



PORT ARTHUR HUNTERS AND A PAIR

These are a couple of the Moose got in the hills down by the Minnesota boundary in the region of Thunder Bay. The big man with the gun is Neil McDougall, Indian Agent at Port Arthur. The shack is McDougall's shack with the horse-shoe over the door—not much needed, for the Indian Agent is probably the best hunter in that part of the woods. McDougall used to be as swift on his shoepacks as a Wabigoon Lynx.

HUNTING WITH DEER HOUNDS

A Member of the Ontario Legislature airs some vigorous views about what he considers one of the worst Enemies of the Deer

By A. C. PRATT, M.P.P.

SEVERAL years ago a party of enthusiastic sportsmen transplanted several pairs of Angora goats from their habitat of back yards and their diet of tomato cans to the untrammelled wilds of a hunting camp in Parry Sound. Last year more goats were taken in, and the sporting public were cheered by the assurance that Billy and Nanny had prospered in the shelter of the northern rocks and woody fastnesses and with their offspring were like to multiply and replenish that game-deserted land.

The average man may wonder why high-smelling goats should be carried into our great game regions. Unfortunately the average man is not a sportsman and has no intimate knowledge of game conditions in our beautiful and widely-advertised Highlands of Ontario. He gets his idea of game from the railway folders and he is prone to believe that deer inhabit that north country as cattle upon a thousand hills. The men who took the goats in are sportsmen and they recognise a truth that is known to every hunter who has frequented our northern woods for a very few years—the deer are doomed. And these men plan to retain their interest in the north woods by chasing the elusive bucking Billy goat when there are no deer to be chased.

In 1888 a game commission pointed out the danger of exterminating our deer. In their report of 1892 they comment severely on the slaughter and they present preponderating evidence against the practice of hunting deer with dogs. But our lawmakers are average men and their interest in game preservation too often depends upon whether they may lose a vote or not. As a consequence the report of 1892 and many similar reports since have been unheeded. Read the yearly reports of the northern game wardens and you will read iteration and reiteration that dogs must be stopped or our deer will disappear.

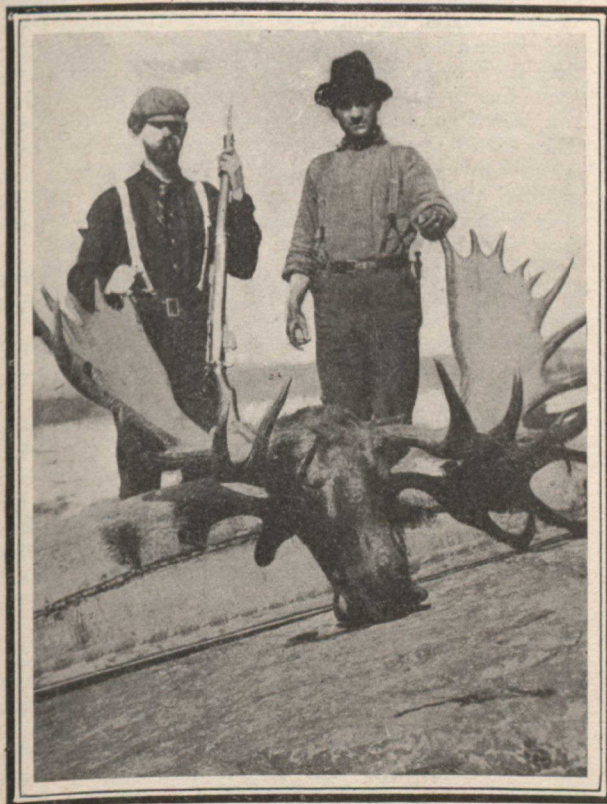
Are these reports heeded? Not so. Our chief game warden is an estimable man but average. He does not hunt deer in the north. Hence he is impressed by the wailing and angry baying that arises from the dog hunters when their favourite form of cruelty is threatened. He listens to their silly plea that dogs in the woods make safety for the hunters. And being an average man he doesn't know that he is helping an unscrupulous bunch of so-called "sportsmen" to prepare the way for goat upon his table.

The dog-hunters bay loudly about the deer that will drag themselves away to die in solitude if still-hunting prevails. And their loud-sounding howl is accepted by the great public, because few stop to reason that no hound ever retrieves and that the greatest annoyance a hunter can have is the dog that drives his wounded deer.

If left alone, a deer invariably lies down a few minutes after he is hit. If chased by a dog, he may run for miles. The dog's racing feet disturb the

snow or leaves over which the deer passed and prevent accurate following. Finally the deer is pulled down—probably partly eaten by the noble hound—and then, in theory, the hound-hunter would have the innocent reader believe that this intelligent canine starts back on a long and weary hunt for his master, that he may bring him to the carcass of the deer.

In theory that sounds well. And the exponent of hunting with dogs implies that it always happens. In actual truth it never happens. The hound



THE BIGGEST ON RECORD

Last year Mr. M. A. Kennedy, Toronto, brought down the big-horn Moose of North America at Temagami, 71½ inches measure; no record of any Moose outside of Alaska within 3 inches of this.



HIS LAST JUMP

One of McDougall's cronies, and he has dropped a bull moose in the scraggly brule a long way from home.