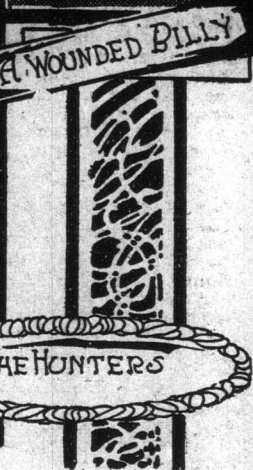


Big Game in the Canadian Rockies

C. H. MACKINTOSH



EDWARD WHYMPER, the Swiss mountaineer, whose ascent of the Matterhorn vouchsafed him celebrity, speaking of the Canadian Rockies, said: "These vast ranges are appalling in their immensity and grandeur—for here are fifty or sixty Swiss Alps rolled into one." Nevertheless, hunter, sportsman or trapper, impelled by the exhilarating pastime of tracking big game, is vouchsafed little time to admire these mighty creations of nature, although naturally impressed by vast cloud-hidden peaks and fathomless canyons. Every season, new districts are exploited by small parties of Canadian, American and English hunters, their labor becoming less arduous, as government and private trails increase, roads extend, and cheaper supply transportation is effected. Still, he who aspires to overcome obstacles, will find scores of these to surmount, when tracking his quarry over an endless labyrinth of tangled underbrush, steep mountain passes and wild, rushing cataracts.

In the foothills of the Rockies, elk and caribou abound; in the Selkirk, mountain goat and sheep, the best hunting and trapping being found on the eastern slope of the Continental Divide. Grizzly, silvertip, cinnamon and black

bear are numerous in the Rockies, the valleys presenting a greater sweep than the Selkirk. Charts prepared by expert trappers show that between the Saskatchewan and Athabasca rivers, the favorite feeding grounds of mountain sheep may be found, while along the Continental Divide and down Bear Creek, the country abounds in goats.

James (some call him "Bill") Simpson, a sturdy young Englishman, who migrated from Lincolnshire many years ago and, having served apprenticeship to the Wilson guides and becoming conversant with perplexing route problems—some solved, others to be solved—assumed the responsibility of conducting parties on sporting, hunting and trapping expeditions. Simpson impresses the observer as being a patient, methodical and forceful student of woodcraft; he is modest, unassuming and very industrious. His parties leave Laggan, a station on the Canadian Pacific railway, on the 1st of September, arriving at the first hunting camp about the 15th of September, when the season, regulated by a provincial (Alberta) statute, is declared legitimately open. Accompanying a party of two, are a "packer," cook and eight or nine saddle horses, the guides being particularly and circumspect in "mounts" for a tourist; mules and cayuses being sure-footed, safe and thoroughly broken to their work. Tents, provisions and all camping

paraphernalia are included in the outfit, excepting bedding, which the traveller provides. This usually comprises a sleeping bag lined with lynx fur; others prefer Hudson's Bay blankets. The sleeping bags are made in the United States, but can be procured in Canada.

In the earlier part of the hunt, tents are utilized; but for a distance of two hundred miles from Laggan, "shacks," otherwise small log cabins, have been erected about 15 or 20 miles apart, some in the valleys, others on peaks, the latter for accommodating hunters in the depth of winter, when, during November and December very big rams' heads can be secured.

It is a noticeable fact that the sheep seek

higher altitudes in summer, but descend in cold seasons to enjoy more luxurious feeding grounds. The autumn hunting parties seldom remain out after the close of October, when heavy snow falls add to the dangers of mountain climbing. They travel about fifteen miles a day and after passing the boundaries of the 30 miles (in which the destruction of big game is prohibited by government, under the National Park reservation) active operations begin, both sheep, mountain goat and bear frequenting the thirty-five and forty-five mile post.

In one of his trips Simpson narrowly escaped being "clouted." He was tramping through a dense copse, and suddenly emerging therefrom, was confronted by a grizzly, which seemed as much disconcerted as the hunter. Simpson did not lose his presence of mind, and a second after, the animal lay dead—shot through the heart. It measured seven feet four inches.

The grizzly knows a rifle when he sees it, and unless attacked, will make every effort to escape an encounter with a breech-loader. A grizzly acts on the defensive, not offensive, seldom inviting trouble. When infuriated, his roar is rather intimidating, while the whine of the black bear is pitiful.

September and October are considered the most auspicious months for hunting, Indian summer increasing the visible supply of game. After the end of October, snow-falls are imminent, slides from the mountains frequently occurring, more particularly when a "chinook" or what the Stoney term the "canooza cardach" (warm wind) sweeps through the mountain passes and over the valleys. Many narrow escapes are recorded, whole pack trains being buried under twenty feet of snow. Ordinary precautions being taken, dangers of this description can usually be avoided. In winter time though, the "scree" or fine shale on small shingle slopes, renders foothold very uncertain. In fact, hunting the "Billy" and "Nanny" (familiar terms for the goats) during November, is the reverse of safe, as the sun is warm enough to thaw the snow during day time and cold enough to freeze it solid at night; despite the wearing of moccasins and other local appliances, many nasty accidents are liable to happen. On the summit, three or four feet of snow will be found during May. Grizzlies always make for the snow-line in spring, feeding on roots. In summer both grizzly, silver-tip, cinnamon and black bear look for green food below; they prefer raspberries, which, by the way, are more plentiful in the Selkirk than the Rockies. A favorite fodder is the pea vine, a species of wild sweet pea. It is well known that the cinnamon and black bear have shorter claws and legs than the grizzly and silver-tip, and are thus able to climb to some height, but the grizzly, despite its weight, has been known to climb trees. The Alaska cinnamon has longer claws than the Canadian species, although the claws of both black and cinnamon in British Columbia and the Northwest Territories grow longer with age.

The Stoney Indians (an offshoot of the Sioux) destroy immense numbers of sheep and goats (even the female with young). They reason in their own way, that the game has to be killed by some one, and unless they voluntarily pass to the happy hunting grounds, it is indubitably necessary that an indiscriminate slaughter of animals should be indulged in; no doubt the provincial government will interfere.

When on one of their expeditions, each tepee (Indian tent) accommodates four or five hunters. As in the old days, when buffalo were slaughtered by thousands, sheep and goats are vouchsafed no consideration. At times when the sheep are feeding upon grass and goats munching balsam boughs, they are surrounded by fifty or sixty "braves" and indiscriminately done to death. Last season, the occupants of seven tepees killed one hundred and forty head, not including goats; the carcasses of the sheep, being dried, were disposed of in Morley, a town in Alberta. The big horn sheep (only rams have horns), when in their native wilds, display the agility of deer.

It certainly seems reasonable that some departmental restriction should be provided by either the provincial or Dominion government, or both. The Wood buffalo are protected in the far north; but the big game of the west is too often left a prey to the greed and indolence of a rather ignorant class of Indians. Frequently one comes across a "stack" of sheep's heads, splendid specimens, which, after being picked over, "culled" or those considered valueless, are left to decompose and eventually fertilize the soil. It was really distressing, some months ago, to hear Jonas Benjamin, a Stoney jockey, hunter and guide, claim credit for having slaughtered fifty-six sheep last season, and declare he could double it any year! He has a co-adjutor in Tim Beaver, a noted trapper and forest ranger; this man is widely known for his prowess, having successfully encountered and overcome forest, mountain and prairie denizens.

The mountain goat is readily approached, but not always, the season having much to do with it. One of the finest specimens secured was that by Frank H. Cooke, of Lecomister, Mass., on Wilcox Flat, 120 miles north of Laggan. A snap shot was taken from the standpoint of a small growth of brushwood—within even too short a distance of the subject. The average "Billy" weighs from 200 to 250 pounds. The animals are easily killed, but only when a vital spot is touched, otherwise it is said they survive the effects of more lead than even buffalo and bear.

Mount Forbes (12,200 feet), at the head of the middle forks of the Saskatchewan, the second highest peak, which was climbed in 1901 by Professor Norman Collie, of the London School of Chemistry, and Mount Columbia (12,400 feet) on a branch of the North Saskatchewan, well known to the Reverend James Outran, of London, England, are prolific of mountain goat, some magnificent specimens having been taken from these peaks. It might be mentioned that a "big game" license for the Territories costs \$25.00; for all small game, \$15.00.

"Roughing it in the Rockies" is not confined to the male explorer, for Miss M. Nicoll, of Wales, not very long ago, in the pursuit of a new species of butterfly, ascended Yoho Peak, 10,000 feet of a climb. She has thoroughly examined the entire stretch of Yoho Valley, north of Field, contributing several valuable specimens to the entomological department of the British museum. This lady easily held her own in various expeditions undertaken. On one occasion, Miss Nicoll, after a sojourn in the Similkameen country, started on a three months' tour north from Laggan. She accompanied the hunters and guides in their most venturesome and fatiguing trips.

Impressions of Congress

THE formal proceedings of the Pan-Anglican Congress closed on Wednesday with the great thanksgiving at St. Paul's Cathedral, a service of almost unparalleled interest in the history of London. Now that the gifts have been laid upon the altar and the recessional hymns have been sung, it is possible to sum up in a few sentences the impressions left on those who attend this Parliament of the Anglican world. The perfect weather and the lavish hospitality shown to the visitors by the clergy and laity of London from the Bishop downwards, have contributed not a little to the success of the ten days' conference. The scene in every hall was one of summer-like freshness and beauty.

Among the personalities of the Congress we must name first the beloved absent leader, Bishop Gore, whose suffering and peril have awakened the deepest sympathy and called forth many prayers. The course of his illness has been followed from day to day with solicitude, and when hopeful bulletines were read, a look of happiness seemed to pass over the whole assembly. Next we must mention Bishop Montgomery, the statesmanlike missionary leader, to whose initiative the Congress owes its origin. With characteristic modesty he has kept himself in the background though it was easy to guess that the perfect organization of the Congress owed much to his directing hand. The third name that occurs to me is that of the veteran Archbishop of York, near whom I sat in the Albert Hall on Thursday morning—the morning of his eighty-second birthday. Dr. Maclagan is still an erect, soldierly figure, and he has followed long debates with unflagging attention and unmistakable enjoyment. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London have been chiefly prominent at the evening meetings, which were open to the general public. How remarkably these meetings have testified to the interest felt by the Christian public in the Congress! Night after night huge crowds have flocked to the Albert Hall, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Church House, and in each of these places some of the most inspiring utterances of the week have been delivered. Among the Colonial prelates none have been more generally helpful than the Bishops of Montreal, Columbia and Perth. The Bishop of Columbia proved himself a perfect chairman

and took the main burden of directing the critical discussions at the Albert Hall, which received special attention from the press, owing to the importance of the subject, "The Church and Human Society."

Our younger political leaders took an active interest in the Congress. Two of the ablest papers were those of the Earl of Lytton, whose handsome presence, youthful charm of manner, and intellectual gifts delighted the audience; and Mr. Masterman, M.P., whose fine address on "Capital" was delivered almost without reference to the manuscript. Mr. George Russell's paper on marriage was particularly well received. I am told that Mr. Eugene Stock was one of the chief personalities of the Congress, though I had not the pleasure of hearing him. Among the many speeches to which I listened, two stand out more clearly than the rest. The first was that of my favorite temperance orator, the Bishop of Kensington; the second, a glowing paper by Professor Burrows on "Capital." Dr. Burrows, who has done splendid work as Professor of Greek in the University College of South Wales, is only forty-one, and is a son-in-law of the Bishop of Chichester. He has long been an active worker in the field of social reform, and he spoke on Friday with a warmth of feeling and a fulness of knowledge which captivated the meeting. On the same morning we heard the brilliant addresses of Canon Scott Holland and Mr. Masterman, but the democratic note of Professor Burrows' paper was blended with a passionate earnestness; and many must have realized with thankfulness that some of our great scholars are the friends and brothers of the common people. It is impossible to exaggerate the debt which the Congress owes to such men.

A word must be said about the American and Australian speakers. It was on Temperance that the American Bishops and clergy "let themselves go" most frankly, scolding the mother country for her unwillingness to adopt prohibition. Bishop Spalding, of Utah, considers that Britain lags far behind the United States in temperance reform, and refused to accept Lord Lytton's line of distinction between respectable and disreputable public houses. I hear it whispered, by the way, that the Americans and Colonials were a little too prone to lecture the Church at home. It should be noted also that on the great problems of temper-

ance reform and Socialism there was a wide divergence of opinions among our visitors themselves. Thus Judge Macdonald argued, in opposition to the delegates from America, that prohibition had worked badly in some parts of Canada, and that the law was systematically evaded. On Friday morning we had a sharp duel between Mr. Jenkins, a representative of Australian capitalism, and Mr. Matthews, a young clergyman from New South Wales, who spoke as the representative of the Labor Party. The Bishop of Columbia mildly intervened when Mr. Matthews declared that Mr. Jenkins should have come to the meeting with the Eastern robes and flowing beard of Abraham, since he held purely patriarchal ideas about the relations between capital and labor.

The sympathy of the Congress for Social Reform was a feature of the Albert Hall meetings of Friday and Monday. Socialists like Mr. Donaldson, of Leicester, received an earnest and cordial hearing. The delegates seemed to realize that we are on the eve of a vast industrial evolution. Canon Scott Holland was loudly cheered on Friday morning, when he showed how the working man, though he has gained political power, is as far off as ever from economic independence. A clergyman of great experience remarked to me on Saturday that there had been much ability in the Congress speeches, but little passion. "It is passion," he added, "which the Church of England needs today." He had not attended the meetings of the Social Section. Through many of these influential of the younger men are determined that the church's immense reserves of energy shall be thrown on the side of the suffering and oppressed, and that she shall no longer deserve Bishop Gore's reproach that her natural home is with the rich. Only the most wilfully blind can fail to recognize that the Pan-Anglican Congress inaugurates a new era of social effort. It was Congress, not of Socialists, but of deeply sympathetic Social Reformers.

The gravity and dignity of the discussions were no less remarkable than the earnest Christian feeling which pervaded them. I heard not a single foolish or idle sentence, yet the level of interest was well sustained. Social distinctions vanished on the Congress platform. Working men were welcomed as heartily as peers, prelates, and statesmen. Some of the most successful speeches were made by women. Friends from distant lands have greeted each other during the Congress.—Lorna, in British Weekly.

Animals and Automobiles

AN amusing article on "Animals and Automobiles"—a motorist's experiences with the beasts of the road—horses, cows; chickens, dogs, geese, mules, and men—appeared in the American Magazine, written by Octave Mirbeau.

"Nothing could be more diverse than the fashion in which animals behave when automobiles pass them," he says. "One who travels on the roads may confidently expect to meet there, as in Noah's Ark, all the beasts of creation. Their performances give a key to their natures and to the degree of their intelligence; it may be noticed that the conclusions I have reached concerning animals differ widely from the usual ideas, old sayings, and popular metaphors about them.

"The horse, for instance. Buffon called the horse 'the most noble conquest of man.' I call the horse a fool.

"One never meets, while motoring, any animal—and I include men and bicyclists—which is more dangerous—or of which one has to be more distrustful. Whenever I see one of these perilous imbeciles in the road ahead I slow down; sometimes I stop. One cannot tell what crazy, murderous ideas will get into his head. His one faculty is that of prancing.

"It is a matter for congratulation that the horse will soon be discarded. He is only a mechanism—an old, inferior mechanism, fitted to paw the ground and play the fool. An animal for the circus if he has a pretty action; a beast of burden if he is strong—strong as a horse.

"Cows and Oxen may be compared with horses. Though they are heavier, slower, and less 'know-it-all,' they have more prudence. When surprised by the machine, they have an awkward and comical air of scampering off heavily. They are not built for haste; they wobble gigantically, in great jerks, their ridiculous tails beating the air before the motor, pushing after them. They will keep running ahead of the machine for some distance, perhaps, but even a herd of calves, long pursued, will ultimately turn into a crossroad, or through a breach in a hedge, after which they recover quickly from their fright and watch the motor pass with a somewhat trembling curiosity, an astonished gentleness. Cows, I

have noticed, have in general a certain wisdom. They only lose their heads completely when there is a horse among them to communicate his stupid fears.

"The jackass and the mule have no more freedom than the horse—but what a difference! It has seemed to me that mules and jackasses understand the stupidity of their masters—their painful ignorance, their foolish fancies, their contradictory unreasonableness! And they know how to resist these qualities with admirable courage—the courage of right and reason. Incoherence is odious to them. Both mules and jackasses love logic.

"Of all the quadrupeds (I speak of those which haunt the roads, for I have never encountered elephants or lions), asses and mules set man the best example. Indeed I think they would be men if men, alas, weren't asses.

"Hens are absurd. Everything they do is absurd. One cannot find in the animal kingdom a worse example of lack of mental equilibrium. These little monsters, whose heads are only beaks, whose round eyes are more cruel than those of a bird of prey, and who wear, without having made them, the most beautiful gowns that one can imagine.

"But above all I wish to rehabilitate geese. Would that I were Plutarch, that I might sing the praises of these illustrious birds more fittingly. After having met them in the course of my automobile journeys, I am no longer surprised that they were trusted to guard the Roman Capitol.

"Young pigs, pink, gay, and pretty, accompany the auto, galloping along the bank. They never run across. It is a joy of the road to see these charming little creatures following like a frieze on a nursery wall—snout advanced, ears flapping, tail wagging.

"There is something in the nature of the French peasant which makes him absolutely blind to the purposes of highways. That roads were built to travel from one point to another has not occurred to him, and probably never will. He believes—sincerely perhaps—that they are his and his alone; that they were laid about his neighborhood for the sole accommodation of himself and his innumerable animals. Nor is he alone in this opinion. The police, the trustees of the road, Mayors, Prefects, and Ministers think so, too."