

game territory that continually tempts Shelburne men away from their business. Not long ago a big bull moose was killed within two miles of the Town Hall. While the season lasts, ladies and children drive up the Roseway for a picnic, and come back laden with trout.

Shelburne is not singular in such things as these. Most of the coast population lives on the harvest of the sea—which is another way of saying that for salt water sailing or salt water fishing, the shore offers the amplest choice for the amateur.

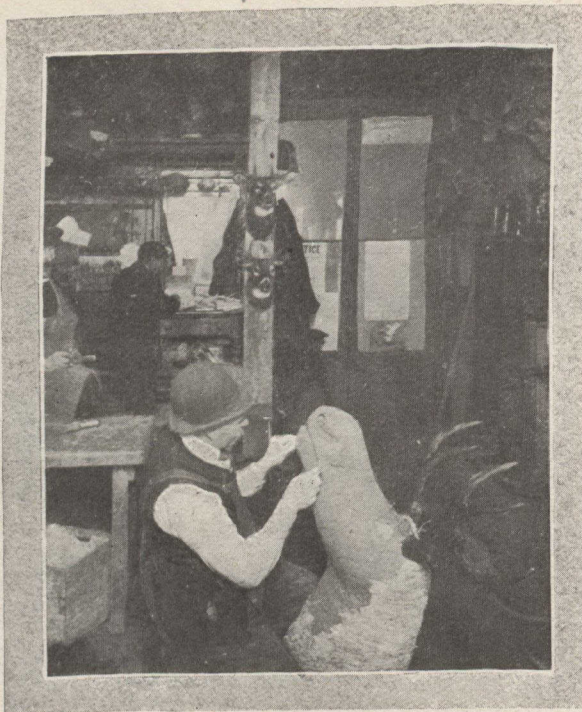
In truth, nowhere else in Eastern America can a leisured man, without changing camp, enjoy all the pleasures of the sea; fish in the brawling waters of a high-land stream; and hunt the biggest antlered native of the forest. That is a pretty bold assertion. It happens to be true.

The Glories of Wabigoon

A writer in the Fall of 1881 on Tour with Lord Lorne across Canada, describes the beauties of the North Land in the Hunting Season.

By W. H. WILLIAMS

THE voyage over Wabigoon Lake was full of interest, and one of the most enjoyable stages yet met upon the journey through the wilderness. The heat and noise of the tug were far enough away, so that they were not felt nor heard by the passengers in the sail-boat. There was not a ripple on the glassy bay from which the start was made, and in the crystal atmosphere the little islets crested with verdure and girded with grey and purple rock, cast a reflection that was sharp in outline and as bright and prominent in colours as the tangible reality above the water line. Indeed, many of the smaller isles looked like little spheres belted with broad zones of water-worn rock and covered with brilliant verdure at the poles. But it is useless to attempt to describe the loveliness of this inland lake scenery; it is utterly indescribable, and he who has never seen it can form no idea of it, no matter how much he might read on the subject. The broad sunlit traverse with its myriads of dark-blue wavelets flashing their tiny crests of burnished gold in the sunlight, the darkly shadowed cove, the long, rippleless reach gleaming in the morning sun, the low sedgy bay with its tall sun-gilt grasses resplendent in green, all bid defiance to description. The



MOUNTING A MOOSE HEAD

This is one of the fine arts. A taxidermist has three or four plaster-casts of various sizes with which he pastes layers of thick paper which, when dry, forms a mould over which the skin is drawn.

morning was as bright and beautiful as one could imagine. Every trace of mist and smoke had been cleared, and the atmosphere was literally and absolutely transparent, the sky was of a brilliant hue, and cloudless, except in the west, where there were floating a few little cloud islands of billowy French grey, with soft, feathery edges of the richest purple, and these were faithfully mirrored in many a glassy reach where the light breezes that were stirring could not reach the tranquil water. At about noon the Wabigoon end of the dreaded seven-mile portage was reached, and after the passengers had been taken ashore in the sailboat and canoes through tranquil shallows where the beautiful white and yellow lilies—from which Wabigoon (lake of flowers)

takes its name—were floating in rich profusion, luncheon was served in the most primitive and picturesque style. Seated on logs or mossy mounds, some in shaded nooks to avoid the heat, some close to the smoking camp-fire to escape the mosquitoes and other insect pests, the travellers and the Indian voyageurs took a hurried lunch, and then began the crossing of this most formidable obstacle looked for between Toronto and Winnipeg.

The Foot-Hills and the Prairie

AS I walked farther down the branch and reached the mill stream, I turned and looked up the deep narrow valley through which it runs, and here I saw one of the loveliest and most romantic of landscapes spread out before me. The deep canyon-like valley which opened in the foreground reached backward and upward away through the middle distance and into the background, where it was lost in the deep rich bronze of the foot hills, while above and beyond rose the great sharp mountain peaks wrapped in their pure spotless mantle of newly fallen snow. All along the valley were to be seen the brilliant autumnal tints on the frost-nipped foliage, in which light pea green, lemon-chrome, straw colour, gold, orange, scarlet, and crimson were daintily blended, relieving the black green of the spruces, and the deep purplish bronze of the leafless brush and furze. Behind the great snow-capped peak on the right the sun was still shining, and its beams, streaming through the lofty wind-swept passes and narrow gorges among the mountain crests beyond, fell in bright belts and patches across the gorgeous medley of rich colours that adorned the shadowy slopes of the long deep valley.

Though this is indeed a lonely little camp, it is by no means a silent one. Up from the marshy meadows away down the little valley, comes the soft, muffled clink of Punch's cow-bell, from the northward come the strange trumpetings of the great sand hill cranes that can be heard for miles over the prairie, close beside us in the slough, not a hundred yards from the tent, I hear the chattering and quacking of the water hens, ducks and wild geese, while across the ridges from the westward rings the hoarse, sharp, snarl and bark of cowardly prairie wolf.

W. H. W.



A CANADIAN TAXIDERMIST IN HIS MUSEUM STUDIO.

This workshop of the busy Naturalist contains specimens from all over Canada. Here are Red Deer from North America; Moose from New Brunswick; Mountain Goats from the Rockies; Elk from the borders of the foot-hills; Owls and Loons and wild Woodland Ducks; Squirrels and Weasels from the farm wood lots; Chickens from the Prairie, Partridge from the Bush and Quail from the Slashing. The Museum in front is a little cosmos of the animal creation, ranging from the Musk-Ox of the North Pole world to the Wild Turkey that used to flock in the woods of southwestern Ontario, down by the lake; Lynx from Athabasca, Birds of Paradise from Brazil and Emus from Africa. Mr. O. B. Spanner has stuffed almost everything that ever walked or crawled, flew or swam in any continent of the known world. About the only things he has never tackled are the Whale and the Polar Flea. He was the tutor of Seton-Thompson whose early historic animals written about in his romances of "Wild Animals I Have Known," were most of them mounted in this shop, even to 'Silver-spot' the Crow. No Taxidermist in America has had a more diversified experience than Mr. Spanner, who is a hunter and a naturalist and a believer in hounds.