and 31st October, both days inclusive.

No pheasant-shooting is allowed in any other part of the Province.

Grouse

Grouse of all kinds may be shot on Vancouver Island, the Islands adjacent thereto, and the Islands Electoral District, between 15th September and 31st December, both days inclusive, with the exception of willow grouse in the Cowichan Electoral District.

Blue and willow grouse in the Richmond, Dewdney, Delta, Chilliwack, and in that portion of the Comox, Electoral Districts on the Mainland, and Islands adjacent thereto, on Texada Island, and in that portion of Kent Municipality situate in Yale Electoral District, between the 15th October and 31st December, both days inclusive.

Of all kinds in the Fernie and Cranbrook Electoral Districts may be shot only during the month of October.

Blue and willow grouse, and ptarmigan, may be shot throughout the remainder of the Mainland between 1st September and 31st December, both days inclusive.

Quail

Quail may be shot in the Cowichan, Esquimalt, Saanich, and Islands Electoral Districts, between 1st October and 31st December, both days inclusive.

Prairie Chicken

Prairie Chicken may be shot throughout the Province during the month of October (except in the Electoral Districts of Okanagan, Kamloops, and Yale).

Ducks, Geese and Snipe

Duck of all kinds and snipe may be shot on throughout the Mainland and the Islands adjacent thereto, between 1st September and 28th February, both days inclusive.

Duc kol all kinds and snipe may be shot on Vancouver Island and the Islands adjacent thereto, and in the Islands Electoral District, between 15th September, 1910, and 28th February, 1911, both days inclusive, and geese at any time.

Columbian or Coast Deer

Columbian or Coast Deer may be shot on Vancouver Island, the Islands adjacent thereto, and the Islands Electoral District, between September 15 and December 15, both days inclusive. Throughout the remainder of the Province, except the Queen Charlotte Islands, they may be shot between September 1 and December 15, both days inclusive.

Wapiti

Wapiti are not allowed to be shot anywhere in the Province.

Sale of Game

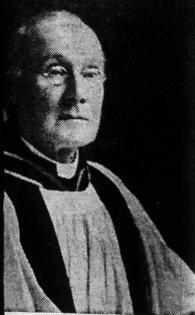
Columbia or Coast Deer may be sold on the Mainland only between September 1 and November 15, both days inclusive.

Ducks, Geese and Snipe may be sold throughout the Province during the months of October and November only.

Note.—Nothing contained in above regulations affects Kaien Island, the Yalakom game reserve in the Lillooet District, or the Elk River game reserve in the East Kootenay District.

RIA

Perival Jenns, born in London, educated privately at home until Manchester College, where he was a minister. As curate of St. Anster Road, he was brought



Perival Jenns in his latest photograph

much of the poverty which that part of London, often visited workhouse. When he first Columbia it was with the idea, but on finding that there seven families there when he was unable to support a commenced his duties at New d was afterwards transferred

ment of Archdeacon Gilson ory was vacant for nearly a being taken by Rev. F. B. the first Sunday in August, entered upon his duties at St. and has manfully filled that re. For a time he taught in and afterwards became prin- giate School. His lectures on onomy are still talked about he old-timers of Victoria. In him on one side, and an as- id to help with the work of person of Rev. A. J. Stanley th the aid of Dr. R. Nelson,



such as it is Today

to get about again, and al- been what he used to be, he has always been at his en a loyal and faithful ser- h, and when the Master sees h his rest, he will certainly ard; but we hope that time is

THE HOUSEWIFE

ly to have homegrown vege- and December is to make during the last week of Aug- it young lettuce and spin- den.

among the least of the mind's longs to her in almost her it doth not abandon her from her home, when she insane. The mad often re- as it, the cheat has it; we course and at the card-table; give it, and reflection takes dor.



age Barnet, Organist