

# HUNTING AND FISHING, HERE AND ELSEWHERE

## PASSING COMMENTS

### The Cohoe Carnival

Once more the season has come round when the cohoes are running full strength, and all and sundry those who are anxious to renew acquaintance with this, the most easily caught species of the salmon tribe, or to gain the new experience of a tussle with a salmon, commonly known as the king of sporting fish, take to oars, paddle, or gasoline, and fare forth to try their luck.

At this season the cohoes are to be caught practically all over the British Columbia coast, and as they are so plentiful that it is a very unlucky party indeed who cannot come to close quarters with one or more in a morning's outing, it is the time when even those who have been accustomed to look upon an angler with scorn and to speak contemptuously of his favorite recreation take eagerly to the sport of trolling for these annual visitors to our shores. In fact it is at this time that the critic and the criticised often change places, as the artistic angler who catches his fish at other seasons with the aid of skill and knowledge born of an experience without which the tyro could not hope to equal his results is apt to be contemptuous in his turn of the easy mark which he considers the coho caught with a spoon in salt water to be. Be this as it may the cohoes afford splendid sport to great numbers of enthusiastic men, women and children, and, when fished for with fine tackle, sport which even the past master in the angling craft has no call to despise.

There is more than one mystery attached to the Pacific salmon, many an article has been written about them and many a theory propounded to account for their dying in thousands after running up the streams to spawn; the reason for the big run every fourth year seems to be no clearer than before; but there is another fact concerning their annual appearance which seems to be just as mysterious to the reflective mind and that is the regular order of the appearance of the different species which follow each other in regular sequence. First comes the winter run of "springs," followed in some places by an early spring run of small-sized cohoes. Then for a month or so there are no salmon to be caught except a few odd "springs."

In mid-summer, after a second run or springs, the sockeyes make their appearance, almost toothless fish, whose habits of feeding appear to be quite different from those of the other salmon species as they do not take a bait. The appearance of these fish running in their millions is often the signal for many an enthusiast who wishes to miss nothing of the season's sport to get out in his boat and start to troll for the cohoes, which are not yet over; he may perhaps catch an odd spring or even a coho, which has arrived as a forerunner of the main body. This is the time when many a newcomer gets disgusted. He has heard of the fine fun to be had trolling when the salmon are running, he goes out full of excitement of expectancy and finds it hard to understand why, although he has seen numbers of salmon jumping in the waters all round him, he is unable to hook any. The explanation is simple, the fish are sockeyes, and the cohoes are not due, until the sockeye run is virtually at an end.

The commercial fishermen and the canners know this sequence in the run of the different species to be a law adhered to every season without an exception and make their plans accordingly. They know within a day or two when to expect the big summer run of springs, if the sockeyes do not put in an appearance within a day or two of a certain date in July they begin to be anxious; as soon as the humbacks appear (every other year only) they realize that the sockeye run is drawing to a rapid close, after the sockeyes the most valued sort to them because of their high color and the high percentage of oil in their make-up, and the cohoes, which formerly used to be unmolested by them, have all finished running they may turn their attention to the dog salmon, which, while of no value to them for canning purposes, find a ready market when cured in the Orient.

As regular as seed-time and harvest is the run of the salmon, and just as different crops are ripe for the harvest at different times of year, so it is with the different species of salmon, which are ripe for spawning at different times, and therefore make their run from their unknown ocean habitats to the fresh water streams of our coast in a perfectly regular rotation.

### That Unfortunate Goat

It certainly was most regrettable that a distinguished member of the Governor-General's party made the slip of breaking the game laws of the province by shooting a mountain goat out of season. Done, of course, in ignorance of the law it was none the less impossible for the offence to be passed over. It was an unpleasant task for the game warden to have to perform but it was performed in a tactful manner without hesitation by Mr. Bryan Williams on his own initiative. The distinguished delinquent regretted his transgression committed through ignorance of the law and paid up like a good sportsman without a word of complaint or criticism.

### Prospects for the First

Though the breeding season was cold and late this year the birds appear to have been making up for lost time well and the blue grouse are reported from many districts to be strong and fairly numerous, so that, if the present dry weather continues through this

month, there seems every reason to anticipate some good sport with these birds. Pheasants, quail and grouse are all reported to be in good numbers in the best-known districts, while deer are common as usual everywhere.

In the Old Country the shooters have already celebrated the opening of the shooting season. Grouse shooting opened on the 12th of August, a date looked forward to keenly by all sorts of professional men after the hot months in town, while the first of September saw the first shots of the season fired at the little brown birds, the English partridges, the best of all the game birds for either gun or table.

### "THE TWELFTH"

Only those who happen to have been present at one of the northern railway termini in London on the eve of the grouse-shooting season can realize the meaning of what is annually referred to as "the rush to the north." For some days before "the twelfth" the platforms of Euston, King's Cross, and St. Pancras present a sight that is well worth seeing

boxes we include sporting outfits, ammunition, hire and purchase of dogs, traveling expenses, keepers' and servants' wages, tips, provisions, and the hundred and one other little items of expenditure that the sporting man is called upon to bear.

But this is all as it should be, and the good sportsman who goes northward for the opening of the shooting season never grumbles at the expense. He wants sport and is prepared to pay for it, grumbling only when the Fates decree that he shall be disappointed. This year, to all appearances, there is to be no particular cause for complaint. It is not to be a record season, but in most places the number of birds seems to be well up to the average and their condition on the whole is good.

There are many reasons, of course, why grouse shooting is such a popular amusement. No kind of sport enjoyed in these islands is carried out amid more delightful surroundings or at a more pleasant season of the year, while another charm that grouse shooting possesses is to be found in the fact that it is the most natural of all sports with the gun. The birds are bred naturally without man's aid or inter-

ference and are shot in a country that is almost entirely free from the evidence of human existence. From start to finish fewer artificial contrivances enter into grouse shooting than are to be found in most other kinds of shooting in this country. As a health-giving pastime grouse shooting probably stands first among sports of the field and happy is the man who can leave the heat and dust of the city behind him and spend his summer holiday, gun in hand, tramping over the virgin soil of the Highlands and breathing at every step the best tonic in all the world.

Many and great changes have come over grouse shooting in recent years, the principal of which is the substitution of "driving" in place of shooting one's birds over dogs. The latter method, however, is still largely prac-

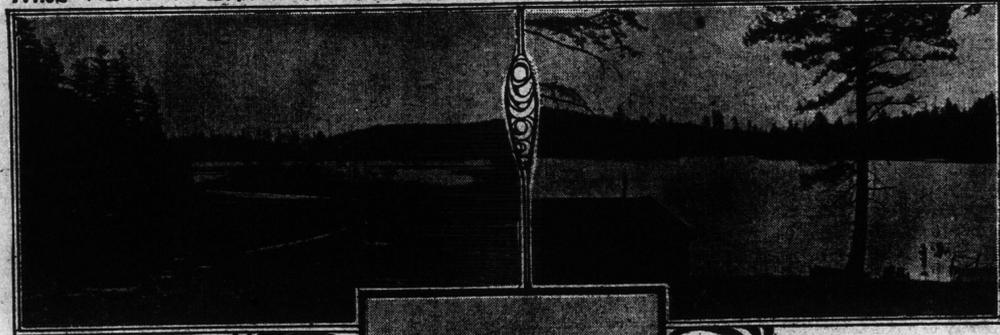
### BLACKGAME SHOOTING WITH RIFLE

The season for grouse was nearly over—to be exact it had one day to run—and old John, the keeper, was at his wits' end over orders received two days previously to send up five or six brace of grouse if he could get them. Would I come and give him a hand? This suited me very well, and after a pipe and a

the alders has yielded me many a dish of plump little fish of neglected education, who are always offerers, even in weather which makes their bigger relations in the river practically uncatchable. Altogether, Johnnie's Ghyll is about as pleasant a place for a ramble as a man could wish to find, be he sportsman or naturalist. The light being now fairly good, I began to keep my eyes open for blackgame, for which the ghyll is a sure find, especially at this time of year (December), when they come to feed on the young catkins of the birch and alder. Presently I saw a bachelor party of four or five old cocks about 150 yards ahead, on a low birch at the top of the bank. The dog hardly needed a sign to drop. The bed of a small runner and a thicket of briars took me to a big rock about sixty yards from the birds. The outside one now stretched his neck to inspect me suspiciously, giving me a fine shot against the sky. The bullet took him just where I intended, in the "skipjack" where neck and body join, and he toppled out of the tree without any of the alarming flurry made by a bird shot in the head or low in the body. The others, instead of promptly getting out of harm's way, did as game birds so often do when under fire of a small bore in the hands of an unseen shooter, and sat craning their necks at their fallen mate until a second shot knocked the topmost from his perch, when the survivors departed in a good deal of haste. I beckoned the dog up, we gathered the slain, and I went on my way with the comfortable feeling of having made a good beginning, although my elation was slightly tempered by missing an easy rabbit ambling across a glade about twenty yards off.

Then I sighted a single blackcock sailing down from the moor. I at once took cover behind the trunk of a big birch close at hand, and he settled noisily right over my head, "stern on." A bird in this position may be killed dead without spoiling him very much, though it may make him look rather dishevelled, by a bullet under the tail which will come out somewhere in his back; but one must be careful not to hold low, or very likely his breast will be made into mincemeat. This bird, however, spotted the dog, and while looking at him gave me a chance at his head, and came down like a huge black Catherine wheel almost on top of Zulu. Unfortunately for themselves, a couple of rabbits sat too long, and joined the birds in the bag before I came to the end of the ghyll. Here I hung the stuff in the middle of a big hollow, and went quietly forward to the gate in the stone dyke which marks the edge of the moor. Looking over the wall, I found my caution well repaid by the sight of about fifty grouse dotted about the side of a rocky knove enjoying the early morning sun. The first I saw were about 100 yards off, but a closer inspection showed four or five watching me intently while crouched on some short heather only about thirty yards away. Very slowly I poked the rifle between the top stones, and was on the point of firing when a big hare came in sight, cantering leisurely through the pack on the knove. The birds took no notice of her, except one which lowered its head and made a little hop at the hare as she passed, just as a chicken does when the house cat trots past. The hare avoided it with a playful buck. As she was not wanted particularly, and grouse were, I did not shoot her, but let her come on. When about fifteen yards from me she suddenly whipped round broadside on, sat for a few seconds, and then went off with that delightful canter, the smooth, easy grace of which is only matched by that of a fox or greyhound. Little interludes like this make game shooting with a rifle a delightful sport. Unseen, one has the opportunity of seeing. In ordinary shooting the game generally see you first, and there is little time for "naturalizing." The hare out of the way, I turned back to the grouse, one of which had so far recovered its equanimity as to hop on to an anthill to have a better look at me. Its outstretched neck gave me a target there was no excuse for missing. The rest—as I expected, some of them having spotted me—rose, and picking up the main body on the way, disappeared over the crest. Zulu retrieved the bird, and, having hung it up with the other, I put up several lots of birds, all as wild as the proverbial hawk, before reaching the broken ground at the top, where I encamped myself among some boulders on the ground which I knew the birds usually made for, and from which I also had a fairly comprehensive view of the moss where I expected the keeper to begin his stern chase. Grouse were calling on every side. A merlin whisked past me, and perched on a lichen-covered rock seventy yards away. Through the glass he made a perfect picture as he preened his feathers in the sun—a little bit of observation I did not mention to old John, who is no uncompromisingly hostile. I was recalled to the business in hand by a double shot and a puff of white smoke half a mile away, which announced that John and "could ten" had opened fire, and almost immediately a long row of dark dots came twinkling up the hill straight towards me. The grouse—for grouse they were—settled out of sight below me, and an easy crawl among the rocks gave me three shots, one of which I missed badly. Getting back to my "hide," I had quite a good time for the next two hours. There were always birds in sight; almost every lot flushed by the keeper made straight towards me, and every now and then some pitched within shot, so that there was no need to move from my place. To cut the story short, at the end of that time I gave old John a hollow, and gathered my birds—four and a half brace, and a grouse and three blackcock in the ghyll.—J. Lawrence Sowerby in The Field.

## THREE VIEWS OF LANGFORD LAKE WHERE BASS HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED SUCCESSFULLY



once in a lifetime, and one cannot help wondering how the railway officials and their assistants manage eventually to sort out the passengers and their belongings—children, servants, dogs, gun cases, portmanteaux, and everything else—so that the whole arrives at its proper destination up to time.

But everything is so well organized nowadays that in spite of the seeming confusion all comes right in the end, and although every year somebody loses his ticket and somebody else worries himself all the way to Edinburgh or Glasgow as to whether his luggage is in the van or left behind very few misfortunes occur, and all is ready for business on the fateful morning.

Meanwhile "the bonny brown bird"—for the grouse is really more brown than red in spite of the latter distinctive epithet—remains blissfully ignorant of all the busy preparations that are being made on its account, and basks contentedly in the August sunshine among the purpling heather. It has no idea what a vastly important personage it has become in these days or what enormous sums of money are spent each season in bringing it to bag.

Who, indeed, shall estimate the cost of grouse-shooting at the present day? Such a thing has often been attempted, and if we say that by the time it is safely in the bag each track has cost somebody at least half a grouse sovereign that is probably a moderate rather than an extravagant calculation. The aggregate sum spent each year on grouse-shooting must run a very long way into six figures if besides the rent of moors and shoot-

### TEA AND NOISSETTE ROSES FOR FENCES

I have been asked to give a small selection of the most beautiful and satisfactory Tea Roses to grow on a fence, but without the vigor of such sorts as the Garland, which run riot over the fence and have no respect for their neighbors. The following may be trusted to flower with great freedom, and, though not uncomfortably strong in growth, are vigorous.

Marie van Houtte.—This is one of the most popular of all Tea Roses; its flowers are of remarkable beauty, large without a vestige of coarseness, and creamy white with a narrow edge of the faintest rose, this distinct margin deepening in hue towards the autumn. I remember a planting of it in a border in a beautiful garden by the Thames side; the place seemed to agree with this queenly flower, and never since have I seen such flowers for color, fragrance and size. It is one of those Roses to fill bowls in the house, and for this purpose I greatly esteem it.

William Allen Richardson requires no description. A note sent to me some time ago is interesting. It is as follows: "A west fence would probably suit this best. It is a rose of remarkable coloring, rich orange yellow, also notorious for the way in which some of its blossoms appear nearly white. To avoid the latter give it good feeding; for instance, two gallons each week after buds are seen of weak liquid manure made from cow-manure and soot. Thin out the old wood after flow-

ering is over in autumn, and in the spring only shorten the laterals, also well spread out the growths on the fence."

Madame Abel Chatenay.—There is probably no finer rose in the garden than this exquisite French-raised hybrid. On my gravelly soil and a windswept hilltop the plants make a sturdy, leafy growth; although the past winter and spring have proved trying to those in the more exposed portions. The form and color of the flowers when once seen may be easily recognized, the centre of the pointed somewhat twisted petals deep salmon rose, which become fuller towards the margin. One great virtue of this rose is its value for cutting, the long stems crowned with their glowing blossoms adapting themselves for tall vases such as the "Munstead." It may also be grown as a bush, and a hint that may be acceptable is to tie over some of the long growths, securing them to pegs fastened in the ground, and thus induce a greater wealth of flowers.

Madame Lambert.—A tea rose of much beauty, but not so frequently seen in gardens as a few years ago. It should not, however, disappear; the growth is strong, and the salmon pink, sometimes red, coloring of the flowers is unusual, while the buds are charming.

Gustave Regis.—A lovely rose for a fence, and one of the first that should be chosen for the purpose. It is what many call "thin in the petal"; but the grace of the flower and the beauty of its buds win the hearts of all who grow so sweet a fence plant. It has the merit also of maintaining a display for weeks; the color is canary yellow, and as the finest blooms are produced on the young wood, old

growths must be vigorously removed to give place to the fresh shoots.

Madame Hoste.—This is generally recommended as a good rose for a fence, but with me it is the dwarfest of the dwarfs. It is a true tea, clear yellow in color, and is described by its well-known rosarian as, in gardens suitable to its nature, "a grand rose of free growth and very floriferous."

Reine Olga de Wurtemberg is one of the brightest and freest of all roses for a fence; it gives a color that creates a change from the white and pink forms. The flowers are almost double, without any regularity of form—just a bunch of petals—and the color is a warm scarlet. It is planted on my fence next to the beautiful.

Macrantha, which may be compared to the large form of the hedge rose; it is smothered with its flowers throughout the summer, and a few days ago was in full bloom, the rose enthusiast, a long journey to see. The color of the bloom is pinky white, intensified slightly by the bunch of golden stamens in the centre. These are a few of the roses that from experience have proved an entire success, and, with one or two exceptions, they are uncommon.

Men clearing up the ruins of the recent fire at Cobalt have discovered the remains of an elaborate whisky still, which had apparently been in active operation up to the time of the fire. Tubs, vats, worms, boilers, and in fact, everything that was needed for an extensive distillery, was there, even a tall pipe for carrying off the fumes and dissipating them into the air high enough to escape detection by smell.



scribed. "Fortunately, yes," replied, who has a keen sense of erwise I should never be able to " Breaking a longish twig from on demonstrated his power with ms upward, he grasped the arched and passed over the same spot. the twig bent outwards and again as he passed out of the luence. "Uncanny, isn't it?" he re- low watch again." With that he v paces forward on the path, still e twig as before. Suddenly the happened, the twig bending and as he walked. "That shows the of the rod for finding water," e demonstrator. "There is none dicating the second place. He pu- g, and extended his arms. There ation. The rod had bent over at but there was only water below a further experiment, Mr. Mason e rod, and with its aid followed course of the stream located at the ross his garden. As regards the at the second spot, there being no the rev. gentleman could not ex- enomnon. Possibly it might in- us metals. This theory is inter- ing be well worth following up, for instances, that Mr. Mason's the rod would prove invaluable e course of gold reefs. Opposite e gate the water-diviner pointed of volcanic cones, at the base of a was a pump, bringing water up place he ever located. In three uations beneath these cones, he located large reservoirs of water, eams radiating from them. This on as the proper water supply for a road board. A more important llowed, especially in view of the ad board's recent decision to enlist There are," Mr. Mason declared, e reservoirs under these volcanic ant Wellington has a potential y beneath it in enormous reser- should be availed of for greater "I located water for the Domain and my experiments led into the The agitation I got was so se- ould only stay in it a moment: If sunk right in the centre of the he latter concreted to form a non- y, I am certain we could have a reservoir fed from below by hun- eams, the source of which would be e central bore." Mr. Mason added e calls upon his peculiar pow- rassing that he was anxious to e to share the burden with him. ed hundreds. His youngest boy d) had the power stronger than e Rev. C. W. Scott Moncrief, war- ohn's College, also possessed the with the rod only. He thought overed the power also in a Man- His theory was, however, that an himself must have it with-

### MASON'S OPERA ENDOWMENT

fishman who has promised \$1,500- endowment of English national Joseph Beecham, of "Beecham's He is the father of Thomas who will bring his New Symphony ver to America next season.

Beecham family are among the most ed patrons of the arts. Joseph ho inherited the famous "Beecham ies from his father, is the owner and valuable collection of pictures, ws the keenest interest in musical is a very able organist. His dis- son, Thomas, has identified him- with London musical life as a con- ract ability and founder of the or- est bears his name, the same which America next spring for a five weeks'

his work in London he has shown t interest in the new school of osers, and has introduced much work to the London public. One resting features of the American e the introduction of the work of Delius, the most-talked-of English today.

### CARUSO'S RECOVERY.

been reported that Caruso's recent in the stage was an enforced one e breakdown of his voice. Music is glad to know that he has re- is singing again with all his old s first appearance was made at gum, the first of the month, and e describes the performance. h not quite of the freshness" and e characterized it when he was first York six years ago, his voice was ul and lovely, there was far more its quality than was contained in g, and his control was admirable. eived with the great applause that e merited. A tremendous roar of from the audience of 10,000 opposition to encores, and Caruso ed aria from "Boheme," which was e ever popular Rida Pagliacci era of the latter name. Whoever remained skeptical could then no t the presence of the "greatest