

The evolution of the gun keeps pace with everything else. The old flint locks of pioneer days are shown as curiosities in museums and private collections. What would have been the sensations of the old "Pathfinder" could he have seen the breech-loading hammerless or used a Winchester repeater which are to-day so familiar on our hunting grounds, or of Wellington could he have seen at Waterloo the deadly field ordnance which have swept our South African battlefields.

Sewing machines, wringers and the numberless contrivances for lightening toil now in universal use, were then entirely unknown. Cables, telegraphs, telephones and all the other marvels ending in phone were waiting for the last quarter or half century to appear. Kerosene, gasoline and all the family of useful ones were until then unborn. So few years comparatively is it since the railway came into being that it is simply staggering to contemplate what has since taken place through its means. Where once the canvas-covered wagon of the settler crept for months on its weary way, now the fiery horse runs up our highest mountains, crosses the valleys on frail trestles that turn the brain dizzy to contemplate. It tunnels the earth, runs on elevated tracks over the pedestrians' head, has spanned our continents, crossed our rivers from the tropics to the Arctic circle and connected oceans by a few days' run, and carries the sportsman quickly within a reasonable distance of his hunting or fishing grounds. The whole habitable world lies under a mesh of steel rails and beneath a cobweb of electric-charged wires, the seas are crossed by flying ocean greyhounds and their shores are bound together by cables.

In the year 2000, perchance the inhabitant of Canada, looking down from his air-ship on cities lighted and heated by gasses made from the atmosphere, may consider these things which we now regard with such satisfaction and pride, as the puerile efforts of the boyhood of the race, but he will probably miss many of the game animals we have to-day. With this exception it makes one wish to have been born a century later, and yet even with the bewildering vista which another hundred years presents, it is no small thing to know that we have lived in the birth time of the grand age into which the world is sweeping. Instead of the old goose quills that penned the blue foolscap of other days, we have the steel pen and writing machines so perfect and prolific as to seem almost human in their powers.

Of all the transformations, perhaps none is more distinguished by progress than the development in the modes of locomotion. When the husband once jogged slowly to town on market days with his wife seated on the pillion behind him, now they fly along with wings of steel on the bicycle or tandem. In New York, where the automobile runs over car and under elevated roads, the beaux and bells of colonial days were carried to balls and suppers in their sedan chairs. Then a journey between New York and Philadelphia required weeks for preparation and took two or three days for accomplishment and now is made in an hour and a half. When it was necessary to go from Boston to Cincinnati, the traveller made his will, arranged his earthly affairs and bade his family farewell with greater uncertainty of safe return than now a run around the world involves. Postage was so expensive that correspondence was ranked among the luxuries. Letters were sanded instead of dried with blotting paper and sealed with heated wax.

By its transcontinental railway, Canada has been made a great highway between Europe and the old civilizations of the Orient. The products of China and Japan are daily laid down

at our thresholds, and our every day meal represents the products of the world. We sit down to our family board on which are oranges from the groves of Jerusalem, grown perhaps on the same spot where King David walked in his rose gardens in the cool of the Syrian evening. We use sugar from Hawaii, chocolate from Venezuela, nuts from Brazil, onions from Bermuda, coffee from Mexico, dates from Egypt, olives from Italy, bread from the plains of the North-West, fruits from California, lemons from Florida, raisins grown in the vineyards of sunny France and Spain, and fish from every sea and river. These, with foods and products of a thousand kinds on our tables, veritably bring the ends of the earth together. Truly the Victorian age is a great and glorious one.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### The Ontario Game Laws

TO THE EDITOR OF ROD AND GUN :

As a resident of Southern Ontario I can only say that so far as this part of Ontario is concerned, the present game law is not as satisfactory as it might be. I recognize the difficulty of making a game law that will suit this locality and be equally satisfactory to the more northern sections, but there are provisions, for us, that should be made which would not, I think, affect other sections adversely.

If the season were a little earlier we might get some shooting at snipe, rail, and shore birds, but these leave so soon after the opening of the present season that we do not get much chance at them. There would be no harm in making the season on these commence Sept. 1st. The general opinion here is that the season on ruffed grouse (partridge) and quail should be put two weeks later. It would be much better to have more shooting in December and less in October, so far as both these birds are concerned, as regards both sport and the protection of the birds themselves. This year we had some of our finest weather for field shooting after the season closed. It was a great temptation to the conscienceless hunter to go out and take a crack at them. A later season would suit our farmer friends more particularly, as he is busy in the fields where quail are usually found, in the early part of the seasons and naturally does not relish the bombardment that goes on around him every day, with an occasional charge of shot thrown into him by way of variety. As a rule he likes to shoot a little himself, but has no time for this until pretty close to the end of the season. If he stretches the law a little and hunts after the open season, he is, perhaps, not so much to blame as the law that makes it necessary for him to do so.

The only argument against a later season on quail and partridge that I have heard is, that should we have an early winter, the pot hunter would be able to track and slaughter the birds. So long, however, as the market hunter is kept out of the field, the pot hunter cannot do enough of his dirty work to make any inroads on these birds. Comparing the number potted late in the season with the immature birds slaughtered in the first two weeks, will show a balance against the latter. Theoretically, we could meet this difficulty by prohibiting the use of shot-guns when there was snow on the ground. This would still give the rabbit hunter a chance.

Rabbit shooting should be absolutely prohibited during the close season of other game. At present, hunting this animal is often made an excuse for getting at other game.