

rague line separating reas-it is not difficult to follow at's brain. Paralleling his may fancy him talking to

That's a big, able foot of e's somebody coming into up here close to the door g to be pulled off Bully— Why, it's Heinie, my got my coat and shoeshe's going to take me out, these things so there won't it's that long-necked mor

are outside. This handarisome, but it has to h Billy Smith over there gestures at me. I will let as hard as he can, and perof me. This match-andusing, although it is hard a straight line along the that thing stings! Heinie time to save my hand. i't burn him, too! I like low, if I don't turn the we will smash into that Easy, now-around we htaway across the hall. rew a piece of lumber in me. But I know if I s I can dodge it. And I would rather eat them ngers, but Heinie doesn't e's old rubberneck reachet me have one bite out would. Home again, wait till the crowd comes rformance. Then I will faces at the little girls

hat His actions furnish

of anecdotes tending to nimals, especially dogs, enables them to proceed o effect, even when the concern to them. One which has come to the do with an intelligent mistress lay in bed ill. oom for a visit, as was ainst the partially open it back against a picinst the wall above the e puzzled the animal noment he intentionally ooking up quickly, saw ture, with a duplication Satisfied that he had him at first, he went

iderstand how even a rist can deny the pos-nind to the brute creably true, as Professor en the lowest savages tter than the highest ardinal virtues, on the enity, courage, and ss frequently excel in-But it is simple jusch on the evidence of n the skin of a beast - Earl Clauson in

## AL CASE

cided by the federal ates involved the lianegligence in the per-ion for appendicitis. ry incision, he insertieces of gauze and of them out. Now. substance for cleanss in this case prove e for even a rebellious aished on in the hos vas then sent to his local physician under he surgeon who per-onditions grew worse cian appealed to the e something further . Eventually another reopened the wound nece of gauze, which started on the high-There was no actual nd was one of the surgeon, but, being usually grow in the ing proof that there being placed where me of the operation, ifficient to sustain a

## CESSFUL MEN

ist of one thousand ion," writes an in-Court Record. "By ere money-makers s new conceptio iction work, educa-

farmers' sons. messenger boys. ers' apprentices. renticed in manu-

m of railway work wealthy parents.

THOSE SAANICH PHEASANTS

(Richard L. Pocock))

There are usually two sides to every question, so that, when I heard the request for the "agitation" to open the season for shooting Saanich pheasants, I expected that the other side would be heard from before long. I have received a very sensible, logical letter on the subject from a Saanich resident, putting the other side of the case. Unfortunately he has marked his letter as personal, so that I am unable to print it over his signature, but then on the other hand, the "agitation" was started "anonymously," as far as this column goes, which is a pity.

However, as the case has been put for those who say that the pheasants are so plentiful in Saanich that the farmers have to use poison in self-defense, and treat them as vermin, I must say that this gentleman regards this statement as "tommyrot" and claims that although the closing of pheasant shooting has had such beneficial results that the birds are undoubtedly much more plentiful than they were two years ago, still they are far from being a pest, and would very soon be as scarce as ever, if the army of hunters looking for food for their guns, now that the blue grouse have taken to the tall timber, were let loose among the Saanich pheasants. In reply it will, of course, be urged that the permit system has guarded against this, but has it? The Saanich residents do not want a horde of uninvited gunners let loose over their lands ,and I for one, do not blame them; the permit system might to some extent help to guard against this nuisance, but we all know that there are some laws and regulations, excellent in them-selves, which are difficult in present conditions to adequately enforce, and, unfortunately there are numerous persons only too willing to take advantage of this difficulty. The provincial game laws are excellent on paper, but we all know that they are difficult to enforce without a large increase in the staff of salaried game wardens. As a matter of fact, it is only fair to state that the majority of those who have approached me wanting an open season for Saanich pheasants have been property owners in Samich & someon

I am not an agriculturist, and have little knowledge of the different pests which are the enemy of the farmer, but I know that authoritics on the pheasant have been at great pains to investigate the accusation which has been brought up against the pheasant from time to time that he is a crop destroyer, and I should very much like to examine the crops (no pun intended) of some of these poisoned pheasants which have been destroyed in revenge for the toll they have taken from the farmer's potatoes, to see just how many cut worms, wire worms, and other insect pests they contain in addition to the potatoes: I am no enemy of the farmer, quite the reverse, for in this country I am under obligations to more than one farmer for some excellent free shooting given cheerfully and with delightful courtesy to, in many cases, an entire stranger. At the same time I am still under the impression that the heasant is more the friend than the foe of the farmer, and that it is a great pity that it should ever be considered necessary or expedient to treat him as vermin and fit only to be poisoned, if indeed this has ever happened.

In this connection I hope I may be excused for reprinting a portion of an article which I wrote for this page some months ago, as follows:

It is conceded by anyone who knows the nature and habits of pheasants that they undoubtedly flourish best where there are extensive agricultural lands to attract and hold them, but it by no means follows that their freuenting of such lands should be set down as epredation, and certainly, if the statement is true, that pheasants are looked upon "by the majority of the cultivators of the soil as one of their most inveterate enemies," there can be no doubt that this majority must be making a mistake. Lord Lilford says "it would be bourd to deny that grain forms the favorite food of the pheasant, and it is well known that field of standing beans will draw the pheasants for miles, but there is another side to the question, and it would be equally absurd to leny that, for the grain to which the pheasant elps himself, he pays well by the good he does he agriculturist in destroying noxious in ects and the roots of noxious weeds, of which e is very fond."

Tegetmeier, the recognized authority on leasants in the old world, is equally coninced that grain is not the favorite food of the omniverous pheasant, although of course he is at no pains to deny that they do take tribute from the farmer in return for the good work they do for him in destroying his real enemies. In Tegetmeier on "Pheasants," we read: "The value of pheasants to the agriculturist is scarcely sufficiently appreciated, the birds de-stroy enormous numbers of injurious insects wards of twelve hundred wireworms have been taken out of the crop of a pheasant; if this number was consumed at a single meal, the total destroyed must be almost incredible. There is no doubt that insects are preferred to grain. One pheasant shot at the close of the shooting and the close of the close of the close of the close of the shooting and the close of the shooting season had in its crop 726 wire-worms, one acorn, one snail, nine berries, and tree grains of wheat. Mr. F. Bond states that le took out of the crop of a pheasant 440 grubs of the crane fly, or daddy long legs—these lar-cae are exceedingly destructive to the roots of the grass on lawns and pastures.

"Pheasants in their natural state are essensentially forest birds, coming into the open tracts in search of food and retreating into the spectacle of a bobcat, its tail jauntily erect, thick underwood at the slightest cause for

Though the common pheasants of China, the descendants of which we have here, undoubtedly flourish best where they are close to cultivated land, still being in their natural state "essentially forest birds," this is by no means necessary to their welfare, as I have shot them necessary to their welfare, as I have shot them in their native country in considerable numbers in mountainous country where they would have to travel a great distance to get the opportunity to take toll from the farmer. The Chinese farmers, thrifty, frugal folk, who will not willingly waste a grain of anything, evidently do not regard the pheasants there, which are thicker than wild pheasants anywhere in the world, as their natural enemies, or they would wage a remorseless war on or they would wage a remorseless war on them, and would probably have exterminated them centuries ago, instead of taking no pains at all to keep them off their fields. Of course it may be said against this that, the principal crop of the country being rice, which is grown under water until just before ripening, there is no need to protect it against the birds. This is true enough so far as it goes, but the Chinese is true enough so far as it goes, but the Chinese farmers raise large crops on the higher grounds of other grains besides rice, such as wheat, rye, maize, etc., the young shoots of which the pheasants of all kinds are very partial to. I have shot common pheasants, golden pheasants, and Reeves' pheasants with crops stuffed with the young green shoots of these kinds of grain, so that I have at times wondered why the farmers seemed to look with indifference the farmers seemed to look with indifference on the way the pheasants were helping themselves. Probably they learnt many centuries before we were civilized that they were not the losers in the long run, or they would have protected themselves by the use of traps and other ingenious instruments of war against the feathered enemy.

Even Lord Littord when writing of pheasants, although he says it would be absurd to deny that grain forms their favorite food, still says that "the pheasant, where not preserved in unreasonable numbers, is a good friend to the farmer from the enormous number of wire-worms and other noxious insects which it devours, to say nothing of its liking for the roots of various weeds."

## BOBCAT HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA

The Morth American Wildcat (Lynx rufus), otherwise known as the bobcar or bay lynx, and by various uncomplimentary aliases, is an animal of so sly and retiring a disposition, that the most skilful hunter might seek it unavailingly foreyears if unaided by a well-trained dog. Wet in spite of an artfully simulated scarcity, the bobcat is far more numerous than its is commonly supposed to be (except in the vibinity of border settlements, where the depredations of a pair of these cats will give rise predations of a pair of these cats will give rise to some surprising statistics), and even in so old a province as Nova Scotia it is probably as abundant today as it was when Gluscap gned and the first wild Indian legends began to cluster around the mighty shape of Blomidon. This immunity from the common fate of predacious wild animals past generations of bobcats owed in part to their own unobtrusiveness, but mainly to the fact that they were not regarded, to use the American idiom, as sporting propositions. A swift change, however, is now being effected in the status of the bobcat, and in future these wary beasts are destined to become increasingly popular as objects of sport before dogs, in which capacity they give, as a rule, a much longer and more brilliant run than their big cousin, the cougar.

In appearance the bobcat resembles a very much overgrown house-cat, minus most of its tail and plus a vile disposition. A very large one will measure four feet from tip to tip, and weigh about 40 lb.; but the average bobcat is considerably smaller. They vary enormously in size. One full-grown female that I shot in in size. One full-grown female that I shot in 1892 weighed only 19lb., while another, a male, killed the same day, weighed 41 lb. Usually they weigh from 25 lb. to 35 lb., an animal of the latter weight being sufficiently powerful when pressed by hunger, to kill a yearling deer or sheep. Their stable diet, however, consists of the smaller creatures of the wilderness, a prairie-dog being a table, while even the house-cat is not taboo. They are extremely fond of lamb, their all too frequent indulgence in this delicacy having brought them into ill-repute with settlers. Sportsmen, too, find them anathema, for the havor they work among game, animals and birds, is in these days, of small stocks, most serious. For this reason they are rightly classed as pests, sometimes with a bounty on their heads, and he who hunts them, whether for sport or for profit, is safe from the lamentations of all but those impossible humanitarians who, rather than that man should cause death with the minimum of suffering, would have thousands of inoffensive creatures eaten alive.

There are said to be sixty-eight ways of

There are said to be sixty-eight ways of killing a cat, all of them cirtuous, the virtue presumably pertaining to the death of the cat, rather than to the method. In the case of the bobcat, there are only two satisfactory ways of compassing its death, and of these transitions. compassing its death, and of these trapping is the most barbarous and unelevating, hunting with dogs the most merciful, sportsmanlike and inspiriting. Every thoughtful man deplores the use of the brutal trap, even while while he but only those whose minds are unhealthily keyed can find anything objectionable in the spectacle of a bobcat, its tail jauntily erect, running easily in front of the hounds, serene in the knowledge that it has but to scratch up a tree to be safe from its canine pursuers; nor can any right-thinking man see ought to cavil at in the swift death meted. at in the swift death meted out to it as it crouches in fancied security among the branches. To my mind, no death is so happy as that which comes to us swiftly in the mo ment of our sense of security. The old Puritan who suppressed bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the inhabitants, was not a greater victim of moral warp than are those who cry out against causing the death of an anima through the natural agency of pursuit, merely because it is done in the name of sport.

But, strange to say, although it is big and powerful enough to be really dangerous, and can, in fact, easily whip the biggest untrained dog, the bobcat has never been known to attack a man, even when, in order to make it "sit up and look pleasant," it has been teased with a short stick among the branches of its arborial retreat. Blood curdling backwoods stories of its ferocity are common in literature, and in those semi-remote regions whence the bobcat has sometime been driven, but among the well-informed, and in districts where bobthe well-informed, and in districts where bob-cats are so plentiful as to discourage fiction, these tales are classed uncompromisingly as rubbish. Nevertheless, the fact that the bob-cat is physically capable of inflicting grevious injury gives the pursuit of it a delightful savor of possible danger, for individual temper counts for much with wild animals, and while it is perfectly true that 000 bobcats are note harm-less where man is concerned, there is no cer-tainty that the thousandth bobcat will not turn nasty.

Incidentally, I may say that I have noticed a considerable variation in temper between the bobcats of certain localities or districts and those of other districts differing widely in topography and conditions. This variation appears to the conditions of the different policy of the different policy of the different policy of the different policy. pears to correspond roughly with the differences which were observed in the character of the aboriginal inhabitants of those districts, prior to their emasculation by the contaminatre ever susceptible to the modifications of habitat and surroundings, and my tentative investigations have led me to conclude that animals, especially the larger carnivora, are affected in an almost equal legue of environment. But I do not feel that my present imperfect knowledge justifies further comment.

In the west, where the bobcat is generally hunted in conjunction with cougar and lynx coursing, the sport has been growing in popularity for several years, and for those who can afford the time and money, a winter or spring trip either in Colorado or Wyoming would certainly yield the maximum of sport, for, alas! the maximum of expenditure. Guides, horses, dogs, and the inevitable et cetera o fa hunting trip, bring the cost per day up to about \$15, but, be it said \$15 returning double its face value in enjoyment. For those, however, to whom time and money are vital considerations, Nova Scotia offers the finest field for economical bobcat hunting of any North American sporting district, the expense of a trip there being a mere bagatelle, that need deter no man not an absolute pauper from making an expedition after lynx rufus. A young man with a taste for wild life, willing to forego some of the luxuries of travel, could, by exercising economy, enjoy a month's bobcat hunting in Nova Scotia at a total expense, including secondclass sea passage both ways, rail and hotel charges, guide's wages, supplies, etc., of about £50. This figure represents, needless to say, rockbottom, but an ardent sportsman, acting on my advice, made such a trip for £48 175.,

and had, moreover, the time of his life. Of course, when one is making a trip as cheaply as this, it is necessary to exercise much care, especially in the selection of guides and hunting localities. For this reason, John McEwan, the famous moose hunter, of Bear River, Digby County, Nova Scotia, is the most suitable guide, as in addition to his record of 137 moose, and a large number of bears, he is ecounted the finest wild cat hunter in the Eastern Provinces. To give a sporting turn to an old mining adage, "he can find bobcats as well where they aren't as where they are." A friend of mine who hunted bobcats with him one winter secured three very big males in ten days, one of which gave a run of seven miles, treed four times, and finished by making a tremendous leap out of the top of a very tall pine that stood on the bank of a frozen river, the force of its impact with the smooth ice being so great that its legs, missing hold and spreading laterally, were broken, thus rendering the unfortunate creature practically helpless. So far as I am aware, this is the only authentic instance of a bobcat being injured in jumping, although it is doubtful if Mahomet's camel, which performed the journey to Aecca in three jumps, ever jumped like unto

Owing to that horrid Nemesis which men call truth, and which dogs the footsteps of deserving hunters with blighting effect, gracelessly giving the other fellow all the finest chances and bloodcurdling adventures, my own bobcat hunting has never yielded me (except on one occasion) any excitements or experiences out of the ordinary. But the "ordinary" of the bobcat is sufficiently fascinating, recognizes the expediency of its employment, and the weeks, in some cases the months,

which I have spent in the wilds, hunting these animals almost every day, are numbered among the pleasantest of my nemoral mem-

My first bobcat was shot in what were, perhaps, the most unusual circumstances, for it is rarely, indeed, that this sly and wary animal intentionally allows itself to be in the presence of man. Even the most stealthy beast, however, at pines forgets its caution, or is forced by some imperative cause out of its accustomed habits, and this particular bobcat was encountered at such a moment. As the incidents were

as far as I am aware, without precedent, I venture to relate them at some length.

It was while L was staying at French Louis' trapping cabin on the Baker Lake stillwater that the episode occurred. I had been out all day hunting moose on the hardwood ridges some six miles from camp, and when ready to return, having a considerable load of moosemeat to carry, I left my rifle sticking upright in the snow beside the carcase (a common enough practice in the Canadian backwoods)

enough practice in the Canadian backwoods). Being thus unarmed, I was, of course, eligible for the most improbable sporting opportunities and had covered less than a mile, when in the crepuscular shadowing of the dense fits I came suddenly on the fresh track of a beheat, and a moment later saw the animal itself standing in the snow about ten yards to my right regarding me with that unblinking intentness which characterizes the genus felis.

Instantly the whole character of the forest altered. There is a rentiment about the larger carnivors that is quitte different to what we feel in the presence of even the largest herbivorous creatures, and for me boy as I was, the sight of the tracks peopled the dusky for ests alses with a thousand fancies and possibilities. I had not noticed before how savage the woods were. Looking back, with the advantage of more experience, I cannot help smiling as I recall how my vivid young imagination course that is quitted to stiffen excellent sight of these tharmless tracks, big to my eye as elephant spoor, and significant of dutired potentialities. But at the time I felt that the malevolent-looking purest standing alities. But at the time I felt that the malevolent-looking pussy standing so near me quite justified my sensations, and partly to prove that I was not afraid, partly to test the cat's intentions, I started towards it, making, however, no hostile movements. Immediately the bobcat stuck its tail pertly erect and stepped backwards, not hurriedly, but with the evident

purpose of maintaining its distance. At this point, as a four-foot belocat seen in the twilight obscurity of northern woods looks rather large to a boy of fourteen, I began to regret having left my rifle behind, and decided to fetch it. The moment I commenced to retrace my steps, however, the bobcat followed, and accompanied me the whole way, keeping nearly abreast and at a uniform distance of thirty feet. I confess that toward the end of this extraordinary performance the situation bemcame strained, and it was with a sense of infinite relief that I at last felt the cold barrel in my grasp. As I swung round bounded away, but my bullet caught it at the take-off of the second jump, and with a queer sputtering squall it tore about in a smother of snow for a moment, then lay

Many explanations of this singular be-haviour on the part of one of the shyest animals in North America have been forthcoming Most of them are variations of the supposition that the bobcat was hungry; but such was not the case. Winter is, more often than not, a time of plenty for the carnivora, and this partime of plenty for the carmivora, and this particular cat was quite exceptionally fat and plethoric. My own idea is that it had been taken captive when very young by some border settler, from whom it had made its escape at a date not so remote as to have allowed its natural wildness to eliminate completely its acquired taste for the society of man.—Lincoln Wilbar in Baily's Wilbar, in Baily's.

## HUNTING THE HUNTERS

When the bacillus of the dry fly enters into the blood of the angler there is absolutely no hope for him. The disease runs a regular course. First come the frequent visits to the river in the evening and the doing without one's dinner, all for the capture of a few small trout. These early symptoms are attended with very little success, so little, indeed, in my case, that my gardener, whose house I pass going to and from the river, after askin heerily what luck for about a fortnight, and always receiving a shake of the head in reply, was moved to say fervently, "God saye us; do you ever catch anything?" Stung by this, I tried explanations. "Oh, don't you see, Robert, this is a new plan, not the old-fashioned flogging; something altogether more scientific and exact. You see, here is a fish, you light the fly gently here, it floats over him, the bend of the gut is up stream, and, just as soon as it reaches him, up he comes and swallows it, and you have him sure." "Man, but that's a scorching good plan," says Robert, staring hard at my empty net, then, in a different tone, a reflective tone, "Oor wee Johnny got six fine trout last night." Here I beat a retreat.

So much for the first stage. The second stage is worse, and the rayages of the disease may be traced by reference to the counterfoils of one's check book. Dry fly rod, reel, sline, casts, flies, various kinds of boxes and bottles, knee pads, nets, and creels, to the tune of about £15. The third stage is arrived at when the old and trusty wet fly rod, companion of many



# Sportsman's Calendar

OCTOBER

October 1—Opening of pheasant-shooting in Cowichan and Islands Electoral District (except North Saanich); opening of quail-shooting. Season now open for all small game. For the Angler-Salmon-trolling, trout-

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* appy days, is put on the shelf, and only used in the very early season, or handed to some juvenile along with a canful of worms and a yard or two of old cut. The mournful droop of its once springy body can be seen hanging

out over some bush, a silent but eloquent rearoach. Now the patient is fast approaching he crisis. He has learnt to cast his fly correctly, small trout do not appeal to him, a fever courses through his veins, and his whole object in life is to get hold of something big. Quality, not quantity, becomes his motto; a pair of Goerz binoculars are purchased, by which means he scans every fly in sight; he forsakes for ever the paths of sanity; he creeps and crawls along the river bank on hands and knees. There is only one object in the wide world, and that the trout he sees rising; his mind is given over to the stalk; he hears nothing but the "plop, plop," and sees nothing but the rings steadily appearing.

Occasionally a contretemps occurs; after a long and arduous stalk he is suddenly brought back to earth by a "snuff, snuff," and turns round, with a cold chill running down his back, to find an inquisitive bull mouthing his nether garments. Or, again, his meditations are disturbed by a snarling, terrier, whose efforts convince him that a pair of thick pigskin leggings and a dog whip should be included in his outfit. Now comes another stage. He leaves the bank, takes to boat fishing on a farge river, and indulges in that fascinating pursuit of "hunting the hunter." Here the madness really takes hold of one and research. takes hold of one, and no inconvenience is too great to put up with when in pursuit of "big" game. Two things are essential; one accuracy of casting combined with speed, and the other an intelligent boatman whose heart is in the game. The latter I have, and the former I strive after with a certain amount of success.

I fish on hotel water, and I had heard a ru-

mor of big trout feeding in the deep stretch about a mile below the ford, but never put much faith in it, as I knew there were plenty of pike down there. The fishable water being rather crowded with anglers, I determined to devote an evening to seeing whether there was any truth in the story or not, and was rewarded by the sight of three monsters rising intermittently. I never saw such hunters, a rise here, then, ten seconds later, another fifteen yards off, as my boatman put it, "coursin' like tarrier dogs." Three whole evenings we spent there, and never got so much as a rise. Willy expounded a theory that these big trout fed all night, and that the way to catch one would be to attack them in the dark. The fever had so entered into my veins that I promptly went and bought a thermos flask, and next weekend saw a whole night spent on the river.

them soon in the dark, gave up the chase, and waited for the dawn; the deep silence was broken only by the occasional "plop!" of the invisible trout, and now and then the raucous croak of a waterhen. At last the sky began to lighten in the east, and I cheered Willy's drooping spirits with the promise of a cup of hot tea. Unfortunately, something had gone wrong with the thermos, and we found therein a beastly lukewarm mixture, which we promptly consigned to the river. We had a little whiskey, Willy remarking, "Thank God there's nothing wrong with that, anyway." We soon spotted the trout, and succeeded in rising two of them. Viewing this nocturnal excursion afterwards, Willy hit the nail on the head when he said, "He was damned, but it was like a caper two drunk men would be after." Our want of success only spurred us to further efforts, and down we went again, found one of the hunters feeding, and after a chase of nearly 200 yards down the centre of the river, succeeded in dropping the fly in the right spot. A tiny ring was the result, and the fly disappeared. "Strike," and a wild flurry, on the top of the water.

The trusty split came was bent nearly double, and, after a ding-dong fight, the neat was slipped under a fine trout of 3½lb. Success at last, and next evening we again pursued and captured another of 3/4lb. Alas! the season is now over, and nine months will have to elapse efore I again "hunt the hunters."-Port-na-