

SPORTSMAN

an two loose blankets. The under the body should be of damp climates the water should be wide enough to be under the bedding. These arranged, one can with a at one's supper and enjoy at leisure. It is nice to reading, which means nothing to prevent the air blowing side of a candle flame.

ate for Lantern. bottle with the bottom broken candle reversed and fitted as a capital substitute for a Alpine Club men. The moved by filling the bottle depth of about an inch, and ashes, when the glass will the level of the water.

to change into dry clean un- and to take to bed a pair stick of kindling to secure fire. So the day's work few.

and to take to bed a pair stick of kindling to secure So the day's work ends.

ADAM AND EVE

are the Dyak accounts of the Rev. William Howell in e, and none of them agree to describe or to say who), but they say in one of first appearance of man- first to a boy who was and cast him into a pit, ang Gana, the god of the

born to the Petara was a nose, so was set adrift on ajah Jewata, the god of

was without any human ed on a bough of a tree, rchid.

as a girl, who was named e was cut to pieces, the mpkins, and other plants. a boy, and he was called had a white stripe round me Ini Andra, and lives in

came animals and birds, as a girl, and Ini Rajah ng Petri. and sisters lived on char- efused to eat it, crying as was finally taken to the pit, where she obtained or planting padi, a single size of a large mango man called Sakumbang a Umbang. She and her nd, and found the work

planted once, and it lived g fruit continually; he could walk to the farm, re the padi jumped into d and the filled baskets nd when it was being d down and husked it. Petri took a winnow- o reap the padi herself, hers at once caused the elf, and what was more, ne crop before it died,

ee other accounts of the e mankind was produced led Kumpang, the sap; another, that friable e life, and yet another, ra were the creators.

GREATEST FARM

ast plains of the Can- in Vancouver Island's e there anything to splendid estate of Don State of Chihuahua,

ate is said to own the rld. It includes eight land, and extends one east and west and two south. On its moun- dleys roam over a mil- d thousand sheep, and horses, these being o thousand horsemen, o hunters. Each year lly fifty thousand head d thousand sheep are d backed, this ranch e world which main- g and packing plant, nsiderable additional rtunate owner.

are five reservoirs, ousand dollars, and e cost over another ars. Don Luis Ter- and raises every fields. His home- finest farmhouse in It is capable of ac- d guests at a time, ense of two million country palace, and lly laid out and the in those of any em- alone are employed yants.

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

PASSING COMMENTS

(Richard L. Pocock)

Pheasants, Farmers, Potatoes, and Poison

I have been asked to agitate. I am not by nature of an "agitating" disposition, but it is in the interests of good sport, I am willing at any time to do my best. They say a man who pleads his own case has "a fool for his advocate"; possibly that is the reason why in the present case the parties directly interested ask me to do their agitating for them. Before turning on the agitating influence, I would beg to state humbly that I know nothing of the facts in the present case from personal observation, and that the evidence in the case is all hearsay. It would seem, however, to be a case for the serious consideration of those more directly interested, and therefore letters of confirmation or contradiction written by interested parties over their own names will be gladly given space here.

Several Saanich landowners have come to me in a more or less complaining mood, and stated that the pheasants on their land are so thick as to be a nuisance, and that they in consequence feel it a grievance that they are not allowed to shoot them. The last party who complained and asked for the "agitation" stated that it is a fact that the farmers in Saanich have suffered so much damage to their potato crops from the depredations of "phasianus torquatus" that they are resorting to the use of poison in self defence.

If this is a fact, and the informant is a gentleman of integrity not at all likely to make rash and haphazard statements, a state of things has certainly arisen which calls for a speedy solution, and his suggestion is that a short open season should at once be declared for both cock and hen pheasants in Saanich.

As stated above, I have no personal knowledge of the matter, not having spent much time in Saanich since the closing of the shooting there last year. Farming on the island is, I take it, not such a lucrative calling that the average farmer, who depends on agriculture for a living and does not merely make it a hobby to fill in time between remittances, can afford to preserve game at the expense of his crop.

On the other hand, I beg leave to remind my Saanich friends of the fact that only two years ago we were told that the cock pheasant was such a rare bird in Saanich that unless his life was strictly protected for a while he would be exterminated. The reason given then for his scarcity by most was the merciless roads made into the Saanich preserves by townie sportsmen who regarded no man's rights. Others, with perhaps equal truth, put it down to the continuous bombardment by the resident farmers, and have whispered that the season for shooting the long-tailed birds did not always start quite so late as the date advertised by the Government. Then there were the great owls, the worst poachers of the lot. I ventured to doubt that the cock pheasant would ever be exterminated there until a great deal more clearing has been done, knowing from experience in a thickly populated district of his native land, China, that the ring-necked pheasant has a way of surviving even the most unsportsmanlike warfare, such as killing in the breeding season and the robbery of every nest of eggs found. However, there is no doubt that the ranks of the Saanich pheasants were very sadly depleted, and we understood that it was for that reason that legislation was passed closing the shooting in the district, and a municipal by-law was passed making it necessary to obtain a permit to shoot any kind of game in the municipality.

After the sad tales of scarcity of only two years ago, it was reasonable to suppose that it would take more than one season for the pheasants to recuperate, and, with the view of still further assisting the residents to regain a good stock of birds the Government has this year turned out a considerable number of Mongolian birds to aid in strengthening the stock. For pheasants the season was kept closed for the hunters for one more year in Saanich. If, however, the facts are that the pheasants are so thick that the farmers are resorting to poison in self-protection, it seems reasonable to suppose that a deputation of representative Saanich landowners who could make it clear to the Government that it was in their best interests to declare a short open season for pheasants in their district would receive immediate attention.

Helping (?) the Game Wardens

The duties of a game warden are not of the easiest to the conscientious man who is trying to do his duty without fear or favor. The private individual naturally finds it distasteful to play the amateur policeman, but, at the same time, when the said private individual takes it on himself to "help the game warden," he should do it thoroughly or leave it alone. The men who were lately assigned to the task of seeing to the due observance of the game laws in this part of the province have shown themselves to be capable and energetic, and have done as much as possible in the interests of the game, but they are at times hampered in their efforts by being sent after mares' nests by individuals (well-meaning doubtless) who have jumped to the conclusion that infractions of the game laws are taking place, without taking just that little trouble before sending the warden on a fool's errand to make the investigations which would prove their assertions to be groundless. There is, however, another type of amateur detective helper who will ring up or interview the game warden, and tell him that he knows a man who told him for a fact that such and such a man or men were

shooting pheasants where they had no right to shoot them, or were making a practice of selling game or breaking the law in some other way. "Alright," says the game warden, "tell me your informant's name and I will go and see him, and get his evidence." Not a bit of it; the next thing he is told is that the informant told his story in strict confidence and does not want to be mixed up in it. What good can this sort of thing possibly do? Incidentally it may do a lot of mischief; for reasons of private spite, doubt may be thrown on a man's honesty and sportsmanship without his knowing it and having a chance to disprove it. "I am sorry," says our amateur detective, "but now I have told you, you can investigate for yourself; I should like to see that bunch get caught anyway." In all probability the bunch are quite innocent, but that is a mere trifle.

If a sportsman has definite evidence of infractions of the law and feels it his duty to help bring the offenders to justice, by all means let him help the authorities by giving them all the evidence in his possession, but if he is not willing to do this, the best thing for him to do is to keep his mouth closed and not cast suspicion of wrongdoing which he is unable or unwilling to help prove on men who may be just as good as or better sportsmen than himself. It is bad for his own reputation and is no help to anyone.

Powdered Glass for Dogs

If there is a more dastardly way of showing spite against sportsmen than by killing their dogs with powdered glass, I hope I may never hear of it. Some time ago now complaints reached the Attorney-General's department that a number of valuable dogs had been destroyed by this method in the neighborhood of Cowichan, Koksilah, Duncan, and points still further north on the E. & N. line. Some crank who has a grievance against sportsmen, resorted to the cunning of a spiteful mind to vent his spleen against the hunter through the death and torture of his dumb friend. Every effort has been made to try and detect the offender, but this is an offence against common humanity which the cunning wretch who has been guilty of it can commit without much fear of detection.

It is easy to wrap up a few balls of meat containing powdered glass and drop them here and there, unobserved, but it is a disgusting piece of cruelty and deserves a severe punishment if detected.

A DAY'S ELEPHANT HUNTING

It was towards the winter of the year 1910 that I found myself traveling in Western Uganda. I had fitted out a fairly big safari (viz., caravan of porters carrying the loads of their heads), and the pace was somewhat slow in consequence. I generally marched on ahead of my party, and after selecting the site for the camp, sat down on a convenient ant-heap to digest the contents of my latest newspaper, which was never less than two months behind the times.

On this occasion I sent my orderly to the nearest shamba (viz., collection of native huts) to summon the local chief, with a view of giving him orders to bring food for my porters. On his arrival I learnt that half his crops had been destroyed during the previous night by a herd of elephants, and had terrified out of their wits the wretched natives, who had tried by shouting and noise to rid themselves of their unwelcome visitors.

One was overjoyed at this piece of news, and accordingly hurried off to inspect the scene of their depredations.

The advance of the chief could be well understood, for the whole place had been turned upside down by the herd, and a mass of young bark colth trees, sugarcane, and sweet potatoes lay littered around the shamba.

After inspecting the tracks, I discovered one of the herd was of a fair size, and decided to follow them up. I accordingly made my dispositions. I sent off three hunters to follow up the herd. Although the elephants had six hours' start up, as at midday the men might catch them up, as at midday the herd would rest to take their ease in the shade of the trees from the excessive heat of the sun.

That night I took my orderly and watched from an ant-heap near to the shamba, in the slender hope that the elephants might revisit the place. But it was in vain, and so I turned in, ready to be up at dawn to start immediately on receipt of news.

As a matter of fact, it was about two hours before daylight when my boy came into my tent to announce the return of one of my native hunters. I cross-questioned him, and found that the elephants had been located about four hours away.

I hastily scrambled into my clothes and swallowed a plate of buttered eggs and some tea. I then started out, followed by my orderly and a native carrying some sandwiches.

No one who has not experienced it can fully estimate the joy of a morning of this sort. I felt fit as a fiddle, right on the track of my quarry; the whole day before me, added to the excitement of not knowing what might eventually be the result. The air was balmy and soft, the sunrise superb, the sky a mass of gold, and the valleys full of mysterious shadows. It was intoxicating.

Hour after hour we wandered on, and eventually a black form rose out of the gubba (thick bush). Excitedly he pointed away towards some small hills. No more was said, and leading the way he hurried on.

Another hour and the sun reached its zenith

vertically overhead. We had been plowing our way through a piece of flat country inundated with the recent rains. My heavy marching boots were full of water, and my motive power was reduced to a very low ebb. Suddenly, with tropical swiftness, clouds seemed to roll up from every quarter, and what had been a clear sky was now changed to cinerian black with threatening thunder. I signalled to my orderly to pull up, and I slid down with my back against a tree to enjoy my frugal lunch. I had just started in on the sandwiches when the storm broke. Heavy drops fell with resounding taps upon the leaves above my head. These were the advance guard of a per- fect deluge. In the space of a moment I was drenched to the skin, sitting in a rapidly-forming pool of water. Under the force of this combination of supreme discomfort, my patience was speedily oozing out of the bottoms of my boots. However, the hour before dawn is ever the darkest. The rain suddenly ceased, and almost simultaneously a runner came in to bring tidings of the herd.

Another hour's march, and, advancing up a valley, I at last made them out, standing idly together at the top of a rise. I carefully loaded both my rifles; then I lit a cigarette to ascertain the direction of the wind and decided to work my way round to the right.

It was now about three in the afternoon, and I was pretty well done, but excitement is a great stimulant. I think we must have taken the best part of three-quarters of an hour before we finally made the top of the rise. Then a happy inspiration induced me to ascertain the direction of the wind once more. There was, as a matter of fact, scarcely a stir, but I found that now we were out of the valley it had veered round considerably. This was annoying, as it meant making a huge detour across a valley to retrace our steps back from whence we had just come. To those unacquainted with elephant hunting it is difficult to appreciate the precautions which are necessary. As it was, we passed the herd on our right much closer than I cared about. I could make them out through my glasses lazily fanning their great big ears, or standing swinging a leg, a quaint habit they have when standing at ease. Now and then they would pluck some dainty morsel from a neighboring bush of wait-a-bit thorn, or toss a tuft of grass over their backs to scare the flies.

One must own to a distinctly creepy feeling. It is these preliminary manoeuvres which are the most trying to the nerves. Unfortunately the grass was very long, about six feet high, which necessitated creeping up very close to get in a good shot.

When we were about 50 yards off, I crawled up behind an ant-heap and made my selection from the herd.

One was a very big male, which I estimated at 80 lb. tuskers, and the rest below 50 lb. I whispered to my orderly which elephant I intended to bring down, and I then crept round in the long grass to a spot where I imagined I could get in a good heart shot.

It may be said here that the heart shot is preferable to the head shot as regards the size of the target aimed at, but although eventually causing certain death, it gives the elephant sufficient breathing space to work serious havoc. The head shot, on the other hand, brings him down at once, but the aim must be absolutely correct. Half a way between the eye and ear-hole, if firing from the flank, and at the base of the trunk if he is charging towards you.

When I arrived at the point I had selected, I discovered that, owing to the height of the grass, I could not, even then, distinguish my quarry. This necessitated getting to very close quarters, and in fear and trembling I crawled nearer still, followed immediately by my first orderly. One could not help pitying this man. I had the rifle and the excitement was all mine; whilst he had the rifle and had to rely entirely on the correctness of his master's aim. My other orderly, with my second rifle, remained a few yards away. I now seemed to be right up against the herd. Four of them stood exactly in front of me, swaying to and fro, and emitting quaint rumbling sounds. One of them seemed to be looking at me straight through his absurdly small eyes.

My orderly begged me in a hoarse whisper to fire quickly, but I knew that we had arrived at the critical moment, when any hurried mistake might prove fatal to us. At last the big bull slowly turned a broadside view to me. Silently my orderly placed himself in front of me. I raised my heavy .577 and steadied it against him. I aligned the sights and tried in vain to hold my breath. My heart was beating fast and one could not help wondering what the herd would do after I had released the trigger. Which direction would they make for? What a heap of ideas seemed to drift across your mind in brief moments of this sort. At last I gently squeezed my forefinger and thumb. Bang! The big brute seemed to stagger. What was happening? He hardly moved. Had I missed? Off went my second barrel somewhat wildly. Thank goodness he was dropping head foremost.

A hurried warning from my orderly aroused me to instant action. Two of the herd were bearing blindly down on our right front. However, as their first and foremost idea was to make tracks, we easily avoided them by hurriedly running to our left, notwithstanding that the long grass seriously impeded our movements. They passed by, going like the wind, at least 15 miles an hour in the thick bush, which lent the appearance of rapidity. I now hastily took the precaution of reloading with over further delay, although all was apparently over, and fortunately I did so, as this probably saved my life. I had barely finished, when my

orderly shouted a word of warning, pointing in the direction where the elephant which I had shot had fallen. There, to my horror, an enormous bull emerged from behind some small trees. Another instant and he had got my wind. Down went his trunk and out went his huge ears. He bore straight down upon me, making a great noise. I recognized it was useless to try and get away in that long grass, and so I mechanically brought my rifle to the shoulder. But in the hurry of the moment I scarcely took aim; I remember firing straight at the centre of his enormous head, and the recoil of the rifle nearly knocked me over. I had a sort of dull idea I might turn him, and if not, well, c'est une autre affaire. Almost simultaneously I heard another shot ring out. My noble orderly had delayed about 25 yards behind me with my second rifle, and by doing so was enabled to obtain a heart shot. Seeing the imminent danger of his effendi, he fired without a moment's hesitation. The two shots were effectual, and the infuriated beast fell like a log quite close to where I was standing. It was all over. It was with a grateful feeling of relief that I subsided into a sitting position with my back against a tree. My orderly, in the excess of his joy, seated himself on the dead carcass of the elephant, discussing volubly the details of the fight, and applauding his vast superiority over all elephants under any circumstances.

The tusks of our infuriated friend weighed 60 lb., as far as I could judge, but the matter did not interest me vitally, seeing that they had to be handed over to the Government, as the elephant was one in excess of the number allowed by my license. I knew, however, that the one I had first shot, and which properly belonged to me, had much heavier ivory. True enough, on examination it proved to be an 80-pounder, but, sad to relate, also a one-tusker—probably the result of a domestic squabble with a male rival. But such is the fortune of sport.—Dion, in Bailey's.

THE FASCINATION OF THE GUN

(A Pen-picture of Sport in England from the Field)

Although the present generation finds itself in a thickly populated country, sport with the gun in the British Isles is of an infinite and ever changing variety, each branch replete with a fascination of its own and girt about with surroundings peculiar to itself. We have, first, the purple stairways of heather ascending to the must-wreathed mountains, the panther-laden ponies, the staunch pointers posed immovably and waiting our advance or ranging with seemingly reckless abandon, but in reality with most consummate care, in search of the crouching quail. All about us is the murmur of insects, the indescribable perfume of the heather, and way in the distance a golden eagle hovers about the crest of a grey peak powdered with snow, where on some later day we shall search for ptarmigan, the winter denizen of our present haunts; or again, amid very similar surroundings we peer over the edge of the peat topped butt, watching the far-off line of beaters creep across the moor. A flag rises suddenly on the flank. Black specks waver for an instant in the air and then beat down upon us; the great pack is coming, and the seconds that separate it from us are full of an anticipation that sets the heart of even the experienced shooter thumping. And then there are the bye days of hunting, the marshes and bogs for mallard and teal, snipe and plover, and the evening waits among the oak stoops for the marauding blackcock and his bachelor companions. Such shooting as this usually implies a journey from home; it is for these things and their like that London's terminus are crowded in early August with eager dogs and bustling, laden valets and porters. If the grouse is the king of the north, the blackcock and the ptarmigan may be called his courtiers, the snipe and the wild duck his attendants. But they are all within the boundaries of Great Britain.

There are few delights to equal the neat right and left at the brown covery as it tops the tall hedge, rising from the mangels before the line of beaters; there are few sights more pleasing to the eye of sportsman than high pheasants, what time a few feathers float in the still, frosty winter air; but perhaps the cream of this kind of shooting is found in a combination of pheasant and partridge driving, when stubble and coppice, root field and bracken are driven over some high belt, and one's attention is divided between the screaming covey and pheasants wending their high way to some big wood from which they have wandered afar, while ever and again a hare steals through the undergrowth to run for his life between the line of guns. Driving is nowadays generally acknowledged to be the first method of killing game with the gun, but none would deny the charm that is still admitted to belong to "walking up." The manoeuvring of wild partridges into covert that will hold them, the hunting of grouse and small spinneys with spaniels or terriers for rabbits or outlying pheasants, these things are only second to the "big days," and by some who love dog work, and who like their sport to be free from restraint, are infinitely preferable. And in no consideration of British shooting can we omit the "schoolboy days," days on which we hic forth with the keeper and a box of ferrets in search of rabbits, or the afternoons when we hide among the corn for that most sporting of birds, the wood pigeon. Another new and large variety of sport awaits



Sportsman's Calendar

OCTOBER

October 1.—Opening of pheasant-shooting in Cowichan and Islands Electoral District (except North Saanich); opening of quail-shooting. Season now open for all small game.
For the Angler—Salmon-trotting, trout-fishing.

the shore shooter, a picturesque and solitary gunner, impervious to wind and rain, asking rather for sleet and snow, while he lurks in muddy dykes, now attracting the wily curlew within shot with cleverly imitated call, now waiting in the half light for wigwag and mallard whistling on strong pinions to their feeding grounds. And just as we find variety of scenery in woodland and mere, in purple moor and green bog, in cultivated fields and wild marsh land, so also is there every variety of shot offered to British gunners. The slow and sluggish landrail may lie close to the whirling partridge; woodcock and snipe will afford very different marks from the high and straight-flying pheasant, a rabbit amidst bracken is as different from a hare in the open as a teal flying down wind is from the mallard as he rises by the brook.

So far, we have considered chiefly the gun and its mark; but shooting neither begins nor ends with its centre pieces. Those to whom the sport is a real and serious hobby realize that Nature has taken them by the hand, and that they must follow her into her realms and learn to mark her ways, her laws, her intricacies, and secrets. No sportsman imagines that his task is but to sit on a shooting stick with loaded gun; the habits of his quarry must be studied and considered, its enemies defeated in the close season, and even Nature herself aided and abetted in her desire to increase her treasures. Every day there is something new to be learned about the birds and beasts of our islands, and every other day we find an exception to a rule which but yesterday we thought invariable. And, although a strenuous rivalry is not countenanced in the shooting field, there is enough seriousness about the sport to make a man strive to do his best; prizes are unknown, jealousy detested, competition unneeded, professionalism unheard of, and yet shooting men are probably only equalled in their keenness by hunting men, a kindred sport of like merciful limitations. Friendships, too, are made and cemented in the shooting field, and the light-hearted luncheon hour is not the least pleasant memory of long days spent on moor or by covert-side. We have hinted that all true shooting men are naturalists; as such they become thinkers, and often writers. One of the characteristics of present-day literature is the large number of out-of-door books which are being produced. Shooting and fishing men have stories to tell, and they tell them well. Such writings appeal to a far larger class than those who actually wield a rod or carry a gun. They appeal to all who love to read of their own green fields, the mysteries of Scottish moor, of Irish bog, of English woodland. Hundreds of books have been written of sport and nature in Great Britain; there is material for the writing of hundreds more, and a host of readers awaiting them. And the shooting man reads with avidity about the doings of his fellow-gunners amidst surroundings which he knows and can picture in his mind's eye. This is perhaps the last, but by no means the least, of the joys of shooting. Just as an actor on a holiday goes to the theatre, so the shooting man, doffing his boots and gaiters, takes up a paper that tells of the sport in which he finds so much delight. Fresh from the covert-side, he is anxious to read just how Squire Jones' partridges are attacked with the gapes. He may not often get such news; but he loves it when he does. And what of the busy man—the man who has his month's shooting in the year and then returns to desk and office? His shooting days are in practice done with, but in the evening by the fireside he rejoices that other shooting men are writers, and in the blue haze of his pipe he figures the scene he reads of in his book or paper. He does not yearn to hear the bellow of the wounded elephant echoing from far off lands; nor does a penpicture convey much to him. He wants the scent of the heather, the beck of the grouse, the bluster of the cock pheasant, the whirr of the covert, the whistling wings of the fighting duck, or the "seep" of the dancing snipe. He wants to read of what he has seen and heard and what he hopes to see and hear again. Anticipation and reflection are not the least of all his joys.