



PORTAGE IN ON THE EARLY SNOW

A nippy air off the Lake and a long paddle since pulling camp yonder; looked heavy over the lake when he turned in, and sure enough the woods were white at break of day. Swishing spruce and scrub oak rattling the dead leaves; off for a half-mile portage; happy as a kid out of school and hungry as a wolf.



THE LONG GLIDE OUT

Last camp pulled; two weeks in the bush; got his "stent" by the law and came out; this is the first load—camp outfit amidships and gun in bows; rest of the truck to follow. Lord! it's a great way to live; tent, canoe and a gun—all alone.

not only never retrieves but he is a positive curse whenever he follows a wounded deer. But does he save lives that would otherwise be lost through still-hunters perforating one another in mistake for deer? Ask a prominent Toronto doctor—a friend of mine—who attempted to cross a creek-bottom thickly covered with underbrush. A city sport had been posted on the opposite hillside by the dog-hunter, and although there was no sound of baying anywhere in evidence the aforesaid sport came into immediate action as soon as the doctor began to flounder in the thicket. The way he unlimbered and got into the fray was a revelation. Nine shots were hurled about the dancing doctor and the harder he yelled and danced the faster the fool on the bank worked his Winchester. Of course he missed every time.

The sports who hunt with dogs expect to miss. But missing did not appease the wrath of the doctor. However, the fool emptied his rifle and had to stop to reload. He heard some of the remarks the doctor was making as he ploughed across and then and there decided to disobey the injunction of the dog hunter, not to desert his station.

Like the buffalo, our deer will vanish suddenly, once they go. Wild game is never missed until it is gone. Millions of buffalo were slain for their hides and tongues. Our deer are slain every year in great numbers for the market. And the hunter with hounds is usually the market hunter. No man with an ounce of real sporting blood—red blood—in his veins can stand all day on a dreary runway, waiting a luckless deer that a dog may drive to him. The hound hunter loves to orate about his skill in stopping the rushing buck or the frightened doe as she flies along her forest path. Let him boast, but don't flatter his mendacity by belief. A deer running ahead of a dog is continually watching for the unexpected. She will come within ten feet of a man if the wind is not blowing directly from him. The slightest movement or sound will stop her. And then the valiant attendant on the dog has only to select the spot for his bullet and coolly murder his victim.

Sporty, is it not? Do you wonder that some of this breed of sports are planning to chase the butting Billy, or rout the domestic Nanny goat?

I stood beside a runway one morning, along which I knew a hound was bringing a deer. Presently it came in sight. A fawn, with head down, eyes starting from its head in terror, tongue hanging out, and reeking with perspiration. It stopped not ten feet from me, and the man who could have shot it in its agony would be lower and more brutal than the liver-coloured pup behind. I let the fawn race along and kicked my satisfaction out of the liver-coloured pup.

I have seen a doe, that had been hard pressed by a dog, come staggering down a bank to a little lake, in such absolute agony that she paid no attention whatever to my presence. Her agony and suffering, as evidenced by heaving sides, trembling legs and glazed eyes, was appalling. And yet plenty of good men who know all about this cruelty still sanction hunting deer with dogs.

They hunt the fox—why not the deer? Because the fox is carnivorous. He lives by his wits and the dogs do not worry him. He can run all day and his digestive organs are not affected. But the deer is a ruminant. It feeds at night. Its stomach

is divided into compartments. It must rest while its food is digested by "chewing the cud." If a deer is started in the morning it can not run ahead of a dog but a very short time without suffering untold torture. The very refinement of cruelty and brutality is in evidence every time a dog runs a deer. It is a timorous animal and its fear of the dog is pitiful. The man who advocates hounding is either extremely brutal in his make-up or else he has not observed.

In either case it is time to have done with this blather about allowing dogs to roam the north woods. The deer are rapidly disappearing, and the dogs are solely responsible. Stop the dogs and the deer will increase in spite of the wolves and the hunters. Our friends in the United States are not noted for their conservation of any natural resource. But long ago Maine, New York, Michigan, Oregon, and practically every state where deer are found wakened up to the fact that dogs and deer do not agree. They have banished the dogs and their chief game wardens assure me that the deer are increasing beyond belief ever since.

From Newfoundland to Alaska we are the only province or state that allows the dogs unrestricted



HE CARRIES A PACK

Loaded to the peak, gun packed and blankets rolled he hits the woodland trail back to the camp.

freedom after the deer in hunting season. It is time the average man wakened up to the true state of affairs. We have the greatest natural deer preserve in the world. The deer do well in it, attaining a far larger size and greater weight than they ever did in Virginia, their original home. Once our deer are lost we can never re-stock by artificial process. The time to act is now, before the deer are destroyed. Farther north they cannot go, for the deep snow and food conditions are insurmountable barriers. The ideal home is in the Highlands of Ontario.

Shall we listen longer to the argument of the man who hunts with dogs? If we do, we shall lose our only big game animal, found south of the main line of the C. P. R., and when we lose our deer we shall lose an asset worth countless thousands to our province in bringing tourists to our resorts. If we listen further we shall reach the age when returning hunters will invite their friends to a club dinner of goat.

And we deserve to eat goat—or even crow—if we neglect our very finest wild animal in this its trying hour. Stop the dogs and stop them quick, without regard to the howls of the few dog hunters whose cries are simply the outpourings of a selfish desire to claim the ounce of venison whether the deer vanish or not.

When the dogs have been banished, then stop the depredations of the lumber camps. Two years ago three men from Huntsville worked throughout the hunting season in one of Brennan's lumber camps situated on the west side of Algonquin Park and within its borders. They told me personally that they were employed by Brennan's foreman to hunt deer for the camp, and genial big Bob Anderson himself told me they were hunting for him. They killed over thirty deer, according to their own tally. Our party checked them up to eighteen and counted that number of carcasses. They ran the deer with dogs, and day after day the baying of the dogs was heard within the park.

One Sunday our party went north from our camp to locate a deer that had been hung up in a remote part of the woods. On the way a dog passed us chasing a deer. Later the deer was shot on a hill near us. We crossed over to the hill and found the aforesaid genial big Bob and twelve or fourteen of his camp followers, all armed with the latest and most modern sporting rifles. They had shot that deer and they evidently shot many more, for deer were exceedingly plentiful on the west side of the park before Anderson's camp located there. To-day the deer to be found in that vicinity are a negligible quantity. This is but one example. Nearly every lumber camp in the north woods affords a similar tale.

The Fish and Game Department of Ontario collected over \$100,000 in 1908 in fees and fines. Some part of that money should be spent in placing watchers on the trails of these genial foremen of lumber camps. We have wasted our forest wealth. But we can plant, and water, and restore some measure of that loss. But let our deer once vanish from our northern hills and no Paul may be found who can plant and restore our big game. They go forever and we who love the north woods and the wild tang in the air when "the Red Gods call" must seek the sorry chase of the fatted goat.