

Don't scoff—simply try it and be convinced. Those whose aesthetic ideas are shocked can readily relieve its rude appearance by any variety of hat band from a piece of string or boot lace to a silk handkerchief.

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A press despatch from Toronto states:

"It is understood that one result of the visit to lakes Temiskaming and Temagaming districts by Hon. J. M. Gibson, Commissioner of Crown Lands, will be the creation of a special forest reserve." This, we believe, is a wise measure, not only from the standpoint of reforestation but as a game preserve. The setting aside of large tracts of forest by the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, such as the Laurentides National Park, the Trembling Mountain Park, the Rondeau Park and the Algonquin Park, and the Banff National Park by the Dominion Government, wherein it is intended that wild animals may live and breed, secure from any depredations by man, has already shown, by results, how beneficial such legislation is to the preservation of our game, and it is very satisfactory to hear that such a desirable addition is to be made to the number of parks. Within the borders of the new reserve will probably be the matchless Lady Evelyn and Non Wakaming or Diamond lakes, the many islanded Temagaming and others of lesser note. All these waters are known to teem with fish, and the surrounding forests have even now quite a large number of moose.

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In another column is published a summary of the game laws of the Province of Quebec, which will be found useful to sportsmen intending to fish or shoot in this portion of Canada. In subsequent issues will be given similar summaries of the game laws of the other provinces.

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The Best Gun.

Editor Rod and Gun:

In answer to Cross-Bolt, who is asking for information regarding guns and ammunition, I would like to say that I have owned nearly every make, both English and American, and now have two American and two English guns in my cabinet; that the choice of the lot falls upon a Cashmore 12g, built to order for duck shooting. It weighs 5½ lbs., and is one of the most beautiful guns I ever saw, as well as the best, and they are very cheap compared with other guns, in elegant shape, and the balance and working weapon leaves nothing to be desired. Regarding the various brands of powders my choice has also fallen on Dupont's. Most of the nitros deteriorate with age, but I know that it will keep loaded at least two years. My chief objection to gold dust is the small quantity to be used, which in a 10g. shell and even a 12g. leaves a large space to be filled with wads which gives a recoil that makes my head ache. It is a very quick and I believe a good powder.

KOSHEE,

Gravenhurst, Ont., June, 1899.

"THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN."

(Dedicated to the memory of the late W. Hallott-Phillips.)

By Rudyard Kipling.

Now the Fourway lodge is opened; now the
Hunting-winds are loose.

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear
the brain;

Now the young men's hearts are troubled
for the whisper of the Trues;

Now the Red Gods make their medicine
again;

Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath
watched the black-tall mating?

Who hath lala alone to hear the wild
goose cry?

Who hath worked the chosa water where
the ouananiche is waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the
fly?

He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the
old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

So for one the wet sail arching through the
rainbow round the bow,

And for one the creak of snowshoes on the
crust;

And for one the lakeside vigil, when the
bull-moose leads the cow,

And for one the mule-train coughing the
dust;

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at midnight?
Who hath heard the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the
night?

Let him follow the others, for the young
man's feet are turning

To the campings of proved desire and known
delight!

Let him go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the
old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Do you know the blackened timber; do you
know that racing stream,

With the raw, right-angled, log-jam at the
end;

And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where
a man may bask and dream,

To the click of shod canoe-poles round
the bend?

It is there that we are going with our rods
and reels and traces,

To a silent, smoky Indian that we know;

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the
starlight on our faces,

For the Red Gods call us out, and we
must go!

They must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue!

'Send your road is clear before you when
the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Do you know the shallow Baltic, where the
seas are quick and short,

Where the bluff, ice-boarded fishing-luggers
ride?

Do you know the joy of thrashing leagues
to leeward of your port

On a coast you've lost the chart of over
side?

It is there that I am going, with an extra
hand to hale her;

Just one single longshore loafer that I
know.

He can take his chance of drowning while
sail and sail and sail her.

For the Red Gods call me out, and I must
go!

He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue!
'Send your road is clear before you when
the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Do you know the pite-bullt village where the
sago-dealers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet
bamboo?

Do you know the dripping silence of the or-
chid-scented glade

Where the blazoned bird-winged butterflies
flap through?

It is there that I am going with my camphor,
net and boxes,

To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to the palms
and flying foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must
go!

He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue!
'Send your road is clear before you when
the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Do you know the world's white roof tree; do
you know that windy rift,

Where the baffling mountain-edges chop
and change?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-
down on frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out
of range?

It is there that I am going, where the
bowlders and the snow lie,

With a trusty mumble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath to keep it on the
horns of Ovis Poli,

And the Red Gods call, and I must go!

He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue!
'Send your road is clear before you when
the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened; now the
Smokes of Council rise;

Pleasant Smoke ere yet 'twixt trall and
trall they choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested: now
they pack their last supplies;

Now our young men go to dance before the
Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars; who
shall light them to the shrine,

Velvet-footed who shall guide them to their
goal?

Unto each the voice and vision; unto each
his spoor and sign—

Lonely mountain in the northland, misty
sweat-bath 'neath the line—

Are for each a man that knows his naked
soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is
waiting, as a lover;

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of
train—

Where the high grass hides the horseman,
or the glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing or the
surf boat brings the rover;

Where the rails run out in sand-drift.
Quick, ah leave the camp-kit over!

For the Red Gods make their medicine
again.

And we go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!

'Send your road is clear before you when
the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!