

SPORT AND FISHING EXCELLENT IN MATSQUI

"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the wisest men," says the old-time couplet, and there is no doubt that life without some relaxation would be as meat without salt. There is not a man living, who is a man, who has not, at some time or other, enjoyed a day with the rod or the gun. The settler can have a day off for shooting or fishing. Quite a number of men picture a farm, where they can get off occasionally for a few hours and either shoot or fish. To such men, Matsqui says, "Come." It is not everyone who can take up a gun and bang over a couple of brace of pheasants before dinner, but the Matsqui farmer has that privilege during one month of the year,



A TYPICAL FARM HOME IN MATSQUI MUNICIPALITY

or as regulated by the Game Department. He has a longer time to shoot ducks, and in many cases, he can often get a shot from his own barn door. The ducks were around Clayburn last winter in hundreds. This last season both pheasants and ducks seemed almost too plentiful, and at the close of the open seasons there did not appear to be any great diminution in the numbers of the birds. Here again the position of Matsqui lends itself to all kinds of possibilities. It is only a short run on the British Columbia Electric Railway to Sumas Prairie, where there are 50,000 acres of land to shoot over, should the home shooting have grown stale. There is always a good bag of ducks to be got by the good shot at Sumas, but Matsqui is quite good enough for the ordinary man, and there are more pheasant on the Matsqui prairie than at Sumas. In the up-lands, should one so wish it, there is a bear or so to be shot, although these fine animals are not danger-