et of Ruper aining Applicant

CES

Oulton, Agent.

of Notice

The wall-eyed pike, so phantom like In waters clear and cold; His heavy strike, like driven spike, His silvery scales and gold.

THE PHANTOM PIKE

By Ernest McGaffey

We have been fishing at Lake Winniegan-nabotna for a week. That was the Indian

me for the lake, but some prosaic settler

d renamed it Pike lake, and Pike it was

m thence on. A more beautiful and mourn-

sheet of water hardly lay in the wild north-

est. A heavy growth of hemlock and spruce,

ith here and there a plumy pinetop standing

mong them, stood in thick ranks along the

nore, and a constant lapping of restless waves

ainst the craggy and abrupt beach made a

uid monotone during the starry October

ghts. Sometimes the deer wandered out

ong the drying lily pads to search for some

ray green shield or to drink, and rarely a

inch of dusky mallards curved over in south-

and flight. But for the most part the lake

v deserted. Winnieganishnabotna, the "lake

There were two camps there that autumn,

at ours was at the head of the lake. Fisher's

mp lay south of us about two miles. We

ad the best site for a camp, and Fisher's had

ie best guide. "Billy" Macdougal was a half-

reed-half Scotch, half Winnebago Indian.

orn in the woods, he had sucked in the life

ke a savage, and about the only Macdougal

it in him was evidenced by his skill as a fid-

ler. Fisher's was proud of him-as much for

rare abilities in woodcraft as for his musi-

l talents. Swarthy, straight haired, taciturn,

e was the best man on a "portage," the best

nan over a trail, the best shot, and the best all-

und man in the northern wilderness to han-

le a boat, a rod, or a question of outdoor life.

Now, our guide was ALL Scotch, and, like

ome others of that nation, a trifle given to

uperstition, and with a leaning towards whis-

WAS all right, but when he got started after

ohn Barleycorn he gave John a hard chase.

We knew his failing and tried to ease him

along so that he would do his work and imbibe

from town, and by all signs and imports he had

been taking a drop too much. But by night

he was all right, and the next morning early he

nd I were in a boat, skirting the edge of the

ke and making for a famous rendezvous of

e wall-eyed pike that the lake was renowned

One Wednesday morning Sandy came back

"Sandy" Wilson was all right when he

the clear waters."

as little as possible.

of Notice trict of Rupert. Davis, of Mon-echanic, intends purchase the foi-mmencing at a orner of section to chains north, ence 80 chains at to point of more or less. M. Clarke, Marof Applicant, Lawson, Agent rict of Coast rold Anderson, ion student, inission to pur-ission to pur-scribed lands: t planted 160 re of the north lence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains nt

nt. DERSON, hnson, Agent.

trict of Coast orge Arthur, of on student, in-mission to pur-scribed lands: st planted 80 ore of the north bence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains mt

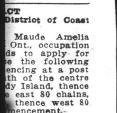
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IT Istrict of Coast ence Hamilton. pation spinster, rmission to pur-escribed lands: lanted 80 chains the north end east 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point HAMILTON,

inson, Agent.



r. As we rounded the point from camp, Sandy" remarked, "Boat out from Fisher's," and placidly pulled for our destination. The from Fisher's was a long ways off, but his

just as you put the net in the water; he gave me the slip before you got the net under him. I don't see any other way to account for it." I put the hook under the dorsal fin of another minnow and tossed it out, and in a moment or so another vicious tug told that the bait had been taken. I reeled in rapidly, and as the fish came up I saw that it was another pike fully as large as the one which had just before gotten away.

Field Sports at Home and Abroad

As "Sandy" had dropped the landing net close to me, I ran it under the pike and lifted it up with my left hand, but there was no apparent weight brought up, and the form of the fish appeared to vanish as if by magic. From the moment I stuck the net under the water there was no fish visible.

I sat dumfounded. "Sandy" reached into his hip pocket, took out a full pint bottle, and took the most comprehensive drink I ever saw any one swallow, even a north woods guide. "There's something wrong," he said with a shiver; "that loon didn't holler for nothing. Something's happened at camp or at Fisher's.' And then he took a second pull at the bottle. As we sat there a boat came in sight from

our camp headed for Fisher's. When they got up to us "Ben" Fisher said : "Did you hear the news? Macdougal was drowned Monday." We were nearly stunned by the news. "My

God," said "Sandy," reaching for his bottle. "Why, how did it happen, Ben?" said I. "He went to town for supplies," said Fisher, "and was to have been back today. But he

met the guide from Bankhead's camp and this fellow agreed to bring the stuff back. When 'Billy' got there he found that the stuff wouldn't be there for a couple of days, so he thought he'd come back. Well, he must have got in his boat and tipped over coming across and got cramped or something. Anyway, a couple of Indians up at the reservation saw him start to cross Monday morning, and we found his boat at the foot of the lake today.

"We've been looking for him all day," Fisher went on, "and I've been to your camp to get help to look for him. Can you come down tomorrow morning early and help?"

"Of course," was my reply. "Well," said Fisher, "I promised the boys I'd hurry back. Look for you fellows in the morning.

His boat sped away. Sandy drained his bottle to the lees. "It was Billy's hand," he muttered. "What are you talking about, Sandy?" was

my query, "That was no fish at all,' 'was his reply, "it

was Billy Macdougal's hand at the line. They've found him already." They had found Macdougal, strangely

enough, along about the time we were having our adventure with the phantom pike, but the way I looked at it was that two big pike had somehow slipped off of my hook and, anyway, you can't put any faith in the superstition of a drunken Scotchman.

sent off my servants to pitch camp at a kachin village not far from where the gaur were reported to be, on the road to my camp at N., and told my boy to have tea ready for me at 2:30 with a view to starting out about three or half-past. On arrival the kachins assured me that they were constantly seeing gaur towards evening, and that I was sure to see them about when the sun was going down. On starting from camp as the sun was very hot and the horseflies very troublesome, I despaired of seeing anything till it was considered cooler, for gaur dislike both heat and horseflies. There was, however, the young succulent green grass which the mango showers had brought on, and it was this apparently which overcame the gaur's dislike to the hot sun and the horseflies, for we were barely a mile from camp when I saw what at first thought were buffaloes, but what my field glasses proved to be a herd of gaur. They were some way off, and had apparently just come out of some dense jungle on a low range of hills, and were feeding across a kwin towards some kine grass. When I first sighted them they were about 800 yards away. I therefore remained on my elephant and went on till I was about 400 yards from the gaur, when I got off the elephant, and telling the mahout to stay where he was, I entered the jungle, out of which the gaur had come, and went along the edge of it rapidly as I could keeping out of sight and making no noise. Proceeding until I found myself exactly opposite where the raur were feeding. I was actually standing on the tracks they had made as they emerged from the jungle. Lying down to rest myself, I proceeded to count the herd which was about 200 yards from me. There were seven altogether-an old bull carrying what looked to me a very fine head, a younger bull, four cows, and a calf. There was absolutely no covert to speak of between the game and myself, nor was there much wind; it was so slight that direction was unascertainable. And here lay the danger, for gaur, though blessed with indifferent sight is gifted with a keen sense of smell. It was necessary to do something quickly, for the herd were feeding away from me, and were now quite close to the kine grass, and might disappear into it any moment. I therefore made up my mind to get as close as I could.

THE VICTORIA COLONIST

morning, having finished my work at K., I

notwithstanding lack of covert. On my hands and knees, and occasionally crawling snake fashion, I managed to get over about 100 yards, and was, I then judged, about 120 yards from the nearest cow, when she got suspicious, stopped feeding, and looked towards me. Fearing she would give the alarm and the herd stampede, I thought it advisable to take the opportunity of the old bull (which was close to the cow) being broadside on, and to take a very full sight behind the shoulder with the 100 yards sight up. Doing this, I knew by the sound of the bullet and the way the bull turned to follow the herd that the soft-nosed .450 in 1 four 1 its billet, and as the bull turned I fied my leit bariel. Having signalled for the elephant by a preconcerted signal, I followed the tracks of the herd into the kine grass, which was very dense and 8ft. to 10ft. high, and eventually saw them about 300 yards off crossing a small open kwin, but the big bull was not with them. This raised my hopes of again getting to close quarters, and I had not long to wait, for while looking about I suddenly heard a rush on my right, and only just had time to turn around and by a right and left from the Paradox prevent the gaur from charging home. Slightly turning, he galloped close past the elephant and appeared to pull up about forty vards farther on. Taking the .450, I followed, expecting to find him in extremis. When I got close to him, however, he got on his feet and, grievously wounded as he was, made one more gallant effort to sell his life as dearly as he could, and had actually started his rush towards the elephant when I dropped him in his tracks. He carried a remarkable fine and very massive head. the horns at the base measuring over 20 I-2 in. in circumference. An examination of the body showed that my first shot, though about the right elevation, was a little too far back, and had thus missed both heart and lungs; my left barrel had gone very high, and only caused a flesh wound. Though the first shot would have eventually proved fatal, it is possible that had I not had an elephant to follow upon I might never have got this bull. 'To have gone on foot into such dense covert would have been a very risky, not to say foolhardy, proceeding, tor the case it would have been almost impossible to see the yard in front of one, and, such being the case it would have been almost impossible had the bull charged-as they usually do, without any warning-to have prevented his charge. In the open I always made a point of following up and finishing a wounded gaur on foot, but whenever I had thick kine grass, as in the present instance, to deal with, and had an elephant handy, I always made use of it if possible. On one occasion when after a bull gaur with a very evil reputation, and supposed by locan shans and kachins to be under the special protection of certain spirits, I believe I owed my life to the fact that I had just got on to my elephant instead of remaining on foot. But this is another story

antelope (Antilocapra americana), for although some years previously I had worked hard to obtain one in Wyoming, I had not succeeded.

Pronghorn are seldom met with singly, but go about in bands, and, whether resting or feeding, sentinels are invariably posted. As far as my experience goes, they are blessed with better long distance vision than any other animal I have hunted. Probably this is owing to the fact that they are dwellers of the plain, but I have noticed that where much hunted they are, wherever possible, taking taking to and keeping near the edge of timber. such as in the foothills of the Rockeis. A good buck will weigh from 100lb. to 110lb.; the meat is the most excellent of the wild meats. and a supper of roast antelope ribs by the camp fire is a repast not to be forgotten.

The trans-continental east-bound train deposited me at Medicine Hat at 6:30 a. m. on October 16, and after breakfast I lost no time in calling on Mr. Bray, the Canadian Government's inspector of cattle, and explaining my wants to him. He kindly sent for one of his sons, who volunteered to accompany me, and very excellent company I found him; a bright fellow, equally useful with horses, rifle or fry pan. We spent the day in getting together the necessary bedding, cooking utensils, provisions for two weeks, and arranging for the hire of a pair of horses and light wagon, his idea being to drive some forty miles to a deserted cabin on the prairie to the northwest of the town. This we were to make our headquarters, and hunt the surrounding coun-

We decided to start on our drive early next morning, but when the day came it was too rough altogether, snowing hard, with a high wind, so we deferred our departure. I had therefore, to kick my heels in the hotel all day and kill time as best I could, but met some of the genial feeling inhabitants, whom I found, Canadian-like, most enthusiastic about their city. From them I dearnt that natural gas had been recently discovered "right there," and that town and railway both used it for lighting, heating, and manufacturing purposes. The wells are from 800ft, to 1,000ft in depth, and the pressure is 700lb. Gas is retailed to the inhabitants by the city authorities at 17 cents, or 81/2d. per 1,000t, and for manufacturing purposes at 5 cents, or 21/2d per 1,000ft. It is a good and healthy light, and apparently all that is necessary is to drive a pipe down to the requisite depth and put a match to the top of it.

The next day it was snowing and blowing still harder. However, we decided to make a start in the storm rather than face another blank day in town. We got off in good ime, and, fortunately, soon after crossing the Saskatchewan river by the ferry, the storm moderated, and it turned out quite a fine day, though bitterly cold. We drove on till 3:30, when we left the trail, and made across the prairie to inquire at a ranch for directions to the cabin we were seeking. Bray not being sure of its whereabouts. We were told it was five miles away and in a basin in the prairie; but at five o'clock we had not found it and were getting desperately cold and hungry. having taken only a few sweet biscuits for lunch and having nothing to drink. We therefore made our way back to the ranch, where we arrived at 7 p. m., and were gladdened by the sight of its lights and thoughts of sup per, as it was now quite dark, freezing hard, and we had been driving for hours aimlessly over the prairie and off any trail. At one time it looked like our spending the night out in the open, and for this I was not prepared, having only a light covert coat and no prospect of fuel or water for selves or horses. They, poor beasts, were dead tired, to say nothing of ourselves. We were hospitably received by the rancher and his wife, and by the time horses were unharnessed in the stables and fed were informed that supper was ready. We required no second bidding to the feast, and, after a chat and smoke, turned in early. It was a desperately cold night, clear and frostly. The copious supply of flies on the ceiling of our room soon got reduced by the cold, and I felt. them falling on me. Once I got up, struck a match, found by host's fur coat hanging on a peg. This I put over me, and returned, to sleep the sleep of the just. Breakfast next morning was ready at daybreak or a little sooner, and Bray and I got off quickly, after thanking our host and hostess for their hospitality and getting particular directions as to the whereabouts of the cabin. Our host seemed much impressed on hearing, in answer to his enquiry as to where I hailed from, that had come from near London to shoot antelope. He at first thought I meant London, Ontario, and thought that an extraordinary distance, but when he learnt that it was from London, England, he looked unutterable things and evidently thought mine a hopeless case. A drive of a couple of hours or less brought us to our destination. This I found, as described by Bray, to be a deserted cabin, except for mice, on the slope of a hollow in the prairie, a spring of somewhat doubtful water, infested with vigorous wrigglers, being some 80 to 100 yards still further lower down and immediately opposite the door of the hut. The furniture consisted of a good stove, two chairs, a table, and a wire mattress supported at the corners on four wooden boxes. The first thing to do after unharnessing, tethering, and feeding the horses was to sweep out the dirty cabin with a broom I had thoughtfully provided, and then get our bed made and stores carried in and stowed away. This process great-



faction of considerably reducing their numbers. Firewood for the stove seemed a problem, as apparently there was not a tree within miles but a few poplar rails off a dilapidated fence solved this. Early in the afternoon we started off on foot to some slightly higher ground. where we obtained a good view of the prairie, and to the south could see the Cypress Hills. We only sighted one solitary antelope; it was a long way off and trotting quietly towards a hollow which probably contained water. Suddenly he stopped on some slight eminence, stared hard in our direction for a few seconds, then turned and made off towards the north-east, whence he had come. We decided to go in that direction ourselves the next day, and take the wagon, and so make a long round. At supper that night we found that our bread, meat, bacon, and potatoes had got rather frozen the previous day, and every drop of water had to be boiled. Even then it added a peculiar flavor to the tea. The mice were rather disturbing to our rest that night, for they scampered about in all directions, and quite frequently over our bed. Next morning was dull, but not so cold, although my sponge was frozen and the water pails had a thin coating of ice over them. It was not surprising to find that the horses, with only blankets to shelter them, had broken loose from their pickets during the night and strayed away. While Bray was cooking breakfast went after them, and had no difficulty in finding and bringing them in, thereby. raising a healthy appetite. After driving for a while towards the north-east we sighted a band of about fifteen antelopes some distance off, and on almost absolutely level ground, with no hollows or cover of any sort to help us to approach them, except very slight undulations and tiny mounds. We unharnessed the horses and tied them to the wagon, round about which lay several old buffalo skulls with the horns still on. We then began our stalk. Creeping for some hundreds of yards, snake-like, through the grass, and pushing the rifle a few inches ahead. I soon found it became tiring and irksome, especially as there was a species of dwarf cactus with prickly needles growing in frequent patches. We scarcely dared to raise our heads to see if

istrict of Coast Amelia occupa-Mary intends to apply hase the follownmencing at a south of the cen-dy Island, thence orth 80 chains thence south 80 somerville,

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CT tict-District of Island John Halley, of Sland, occupation, y for permission lowing described a post planted at of a small island situated at the of a small Island situated at the rbor, Salt Spring ag the sinuosities he point of com-ocks adjacent and The foregoing arted "Chain Is

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rict_District of Island John Halley, of Island, occupation, oly for permission ollowing described ta post planted at of a small island situated at the arbor, Salt Spring ng the sinuosities the point of com-rocks adjacent and e point of com-ks adjacent and

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ACT ACT strict-District of John Halley, of Island, occupation, Diy for permission oliowing described a post planted at of a small island Island," in Ganges Island, thence fol-s of the coast line encement, with the pertaining thereto. JOHN HALLEY.

cen eves had seen it leave shore. We got to here we wanted to drop anchor and had hardsecured the boat before the pike began to te ravenously. They were mostly medium zed fish, running from a pound and a half to and one-half pounds, but occasionally a d sized fish would come in, weighing four five pounds.

After we had caught about a dozen we admed to the shore, and kicking together a chunks of deadwood, built a fire and laid frying pan with some thin strips of bacon and fried a few of our fish. Then we had oke and started into the woods to look up gging camp which was some distance back in the lake, intending to get a couple of partges on the way to bring to camp. As I was ittle uncertain in that part of the timber I l "Sandy" come along, although my first pulse was a send him back to camp with the at and fishing tackle. We reached the camp, owsed around the old logging trails about it, id shot three partridges before returning.

By the time we got back to our boat it was te in the afternoon. The lake was a sheet of lver, and, walled in by its ring of living emald, had rarely seemed more beautiful. In cove to the north the wail of a loon suddenly sounded, ending with an eerie cackle of demoniacal laughter. "Sandy" shrugged his houlders disgustedly. "I hate to hear 'em," ie said.

We climbed into the boat, and I resolved fish a little before starting for camp, hopig to get some one of the big pike that occamally were taken in that vicinity, and which ore frequently bit along towards twilight. hooked on a lusty minnow and dropped it er the side of the boat, and presently there as a tremendous tug at the bait and I began reel in the line. Finally the fish came in tht and I certainly believed I had "the daddy them all" at the end of the line. But the fish me up so easily that there seemed to be no istance at all on its part.

'Sandy" sat watching the rise of the pike as came towards the surface, and as he saw big one it was he slipped the landing un er it and brought the net up and over e of the boat. But somehow or other, ever could explain it, there was no fish het when it was brought into the boat. doesn't do to find fault with a good If he makes a mistake he will know it and will acknowledge it one way or But if you chide him it will make sulky. I knew that I had the pike on, for elt his weight. I knew that he came up thout any resistance, too, and I saw the iding net spread under his tail. But that is all I did know. "Sandy" said, "How did we lose him?" I said, "We must have lost him

STALKING GAUR IN UPPER BURMA

After twenty years' service, most of which was passed in Upper Burma, and now that I have retired, I often find my thoughts going back to the good times I had in that sportsman's paradise. There, whenever it was possible to get leave, I used to go off shooting but whether it was the tricky snipe or the lordly elephant depended a good deal on the locality and the time of year, and in a lesser degree on the time at disposal and facilities for travel.

In the old days, and during the time that Upper Burma was in the process of pacification, shooting of any sort was almost out of the question, owing to the amount of work there was to do and the consequent difficulty of getting away. It is during the last decade that men keen on shooting, especially big game, have been able to get leave of sufficient length to enable them to reach good grounds, and that the extension of the raiiway as far as Myitkyina, on our north-eastern frontier, has given them facilities not enjoyed by sportsmen fifteen or twenty years ago.

Looking at the various forms of sport which a keen sportsman can enjoy in Burma, it is very hard to say which bears off the palm, but now that I have left the East for good-I fear, never to return—the days I look back upon with the keenest pleasure are those I spent in pursuit of gaur (Bos Gaurus), often miscalled bison. Having devoted months from first to last to gaur shooting, it stands to reason that many vicissitudes of fortune have been encountered, but even when the worst of luck has seemed to dog my footsteps I have derived almost as much pleasure during an unsuccessful stalk as I have out of a successful

I have never yet looked on a dead gaur that I have shot without a feeling of regret that I have been the menas of putting an end to the life of what, in my opinion, is the finest animal that roams the Indian jungle; so that an unsuccessful stalk only means that the gaur has lived to fight another day, and that though I am the poorer, the jungle is the richer by his presence. In 1906 I happened to be travelling on duty, and it was April, and I heard rumors of gaur in that part of the district, I took the precaution of taking my rifles- a .450 Cordite and a 10-bore Paradox-with me. Good news awaited me on my arrival at K., as, on what I knew by previous experience to be good authority, gaur were reported to be constantly feeding on some open kwins about seven miles off, along the edge of a low jungle-clad range of hills. The following

AN ANTELOPE HUNT IN ALBERTA

When travelling across Canda by the Canadian Pacific Railway from a recent hunt-ing trip in Cassiar it occurred to me I would break the journey at Medicine Viat and endeavor to add to my collection of North American game a specimen or two of the pronghorn we were going in the right direction, but eventually got up to within about 200 yards. when the antelope saw us and went bounding off in a bunch, a good buck bringing up the rear. To him I devoted my attention, and had the satisfaction of seeing him collapse after running some distance. On getting up to him I found he was stone dead and the head a good one. This was an excellent start, and the stalk was a success, considering there was not much cover. Bray went back for the wagon and horses. We then loaded up, lunched. and drove back to the hut, keeping a lookdut on the way, but failed to see any more.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in skinning and dressing the meat and in preparing the head. This I undertook, and dusk found the job still uncompleted. Indeed, it was ten d'clock next morning before the skull was cleaned and the scalp hanging up to dry in the sun and wind, and I regretted having to stop and do it on such a fine hunting morning, but as it happened it was fortunate I did so. for otherwise I should have missed one of the greatest pieces of good fortune that ever fell to a hunter.

We had decided to take an early lunch, and then a long drive in a different direction to that which we took yesterday. Bray was cooking and was embarking on a much-needed shave, in fact had coat and vest off and face lathered, when, on looking out of the little window, saw, to my surprise and joy a band of antelope walking sedately towards the cabin and the water spring. I imagine some of the other springs in the neighborhood were frozen that morning, and that the animals knew that this one, in its sheltered position, would be open. Calling Bray's attention to them, I cautiously turned the door handle and opened it an inch, then got the soap off my face and snatched the rifle from its cover, and was ready for them. They seemed entirely to ignore the presence of the old shanty or to be aware of any danger. It was extraordinary that their sharp noses had not detected the smell of fire and cooking and that they had not noticed te horses.

Just as the leading buck reached the spring opened the door wide, knelt down, and had the easiest shot in my life, firing down hill and at a range of not much more than eighty vards. He fell dead, and I then selected what appeared to be the next best buck, the third in the little procession. This one I also sen cured eventually, but not until he had gone some distance and several cartridges had been expended. The remainder were now on the full run. But in the meantime Bray had not been idle. Whilst I was kneeling and shooting he was standing behind and shooting over my head, and thus secured two bucks on his own account. I had now got all I was entitled to and all I wanted. Two of the three heads were good ones .-- P. N. Graham, in Field.