

# Field Sports at Home and Abroad



## Sportsman's Calendar

**SEPTEMBER**

Trout-fishing at its best this month. Bass in certain lakes.

Spring Salmon and Cohoes all over the Coast.

September 1st, shooting season opens on the Mainland for grouse, duck, snipe and deer.

September 15th, shooting season opens on Vancouver Island for grouse, duck, snipe and deer, except for grouse in North and South Saanich Municipalities.

Wild Pigeons plentiful and in season in many localities.

### GAME REGULATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1911

#### Vancouver Island

**MOOSE** may be shot throughout Vancouver Island, the Islands Electoral District, and the islands adjacent thereto, except the municipalities of the Districts of North and South Saanich, between the 15th day of September and the 31st day of December, 1911, both days inclusive.

**COCK PHEASANTS AND QUAIL** may be shot in the Esquimalt, Cowichan, Saanich and Islands Electoral Districts from the 1st day of October to the 31st day of December, 1911, both days inclusive.

**COCK PHEASANTS** may be shot on Hornby and Denman Islands from the 1st day of October to the 31st day of October, 1911, both days inclusive.

**DUCKS AND SNIPE** may be shot throughout Vancouver Island, the islands adjacent thereto, and the Islands Electoral District between the 15th day of September, 1911, and the 28th day of February, 1912, both days inclusive.

**DEER** may be shot throughout Vancouver Island, the islands adjacent thereto, and the Islands Electoral District between the 15th day of September and the 15th day of December, 1911, both days inclusive.

#### Mainland

**BLUE AND WILLOW GROUSE AND PTARMIGAN** may be shot throughout that portion of the Mainland not included in the Fernie, Cranbrook, Richmond, Dewdney, Delta and Chilliwack Electoral Districts, and that portion of the Kent Municipality situated in the Yale Electoral District, between the 1st day of September, 1911, and the 31st day of December, 1911, both days inclusive.

**Blue and Willow Grouse and Ptarmigan** may be shot in the Fernie and Cranbrook Electoral Districts between the 1st and 31st days of October, 1911, both days inclusive, and in the Richmond, Dewdney, Delta and Chilliwack Electoral Districts, and in that portion of the Kent Municipality situated in the Yale Electoral District, between the 15th day of October and the 31st day of December, 1911, both days inclusive.

**DUCKS, SNIPE AND GESE** may be shot throughout the Mainland and islands adjacent to the Mainland between the 1st day of September, 1911, and the 28th day of February, 1912, both days inclusive.

**COAST DEER** may be shot throughout the Mainland and islands adjacent thereto, with the exception of the Queen Charlotte Islands, between the 1st day of September and the 15th day of December, 1911, both days inclusive.

**COLUMBIA OR COAST DEER** may be sold throughout the Mainland and islands adjacent thereto, only between the 1st day of September and the 15th day of November, 1911, both days inclusive.

**COCK PHEASANTS** may be shot in the Richmond, Dewdney, Delta, Chilliwack and Yale Electoral Districts between the 15th day of October and the 15th day of December, 1911, both days inclusive.

**PRAIRIE CHICKEN** may be shot in the Lillooet, Cariboo, Kamloops, Okanagan, Cranbrook and Columbia Electoral Districts between the 15th day of September and the 15th day of October, 1911, both days inclusive.

**DUCKS, SNIPE AND GESE** may be sold throughout the Province between the 1st day of October and the 30th day of November, 1911, both days inclusive.

### AN IDYL OF STONE LAKE

(By Ernest McGaffey.)

Stone lake was so designated because of its marshy shores, and for the further reason that a man named Wood was the first settler there. It is situated in Illinois, close to the edge of Wisconsin, and was cut on the bias by nature, with numerous points and bays in its conformation, and three creeks running into it at about equal distances from one another. It is a pretty fair lake for big mouth black bass, croppie, pickerel, and perch, and some fairly decent duck shooting can be had there in the season. The Stone Lake Rod and Gun Club, of which I was once a member, had its boathouse at the western end of the lake.

On various hills and swales adjacent to the lake were the summer homes of "cottagers," who resorted there in force during the months. "Cottagers" are of two kinds, male and female. A male "cottager" fluctuates between 14 and 55 years of age, and wears a blue shirt, smokes cigarettes, and devotes himself to the female cotta-ger. The female cottager is from 13 to 38 years of age, and she lounges in hammocks, reads "The Lady Eastwynde's Secret," and novels, and leans on the shoulder of the male cottager in the evenings, afloat in a bathtub, and sings "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," and "Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle All the Way." Sleigh bells in August? Fancy that! Wouldn't that send you to the sanitarium?

The particular event which I am about to chronicle happened to me one blistering

August week. There were bass in the lake all right, but where were they? At our "hotel," a two story sun pealed shack on a side hill next the water, there had been no bass served for a long while. Occasional catches of croppie, called silver bass, had been duly brought to the table, but the real article was not to be had. Everybody excepting myself had practically given it up. It was too early for ducks, and too late for bass. I was simply "going through the motions," and kept at it from sheer stubbornness.

#### Bass Disdain Every Lure

"Any luck today?" said the amateur photography degenerate at the supper table.

"Nope," said I.

"What have you tried for bait?" asked the degenerate.

"Everything but whisky," was my reply.

"You'll get there," was his response.

"I'm not discouraged yet," was my answer.

But the fact was I was pretty nearly discouraged in spite of my proud boast. I had fished deep off of the point with live minnows, when I could get them, and small live perch. I had fished deep with anglerworms. I had cast at the edges of the lily pads and bullrush beds with big and little "spoons," pork rind, minnows, and especially meadow frogs. I had gone out in the early morning and late in the evening, tried all sorts of bass flies, including the famous "bucktail," and had fished at night with "flies," live bait and "spoons." I had caught just one two pound bass, and maybe I wasn't sore.

To the inhabitants of the hotel I gave no inkling of my campaign, but still avowed that I would come back with a string. But for five days I worked early and late, and all I could show for it was a gaudily tinted frontpiece and that one demented two-pound bass. I caught him on a frog close to one of the bridges. I had previously explored the creeks thoroughly, but they were low in water, and I had met with no success whatever in them. But a change was about to come over the spirit of my dreams. By a mere accident a "great white light" was shunted in over my gloomy calculation.

#### Mink Leads Him to "School"

My custom in passing under bridges, where the water was not more than two and a half feet deep, was to raise up in the boat, grab the timbers underneath, give a "heave-yo" and get past without taking to the oars. But the sixth morning, as I was approaching one of the bridges, I sighted a mink sneaking around the side close to the water. I drew a revolver which I happened to be carrying and sculled cautiously up to the edge of the bridge. The mink was gone, but under the bridge, waving their fins abstractedly in the shady but shallow water, was a school of about fifteen black bass. They were not over a pound and a half in weight, the biggest of them, but they looked toothsome.

I figured about half an hour and determined my plan of attack. Returning to the boathouse, after measuring the distance of the bridge between timber and timber, I unearthed a coil of wire and some staples. Cutting the wire in three lengths, I attached stout snook hooks to it with about twenty inches of stout fishline from the end of the hook to the top of the wire. With fine wire from a broom I anchored these hooks, thus making a serviceable "trot line." I had allowed ample length from shore to shore, or from side to side of the bridges, so as to allow for difference in width.

These "trot lines" I hid in the boathouse and went to the hotel for dinner. Early the next morning, after getting the "trot lines," I went to the east shore, where I knew I could catch small perch, and with miniature hooks and lively anglerworms laid in a good supply of these. With a pair of heavy shears I trimmed their dorsal fins down a little, and they looked what they were, elegant bait for any fish that cares for live lures. I then went to each bridge and with hammer, staples, and industry stretched my "trot lines" under the bridges, baiting each hook with a live perch, running the hook under the dorsal fin, high up, thus giving the perch plenty of room to swim and not impairing his vitality. I worked in hip boots and made as little noise as possible. Meanwhile the "cottagers" and pleasure seekers roasted in various spots around the lake.

After fishing at the last bridge I went up a creek and lay down in the shade for about three hours, and then returned to the bridge. On this "trot line" four bass were hooked, and I had little trouble in boating them safely. None of them scaled over a pound and a half. I rebaited from my minnow bucket and rowed down to bridge No. 2. Here I got five bass, all small ones but one, and he was nearly three pounds in weight. At the last bridge I got five more, all about the same size, from a pound and a quarter to a pound and three-quarters. I rebaited all the hooks as fast as I took off the fish, and after another wait of several hours I made the round of the lines again and got seven medium sized bass, and found where some big fish had broken away from a hook near the centre of the stream.

#### Catch Sets Other Anglers Wild

Then I cut the hooks off of the wires, bent the wires in a circle, fastened them together, and sunk them in from sixty to eighty feet of water. I then got out my rod, extracted a small "thumbnail spinner," or miniature bass "spoon," wet "spoon," and reel in the lake, and rowed for shore. Here I landed and stowed away the minnow bucket in the clubhouse, and then started for the hotel. My arrival created a sensation. I was the hero of the occasion, the veritable man of the hour. Late as it was, the amateur photography degenerate insisted on taking a picture of me and my catch. I unblushingly told the story of my success, merely attributing my good fortune to the "thumbnail spinner," and laying the scene in the three creeks that emptied their sluggish waters into the bosom of Stone Lake. But of course not a word about "trot lines."

The campers and cottagers heard of the event, and various skiffloads and launch parties bore down on our hotel. I recounted the thrilling event to several interested parties, and we had fried black bass for supper at our shanty. I gave all the folks at our hotel minute and explicit directions just how to get results, and went to bed with a perfectly clear conscience and a feeling of having done all I could to promote the welfare of my fellow-beings, as well as the gaiety of nations.

The next morning, to use a showprow phrase, "all was bustle and confusion." Messengers from the camps and cottages hurried to the nearest town for "thumbnail spinners." The market on them rose eight points. The second morning, at about half-past 7, skiffs might be seen racing in every direction for the entrances to the three creeks, intent on landing the wily bass.

At 9:30 many wild-eked, perspiring, and revengeful anglers might have been discovered thrashing the waters of the aforesaid creeks without the slightest result so far as the capture of any member of the finny tribe was concerned.

At 10 o'clock and 7 minutes and before the return of the anglers, I took the next train to Chicago.

### RULE OF SAFETY FOR THE WOODS

"The time is near at hand when the woods will be full of hunting parties," said an old-time hunter, in the New York Sun, "men and boys with rifles and shotguns, and it won't be long after the invasion begins before the newspapers will be giving up their usual amount of space to announcing the killing of this, that and the other guide, hunter or innocent outsider by eager and inexperienced gunners."

"The amateur hunter has become such a menace in the woods that to the real sportsman the pleasure of the chase is greatly marred. He doesn't know as he breasts the ridges or steals along among the swail growths or threads the mazes of the laurel swamps what moment he will be bored through by a rifle bullet or lacerated with shot."

"It has got so that guides are reluctant to go out in the woods with parties on account of the uncertainty of life in them during the hunting season, in such universal evidence is the amateur hunter and his fool methods nowadays. There was facetiousness, but at the same time a suggestion of seriousness in the reply an Adirondack guide made last season to an inquiry as to what luck the party he had been induced to take out one day had had."

"Not very good," said he, "but I had fine luck. None of 'em shot me." Twenty-three persons shot, five of them fatally, is the record, I believe, of the fool hunters that turned themselves loose in the Adirondacks alone last year, a small percentage of winging perhaps, when we consider the big army of the wingers that invaded those woods, but quite enough. The small area of Sullivan county itself yielded five to the gunners who shoot whenever they see anything move. As near as can be estimated from the returns collected for last season the amateur hunters throughout the country bagged 201 persons, counting as persons those from the ranks of those hunters who were themselves winged. And yet, for they learn nothing by experience and example, these bangers-away-at-every-leaf-that-stirs will be on hand this season as free handed as ever.

"In no instance is the killing or wounding of a person in the woods while hunting excusable or in any way to be condoned unless it is by accidental discharge of a gun. And if men who go into the woods would but observe a very simple rule the newspapers would never be called upon to record the killing or injury of a person by these 'accidental' mistakings of him for game. That rule is: 'Never fire at anything presumably game until you can see enough of it to assure you beyond all question that it is the object you suppose it to be and not a human being, although the probability of a human being other than yourself being anywhere within gunshot range is of the remotest kind.'"

"This is a very simple rule and easy to follow, and the wise and experienced hunter will never fail to observe it strictly, although he may have every reason to believe that not another soul is in the woods within miles of him. Forty years ago I got my lesson under that rule. I was hunting in Maine. My companion was Nat Moore, one of the most famous of the St. John's river guides. We were after moose. We had stopped on the edge of a thick spruce swamp and as we sat there we heard the sound of something coming tearing through the bushes.

"We listened to the sound. The guide whispered that it was being made by either a moose, a bear or a caribou, he wasn't sure which, and we awaited its approach, our rifles ready and I so eager that my heart thumped so I could hear it. Presently we saw the bushes moving with the approach of the creature and

heard the dead sticks breaking under its feet. We couldn't get even a glimpse of it, and as it passed a moment in the brush within easy gunshot I became afraid that it had winded us and would be tearing away back into the swamp and we would lose the prize, so I raised my rifle to fire at the spot where the expected game had stopped, but Nat Moore restrained me.

"It's a bear," he whispered, "but don't ever shoot till you see the nose or the ears or the feet or something or other of an animal. Then you won't ever kill a man in the woods."

"But there isn't a man within ten miles of here!" I whispered back.

"No," said Nat, "but it's always best to—"

"That was as far as he got, for that instant out of the bushes half sprang, half tumbled, a man, a man that I would have bored with a rifle bullet as sure as fate if Nat Moore had not lived up to the rule himself had made years before and restrained me. When I realized the full horror of what my eagerness would have brought upon me I dropped to the ground as limp as a rag.

"The man was a tannery employe, who had lost his way in the wilderness, and was rushing aimlessly about seeking possible aid. We didn't tell him how near to being past all aid he had come, and I guess he never knew it. But never again, and I have hunted almost everywhere where there are woods since then, have failed to follow the rule never to fire at anything in the woods, no matter how positive I might be of its identity, until I had seen something tangible that would put that identity beyond all doubt.

"It was a startling instance of how isolation and distance in the woods and absence of all human habitation are not a guarantee that one is the only person abroad that led Nat Moore to make the vow. He was out hunting moose in January. The snow was what moose hunters call shoal and light, a condition so unfavorable that Nat believed no one else would have ventured out to run down a moose in it.

"He started a moose and followed it eight miles straight into the very depth of a wilderness that was deep enough for all purposes at the start. As the moose came out of a thicket Nat saw it go up a little rise of ground about 20 rods ahead of him. He tried to pull the case of his rifle off, but it was frozen on, and by the time he got it off the moose was going over the knoll. Nat hurried to the top of the knoll.

"At the foot of it, on the opposite side and about 30 rods away, was a narrow spruce thicket, into which the moose had gone not more than a minute ahead of the hunter, who hurried to the thicket. In a clump of high bushes he caught a glimpse of the moose, to him as plain as day. It was as black as a bear, he said, and he put his rifle to his face and took good aim.

"I could hit a quarter every time a good deal further away than that patch of moose was," Nat Moore said, relating the incident, "and so there wasn't any doubt but that I'd hit the mark. I pulled on the trigger two-thirds hard enough to drop the hammer, when I thought of a resolve I had made never to shoot until I knew beyond a doubt what I was shooting at, although in this case I thought there was about as much probability of another man being anywhere in that wilderness just then as there was of the United States army marching through it. But I stepped three steps to one side, which would anyhow give me a better and surer shot than from where I stood, and there in place of the moose stood a man!"

"Fifteen feet on the other side of the man was a tote road, and this man happened to be as courageous a woodsman as Nat himself was, and he was out looking after moose. He had come along there in the road just after Nat's moose had passed through and on and had stepped out of the road to look at the tracks the moose had made in the snow. Anyone but Nat Moore, I guess, would instantly have dropped in his tracks, overcome by the narrow escape from killing a fellow being he had had, but Nat kept right on after the moose and killed it on the ridge 100 yards further on. Then the relapse came, and so near to collapse did it bring the hunter, nervy as he was, that the man he had just missed killing for a moose had to help him back to his cabin.

"Then Nat Moore took a vow never to break the rule that would insure the life and safety of others in the woods against his gun, and he never did, although he lost the chance of bagging many a moose, caribou, deer and bear by adhering to it. Every hunter who lives up to that rule has had many similar and aggravating losses of game, but he has never killed or wounded any person on the presumption that because he saw a movement or heard a noise in the woods it was made by a deer or a bear or a rabbit or a bird."

### NEWFOUNDLAND SALMON FISHERIES

The first annual report of the Newfoundland Game and Inland Fisheries Board, dealing with the year 1910, opens with an account of the inception and initial work of the board, and describes the steps which it has taken to ensure the better preservation of inland fisheries in Newfoundland. One of its first reforms was the imposition of a license duty of ten dollars for salmon and trout fishing on all anglers "not having a fixed place of domicile within this colony." This license, we are glad to see, has been "cheerfully assented to by foreign sportsmen, who freely expressed their satisfaction at being able to contribute to a fund which would be applied to the more

effectual protection of our magnificent fisheries." It seems, however, that it fell short of expectation in the matter of revenue. Calculations, based on the fact that about 400 tourists, chiefly anglers, visited the west coast rivers in 1909 (when no license was in force), were that 1910 would produce about 3500 dollars. But only 2310 dollars were forthcoming from this source, and there was also a falling off in the amount received for caribou licenses, the board in all receiving over 3,000 dollars less than was expected.

The protective work for the fisheries is in the hands of a staff of over 90 wardens who furnish reports and give statistics of the fish caught. The table of catches for the different rivers shows a total of 3,369 salmon weighing 20,415 pounds. To this total the Salmonier river contributes 499 and Robinson's 305, the Humber, with Sandy River, Junction Brook, and River Steady, yielding 422. The average weight on most of the rivers seems to have been from 5 lb. to 7 lb. but the Little River, Burgeo, gave 36 fish weighing 515 lb., an average of over 14 lb., which is high for Newfoundland. There are big fish to be caught occasionally, however. The biggest of 1910 was 4 1/2 lb, taken on the Little Codroy by an American angler. On the whole, though no trustworthy records of previous seasons are available, the board considers that last season has given better results both as to size and number than its forerunners, despite the fact that there were fewer anglers. "Visiting and resident anglers who have resorted to these waters agree that fish were never before found there in such abundance and of such superior weight." This is commonly attributed to the efficient protection the rivers are receiving.

In an appendix to the report are to be found detailed statements as to the fishing in the different rivers with the names and catches of the various anglers.

### IDLEWOOD

Grey Idlewood, my beauty  
You take your royal due,  
Reward of faithful duty,  
In fields made fair for you!  
Tall elms that bid you rest,  
A sky just flecked with cloud,  
A warm wind from the west  
Too shy to whisper loud,  
That will bring to you no hoof-beat of the  
tearing, trampling crowd!

Your season's toil is over;  
With grass above your knees,  
You search for cool, wet clover  
In friendship with the bees!  
Your mouth forgets the bit,  
Your flank the frequent spur:  
Each ox-rail that you hit,  
Each stone you set a-stir,  
Has gone out into the silence with the things  
that never were!

A field mouse in the grasses  
That plays about your feet,  
A shadow shape that passes  
Across the early wheat,  
Shall these disturb the heart  
That never harbored fear  
In the rapture of the start.  
When the horn was sounding clear  
And the rasping doubles faced you and the  
rolling brook was near?

No Whip's triumphant holla,  
No horn's entrancing tune,  
Has power to bid you follow,  
From out the depth of June,  
That chase you better love  
Than any steed I know!  
Enough, calm skies above;  
Enough, cool grass below;  
And the humming in the elm trees that  
forbids your feet to go!

—Will H. Ogilvie.