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MASSANOGA, OR PICTURE LAKE.

In the days of the long ago, before the white man had landed on the North American continent, the Indian had but two grand recreations—killing game, and fighting his neighbor. There was perpetual warfare between the tribes and between none was it more persistent than between the Ojibway and the Iroquois. There was a great difference in temperament between these peoples. The Iroquois was a fierce, crafty, cruel foe, given to living in villages, while the Ojibway (of the great Algonquin nation) was a nomad, a perfect Ishmael. Rarely indeed were the Algonquins the aggressors. They possessed no villages, but lived in small communities scattered through the vast region which is bounded by Lake St. John and the Ottawa on the east, the height of land on the north, and the prairie to the west of the Lake of the Woods. Some idea of the extreme mobility of these people may be appreciated, as we learn that when a hunter killed a moose he usually moved his wigwam to the meat instead of carrying the meat to the wigwam. Their slight social fabric made these people very open to attacks from their implacable foe. But too often a stealthy war party of Iroquois braves would fall upon an isolated community of Algonquins, and after torturing and murdering the men would carry off the women captives, and it need not surprise us that the Algonquins when they got an opportunity paid off some of these bloody scores.

The Picture Cliff, Massanoga

The other day I went to look for the great grey trout in a lake which was the scene of successful reprisal by the persecuted Ojibways some 400 years ago. This sheet of water, 10 miles long, is situated in Addington county, Ontario. To reach it one goes to Kaladar station, and then makes one's way over 17½ miles of hilly, sandy road to the lake. Here lives Johnny Bey, strangely enough a pure Iroquois Indian, the descendant of the men whose bones are yet unearthed along the sandy shores of the lake, while the victors have passed away leaving but few evidences of their long occupancy.

Massanoga is divided, almost, into two lakes, by a long, narrow peninsula which stretches out from the west shore about four miles above the foot of the lake, leaving but a narrow channel between its extremity and a steep rock mass, some 300 feet high, which faces it on the east shore of the lake. This rock was at one time decorated with numerous rude sketches made by the ancient Indians in commemoration of events which they considered worth recording. Unfortunately, none of them were drawn higher than a tall man could reach from his canoe, and, when the vandal lumbermen came into possession, and dammed the lake near its mouth, the rising waters destroyed all save a few pictures which had originally been drafted at an unusually high pitch of water. These pictures were made with iron oxide, scraped from some iron ore beds known to exist to the northeastward of the lake. As works of art they are not remarkable,

but as attempts at reproducing the scenes of a stirring Indian drama they are successful. Most of them evidently referred to the great battle which took place on this point, though a few deal with other subjects. There is one weird sketch of a gigantic animal, with its coat standing up like the quills of a porcupine, (possibly arrows or javelins) surrounded by a crowd of naked men who seem to have thrown their spears at it. The settlers call this a camel, but I consider the scene represents the doing to death of either a particularly large moose, or else the killing of some rare animal, such as the elk, for no doubt these animals at that time occasionally wandered to Massanoga as they were abundant in the Niagara peninsula.

The Indian legend of the battle runs something in this wise: By an ancient treaty all waters flowing into the Ottawa—the Grand river—belonged to the Algonquins, and the watershed of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence was the hunting ground of the Iroquois. A half mile back from the lake the height of land is reached, and while the Massanoga discharges by way of the Mississippi into the Ottawa, just across the hill there is another chain whose outlet is toward Lake Ontario. So, at this point, the rival hunters were close neighbors, and Massanoga must have seen as much bloodshed as the borderland between England and Scotland where the Percy and the Douglas ravaged and pillaged each other's territories alternately.

Launch on Massanoga Lake

According to the legend the Iroquois were running short of game on their side of the ridge; the moose had been well thinned out, deer had become scarce, and the glossy pelts of the beaver and otter hard to capture. And, in contrast with this sad state of affairs, the Algonquin preserve was a perfect sanctuary for game. This was rather more than the hunger-pinched Iroquois could stand, so taking advantage of a temporary absence of the Algonquins from the lake, they stole over the ridge and established a large hunting camp upon the sandy peninsula facing the big rock. Here they revelled in moose muffle, beaver tail and boiled porcupine until they waxed fat and slothful, then one fine night an Algonquin scout discovered them, and at the rising of the sun a whole fleet of Ojibway canoes was discovered advancing up the lake to do battle.

The Iroquois were caught at a great disadvantage, but at anything like even numbers they could usually defeat the less warlike Algonquins, so they drew up along the shore ready to make a stubborn defence. The action was opened by flights of arrows fired at long range which did but little damage, but, suddenly, a terrific yell from the neck of the peninsula announced that a force was advancing in that direction, and that the retreat of the Iroquois was cut off. It was no longer a battle but a massacre, and not a single Iroquois hunter escaped to tell the tale. Even to this day human bones are washed up after a storm, and for many and many a long year no Iroquois dared to approach the shores where their forefathers had met so signal a disaster. After a time, however, rival white men came into the field, the Algonquin throwing in his lot at first with the French while the Iroquois was the trusted ally of the English settler. These furnished firearms to their redskin supporters, enabling the latter to gain a series of easy victories over their crudely armed rivals. So the Algonquin had to abandon his old hunting ground and to withdraw into that great northern wilderness which had in truth always been the headquarters of his race.

This summer the silence which has so long brooded over Massanoga was rudely disturbed by the advent of a fussy little gasoline launch. Brimfull of energy and splutter, this noble craft of but 17-ft. keel creates more disturbance and is more in evidence than would be a whole fleet of canoes. Even Johnny Bey, the Indian hunter, has fallen a willing victim to its charms and the visitor will often see the bull-necked, deep-chested fellow with his hands on the spokes of the little 8-inch wheel, steering the launch over the waters his people have known so long. There are summer visitors too; girls in white frocks, and men in cool flannel shirts, and some day they are going to import cunning musicians and give concerts on the point where long ago the Algonquin made such a slaughter of his foemen. Yet even to-day, the deer come down to drink in the lake and are very numerous in the hills bordering it, and there are many lake trout of goodly size to be caught by the experienced fisherman—only he will need a long line and a heavy sinker, for the lake is in places between 250 and 300 ft. deep, and during the warm weather it is the habit of the grey trout to seek the bottom. Massanoga is the modern name for this sheet of water. The Indians call the upper bay

Mazinog and the lower one Mazinan, the one meaning "here there are pictures," the other "to the pictures." However, "Massanoga" is more euphonious, and so, perhaps the white man was right when he changed the name of the combined waters to Massanoga.

This is the centre of a very good sporting country. Twenty miles beyond, to the north-west, there is very good trout, black bass and mascalonge fishing, and I do not think there is a much better region in Ontario for deer and ruffed grouse. All around Massanoga are charming lakelets at which the deer drink during the warm weather twice every day: a few, of course, fall victims to the needs of the back settlers—but not very many, because there are so few back settlers. The lumber has been cut, the boys have gone away to the west, the girls drifted to the big cities, and the old people do not do much deer hunting.

From Massanoga a canoe route exists adown the Mississippi—an unassuming river with a pretentious name—about 120 miles to the Ottawa. I have not been down it, but am told that a few miles below the lake there are falls almost 100 ft. in depth, and it is said that below this point there are no grey trout but a great store of pike, and bass, and in the autumn wild fowl innumerable.

If these stray notes should tempt some brother sportsman to try Massanoga and the country of which it is the centre, I feel satisfied that he will not regret having taken the trip. I can speak out of my own personal experience of the deer, the ruffed grouse and the grey trout.

MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

(Continued from last month).

One cannot help but feel how desperate the pangs of the vanquished must have been. A few weeks later (if they have both survived the battle), these self-same bulls, with others of their fellows, may be found "yarded up" in the December snows and living on terms of the utmost amity, while the cows, which were the cause of all the late unpleasantness, have located themselves elsewhere.

Persons who have never seen a "moose-yard" commonly suppose it to be a small tract of ground in which one or more moose have located themselves in the winter months, and where they have tramped the snow down flat. A moose-yard, in reality, often covers an area of one or two square miles. It simply consists of a number of paths in the snow to which the moose mainly confine themselves while browsing on the young growth from place to place. When feed becomes scarce the moose locate another yard. If a moose is started by man from the yard he will not return to it that winter.

The surest way to shoot a moose is by stalking on the snow. Unless they have been frequently disturbed they are not nearly so wary as the deer, but when once fairly alarmed are very determined in their flight and will place a surprising number of miles behind them with their long, swinging trot. Some of the Maine hunters practice a method known as "walking down" the moose. When the animal is started in the light snows of November they follow his track persistently, camping on the track each night and resuming the chase next morning. From time to time the moose is started again and at last comes to know that a relentless pursuer is on his trail. In about three days, or five at most, the moose "rounds up" and stands at bay when the hunter shoots him down. Opinions differ as to why the moose allows the man to overtake him. Some contend that his feet become sore; others that he cannot eat while he knows that he is being followed; others that, after being started many times, he becomes at last indifferent. I should say that insufficient feeding superinduced by fright was the true explanation.

Many theories formerly held in regard to the habits of moose, and the best mode of hunting them, have been disproved by experience. For instance, as to calling moose, it was firmly held by the old Indian guides that this feat could only be accomplished between sundown and sunrise. The hapless sportsman was required to while away the stilly night cramped up in a bark canoe, or else lie out on the cold, moist barren with a blanket wrapped around him, while his Milicete guide, well primed with fire-water, shattered the silence with the mournful music of his horn. A perfect moonlight night was necessary if the sportsman was to have any chance of planting a killing shot. Even where the conditions were favorable the performance was one involving so much hardship that many sportsmen lost all desire to repeat the experience. The usual result was that three or four moose were missed or wounded in the semi-darkness to every one that was brought to grass. The practice of night-calling is now very largely a thing of the past in New Brunswick as well as in Nova Scotia. As soon as the business of guiding sportsmen became profitable, white guides went into it in large numbers. These, being more intelligent and enterprising, have out-classed the Indians in all save cheapness and relegated to the limbo of the laughable much of their wigwam lore. It was discovered that an unmated bull moose would respond readily enough in the day-time to a skilful caller, and when he did respond the chance of placing the bullet in the right place was immeasurably improved. Many of the most successful white guides in the province now call entirely in the day time.

Then, with regard to the feeding habits of moose many old theories have been set aside. It was formerly held that the moose never peeled the tree upon which he fed clear around, and hence never killed the tree. I have myself seen maples, mountain ash and sapling birch from which the bark had been stripped completely around by the moose. The favorite browsing trees of moose are whitewood, moosewood, willow and cherry; they will, however, eat the bark and twigs of any kind of hardwood and most of the evergreens, especially fir. Spruce or cedar they will not touch unless hard pressed by hunger. They are also fond of a thin, flat grass, light green in color, that grows chiefly in the beds of streams or ponds, or in marshy ground. This is locally known as "deer grass" and moose will often go under water for it and remain there a surprising length of time. They will nibble the leaves of the water lily and seem to regard the roots of this plant with special favor. Mr. Philip Selick, of Moncton, has had a number of moose in captivity for many years and has bred them successfully on his farm. Whatever may be said of the animal in his natural state, these domesticated moose possess the voracity of a pulp mill, consuming anything and everything in the vegetable line that is offered them, even to fir branches an inch or more in diameter. Another popular error is the belief that the moose, by reason of his giraffe-like legs and comparatively short neck, is unable to graze without kneeling. The moose has an inordinately long head to atone for his brevity of neck. With his forelegs planted slightly apart, he has no difficulty in eating or drinking on the level.

The size of a bull moose has not much relation to the weight or width of his horns. Moose of 1100 or even 1200 lbs.

will often be found with a comparatively inferior set of antlers, while an 800 lb. moose may have a five feet spread. There is no positive relation between the age of a moose and the number of points on his horns. Speaking generally, the horns increase in width, weight and number of points until the moose is five or six years old. After that they gradually deteriorate, the palms dwindling and the points losing much of their sharpness and symmetry.

In regard to caribou hunting in New Brunswick, if one wishes to secure a fine head it must be sought before the 15th of November, as by that date the old bucks have commenced to drop their horns. It is a fact that admits of no question that the antlers of young bucks of moose, caribou and deer mature later and are shed later than those of the older males. The horns of any of these animals may be knocked off by contact with trees, etc., some days or even weeks before they would otherwise be shed, but speaking in approximate terms, the older males of caribou have commenced to dispense with these ornaments by November 15th, while deer retain theirs a month later and moose until January 1st. The greatest number of points ever noted on a caribou head secured in this province is thirty-nine. This caribou was recently shot on the North-West Miramichi by Charles F. Riordan, of Boston, Mass. There can be little doubt, however, that these figures will eventually be surpassed, as single antlers have frequently been found after they were shed containing over twenty points. Herds of fifty or seventy-five caribou are occasionally seen on the barrens of the North-West and South-West Miramichi. That they should be able to thrive and fatten on such etherial fare as the reindeer lichen, eked out in the winter months by the moss to be found on the spruce, fir, maple, beech, birch and other trees, is a most surprising fact.

Some of our provincial guides have learned how to "call" the caribou with considerable success. A birchen horn precisely the same as that which is used for moose is employed. The mating call of the caribou, both in male and female, is a sort of hoarse cough, or bark. In fact it is doubtful whether this solitary note does not comprise the entire musical repertoire of the caribou at all seasons of the year. It is not at all difficult to imitate. The only drawback to its complete success apparently is that it is a very low call, and hence can only be employed to advantage when the game is close at hand. It is often used with effect, however, to stop a herd of caribou which has just been started. A bull caribou will sometimes advance to the call at full speed and then, upon discovering his mistake, will circle the hunter repeatedly, giving evidence of a total bereavement of his senses for the time being. The wearing of a red cap or a "sweater" by the hunter will frequently induce instantaneous lunacy in an entire herd of caribou and they will remain rooted to the spot gazing at the gaudy apparition while the death-dealing rifle is thinning out their ranks.

Shooting a bull moose which has been duped with the birchen horn is nearly always a most memorable experience, and doubly so if the sportsman has called the animal himself. It is not at all difficult for an amateur to acquire the art, as was shown one autumn when Mr. John Bodkin, an English sportsman, called up and shot, on the Nepisiguit River, one of the finest specimens ever secured in this province.

Let me briefly describe a somewhat similar experience which was mine on the first day of October, 1898. In company with A —, an enthusiastic local sportsman who had never seen a moose in a state of nature, I left Fredericton the day before, with provisions for ten days, bound for Cains River. At noon we reached a log house in Zionville, the last barbaric outpost of civilization, and there secured Arthur and Dick Evans, the one as teamster, the other as general utility man about camp. With all our effects placed in a heavy farm waggon, we trudged ahead over the six miles of "portage" road that wandered over the ridges between the settlement and Cains River. The road was called "good," which means that the feat of making a worse one had often been accomplished in the lumber woods. The river was reached in two hours and then a somewhat novel mode of progression was adopted. All hands boarded the waggon, while Dick steered the team straight down the bed of the stream. It was our earnest wish to reach the mouth of Otter Brook, seven miles down, by sunset. The waggon clattered and clambered over the rocks, now in shoal water and now plunging without previous notice of motion into holes that almost floated the load. Here and there fallen trees lay across the stream and had either to be surmounted or chopped out with axes. On all such occasions Dick applied his vocabulary to the team with force and freedom. We emerged from the experience with a great respect for that noble animal, the horse, as well as for the human anatomy. Otter Brook landing was reached when the sun was still half an hour high. We had driven thirty-seven miles that day, thirteen of them through the woods. On the way down stream the "works" of moose were visible at every turn. Once the horses plunged violently at scent or hearing of some wild animal around one of the turns in the stream, but we were unable to determine what it was. The remorseless racket kicked up by the waggon pounding over the rocks was a source of grief to us, as it could hardly fail to alarm the game, perhaps for miles around. We decided that it would have been a better plan to have used from the "Meadows" down a birch canoe, shod with cedar strips, for there were several stretches of dead water, affording excellent calling sites, where the canoe would have floated nicely, needing only to be carried over the intervening shoals.

Our camp at the mouth of Otter Brook was merely a strip of canvas, hung in shed fashion from a ridge-pole, well protected from drafts by boughs at the back and sides, with an ample trench in case of rain, and sheltered from the prevailing winds by a grove of small pines. As we reclined that evening on our couch of boughs with pipes aglow, after a generous repast of woodland fare, and watched the sparks flickering about like fire-flies in the outer gloom, life seemed to be worth the living.

Next morning as breakfast was being prepared A— caught a string of goodly seeming trout at the mouth of the brook, but the season was late and they lacked their usual flavor. Soon after sunrise Dick plunged abruptly over the bank with his team and departed on his homeward voyage. The roaring of the waggon over the rocky road was heard for a long time. His instructions were to return a week later to the same point, as we intended to make this our permanent camp. About a mile up Otter Brook were two small barrens and a promising water-hole. I called here for moose that morning and was certain that I heard an answer, but the true nature of the sound was soon revealed. It was the measured stroke of an axe over on one of the hardwood ridges to the north—an accoustic effect that can easily be mistaken for the distant note of a bull moose.

The weather being remarkably warm for the season of the year, the work of plodding through the cloying moss along the edge of these barrens was quite wearisome. After returning to

camp and stowing away another substantial meal, that never failing solace of woodland existence, it was decided to cross the river and cruise the big Bantalorum barren, which lay almost parallel to the stream and about a mile distant. There was no semblance of a trail to the barren and the heat was felt severely as we struggled through the riotous jungles of underbrush that clogged the intervening hollows and ravines. As the barren was neared the soil became more swampy, offering such precarious support to the dwarfed and stunted spruce that struggled for existence there, that many of them had desparingly collapsed, forming a chaos of unsightly snags through which our progress was tedious and toilsome. When the barren was reached it presented the appearance of a vast, unbroken amphitheatre, a mile or more in length, flanked by walls of sombre fir and tamarack. One's view of it from the level bog, however, was restricted by a peculiar hummock-like formation of firmer heath that raised itself like an island in the midst of the quaking waste. If these barrens, of which so many occur in the New Brunswick wilderness, are old lake bottoms which have become transposed into so many huge sponges by the obtrusion of centuries of vegetable growth, how shall we account for these tumulous elevations in the centre that occur so unfailingly.

From the main barren radiated in various directions several bays or pockets. At the entrance to one of these we sat down on a crumbling bunch of hard-hacks to secure, if possible, a respite from the heat. The head of the pocket lay to the west and the breeze was blowing softly from that point towards the outer barren. It was two o'clock p.m. With not much hope that a bull moose was within calling distance I raised the horn and gave the short call. Immediately I thought I heard a monosyllabic response in the deep woods across the pocket, but my companions heard nothing, the sound was not repeated and I dismissed the thought as fanciful. All was still except the wind that played as on a harp its wailing monotone through the stunted spruces and over the steaming heath. I tried a second call, louder and longer than before. The result, to say the least of it, was startling.

The trees within the sombre barrier just across the pocket seemed to be falling down. The crashing of limbs was heard and the hollow reverberation of tree trunks smitten by a giant force. I listened to the disturbance with a sinking heart. It was a bull moose without doubt, and my fear was that the animal had been alarmed by the loud call, delivered at so short a range, and was seeking safety in flight. I ought to have reflected that when the bull moose detects the spurious call he steals away on velvet foot. The tumult of splintered limbs and smitten trunks grew louder and nearer and then, as we crouched in the heather, two prominent yellowish objects emerged like spectres from the shadows. They were the antlers of a bull moose. We could see as he swaggered jauntily towards the light that he was deliberately hooking the trees and upturned roots, now with the other, as if in challenge to a possible rival. The horns then ceased their tossing motion and the moose, which had located the call to the fraction of a yard, seemed to gaze intently across the pocket in our direction. The moment was a trying one and though nothing but the horns were visible we were sorely tempted to shoot. The wisdom of waiting was soon manifest. With a confident, belligerent "Wuh, Wuh!" the moose stepped out in the open and swerved to the right, quartering down the wind. This move was strictly in accordance with proverbial moose tactics and was designed to intercept the scent. The course taken brought him slightly closer to us as we knelt with cocked rifles in the spongy bog. A—— placed his faith in a Savage rifle; mine was the regulation Lee-Enfield of the English infantry, reinforced with the dum-dum bullet. For about thirty yards the moose traversed the bog, head downwards, as though in a trance. The outlines of his bulk as he made for the open bog were at first somewhat obscured by a few outlying spruce and windfalls. I whispered to A—— to wait till he was in plain sight. Then the moose swung past the last intervening root and his huge body appeared in unobstructed view.

As the rifles cracked the moose kept on his course as though heedless of the sound—a sure sign that he was hard hit. Had we missed him he would have certainly halted and faced the enemy, or else have started for cover. We fired two additional shots each, when the monster dropped heavily to the turf. Five of the six shots fired had found their mark, three in the shoulder and two behind it. The range was about seventy yards. One of the Savage bullets reduced the liver to a pulp, while the dum-dums smashed the massive shoulder bones like glass. The horns of the moose measured forty-five inches across and were high and shapely, the blades taping twelve inches at the widest point. Six feet ten inches, as near as we could determine, was the height of this moose at the withers.

It was certainly a remarkable piece of good fortune that enabled us the first day after leaving Fredericton to secure the prize we sought. Here let me offer this suggestion to whom it may concern: that when a moose, as frequently happens, is killed on a barren in warm weather under circumstances that render it difficult to dress the carcass at once, the meat can be preserved for days as though packed in ice by simply covering the entire carcass with moss.—By the late Frank H. Risteen.

Combined Camp Bed, Pack Blanket and Sleeping Bag.

Take a strong canvas, preferably dark colored waterproof, 78 inches long, 33 inches wide when doubled and with or without a six inch flap at one end—the edges, lengthwise, to be sewed together strongly and neatly—each end to be hemmed and through the hem place strong eyelet holes about six inches apart and large enough to admit easily a small rope.

When used as a bed thrust two poles seven feet long through and spread them by four crotched sticks, one at each corner. Place a log of wood under each end of the poles and you have a bed on which, with your blankets, you can sleep very comfortably.

The canvas can be used en route to and from camp as a pack blanket or tump by passing a rope or tump line through the eyelet holes at each end.

If desired to use the canvas as a sleeping bag fasten together with a few safety pins the outer edges of your blankets lengthwise and at the foot, place inside the canvas and lace it through the eyelet holes at foot.

An association for the protection of game has been organized at Golden, B.C., and the following officers elected: President, J. G. Ullock; vice-president, C. A. Warren; secretary-treasurer, W. Alexander. The following pledge was prepared: "We, the undersigned, members of the Golden District Game Protective Association, hereby bind ourselves to act collectively, as well as individually, as assistants to the game warden of this district, and will endeavor to enforce the laws."

RIFLE SHOOTING IN CANADA.

To what extent the enthusiasm as to rifle shooting, which was aroused by the initial reverses of the South African campaign, will permanently improve rifle shooting in Canada is a question the future must answer. In Great Britain it is said that the formation of civilian rifle clubs with their leavening of volunteers have increased exceedingly rapidly in numbers and in membership. According to the London Field, a thoroughly trustworthy authority, British rifle clubs have developed steadily from small beginnings.

The National Rifle Association, notwithstanding its onerous duties, eagerly welcomed this new trend in rifle shooting, and encouraged it in every manner possible. Competitions have been set aside for the exclusive benefit of members of clubs affiliated with the parent association. These, as a rule, are competed for with miniature rifles and under conditions differing widely from those governing ordinary target shooting. In one class of competition there is a miniature range, a miniature rifle, and its miniature ammunition; in others there is shooting with miniature rifles at distances often fired over with a service rifle, thus serving a useful purpose, since they permit the use of ranges which would be condemned as dangerous for the service rifle and ammunition. The third class of shooting which is indulged in by the affiliated clubs, includes the use of service rifles and ammunition at the shorter ranges. The object aimed at, and seemingly attained, by these classes is the bringing target shooting attractively before a larger class than is represented by mere membership in the volunteers.

This it would appear is precisely what is needed in Canada. In the scheme outlined by the Militia Department, and published a few weeks ago, there seems a disposition to force every man who uses the range to become, at least nominally, a member of the militia. This has undoubtedly had a deterrent effect upon many who would otherwise have wished to join, and is probably responsible for the lukewarm interest exhibited so far by the great mass of Canadian men.

With the lessons of the Boer war before us we must be blind indeed if we do not see the vital need in a country where conscription does not exist, of every able-bodied man being somewhat of a marksman. The drill of the barrack square, the tinsel and blare we can, perhaps, do without. What Canada needs most is 500,000 men of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic descent who could at short notice use their rifles to good effect.

The time to train the hand and eye in shooting is in youth. Instances are, it is true, on record showing that men of mature years have now and again learned to use the rifle and shot-gun, but in the vast majority of cases the only time to master any field sport is during those years when the receptive faculties are most on the alert. Every Canadian lad should have it in his power to become a marksman, if his bent lie in that direction.

WOODLAND SCENES.

I was sitting with my back against a log in the deep woods one October morning, watching for two squirrels that were hiding in the top of a great walnut tree. One of the squirrels I had shot at and missed, whereupon it scampered up the tree in question, followed by another one of its kind to the topmost branches. A patient examination of all the limbs failed to disclose to my eyes so much as an ear, so I sat down to wait until the game moved.

A half hour passed, by which time every knot and bunch of leaves had become familiar to me. There was a very large limb that extended out from the tree in a horizontal direction for ten feet then bent upward gradually. On its under side there was a hole such as a gray squirrel might fancy. Presently a saucy woodpecker, resplendent in red and white and black, scuttled down the limb in search of food. Instantly my full attention was directed to it in the hope that its actions might betray to me the location of the two hidden squirrels.

Down came the woodpecker after the halting, jerky manner of its kind, but suddenly it stopped short, then flew up and alighted further down the limb. At the same time there was a flash of gray near the hole in the limb, and some small creature disappeared within. I had never before noticed any ruffling up of the feathers on a woodpecker's neck as an indication of anger, or what not, but this one was either startled or angry, for its neck feathers resembled those of the mischievous little camp robbers of the west. But no matter what its feelings were, the woodpecker sidled up to the hole and peeked in, with its head cocked first to one side, then to that.

It is customary with all good woodpeckers, like policemen, to rattle for assistance when they believe they have corralled a bigger bargain than they can make away with unaided; but this one did nothing of the sort, as it seemed dubious as to whether its game was really cornered. Finally it decided to take a look inside, so it ducked its head and crept in very gingerly and very slowly. A moment of silence followed, then all at once a bunch of feathers was literally fired out of the hole, much after the fashion of a young man's hurried exit from a wouldn't-be-father-in-law's door. It was the woodpecker. It found its wings after a headlong tumble of several feet, perched on a nearby branch and glared across at the hole in the limb, seemingly undecided what to do, though full of fight.

I was puzzled to know what was in that hollow limb, but the woodpecker soon settled all doubts by flying across to the hole with neck feathers ruffled up and blood in its eye. No sooner had it alighted than a flying squirrel darted out of the hole and pounced on it, both finally alighting on a lower limb. Then followed a game of hide and seek, with the woodpecker forcing the fight. Up and down, round and round the limbs and back and forth from one to the other they went. Sometimes the flying squirrel—evidently dazed by the sunlight—would turn and pursue its enemy blindly, and then the bird would hesitate, whereupon the squirrel finally made a dash and gained the dark interior of its former place of refuge.

How this interesting encounter may have terminated it is impossible to say, for at that moment I saw one of my squirrels peeping over the fork of another branch, and the shot I fired at it broke up the game which I had been fortunate to witness.—Exchange.

That the black bass has a penchant for precious stones and interior decoration seems evident from the frequent fish tales circulated to this effect. The latest comes from Frankfort, Ind., and is as follows: "A month ago William Freas, Jr., of this city, while fishing in Cedar Lake, lost a valuable diamond cuff button by it slipping out of his cuff and falling in deep water. Of course, he never expected to see the diamond again, and had dismissed it from his mind until this afternoon, when he received a registered package containing the button and diamond intact, and a letter from W. R. Sherry, of Chicago. The letter stated that Mr. Sherry had been fishing a few days ago in Cedar Lake, and among his catch was a four-pound bass. When the bass was dressed the button was found in its stomach. He learned from the hotel proprietor of Mr. Freas' loss and correctly supposed the button and diamond were his."

KENNEL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by D. Taylor

Recognizing the marked interest taken in canine matters at the present time by all classes, the New York Herald now gives its readers regular cable correspondence of the latest English kennel intelligence, which is extremely interesting to the general reader and a decided boon to those who desire to keep posted in what is going on among the fancy in Europe. From a late letter in this journal we learn that there is a decided split between the English Kennel Club and the ladies' branch, resulting in the resignation of the president, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Lady Kathleen Pilkington and Mrs. Oughton Giles, two of the most prominent members. Whether the entire branch may individually and collectively pick up its skirts and retire gracefully is what nobody can foretell. The disagreement appears to be of a trifling character and arises from the ladies wishing to retain a small percentage of their annual subscription as a fund for prizes confined to the ladies' branch.

✠

The Kinkora Kennels, Montreal, have recently imported the Irish terrier Dunmore Bill, who took second novice at Dublin in April last, being only beaten by the sensational dog Colin, who has now at thirteen months old earned the title of Champion. Dunmore Bill, whose name has been changed to Kinkora Brock, was whelped June 9th, 1900, and is a son of Balmoral Bill and Barnsley Floss, a daughter of Champion Breda Muddler. Kinkora Brock is described by the English Stockkeeper and Our Dogs as possessing the best Irish terrier character in his class, and will prove a valuable out-cross for the Kinkora kennels. Barnsley Nellie, now the property of Mrs. James L Kernochan, New York, is a litter sister of Kinkora Brock, and at seven months won at Belfast first in puppy and second in novice class, a remarkable performance for so young a bitch.

✠

Thirteen has proved an unlucky number for Mr. Joseph Reid. His collie bitch Daisy Blossom gave birth about the beginning of August to that number of puppies and all of them died shortly afterwards. They were by Mr. Gault's Royal Scot.

✠

On Monday, 12th August, Mr. Alex. Smith's (Auchairnie) collie, Maple Blossom, gave birth to ten puppies by his own imported Hielan' Rory. Needless to say Alex. has weeded them out and retains what he thinks will be likely winners.

✠

The Champlain Kennel Club will hold its first annual show at Burlington, Vt., on the 11th, 12th and 13th September, under A. K. C. rules. The premium list provides for eighty-five classes, exclusive of winners' classes, and the prize money is uniformly $5 first, $3 second and a diploma for third in all novice, limit and open classes, and $3, $2 and a diploma for puppy classes, which, however, are provided only for English and Irish Setters, Collies, Bulldogs, Smooth Fox Terriers and King Charles and Blenheim Spaniels. Mastiffs, Russian Wolfhounds, Greyhounds, Deerhounds, Foxhounds, Dachshunds, Gordon Setters, Field Spaniels, Dalmatians, Poodles, French Bulldogs, Scottish Terriers, Black and Tan Terriers, Pugs, Pomeranians and Prince Charles Spaniels have but one class, an open class for dogs and bitches. All other breeds have novice, limit and open classes and one winners' class for either sex. The breeds in which the open classes are divided by sex are English Setters, Cocker Spaniels Collies, Bull Terriers and Boston Terriers. There are also quite a number of specials, including cups, medals and gold dollars. Mr. C. H. Mower, P. O. Box 92, Burlington, Vt., is the secretary. Mr. Mortimer will judge.

✠

Messrs. F. & A. Stuart have just imported a young St. Bernard bitch from Manchester, Eng. While not a "shower" Snowflake (the name of the puppy) is absolutely perfect in expression, color and markings, qualities which, while counting very heavily in the ring, are far more valuable in a brood bitch, which is what they hope to make out of "Snowflake." In her blood there are two crosses in the first generation on the sire's side of the famous Lord Bute, sire of Sir Hereward and champion Young Bute. On her dam's side there is the acknowledged giant of the St. Bernard breed, champion Sir Bedivere. This is a combination which is now very rare, and if there is anything in breeding at all "Snowflake" ought to be able to find a place in the pedigrees of some of Montreal's winning St. Bernards in days to come.

✠

We understand that Mr. W. Ormiston Roy has purchased the handsome young dog, Mountain Victor, bred by Mr. D. Alexander, who will in future be shown from Coila Kennels. We also hear that he has sold a young puppy by Knight Errant II. ex Wishaw May to Mr. Mortimer, Hempsted, L.I., for a good figure.

✠

King Edward VII., who won at Toronto and Montreal, is booked for the Pan-American at Buffalo. He will meet there a number of the best known dogs in Colliedom.

✠

Dr. C. Y. Ford, Otterburn, Kingston, Ont., who has been on an extended visit to the old country recently returned and brought with him what is described in the daily press as one of the ugliest bull pups ever seen in the Limestone City. The new importation is said to be a grandson of the subject of the famous painting "What we have we'll hold." Dr. Ford also brought with him a handsome blue spaniel for Mr. A. Macdonell, of the Ontario Bank.

✠

Mr. James Watson, of Field and Fancy, has imported the well known rough Collie dog, Parkhill Squire, by Finsbury Pilot, out of Cathkin Duchess. Parkhill Squire was formerly owned by Mr. Hugh Miller, of Rutherglen, Scotland, and is the winner of a very large number of first and special prizes, and the sire of many winners in the land of his birth.

✠

The well known American sportsman, Foxhall Keene, who has lately taken an interest in Airedale terriers and imported some of the best breeding in England to establish a kennel, has suffered a heavy loss at the outset through the death of Rock Princess, a bitch which he had purchased for $1,000. She died on the White Star steamer Celtic which arrived at New York on August 4. Rock Princess was credited with being the best bitch in England, having won first and championship at the Crystal Palace show last October, and at the recent Otley show in May she won first limit, open and

championship, defeating Broadlands Bashful and a lot of other cracks. Mr. Keene is too good a sportsman, however, to allow such a contretemps to discourage him and is already on the outlook for something to take her place.

✠

At a meeting of the Council of the Canadian Kennel Club, Mr. Jos. A. Laurin, Montreal, was elected vice-president and representative of the Province of Quebec for the fifth time in succession. Among the nominations for the executive committee, to be elected at the annual meeting on 4th September, are: Mr. James Lindsay, Dr. Wesley Mills and Mr. Arthur F. Gault, Montreal.

✠

The entries for Toronto are a guarantee of an excellent show both as to numbers and quality. One gratifying feature is the presence of a large number of exhibitors hitherto unknown in the fancy and we trust their success will be such as to give them encouragement for the future. As usual, there will be a fair sprinkling of Montreal dogs. The Canadian Kennel Club offers medals for the best dog in the following breeds: St. Bernards, Mastiffs, Bloodhound, Newfoundland or Great Dane, Foxhound or Beagle, best Pointer, Setter, Collie, Sporting Spaniel, Bulldog, Bull Terrier, Fox Terrier, Terrier (other than Fox or Bull), Dachshund and best in classes 194 to 201 inclusive.

✠

Fitz Roya, the dog with the gold tooth, died in Boston lately. He was prostrated by the heat and the attending veterinaries could not save his life. Fitz Roya was the property of Shirley Marston and was considered the most valuable French Bulldog in the country. He was bought by Mr. Marston at the Paris Dog Show, where he won first prize, a diploma and a gold medal. He was exhibited at the leading American dog shows with success, having won two firsts at New York and valuable prizes at the Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia exhibitions. Mr. Marston is a most enthusiastic admirer of French Bulldogs. Three years ago he imported Champion Rico, and at present has several valuable pups by Fitz Roya.

✠

At a meeting of the Council of the Ladies' Kennel Association of America, it was decided to hold a four day bench show during the week beginning December 15 at Madison Square Garden, New York, with Mr. James Mortimer to superintend. The prizes in all puppy, novice, limit and open classes will be $15, $10 and $5. Winners class, the Association's silver medal and there will also be team prizes of $20 for the best four in each breed. The entry fees will be $5 and $3 for the members of the L. K. A. of A. Fifty per cent. of possible profits will be donated to charitable purposes and the remainder kept as the Association Dog Show Fund. The classification will be as liberal as possible, and the show should call forth the hearty support of the fancy.

✠

The Western Canada Kennel Club's Field Trials, which take place on September 2nd at La Salle, give promise of being the best the club has held, both in number and quality of entries, and in the sport, the birds being unusually plentiful. The club has added a third event this year, a sweepstakes, open to any dog who has competed in an all-age stake, and must be owned and handled by an amateur. Mr. Joseph Lemon is to be thanked for this addition, as he presented a handsome trophy for an additional stake, the idea being to give a chance to dogs which have won an all-age, and are, therefore, barred from entering, to compete instead of being left at home. This is an idea which clubs or individuals who love field sports and field dogs would do well to copy. It would doubtless prove a drawing card at field trials, and largely increase the attendance and number of entries. The club will also present a valuable prize to the owner of the winning dog to accompany the Lemon trophy, as it does with the F. G. Simpson collar and chain, which is also an annual trophy. Mr. C. C. Chapman has added a trophy to the Derby event this year.

✠

A cable despatch from London, Eng, under date of Aug. 9th, to the daily press, gives the following item of interest to dog fanciers: "G. M. Carnochan, of New York, whose contest with the British breeders of fox terriers was decided yesterday against him at Micham, Surrey, has added to his extensive kennel by purchasing six more fox terriers, including Hot Stuff, winner of all the prizes of the Crufts show. Their aggregate cost was £350. He has also purchased the prize hackney cob, Miss Innocence, with which he hopes to win the blue ribbon at Madison Square Garden, New York, next winter." Mr. Carnochan is of the order of "Never say die," however, and in making these purchases of terriers it is his intention, it is believed, to establish a kennel in Buckinghamshire, Eng., where climatic conditions are more favorable for rearing than the United States with its extremes of heat and cold. He will thus be able to compete on more equal terms with English breeders.

✠

The series of matches recorded in the above cable were made a year since. At that time Mr. Carnochan was in England and through the papers there issued a challenge to breeders of Fox Terriers, to the effect that he would show this fall a terrier of his own breeding, born in 1900, against one bred during the same year by anyone accepting the challenge. The conditions were $250 a side, $50 forfeit. The challenge was accepted by the Duchess of Newcastle, Mr. George Raper, Mr. Frank Redmond, Mr. Mason and Mr. J. Phillipson.

✠

Of Mr. Carnochan's representatives, Cairnsmuir Get There was shown successfully in the puppy class at Pittsburg last March, and is a son of the celebrated champion Go Bang. Cairnsmuir Just In Time has not been exhibited on this side. As regards the opposing forces, the Duchess of Newcastle's Commodore of Notts was a winner at the Crystal Palace a month or so back, while Mr. Raper's Raby Holdfast has competed successfully at several shows, including the exhibition at Barn Elms last month.

✠

"The Show Dog."

We have been favored with a copy of a valuable book bearing the above title, the author of which is Mr. H. W. Huntington, of Providence, R. I., author also of "My Dog and I," and a gentleman well known as an expert in caninology. In "The Show Dog" Mr. Huntington has certainly produced a work which is highly creditable alike to himself and the printers, for, typographically, it is all that can be desired. The book is handsomely bound in cloth, contains 244 pages and is embellished with 120 half-tone illustrations from life of famous dogs of every breed both in the old and new world, and will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States on receipt of the price, which is very moderate, taking the excellence of the work into consideration. To the breeder and

fancier the work will prove a welcome addition to the literature of dogdom while to any dog lover it will simply prove invaluable as a book of reference. Of course the illustrations, which are generally taken from the best types, are a great help to the amateur and will give him at once a correct idea of the general conformation and character of any breed with which he may be desirous of becoming acquainted. The letterpress makes the reader familiar with the origin, habits and peculiarities of each breed, and describes in concise language the standard of perfection as adopted by the specialty clubs, so that even the veriest novice ought to have a faint idea as to whether his dog is bred to the mark or not. The author follows up the descriptive portions of the book by a series of "Comments" which are both entertaining and instructive and will enable the dog owner to avoid many of the pitfalls which beset his path in rearing his pet from the puppy stage to maturity. Two or three Canadian kennels are represented in the book, one of the subjects being Mr. Laurin's Airedale terrier Dumbarton Lass. We strongly recommend the book to our readers, feeling assured that they will derive pleasure and profit from its perusal.

Speed of Dogs.

Comparatively few people realize of what remarkable speed dogs are capable. Some remarkable statistics in regard to this have been gathered by M. Dusolier, a French scientist.

He points out the marvellous endurance shown by little Fox Terriers who follow their masters patiently for hours while the latter are riding on bicycles or in carriages.

According to M. Dusolier, the speed of the shepherd dogs and those used for hunting ranges from ten to fifteen yards a second. English Setters and Pointers hunt at the rate of eighteen to nineteen miles an hour, and they can maintain this speed for at least two hours.

Foxhounds are extraordinarily swift, as is proved by the fact that a dog of this breed once beat a thoroughbred horse, covering four miles in six minutes and a half, which was at the rate of nearly eighteen yards a second.

Greyhounds are the swiftest of all four-footed creatures, and their speed may be regarded as equal to that of carrier pigeons. English Greyhounds, which are carefully selected, and which are used for coursing, are able to cover at full gallop a space between eighteen and twenty-three yards every second.

How great an achievement this is may be judged from the fact that a thoroughbred horse rarely, if ever, exceeds nineteen yards. Moreover, it is said that a hare at its greatest speed never goes faster than at the rate of eighteen yards.—London Mail.

The Trimming of Dogs.

The trimming of dogs for the passing purposes of the public show has always been a vexed problem for exhibitors, says the London Field in a recent issue; they halt between opinions—some defending the custom, while others, unfortunately the minority, deprecate it. The advocates of the custom argue that they have as much right to trim the hair or coats of their dogs as their neighbors have to subject their horses to similar treatment, with no better object than to display their leading features to the best advantage. It is perhaps a good thing that the horse and the dog are not in this matter on an equality. The supporters of dog trimming, indeed, might find a better analogy in the curious device of coloring sheep for glorification at shows, but they should note that there is a movement on foot to abolish the practice, which has for so long been followed by flockmasters in connection with certain varieties of sheep. The fact remains that the trimming of many breeds of dogs, such as terriers, has latterly been advanced to an extent that approaches an art. A recent writer, a large exhibitor and breeder of Scottish terriers, says that the sides of the dog's head are "trimmed" down pretty well to the bare skin until the animal has been thoroughly transmogrified, and if the majority of our leading terriers were shown absolutely *au naturel* they would find it a difficult thing to "struggle into the money." This refers to but a single variety of the dog, one less trimmed than some others. Though the custom is to some extent encouraged by the Kennel Club, it is impossible to say what latitude is allowed. The exhibitor, therefore, does not know how far he may go. It is to be deplored that the judges themselves are so mixed up with the custom of trimming and with the Kennel Club that they are incapable of taking action with regard to the former. As the matter stands at present, the sin is not so much in its commission as in its discovery, and, so long as the operator is clever enough to hide his handiwork, the breed or variety upon which he manipulates is the sufferer, and not, as justice would ordain, himself.

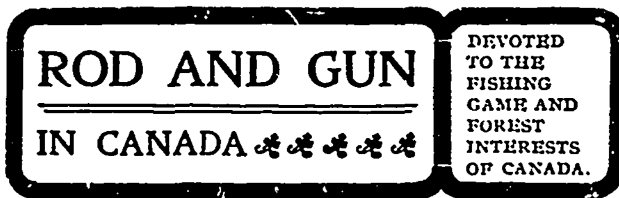
To Correspondents.

Lost Dog (Lachine).—There is no such thing as a "lost dog" in law, and the rightful owner can claim his property no matter whose possession it may be in. It is immaterial whether it has been found or purchased by the person who is in possession of it. The police are the proper custodians of a strayed dog.

Curious (St. Hyacinthe).—A paragraph appeared in this department two months ago which partly answers your question. Some large prices have been paid for coursing greyhounds, as for instance Falconer, for which $7,500 was paid. In the matter of show dogs the record prices have been: Ch. Sir Bedivere, a St. Bernard, who was bought by Mr. E. S. Sears, Wyoming Kennels, Melrose, U. S., for $6,500. The collie Ch. Ormskirk Emerald was bought by Mr. A. H. Megson, from Mr. T. H. Stretch in January, 1897, for $6,000 cash and the collie Ch. Edgbaston Marvel. The latter dog cost Mr. Megson $2,500, so that altogether the price paid for Emerald was $8,500. Other two collies, Ch. Southport Perfection and Ch. Christopher were sold for $5,025 and $5,000 respectively, while the bulldog Rodney Stone brought $5,000.

T. P. (Montreal)—According to your own showing your puppy does not get the exercise it should have. A dog was not made to be cooped up in a small back yard all day. Devote an hour or two morning and night to a constitutional—the exercise will do both of you good. Besides you will have a chance to train your dog in the matter of obedience. Take him on a lead for a time and promptly check him if he should roam from the heel. After he is fairly obedient under the lead let him accompany you without being led and let him know by firmness that he cannot leave your side without permission.

W. Simpson (Ottawa)—The general rule is to give a second service free if the first missed, but we believe there is no obligation whatever to do so. A stud fee is for the service irrespective of whether the bitch comes in whelp or not. How far custom would govern in an action at law we cannot say, but our advice is not to seek redress through that medium. The better way is to have the conditions of service stipulated in writing or verbally in the presence of disinterested witnesses.



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We are often asked for the best book on taxidermy. This is rather a difficult question to answer as there are several of undoubted merit, but taking everything into consideration we think that the one written by Mr. W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, and published by Scribners' Sons, New York, is the most useful. It is called "Taxidermy and Zoological Collecting," and as might be expected from the reputation of the eminent writer, is essentially practical. One of the most interesting chapters in it is that in which he describes the process of making casts of fish. The process is really very simple and any man of ordinary intelligence, by taking some pains, may soon become quite familiar with the process. Of course, the painting of these casts requires a considerable amount of artistic talent, the more the better, but by copying nature and having a freshly caught fish of the species before one while using the brush, the thing may be mastered. The difference between one of these casts, artistically painted, and the old fashioned "stuffed" fish would impress any but a blind man. Mr. John Fannin, the veteran naturalist of British Columbia, has made a most superb collection of the provincial fishes by following Mr. Hornaday's directions.

✣

A few years ago the State of Maine began to look upon game protection as worthy of serious attention. The effect was soon apparent. Game began to increase and deer, caribou and moose were soon more abundant than they had been for a couple of generations. Then the enterprising American people grasped the situation, and hunters poured in by hundreds, so that in the end the caribou and the moose began to diminish once more under the tremendous toll taken of them by the rifle, though the deer seemed to hold their own.

New Brunswick was the first of the Canadian provinces to imitate Maine's excellent example. Now, a writer in one of the leading provincial newspapers gives it as his opinion, that every bull moose in the forests of the Miramichi is worth at least $500 to his province—that is to say, every such animal will cost the hunter at least that amount to bag it. Of course, New Brunswick is not all Canada by any means, and there are many regions to the north and west of this province where a man may reasonably hope to get his moose at an expenditure of perhaps one fifth of this amount, but it is evident we ought at the least to value our moose at the price of average pure bred cattle. Indeed, they are more valuable than cattle, because, while they bring as much money they cost nothing to rear. Looking at it in this light it is certainly somewhat astonishing that the pot-hunting of moose should be permitted. We cannot protect them too carefully, but we must see to it that we do not live in a fool's paradise, thinking it sufficient to pass laws to secure the preservation of this noble game. No law will have that effect unless it is enforced, and it just in the enforcement that our system is weak.

Moreover, our legislatures are very partial to the occasional proclamation of a close period lasting for two or three years—something that few practical sportsmen consider a benefit. To say that moose shall not be killed during two years is simply to put a obstacle in the road as far as legitimate hunting is concerned. It has no effect on the Indian, and very little upon the lumberman and back settler—that is to say it has no influence upon that part of our population which really thins the moose ranks. By encouraging sportsmen to visit the provinces of the Dominion, we provide employment at good wages for the very men who hold the fate of our moose in their hands, and it were surely wisdom to make these men see that a bull moose alive in the woods is as valuable to them as would be a prize bred heifer, while the same animal killed in defiance of the law is hardly worth the snowshoes and toboggan needed to carry its meat to the clearing,

Once upon a time, a lessee of a certain salmon river was much troubled by poaching on its lower waters. Ere leasing the river he had been warned that probably not one fish in ten would escape the spear and the nets to give him sport in the upper pools; but he leased the river, notwithstanding, and speedily evolved a plan whereby he neutralized the poaching and vastly increased his own catch. Ascertaining, by the aid of one or two trusted agents, the names of the poachers, they were given employment from June until October, as canoemen, cooks and guardians, and kept far away from the lower pools where they had heretofore done so much damage. At the end of the second season these men were so much better off than they had ever been, that they allowed their nets to rot, and serious poaching was a thing of the past.

A like happy result may be secured whenever sportsmen of the right kind visit. The New Brunswick guides have already found that there is far more money in protecting the game than killing it out of season, and, consequently, Chief Game Commissioner Knight is finding his task easier each year. In every back settlement in Canada there are a few men, good woodsmen and hardy fellows, who are responsible for the poaching, should there be any. Just give these fellows steady employment at good wages, taking sportsmen around hunting and fishing, and you will diminish the illegal killing at once, in some cases do away with it altogether. Nine out of ten farmers could not kill a moose in one hundred years, it is only the few skilful men with a drop of sporting blood in their veins who are to be feared—and they are doubly dangerous during those long, dreary periods when a senseless law keeps the open-hand sportsmen out of the bush.

If you have not had experience in the woods the cheapest way to get it is to buy it in the shape of a good guide. It does not pay to get an inferior guide because he is $1.00 per day less than a better man. The best, and necessarily the most expensive at the outset, is the cheapest in the end, for your moose hunting trip becomes a success and pleasure instead of a disappointment, and an Indian knows by instinct what a white man frequently has to learn at the hunter's cost.

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BOOK REVIEW.

Mr. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, Ont., has more than a local reputation as a keen fisherman, a good shot and all-round sportsman. His numerous friends will, therefore, be glad to learn that he has issued a neat little volume which he has called "A Sportsman's Taxidermy and a Sportsman's Photography." Mr. Smith holds, and holds rightly in our opinion, that the true sportsman should be something more than a mere game and fish slaughterer. An intelligent understanding of the two twin sisters, taxidermy and photography, is absolutely necessary to the man who, nowadays, aspires to the admiration of his fellow sportsmen. The author of this little work, together with such well-known sportsmen as the late Dr. Rowe, proprietor of the American Field, and others, was one of those to whom we are indebted for the modern Bench Show and Field Trials, and for more than thirty years he has taken a most absorbing interest in such matters. To him was consigned Dart, the first Llewellyn setter that came to America, but well known as was Dart, the great Gladstone was even better known to the kennel world. This great dog, probably the greatest field dog ever seen on this continent, was bred by Mr. Smith.

Those of our readers who read the capital series of articles on "Fishing North of Lake Superior" in ROD AND GUN, of which Mr. Smith was the author, will realize the charm of his literary style. In addition to being a lover of the dog Mr. Smith is a keen fisherman and a trustworthy ornithologist.

But, returning to this latest work of his pen. In the first place this little book is very well and amply illustrated by a number of half tones made from Mr. Smith's own photographs. This adds greatly to its value. The first part of the book deals exclusively with taxidermy and the art of setting up of game after having secured it. The second is devoted to taking your game without securing it, that is to say, shooting it with a field glass or camera. We have had some twenty years' experience with the sister arts of which Mr. Smith writes so entertainingly, and we can assure our readers that they will find him a very safe guide. The book is issued from the press of the Sportsmen's Review Publishing Co., of Cincinnati, O., and its price is $1.00.

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We have been favored by Mr. Hornaday with a copy of his recently published "Notes on the Mountain Sheep of North America, with a Description of a New Species." The new species is, of course, Ovis fannini. The specimen was, we believe, purchased by Mr. Henry Brown, at Dawson, North-West Territories, in February, 1900. and presented it to the Provincial museum at Victoria under the impression it was a specimen of the Ovis stonei, but Mr. Hornaday happening to see it was startled to find a species absolutely new to science, and so strikingly differentiated as to render its title to independent specific rank beyond question. We now know of three distinct sheep in British Columbia and the Yukon Territory. Firstly, we have Stone's sheep, which is a very dark colored animal, and there is the beautiful white sheep called after Dall, and, lastly, Fannin's sheep, having a curious saddle of gray in strong contrast to the remainder of its coat, which is white. The color of its saddle is produced by a mixture of pure white and blackish brown hairs. The gray color covers the shoulder from the insertion of the neck down to the knee, where it fades out. Mr. Hornaday's pamphlet should be on the shelves of every man who takes an interest in the big game of our magnificent Dominion.

HAIL TO THE HEARTY HUNTSMAN.

O, we're getting under cover, for the "sport" is on the way,
—Pockets bulge with ammunition, and he's coming down to slay;
All his cartridges are loaded and his trigger's on the "half,"
And he'll bore the thing that rustles, from a deer to Jersey calf.
He will shoot the foaming rapids, and he'll shoot the yearling bull
And the farmer in the bushes—why, he'll fairly get plumped full.
For the gunner is in earnest, he is coming down to kill
—Shoot you first and then enquire if he hurt you—yes, he will—!
For the average city feller he has big game on the brain
And imagines in October there is nothing else in Maine;
Therefore some absorbed old farmer cutting corn or pulling beans
Gets most mightily astonished with a bullet in his jeans,
So, O neighbor, scoot for cover, or get out your armour plate,
—Johnnie's got his little rifle and is swooping on the state.
O, we're learning, yes, we're learning and I'll warn you now, my son,
If you really mean to bore us you must bring a bigger gun,
For the farmers have decided they will take no further chance
And progressive country merchants carry armour-plated pants;
—Carry shirts of chain plate metal, lines of coats all bullet proof
And the helmets they are selling beat a Knight of Malta's "roof."
So I reckon that the farmers can proceed to get their crops,
Yes, and chuckle while the bullet raps their trouser seats and stops;
And the hissing double-B shot as they criss-cross over Maine
Will excite no more attention than the patter of the rain,
And the calf will fly a signal and the Jersey Bull a sign
And the horse a painted banner, reading "Hoss-Don't Shoot: He's Mine!"
And every fowl that wanders from the safety of the pen
Will be taught to cackle shrilly, "Please don't plug me; I'm a hen."
Now with all these due precautions we are ready for the gang,
We'll endure the harmless tumult of the rifle's crack and bang,
For we're glad to have you with us—shoot the landscape full of holes—
We will back our brand-new armour for to save our precious souls.
O, you feller in the city, these 'ere woods is full of fun
We've got on our iron trousers—so come up and bring your gun!

—Holman F. Day, in Lewiston, Me., Journal.

"BLESSED IS THE MAN WHO HAS FOUND HIS WORK."

Some time ago, in the *Philistine*, that little monthly magazine published in East Aurora, New York, by the Roycrofters, there appeared the following advertisement:

> PIRIE MACDONALD
>
> gives you
>
> GREETING.
>
> He has a workshop on the sixteenth floor of the Washington Life Building, New York, where he makes photographs and various other kinds of portraits of MEN. Not but that he loves women, as all good men should, but because he knows that he can make men's pictures best. "Blessed is that man who has found his work."

The same issue of the magazine tells of the reason why Pirie has suddenly shown a preference for the sterner sex, and we reprint the account of the decisive battle as it appeared in the Philistine, and would remind our readers that MacDonald is the man who a few years ago astonished the whole National Convention of Photographers by the unheard of excellence of his portraits of both women and children, and at the same time captured every medal in sight.

"Mr. Pirie MacDonald, formerly of Albany, New York, but now of New York City, is a photographer. He calls himself a Photographic Artist—and he is. He has more medals, and gets higher prices than any photographer in America. His prices are as high as a church steeple. Pirie is the only man I ever knew, or heard of, who made a fortune taking photographs. He has his limit in every savings bank in Albany, owns a block of flats, and sports an automobile in the park with a bull-dog sitting beside him.

Pirie of the Medals does not take everybody's picture—he picks his customers. As you enter his place he sizes you up through a peep-hole from behind the arras, and if your countenance lacks the trace of the classic, Pirie signals his assistant, and you are informed that Mr. MacDonald is in Europe and will not return for a year and a half.

Mr. MacDonald's specialty until recently has been society belles—tall, lissome beauties, proud and haughty, with a wondrous length of limb; these are the kind he liked best. And so famous is MacDonald that sitters have come to him from Rochester, Potsdam, Chambersburg, Rahway and all the country around and gladly paid the price of one hundred simoleons for one portrait, done with that wonderful Rembrandtesque effect, and signed by the artist. Often Pirie would send the fair one home to change her dress, but if her hair needed rearranging he always attended to that himself. Pirie's skill lay in posing his subject so as to get the best result. He usually would sit down with his sitter and talk to her about this or that, and tell her stories, pathetic or comic, and all the time he would be watching her countenance and debating in his mind whether he would pose her as a Madonna, Sappho, Judith, Marguerite or Queen Louise. The Judith-Holifernes pose was his best, but it was often difficult to bring about the feeling that gave attitude. Women want to look pretty, and that wasn't what Pirie cared for; he desired chicity-chic, go, bluff and eclat. To this end he often had to resort to a scheme to bring the sitter out of her affected self-consciousness. "Look into my eyes," he would sometimes command; and when all else failed, Pirie would assume wrath, and declare "Here, you—why in tarnation can't you do as I want you to!" and he would clap one hand on the beauty's head and the other under her chin and give her a few sharp turns to win'ard, and end by administering a sharp slap athwart her glutei maximus, to straighten her spine. By this time the woman would be simply furious, and speechless with rage. There she would sit bolt upright, ready to explode, but she was not given time to go off, for Pirie would step back three steps and shout exultantly, "Splendid! Hold that—hold that!" and then he would rush forward, kiss her on the cheek and back again he would spring crying, "Hold that! Hold that!" and the bulb was pressed. And when all was over the artist was so penitent, so humble and beseeching in his manner, so profuse in his explanations that it was all in the interests of art, that all was forgiven, for base indeed is that woman who is not willing to sacrifice her feelings on the altar of Divine Art. And thus did Pirie get that most wonderful "Salome," which was the wonder of the Paris Exposition, and was declared by the judges to be the strongest and most effective study in photography ever exhibited. In every line it showed such a fine femine rage—such pride and smothered passion—that people looked at it in amazement. No one knew that Pirie had tumbled the woman's hair in one fell grab, and had thus aroused her wrath, and then offered her insult by kissing her and so brought that fine look of burning shame and mingled rage to her proud face.

It's a great picture and will pay you to stop off at Albany the next time you are down that way and go to the State House and see it.

But the Ideal continually recedes, and Pirie having the true instinct of an artist was fired with an ambition to do still better. The opportunity came, and Pirie, looking through the peep-hole, beheld a woman, say of twenty-eight, five feet eleven, weight one hundred and sixty. Her beautiful and abundant hair was bleached, and she had the proud and self-reliant look of one who had conquests that lay behind, and others, greater still, within her grasp. Her neat-fitting jacket and tailor-made gown showed off her fine form to advantage. The strong features were pure Greek.

Pirie almost screamed with delight, and hastily he ordered his assistant to begone and leave the customer to him. "Oh! now we shall have a real Herodias, now—that Paris picture will be only a tintype to this. My! what a splendid tiger she is!"

. . . .

That is really all we know about the matter. The attendant improved the opportunity to go out on an errand, and when the neighbors in the law office across the hall heard the commotion and rushed out they caught the swish of skirts and got a glimpse of a tailor-made gown going down the stairway. Pirie was found, panting and helpless, in a corner of the studio, with the black cloth viciously knotted around his neck, and the tripod, camera, and sitter's throne on top of him. There was a bad scalp wound extending from one ear to the crown of his head and it looked as though he had been struck with the lens.

Pirie never made any statements about the matter, but now his card reads:

> PIRIE MACDONALD,
>
> PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST.
>
> Portraits of Men Only.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by Hubert McBean Johnstone

NOTES ON LANDSCAPE WORK.

When we look at a photogram we say almost at once that it either is or is not pleasing without ever giving a thought to the innumerable little details that make or unmake it. And yet those little details are all there and just as important, nay even more important than if they were the most prominent thing in the picture. But we never consider them. For instance, how many of us ever stop to think why it is that we make our photograms square, or if there is any good reason for so doing. Not many I'll venture to say. And yet there is a reason, for were we to only consider for an instant we would very quickly see that it is because almost every other line in nature with the single exception of the horizon is more or less curved and that the picture is made rectangular for the sake of contrast. And in speaking of the horizon it might just be well to say a word or two on it. There are constantly shown to us in almost every photogram that we see, the two different kinds of horizon, the high and the low line. Ordinarily in actual vision the horizon comes near the middle of the view, unless perchance we happen to look down as at the flowers or in a view from a hill side. The high horizon is by far more frequent for in almost every picture where the principal object of the view is to show off a fine cloud effect do we see it used. In such cases of course the cloudscape, with its piled up masses of rolling vapor, is the foremost point of interest, and it is by this use of the low horizon that it is given the necessary prominence. This type of picture was especially common among Dutch painters.

This speaking of the horizon calls forth the remark that there is no fixed rule to say where it is to be. It must be just wherever the subject calls for it, and if the principal object is in the foreground we will have a high line and the contrary if it is vice versa. In cases where the subject is all sea and sky it will be somewhat hard to judge which is the principal side of the line, and very often do we see the mistake made of leaving it in the middle so that it cuts the picture in two. Never do this—unless you want to kill your picture. Of course I have seen pictures where it would be a little hard to say just what the subject was. This seems to be a failing with some workers, and they appear to forget that unless the photogram has a subject and a reason for its existence, that no matter how pretty it may be, it is likely to be passed over for something only half as well taken but possessing more interest.

Another very common mistake we often see made is that of having the lines of the foreground, such as the wagon tracks in the road, or the lines of a small stream, etc., travel in one direction while the principal point of the picture lies at the other side, the consequence being that the eye is carried far away from the subject it is looking for and has to make a jump to get back. An excellent method of killing a picture, too. What we want to do is to place the main object at the culminating point of the line so that the eye is instinctively carried to that place before it gets a chance to take in anything else. This assists in giving the appearance of strength to the subject that is so necessary. It is, I think, hardly necessary for me to point out how much more effective is an object that breaks the horizon than one that is sunk below it. An excellent means of securing a half-a-dozen different effects without moving the camera from the one spot is to raise or lower it as is found necessary to the success of the photogram. To lower it will often do away with objectionable lines, or, on the contrary, if more lines are needed to give the appearance of distance or for any other purpose, all that is necessary is to lengthen the tripod. If you have never tried this you ought to put it into practice and see what a wonderful new control it gives you over your instrument.

It has been said that while the out of doors operator has not the same control over his lights, that if he chooses to only spend enough time over one photogram, he can secure almost any effect he wants; and it is so. From the long shadows of early morning, across the blazing noon to the soft twilight, there are almost a couple of dozen different lights, each distinct and each possessing its own value to a certain landscape. It remains for the amateur to decide which he shall employ. Frequently we are shown a picture that seems to correspond with all of the law of good arrangement and yet for some reason it will lack something that completely ruins it. What is it? It is hard to see. It may be that he made his foreground too dark and lost the fine balance that he ought to have had, or it may have been a half dozen other faults of lighting. The lighting of a landscape is an extremely important point, for it is by this means that we are able to secure for the picture the appearance of breadth and depth, as well as by it do we aid in bringing out a point that is desired to emphasize. In the lighting of a landscape the amateur wants to bear in mind that a number of splotches of light scattered over a landscape will never on any occasion suggest anything but just what it is, while a broad effect of sunlight contrasted by an equally broad mass of shadow will look like sunlight every time. Or if the sunlight and shadow be in unequal quantities the appearance of sunshine is at once more apparent. If it is desired to render the effect of a cloud passing over a sunlit landscape the view must of necessity be somewhat extensive and the exposure short. You should not show any near foreground as there is likely to be more or less wind on such a day and its effect would be apparent on the nearest shrubs. Shadows of clouds on the sea can be shown very well also.

The light that we use in our landscape is just what we need to give us the appearance of depth, and you will find that a dark tree trunk standing out bold and clear against the rays of the sun behind it will seldom fail to produce a broad and striking effect.

Perhaps there is nothing in landscape photography, saving only the subject itself, which plays so important a part in the making of a successful picture as this handling of light. Not that it is upon contrasts of light and shade, harsh and bold, that the beauty of the photogram is dependent, but rather upon the dexterous massing of the heavier shadows and high lights, and a smoothing of all the ground between these two extremes with all the gradation that it is possible to secure. To attempt to give any hard and fast laws upon the handling of this important subject in so confined a space as I have at my command would be little short of an impossibility, for it is a task of no small magnitude for even a whole volume, and to the worker who is interested it might be advised to make a study of the works of the late Mr. H. P. Robinson.

A fault, which I am glad to be able to say was a great deal more common ten years ago than it is to-day, is the habit of

making and seemingly being satisfied with what are commonly referred to as bald headed skies, otherwise skies without clouds. It needs no great argument to convince anyone that clouds are a decided advantage to a negative, and yet when you look at a photo and then ask its maker why it was that he did not have clouds in it, he will look at you and say that it was too much trouble or else give you some other equally rational answer. The fact of the matter is that despite all that is said on the subject half the amateurs one meets in a day's walk do not know how to get them on the plate. Yet with a ray screen and an orthochromatic plate there is really no trick about it, and with a little experience to teach us approximately the conditions essential to success, there should be no difficulty in securing the desired result. The principal characteristics of a good cloud negative are an image devoid of fog, the extreme high lights fairly intense, and that portion representing blue sky having hardly any density at all. Surely not a hard thing to get. In the developing let the aim be to bring out the high lights first, and secure in them a fair printing power by restrained (not weak) developer. When you print your clouds do not make the common error of over-doing it. Many amateurs fall into the error of thinking that in order that the clouds show up as they ought they must be printed until they are quite black. It is a serious mistake. It gives the sky portion of the photogram a value altogether false and totally different from what we see when we look at the heavens with our own eyes. Sunset is an excellent time for the catching of good cloud effects.

A short piece back I made a reference to that great master of the art who has so recently passed away, Mr. H. P. Robinson, and in dwelling on landscape photography it might not be amiss to just touch on his work and just consider for a moment wherein its particular charm lay. Robinson's pictures always seem to me to be the work of a man who was building up to some title that he had in mind instead of taking a stray snap shot because it happened to be there and then naming it afterwards. But, what is more, you want to note the persistency with which he advocated the use of figures. In fact, I think, it is to just this masterly use of figures in his landscapes that he owes his little short of marvellous popularity. What, let me ask, is better calculated to make a picture appeal to one than the introduction of a figure or two that is in keeping with the scene and has some little story of its own to tell? I know of absolutely nothing, and though as a rule it makes the work several times more difficult, the trouble is well repaid.

Now, in conclusion, just a word upon your choice of subjects to photograph. One of the greatest weaknesses of photography is its inability to select or isolate those portions of the view that one does not want from the ones that one does, or in the alternative devoting itself exclusively to one thing to the detriment of everything else in the picture, and giving us an uninviting and an unsightly representation. Photographing for a broad effect of light and shade, or to catch a broad and striking piece of country is all very well in its way, but such photograms will never retain their interest to outsiders that a picture showing some good reason for its existence, as for instance telling a story, will show in after years. This is worth remembering in your work.

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The Scrap Bag.

THE ILLUSTRATING OF BOOKS.—The fallacy of the idea that it is not possible to illustrate books or magazines by photography, and not have the pictures look mechanical, has been thoroughly demonstrated by that well-known expert, Rudolf Eickmeyer, Jr., in some recent magazine illustrations. They belong to a story by Joel Chandler Harris, and are so excellent and so free from any suspicion of a mechanical atmosphere as to look more like reproductions of black and white than productions of the lens. There is one great advantage about this class of illustrating. While artistically these photograms are the equal of any artist's drawings, yet the reader knows that they are not the result of anyone's imagination, that the figures which appear in a field of cotton were not posed in a studio, but were actually secured on the plate in the middle of a cotton field and are the "real thing." This must of necessity give to the illustrations an air of reality which ought to enhance their value to the reader.

WHAT PROCESSES ARE YOU USING?—A while ago a friend remarked to me that he wasn't much of a photographer, that he had never gotten beyond the stage of making Solio prints. I don't know why it is, but when I see an amateur making Solio, prints I usually set him down as a sort of "no'ccount" chap. And there is no good reason in the world why he should not use a better process. I imagine I hear you say "How much more complicated the other processes are." Now, really my friend, they are *not* more complicated. It's just as simple to work, say even the carbon process, as any other, once you get used to it. And then think how much better your prints are going to look. As far as the extra expense goes it is not worth considering, a mere fraction of a cent on each picture. I want to advise you each and all to get to using the best, and nothing but the best this winter, and then in the spring, if you come to me and tell me that you think your winter's work is not an improvement over the previous winter's work, I shall, to say the least, be very much surprised.

A MARVELLOUS LENS.—Man named Dr. Grun (name sounds as though he might bear the label "Made in Germany") has recently invented a new lens which, working at an aperture that is just about the size of the lens tube, will make snap shots by electric light. I know a chap who says he has seen some of its work, and if he is telling the truth it is certainly a wonderful thing. Just think how it is going to revolutionize the making of photograms of fireside and other scenes that fill in the long winter evenings—scenes that we have always been making by flash light. There is no telling what we are going to have next, is there?

TWO NEW CAMERAS.—The Sultan of Morocco has had two new cameras made in England, one a 3¼ x 4¼, of which all the metallic parts are gold, and of which the cost was over ten thousand dollars. The other was meant to make cabinets, and I suppose was intended for everyday use as the parts are only of common, ordinary silver. It only cost about four thousand five hundred dollars. Edward W. Newcomb says, in commenting on it, "Being Sultan of Morocco must be a good job and I dunno if I won't keep my eye on the place if that's the way he supplies himself." You want to keep a pretty sharp eye on it Ed. I'm looking at it myself.

WHAT IS AN ARTIST?—I have been intending for some time to quote a little paragraph that came out some time ago in one of the magazines, and which I think is the essence of the whole thing. Here it is:—"A love of nature is one of the things that you cannot buy at a department store, nor can it be acquired from text books. It must have origin and growth in ourselves. But if I am speaking to a lover of nature, he knows better than I can say that his joy in it is the result of communing, companionship and intimacy with nature. That clump of trees

upon the rising ground has a vigor of outline that long ago arrested his attention, but he has become so used to its features that he takes them for granted as we do the face of a friend. Meanwhile what interests him is their ever-changing play of expression. At dawn, noonday or twilight, under grey light or burning sunshine, when storm is gathering or everything is at peace, in countless other vicissitudes of local conditions, those trees, lighted up against the sky, make constant variety of appeal to his imagination, and always somehow fitting in with his own mood of feeling. In our ability to put ourselves thus at one with nature, we ourselves are artists—unable, however, to give utterance to the thought. The creative power is lacking, and this is the distinguishing characteristic of the artist. He is the creator."

On Buying a Camera.—Last month I had an article in Rod and Gun in Canada on this subject and wound it up by advising everyone who contemplated the purchase of an instrument to find out what he wanted to take, and then go and get some friend's advice on the matter. I hinted that anyhow I would prefer not to be asked my opinion on this important subject and that if I was I would probably not answer. Since then I have had two or three more requests for similar advice, and I want to say right here that I am not going to answer those letters or any more of a similar nature. Don't you think it's kind of funny to come and ask me which is the best camera made? I am not going to tell you. And anyhow I don't know. So there.

The Late Josiah Johnson Hawes.—The Boston Evening Transcript contains the following short account of the life of the late Mr. J. Hawes, who died on Wednesday, August 7th, and inasmuch as Mr. Hawes was one of the best known followers of the photographic profession in this country, we reprint the item.

Josiah Johnson Hawes was said to be the oldest photographer in America. He was born in East Sudbury, Feb. 20th, 1808, and was therefore in his ninety-fourth year. He received his education in the common schools, studied art without a teacher, and painted minatures, portraits and landscapes until 1841, at which time he became interested in the invention of Daguerre through Gouraud, his demonstrator, and in company with Albert J. Southworth opened a studio on Tremont Row, and for more than half a century conducted business in the same rooms which are to-day much the same as when he took possession. He was an ardent admirer of old Boston, and it was a delight to hear him tell of such beautiful places as the Gardiner Greene estate on Pemberton Square on which his back windows looked out.

Among those who sat before Mr. Hawes's camera were Daniel Webster, Charles Sumner, Rufus Choate, Louis Kossuth, Theodore Parker, Emerson, Channing, Jared Sparks, Alcott, Lyman Beecher, Thomas Starr King, Dorothea Dix, Lucy Larcom, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, and many more whose fame still lives. Jenny Lind and her lover, Otto Goldschmidt, were taken while seated hand in hand, and she carried to her Swedish home many likenesses of herself by the new process, which was then attracting world-wide attention and admiration. Charles Dickens was a frequent visitor, although he never posed, but with James T. Fields as his companion he often used to climb the winding stairs. The studio or "saloon," as it was called then, was a meeting place for all Boston, and many a pleasant bit of reminiscence could Mr. Hawes relate to an interested listener. The picture that appeals most strongly to his artistic sense was the one he made of Fanny Carter, a Boston belle, now Mrs. Ronalds, of London. His pictures of Boston as it appeared a generation ago have always been much sought.

He was the inventor of numerous mechanical devices such as the swing-back camera, the reflecting stereoscope, the multiplying camera and the curtain plate holder, the weighted triple lens, a clamp for polishing the vignette, etc. Peace to his ashes.

What Have You Been Taking?—Here we are in September again and the summer almost gone. How the time does fly. I wonder how many of my readers have done work during the past few months that they consider really good, and that they intend to show during the winter. I hope you all have, at least something, which you think is a little better than anything of the kind that you ever attempted before. I suppose you forget that I am interested in seeing it and knowing how you have done it. I am *always* interested in seeing work that is the production of amateurs. Did you ever get the smell of the big fresh green woods in your nostrils when you are in the bush? Well, that is about the way I feel when I get hold of a really good collection of photograms to run over. I don't mean by a *good* collection one that possesses a lot of technical excellence, but rather one that shows that the artist has *felt*, so to speak, what he was picturing. Why, then, not send me some of yours to look at? I would like to see them.

Correspondence.

Correspondence should be addressed to H. McBean Johnstone, Sarnia, Ont., P.O. Box 651.

Johnman G.—There are two methods of marking diaphragms, the first being by expressing the ratio which the diameter of the opening bears to the focal length of the lens as F-16, which means that the diameter of the opening is $\frac{1}{16}$th of the focal length. The second method of marking employs the Uniform System Numbers, which bear the same ratio to each other as the area of the diaphragm which they designate. Your stops are marked by the first method, which is perhaps the commoner of the two.

Tom.—The portraits that you enclose are very fair for an amateur. I would suggest that in future you have your sitter posed with the side of the hands toward the camera. As it is the enormous hands which are shown in your picture are the only serious disfigurement to be seen.

C. A. D.—In order to find how long you are exposing when making a snap shot I might recommend you to use a "Pickering Speed Tester," which will accurately determine the speed of a shutter to the $\frac{1}{100}$th part of a second. It may be procured of almost any dealer for half a dollar.

Finder.—Finders are seldom accurate in the amount of the view that they show. As, however, they usually err on the safe side and show less than will be actually taken, I think you may trust the one that is on your instrument. In case it shows too much the only thing that I can recommend you to do is to complain to the manufacturer who will no doubt see that the trouble is rectified.

Mavourneen.—A most excellent method of putting the title on the print in white lettering without inscribing it reversed on the negative, is to write it on with India ink (not the waterproof kind) before you print, and then before you tone to wash it off again. It will leave you the desired result.

Accuracy.—Hydrometers or, as you call them, actinometers, are very seldom accurate. Make up a set of your solutions

according to weight and then note the reading of the instrument, so that you may make your future solutions accordingly. In order to see whether the hydrometer is accurate when you are buying a new one, it is well to test it in clear water. It should then sink in the water to the figure 0.

John Pierson.—I am afraid that I cannot answer your request. Almost every month one of a similar nature turns up and I am obliged to turn it down. Awfully sorry, but you can see yourself that it would never do.

"Sweet Sixteen."—(1) The term neutral means not acid or not alkali. (2) Possibly, I am not certain. (3) No.

Troubles.—Write to the Cramer Dry Plate Works of St. Louis, Mo., and ask them to send you their book on the working of their plates. It would require too much space here to answer your questions, and besides the book will do it just as well, if not better.

A CARIBOU BATTLE

In the heart of the nor'land solitudes,
A bald, bleak barren lies;
Westward the ancient forest broods,
And northward grim hills rise.

Across its breadth the long year through,
Waifs of the wilderness,
The sombre moose and caribou,
Wander in storm and stress.

A lordly bull stood with his cows
Snuffing the frosted air,
When gutturally across the snows
The call of war rang clear.

Rearing aloft his antlered crest,
Threshing the birch and fir,
Pawing the earth like one possessed,
On came the challenger.

The herding bull with flaming eye,
Breasteth his cows aside,
And, bellowing defiance high,
Ruffles his neck of pride.

Now, battling in the rutting rage,
In frenzy, fierce and dire,
Eager for battle they engage,—
The son against his sire.

With clanging stroke their antlers crash,
Splintering their brow-tines broad;
Now here, now there, they furious dash,
While the lorn cows applaud.

The night resoundeth, harsh and loud,
With clang of horn on horn,
Till the herd-bull, his spirit cowed,
Was slowly backward borne.

* * *

A white wind from the hills did blow,
A fleeting, flying pall,—
The conqueror stood above his foe,
Giving the triumph call.

Then sudden from a darksome dell
Streamed a red spear of fire;
The conqueror roaring leapt—then fell
Across his dying sire.

Shelburne, N.S. COLIN MCKAY.

HOW TO BUILD A LOG CANOE.

This kind of craft is always made out of a single pine tree. It is rather hard to find a tree large enough and sound enough for the purpose. First you fall your tree on skids, choosing the soundest and best side of the tree for the bottom of the canoe. Cut the log the required length and roll it so that the canoe will rest on her side, one gunwale down and the other up. Strike a line on the bottom side, taking off enough wood to give her good bearings—that is to make the bottom wide enough. Then I generally measure from that to the centre of the log, all the way from ten to fourteen inches, according to the size of the canoe I want. That gives the canoe her depth, when she is on her bottom; next I line out the ends, giving her the proper sheer on top—that is, the raise for the bow and stern. When you have got the two sides hewed off, you cant her on her bottom and see that she is perfectly level. You strike a chalk line on top down the centre, and then you drop a plumb line on each end to the bottom and mark it. Of course your canoe is yet too heavy to cant right back and line the bottom. You have got to mould her on top, and get all the outside weight off you can. You simply mould the shape of the top, and you cut out a good lot from the centre of the canoe, in order to lighten her so that you can handle her, but without going too deep. Then you turn her over and strike a line on the bottom from these two plumb lines at the ends, making the top and bottom lines correspond, and be perfectly opposite each other. Then you mould your bottom whatever shape you want it. Besides the common woodsman's axe it is better to have a broad axe, and you also need a cooper's adze for digging out, and then a canoe knife—a large rounding spokeshave that you work inside the canoe with. When you have smoothly moulded the bottom of the canoe, you take a small auger, or brace and bit, about ¼-inch, and bore lines of holes three in the bottom and two on each side, the lines being two feet apart the whole length of the canoe. Bore them in a couple of inches and drive in little plugs the length that you want your canoe's thickness to be. Of course you want the bottom thicker than the sides. An inch and a quarter is about right on the bottom, three quarters of an inch on the turn from the bottom and half an inch up next the gunwales. That would be for a very light canoe. The inner ends of the plugs are blackened with charcoal. After you have driven them in level with the bottom, you turn your canoe up, chop in with your axe and adze, being very careful not to chop too deep. Between the plugs especially you must be careful and work down to a level surface. The canoe knife is used for the finishing touches. A canoe twenty-eight feet long should have six pair of knees—the natural root of cedar or spruce—and then you want gunwale streaks of spruce, pine or cedar, about an inch and a quarter or inch and a half wide in the centre. You should now have a light and strong canoe. If oiled and painted she will last longer.

EMERGENCY KIT.—Jamaica ginger or cholera mixture and ammonia for insect bites, put up in convenient bottles, a piece of surgeon's plaster and a couple of bandages, all fitted in a canvas case. A house-wife, containing buttons, thread, needles, and safety pins. A small wooden box, 6 x 3 x 1 in., containing a pair of scissors, four twist drills 1-16 in., 3-32 ⅛ in., in. and 3-16 in.; files, 2 flat, 1 one-half round, 1 round, 1 mill saw, all dead smooth, with a handle for same; 1 jewellers' hand vise and a small pair of pliers—these for sharpening hooks, mending rods, etc. A piece of flannel for cleaning gun and reel, package of gun grease, small safety can of lubricating oil for reel, whetstone or file, compass.

FORESTRY

"Rod and Gun" is the official organ of the Canadian Forestry Association
The Editors will welcome contributions on topics relating to Forestry.

Edited by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

THE LATE HON. G. W. ALLAN.

It is with very deep regret that we have to chronicle the death of the Hon. G. W. Allan, who passed away at his residence in Toronto on the 24th of July last. Hon. Mr. Allan was born at York in the year 1822, and in that same place, now grown to the large and beautiful city of Toronto, he spent his last days. Through the many years of an active life he served in a large number of important official capacities, and his native city has especially felt the benefit of his breadth of culture and his liberality. But it is unnecessary for us to recall the high and well-merited praises which have been heaped upon his memory. It is our part rather to bring to mind the active interest taken by him in the work of the Canadian Forestry Association, of the Board of Directors of which he was a member from the date of its organization, having been one of the first to give the organization his support. Previous to the launching of the Association Hon. Mr. Allan had shown that the purposes for which it has been formed had his full sympathy and had taken the opportunity from his place in the Se te of calling the attention of our legislators to some of the questions in connection with our forest needs that he considered specially deserving of attention. His kindly assistance was ever ready in any way that could be of advantage to the Forestry Association, and his keen interest was shown by his attendance at the last meeting of the Board of Directors, though he was then but recovering from a severe illness. Those who had the pleasure of meeting him in connection with the business of the Association will feel very much the loss of his kindly and encouraging presence, and his advice and support, which it can ill afford to lose, will be very much missed by the Association.

*

The Forest Fire at Temiscamingue.

And this most royal of all academies you have to open over all the land, purifying your heaths and hills, and waters, and keeping them full of every kind of lovely natural organism, in tree, herb, and living creature. All land that is waste and ugly, you must redeem into ordered fruitfulness; all ruin, desolateness, imperfectness, you must do away with.—John Ruskin.

We need not apologize for taking a text from Ruskin, in the words above quoted from his lecture on the "Future of England," when we wish to deal with a subject that has its esthetic as well as its practical side, though our purpose is to consider it mainly as a business question. But in this quotation a practical principle is laid down that we in Canada have evidently as yet failed to grasp, for instead of redeeming waste land, of which we have so much, to ordered fruitfulness, we are increasing its area with a light-heartedness and easy good nature that are hardly fitting qualifications for a country that aspires to the dignity of nationhood and to make its influence felt in the councils of the world. Indeed our careless wasting of the great natural resources, for the production of which we were not in any way responsible, has led to a somewhat less favorable estimate of our intelligence and foresight by those who are watching the future of the world's timber supply than we are inclined to place upon them ourselves.

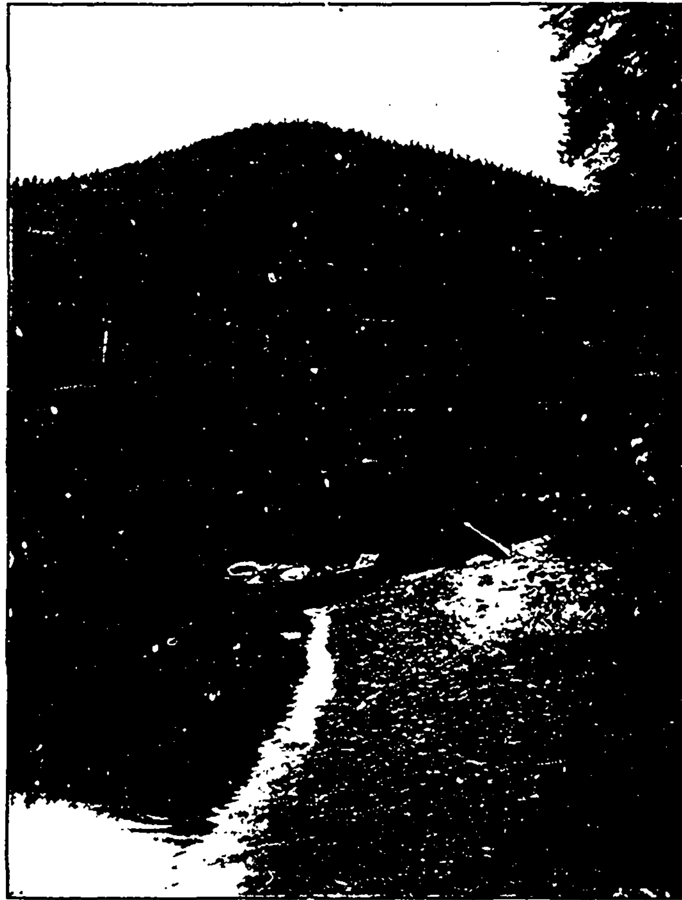
Our attitude to this question is to a very large extent based on two premises which we have assumed to be indisputable. The first was that in sending in settlers to clear the forest districts we were redeeming to fruitfulness lands that were otherwise practically a waste and that even if fire assisted this process it was more or less of a blessing in disguise. Did not our forefathers have to struggle sternly with the forest before they handed down to us the wealth-producing acres now bearing their golden harvests, and has not that potent result settled the question for us for all time? But we have based too large an assumption on past history. What are the facts? Look at the figures given by Mr. J. C. Langelier. There are lands in the timber districts which have been settled upon and made wealth-producing (?) at the average rate of production of $7.40 per acre per annum, whereas under a properly managed timber crop the land would have produced at least $12.50 per acre. Is our assumption correct, then, or is it not rather the case that we are condemning such settlers to a useless struggle for a bare existence after they have removed the wood which forms the only wealth of such land? If the latter is the true statement, is it not time that we reversed our policy and that steps were taken by the Government to see that settlers are only placed upon such lands as a fair examination shows to be fitted to support them properly when devoted to agricultural purposes, and that settlement should not be permitted on poor and rocky lands which are only suited for timber production? We have spoken of this question at some length, for the mind of the public does not appear to be at all clear upon it, and, as the fire which did the greatest damage at Temiscamingue came from the vicinity of the settlements, and the testimony of the lumbermen is that most of the destructive fires have had their origin in the same direction, there are the strongest possible reasons for the Government deciding definitely where the line between forest and settlement shall be drawn, and seeing that it is properly protected.

The second premise is that fires cannot be prevented. Well, if we assume that, they certainly will not be prevented. If we assume that, what is the use of talking to lumbermen or making regulations about cutting trees of only twelve or fourteen inches in diameter? If fires cannot be prevented, what is the use of talking about forestry at all? Protection from fire is the very foundation stone of a system of forestry, and if fires can be prevented in Europe, in India, why cannot they be prevented in Canada? But, people say, the expense would make it impracticable here.

Let us look at the question. We have not yet been able to get full information in regard to this fire, but about the 20th of June a fire started near Baie des Peres, on Lake Temiscamingue, and burned eastward over an area of about thirty by forty miles and was only extinguished by the rains that came towards the end of July.

This is one of the finest pine districts in Canada, being part of the great Ottawa Valley forest. It has already yielded large quantities of lumber and has still an immense area of virgin timber, the wealth of which can hardly be calculated. It is a fact that in estimating the timber in this district the

most remarkable under-estimates have been made by even the sellers, who would naturally be expected to err on the other side. The fire worked through a forest that was ready for cutting and only a change in the wind and its final arrest by the rain prevented its sweeping on eastward over limits of mature timber, which probably could not be surpassed anywhere in the present pine regions, and the loss of which would have been an appalling national disaster. When a fire has gained such headway it is simply impossible to stop it by any artificial means, and the smoke from it is also a cloak for other fires which may start even at considerable distances, as has been exemplified in this very case, where the fire rangers went all round a fire which destroyed some 3,000,000 feet of timber and came out and reported that the smoke was caused entirely by the big fire. One firm of lumbermen, who were among the heaviest losers, estimate that on their limits there were twenty-five to thirty million feet of matured pine destroyed, while there was as much more that would have been fit to cut in fifteen or twenty years. Some of this pine may be saved but it will be a small portion, and sixty years is a low estimate of the time it will take to place this tract in anything like the same position again. The pine timber was mostly white pine, probably two-thirds, and $300,000 would not be an extravagant estimate of its value. While the lumberman would retain a good share of this sum, still he had already paid considerable in bonus or purchase money, fire tax and ground rent, and would have distributed a large proportion in wages and other expenditures, while the Government would directly have obtained in royalty at the rate of $1.30 per thousand on white pine and of 65 cents on red pine, the sum of $27,000. And this pleasant operation would have been repeated in fifteen or twenty years, and so the crop would be coming in at intervals *ad infinitum*. And this is land which is, from the information obtainable, entirely unfit for agriculture. But what is the present situation? The land wasted and destroyed, a heavy direct loss to the lumberman and the Government, the prospect of revenue projected into the indefinite future. Is it worth the lumberman's while to pay ground rent on non-productive land, which will be of value only when he has ceased to take an interest in mundane affairs, and which is always in danger of again being devastated? But that is not the full extent of the loss. No account is here taken of other lumber than pine. Other limits have suffered, though less heavily, and the total loss will be a very large sum, though no definite statements can be given until the reports have been received from the men sent in to make an examination. A much more expensive protection system than that already provided would take a long time to consume as much as one such fire.



Devil River, Quebec.

Now, has the Province of Quebec money to burn in this way, and has Canada so great wealth that she can permit so much of it to be destroyed with indifference? It seems clear, if the Canadian Forestry Association has any influence, that here is a case where it should be exerted and that the Government should not be permitted to know days of quietness until it has thoroughly investigated this fire and taken the necessary steps to prevent such occurrences in the future. Any increased expenditure occasioned would be more than offset by the saving that would be the result of the preservation of the forests, great stretches of which are now standing ready for harvesting.

We intend to go more particularly into the question of preventive measures at a future time, but for the present we wish to impress on all those who will soon be using rod or gun in our coniferous forests that in the handling of fire in any way the greatest care should be exercised. Before a fire is lighted a space around the place where it is to be started should be cleared, and it should be thoroughly extinguished when no longer required. Even experienced men have been deceived into believing fires quite dead, which afterwards showed such evident signs of life as to make a quite uncomfortably warm corner for them. Forest fires are not a matter of indifference to the sportsman. Such fires are undoubtedly the direct cause of the destruction of game birds and animals, and to a greater or less extent of fish when the waters are shallow, and this, in addition to the laying waste of the hunting grounds and the property of hunting clubs, is not a result that sportsmen are likely to view with equanimity. And the fire we have been speaking of occurred on hunting grounds that are resorted to every year by many huntsmen and have never failed to furnish such sport with moose and other deer as can only now be found in the wilds of Canada.

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A fire occurred near Thirty Mile Lake, in the Gatineau district, which might have had serious results if the rain had not come opportunely.

The Trees of Manitoba.

In tree planting it is always well to follow nature, and the selection of trees for any particular district should, at least in the beginning, be guided by what has been shown by a natural selection to be most suitable to the climatic and other conditions. Anyone who refuses to look at natural conditions around him, and to govern himself from what his observation teaches him, is courting failure. It is of interest therefore in connection with tree planting in Manitoba to enquire what trees grow there naturally and under what conditions.

The records of explorations in 1858 show that coming into Manitoba from the east the country was covered with trees of various kinds growing in large clumps, balsam, poplar, aspen, tamarack, cedar and oak. The whole country had been burnt some years before but the remains of the timber found everywhere indicated that there was once a vast forest of large trees. In the valleys of the streams were elm, oak, poplar and ash, described as excellent timber large enough for building purposes. The tree growth of the valleys retained largely the same character going farther west, but the country was more open, the scattered clumps of trees consisting mainly of aspen and poplar until the hills of the Brandon district were approached, where the tree growth became thicker, the remains showing that the whole region was once upon a time an extensive forest of oak. On the Pembina Mountain tamarack was found. In the valley of the Assiniboine, from Portage la Prairie, was a forest of about thirty miles in length by four miles in mean width. On the outskirts of this wood were groups of aspen and poplar, but the main part consisted of the following woods: oak, two feet in diameter; aspen, two feet; balsam poplar, two feet nine inches; elm, one foot three inches; basswood, two feet six inches; ash, one foot. There was an abundant supply of oak, straight and tall, one foot six inches in diameter; and of balsam poplars, two feet. The ash-leaved maple was also found here and further north. The Riding and Duck Mountains supported heavy forests of white spruce, birch aspen and poplar, the trees being of large size, often exceeding one and one-half and two feet in diameter, with an available length of thirty to fifty feet.

Their investigations thoroughly convinced these explorers that if fires were kept out the whole country would soon be covered with a growth of trees; and even what remained was a valuable source of domestic supply, and sometimes of revenue, to settlers of a later date.

The information obtained from these early observations, and more complete and exact investigations made since, show that the Elm (Ulmus Americana), the Green and the Red ash (Fraxinus viridis and F. racemosa), the Oak (Quercus macrocarpa) and the Basswood (Tilia Americana) will grow in the river valleys, the last, however, only as far west as Brandon. The Oak does not confine itself to the valleys but is found on high ground, at least to the south of the Assiniboine. The White and Black Spruces (Picea alba and P. nigra) both take to the high ground, the Black Spruce giving up the preference for low, swampy lands which it displays farther east. With them is found the White Birch (Betula papyrifera). Although the Tamarack (Larix Americana) flourishes on low, wet land it also, like the Black Spruce, finds the higher lands quite as suitable, and grows well on dry, elevated soils.

The Balsam Poplar (Populus balsamifera) and the aspen Poplar (Populus tremuloides) will grow quickly and easily anywhere, and the Cottonwood (Populus monilifera) is found usually along river bottoms. The Ash-Leaved or Manitoba Maple (Negundo aceroides), sometimes also called Box Elder, is a tree of rapid growth and produces seed in a very few years. This tree was designated the Sugar Maple by the early explorers, as the Indians, and later the white settlers, used to manufacture a sugar from the sap. This sugar was stated to be very good though not at all equal to that produced from the Hard or Sugar Maple of the Eastern Provinces.

If therefore quick-growing trees are what are required either for shelter-belts or woodlots, the poplars or the ash-leaved maple would be the best species to start with, although none of them produce a wood of any very great strength or value, and, indeed, the maple is really of no value except for shelter purposes. Of the poplars the wood of the aspen is probably the best. The tamarack is a strong, firm wood specially suitable for firewood, and for shelter purposes nothing can be better than the spruces with their firm trunks and their evergreen foliage, but such trees may very well follow those of quicker growth. There is no more generally useful tree than the elm, but the mode of their occurrence under natural conditions does not give any warrant for expecting success with either this tree or the basswood except on low-lying lands. The oak appears to be at home on almost any soil, but it is a tree of such slow growth that it is hardly advisable to encourage its cultivation. But this is very far from saying that its growth should necessarily be discouraged, as such trees were found a very useful source of revenue by many of the early settlers, and an oak tree is an asset which will always have its value.

We can only repeat again that Nature must be the guide always, and that success can only be assured by understanding her and following the lines which she has mapped out.

Forestry in Prince Edward Island.

Enthusiasm in forestry organization has at length reached all the provinces of the Federation. Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia were obliged to think of safeguarding the provincial heritage early, as a great proportion of their revenue came from timber limits; New Brunswick has had, and still has, much valuable forest, in a commercial sense, and Nova Scotia, while not absolutely a lumber country, has augmented her treasure by forest as well as mine and fishery. The Prairie Provinces, as we may call Manitoba and the Territories, while not dreaming of ever seeing the commercial side of forestry, have early turned to tree planting and tree protection, on climatic and hygienic grounds. And now little Prince Edward Island, after losing almost completely a forest as varied as it was beautiful and valuable, by governmental neglect, fearing the consequences to health, to the pleasures of life, to agriculture is stirring intelligently in the missionary work of forestry which must always precede healthy legislation. At the Fruit Growers' meeting last spring the whole important question of forestry reserves and reafforestation was brought up in a thoughtful paper from Reverend Dr. Burke, who succeeded in making the distinguished auditory, and, indeed, the whole province, awake to the necessity of making some practical move to preserve a proper proportion between field and forest. Sir Louis Davies was present at the meeting and he and all the ministers of the Provincial Government, as well as prominent citizens from all over the island, highly commended Father Burke's efforts in behalf of a work so absolutely necessary to the general good. Legislation is asked for to reserve the vacant lands still under the crown—a comparatively small area—and

some system of reafforestation suggested, in order that the beautiful Prince Edward Island may not become a barren waste.

During the past session an Act, modelled on the Ontario Act, as to the setting out of fires, was passed, and it is not unlikely that its provisions may be soon invoked. Owing to the great drought fires have been raging, particularly in the western portion of the province, and, as a consequence, the already scant remnant of woods has become scantier. The railway which winds through the island is a fertile source of fires in dry times.

As the Department of Agriculture is, strange to say—for Prince Edward Island is an entirely agricultural country—only a product of the last session of parliament, no organized effort has yet been made in the way of distributing and planting the seeds of forest trees. The Canadian Forestry Association has been approached by Rev. Father Burke, with a view to the procuring of seeds and their proper planting; but until the Government take hold of this important problem manfully little can be practically done. We shall be glad to do all we can, as an association, to assist the patriotic gentlemen who are interesting themselves in this important work, however, and trust that the ministry will not longer delay in seconding in some practical way their efforts.

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A forest fire, supposed to have been started by lightning, is reported from Cumberland County, Nova Scotia. It has apparently swept a considerable area of the best timber lands in that district.

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The summer meeting of the American Forestry Association was held at Denver, Colorado, August 27th—29th. The meeting was announced as a distinctively western one, which would be of special interest to all concerned with the forest problems before the Western States—fires, grazing, relation of forests to water supply, etc. In the States and Territories west of the Mississippi the Federal Government has established forty forest reserves, containing nearly 47,000,000 acres. Many of the questions discussed are similar to those which have to be dealt with in the Canadian West, and therefore the proceedings will be of special interest to our Western members.

✠

It is but just to say that for the information contained in our article on "The Trees of Manitoba" we are indebted largely to Professor Macoun, though in doing so we do not wish it to be understood that he is to be held responsible for all the statements made therein. In fact we may make this a general confession and say that in attempting to deal with any question relating to the trees of Canada we, as all others, must take advantage of the work that has been done by Professor Macoun in systematizing our knowledge of the forest flora of the Dominion.

✠

We are in receipt of a copy of a report of a Forest Working Plan for Township 40, Totten and Crossfield Purchase, Hamilton County, New York State Forest Preserve, by Ralph S. Hosmer and Eugene S. Bruce, which has been issued by the Division of Forestry for the United States; and also of the report issued by the Crown Lands Department of the Survey and Exploration of Northern Ontario. These reports we hope to review in a future number.

There is trouble at Helena, Montana, through the Flathead Indians killing game out of season. Several have been arrested.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Rod and Gun:

I notice in your June number of Rod and Gun an article headed, "Amendments to Quebec Game Laws." The item I was most interested in, was that relating to ducks, reading: "Widgeon, teal or wild duck of any kind are protected between the 1st of March and the 15th of September."

Now, Mr. Editor, I think if the dates read 1st of April to 15th September, there would be some little sense in it. The close season in Ontario for duck has long been a sore spot with me, and I have no doubt with a great many others interested. I often wonder if the men who frame our Game Laws know anything at all about the habits of the different game birds. I know, positively, from personal observation through some few years, that the winter duck, or golden eye, does not arrive as far south as the St. Lawrence River in any considerable numbers until after our open season has ended. We are by law compelled to stop shooting, while Americans, on the American side of the line, and further south slaughter our game wholesale.

As nearly as I can figure out, the winter duck arrives here about Christmas time, and I have known and seen them come in countless thousands. These birds naturally belong to us, breed in our country, but we rarely get one of them. This is not protection. It is prohibition. Do these brainy (?) law makers of ours know or care anything about this? Apparently not.

My plea for extending the time till April 1st is for the following reason: Because no white man can sit on the edge of the ice to hunt ducks through the months of January and February. It is anything but comfortable to do so until about the middle of March. Even then the degrees of comfort are merely comparative. But this would give us some two weeks shooting—no more—at the winter duck.

I have heard it said that the birds are in poor condition at that season, but I know differently. They are in the very best condition, being fat and of good flavor. After 1st April the ducks migrate from the Southern States (where they have been hammered at all winter) when of course all shooting should cease.

To tell the truth, Mr. Editor, I am heartily sick of the Game Laws. There are no laws so idiotically framed; none so feebly enforced. I made a personal effort, quite recently, to get a few choice localities protected, but was officially advised there were no funds. On the first of last September a party of four of us from here went to Constance Creek, about 23 miles up the Ottawa. We sat around all the evening of August 31st, watching the ducks and listening to the cannonade. I have never seen so many ducks as on that evening. Next morning they were gone, and we had our trip for nothing. I have lately joined the St. Hubert Gun Club, of this city, and intend to try to get them to take some action as a club, for better game protection. Couldn't you stir them up a bit and help? Can't you go for these provincial governments of ours, and as students of game birds and animals, convince them of the proper close seasons; *make* them provide funds to *enforce laws which they enact*, and thus preserve the game for all time? You are in a position to be a mouth-piece for all sportsmen and they'll all back you up. Can't you do something and oblige all true sportsmen?

Clarence G. H. Horwood.

Ottawa, Ont.

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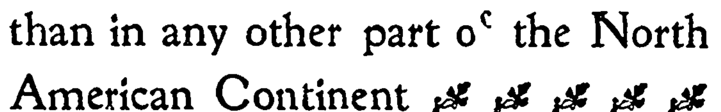

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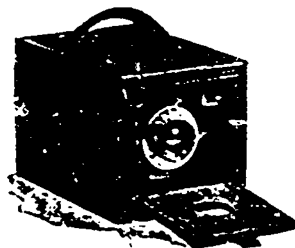

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