

LOSES FLAVOR
It takes on new ones, such as
ions, coffee, soap, etc., to
exposure to sun, dust,
To overcome this

ADA"
ad packets—never in bulk.

**s Are All Priced
n Figures**

of High Class New Goods at live
lines or goods of inferior quality
handle no second grades. Every-

S NEW MIXED PEEL, 1-

The finest packed—large 16-

NTS, 3 lbs. for.....**25c**

WALNUTS, per lb.....**40c**

ound.....**20c**

3 lbs. for.....**25c**

CHERRIES, per lb.....**60c**

20c: 3-lb. tin.....**60c**

3 lbs. for.....**25c**

FIGS, per lb. 15c, or 10-lb.

\$1.10

POWDER, 4 packets for.....**25c**

5, per lb.....**20c**

er bottle 50c, 35c, and.....**10c**

HONEY, 2-lb. tin.....**45c**

IR HONEY, 5-lb. tin.....**\$1.00**

et of 10 boxes.....**5c**

SES, 2-lb. tin 15c; 1/2-gallon tin

65c

lead packets, 3 pounds for **\$1.00**

CREAMERY BUTTER, 3 lbs.

\$1.00

ET, per tin.....**30c**

BREAD FLOUR, per sack **\$1.75**

COES, 100-lb. sack.....**90c**

Y INDEPENDENT GROCERY

TY AND SAVE MONEY

& YOUNG

BINE GROCERS

et and Broad Sts.

Phones 94 and 95

Ellwood

Farm, Poultry and

Lawn Wire Fencing

Bull Proof

Chicken Proof

Fire Proof

The Hickman Tye

Hardware Co., Ltd.

Victoria, B. C., Agts.

544-546 Yates St.

hat Serves You Best.

FRUITS

AND CLEANEST

Cleaning Machinery ever brought

our Fruits are thus re-cleaned on

lock, no stalks, no dust, no dirt in

it.

IN THIS WEEK

ENGLISH PEEL, 2 BOXES 25c

livery wagons will leave at the fol-

low Bay, 9 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Fort

o p. m.; James Bay, 9 a. m., 2 p. m.

ate, 9 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Victoria

o p. m.

ROSS & CO.

1317 Government St.

51, 52 and 1590

Is-

his

the

the

fur-

next

day,

in a

ll be

soon,

ably

ame

It is

A SOLUTION OF THE GAME WARDEN PROBLEM

Various suggestions have been made lately for the bettering of the system for the protection of our small game or rather for the calling into existence of a system for its protection. During the last week I have received a copy of the latest Game Regulations for the province of Manitoba; these are exceedingly drastic and, though, seeing the difference in conditions here and in that province, I do not for a minute suggest that some of its provisions are applicable here, there is one provision in this Game Protection Act which seems to me to offer a ready solution of the difficulty we are up against here.

In the first place no shooting is allowed there of any kind without the taking out of a permit for a nominal sum in the case of residents and for a greater sum for non-residents. Two dollars is the fee for shooting deer and one dollar for birds for residents, but the most important clause is that by which everyone who takes out a permit becomes ipso facto a game guardian, and is not only thereby empowered to exercise the powers and duties of a constable for the purposes of the act, but is actually thereby bound to do so or himself become a lawbreaker by his forbearance.

Section 3 (g) says:—Any person who is legally in possession of a permit under this section, duly issued to him, shall be a game guardian for the purpose of the enforcement of this Act during the open season.

Section 29 says:—It shall be the duty of every policeman, constable, and game guardian to institute, or cause to be instituted, prosecutions against all persons infringing the provisions of this Act or any of them.

This seems to me to offer an admirable solution of the question, as it puts the onus of protecting the game on those who are chiefly interested in its preservation, the sportsmen who take out the permits to shoot it.

Although some may abuse their privileges there will always be others more honorable who would be ready and willing to discharge their obligations under the Act if such a law were in force here.

There is no getting away from the fact that the gun license has got to come here; the recent accidents alone have convinced most of us of this. A gun license will not prevent accidents altogether, but it can and must prevent the carrying of guns by irresponsible persons and boys under age. I am still of the opinion that it was a boy who was to blame for the last one, and it is not fair either to the boys themselves or to the general public that they should be allowed to carry guns before they are fit to use them and old enough to fully appreciate their deadly character. The small fees for the permits would hurt none of us and the money raised should be devoted to the interests of the game.

THE GAME GUN FOR A GOOD SHOT

The arguments in favour of half-choke boring, from the point of view of the first-class game shot, are reviewed in this article. In stating the case for rather closer boring than is usually advocated it is possible that the arguments in favour may be slightly over-emphasized, but even so cylinder boring is not unduly crabbed. The need to inquire more closely than has previously been attempted into the merits of the half-choke barrel has

been emphasized by the undoubted success of many shooters whose guns proved upon examination to be bored for much closer shooting than ordinarily obtains. Conditions of sport are constantly changing, and the shooter is increasing his standard of skill as a result of better gun fitting and more careful tuition at the shooting school. As the principles of swing and allowance come to be better understood, shooters find themselves successfully taking shots which a generation ago would have been voted too far away by all but the select few who had fully mastered the amount of forward allowance for a fast-crossing bird at a full range.

A really finely accomplished long-distance shot gives more lasting satisfaction than a short, easy shot, however well taken. Each style of boring has its best distance, and the more accomplished marksman will increase his enjoyment by using a gun which gives him five yards more range than his neighbor. Granting the facility to do justice to the lengthened range of his gun, new opportunities are added, without necessarily diminishing in like proportion the short-range successes. The skill which triumphs over the fast crossing shot at 40 yards will be equally effective in directing the charge at the head of a driven bird so as to chop it down without striking the body with the thickest cluster of pellets. The same thing can be accomplished with ground game. It is, for instance, far better to see that half a dozen pellets have been through each ear of a hare, leaving the body intact, than the alternative of both hind legs broken. The shot held well forward is more deadly and more satisfactory in every way.

On the general subject of patterns it is extremely difficult to lay down any hard and fast rules, and yet the very close examination which was applied to the spread of shot in relation to the size of game birds when discussing the merits of small-bore guns, resulted in showing that five is the minimum number of pellets which should strike, say, a partridge to ensure cleanly killing it and bringing it promptly to bag. The density of pattern which will accomplish this desideratum cannot with No. 6 size and improved cylinder boring be obtained at a further distance than 30 yards. With light charges and a larger size of shot the distance is further curtailed, and then it is that the shooter complains of bad penetration, all the while that it is pattern which is deficient. The full-choke gun gives a good killing pattern at 40 yards, probably even farther; but for shots taken at such a distance No. 6 size is unduly small for ordinary game birds, and No. 5, with its reduced number too closely, in the charge is distributed none too closely.

At any rate, the maximum range of a fully choked gun using No. 5 shot is not likely to exceed 45 yards if a satisfactory proportion of clean kills is desired. On the other hand, practical experience is quite emphatic in teaching us that full-choke boring involves far too great a cost of efficiency at short ranges to be worthy of general adoption.

The cylinder and improved cylinder are at their best in the region of 25 or 30 yards, and there are many shooters, not of the highest rank, who would be deprived of their only chance of contributing to the bag if they were forced to abandon the boring which undoubtedly best suits the easy chances. The easiest of all birds is the pheasant flying a true course just clear of the tree-tops over the shooter's head. The first barrel, delivered at an angle of about 45 degrees, is fired when the bird is a nice 25 or 30 yards distance. Its angular

velocity is such as not to require very active manipulation of the gun; further, the distance is short enough for a quite moderate forward lead to suffice, and, given a maximum spread to cover errors of aim, a fair proportion of such shots can be secured by the medium grade of shot. The same kind of argument applies with equal force to the shooting of rabbits.

The half choke is a medium style of boring between the two extremes, which at 40 yards gives most perfect distribution of pellets, wholly filling the 30-inch circle and some inches surrounding it. Practically all the pellets are fully effective at this range, the area of unduly thin places being extremely small. With a cylinder gun, on the other hand, the 30-inch circle is at the best but inadequately filled, whilst the outlying portions thin off so as to produce a maximum of wounding area. The full choke at 40 yards shows a less satisfactory style of pattern than the half-choke, because, though the former gives 70 per cent of the pellets in the 30-inch circle, this very high proportion can only be achieved by a very decided bunching in the centre of the area. With the half-choke, on the other hand, the variation between the centre and the margins of the circle is not apparent; therefore, on the basis of the 40 yards test, and bearing in mind the rule that each bird requires five pellets at least to bring it safely to bag, the half-choke gun, giving 60 per cent of the pellets in the 30-inch circle at 40 yards, represents at this distance practically perfect conditions of spread. At 35 yards the behaviour is that of a full choke at 40 yards, whilst at 30 yards practically the whole of the charge is contained in the 30-inch circle. Inside the last-named distance the shooter must be prepared to hold well forward so as to shoot his birds rather with the margin than with the centre of his pattern.

If a man so far fancies his shooting as to feel confidence in taking all chances that present themselves between 30 and 40 yards—and half-choke boring seems best suited to these distances—then it seems only proper that the right barrel should have the same killing powers as the left. The assumption that the right barrel should be the more open shooting of the two is based on many years' practical experience. Such an argument need not, however, stand in the way of an attempt to arrive at a specification of gun for a shooter willing to back himself as above the average. In advocating the merits of half-choke boring it has been frankly admitted that the shooter will need to study its behaviour in regard to shots taken at the shorter distances; consequently if both barrels are absolutely similar he is not bothered to keep in mind which he is using at the moment. Past experience tells him that his gun has a best distance, and his constant endeavor is to take the bulk of his shots within predetermined limits. Success implies a large proportion of clean kills at some 5 to 10 yards longer range on the average than his friends with cylinder guns are able to negotiate.—Field.

A DAY IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

Last summer, while spending my vacation in a logging camp on Harrison Lake, B. C., I spent many a happy hour after trout in the nearby streams. One trip I remember especially. A professor from the States came up to spend a few days with me and we planned to spend a day in pursuit of the finny tribe. Bright and early one morning we started out, loaded with fishing tackle. Kodaks and a .22 rifle, for the head of a stream nearby. As the undergrowth and young timber near the lake was so thick that walking was impossible, we intended to follow the Claim Survey line back to where the timber was more open. Then, returning to where the line crossed the creek, follow the creek to the lake and thence along the shore to camp. After travelling for a half-hour between walls of young fir, growing so closely together that it was impossible to see ten feet in any direction save along the cleared line, we reached the creek. Having been told that the line crossed the creek four times within a half-mile, we thought we would follow the creek to the last crossing, as it was easier walking. However, the place where it leaves the stream was not well marked and we passed it without being aware of it.

After travelling leisurely along for some distance—collecting moss and other botanical specimens—we could hear a dull, roaring sound, which later turned out to be a large waterfall. It was not until now that we knew we had passed the line. As it was too late to go back and hunt for it, we decided to go on up the creek until we got tired and then fish down. After climbing up the steep side of the canon for about 300 feet, we got around the falls. The underbrush was very thick and hard to get through. In pushing our way forward the young hemlocks sent showers of needles down upon us, a great number of which had a knack of getting between the skin and one's collar band. From the brink of the falls, over which the water plunged with a deafening roar—throwing up a rainbow-coloured mist—we had a glorious view. It was the first time we had been able to see out in any direction except straight up since starting. Hemmed in by mountain slopes covered with a heavy growth of fir and hemlock, lay the shining waters of Harrison Lake. Beyond rose tier upon tier of rugged avalanche scarred ridges, many of whose higher peaks were robed in perpetual white. To the south Mount Cheam could be seen, and from our position it closely resembled the head and massive shoulders of a buffalo. To the north, crowned with a diadem of pure white, stood Mount Douglas, whose glaciers form the principal source of the lake's waters.

After viewing this grand bit of scenery for a time, we pushed on up the creek, which grew more precipitous as we proceeded. The scenery was beautiful and varied. At one place the stream's bed was a narrow, rock-ribbed canon, thickly overshadowed, down whose mossy side a tributary creek fell in a mantle of foam. At another it is wider and less abrupt and contains a few trees. Now the creek flows over a mossy log into a pool below, from which it makes its way, fretting and foaming—leaping over huge granite boulders; swelling first to one side against the canon walls, then back again—only to throw itself over a ledge and be dashed into spray. Always busy, never content to rest until it has reached the quiet waters of the lake, far below. The cool, sweet, invigorating air—how good it feels! How peaceful, how restful the scene!

After a time we came to another fall, similar to the large one encountered below. The canon was so narrow and the sides so steep and rocky that it was clearly impossible to get above the falls without going back quite a distance. As it was about noon, we decided to start back to the first falls and catch enough fish for dinner. This we accomplished after much difficulty in getting around the

power of riches and of great possessions—often leave a sense of the deepest ennui and disappointment at the experience of hours and days passed in the society of those to whom all the good things of life belong, but who lack the power of making their possessions a pleasure to themselves or an enjoyment to their fellow-creatures. In this fact there will be found the consolation of those to whom great riches also do not give the kingdom of heaven. Every day's experience confirms this opinion, for where one finds instances of social success it is not among the rich or the great, but among those who have nothing to offer to the world, and apparently little to account for a position no one can deny.

In analysing what one understands by social success one must begin by realising that it is not alone a capacity for spending money and dispensing lavish hospitality that in the smallest degree constitutes a right to that attribute. There are other qualifications, taken in combination with other qualities, which are absolutely indispensable, and would no doubt ensure it, but we find them so seldom allied that one must look elsewhere for an elucidation of the mystery. The solution is to be found in the purely personal qualities which some people possess, and of which others are destitute, but which neither are responsible for the acquisition of, nor the absence of, any more than they are for the color of their eyes or hair.

A Happy Gift.

One reason above all lies in the simplicity of some natures which are not capable of being spoiled by the good things of the world, who take them as they come, and who enjoys all their good fortune. The capacity for enjoyment is one of the happiest of gifts, and it goes generally with good health and strong vitality. There is in the power of life, and that vigor which it gives, one of the greatest secrets of success in every position in life. If we look round among our friends, and take the lives of men and women who have done good and lasting work, and who along with it have

won the love and devotion of those around them, we shall, I think, find that they were possessed of that vital power which in a way almost gives a marvelous influence to those who possess it. They are not the only fortunate ones of the earth, because, on the other hand, there are those who do not possess the same kind of power which great vitality gives, yet have a vital power which shows itself in other ways, which gives them their place among those who obtain the success they are intended to achieve.

I have often noticed how strong the power of sympathy is in the nature of those of whom we are speaking, and that is one of the most powerful elements of success in life. It is, I think, because they have so much reserve of strength that they shower it around them and give to those with whom they have to do some of the superfluity of their happiness and content, making the atmosphere in which they live brighter and happier, not only for themselves, but for those around them. My conception of and conclusion as to the secret of success in life—and social success is only one item in it—may be wrong and far-fetched; but it is, I think, sufficiently plausible for everyone to realise that perfect health is the condition of mind and body we should aim for. Health is the finest and the greatest blessing of all, and if we can only keep and cherish that vital power we are entitled to, we shall be doing more to ensure success in every capacity of life for ourselves and the generations which will succeed us.

WHERE SCIENCE WOULD SCORE

Opposition to scientific research is sure to end as soon as it is recognized that the end is good. Uncle Ezra's remark in the Washington Star is to the point on this subject.

"I don't see much use in de scientists' folks studying monkey talk," he said, "but a study of hoss talk dat 'ud let de animal tell all about hisse'f befo' a trade comes off 'ud save a heap o' hard feelings."

lower falls. The young timber on the brow of the canon was so very thick and hard to get through that we walked more with our hands than with our feet. From the pool at the foot of the falls the professor had the good fortune to lure a couple of beauties. I followed the stream down a ways, catching a number of fair-sized ones. When the professor caught up with me, we decided to stop and eat lunch. Building a fire and cutting some forked sticks, we soon had the fish done to a turn. Say! but they did taste good. There is nothing like fish fresh out of the water. After finishing the rest of our lunch, we sat by the fire, resting and enjoying the scenery.

By and by the driftwood fire burned out and we prepared to go on. As I stepped out on a large granite boulder at the edge of a deep hole, my foot slipped and down I went. The contact of the ice-cold water and the suddenness of the catastrophe were so great that I bounded out like a rubber ball. Although I fell one one side, even the speed with which I got on my feet did not preclude my getting wet half-way around from head to foot. When I had sufficiently collected my wits to notice what had happened, the first thing I saw was the professor standing on the bank doubled up with laughter. I felt rather chagrined but said nothing. When he had regained sufficient control of his sides to ask me if I were hurt, we started on. I felt a little peculiar at first, one side warm and dry and the other wet and cold with the water dripping down into my boot. I soon got over that, however, as I became engaged in a struggle with a rainbow trout which had the audacity to nip at my fly.

As we made our way onward the creek became less rocky and abrupt; the falls were not so frequent, and the canon became wider. The sides were less rugged and steep and here and there a few trees were growing. I noticed also that the fish decreased in size as we descended—the largest being those caught at the first of the large falls.

At the forks of the creek we found an old forge and nearby a prospect hole. Harrison Lake was part of the route to the Caribou Country in the early days, and some prospector had evidently stopped here in his search for pay dirt.

From the forks to the lake there were very few holes and we soon decided, as it was beginning to grow dark, to cut across the point to the lake and follow around the shore to camp. However, this was more of an undertaking than we expected. In many places we had to walk on all-fours for several rods. Presently we saw ahead of us what promised to be an open space and our lagging energies began to revive. But we were deceived; for, although there was very little timber, the salal brush (a stubborn, tenacious shrub, with stiff, harsh leaves having saw-like edges) was very thick and greatly impeded our progress. It grows about waist-high and conceals all the holes and pitfalls, besides being very hard to press through.

After many trials and tribulations, during which the professor lost part of his rod and I my watch, we managed to reach one of the log trails and then our way was comparatively easy. We reached camp just at suppertime—tired and hungry but well pleased with our trip and its results. After finishing up a good healthy loggers' supper, we turned in and slept as only persons living close to Nature can sleep.—Carl D. Raney, in Sports Afild.

Too Much for Tears

The play was all about a horse—a famous horse, the autobiography of which is even yet among the "best sellers," and over the sufferings of which thousands of readers have shed tears of sympathy. The four-legged actor that had been cast for the part of the horse was doing its best, presumably, to look pathetic.

With drooping head, it stood on the stage, from time to time switching its poor, docked tail. One of the two-legged actors was delivering an impassioned, and really touching speech, when the audience suddenly burst in to a fit of prolonged and uncontrollable laughter.

The oration came to a sudden stop. The actor glanced at the horse, then turned and fled in dismay behind the scenes. "Black Beauty" was yawning.

HER UNCONSIDERED NEED.

Imitation may be a nuisance rather than a form of flattery. A writer tells of an incident in a bank which is as amusing as it is probable. The teller was asked by a woman for a new envelope for her bank-book. It was passed out, and the lady began, noting that her own envelope was a trifle dingy, also asked for a fresh one.

The third woman said, "Me too," or words to that effect, and so it went down the line. When the teller's patience and his stock of envelopes threatened to give out, he determined to call a halt.

A fastidiously dressed lady appeared at the window, holding out a perfectly gloved hand. "I should like one, too, please," said she. "One what, madam?" asked the teller. The lady flushed and began to look comical.

"Why," she stammered, "what the other ladies had."