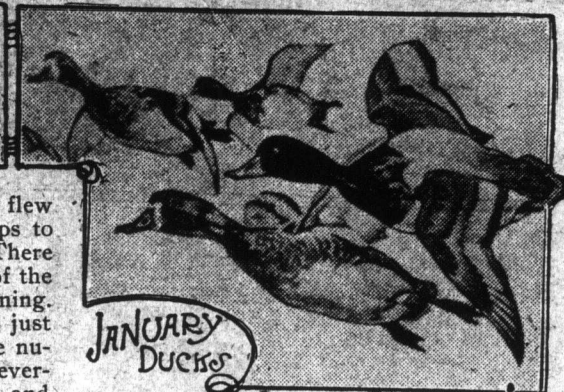


# Field Sports at Home and Abroad



## LOCAL NOTES

The grilse have started running merrily in Saanich Arm and similar places. Some fine catches were made last week, the genial secretary of the Law Society getting a heavy basket full and having to stop fishing, as the fish came so fast as to fill the creel long before train time.

Spring salmon have been caught in Cowichan Bay lately up to sixteen pounds in weight, early morning and evening being the best time to try for these fish irrespective of the tide.

It was sad reading in the daily paper the other day when the report was published of the case against the Greek fish poachers brought by Fisheries Inspector Galbraith. After three long, cold nights' waiting and watching he caught the poachers red-handed up the Victoria Arm, where they had been using a fine-meshed net in which they had caught small fry of both trout and salmon. Being unaided by legal counsel the inspectors lost the case, and thus once more the breakers of the fishery laws here laughed. It is to be hoped that the season will not see a repetition of the disgraceful and sneaking tactics of last, when several fish-poachers went out long before the legal opening of the season to fish for trout with bait in nearby waters and, when remonstrated with, remarked that no one could do anything to them as the Dominion and the Province were at loggerheads as regards the fisheries question, and so they could steal a march on the sportsmen who did not take advantage of this, but waited for the legal opening day.

We have heard quite a lot lately, and a good thing, too, about better game protection. We want to hear quite a lot more about game-fish protection, as there is no disputing the fact that the laws are broken openly all through the year, especially the law which forbids the killing of trout less than eight inches in length, and the law which forbids the sale of salmon less than three pounds in weight.

The Dominion altered their regulations as regards trout fishing to coincide with the regulations passed by the Province, and surely now there can be no excuse for not enforcing them.

A letter was received here from a Nootka subscriber in which he says that there has been some talk of stopping the wholesale killing of game, but that the people who do this talking do not know that it is the wolves and panthers which are doing the work of destruction; in proof of this he gives instances that he has seen elk bones and elk heads in the velvet lying in the woods. He may be perfectly right, and doubtless is in his contention that wolves are responsible for the destruction of large numbers of elk, but it is still more probable that the original blame lies with the two-legged slaughterers, white and red. An Indian when he sees a deer has got to shoot it whether he wants the meat or not; it is in his blood and he cannot resist it. Some white men are afflicted in the same way, and there is no doubt that in the past a most unjustifiable amount of slaughter has taken place, though not so much now since the sale of venison is prohibited on the Island. Also the killing off of the bull elk has exposed the cows with their calves to the attacks of the wolves, and the protect them have perished.

Wolves and panthers were here in numbers before the coming of the white man, and when he came he found game plentiful also. Nature left alone maintains her own balance, and it is only when man comes in and upsets it that we hear these sad tales of animal species being exterminated.

The reports of government importation of small game, pheasants, partridges and prairie chicken into the province is welcome reading, as it shows that the authorities are at last realizing that small game is as valuable an asset and as valuable an attraction as big game, and probably more so. No doubt the Mainlanders were very glad to get them. We on the Island should not kick if they sent a few our way. We could do with a little fresh pheasant blood in many of our districts. If the legislature adopts the suggestion of issuing gun licenses, as is very generally favored, the money so raised might be worse applied than in importing some more Mongolian pheasants to cross with our ringnecks. All reports from the Old Country go to show that this cross makes a very fine sporting bird and is a distinct success there already.

The slaughter of fishy ducks still goes on apace. One of the Colonist staff received a fine present of a red-headed merganser and a velvet scoter last Monday, which were duly placed in the heart of the furnace for cremation. Siwashese may like these ducks, so may Chinese, and they may possibly buy a certain proportion of them from the "sports" who shoot them, but there can be no denying the fact that only a very small proportion of those killed are utilized for human food, most being left to rot on the beach or on the surface of the deep.

## A SMALL BAG IN THE FAR EAST

There is little enough in the appearance of the country round Dairen, or Dalny ("far away"), as the Russians called it, to suggest snipe, or, for the matter of that, any other bird. And what applies to Dairen applies also, with more or less correctness, to the whole of the Liaoting Peninsula—a region of bare, grim hills and dull brown fields plentifully

strewn with stones. For the greater part of the year the country is an unseemly wilderness, devoid of running waters or of the refreshing green of grass and trees, but haunted instead by a devastating wind and scorched by a fiery sun. Only in the spring, when Manchuria thaws, does the desert for a space blossom like the rose. Then the early rains fill the dry, gaping gullies with water, grass shoots on the sides of the boulder-strewn hills, and the sparsely scattered trees are clothed in green. It is a blessed season, but, alas! all too brief.

No, distinctly, Dairen is not suggestive of snipe, particularly if you chance upon it, as we did, in mid-winter. That was why the gun slept idly in its case, and we solaced ourselves with a game facetiously styled golf, and played on the outskirts of the town in a waste of empty kerosene tins, broken bottles, and refuse heaps generally. Played under such circumstances the game could scarce be called exhilarating; but it was at all events better than nothing at all, and, indeed, it was to this aimless knocking about of golf balls that we were ultimately indebted, in the first instance, for other and better entertainment subsequently obtained with a gun. For, as luck would have it, we drove a ball one drizzling afternoon in May by mischance far up the side of a hill, and when we went to pick it up nearly picked up a snipe instead, and presently up got another; and we inferred that if there are two snipe on a stony hillside there might be many more in a wet valley.

The difficulty lay in finding the wet valley. Then we suddenly remembered a place down by the sea which answered to this description; a forlorn stretch of bare mud it had been when we saw it first in winter, and promptly pronounced it hopeless. But who knows? And thus it befell that on the morning of May 8 one of us, armed with a 12-bore gun and a modest supply of cartridges, but without a game-carrier, lest the tutelary spirit or demon of the place should be offended, sallied forth on the quest. At evening he returned with the very modest bag of five snipe and a pigeon, having seen eight birds. In the country of few snipe a man will take a day's journey to shoot one; so on the 11th of the month we both went out, and again on the 14th. The results were increasingly satisfactory; but it was on the 18th of the month that we made our record. The birds were then in full flight for their breeding places in the far north, and we determined to make a day of it. At daybreak we were on the march, making our way straight across the hills at the back of the town instead of by the main road to the sea. We did this because hard by the brickfields under the hills lay a long green hollow which looked damp and promising. On this particular morning it did not answer its appearance, so without further ado we made direct for the gap through which the remains of an old Russian military road led right into the valley of our destination. The path was steep and very stony, and the sun was already sufficiently warm; but we were in too great a hurry to mind these things greatly, and in a very few minutes the hill was behind us and we were looking straight down on our shooting ground—a valley about a mile and a half long. The valley narrowed to a point, and was shut in by steep, barren hills. In the hollow was a watercourse, then, as ever, almost dry, and plentifully stored with boulders and stones. At first sight the place was most unpromising; but a second glance showed that a little lower down the valley broadened considerably. Patches of tilled land were scattered about it, some of them faintly green. Farther down still the valley became quite respectable and vividly green—the vivid green of a water meadow in spring. Beyond that lay the sea.

We wasted no time at the valley's head, but hurried down the road, which was well above the watercourse, watching carefully the while for the first signs of green along the water's edge. A quarter of a mile further down they became noticeable. The stream, fed on its way by various rills coming down from the gullies had broadened out, and though still only a few inches deep, was no longer a trickle. In places its bed was actually soil instead of rock. It was fringed, too, with tufts of grass and reeds. The moment had come to leave the road and to load our guns. We were just doing this when my eye was caught by a patch of green in a hollow a few yards farther on at the side of the road; away from the stream; so, while my companion kept on his way to the water, I went on to the hollow, hoping that some snipe might have chosen it for a resting place. "Bang!" went a gun as I climbed the bank separating the grass patch from the road, and, turning, I saw my companion picking up a bird. First blood! My grass turned out to be reeds; but they held the wished for snipe, and as he rose somewhat lazily from the ditch in which he had apparently been sunning himself I was offered an easy shot, of which I availed myself.

There were no more birds in that spot, so, joining forces, my companion and I followed the stream in its windings down the valley. But a little way further on lay a small pool under a high bank close to the road. Dense grass and reeds grew about it, forming excellent hiding for the snipe. Surely there are snipe here, thought we. In a measure we were right, for there was one bird, which in due course was added to the bag. Three birds, and the day but just begun. Our hopes were high. They became higher still when we saw the stream becoming distinctly more promising in outward appearance. On both sides of it lay quite respectable "kaoliang" fields, the stones

which had so far lined its bed in their nakedness were now hidden under mud, grass and short reeds, and bushes grew without a break on its banks. A pigeon passed overhead, was fired at and missed, and simultaneously five or six snipe rose about sixty yards lower down and flew off in the direction of the sea. This was a disappointment, but recompense followed immediately.

At the point where the birds mentioned rose the stream made a bend right across the valley in the direction of the hills on the further side. A steep spur of rock marked their place of meeting, and beneath its shadow lay a little marshy, hollow about a hundred yards long and thirty or forty wide. In this narrow space there must have been thirteen birds at least, and though the majority of them rose together and wild, we were still fortunate enough to drop two or three. From this point the valley broadened very considerably, stones and boulders disappeared completely save from the bed of the stream, and there stretched before us for some 700 yards or more a regular water meadow, just such as one would see in England. To add to the illusion a few cows of European breed, the property of an enterprising dairyman, were munching the grass with obvious satisfaction. To one accustomed to snipe shooting among rice fields, the commonest haunt of these birds in Japan, there was something extraordinarily homelike in the scene. Nor was it lessened by the appearance of the farmhouses scattered about in the narrow glens that ran down from the hills. They were all of stone, and from a distance called up at once to the recollection memories of the cottages of farm hands in Brittany and the Channel Islands; even the pigs, unnecessarily ubiquitous though they were, assisted in the deception. The one false note was struck by the creatures' owners, who were obviously, even at a distance, Chinamen, and not to be mistaken for anything else.

It was long since we had shot snipe in such surroundings, and we determined to make the most of it. From where we stood we could follow the windings of the stream through the meadow right down to the beach. It had definitely left that side of the valley along which the road ran, and now hugged the hills on the other. Therefore we decided that before investigating the meadow itself we would follow our stream to its end, in the hope that its edges might still hold a few birds.

The first hundred yards were drawn blank; then came a hollow, half ditch, half lily pond. A couple of snipe rose hurriedly as we approached; one was dropped, the other, to our astonishment, flew up the side of the hill above us and alighted among some dwarf fir trees straggling along the summit. The bird was left alone, imagining that it would probably return presently to the meadow. We now found that the banks of the stream were becoming steep, that the water was fairly deep right up to the margin, and that there was no longer any cover for birds. At this moment one of us spied ahead a long narrow strip of marshy ground between his bank and the hill, and immediately called his companion over so that any good luck forthcoming might be shared. Our combined efforts resulted in killing two more snipe. There remained for us the marsh proper, with a narrow strip under the hills on the opposite side of the valley. Here we got two more snipe. In the meadow, the part near the beach was absolutely devoid of birds, and this notwithstanding the presence of promising-looking pools. Probably the soil was not to the taste of the worms sought after by the snipe. As, however, we left this part behind us and the character of the ground changed, single birds began to get up here and there. Some were accounted for, others flew back over our heads towards the sea, others went clean over the hills to some sanctuary unknown to us, and others again obligingly flew ahead up the valley. In the very middle of the meadow the birds were most plentiful. Here in a hollow three or four tiny springs bubbled up and spread over the grass, which was thick and lush. There were also scattered here and there beds of rushes and flags, and for a brief time the firing was fast and furious. This over, we looked at one another, wondering what next to do. Then suddenly we remembered that one of the birds we had just put up had alighted only a hundred yards further on among a clump of trees growing on a small hill at the very edge of the road itself. In the open spaces between the trees were scattered a few groves. It was altogether a strange place in which to look for snipe, nevertheless we had seen a bird alight there, and so after it we went. Hey, presto! no sooner had we set foot inside that grove than the air was full of snipe. They were as thick as sparrows, it seemed to us, but somewhat more difficult to kill for, in addition to their distracting numbers, which made steady shooting out of the question, they were not a little assisted by the trees. Only an hour or two before had we been expatiating on the tender greens of the budding leaves, now we were heartily wishing the trees as bare as winter could make them. Cartridge after cartridge was fired, but scarcely a bird was hit. Hosts of the fugitives sped out to sea, at least so it seemed to us; but a numerous minority went straight up the side of the hill, which rose steeply from the grove, and took refuge among the stones and the stunted firs that lined its slopes. We toiled after them, but the task was a somewhat hopeless one.

In the first place, the snipe could see us long before we got near them; in the second, even if they had been unable to do this, the noise we made clattering over the boulders would have wakened the sleepiest of owls. What then could we expect with snipe? Two or three were shot, but the others flew scathless away, and we retraced our steps to the valley perspiring and breathless. There still lay before us the stonier, barer part of the stream we had already worked in the morning. The birds, reinforced by those we had just driven from the meadow, were now more numerous here; they were also wilder. Nevertheless we managed to get two or three, and then the stream, and with it our sport, came to an end.—Karigane.

## AN ANGLER'S ANTIPATHIES

Antipathy in some form or another is common to us all, but generally assumes pronounced dislike of one or two particular subjects or things. The old maid abhors a man and an old bachelor dislikes an old maid. The shooting man loathes a man who takes his bird or "wipes his eye," the golfer contemns the bungler who drives up to his green, and the motorist loves neither a greasy road nor a policeman. But the angler's antipathies are measurable neither in number nor in degree, and admit of no exceptions. And, though often they are well grounded, at times, it must be admitted, they tend to make the angler seem somewhat dogmatic, if not even selfish. But we must be gentle with him, for at these times his temper is sorely tried and the only wonder is that he can ever be genial or be seen to smile. Yes! he is nothing if not dogmatic, and if you doubt it, just lead gently up to the subject of rods. It would be well, however, first to ascertain the nature of his own pet weapon, lest his torrent of abuse be diverted from the desired object and fall upon your devoted head. For the angler is terrible in his condemnation of the other kind of rod, whether steel, split cane or greenheart, as the case may be. But his own favorite is to him as his wife—peerless and without compare. Indeed, to see the angler sally forth, with his wife under one arm and his rod under the other, and knowing the affection which he entertains for both, one feels that the simile is not entirely inapt, especially when we know that he has got five or six more objects of affection safely at home in his den.

And regarding flies: here you will find him very obstinate and at times pugnacious. He will dogmatize eloquently to prove the fallacy of the formalist or the "cussedness" of the colorist theory, according to his own special point of view, albeit his statements are not always logical to an unbiased mind. And he will wax indignant concerning the relative merits or demerits of upturned or downturned eyes. Personally I don't see much to choose between either kind as regards hooks, but when I was a bachelor—that, however, belongs to another tale and is foreign to this subject. As for the two schools of dry and wet fly, it makes one tremble to see the meeting of two exponents of the different styles. They are as inimical as fire and water. The sovereign contempt of the one school is only equaled by the contemptuous indifference of the other.

Weather of all kinds is a fruitful source of vexation. The same day will be good, bad or indifferent, according to the style of angling pursued by the person concerned. The perfect day for the fly-fisherman will find little favor with the votary of the minnow; and, per contra, the rough dark days beloved of the latter find small favor with the former. The smooth surface for dry fly, the more ruffled for wet fly; the low rivers for clear water minnows or humble yet equally difficult worm; the upstream wind, for those who fish up, and the down-stream breeze for those who cast down; the small clear water and sunny day for creper, the strong breeze and west wind for lake fishing generally; the dark stormy day for trolling, are all and severally anathematized and abused from different points of view. But there are some things disliked by each and every kind of angler, without reference to school or style. And of such may be mentioned, bulls, ducks, trees, rotten banks and barbed wire. Short-rising trout are Anathema to the fly fisherman, and so also steam launches to a man in a boat. The country urchin who goes through the whole operation of casting for and landing an imaginary fish, and when not so employed proceeds to bathe in your pet pool, may be looked upon as an object of aversion.

But perhaps the best liked (?) object on a fishing ground is the so-called angler, who may best be termed a spoilt-sport. He it is who, lacking the requisite skill required to mark him as a sportsman, wades or rather flounders up the best reaches of a stream, and succeeds in putting down every rising fish for himself and for the better men who follow him, and who, when not actually in the water, walks in full view up or down the bank, doing more damage to a day's fishing than a pack of other hounds.

And then the jealous fisherman who helps nobody, but who hates to have others do better than himself; and the selfish rod, who always wants the best pool for himself, and who, when he gets it, keeps it without reference to others' rights or feelings; the boaster, who talks largely of his own success and belittles that of others; the prevaricator, who brings discredit on the craft and ridicule upon himself; the despondent angler, who is always regretting the day he has chosen, the weather, the absence of flies, fish and sport; the man with the rod—for fisherman he is not—who refuses help to another angler in distress. All these are antipathetic to the true angler, and as such are to be avoided by all honest men.—Sports' Field.

A genial German friend of ours was overheard the other day speaking to his dog. Ad-

## The Sportsman's Calendar

### JANUARY

Sport of the Month—Wildfowl shooting.  
In Season—Ducks, geese, brant, snipe.  
January 1st the last day for shooting pheasants, grouse and quail.  
Grilse now running in Saanich Arm.

ressing the animal, he said: "You was only a dog, but I wish I was you. Ven you go mit your bed in, you shust turns around three times und lay down. Ven I go mit the bed in, I have to lock up de blade, und vind up the clack, und put the cat out, und undress myself; and my frau she wake up und scold, den the baby wakes up und cries, und I haf to walk him mit de house round; den maybe ven I gets myself to bed it is time to get up again. Ven you get up, you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a liddle, und you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kettle, scrap some mit my wife al-ready und get my breakfast. You play around und haf plenty of fun. I haf to vork all day und haf plenty of drubble. Den ven you die, you vas dead. Ven I die, I haf to go to hell yet."

### A HAIL TO THE HUNTER

Oh, we're getting under cover, for the "sport" is on the way.  
Pockets bulge with ammunition, and he's coming down to slay;  
All his cartridges are loaded, and his trigger's on the "half,"  
And he'll bore the thing that rustles, from a deer to Jersey calf.  
He will shoot the foaming rapids, and he'll shoot the yearling bull,  
And the farmer in the bushes—why, he'll fairly get pumped full.  
For the gunner is in earnest, he is coming down to kill,  
Shoot you first, and then inquire if he hurt you—yes, he will!  
For the average city feller, he has big game on the brain,  
And imagines in November there is nothing else in Maine!  
Therefore, some absorbed old farmer, cutting corn or pulling beans,  
Gets most mightily astonished with a bullet in his jeans.  
So, O neighbor, scoot for cover, or get out your armor plate,  
Johnnie's got his little rifle, and is sweeping on the state.  
Oh, we're learning, yes, we're learning, and I'll warn you now, my son,  
If you really mean to bore us, you must bring a bigger gun.  
For the farmers have decided they will take no further chance,  
And progressive country merchants carry armor-plated pants;  
Carry shirts of chain-plate metal, lines of coats all bullet-proof,  
And the helmets they are selling beat a Knight of Malta's "roof."  
So, I reckon that the farmers can proceed to get their crops,  
Yes, and chuckle while the bullet raps their trouser seats and stops;  
And the hissing double-B shot as they criss-cross over Maine  
Will excite no more attention than the patter of the rain.  
And the calf will fly a signal and the Jersey bull a sign,  
And the horse a painted banner, reading, "Hoss; Don't Shoot; He's Mine!"  
And every fowl who wanders from the safety of the pen  
Will be taught to cackle shrilly, "Please don't plug me; I'm a hen!"  
Now, with all these due precautions we are ready for the gang,  
We'll endure the harmless tumult of the rifles' crack and bang,  
For we're glad to have you with us—shoot the landscape full of holes;  
We will back our brand-new armor for to save our precious souls.  
O you fellers in the city, those 'ere woods is full of fun,  
We've got on our iron trousers—so come up and bring your gun!

—Holman F. Day.

### HIS OWN METHOD

"Did you say that you wanted to abolish our tyrannical system which enables persons to do little or nothing to exact tribute from hungry strugglers?" asked the chairman of the meeting.

"That's what I said," answered the Socialist orator, "and it got great applause."  
"Yes, but don't you say it again. Remember you got your start in life from tips while you were waiter in a restaurant."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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ved, the man would that the shedding of surgen's would ruin " After two hours ere Richot's, where, May, of Pembina, I avoided anything with them. Pere and me a half-breed, acted to take us all wished to bind him said "I cannot do horses on the prairie seen them since." I to find them?" He them where the wild they were in fine ve me a pair of Ine htm Capt. Cameron. Sisters Mac-Cree for me. They shed ladies, although was a full-blooded to Isle a la Crose, rth-west where she Indian children. I to the time of her brother. I always, called upon Sister , until her death.

DeSalaberry  
bre of the 29th, e from his wife to e as soon as possi- been attacked in the We left for Pem- eor we reached May was fully con- ing the insurrection. in danger of being dvocating negotia- vernment, as I had

Colonel DeSala- y allowed to go to ar Thibeault, who ner in his residence,

erion and myself, h the baggage, left January 3rd, 1870. at Frog Point, and as it snowed. We en sleeping in the benefit of the fire. th, a good deal of ind was blowing uel of war as to to proceed. Our efficient man, dit storm obliterated The mail courier, o slept at our fire, ot just a year pre- nd was unable to had to eat one of

the Track  
my daughter, and Georgetown at 8 was so great she We went, and ng the track, and m., and having Hotel, at Fort January 9th, at d my weight dur- Fort Abercrombie sent our baggage the roth at Harris' y at St. Cloud at baggage arrived a.m., and reached agent of the fled with letters I stood the jour- well. We left St. rie du Chien at rie car and arrived Chicago at 11 on at 4 p.m., and m., in the palace Detroit Junction fastest at Sarnia where we took rescott Junction n. Captain and awa. I left for , reached New "City of Bos- fax at 4 p.m. on n board a dozen hifax, and sailed ce.

Smith.  
John A. Mac- :—"Mr. Smith Bay Company, n provided with an government. d. His special ring about the and the dissolu- sit to the Red conference with rs."

the page he says: ack his daugh- to Fort Garry, two days, and who had bith- n A. Mac- dated Ottawa, upper, in Hali-