

AND THE THINGS OF THE WILD

the T. & N. O.—in your shops and hotels, and frolicing through your fairs, at the lowest calculation, \$50,000. Now there must be, somewhere, a real reason for depriving the Province of this rich revenue; but I'll have to be shown.

Lord Hawke, who has returned to London after shooting in Canada, says his two moose heads—one secured in New Brunswick and the other in Ontario—cost him \$1,000.00. He does not complain. He is coming back this year, but he considers the charge of \$50.00 out of all reason, considering the short season and other limitations.

A large majority of men to whom hunting is a joy and vacation, have worked for the money and saved it—they cannot throw it away. The State of Maine charges only \$15.00, and they hesitated for a long time whether they should make it \$5.00 or \$15.00. Leave the license of \$50.00 for moose, if you must, but by all means reduce it for deer. I would say it would be a very wise thing for Canada to put its license no higher than Maine. If you have a \$15.00 license in Maine, and a \$10.00 in Canada, the money saved will help to pay the railroad fare. If you have the license at \$50.00 the man will say, "Not for me," unless he is a millionaire.

AND THERE ARE THE DOGS.

The red deer, at his worst, is semi-domestic. The natural home of this interesting animal is south of Temagami, but if you do not call off the dog you'll drive him far north, where he will perish. Dogs mean wild deer few and far between, and dry does. Maine has proven that dogs rather than cheap licenses reduce the number of deer. There are more deer in Maine to-day than the woods can winter and they are coming across to Canada.

CANADA IS EARTH'S HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

I believe the greatest measures of happiness come to the people of comparatively cold countries. Four seasons are essential to the proper rounding of the year. Here in Canada, the zest and novelty of winter is not worn when you begin preparing for the holidays, and by the time you have digested your plum pudding you begin the joyful anticipation of spring. Then the "Indian" in us calls loud: