

should be gradually introduced into the diet. Dr. Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," gave as his opinion that a dog should be fed only once a day and that "rather under." This might do in the case of pet dogs or others that get very little exercise, but in the case of field and sporting dogs they ought to be fed twice a day, with a liberal allowance of raw or cooked meat and soup, thickened with rice or coarse flour.

At some other time it may be our privilege to enter more fully into matters generally concerning "doggies," but for the present we close with a few

#### Kennel Notes.

While there may be other kennels of sporting dogs in Canada, the premier position must be given to the Montreal Hunt, which has a pack of foxhounds that would not disgrace the best hunting county in England. While on a visit to the Old Country this spring, the popular Master, Major Hooper, managed to obtain several very good drafts of hounds, the first lot arriving a week or so ago by the steamer "Pinemore," of the Johnson Line. The consignment consisted of 4 1-2 couples bitches and 1 1-2 dogs from a Welsh pack. They are all entered hounds and fit to hunt with the pack the coming season, being in first rate condition. A great many improvements have lately been made at the Kennels at Outremont, which were already models. The yard has been concreted and the sanitary arrangements are of the first order.

The fad for certain breeds of dogs changes as often as the fashion of a lady's bonnet, but at present in Montreal at least, it appears to run in the direction of collies. Some four or five years ago there was scarcely a pure bred collie to be seen, but at the present day there are quite a number of enthusiastic breeders and if any evidence was needed that they have been successful the Collie Show held the other day under the auspices of the Canadian Collie Club at Logan's old homestead, would have dispelled any doubts as to the contrary. There were some 70 or 80 shown and generally all of a very high standard. If any fault could be found they were pretty much on the small side, although well marked with all the characteristics of the improved collie. We are enabled to give in this issue a cut of a very nice specimen "Apple Blossom," belonging to Mr. Joseph Reid, the president of the Canadian Collie Club, which, while only ten months old, carried off the highest honors in competition against imported dogs. "Apple Blossom" won 1st puppy, 1st novice, 1st open, three special and Licensed Victuallers' Cup for best collie in the show, Montreal, 1895. 1st open and 1st puppy at Peterborough, 1899. She was not judged at the last show, having lately dropped a fine litter of puppies to Mr. Reeves' celebrated dog "Woodmansterne Conrad," and was out of condition. Among other enthusiastic breeders of the collie is Mr. Harry Hunkeler, of Belleville, Ontario, who controls as fine blood

as is to be found anywhere. He is a frequent prize winner, but on this last occasion did not show, through being selected as one of the judges. Locally we have some fine kennels, notably Auchearnie, Strathcona and Cralkstone. To the former belongs "Pat-ti," now getting on in years but still one of the finest bitches ever brought to this country. Her head is weighed down with the load of honors she has won in her day, having no less than about twenty firsts besides the challenge trophy twice in succession at Edinburgh, Scotland, against the best blood in the country. Auchearnie kennels also controls "Gun," who has proved himself the sire of many winners since he came to Canada about three years ago.

Faking dog's ears has lately been a subject of much discussion in kennel papers, and from what we have read opinion seems pretty equally divided on the justifiability or otherwise of assisting nature to mend prick ears in certain breeds.

Another subject of discussion is the recognition of wins in various countries. The Canadian Kennel Club has, through its popular President, Mr. John S. Kent, has done its share in bringing this about. The Pacific Kennel League has responded and will, in future, exchange courtesies in this direction. It does seem strange that a dog imported, say, from the Old Country, for the special purpose of securing the highest honors at the New York Show, should be allowed to compete in the novice class there or in Canada. Keep at it, Mr. Kent, and you will probably get the A. K. C. to agree with you, by and bye.

Mr. Carleton Y. Ford, of Otterburn, Kingston, has sold his fine red Cocker bitch, "Otterburn Dollie," to Mr. Churchman, Wilmington, Delaware.

Mr. E. S. Montgomery, Kingston, has sold his Great Dane, "Earl's Haulbal," exhibited here last December, and easily getting first, to Mr. Chas. E. Roche, St. Joseph, Mo.

Dr. F. S. Nostrand, a New York dentist, is said to have a handsome Gordon setter dog whose value he has enhanced by filling and replacing teeth—the gold thus used being worth sixty dollars. Rex is the royal name of the aristocratic Gordon, and he is reputed to be proud of his artificial and gold-filled teeth.

Dog fanciers in Canada will learn with pleasure that the well-known collie breeder, Mr. Charles Thomson, has added cockers and fox terriers to his kennels, which, we believe, he will make as great a success with as he has in collies. He has been fortunate in securing some of the best blood going, his cockers being out of one of the finest living, namely, champion "Black Duke, Jr." and the fox terriers are by champion "Linsfield Rattler," one of the best fox terriers in England. "Charlie" is always willing to show his dogs, and will make anyone welcome who is desirous of seeing what good blood is.

The conductor of this department will be pleased to receive correspondence and kennel notes from those interested in such matters. All communications should be addressed, "Kennel Department, Rod and Gun," 603 Craig street, Montreal.

#### When the Wild Goose Cries.

The north wind bends the rushes till  
they kiss the white-capped lake,  
And through the brown-tipped cat-tails,  
making low, weird music,  
sighs;  
The hunting badger steals along the  
shore where wavelets break,  
And long black shadows swift are  
creeping, when the wild goose  
cries.

The air is filled with snowy flakes that  
fly before the breeze,  
And low-hung clouds are scurrying  
across the gloomy skies;  
The lazy mallard to some marsh's  
sheltering rushes flees,  
And early morn's chill air is stinging  
when the wild goose cries.

The swift-winged canvasback and red-  
head speed before the wind;  
The silent-swimming muskrat to his  
reed home quickly hies;  
The anxious hunter crouches low with-  
in his grass-fringed blind,  
Nor moves nor speaks—scarce breath-  
ing—when the wild goose cries.

Far out across the distant hills the  
noble quarry wings,  
While their careful flight is marked  
by anxious, straining eyes;  
Hotly coursing blood a tremor to the  
hunter brings;  
Steady now! There's need of cool-  
ness when the wild goose cries.  
—Phoenix (Arizona) Herald.

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#### Sport in East Kootenay.

East Kootenay, the new mining country in the southeastern part of British Columbia, is full of game, big and small, and affords rare hunting for the ardent and adventurous sportsman. The grizzly, cinnamon and black bear are numerous, but only to be found in their mountain fastnesses and, to hunt the first, a man must have a stout heart, a good nerve, physical endurance and an unerring aim. Arthur Fenwick, one of the pioneers of the later days, was, with Billie Grohman, one of the best hunters in the district. Mountain sheep and goats are still plentiful in places and deer are very numerous. The coyotes are everywhere in the open country. An occasional panther is seen, and of late years panthers have been on the increase. Blue and willow grouse abound. The principal fish in the streams and lakes are trout and char. All through the southern country the conditions of the chase are very much similar, the grizzly bear and mountain sheep and goats having their special habitat.

It is not so very long ago either that the Kootenay Indians used to go through the Crow's Nest Pass twice a year to hunt Buffalo, but were always in dread of the Blackfeet, who were supreme on the plains adjacent to the Rockies. Times have changed marvelously since those days, and the Iron horse now follows the Indians' trail, the red man is on a reserve, instead of the warpath, and the white man is delving for gold where the aborigine once hunted for game.

R. E. G.