

house, and it was getting dark; Mac had not returned, so we got out the horse and started down the road to find him; we had gone a mile when we met him. He told us that he had fired at the buck again after following him for hours, and that he had gone off on three legs, after dyeing the snow with a large quantity of blood. But his story was so mixed up with a fall down a mountain, a lost rifle, lunch and an empty cold tea flask, that we thought we would take him home and give him a rest before he told his story. We came to the conclusion that he had been lost for a few hours, and we found this to be true next day, when John and I started on his back track to find the wounded deer. The next morning we were to start for the front, so John and I said that we would go after Mac's deer, and the rig could pick us up a mile down the road. We followed Mac's track, and came to the spot where he had fallen down the side of the mountain. We also found the top of the tea flask, and that he had been following a fox track instead of the buck's. We

jumped three deer and followed the tracks for a couple of miles, when we discovered the deer standing looking at us. We both raised our rifles and firing together, each got a deer; one was badly wounded and ran some distance before we finally bled him. We were a long distance from the road, and we left the deer and took a bee-line, but unfortunately we struck about as bad a swamp as there is to be found in the

country; we were two hours getting through to the road, and then found that we were two miles farther down the road than the meeting place. We had to walk back to the spot. Clark said that it would take at least half a day to get the deer out, and as we were all anxious to get back to business that night, we decided that we would keep on, and Clark would get another man with him and go for the deer the next day, and express them down to us. We arrived at the front in good time, and in Montreal at ten p.m., glad to get home, but ready to repeat the trip at the earliest opportunity.

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The Ontario provisional Department of Fisheries announce that the trout fishing season on the Nipigon river has been a very successful one. As a result of the graduated scale of licenses some \$995 was collected, and few complaints were made. The biggest fish caught last season weighed eight pounds, and was caught by Mr. Carson, of St. Louis, Mo.

"A DAY AFIELD."

By F. H. C.

I had just come in from a long tramp about The Ponds after ducks, and throwing aside my trappings I saw a note on the table from one of my friends, Jonas King, requesting me to join him in a day's quail shooting near my home next day, and that evening would see him and his setter at my home. Well, I thought I could not do better than comply, and at eight p.m. Jonas with his outfit landed on my premises, and after the usual greetings we fell to discussing the subject of the following day's sport. Jonas of course brought along his seven-pound Parker hammerless and a good supply of Dupont smokeless loads, and his best setter dog "Spring." And with the writer's little Smith and pointer, surely some sport could be obtained during the day. After a good night's rest, with dreams of quail, we arose to greet a beautiful, clear, cool November morning, one of those ideal days with just breeze

enough to drift the scent from the birds and bracing to ourselves and dogs. With a good breakfast that satisfied our inner desires we piled our traps along with the dogs in the light one-horse waggon and set off for the prospective point of the day's outing some three miles away. Jonas produced his pipe and soon the thin blue clouds of Essex Company tobacco smoke drifted dreamily in our wake.

"Do you see that broken

covert yonder by the corn field to our left," said I, "well I had a fine day's sport there last season, and in that copse I had some fine shooting, but we will not stop there now as further on will give us better prospects, a few minutes more and our destination will be at hand."

"Hello! there, I say, can you accommodate a couple of hunters to stable room for a horse for the day," came from the writer to a farmer by the roadside.

"Well, I reckon I can accommodate yews; just drive in and I'll see how the land lays." We acquiesced, and after some orders from the old farmer to one of the boys to turn out the old mare from the box stall we were shown the inside of the pen that would confine our steed.

"I guess this will fix yews up, and I'll tell one of the boys at noon to feed yer horse."

After promising to remunerate the farmer on our return in the evening we assembled our guns, chirruped to the



Marion Lake, Near Field, B.C.