

The Comfort of the Field.

What wouldst thou have for easement after grief,
When the rude world hath used thee with despite,
And care sits at thy elbow day and night,
Fleeting thy pleasures like a subtle thief?
To me, when life besets me in such wise,
'Tis sweet to break forth, to drop the chain,
And grasp the freedom of this pleasant earth,
To roam in holliness and sober mirth
Through summer airs and summer lands, and drain
The comfort of wide fields unto tired eyes.

By hills and waters, farms and solitudes,
To wander by the way with wilful feet,
Through felled valleys wide with yellowing wheat,
Along gray roads that run between deep woods,
Murmurous and cool; through hallowed slopes of pine,
Where the long daylight dreams unperceiv'd, unstart'd,
And only the rich-throated thrush is heard;
By lonely forest brooks that froth and slung
In bouldered crannies, buried in the hills,
By broken beaches tangled with wild vine
And log-strewn rivers murmurous with mills.

In upland pastures, sown with gold, and sweet
With the keen perfume of the ripening grass,
Where wings of birds and filmy shadows pass,
Spread thick as stars with shining marguerite;
To hunt old fences overgrown with briar,
Muffled in vines and hawthornes and wild cherries,
Rank poisonous ivies, red bunched alder-berries,
And wild blossoms to the heart's desire,
Gray mullein lowering into yellow bloom,
Pink tasselled milk weed breathing dense perfume
And swarthy vervain, tipped with violet fire.

To feast on summer sounds; the jolted wain,
The thrasher humming from the farm near by,
The prattling cricket's intermittent cry,
The locust's rattle from the sultry lanes;
Or in the shadow of some oaken spray
To watch as through a mist of light and dreams
The far off hay stels, where the dusty teams
Drive round and round the leeseing squares of hay,
And hear upon the wind, now loud, now low,
With drowsy cadence, half a summer's day,
The clatter of the reapers come and go.

To hear at eve the beating of far flocks,
The mud-hen's whistle from the marsh at morn;
To skirt with deafened ears and brain o'erborne
Some foam filled rapid charging down its rocks
With iron roar of water far away
Across wide-voiced meres, passive with noon,
To hear the querulous outcry of the loon;
To lie among deep rocks, and watch all day
On liquid heights the snowy clouds melt by;
Or hear from wood-capped mountain brows the jay
Pierce the bright morning with its jibing cry.

Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,
The murmur of cool streams, the forest's gloom,
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers;
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,
And cool, fair finger radiantly divine,
The night's mother brings us in her hand,
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched and wan,
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine,
Drink and be filled, and ye shall understand.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPRAN,

In February Scribner's.

Shooting and Fishing in Northwest-
ern Canada.

Parker Gilmore ("Ubique") contributed an article on the above mentioned subject to *Land and Water*, recently from which we extract the following:

"The Canadian Pacific rail system comprises some six thousand miles, which include the great trans-continental line from ocean to ocean (three thousand miles), and an extensive system of branch lines which penetrate the very cream of the famous sporting districts of Canada, and render accessible vast natural game preserves and countless trout and bass waters, which prior to its completion, were known to and traversed but by the native redskins and the daring pioneers of barter. Consequently, in these romantic wilds, game is still as plentiful as when the first rifle shot woke the echoes of their magnificent forests. The chief haunts of the moose and the caribou are now as easy of reach as are the streams of the St. Lawrence, in which trout are found in rich plenty. Nor is it necessary to undertake a long journey to reach this attractive region. The opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway 'short line' from

Montreal to the Maritime Provinces renders it easy of excess, and the traveller who makes Montreal his initial point for this trip will find solid comfort all the way, and only a short run by rail before the Mecca of his pilgrimage is gained.

"At one time," proceeded the writer, "I spent year after year in the wilds of Canada, or the countries adjoining for the purpose of making similar collections; and unless a blizzard was blowing or the country was shrouded in a snow-storm, I passed day after day in pursuit of moose, caribou or other game whose footprints in the snow betrayed their presence. In early autumn the climate is delightful in the highlands, and with the necessary accessories, camping-out may be made most enjoyable. A fly-rod should, of course, be taken, for on all the numerous lakes and rivers trout of various species abound. Indeed, the Kootenay District of British Columbia claims to be unsurpassed as a fishing resort by any other part of the Dominion."

While speaking in detail of the different game to be found in the Mountains and North-West generally, the writer treats thus of infelicitous game laws:—"It is to be regretted that so many of these beautiful creatures (the Virginian deer) are annually destroyed by driving them into lakes or rivers, where they are overtaken by the butchers in canoes or boats, and as the country gets further settled doubtless more stringent laws will be enacted and enforced to prevent such unsportsmanlike conduct. Even the United States—intensely democratic as it is—has found the necessity of such a stop, and game laws have been established in the Great Republic, the stringency and severity of which must open the eyes and give indigestion to some of our frothy-mouthed demagogues! By such legislation, and that alone, have Virginian deer been saved from extermination in the far-famed Adirondack wilds, and in the picturesque Alleghany Mountains. To advocate game laws in the United States was a bold and hazardous step for a politician to take, but the Hon Robert B. Roosevelt, late United States Minister at the Hague, was equal to the occasion, and for his good work deserves the thanks of every gentleman and sportsman on either side of the Atlantic. I am aware that game laws exist in the Dominion, but I also know that in many parts of the outlying districts they are a dead letter. This ought not to be. Suffice it to say that such lukewarmness of present legislators and men in office will most assuredly be condemned by future generations."

"The only legitimate, or, rather sportsman-like manner of killing moose is to stalk them, but although I have had a great deal of practice in this kind of woodcraft I find that the assistance of Indians is requisite to success. To shoot moose when they have yarded and a heavy crust is on the snow is butchery, for the poor creatures have not the shadow of a chance to escape. Moose calling during the rutting season is almost as reprehensible. I regret to say that I have participated in it, but fortunately laws have been enacted, and I trust are strictly enforced, forbidding this and the previously mentioned means of slaughter. It is satisfactory to add that moose of late years have been increasing. It would truly be a sad day for Canada when its glorious woods had ceased to shelter this mammoth beast."

With the lynx, racoon, and other smaller game the article does not deal. "In the eyes of the sportsman," says the writer, "they take no very high place among the game of Canada, owing their sole attraction to their valuable fur; they are, nevertheless, more universally known in this country, at least by name, than the *Cervide*, of which the Dominion offers such grand examples. The lynx and racoon, and others, as the skunk and beaver, not represented in the photographic group, are the prey of the trader; for though the ancient glory of the Hudson's Bay Company be in these days somewhat dimmed, immense numbers of the pelts of these creatures find their way annually to Europe, the finest to this country and to the Paris market."

"The lakes and streams of northern and central Ontario furnish, perhaps, the finest brook-trout fishing in the world. Along the line from Montreal to Toronto there are many well-stocked bass waters. On the Rideau lakes—reached from Smith's Falls—the black bass fishing is excellent, and there is also very good duck-shooting early in the season. Sharbot lake is a beautiful sheet of water, dotted with islands. The excellence of the fishing and picturesque features make it a favorite locality for camping parties. The fish to be found there are black bass, rock bass, pike, and pickerel."

A Michigan Man in Western
Canada.

The following is an extract from a letter by a Michigan man who recently made a tour through Western Canada:—

I have just returned from a tour through your prairies, and I might say that I never met so many happy and prosperous farmers as in your Northwest. All the way from Winnipeg to Calgary and from the Montana line to Peace River, and from Regina to Prince Albert there is not a settler but openly declares that he lives in the best part, and that no other place is like the part he lives in. I am so well satisfied with the country that I am going to return as soon as possible and make the Canadian West my future home for myself and family, and try to join the happy and prosperous ones that are here before me. Now to those who contemn plate moving I will say, that if you are willing to work you need not be afraid but you will succeed and become one of the happy Canadians, but indolence is as useless here as anywhere else. There is room for millions of good industrious agriculturists in this country, and millions of acres of choice land, the finest on the continent of America, free homes. There are also good openings on all the new railroads for business men of all kinds who are sure to grow up with the country, and to grow in wealth as those already here have done. The winter weather is delightful, not too severe, but steady cold in Manitoba and Assiniboia, and mild in Alberta.

The annual meeting of the Spring Creek Cheese Factory Association was held on Monday February 29th at Moosomin. The showing for the year was very good and no doubt the factory will prove a great benefit to the farmers of that district.