

CH"

#### Truth in One Sentence

sh because those who are try-  
at the church is obsolete and  
ave failed to give us anything  
ed in its stead, and until they  
should not seek to destroy or  
ch is so important a factor in  
lization.

#### Hard-Working Librarian

the church service brings to me  
ting thoughts and encourages  
to live helpfully and unselfish-  
true even though the sermon  
a music faulty.

am a person who needs the  
agement of companionship in  
e. Some persons can live the  
without outside help, just as  
best alone. But the majority  
elped by the presence of those  
for the same end.

realize that I have a threefold  
I must feed my soul as well as  
body.

wish to lend my support to an  
encourages righteousness in a  
power we may feel about  
ce, we would hesitate to live  
churches, we would not care  
nily in such a place. If I ac-  
that come from the presence  
without doing anything in re-  
ing in an unmanly way.

was trained in the church-go-  
young, and it is natural to me  
nking.

#### Lawyer's Logic

an attorney-at-law, I should not  
o to church at all, but in any  
gh interested in your inquiry  
reasons as I have.

to church to worship God and  
that I can live a higher, a  
fter life as a result. I am in  
in and my religion is rational  
optional. But I know that  
lever which moves the world,  
y ideal lies a religious inspi-  
church-going is the practical  
igion.

#### It Pays

because it pays. During the  
into the thickest of business  
day I mingle with great  
ies and races, on the build-  
the great metropolis. By Sat-  
feel a certain moral callous-  
ness of distrust of my fellow-  
men.

On Sunday I go to church  
fan of Love. I hear my min-  
life is something more than  
suit of the filthy greenback  
ne. I am inspired to think  
to open my eyes to the beau-  
ties that surround me, and I  
comforted and I go forth to  
lay resolved to be a bigger-  
ideals have been elevated;  
have been cleansed.

#### Uplift of My Soul

the boy who said he needed  
into the country for fresh  
church to breathe the spirit-  
of the uplift of my soul.  
I seek for the "peace of God  
understanding" than in the  
of the worship of God?

from the every-day world,  
ive to me the breath of hope  
ange for the onslaughts of  
is to come.

"I may not ac-  
quay hardly hear the sermon,  
s mine for my needs. I may  
sic, but my soul responds  
of the organ, and I wor-  
of adoration when we sing  
"Lord God Almighty." I  
word of prayer, but my soul  
and I have a consciousness,  
plain, that I am helped and

#### Sound Reasons

that it stands for. With all  
perfections, the Christian  
the best elements of life and  
ion of God known to man-

offspring. Nearly all the  
nities interested in the up-  
are the product, directly or  
ristian church. And most  
ive their time, talents and  
of these beneficent insti-  
of, or results of, the life  
rch. I want to have a part  
in them.

enemies. If a man is to be  
ies, why not the church?  
marriage and righteous-  
of the church. All forces  
its destruction seek the

#### Church in Town

rk, rather young, but one  
s sowed his wild oats and  
had to be sowed, were

own where there are no  
here the clergymen are  
yet attend church and

tain from church attend-  
is own personal views  
nestly set aside. Let us  
institution—Christian-  
much for us.

# Field Sports at Home and Abroad

## IMPROVING THE PHEASANT STOCK

The liberation last Sunday by the game  
arden of over fifty young Mongolian pheas-  
ants in Saanich should be good news to all  
sportsmen interested in the small game of the  
land. It shows that the promises made by  
e authorities that they would pay more at-  
ention to the preservation of the small game  
of the country were not vain ones, and that  
now they really are trying to do the best they  
can for us in this matter. In districts like  
Saanich, where there is a great deal of cleared  
land, the original stock of grouse was bound  
to disappear sooner or later, and, though to  
my mind, the pheasant is not in it as a sport-  
ing bird with the "willow" grouse, it has been  
proved in this and other countries to be the  
best bird for introduction and preservation in  
agricultural country. The pheasant is a friend  
of the farmer, if he only knows it, and is the  
very best bird for restocking land which has  
been re-claimed from its original wildness and  
brought under the subjection of the plough.

From over-hammering the stock of pheas-  
ants, built up from the few introduced origi-  
nally many years ago, had become so depleted  
that it was necessary to call a halt. By closing  
the pheasant shooting in Saanich last year,  
the present stock was given a chance to re-  
cuperate, and, by introducing this new and  
stronger blood, the stock should in a few years  
time be sufficiently increased, and recuperated  
to allow of shooting for a reasonably long,  
or perhaps it would be better to say a reason-  
ably short, open season. For some years past  
the open season on pheasants has been much  
too long. No country can stand the hammering  
to which Saanich has been subjected and still  
keep any appreciable stock of birds, though it  
is true enough that to kill the pheasants right  
out would be a by no means easy task. Even  
in England, where enormous bags of pheasants  
are made, shooting is only carried on for a  
comparatively few days in the year, and re-  
stocking and breeding is carried on on a large  
scale all the time.

Young Mongolian pheasants are delicate  
and harder to rear successfully than common  
pheasants, though the grown birds, coming as  
they do originally from the cold parts of China,  
are even harder than the common pheasants.  
The Provincial Government has been fortunate  
in securing for the work men, who have had  
long experience with pheasant rearing, and  
their efforts have been eminently successful,  
and we are promised further batches of these  
birds for liberation on Vancouver Island.

I had the privilege of being present when  
this first batch was liberated on the Malow-  
not Farm in North Saanich. The young birds  
were in excellent condition, and great care was  
exercised by Mr. Terrell when liberating them  
to see that they were not frightened and scat-  
tered. On opening the crate and crawling  
away to watch the birds from hiding, they were  
seen to start feeding immediately on the buck-  
wheat and oatmeal, which had been scattered  
over the ground nearby to keep them together  
and prevent their straying too far at first.

They are fine, strong, healthy birds, and  
doubtless will fulfill expectations in the way of  
strengthening and improving the stock.

Tegemeier says about the Mongolian  
pheasant: "The magnificent pheasant known  
as the Mongolian comes from the valley of the  
Syr-Dary, as far east as Lake Saisan and the  
valley of the Black-Irtish. Coming as this  
species does from the cold parts of China, the  
desert of Gobi, and Mongolia, it is exceed-  
ingly hardy, and suffers more from extreme heat  
than from severe cold.

An unfortunate misunderstanding has  
arisen in the United States respecting this  
bird. The state authorities in Massachusetts  
and in Oregon have in the most extraordinary  
manner confounded it with the ring-necked P.  
torquatus.

It is difficult to imagine how this mistake  
could have arisen, the appearance of the two  
breeds being totally distinct.

The mistake was first pointed out by Hon.  
Walter Rothschild in a communication to The  
Field, in which he wrote: "I wish to point  
out that the bird called in America, France,  
Holland, and many other countries Mongolian  
pheasant is not that bird, but the ring-necked  
pheasant, or Chinese pheasant (P. torquatus),  
and so far as I have been able to ascertain, the  
true P. mongolicus had never been introduced  
alive before Mr. Carl Hagenbeck got them,  
from me, and certainly have not been intro-  
duced into America.

Tegemeier goes on to say: "It is exceed-  
ingly satisfactory to know that the half-bred P.  
mongolicus have proved successful in the co-  
verts. At Tring several hundred were reared,  
and came to the gun in 1903. The male hybrids  
have very much the appearance of the pure P.  
mongolicus; but in beauty, hardihood and qual-  
ities on the table they leave nothing to be de-  
sired."

## HITS BY BAD MISSEES

The tendency of bad shots to perpetrate  
extraordinary flukes has passed into a pro-  
verb. Good shots occasionally make extra-  
ordinary misses, as witness Mr. Roosevelt's  
remarkable performance with an antelope on  
the Little Missouri, and the crooked pointer  
with which Mr. Selous saluted a moose in  
Alaska; but these rare lapses from habitual  
accuracy never excite that degree of interest  
which attaches to the hopelessly bad shot on  
those occasions when his luck, like the cen-  
tury plant, blooms forth miraculously after  
long periods of dormancy, and for once in a  
way he makes a hit like the one which no Bisley  
sharpshooter, try as he might, could ever hope

to emulate. At all times the exploits of these  
superlatively bad shots possess the fearsome  
fascination of the lightning flash, in that no  
one can tell what or where they will hit next—  
the only certainty about their shooting being  
that, like lightning, they will never strike  
twice in the same place—but one never realizes  
the infinite possibilities of the unexpected until  
he has witnessed the spectacular exploit of  
some notorious shot, who, bursting the bond  
of lifelong habit, strikes the observer into won-  
der and amazement by a miraculous feat of mark-  
smanship. Most men who have spent much  
time in the shooting field can tell interesting  
stories of wonderful hits by bad missers, and  
in the following article I have set forth cer-  
tain instances of extraordinary shooting which  
came under my notice during the years when a



Mongolian Pheasant (Phasianus mongolicus)

rifle and a piece of country big enough to get  
comfortably lost in were about all I cared for  
in life!

The worst shot I ever knew was a man  
called Jimmie, with whom I used to hunt in  
the Upper Ottawa country in the early nin-  
ties. Jimmie was literally a miracle of inac-  
curacy, yet withal a most charming woodland  
companion, and I readily forgave him the dan-  
ger of sudden death for the pleasure his so-  
ciety otherwise gave me; but I never saw him  
with a rifle in his hand without wondering if I  
was acting fairly by my insurance people in  
being out in his company. Fortunately, Jim-  
mie never shot me, except with a camera—and  
even in those cases the results make it appear  
doubtful if I were the victim—but he hit near-  
ly everything else except what he aimed at, a  
fact which now makes me indifferent to all  
forms of danger, save such as are connected  
with the hangman and water.

On one occasion, as we were crossing  
Quinze Lake on our way back from the Abbi-  
tibbi, Jimmie shot at a duck at a distance of  
quite 200 yards across rough water, and actu-  
ally cut off its head, a bit of shooting that could  
never have been done by a reliable marksman  
nor by Jimmie again.

It was the only time I ever knew him to  
hit anything by intent, however, and naturally  
he was highly elated—so elated, in fact, as to  
be quite indifferent to truth. When I asked  
what part of the bird he had aimed at, he looked  
at me brazenly and said, "Why, the head,  
of course; what did you think?" as if I could  
think but one thing, and that what it was  
wisdom to keep to myself. Discretion in a  
heavily-laden canoe in a fairly rough sea is  
certainly the better part of valor, to use the  
euphemistic phrase with which we mask our  
cowardice.

Later, however, when I saw him shoot at a  
moose at 15 yards and miss clean, I was less  
reticent. So, too, was Jimmie. From what he  
said, I inferred that the fault lay with the  
ammunition used, not with the shooter.

I do not know if it was the law of compensa-  
tion, or merely accident, that made all the  
bad shots I ever knew such very agreeable  
companions; but such they were invariably.  
And of them all, Johnny "British," as the  
ranchmen called him, was the most delight-  
ful. If I were condemned to be shot, and  
could have my choice of executioners, I should  
certainly elect to be shot by Johnny; first, be-  
cause he would be so nice in his manner of do-  
ing it; second, because my existence would in  
all probability not be perceptibly shortened.  
It might be a little nerve-trying at the begin-  
ning to have him continually pop, pop, popping  
at me, but as soon as I grew accustomed to  
that my mind would be easy.

My only dread would be flukes, which,  
with Johnny, were likely to be epoch-making.  
Nothing like his marksmanship had ever been  
seen in Montana, where traditions of his mar-  
velous misses, and even more miraculous hits,  
still linger in ranch-house and hunter's cabin,  
and form the stock-in-trade of the camp-fire  
" raconteur." The most remarkable feature of  
his shooting was the facility with which he  
missed easy marks, and the deadliness of his  
aim when long or difficult shots were in order.  
Time and again I knew him to shoot at an elk  
at less than 100 yards, and fail to score; but  
show him an animal at a distance where a  
sharpshooter could hit it only by a miracle,  
and something fatal would be the matter with  
that animal very quickly. I can offer no ex-

planation of this extraordinary inversion of the  
law of marksmanship, other than the case of  
the man who can see the main chance only  
when it is at a distance.

I remember one day on the Bitter Root,  
when he saved three miserable Nimrods from  
semi-starvation by performing the incredible  
feat of shooting a deer in the ear at 300 yards,  
using a .38-40 Winchester carbine, model '73.  
Of course, it was an outrageous fluke, but the  
eye is blind to the faults of those who fill our  
stomachs, and the prospect of a hearty meal  
in the immediate future made us pretend that  
the shot was the acme of good marksmanship.  
Providence sometimes makes use of queer in-  
struments, and, as we were to be grateful re-  
cipients of her bounty, we were not disposed  
to criticize the nature of the vehicle.

tempest raging and the universe riven by light-  
ning. Instead, I found everything deadly still  
and the landscape bathed in moonlight. The  
tent, however, was filled with the warm reek  
of burnt powder, always more pungent at  
night, and in the smoky gloom I saw Frank  
sitting up in his blankets, holding his rifle in  
his hands.

"What was it?" I asked, kicking my legs  
free. "A bear?"

"Lion," he answered, striving to appear la-  
conic. "I happened to wake up, and saw the  
brute sneaking across the flat out there to-  
wards the horses, so I just took a shot at it  
from the blankets. Sorry I waked you."

"Oh, don't mind me," I said. "What about  
the lion?"

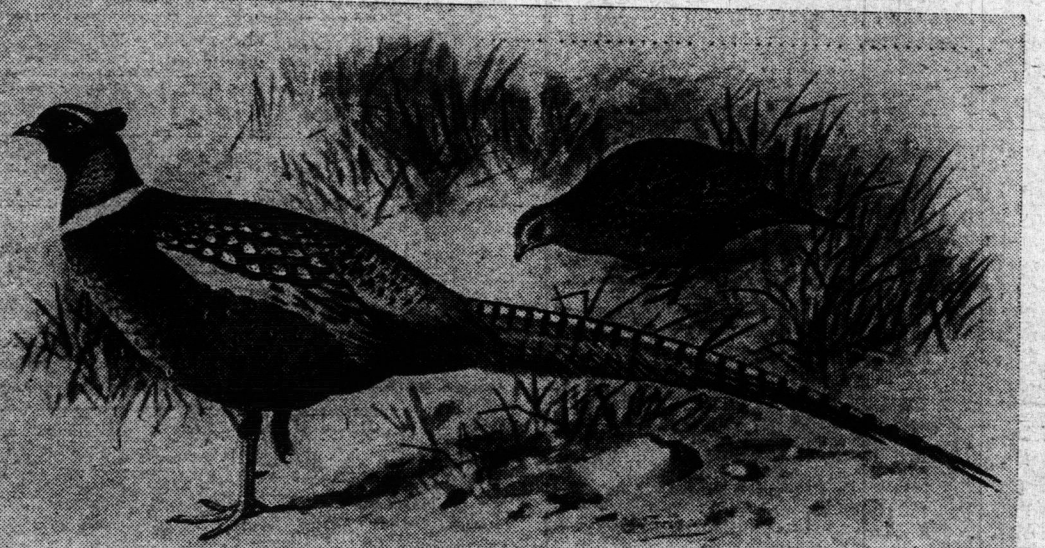
"Why," said he, getting up slowly, "I reck-  
on I killed it."

And so he had—dead as a nail—with a bul-  
let in its brain, at a distance of 260 yards by  
actual measurement.

The liability of bad shots to make miracu-  
lous hits is one of the phenomena of luck which  
must be taken into account in emergencies, for  
what is utterly beyond the power of accuracy  
to perform, the fluke of the habitual misser will  
frequently accomplish. The tendency of the  
bad shot, however, is to make his phenomenal  
hits when to miss had been better, and, bril-  
liant as are these hits at times, most sports-  
men, had they the power, would eliminate them  
entirely from the work of bad shooters. Next  
to the ability to hit nothing aimed at, the  
ability to hit nothing consistently is the most  
desirable attribute of those who carry lethal  
weapons. Thus, nothing but the fact that he  
had never been known to hit anything, even by  
accident, saved my life one day in New Brun-  
swick when a young man from Boston shot at  
me under the impression that I was a bear.

I found the experience decidedly unpleas-  
ant. Even granting Charles Lamb's dictum,  
"Think you deserve to be hung, as is most  
likely, and you will find it happiness to be  
shot," most men would prefer to be shot more  
ceremoniously than by an excitable, irrespon-  
sible young fellow in a Wild West show out-  
fit who mistook them for game. Fortunately,  
he missed me by nearly a yard, but the bullet  
demolished the forearm and magazine of my  
Winchester, which I had stuck upright in the  
snow, and seriously damaged my temper for  
the time being. The would-be bear-slayer had  
the grace to appear to be rather upset when  
he discovered his mistake, but whether on my  
account, or because he has lost his bear, I am  
not prepared to say. Since that date I have  
never cared to identify with any movement for  
improving the average of marksmanship.

Even more disagreeable than the foregoing  
incident, though of far less potential danger,  
was the nocturnal performance of a cousin of  
mine one autumn when we were hunting on  
the Upsalquitch, in northern New Brunswick.  
We were staying at the time, owing to the vil-  
ness of the weather, in an old abandoned lum-



Chinese Pheasant (Phasianus torquatus)

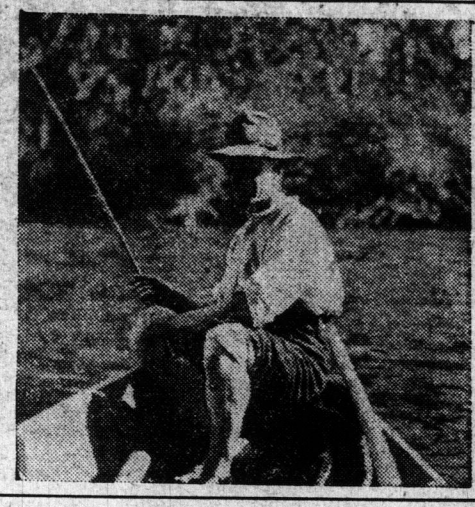
its tail, there wouldn't be any call to turn out  
the British army, 'cept to bury the feller."

The finest flukes of this extraordinary  
marksmanship were eclipsed a year or two later,  
however, by a young man from Baltimore,  
with whom I was hunting in one of the wild-  
est and most inaccessible valleys in Idaho. It  
was, I remember, a glorious autumn, fitting  
climax of a wonderful summer, and game of all  
kinds was unusually abundant, bears and  
mountain lions especially being more nume-  
rous than I had ever known them to be before.  
We reached our camping ground late, after a  
day of fearful traveling over some of the  
roughest country in the state, and, being dead  
beat, turned in early, without the customary  
camp-fire pow-wow. Frank remarkably re-  
marked before he dozed off that he hoped it would  
be warm enough on the morrow for us to sit in  
our bunks, because he expected we would wake  
in the morning to find them gnawed clean.

Personally, I was so tired that I did not  
care if they were, provided I was allowed to  
sleep through the performance. But though I  
could have slept while my bones were being  
picked, a thunderbolt in the tent was a dis-  
turbance element, and when some time later in  
the night I was awakened by a flash of blind-  
ing light and a terrific explosion, I sat up like  
a Jack-in-the-box, expecting to find a terrible

ber camp, which Providence, with an eye to  
our needs, had placed there. It was not much  
of a camp, but for wet weather it was better  
than canvas, and by lying in a half-circle in  
our bunks we were able to avoid the most im-  
portant leaks in the roof. There were no win-  
dows, and the door we split up the second day  
of the deluge for firewood. This gave us an  
appearance of great hospitality, and one night  
a woodland wanderer took advantage of it.  
We neither heard nor saw him come in, but  
we were made aware of his presence by the rat-  
tling of some tins in a corner, and for a mo-  
ment our thought was of bear, as they were  
unusually abundant on the Upsalquitch that  
season. The next instant, however, we caught  
the taint, like the odor of defunct ancestors,  
which proclaims the skunk. In such circum-  
stances any sensible man would have kept  
quiet and allowed the intruder to retire peace-  
fully at its convenience; but not so my reck-  
less cousin. All unknown to me he got hold  
of his rifle, cocked it with creditable silence,  
took aim as best he could at some white patch  
moving in the dim obscurity, and fired.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, per-  
fumed from an unseen cause.  
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled  
on the tufted floor,  
and incontinently we bolted.



## Sportsman's Calendar

### JULY

Trout, Salmon, Grilse, Bass.  
One of the two best months for sea-  
trout fishing in the estuaries and inlets.

We spent the rest of the night in the  
open. Next morning, on entering the camp,  
we found about six inches of black and white  
tail, and an atmosphere that was simply rosy.  
I took the tail home, had it mounted in silver,  
suitably inscribed, and at Christmas sent it as  
a gift to my relative, who, in a gracefully word-  
ed note of thanks, said it would ever be num-  
bered among the most fragrant of his wood-  
land memories.—Lincoln Wilbar, in Bailey's.

## IS THE MONGOOSE POISON-PROOF?

In riding in the neighborhood, through the  
tall, dry grass, which would often rattle in the  
wind, I was amused to find that if I suddenly  
heard the sound I was apt to stand alertly on  
guard, quite unconsciously and instinctively,  
because it suggested the presence of a rattle-  
snake. During the years I lived on a ranch  
in the West I was always hearing and killing  
rattlesnakes, and although I knew well that no  
African snake carries a rattle, my subconscious  
senses always threw me to attention if there  
was a sound resembling that made by a rat-  
tler. Tarleton, by the way, told me an interest-  
ing anecdote of a white-tailed mongoose and  
a snake. One day they brought in a rather  
small puff adder, less than two feet long, put  
it on the floor, and showed it to the mongoose.  
Instantly the latter sprang toward the snake,  
every hair in its body and tail on end, and  
halted five feet away, while the snake lay in  
curves like the thong of a whip, its head turned  
towards the mongoose. Both were motionless  
for a moment. Then suddenly the mongoose  
seemed to lose all its excitement; its hair  
smoothed down, and it trotted quietly up to  
the snake, seized it by the middle of the back  
—it always devoured its food with savage vor-  
acity—and settled comfortably down to its  
meal. Like lightning the snake's head whipped  
round. It drove its fangs deep into the snout  
or lip of the mongoose, hung on for a moment,  
and then repeated the blow. The mongoose  
paid not the least attention, but went on  
munching the snake's body, severed its back  
bone at once, and then ate it all up, head, fangs,  
poison, and everything; and it never showed  
a sign of having received any damage in the  
encounter. I had always understood that the  
mongoose owed its safety to its agility in avoid-  
ing the snake's stroke, and I can offer no ex-  
planation of this particular incident.—Roose-  
velt in African Game Trails.

The Denver Post has the following item re-  
porting the capture of Colorado's record trout.  
British Columbia trout will smile in superior-  
ity; rainbows of over twenty pounds have, un-  
less we are greatly mistaken, frequently been  
taken in our waters:

"A rainbow trout weighing twenty-two  
pounds, declared by State Game Commissioner  
Holland to be the largest ever captured in Col-  
orado, was caught a few days ago in Cascade  
Lake, near Rockwood, on the Silverton  
branch of the Rio Grande.

"This large male trout was caught by a  
state game warden during spawn-work. When  
taken from the water he tipped the scales at  
twenty-two pounds. The fish is thirty-five  
inches long and has a girth of about twenty-  
three and one-half inches. When placed on the  
hook scales for weighing the weight of this  
king of trout was so great that the lower jaw  
of the fish was torn loose.

"The capture of this large fish will no doubt  
stir the anglers to even greater enthusiasm  
than they have had before to land big fish, as  
this one sets a new record for the fishermen to  
strive to equal or exceed. The fact that this  
giant trout is a male fish makes the size all the  
more remarkable.

Anglers will note the distinction between  
this trout and one caught in running water."

## THE COST OF LIVING

"Do you call this a fresh egg, madam?" he  
asked, as he turned from his plate to the land-  
lady.

"Sir!" she said, in a voice meant to pa-  
ralyze him clear through. "I am no hen and I  
do not know. I am simply a poor, overworked  
landlady, who runs behind expenses every  
month."

## OF COURSE

"And is your milk pasteurized?" asks the  
prospective customer of the dairyman.

"Sure," he replies. "My boys pasturize the  
cows every morning."—Chicago Post.