

me. The end of the rod, pressed against my ribs, was making itself felt and my left wrist ached a bit. Slowly I worked the reel, having to drop it now and then to grasp the grip with both hands as our fish showed some sign of life. But it was as sure as it was slow, and the reel gradually filled up. He was scarcely twenty feet away and I had him at the surface. Now I'll swear he took fright at you, standing with your fore paws on the gun'll of the boat, your ugly little yellow ears striking straight up and that apology of a tail nervously wagging as it is now. Anyway he bolted, and you barked and my foot slipped and the whole affair nearly upset. What excitement, but what sport, what supreme joy to be holding that rod and to feel that fellow going down, down, down until I had played out over a hundred feet of line. We had seen him at close range then and knew he was a big one. Down in the depths he lay like a log, but our tackle was too much for him and again he approached us, with various little side trips, of course, but closer, ever closer, until my tired arms rebelled most furiously but I won the final struggle with the gaff and over the side he came. You wouldn't go near him, for he was slightly out of your class, weighing twenty-one pounds and measuring thirty-six inches. You will hear some people call them land-locked salmon and all sorts of things, but don't believe them. They are some gigantic member of the trout family and can fight like the devil.

Then I went away, leaving you a luxurious boarder at the Kaslo Hotel and when I returned there was somebody else to pay allegiance to. A few weeks hence when you hear me say some bright Sunday morning that I have to visit the mine, don't believe me. Just sneak out of the back door and meet me at the boat house. We are no longer our own bosses, old fellow, but we'll catch a good many of those big ones yet. And if those poor benighted people down east had any idea of the sport they can enjoy right here in Kaslo they would flock here, wouldn't they? Fancy fishing a stone's throw from such an hotel and catching such beauties. But I mustn't forget to store my tackle at the boat house. I'll keep it there this summer. And you will excuse me, won't you old boy, if sometimes—on week days—I have someone in the boat who will occasionally scream?

THE HABITS OF RUFFED GROUSE.

R. H. Brown.

The house in which I live is on its own ground and situated some 200 or 300 yards from the public road. There are several acres of spruce and hardwood trees close to our garden, and other detached groves and thickets a few hundred yards away.

For years an occasional partridge (Ruffed Grouse) has visited our garden during the winter to feed upon the berries of a barberry hedge which makes one boundary of the garden and of a hawthorn hedge which bounds another side.

During a hard winter some 8 years ago, two partridges came daily, or rather just at sundown to feed; and, when they had after a week or two, consumed most of the berries, and began to come on the ground beneath to eat the berries which they had dropped, I began to scatter some oats for them under the hedge on the snow. They took to this food with evident pleasure. I renewed the supply of oats daily, and as one end of the barberry hedge touches the bow window of the drawing-room, I at last, by putting the oats nearer to the house, gradually brought them to within twelve feet of the window. The birds disappeared in April when the snow had gone, but next winter about the middle of December, three or four partridge came.

This has now gone on for eight years or more. One winter six partridges appeared, another winter five came, and one year there were eight of them. This winter two came about the end of November, after a couple of weeks had elapsed another bird joined them, and so on until now there are six.

They come in swiftly like ghosts, one after the other, just after sundown and feed for ten or fifteen minutes, then run along under the hedge to the edge of the grove and fly up into the tall trees for the night. Sometimes they walk fearlessly across the open garden and along by the side of the conservatory, built as a lean-to on the house; and when snow is deep they seem to look longingly at the green things within. Half an hour before sunrise they fly down from the trees and visit the oats again, then fly off and return again at evening as before. Of course no one attempts to frighten them.

I have a couple of dogs who know all about game and are good for flushing partridges away from home, but we have persuaded them to let these birds alone. For the last two or three years the partridges continue their daily visits here until the first of May, when they go off to the wilder woods to make nests, I presume, and raise their young. There are lots of men and boys with guns who doubtless slay many of our visitors and their progeny in the autumn; were it not so we should by this time have a large flock, or covey, to feed.

We have tried in vain to get a good photograph of these birds, but their coming at sundown prevents one taking an instantaneous picture, and their incessant motion while feeding prohibits a time exposure. I had a pane of glass removed from the conservatory, and a board with a hole for the camera placed in its stead. We have wasted many films and plates in vain. I enclose three of the prints, none of which are satisfactory. In one you will notice the bodies of two birds, but their heads, which were rapidly working up and down while feeding, failed to take. In the distance you will observe the shadows of two others which were hurrying about, but must have stood still for the fraction of a second, the nearest birds were fifteen feet from the camera. A year or so ago I got a professional photographer with his camera and apparatus to attempt a picture or two but he met with no better success than we ourselves had done.

The fact that such wild birds as ruffed grouse should for so many years be coming to this place, situated within a mile of a town of 3,000 inhabitants, seems remarkable enough to be worth recording, and I would be glad to learn of any of your readers knowing anything of a similar kind.

To Smoke Fish.

Split down the back, clean and scale. Place in the shade for 36 hours, covered with a mixture of three parts salt to one part brown sugar. Next, hang in a smoke house made of bark, in which a fire of cedar chips smoulders. Twenty-four to thirty-six hours of this treatment should suffice. Salmon and trout thus treated make admirable breakfast dishes. Before use they must be soaked over night, then grilled. Salmon will fall to pieces if too fat. August is early enough to begin smoking them.

At Harrisburg, Pa., recently, Mr. Savage, of Philadelphia, introduced in the House a bill appropriating \$60,000 for the protection and propagation of fish and for the purchase of a site for the establishment of a fish hatchery and the erection of suitable buildings.