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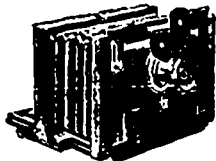
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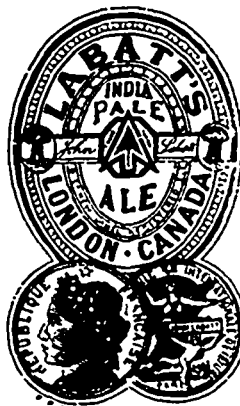
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SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION AT ST. LOUIS, MO.

The first sportsman show of the West occurred in St. Louis, September 11th to Oct. 14th, and for a commencement it merits the success it met with. Unlike similar shows in Boston and New York, it was held as a feature of the annual St. Louis Exposition of Manufactures, and like the late lamented Barnum's shows, "one price admitted to all," hence its drawing power as a money maker from its backers' standpoint is not readily determined. From the view of the sportsman and ordinary citizen there was much of interest. In the game park there was a fine buffalo bull in evidence; near him a number of Virginia deer, a family of elk and a noble headed specimen the bull was; there were coyotes, bears, foxes, raccoons, etc., a youngster of the raccoon family being much admired. The Province of Quebec was well represented by many fine specimens, singly and in groups. British Columbia and Manitoba had also a number of stuffed birds. The exhibits of these three provinces were in charge of Mr. L. O. Armstrong.

The Canadian Pacific Railway exhibit occupied a prominent position, showing on a large canvas, 50x90 feet, the Great Glacier of the Selkirks, which formed

the background of the show. Many handsome glass transparencies were shown of scenes reached by its lines; tastefully arranged birch bark canoes, game specimens, etc. The Indian features of the entertainment consisted of "Winnebagos" from Northern Wisconsin, who occupied a camp arranged so as to fit in with the mountain scene, and who gave representations of Indian dances and customs. Several tanks of live fish furnished by Tony Faust and by the Missouri State Fish Commission illustrated the resources of Missouri and Illinois waters. Rifle and pistol tournaments were, of course, a prominent feature. In the large tank in the centre, swimming races divided the interest with water polo and other aquatic sports, the Toronto team of water polo players matching Chicago and others.

The trade portion of the show was looked after by the Page Wire Fence Co., Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co., of St. Joseph, Mich., with an exhibit of marine motors and pleasure boats, and the various powder companies, Hazard, DuPont, E. C. Austin, etc. The Simmons Hardware Co., of St. Louis, which, by the way, is said to be the largest hardware house in the United States, acting as the general agent for the south-west of the various Arms Companies, had a large and varied exhibit of rifles, shotguns and revolvers, *et al*, all the principal makers being represented and some of them by very handsome machines. One was inclined to tarry long at this part of the show, for there was much of interest. I was surprised not to see in their collection the Mauser pistol, which, although it looks to me like a bad cross between a toy pistol and a shotgun, is, nevertheless, a remarkable weapon. The sportsmen's show manager, Mr. Frank Gaiennie, feels pleased with his first attempt and will probably do it again. Canada should also be pleased that she has an institution and provinces which look after her interests in this respect so well.

REMARKABLE REVOLVER SCORE.

On Sept. 20, Dr. Ashley A. Webber, of New York, fired 100 shots at 50 yards on the U. S. Army Elliptical target and made 90 clear bull's-eyes, besides three so close to be practically in the bull's-eye. He used a Smith & Wesson 38 caliber military revolver and Union Metallic cartridges loaded with eight grains of Laffin & Rand sporting rifle smokeless powder. Two weeks before this he placed 49 out of 50 shots in the bull's-eye at 50 yards in a similar target, using six grains smokeless powder, same revolver. A noticeable feature is the use of smokeless powder. Dr. Webber states he has fired this revolver 5,000 times without cleaning it and apparently without loss of accuracy.

◆◆◆

We direct the particular attention of all our readers, but especially of Canadians, to an article on another page entitled "Why don't you go." The writer of it is a well known contributor to magazines and a man after our own heart. He speaks of Canada for an outing place *as it is*. Those who have travelled, if only a little, among our myriad mountains, lakes, streams and forests, and caught the true longing for the wilderness, will echo his wish to live a thousand years that they may know it all.

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In 1900 there will be at least two, probably three or more, sportsmen's shows. Boston will open February 22nd, and, if 1898 was a criterion, will have many interesting features. New York commences March 1st, and will not be behind last March. St. Louis has not indicated its intentions. Chicago we expect to hear from.

◆◆◆

Four canoeists from Montreal recently made the voyage to New York by water. They report it a very pleasant mid-summer trip. But why go South? Quebec province offers an infinite variety of the finest canoe routes of the world, and Northern Ontario is equally good.

The inconoclast will not rest! That hoary-headed old saying "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is now made equally applicable reversed, as applied to shooting, by an exchange which says: "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand, for it affords not only the food, but the opportunity, the reason and the excuse for shouldering one's gun and going out to secure it. And even then, by eluding pursuit, it may give the same opportunity another time." All of which goes to show there is still hope that some one will turn inside out and tie on the reverse side our old friend of the rolling stone gathering moss, which has been chucked around so promiscuously, and prove that it may mean "bears."

◆◆◆
Last season the county clerks in Michigan issued 11,000 deer hunters' licenses. This year it is expected at least 12,000 will be issued for the season Nov. 8th to 30th inclusive. Each licensee is permitted to kill five deer. The State benefits to the extent of 75 cents for each resident's license, and \$25 for each non-resident. Assuming there are only 500 non-residents' licenses issued, Michigan's game protection system receives over \$20,000 annually from both sources.

◆◆◆
In this case early comers did not avoid the rush. On September 30th there were more sportsmen at Kippewa awaiting the ripening of the moose, October 1st, than were there all last season. From every direction in Canada we hear of largely increased numbers of hunters. All the guides are finding employment, and Canada is reaping the benefit from the influx of United States sportsmen.

◆◆◆
Sportsmen should discourage all attempts to organize side hunts for game or count. The latter smacks of wholesale methods, and the former can scarcely be divorced from the idea that it means after all the killing of more game than should be bagged.

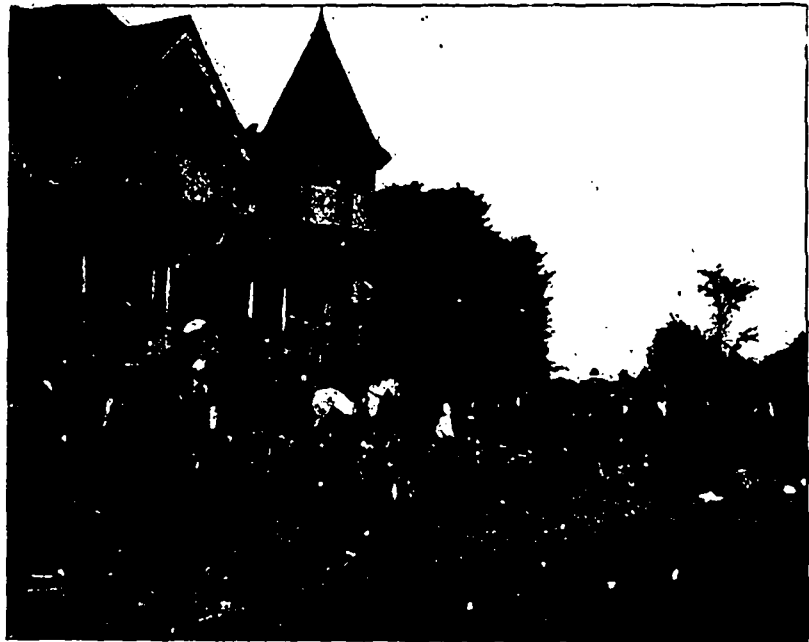
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The Fur Trade Review says 566 bales of deer skins were received at the port of New York during the month ending July 22. Seventy-nine bales, the largest single importation, came from Trinidad Island. The same paper, in a report giving the exports from Shanghai, China, during the months of March, April, and May, mentions the following exports: To London, 10,320 pheasant skins, 790 hare skins, 1,958 otter skins, 78,532 weasel skins, 622 fox skins, 4,495 raccoon skins, 226 squirrel tails; to New York, 50,000 weasel skins, 546 bird skins; to Hamburg, 5,500 pairs bird wings; to Marseilles, 2,678 pheasant skins.

FOX HUNTING.

By C. Jno. Alloway

THE eyes of the world are directed to the Dominion of Canada as the great hunting domain of the North American Continent. Her vast forests, stretching away from the head waters of the Ottawa and its fine lake region, to the banks of the Athabasca and Great Bear, teem with animal life. Much has been written, and deservedly so, about the moose, caribou and deer hunting, as well as the duck and chicken shooting to be found all over

ments seem best suited to these avocations, but the members of the hunt find the gay "pink" coat, velvet cap, spotless bags and shining tops their ideal costume, and to be sure the "Meet" breakfasts demand a certain elegance in all their appointments, from the carefully kept hounds to the glossy coated, high bred outlines of the hunter. Fox hunting is understood to be a purely English pastime, and as the people of Canada are largely descended from this nationality, the instincts of generations of fox-hunting forefathers



Montreal Hunt Club, Sept. 16th, 1899.

Photo by Notman

this region and the Northwest territories, which delight the heart of the sportsman; but little has been said about that prince of sports—fox hunting.

It is not because it is of recent introduction, for since the year 1826, Canadian woods have rung to the horn and "Hark for'ard!" of the huntsman, and echoed to the "whimper" and "giving tongue" of the hounds. It has been truly called the "Sport of Kings," and certainly the accessories of this royal pastime are of the most elegant and aristocratic character. The game hunter and fisherman don their corduroys and weather-stained garments with their rod and gun, and these habil-

have resulted in transplanting this regal sport to the valley of the St. Lawrence, where, next to England and Ireland, it can best be seen in its proper condition and surroundings.

Unlike many other kinds of sport, which can be carried on most successfully in small parties of two's and three's, fox hunting is remarkable for its essentially social character, and while the pursuit of the big game and even fishing, except under restrictions, are mainly for the masculine element alone, hunting the fox is as ardently followed by women as by men. One reason for this may be that the former are fully conscious that the neat habit, the color induced by exercise, and the

grace of horsemanship, enhance their beauty ever more than the alluring bull-room attire can do.

Many painters have transferred to canvas various incidents in connection with fox hunting, and certainly few situations can furnish more picturesque than it affords. There is the opportunity for the delineation of handsome men, lovely women and the finest specimens of horse flesh. These, with the hounds in their beautiful markings and color, grouped around the huntsman and whip, with a background of some old, ancestral hall, set in the beauty of an English landscape, are surely sufficient inspiration for the painter's brush; but even these make up no fairer picture than a similar scene in our beautiful Canadian autumn. Nowhere can there be found skies of deeper blue, or woods whose tints permit the artist to indulge in a wilder extravagance of color than in producing the browns, crimsons and russets of our maples and oaks bathed in the clear, brilliant sunshine.

The hunting season generally begins on the Saturday following the tenth of September, the season lasting for about two months from this date. Previous to the regular meets there is, of course, considerable cub hunting and general preparatory work done in order to get the hounds into condition, and some of these informal runs in the early morning hours of the late summer and early fall are replete with enjoyment, and are marked by incidents not usually found in the ordinary hunts. For instance, on one occasion the entire pack, many of which had never swum a stroke in their lives, at a signal from the huntsman, gallantly took to the water and crossed a stream of three quarters of a mile or more.

Of course hounds for fox hunting are not given the ordinary treatment of bird and other game dogs, their whole regimen being under the most careful surveillance. The quantity and quality of their food are regulated with the utmost precision, proper exercise and rest are arranged for, and in fact everything which tends to develop the qualities of endurance, intelligence and obedience are most rigidly carried out. They are as carefully groomed as the horses of the hunt, and when returning footsore and weary from a hard day's run, are cleaned and given foot soup baths to encourage them to care for themselves; and certainly the appearance of the pack at the opening of the hunting season is sufficient reward for the trouble and expense which such an institution as the Kennels cannot fail to incur. The Montreal pack is partly bred at the Kennels and partly imported, many of them being selections from the following famous English and Irish packs:—Southwold, Linlithgow, Blackmore Vale, Belvoir, Grafton,

Kildare, Galway, Warwickshire, Eglington and Lynesdale.

During the season the pack, consisting of thirty-five or forty couples, is regularly hunted Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at eleven o'clock in the morning. The country hunted over being upwards of thirty miles in length, the meets frequently occur from 20 to 25 miles from the kennels, in which case both members, hounds, horses and guests go by rail, in order not to waste the strength of the animals unnecessarily. Not infrequently one, two and sometimes three runs and a kill or two is the result of a single day's hunting. This is a great strain on the staying qualities of both horses and hounds, and in consequence, the keenest sportsmen require to keep in their stables several good hunters to meet the demands of the season. The hunts-

tongue, as upon these depend the keeping of the pack and field together. This club is one of the few in America hunting the genuine wild fox. The English-speaking people of Montreal are not the only devotees of the chase. Another club, principally French-speaking, with a strong membership, has a fine clubhouse and equipment on the south side of the river. There are about 125 members, with a pack of 30 couples. In the season, therefore, two hunt clubs in the vicinity of Montreal enjoy this grand old sport. Many members of the latter club, descendants of old seigneurs who were the feudal lords of Canada under French rule, gaily canter over the demesnes which were the seigneurial manors of their ancestors.

The adventure, exhilaration, good fellowship and manliness of fox hunting, without doubt place it at the head of



Montreal Hunt Club, Sept. 16th, 1899.

Photo by Notman

man and whip are always well mounted, six well bred horses being at their disposal. It can readily be seen that nothing but a horse of excellent breeding and fine quality can carry a man for ten or twelve hours, without sufficient rest and food, over perhaps seventy or even a hundred jumps, in the stiff hunting country in the neighborhood of Montreal, without being of exceptional stamina; nevertheless there are a number of horses in the Montreal Hunt which have done duty of this kind for several successive seasons without any apparent diminution of their powers.

The section of country over which this pack hunts is, as a rule, thickly wooded, so that a remarkably keen scent is required in the hounds as well as a willingness to give plenty of

all pastimes, and it is almost impossible to describe in words to those who have never enjoyed it, what is the fascination which attends it. The friendly emulation for the brush, rush at the fences, admiration of your horse as he gallantly clears a water jump or ditch, all dashed with just a suspicion of risk and danger, make up a tout ensemble which perhaps no other form of sport can even approach. Apart from the merely pleasurable side, there is also the very important one of the extreme healthfulness of the pursuit, for it is undisputed and supported by medical authority, that nothing so fully aids in the proper physical development of the human frame, proves a panacea for all nervous and mental derangements as the out-of-door exercise, lung gymnas-

tics, muscular exertion, and clear, pure air, which are the concomitants of horse-back riding; and these, when on your favorite hunter's back, with the hounds in front, your friends around you, and the fox in the dim distance, support the claim which is made for this diversion that it is, "The sport of Kings, the image of war, with only twenty-five per cent. of its danger."

THE GAME BIRD OF THE SOUTH.

By Reginald Gourlay.

The name which heads this article may fairly be claimed by that clever little game bird, the quail. Of course, there are many other finer and larger game birds abundant in the Southern States, as witness the splendid, but alas, rapidly vanishing wild turkey. Notwithstanding this, the quail is the bird most frequently pursued by the genuine sportsman who hunts in proper style, with well bred and well broken dogs, all over the South. For one reason, he is very abundant there, more so probably than in any other part of the world, except, perhaps, Syria (the ancient Asia Minor), and some parts of Algeria. This leads me to remark that the quail is by far the most widely distributed of the land game birds (the gallinaceae), just as the Wilson snipe is the species most widely spread over the earth, of the water or marsh game birds. He is found all over North America, ranging as far north as Central Ontario, Canada. There are three varieties of quail in North America, the common quail, or "Bob White," the Virginia quail, a larger and finer bird, and the California quail, or quail of the Pacific coast, a much darker colored bird than the common quail, and a wretchedly hard bird to shoot, on account of his very unfair habit of taking refuge in the dense chapparal in short order when fired at, where it is practically impossible to hit or even see him. The quail is found in quantities all over Europe, except in Northern Russia, Norway and Sweden. He is abundant in Northern Africa and in most parts of Asia. Australia, however, knows him not. One marked difference between the American and European bird as regards habits is that the latter is a migratory bird and the former is not. The African quail crosses the Mediterranean in vast flocks, and spreads all over Europe at certain seasons, coming to the English coast in multitudes, and almost at the same time to a day every year. The American bird, on the other hand, finds his own continent quite good enough for him, and therefore "bides at home." There are many that sneer at the pursuit of the quail as a kid-glove sort of sport, simply because it is a spe-

cies of shooting that lends itself to the employment of valuable dogs and expensive equipments. The latter, at any rate, are not altogether necessary to get quail, and as to the former, in pursuing any kind of game bird, the better the dog the better the sport. Personally, I prefer the pursuit of the wily woodcock to the hunting of any other game bird, but I can discover no reason to despise for a moment the shooter of quail. If some of the gentlemen who talk of quail shooting as an easy, kid-glove sort of sport, had to cut down a scattered bevy in a hilly country, on a good, warm, muggy autumn afternoon, in thick, close cover, with plenty of bramble and burs scattered about, or had to negotiate a bevy treed in thick second-growth woods, he might possibly alter his views as to the kid-glove nature of the sport. Certainly there is less hardship, as a rule, in quail shooting than in most other species of sport. You have not got to be by the water side in the dark of a cold November morning—and after setting four decoys—to wait for the first white streaks of dawn, incidentally whiling away the time in trying to prevent yourself from freezing to death. Nor have you to traverse such difficult ground and cover as when in pursuit of the crafty woodcock, or even of the elusive Wilson snipe. Still, as the sportsman shoots, or is supposed to shoot, for pleasure, I can't see why the comparative lack of hardship in quail shooting should be objected to. When flushed, too, the quail is about as hard to hit as any game bird that flies, especially when in thick, close cover. Then, again, there is no game bird who lies as well before dogs, or who is a better bird to train young dogs on, than the quail. This is surely a great merit. The proper dogs for this species of shooting are well broken setters or pointers. Some of the finest dogs in America—dogs of repute, birth, and education—have received their first training on the quail, and have acquired their subsequent finish, culture, and polish on the trail of this clever little game bird. It is easier, as a general thing, to see your dog work, and therefore to correct faults in a young dog, when they are drawing on quail, than when they are hunting any other game. For this reason most, if not all, experienced dog-breakers "enter" their young dogs on quail. Nearly all field trials, and competitions of highly trained dogs, have also, for similar causes, the quail as the object of the dog's pursuit.

It should also be remembered that, at any rate, in most of the Northern, Middle, and Western States, as in Canada, the quail has decidedly domestic tastes, and prefers the clearings and farm lands to "the forest." He

is a bird of the stubbles, and of the "old field," covered with short brush and brambles. In his pursuit, the sportsman has an opportunity of seeing to perfection that beautiful rural scenery, which is found at its best only in England, the New England and Middle States, and some parts of Canada. It may be remarked that these semi-domestic habits of the quail, frequently lead to the extinction of whole bevs during the winter in the Northern States and Canada. The astute granger, observing a large bevy of quail hanging about his farm buildings, scatters buckwheat about, finally leaving a large quantity on his barn floor. When the foolish birds enter the barn, as they invariably do, sooner or later, our agricultural friend gathers in the entire flock by the simple process of stealing up and shutting the barn door on them. The reprehensible practice is inaugurated in far too often in Canada, and is very difficult, for obvious reasons, to put a stop to. On the other hand, the quail's domestic ways render him the easiest of all game birds to rear and preserve, so that his numbers, on the whole, are rather on the increase in America than otherwise. The flight of the quail is swift and gliding. The ground melts away under him, when he is fairly under way, in a manner that requires promptitude and despatch in firing. The noise, too, made by a bevy getting up in a hurry is almost as disconcerting to the nerves of the young sportsman as the startling whirr-r-r of an old ruffed grouse. So that, on the whole, it is quite an easy trick to miss a quail. He is an undeniably excellent bird for the table, as every one knows, his merits in that line being more universally appreciated than those, for instance, of the woodcock. "Take him for all and all," therefore, this fine little bird could be ill-spared in America. Fortunately there seems to be little reason at present to dread his extinction. He is so easily reared and preserved, and increases so rapidly when taken care of, that there is every reason to believe that "he will always be with us," which is a fair subject for congratulation, both to the "bon vivant" and the sportsman.

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A WANDERER IN KOOTENAY

By W. F. B.

FROM Belgravia to British Columbia seemed a long and arduous journey to one whose travels had not extended further than from London to the capitals of France and Italy.

In the Old Country one hardly realizes the vast extent of that Province, and the question as to which city or district we had to fix upon as our goal

ally floating hotels, and put to shame the Old Country Channel boats. The scenery on the Arrow Lakes is very beautiful, but unfortunately it was raining the whole time we were on the steamer, and thick mists hung over the hills. Since then we have had an opportunity of seeing the Arrow Lakes in all the glory of a summer day, a sight never to be forgotten. We ar-

every description may be bought there, and very fair rods, too. There are one or two excellent hotels, a first-rate club, and a fair-sized colony of English society, though the Canadian predominates. With a little capital to invest in real estate and dividend-paying mines, a man can live an ideal life in Nelson (that is if he is an angler—as all well-balanced individuals should be) on a comparatively small income.

The river has a great fascination for Nelsonians. Everyone seems to fish a little. There are times, when the fishing is good, that the biggest duffer can fill his creel if only he happens upon a good place.

It was about the second week in May when we arrived in Nelson, a little early for good angling, but still, we are



Kootenay Falls, near Nelson, B. C.

became a serious one; besides we hoped to be able to fix on some place where we could obtain good sport as well as attend to our business.

Our destiny was to be Nelson, the metropolis of the Kootenays. This was good, for the river there was at our door, whereas the Vancouver Island rivers were some distance from the town.

I skip the journey, but at last we arrived at Revelstoke, where our party disbanded, and we joined the Columbia & Western branch, which brings you via the Arrow Lakes, to Nelson.

The Arrow Lake steamers are liter-

rived in Nelson exactly fourteen days from the time we left London.

Nelson is a picturesque little town of some 4,000 souls, situated on the west arm of the Kootenay Lake. This arm narrows into a river about two miles below Nelson. The town is only of nine or ten years' growth. It has more of the air of stability than an average mining town has, and bids fair to become one of the principal residential and supply cities of British Columbia. The wants of the angler are well attended to, as nearly every other store in the town has a display in the window of some sort of fishing tackle. Flies of

told, there was a chance of fair sport at that time of the year, in certain parts of the lake. The letter of introduction and the kindness of mine host of the hotel where we sojourned brought us acquaintances and much information concerning the angling, ending in an invitation to spend the week-end at a place called Balfour, about twenty-two miles from Nelson, and situated at the point where the west arm of the lake joins the main lake. This part of the lake is known locally as "The Narrows," and at times the fishing there is very good. Our host had a good-sized fruit ranch there, with a cum-

fortable little house, by the water side. There is a good hotel at Balfour, a well-known resort for local anglers. South of the junction of the west arm and the main lake there is a large bay, known as Queen's Bay. In this bay the charr congregate at certain times of the year, and when we arrived there the Indians were camping on the lake shore for the sake of the charr fishing.

The journey to Balfour from Nelson is accomplished by steamer.

The scenery on all sides on the journey from Nelson to Balfour is magnificent. Dark pine-covered hills, alternating with precipitous rocky slopes, and here and there a patch of bright olive green, marking where the undergrowth has readorned the portions of the forest which have been devastated by forest fires, makes the foreground. In the distance mighty snow-capped peaks, rising one above the other, bathed in the sunshine, complete the harmonious landscape.

One mountain in particular, called Kokanee Peak, not unlike the Jungfrau, strikes the eye. Though the summit is some thirty miles distant from the lake, the clear atmosphere enables one to see plainly a larger glacier on one of these spurs. We arrived at Balfour about half-past five. Our host's house was close to the landing stage, so the "transfer" was easily accomplished.

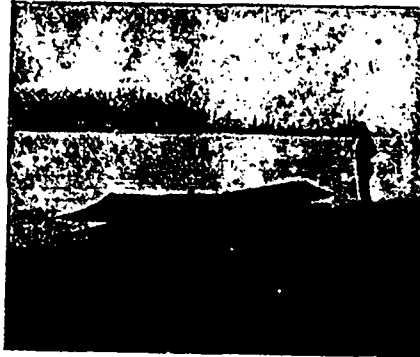
It was arranged that we should at once start fishing and dine late in the evening. We decided, however, to row up to the main lake and see what progress the noble red men were making in reducing the number of charr in the lake. About a quarter of an hour's rowing brought us to Queen's Bay, where we saw six or seven Indian canoes, each manned by two or more "Siwash," who were busily engaged trolling with hand lines for the large charr.

We hailed one of the craft, and our host questioned the occupants in "Chinook" (the vernacular of the Indians there) as to what sport they had been having. They had been doing fairly well, though the best of the season was over.

We saw seven fine charr in this canoe, the largest of which would weigh about fourteen pounds, the smallest six or seven pounds. The fish were in splendid condition, and as far as we could judge were the species known as the Great Northern charr (*salmo alpinus*).

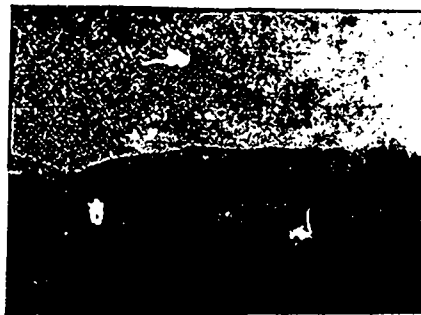
The Indians use a small trout or white fish for a bait and about sixty yards of line, which is heavily weighted: the fish lie in deep water and the bait must swim near the bottom in order to catch the heavy fish. The Indians move along at a fairly smart

pace when trolling, about the same rate as one sails when fishing for mackerel. We watched our friends fishing for about half an hour, but only one fish was taken—not a large one—and they gave up the chase for that day. We rowed well out into the lake to see the view. The sun had sunk to the level of the tops of the western hills and here the scene baffled description. We knew the lakes of Great Britain, Switz-



A Native and his Kiwash.

erland and Italy well, but this lake of Kootenay was beyond comparison with aught that we had seen before. The enormous expanse of water, the clearness of the atmosphere, the variety of coloring, the startling ruggedness of the distant mountains, the peaceful wooded slopes in the immediate neighborhood, the changing tints as the sun slowly sank behind the hills, ending in a harmony of deep violet,—well, we rested on our oars and gazed, and, in reverence to the gorgeous nocturne presented to us by nature, relapsed into silence.



Balfour, Showing Hotel.

We rowed home in the dusk, but our hearts were too full to discuss what we had seen, and not till after the cheery meal, when we sat round to do justice to the material comforts of whiskey and water and tobacco, did we dare refer to it. We then spoke of it as matter-of-fact individuals, for our artistic senses had been dulled by ad-

ministering to our bodily wants. But still the picture was engraven indelibly in one memory at least, and remains there as one of the landmark's of life's journey.

We woke early the next day, and after a plunge in the lake, which took our breath away, so icy cold was the water, lit the kitchen stove, made some tea, and were off before some of the party had yet awakened. The trout began to rise merrily, but it was some little time before we succeeded in deluding one. We held a post-mortem on him and found him full of large olive duns and larvae of the May-fly with a few of the latter flies in their first costume, i.e. "sub-imagines." They seemed greener and smaller than the May flies found on the chalk streams of the Old Country, the bodies and legs being of distinctly olive hue. We returned to the house and dressed a few imitations, ordinary rough-bodied olive duns on No. 3 hooks, and flat winged May-flies with bodies of dyed olive condor feather, ribbed with gold twist, golden olive hackles and summer duck wings; and to make them a little more attractive we added a few sprigs of scarlet ibis by way of a tail.

Breakfast ensuing gave time for the varnish on the flies to dry. In front of the house the current was fairly strong, forming a back eddy about 300 yards long. At the edge of the back eddy and the current we could see the fish rising. Pushing our boat into the stream and paddling with one oar so as to keep just at the edge of the back eddy we found we could float slowly down and then return up in the back eddy. And then the fun began. Our new confections evidently tickled the fancy of the trout and they began to repay us for our trouble.

By lunch time we had a number of fish, the weights of which varied from three-quarters to two pounds. The trout in Kootenay Lake belong to the species known as "*salmo purpuratus*." They are beautiful fish to look at, silvery as a salmon fresh from the sea, a few spots showing along the back, symmetrical in shape, a faint shading of rainbow tints extending down the sides from the bills to the tail. For sporting qualities they are unequalled by any other member of the family of Salmonidae, and, for those who like trout, are excellent table fish. Occasionally fish over two pounds are taken with the fly but not often. By trolling in the deep water much larger fish may be caught. We saw one during our stay at Balfour which weighed fourteen pounds; it was caught with a copper spoon-bait.

Our host informed us that trout from twenty to thirty pounds in weight had been caught on the troll in the main lake.

In the afternoon a strong wind sprang up, making the management of the boat extremely difficult, and, as there were others of the party who were not keen anglers, we left the fish alone for the rest of the day, tied some more flies, talked, went for a stroll in the woods, then developed into lotus eaters till it was evening, when we got into the boat for a row up to the lake to feast our eyes once more on the magnificent scenery. How we revelled in the much desired and much required rest; for we had toiled in the great metropolis for some years and were weary of men and the turmoil and everlasting hurrying to and fro of the mighty city. Here we were alone with nature; we had put the ocean and the greater part of a continent between us and the scene of our past life with all its disappointments, its sorrows and its failures; and we were free from the old life, free from that struggle in which we had been all but vanquished, free to begin a new existence in a new country, and our hopes were renewed, our hearts rejuvenated and we were glad.

The next morning the wind was again adverse to the angler so we dallied until the mid-day sun dispelled the storm and the fish began to pay their attention to the May flies again. We tried the point where the West Arm forms the junctions with the main lake where we got fewer but larger fish.

Then we drifted down to the cddy in front of the house again, and after having landed some beauties we stopped for the day, as we had as many as we would be able to dispose of.

We had arranged to return to Nelson the following morning but, as the steamer left at 10 a.m., we determined to rise early and get some more fish before leaving.

The grey mist hung over the water when we awoke and the sun had not yet risen. This was what we wanted, and we dressed hurriedly and pushed our boat out into the mid-stream in order to see the "rosy fingered dawn" in Kootenay.

The dusk gradually lightened, a pale silvery light though, for as yet the sun was invisible. Then a streak of pale gold was seen to dart over the lowest of the peaks in the east. There was a sough in the trees and we seemed to hear the wheels of a chariot rolling over the clouds of mist. Was that Phaethon urging his steeds through the aether above us? A shout from our host recalled to us the fact that we had forgotten to take our rod. However we were not long in making good this defect and we speedily got to work. By 9 o'clock we had a good basket of fish. No doubt we could have killed many more had we worked harder and more systematically but

we had no desire to break records. We were there to enjoy ourselves, to refresh our minds, as well as the muscles of our wrists, as I we had certainly made the most of our opportunities. How we hated the steamer when she presently hove in sight for we wanted to stay on indefinitely. Perchance we might find here some Lethian stream in which we could drown all memories of the past and begin our lives o'er again in this enchanting spot. But we had business to attend to at Nelson, and after all we were but as spollit children who yearn for more pleasure until they become satiated; so we consoled ourselves with promises of more visits in the future. But after all Balfour is not the only place of enjoyment for the angler in British Columbia. The new Crow's Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway connecting Nelson with the main line at



Balfour. The "Narrows."

Dunmore was shortly to be constructed, opening up the valleys of the Moyle and Elk Rivers, renowned for game of all sorts and magnificent scenery. Then we would visit the coast, Vancouver Island, Harrison River and lake and other places that we knew already by reports: We have only partially kept to our resolutions, for our time has been limited and the every day necessities of life leave but little margin for travelling expenses. Still we have had some happy wanderings, have seen many beautiful places in British Columbia, have had first rate sport with both rod and gun during our brief sojourn in that Province. But whenever we are tired and wish to be alone we seek our erstwhile host and diplomatically converse with him until our object is attained, namely, the use of his house at Balfour for a week end. For

the charm and attractiveness of that place is ever the same; the same companion is ever with us, for without her our holiday there would be devoid of happiness; and we live over again those first days of Elysium of which we have given an imperfect and incomplete record.

NEW JERSEY SEEKS TO REDEEM HERSELF.

In speaking of that pestiferous insect, the mosquito, the Newark (N.J.) Sunday Call quotes the Independent, as follows: "Not all mosquitos are infected with the bacillus that causes disease, and different kinds of mosquitos produce different varieties of malarial fever;" and then goes on to say: "But we cannot stop to dissect and microscopically examine the mosquito that is biting us. He must be exterminated. This is now possible. He breeds in stagnant water. Minnows find their food in his larvae. Put small fish in your ponds. Drain your waste swamps. Why should the Hoboken and Hackensack meadows poison all the mosquito-bitten cities about? A little kerosene oil at the proper time, dropped on the surface of a pool that has no minnows, will kill the larvae as they rise to the surface. This is a matter not for individual enterprise alone, but we shall find it a part of the duty of our state or local government to destroy the mosquito. Our Departments of Agriculture, through their entomological bureaus, will tell us just how and when to prosecute this war of extermination against one of the worst nuisances from which men suffer."

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Disciples of Ananias will appreciate the following: A former Sultan—so runs the story—offered a golden ball for lying. Many lied to him, but the Sultan replied that he could himself lie better. Finally an aged man from Angora appeared before him with a large jar on his shoulders. "Your father," he said, "borrowed a jar like this full of gold from my father, and said that you would repay the gold to his son." "Impossible," said the Sultan. "If the story be true," replied the pilgrim, "pay your father's debt; if impossible, I have won the golden ball." The Sultan at once awarded him the prize.—London Truth.

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We have received the fourth edition of the Digest of the Ontario Game and Fishing Laws, by A. H. O'Brien, M.A. It is issued under the authority of the Ontario Fish and Game Departments, and is up to date and correct, and has a variety of cross references so that any one the least skilled in such matters can ascertain all the essential facts about any portion of the Ontario game and fish laws. Price 25 cents.

ALGONQUIN PARK.

Ontario's Great Game Preserve.

Mr. G. W. Bartlett, superintendent of Algonquin Park, the Province of Ontario's great game preserve, supplies the following information regarding that delightful spot:—

The park covers a territory of 2,000 square miles, and is a veritable sportsman's paradise, and, like paradise, admission is not for everyone.

The object aimed at in its establishment was the preservation of the natural game animals of the country, and to that end shooting, trapping or taking game of any kind is absolutely prohibited. The park is intended as a sanctuary for game and the reproduction of game, but there are no restrictions as to fishing legitimately. The cost of its maintenance to the Ontario Government is about \$6,000 per year. There is a staff of ten rangers to enforce the Government's regulations therein.

The Quebec Government has generously provided the park with a herd of caribou; moose and red deer are plentiful, the latter having been caught by the superintendent; beaver are being introduced in the streams; the capercaillie, or old country grouse, the white partridge, or arctic ptarmigan, in addition to the ordinary game birds of the country, are thoroughly domesticated; a herd of elk roam the reservation, and the only failure yet met with was the attempt to acclimatize the English pheasant. This bird, being a ground feeder, does not adapt itself to its new surroundings. Duck are plentiful, and wild rice has been sown for their special use.

Probably the most exciting duty which devolves on the superintendent and his staff is the detection and arrest of pot hunters and poachers. The park regulations provide that not more than one rifle, or fowling piece, and revolver, shall be carried by any party of visitors, and these are not to be used unless for self-defence against animals. The old trappers and settlers of the district who have roamed the reservation for years, do not understand the order of things inaugurated when the park was established in 1894. They still persist in poaching, and several have been caught in the act this year. Sometimes they surrender and sometimes they fight, but the result is the same—confiscation of guns, traps, etc., and a fine of \$100 or imprisonment.

With a view to the accommodator

of fishing parties, the rangers have erected a number of shelter houses at intervals in the park, and the superintendent is deluged with inquiries from American sportsmen looking for a few weeks' outing, with good fishing thrown in. As to the privilege of fishing there is only one restriction, and that is a permit from the superintendent. The lakes are well stocked with salmon trout, pike and other coarse fish; the tributary streams to the lakes are alive with brook trout, and the fishing generally is unsurpassed in America. Some idea of the extent to which the breeding and development of trout has been carried on may be had from the fact that hundreds of thousands of white fish fry are being planted in the lakes simply as food for the superior game.

Cache Lake is the headquarters of the National Park. This point is about 165 miles from Ottawa, and the Ontario Government will shortly be asked to change the name of the depot to Algonquin.

WHY DON'T YOU GO?

All the afternoon I have been sitting on the broad porch of a very civilized hotel, wishing I was back again in the country of the salmon and the moose, where one can live the life of a man and be deeply thankful for every breath he takes. Now I have been driven indoors by the chatter of a returned volunteer officer who is thrilling a group of girls with the story of his suffering in camp somewhere, being compelled to eat pork and beans and hardtack, and sleep in a tent, without even a cot under him. I have a great desire to kick this young man. I do not regard tent life as a hardship. Perhaps I should not be angry, because my camping is never enforced, and I can select my own tenting ground.

To my mind there is only one real camping country, and that is the great wilderness of the North. Wherever I go I carry in my valise a big map of Canada, and when my mind is disturbed I spread out the map of that earthly paradise and my heart flies away, like a wild duck in the spring, leaving every trouble behind. Land of the sunshine and the snow, how big and splendid and sweet you are, my sweetheart! Surely the God of all the earth never made any other country like you. After one has seen Canada, it's like having kissed the prettiest girl you ever saw. She spoils everybody else for you.

Devote ten years to the wilderness from Labrador to Lake Superior, and you will never care much for any other place on earth. You will only wish you had a thousand years to live, so you could really see the rest of that country. Nobody can tell you about it. You must see it for yourself. You must

wake up in the tent and hear the salmon jump in the Mingan. You must drift down the dead water in the pitchy night, in the heart of the New Brunswick woods, and hear the bull moose roar and grunt, and rush at each other like devils, till all that keeps the hair from bristling along your back is the absence of the hair.

Go to lovely Lake St. John if you will, where you may catch the ouaniche unawares in front of the hotel. That is too easy for me. I would rather try for him in Mistassini.

Watch the caribou as like ghosts they file up the rocky passes of the Bald Mountains. Try to determine by experience the relative merits of a Miramichi plogue and an Ottawa birch-bark, and see, finally, that each is fitted to its environment, the evolution of countless generations of experience.

Seduce the guileless trout which still swim unharmed in the lakes back of Georgian Bay and Superior. Swing your legs to the "clitter-clatter" of snowshoes on the glassy crust.

Encamp in a foot of snow, in an open tent, before a fire of green birch logs, and learn what it is to be really warm and comfortable.

These are some of the things you can do, and thereby learn how you have wasted your previous life.

Some years ago the eminent card professor who settles disputes about casino and pinochle for the New York Sun sadly queried: "Why will men waste their time over all these foolish games when they might play poker?"

When I see men with time and money, who fool around Newport and Long Branch, and mountain hotels, who wear red coats and do various idle things, I wonder what they are thinking of. They might be camping out with the best guide and cook in New Brunswick, with a blink watching to steal the grilse out of the spring hole close by.

When I come to my last camp-fire and no more behold the rising sun, I hope I shall go where they will have to carry me out in the bottom of a canoe. And whether death catches me in my bed or in a foaming rapid, or no matter where, my last regret will not be that I leave wife or friends, because these, please God, I shall see again. It will be that never more, so far as I have any means of knowing, shall my eyes behold the sweep of the dark green Northern hills or my sleep be sweetened by the rush of the nearby rapids, or my senses lulled by the incense of the balsam and the spruce.—Frederic Irland in Forest and Stream.

W. Gaulke won the Amateur Target Championship of Wisconsin, recently, with 25 straight.

THE GUN.

Conducted by "Bob White."

Repeating Shot Guns.

THE respective merits of double-barrelled breechloaders and repeaters is the subject of much vigorous discussion by the admirers of each. Whether we agree with one side or the other the interchange of views on the subject cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive. Each style of arm doubtless has some advantage over the other, and while personally I would not care to exchange my elegant little hammerless for a repeater, I cannot forget the fact that for the price of my gun I could have purchased a whole battery of repeaters. When our conservative English cousin champion it, the repeater must have some good qualities to recommend it, and the following letter by a well known correspondent to the London Shooting Times, "Canon Gauche," is in point:

Some time ago I had the pleasure to dwell at a certain length upon the merits and defects of repeating shot guns. It is obvious that this type of arms is much decried by some shooters, and their employment denounced as unsportsmanlike; but are they aware that to handle, say, a Winchester repeater, a greater amount of skill and patient practice is required than is generally supposed? What is prettier than to watch a first-class marksman bring down the first two-on-coming birds out of a covey, when they soar high above a raised fence, then, making a volte-face, cut down two more of the retreating partridges? This feat, to my heart's delight, I witnessed several times last year. Strange to say, the very man to take exception to my friend's prowess was the user of two hammerless ejectors, which he succeeded in wielding tant bien que mal, by the help of a loader! Of course, a four-barrelled hammerless, 20-bore, costing 60 guineas, must necessarily be the thing, but a repeater, costing a paltry five, is a pot-hunter's machine. I must confess that I fail to detect the difference between having recourse to three doubles at a drive or making use of a single gun that can do the work of three more effectually, and without assistance from loaders. If the users of repeating shot-guns are to be exposed to unwarrantable attacks, they may console themselves; some of the most noted sportsmen and crack shots do not

use any other kind; among them we count S. A. le Prince de Monaco, who has long ago discarded double rowling pieces for an American repeater. The Winchester repeating shot gun, model 1897, is, to my knowledge, the most perfect sample of this class of arms. A similar pattern was introduced in 1895, but owing to some slight defects of construction, which clearly became apparent to experts, it has now been replaced by an improved model, which embodies one vital modification, viz., a new recoil lock, and other additions of minor importance, such as a new cartridge guide, which now entirely prevents the escape of the shell when the gun is turned sideways when loading. Thanks to an ingenious contrivance, the weapon may be taken down and packed in a leg-of-mutton case as readily as a double. This constitutes a valuable improvement, for barrels of different lengths and different styles of boring may be fitted to the weapon. An excellent combination for abroad is the following: 30in. cylinder, interchangeable rifled barrel, designed to shoot spherical and conical balls, with light or heavy loads, or 1 1-4oz. shot if desired; two 28in. full choked and 32in. full choked barrels, both being regulated for the same charge (1 1-4oz.). The performance of the arm is highly creditable, and can bear comparison with that of the best English models. Great care should be exercised in the choice of suitable cases, as it must be borne in mind that the gun is an ejector and must be treated as such. Shells that expand in an undue manner on firing should be carefully eschewed, as they strain the right hand extractor to such an extent as to tear it away in time. Cases with extra thick rims must be avoided; they are a fruitful source of jamming and injury to the mechanism. Messrs. Eley's and Kynoch's ejectors work easily and smoothly, but to those who require a cheaper case the Winchester repeater shell, better known in this country as the Nimrod cartridge, can be highly commended for ordinary shooting. Any load of smokeless powder that can be properly loaded in a 2 1-2 or 2 3-4 case may be used in this gun, but it is better not to adhere to the proportions of black utilised by the Americans whenever No. 4 or 2 appear to me

amply sufficient, as the setting up English powders are tried. Three drachms of C. and H. of a high initial pressure interferes with the rapid opening of the breech. When resorting to Normal, I should advise 34 grains in waterproof cases, 33 in Kynoch's, and 36 in 2 3-4 pigeon cartridges, the maximum load of shot not exceeding 1 1-4oz., with 36 grains, of course; but to all intents and purposes, 1oz. propelled by 30 grains is all that is required this time of the year. My whole experience of the powder may be condensed in two words: Better use a small charge and burn it integrally than a larger weight that may only be consumed imperfectly.

Stray Shots.

J. A. R. Elliott continues to demonstrate the good shooting qualities of the Winchester pump gun, which evidently is all right if held right. On September 21 he defeated Chas. Zivirlein, of Nardville, N.J., for the cast iron medal, with 95 to 81, and on September 19th won a century of greenbacks from Mr. Buckwalter, Royersford, Pa., with a score of 96 to 92. Each contest was at 100 live pigeons, 30 yards rise.

A very interesting feature of the tournament of the Brant Co. Rod and Gun Club, at Brantford, September 4th and 5th, was the contest for a handsome gold medal awarded the shooter making the highest average in events 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10, first day, and 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9 and 10, second day, in all 255 targets. Mr. Charles Summerhayes, of Brantford, won the medal, with a score of 245 or 95.9 per cent. Mr. George Price, St. Williams, won second place, Mr. A. B. Culliffe, Brantford, third and Mr. Chas. Montgomery, Brantford, fourth, each receiving a can of gold dust.

Mr. H. T. Westbrook, Brantford, for lowest score got a box of cigars.

Mr. H. Corby, M.P., has presented a handsome silver cup for competition between the gun clubs of the Belleville district. It was shot for recently by the Belleville Gun Club and Wellman's Corner Club and won by the former with a score of 76 to 61. There were 10 men on each side.

Harrow, (Ont.), Gun Club, held their first annual tournament, Sept. 15th. The purses were divided on Equitable and Rose systems and gave great satisfaction. High averages were as follows out of 150 shot at: F. H. Canover, (Leamington), 120; A. Reid, (Walkerville), 118; J. T. Miner, (Kingsville), 110; W. A. Smith, (Kingsville), 109; and Thos. Reid, (Walkerville), 97.

Two accidents at trap shooting tournaments, both fatal, are reported recently, one at Wilkesbarre, Pa. on September 4, when David L. Lewis, a 14 year old boy, was accidentally shot and killed, and the other the same day at Michigan City, Ind., when Joseph Dunphy, who was acting as referee, was so seriously wounded that he died the following day. Both cases were purely accidental, but the moral is that too great care cannot be exercised by shooters at a tournament, and they should always see that the business end of a gun is never directed towards a human target.

J. A. R. Elliott defeated W. R. Crosby for the St. Louis Republic Cup on October 4th with 100 straight kills to 97. Mr. Elliott's fine work makes a world's record for the pump gun on live birds, although he had previously equalled this performance with another style of scatter gun in a contest some years ago with Dr. Carver.

John Parker's eighth annual international live-bird and target tournament, held at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 19-22, was well attended, particularly by gun and ammunition experts. No Canadians took part in the shoot, except incidentally, so that the international character of the shoot was lost. "Blake" won the individual target trophy, with 25 straight; Crosby and Bingham won the two man team trophy, with 49 out of 50, and Herkes won the expert trophy, with 47 out of 50. W. R. Elliston, Nashville, Tenn., won the Gilman & Barnes international live bird trophy by grassing in a gamy way 33 birds in succession before he could shake off his closest competitor, W. R. Crosby.

The programme of the Alexandria (La.) Rod and Gun Club states that the club will endeavor to furnish quails for the live bird events, and the American Field comments upon the fact as follows: "This tournament, while under the auspices of the Alexandria Rod and Gun Club, is really given by the Rapids Fall and Racing Association, the secretary of which says in his announcement that 'the association desires this shoot to be one that will be long remembered in sporting circles,' which it probably will be, and if quails are to be used, it should be so well remembered by every true sportsman in Louisiana that not a man will be present to participate, and the members of the Alexandria Rod and Gun Club, if they are sportsmen, should repudiate the whole affair. The mere thought of shooting quails from a trap should be repulsive to every lover of field shooting, and no man who is proud that he belongs to that

noble, whole-souled brotherhood known as sportsmen should so far forget himself as to be guilty of shooting quails at the trap. Pigeons, crows and English sparrows are legitimate targets for trap shooting, but not quails." To all which we fervently say, Amen.

Lake Megantic District.

By H. R.

Very few persons are aware of the fact that a pleasant railway journey of barely six hours' duration will transport them from the crowded streets of Montreal to the confines of

"the forest primeval,
Where, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green,
Indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

There is a district in the Province of Quebec, bordering on the frontiers of the State of Maine, better known to the citizens of the great republic than to Canadians, whose heritage it is. The vicinity of Lakes Megantic and Maccannamac—or Spider Lake, the Geneva of Canada—and the lakelets known as Trout Lake, Rush Lake, and Beaver Pond, is without a rival in the north-eastern portion of the continent for pretty scenery and as a hunting ground for game, big and little. The scenery is not piquant or sensational, but there is a strange attraction in the soft outlines of its hills, and in the primeval repose and restfulness of its vales and woodlands, almost unique.

The altitude of this lake district above sea level renders its air most invigorating, and its springs and streams and lakes sparkle with the coolest, clearest and purest water.

To the disciple of the gentle Walton—"The Compleat Angler"—does this region offer exceptional facilities, in lake and river, pond and brook. The "lordly salmon" and his landlocked brother await the true fisherman, and the speckled, or square-tail trout, the lake trout or "lunge"—scaling up to fifteen pounds and more—the black bass, rock bass, and the perch and carps literally abound in these waters. Mounted specimens, in various camps and clubhouses, convince, by reason of their size and weight, those who would otherwise regard the unconfirmed recital of such dimensions as "fishy stories." But in this region the

fisherman is no longer constrained to worship at the shrine of the angler's deity—Ananias—for the truth, "In the altogether," would suffice even Baron Munchausen.

Moose and caribou and deer traverse the leafy avenues which cross and recross their demenses. Moose, less numerically as comports with their kingly station as monarchs of the forest. Caribou, in two families—those of the woodland and those of the barren tracts—the Arctic caribou or reindeer—more plentiful than moose, but at all times the shyest and fleetest of deer. They migrate towards the south in the fall, but in the early weeks of open season the hunter who is patient and alert is sure of his reward. Deer are most plentiful; their domain is everywhere in this region. Some guides even guarantee to their patrons the full number of deer allowed by law. The fleet-footed animals come out into the clearings and are quite often to be seen browsing with the cattle about the farmsteads.

Hares and rabbits people the margin of the clearings, and afford fine sport for the nimble but less ambitious hunter. Other game finds a home in the vicinity of Lake Megantic. The black bear, the Canada lynx, the red fox, and, occasionally, the silver fox, are to be seen on almost every excursion in the forest, and it is now reported that the timber wolf has again made his appearance in the neighborhood.

Nor of feathered game is there any dearth. Partridge, grouse, woodcock, snipe, duck and geese are numerous and, in season, always a sure bag for the sportsman.

But it is not alone to the student of nature or to the hunter or fisherman that this region opens wide her gates. As a health resort it cannot be spoken of in terms of praise too high.

It is a mistake to suppose that crabs will not eat offal. They are the scavengers of the deep. They will eat any kind of flesh. A dead body will fatten a hundred crabs. They are baited with putrid tripe. They will eat all summer, except when shedding or soft. The hard crab never sleeps, but always eats. Their claws may be called hands, but it is the sole business of these hands to convey food to the mouth when not in use for defensive purposes. Crabs will eat each other if confined in a peterboat in the water. It is wonderful how much they do eat, and a mystery what they do with it. Put a 1-2lb. crab in a livebox with an alewife in the evening and in the morning it will be found that the crab has eaten the fish, and it is still a 1-2lb. crab, plus possibly an ounce.—Baltimore Sun.



AT THE KENNELS

Conducted by D. Taylor.

By a resolution come to at the annual meeting of the American Kennel Club, held Sept. 21, English champion dogs are hereafter to be barred from competing in the novice class. This is a step in the right direction, and will no doubt, in the course of time, have the effect of largely increasing the number of exhibitors in this class. To say the least, it was very discouraging to a beginner in the fancy to find that a dog which had gained the highest honors on the other side of the pond was placed on equal terms with his own, now shown for the first time. An amateur is led to exhibit for the first time mainly through his own opinion of his dog—which, by the way, may often be a highly exaggerated one—not from the idea of any prospective gain, and also to find out if his own opinion is backed by the verdict of a recognized expert. If he only gets a "C" in good company he is satisfied; if a "H C" he is both pleased and satisfied, and if a "V H C" he swings in the seventh heaven of delight, button-holing every friend he meets to talk over its merits, and ending up by insisting on them having a look at it. But too often, in the larger shows, at all events, the amateur finds his dog has to compete against a well-known prize-winner specially imported for the purpose. This gives him a setback from which he is not likely to recover for some time, unless he is exceptionally enthusiastic. But now this is all changed, and the beginner will have the satisfaction of knowing that he will not be handicapped by having to compete against foreign champions entered as novices. An American bred prize-winner had not the same privilege, and it is hard to understand the *raison d'être* of why this rule was not adopted before. It is now in order for the C. K. C. to follow the example set by its American brethren.

A case of much interest to dog-fanciers has just been decided in the Circuit Court of Birmingham, Ala. On the 27th day of October, 1897, Mr. T. T. Ashford, of that city, shipped to J. M. Evans, at Hickory Valley, Tenn., the registered pointer Balsora, a field trials prize-winner. The run between the two points is generally covered in twenty-four hours, but the unfortunate animal was shunted from station to station, and it was fifty-four hours before she reached her destination. Upon

being taken from the crate it was found that a case of uraemic poisoning had been developed by the long confinement. This was followed by paralysis, which was followed by the dog's death. Mr. Ashford sued for \$250, and the jury returned a verdict for the full amount. The claim was based on the assertion that the dog had not receive proper attention, and that she should have been removed from the crate to allow the exercise of a function of nature. This decision is another recognition of the dog as a valuable animal in dollars and cents, and it also establishes the liability of a common carrier for neglect to give dogs proper and humane attention while in transit from one shipping point to another.

A correspondent writes us that he has a small litter of collie puppies about three months old that gives him some concern as to the position of their ears. At one time, he says, they appear all right; at another one of them will be up (almost prick) and the other hanging down, and asks us what we think about it. Well, we would say to our correspondent that he need not trouble himself about a matter like that, for the present at least. The same symptoms are observable in all puppies of that age, and is no criterion of what they will turn out to be when they get five or six months' older. It is only then when the ears should assume the proper conformation.

The bench show under the auspices of the Peterborough Kennel Club was held on the exhibition grounds Wednesday, 27th September. Notwithstanding the fact that it was only a "ribbon show," with a number of medals thrown in, there was a creditable number of entries, over 100 dogs being benched. Several of the classes were well filled, notably in foxhounds, beagles, cocker spaniels, fox terriers, and collies. Taken altogether, the exhibit was an excellent one, and well patronized by the public. The judging was done by Mr. H. Parker Thomas, Belleville, in fox terriers, setters, spaniels, and bull terriers; Mr. C. Y. Ford, Kingston, in all other classes. Mr. Joseph Held, Logan's Farm, was the only exhibitor from Montreal, and he scored a success with his fine collie, "Apple Blossom," in the open class bitches, and came second to "Laurel Laddle" in the winners. "Appy" also landed the special (a medal) for the best collie bitch in the show.

Notes.

The American Pet Dog Club's third annual show is booked for November 29 and 30 and December 1.

The Philadelphia Dog Show Association's first annual bench show will be held at Philadelphia, Pa., November 22, 23, 24 and 25.

The Montreal Canine Association—the name which the joint stock association recently formed has chosen to be known by—has applied for a charter from the city. As soon as this has been obtained officers, etc., will be elected.

Messrs. McAllister & Hungerford's recently imported collie, "Laurel Laddle," was shown at the Peterborough show, held last month, and was again very successful, securing first in open dogs and winner class (dogs and bitches), and silver medal for the best collie dog. This is the third time "Laddle" has been shown since his arrival in this country, and he has won out every time.

Mr. F. W. Jacobi, the secretary of the Canadian Fox Terrier Club, has furnished a contemporary some particulars from the annual statement. He writes: "The past year has been the most prosperous the club has ever had. Mr. G. M. Carnochan has presented the club with a cup to be known as the grand challenge cup, this cup to always remain the property of the club, and a medal will be given in commemoration of each win. Mr. G. H. Gooderham, the president, has also donated a cup to be known as the president's cup, with the same conditions as the grand challenge cup. It is the intention of the club to offer silver medals as well as the cups, and with the large list of specials that are offered, the club should not fail to increase in membership." The financial condition of the club is also satisfactory. There was a surplus of \$135.25 from the spring show, and when all expenditures are added up the club still has in hand \$107.77, to say nothing of the cups and trophies, which make such a handsome display at Toronto shows. The cash specials given by the club to the three fall shows amounted to \$10.

Dog Chat.

We will suppose a good many readers of Rod and Gun have read Rudyard Kipling's story of the dog steal by Privates Terence Mulvaney and Leroyd, and how a vicious and worthless mongrel was, by the art of Private Stanley Ortheris, so transformed as to bear a close resemblance to a handsome fox terrier belonging to an officer of the regiment, which a wealthy lady had set her heart upon possessing—by fair means if possible, if not, then by any means at all. Those

who have not, should at once buy, borrow or steal a copy of "Soldiers Three," and therein they will find it, along with many other delectable morsels calculated to whet the mental palate for more of that gifted author's tales. But this is another story, the scene of which is laid in Montreal, and the victim a gentleman who, for a time at least, sojourned in a prominent up-town hostelry. One day, in the course of his perambulations, he came across one of those characters you often meet in the streets of a large city—a big, hulking young fellow, with a string in his hand and a dog at the end of it—in this instance a nice fox terrier, beautifully marked, and having all the appearance of good breeding. The gentleman was attracted by it. He entered into conversation with the hoodlum. "Would he sell the dog?" "Oh, yes, he was sorry to have to do so, but was hard up, and wanted to get away West, where he heard there was lots of work." "What would he take for it?" was the natural query. And the fellow said right plump, "Fifty dollars." The dog was honestly worth it, and more, but the gentleman—and he was here, having heard the man's unfortunate circumstances recited, where his meanness came in—the gentleman started to beat him down. Finally a bargain was struck at \$25, the dog had a new owner, and for the time being there were two satisfied people in this world, one because he had got something he desired at a bargain rate, the other because there was the prospect of a good time ahead. The gentleman went home with his purchase. Time (as they say in the play), two weeks later: The dog, which his master had grown very fond of, had mysteriously disappeared. Our friend the hoodlum (who had not carried out his intention of going West) dropped in "promiscuous like," to see how his pet was getting along with his new owner. He was very sorry to hear of the loss and vowed all sorts of vengeance upon the author of its disappearance if ever he was discovered. The gentleman was taken with the fellow's sympathy. He wanted to know if his visitor knew of another. Fortunately he did; his own brother in Toronto had the latter brother of the lost dog: it was an exact counterpart, only it had a little spot of tan on the forehead which, if anything, enhanced its beauty. He would see if it could be had and at what price. A few days elapsed, the man returns, bringing with him a dog which his brother said would not be sold for one cent less than fifty dollars. It was a beauty; the little tan spot added greatly to its appearance, and the gentleman no sooner set eyes on it than he determined it should be his. As he was leaving the city he had no time to

haggle over the price, so the money was paid. By this time, we have no doubt, the gentleman has discovered that he was victimized; still he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is the owner, the sh not the rightful, of a good dog even in its original markings. Merari: Never buy a dog from a hoodlum, especially if you first discover him leading it on the street by a string.

The sagacity of the colle and the old sheep dog is well known. Here are two anecdotes, which fully illustrate this trait in either:

Mr. Rumbull, of Birmingham, a well-known admirer of the colle, had a good-looking specimen that could play cards with considerable success. The common game of "Nap" was the one at which the dog excelled, and, indeed, he became so proficient as to be able to hold his own with anyone whom his owner challenged. I believe he played the game best when under the orders of Mr. F. Hinks, the well-known breeder of bull terriers, the sign by which it know what cards to take, being a slight and almost imperceptible snap of the fingers. This dog, after being tried by a would-be purchaser, was sold to him for £25, on account of these accomplishments at cards.

There is that tale of the Cumberland sheep-stealer hanged at Carlisle. Accompanied by a sheep dog, he in the daytime frequented certain farms. Selecting sheep here and there, he pointed such out to his dog. At night the two went near the places, the dog was sent into the fields and drove out the sheep already chosen, which his dishonest master converted into mutton and then disposed of.

Since our last issue Montreal has been honored by the arrival of a distinguished visitor of the canine species, who attracted large numbers of admirers to the receptions held by him daily at the Ablon Hotel, McGill street, where he was located for some days. "Chimney," for that was the distinguished visitor's patronymic, is a British bull dog of the intensest type, massive and strong, yet withal kind and gentle to those who have the care of him, and affable even to strangers. He is of right royal lineage, his grand-sire being the original of Miss Thompson's famous picture, "What we Have we'll Hold." While not unduly inflated with pride, "Chimney" comports himself with a dignity becoming the glory reflected from his illustrious ancestor, and accepts as a matter of course the homage rendered to his exalted estate.

As a general utility dog, the hero of the following story takes the cake. It is furnished an English exchange by

a correspondent who vouches for its truthfulness: Punctually at 8 o'clock every morning Dad—that's the dog's name, you understand—seizes the empty milk-can, and without any telling trots away to the dairy and returns with a pint of milk in time for breakfast. At 9 he takes the children to school, and nothing will prevent him from bringing them safely home again what time he considers they ought to have imbibed sufficient learning for that day. If one of the boys misbehaves himself the schoolmaster dare not keep him in after hours. He tried it once, but Dad jumped through the window, and insisted that his young charge should be instantly liberated. The family coal-box is never suffered to get empty. That dog is observant, and replenishes it from the coal cellar by bringing the coal up piece by piece. When Dad shows such an aptitude for domestic work as this, he should be trained to do the family washing. He ought to get a medal, so he ought.

A Suggestion for the C. K. C.

The Kennel Editor Rod and Gun:

Sir, I have had some experience in getting up dog shows, and have shared with the majority of the committee the anxiety consequent upon the slow return of entries, especially from outside, even after the premium list had been widely circulated and the show itself extensively advertised, and it has occurred to me that something ought to be done to equalize matters as between outside and local exhibitors. The local exhibitor has no expense, other than the entry fee, and there is no risk, comparatively speaking, to his dog. On the other hand, the exhibitor from a distance has the additional cost of transportation to face, with the added risk of injury to a dog's health from a long railway journey. I think it is the place of the executive of the C. K. C. to take the initiative and to devise some means to lighten the financial burden to outside exhibitors, and I am certain that any step taken in this direction would be favorably viewed by the majority of members. There are several ways of doing it, but I would throw out a suggestion that the C. K. C., for shows under their rules, guarantee the express charges on all dogs coming from a distance, providing that the amount of prize money earned does not cover the cost of transit. If this were guaranteed I am confident that entries would be far more numerous, competition would be keener, and the interest to the general public necessarily increased. To meet this additional call on the funds of the C. K. C., I would propose that instead of the present fixed charge of \$25 (with a rebate for a lower number of entries

than the maximum), there should be a per capita of, say 20 cents, and an additional 15 cents for every class entered after the first. For example, if a dog is entered in puppy, novice and open, the club under whose auspices the show is held would have to pay 50 cents. The local club would not feel this tax, as the increased number of entries, along with the certainty of bigger gate receipts, would more than compensate. Do you think, Sir, that the Petrolia Kennel Club would have had to cancel their show if they could have printed some such inducement as the above in their premium list? I for one believe not. Yours truly,

A MEMBER.

Ottawa, 5th October, 1899.

The Blind Fox Hunter.

Near Munday's Landing, among the cliffs of Jessamine County is the modest home of "Tom" Johnson. Since early youth Johnson has been blind; but, notwithstanding this fact he is one of the most enthusiastic fox hunters in the State. Often he follows his hounds alone among the Kentucky River cliffs, going at a gallop that one with keen vision would not dare imitate, and although he has been doing this for many years, he has never met with an accident. He knows every nook and crook in the cliffs, and when he comes to a very dangerous point he dismounts, takes hold of his horse's tail and the animal guides him to safety.

A short time ago a party of hunters from Madison and Garrard Counties came here, and, with the local hunters spent several nights chasing the fox. Johnson was with them and on the second night they lost their bearings, became separated and none of them except Johnson was able to make his way out of the cliffs that night. The following day three of the hunters came together at Wolf's point. Much apprehension was felt for the blind man, and they decided to go to his home, several miles away, to learn of him. They did so and found him seated on the veranda playing the violin.

Johnson owns several fine hounds and frequently trades dogs, and gets the best of it about as often as he is worsted, he possessing the wonderful ability of telling by touch the animal's good qualities, the color of the coat and the number of spots on his body, and he can always tell his dogs from the others by feeling them.

It was Johnson who solved the "Phantom Fox" mystery that for many months puzzled the hunters of this and other counties. Week in and week out this fox led the dogs in a merry dance, but each night, after running the dogs nearly to death, its trail

would be lost in the bluegrass pasture in the Poor Nick neighborhood. Johnson heard of this, and sent word that he wanted to hunt the phantom; so a hunt was arranged. On the appointed day hunters from Garrard Boyle, Lincoln, Madison, Washington, and Anderson Counties congregated near Ebenezer Church with the pick of their packs, determined to give the phantom the run of his life. Reynard was jumped at 8 o'clock at night, and after traversing many miles of the country with the dogs in hot pursuit he reached the pasture at 12 o'clock, and there as before his trail vanished. Johnson, mounted on a fine saddle horse, led the chase, and reaching the pasture he heard the tinkling of several bells and was told that a flock of fifty sheep were grazing in the same pasture.

and occasional belts of Jack pine and white spruce. Lakes, small rivers and creeks are everywhere encountered. The grass is long and wantonly luxuriant, blossoming with wild flowers. In fact, the whole country is an immense park, in the fashioning of which the hand of man has had no part, which charms and enchants the eye with its undulating sweep and the splendor and profusion of its grasses and its foliage—a land of green and gold, slashed with warm, rich coloring.

This is the natural home of all varieties of feathered game. Prairie chickens, ducks, geese and ruffed grouse (partridge) abound in season. Rabbits are so numerous as hardly to be considered game.

Black-tail deer, moose and wapiti are also plentiful, while bears, foxes,



Lievre River, Buckingham, Que.

"That explains it," exclaimed the sightless Johnson; "you will find Mr. Fox on the back of one of those sheep." And such proved to be the case. Upon becoming tired, the sly animal would strike for the pasture, mount the back of one of the Cotswolds, and take a ride, thus baffling the hunters.—Kentucky Correspondence Augustus (Ga.) Chronicle.

THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

Along the banks of the North Saskatchewan River, in the Canadian North-west Territory, is one of the best hunting grounds in America. The country is magnificent rolling prairie, broken by bluffs of poplar and willow,

wolves, beaver, lynxes, mink, otters, fishers, martens, muskrats, and other fur-bearing animals afford further opportunity for sport and profit.

Nor must the fishing be forgotten. Many of the lakes teem with jack fish (or pike) and pickerel, which greedily take the spoon. The big lakes are the home of the finest white fish, sturgeon and salmon-trout, all of the largest size. This abundance of wild life makes of the fertile region of the Saskatchewan an ideal and comparatively fresh field for the sportsman; its bright and invigorating sun and air makes a few weeks on its prairies one of the most delightful and health-renewing outings to be obtained anywhere in the world.

BLEASDELL CAMERON.

Canoeing on the Grand River. By A. B. Caswel.

To the lover of beautiful scenery, historic lore and a thrilling canoe trip, let me advise a voyage on the troubled waters of the Grand River from Brantford, on the famous run they call "Round the river." Here a canal, used in the old days of navigation, cuts off an immense bend of the river, and by a portage of a couple of hundred yards at the end, a complete water course of thirteen miles, with a return to the starting point, is afforded. The run is simply delightful, and pen can hardly describe the beauties of its ever-changing panorama.

I was one of a merry party who recently made this memorable voyage. Our fleet consisted of half a dozen canoes, with crews of good-natured ladies and gentlemen, and last, but not least, several well-filled lunch-baskets. From the canoe clubhouse where we started into the river proper there is a short tailrace, and, caught in the current of this, we soon swung out under a couple of low bridges into the wider and deeper waters of the Grand. As soon as we reached the river there was a feeling of exultancy. The current caught us, and our little fleet bounded forward, with an occasional guiding stroke of the paddle as our only propellant. A moment later and we were in the first rapid. A huge rock on either side that formed a sort of gateway to the run, were quickly passed, and down the narrow course we shot. Narrow indeed it was, for a few feet to either side meant that our canoe would strike a rock and founder or swing around perhaps and upset us. The rushing water gave the canoes just enough motion to make it interesting and highly enjoyable.

The first rapid is short, and in less time than it takes to tell, we were through it and in the smoother water below. The river here takes a bend and flows around past several residences on the left. On the right bank are beautiful pasture fields and thriving looking farms. The land is flat and is well irrigated by spring freshets.

Presently there are more ripples, and, running along, we soon reached Two Fish Islands and the famous rapids there. At this point there is a sharp bend in the river, so sharp, indeed, that it requires an experienced canoeist to avoid running into the bank; in fact a story is told of a lady and gentleman who were caught in this way by the current and landed

high and dry on the shore, canoe and all. From the islands there is a very pretty and interesting run skirting along the famous Tutela Heights. High up on the right bank, through the trees, an unpretentious-looking white frame house may be seen. This is the old homestead of Prof. Bell, the inventor of the telephone. Here he spent many weary hours in studying and planning, and from here to the city of Brantford, which thus gets its second name of the "Telephone City," three miles distant across country, on wires strung from tree to tree, the first successful "Hello" was said and the triumphant answer came back in the same word now repeated thousands of times in a day. Even the river seems to take a pride in passing this distinguished spot and rushes merrily between rocks and over rapids, which require all the skill of the steersman to keep clear of.

On we sped, and, passing what is known as the "clay banks," soon swept out of sight of the antique old dwelling while new objects of interest took our attention. The windings of the river were glorious. Restless as the water had been all along, the old Grand seemed now still more so, and rapid followed rapid. Our canoes danced merrily on the angry waters whilst their speed greatly increased, and it was now a race. Rocks on either side and the very bank itself seemed to be running away from us. All along we passed banks clad in nature's best gifts, and delightful resting places where one could not help longing to stop a while and picnic.

The next point of interest was the old Cockshutt bridge. We could see the high structure for some time before we reached it. The bridge is not remarkable for its beauty, being an old frame one some 300 feet long. For nearly half a century it has stood there, braving the elements of wind, rain and flood, which are furious at this point, and have frequently done much damage. Several times the flood has rendered it unfit for traffic, and portions have been carried away, but it is kept repaired, and still stands a rare old relic of the past. Just below the bridge is the scene of a remarkable landslide which occurred some years ago. A portion of the high bank of the river for a distance of several hundred yards, one night, without the slightest warning, slid down, nearly filling up the water course entirely. Great trees and a portion of a road on the hillside were carried down in the debris, while the cellar of a house on top of the embankment was swept away, leaving the building overhanging the cliff and ready to topple on a moment's notice.

Padding on some distance and around a bend a pretty church spire could be seen, and presently the whole building. This was the old Mohawk Church, the oldest church in the province and a landmark of some repute. The Mohawk Church was built by the Six Nations in 1784. The building is a frame one of clap-boards, sawn before the days of saw-mills, by hand, with one man in a pit, and are an inch thick. The church still retains its old style, and inside is very plain, with the ten commandments in Indian posted up at the one end and the British coat of arms at the other end over the door. Every Sunday morning the service of the Church of England is conducted here, and the children of an Indian school near by attend. One of the proud possessions of the little edifice is a solid silver communion service presented to the Indians by Queen Anne, and since retained sacredly by them. Close by the church is the tomb which marks the last resting place of the famous chieftain, Joseph Brant. Hundreds of tourists visit this interesting spot, and, judging by the chipped appearance of the tomb, have not failed to carry away a memento of the occasion.

The river takes an immense bend here, and an island is formed by a short cut. Just below the old church the river contains quite a whirlpool, which is not on a par with that of Niagara is at least a very powerful eddy, and formidable to anyone who should get caught unawares in its current. A little farther down is one of the most delightful rapids of the whole trip. With a seeming delight, the canoe is caught in the current and fairly flies down the incline and around a bend. Just above our heads as we glided past were the immense targets of the little ranges of the Dufferin hills. When the soldier boys are at practice the bullets whiz over the river in dangerous proximity to canoeists' heads and lodge in the clay bank beyond. In order to avoid any danger, a flag has been placed to warn the shooters of approaching canoes, and the red signal waving as we have in sight the sharp crack of the rifles ceased till we were far below their range.

On the right we were now skirting along the famous Bowbark Farm, whose green pastures and well-cultivated, level fields looked fresh and lovely. This magnificent stock farm is known the whole country over, and is the home of some of the finest cattle in the world. From here the trip to the portage is all clear sailing. The river settles down to a less turbulent mood, and after a mile or so of paddling we reached the entrance to the canal. Landing, we soon had our canoes carried up the steep bank and into the

deep basin of water above. At the portage is situated the power-house of the Brantford electric lighting system, and here is one of the most magnificent water powers outside of Niagara. Up the drowsy old canal we paddled, and across the sparkling little lake on whose banks is located the popular excursion resort, Mohawk Park. Half an hour later we stood on the wharf of the canoe clubhouse, safe and sound; home again, with a decided impression that we had had one of the most delightful outings on record.

Unscientific Facts about the Animals that Live in the Bush—The Beaver.

Indians hold the beaver in great respect, ascribing to it an intelligence that it does not possess, and ranking it the king of animals—almost divine. It is not customary to eat one's gods, but the Indian lacks the bump of veneration, being intensely utilitarian.

He looks upon the animals that supply him with food as benefactors, and is grateful, almost carrying his gratitude to worship, but he never allows his adoration to spoil his dinner. He draws the line at that. He is willing to show any amount of respect for the animals that contribute to his comfort, but he mercilessly kills them all the same.

Even when he has been lucky enough to kill a bear, he is most polite. He takes it by the hand—or, rather, paw—and, shaking it affectionately, he apostrophizes thus: "Meegwitch, makwa! Meegwitch! Mushom! We-us ka meejlan!" "Thanks, bear! Thanks, old fellow! (In that) meat you have given me." This is very touching, and indicative of a noble soul, but he does more than that. He hangs the skull on a tree in a conspicuous place, which is counted for an honor to the bear. In fact, the practice carries with it a little more than honor to the bear, for it has become a superstition with them that the omission of these few semi-religious little precautions is prone to bring bad luck.

But to return to the beaver. The Indian (I speak of the true Indian, not of the half-breed) always boils his beaver, and never fries or roasts it, the latter method of cooking it apparently being an insult to it; its bones, moreover, must never be given to the dogs, but must be thrown into the water, so that beaver will increase and multiply on the "lands" of the Indian, who knows enough to take such precautions.

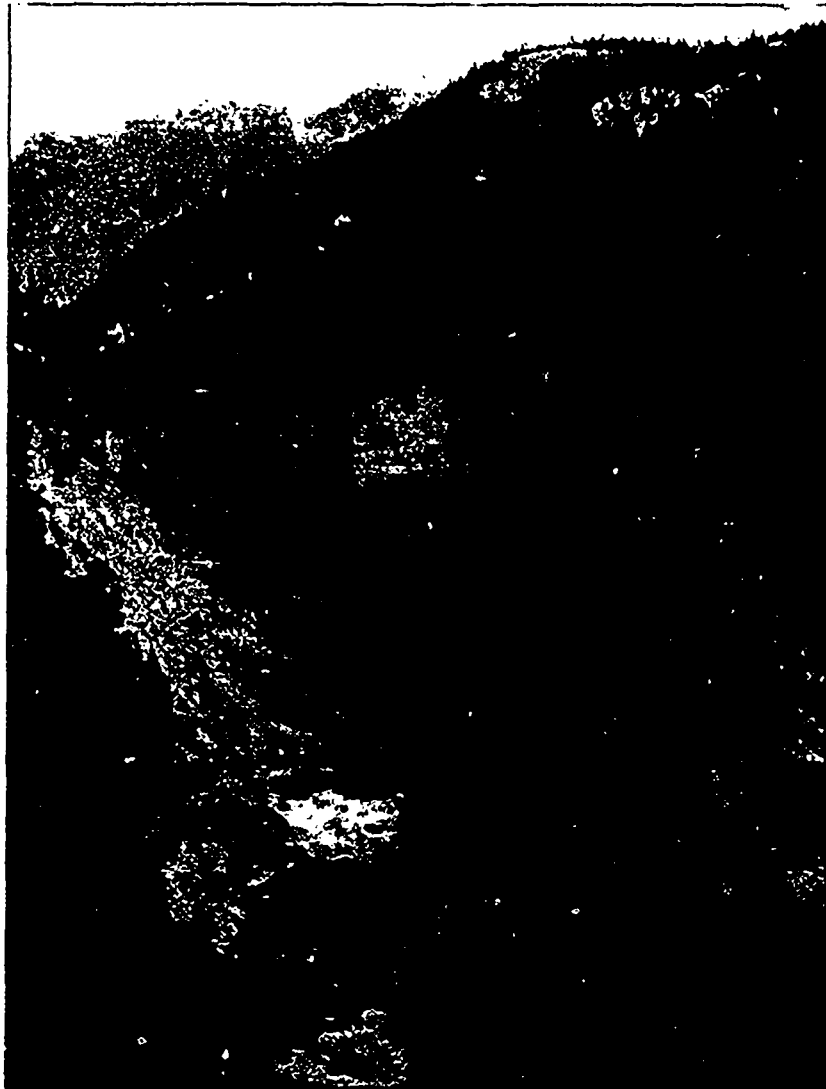
"Lands" is the word used to designate an Indian's hunting grounds.

The line of demarcation between these "lands" is very strictly drawn, and the right to them is hereditary

through the female line. An Indian, when on the lookout for a wife, takes this fact into consideration, and it is a more weighty factor in his selection than beauty. The parents of the girl whom they wish to marry off, often make the first overtures to the young man they want for a son-in-law by allowing him to hunt for a season on a portion of their "lands." This they do for a double purpose—to bring the young people together and to show the

or a herd of cattle on a neighbor's farm.

The Indian cultivates beaver, and were it not for that fact beaver would have become practically extinct to-day. He knows to a nicety how many he has on his lands, the number of lodges, the ages of the inhabitants thereof, and the exact position of their houses. He exercises considerable discretion in the killing of them, always taking care to leave a pair, "Mee ni kah so watch,"



Elk River Canyon, Elko, B.C.

young buck how rich they are in beaver, for, to return to our subject, beaver is the standard of wealth with them.

They are to the Indian as cattle, sheep, and pigs are to us. When in our travels we come across signs of beaver, we feel that it is to our credit, and say, "Behold, we have found beaver." We might just as well take credit for discovering a flock of sheep

"for seed." It is only when the white man threatens to kill them that the Indian will exterminate them, for he naturally does not care to raise "stock" for other people's benefit. He has three methods of killing them, namely, trenching, trapping and shooting. Trenching is his favorite method, for by it he is able to ascertain the sex of the animal before killing it.

C. C. FARR.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Sail on, good craft! Swing down the blast!

See, yon is Chester light;
The Grand Bank strife and stress are past,
And we'll be home to-night.

The wint'ry wind roars wrathfully,
The spray cuts like a knife;
But gentle Mary waits for me,
Waits, waits to be my wife.

Wheel great white lights of Iron Bound,

Ye flame for all at sea;
But yon dear cot across the sound
Glow with the light for me.

A maid looked from her sea-girt home,
As rose the evening star;
And saw a craft across the foam
Stand for the harbor bar.

A snow squall swept down suddenly,
The moon rose round and bright;
"Ah, mother, 'twas but phantasy,
No sail is now in sight."

The morrow morn a schooner's stern
Washed in to the sun-bright sands;
Was that the cry of 'longshore tern,
Or soul in her Maker's hands?

PRACTICAL PROTECTION OF GAME.

In a recent letter Mr. Maurice R. Fortree, ex-president of the National Game Protective Association, writes as follows of necessary measures for practical game protection:

There needs to be one national organization of sportsmen—the L. A. S. is that organization. It should have in its actual membership all the active true sportsmen of the United States. The preservation and propagation of our remnant of game needs the friendship and help of all.

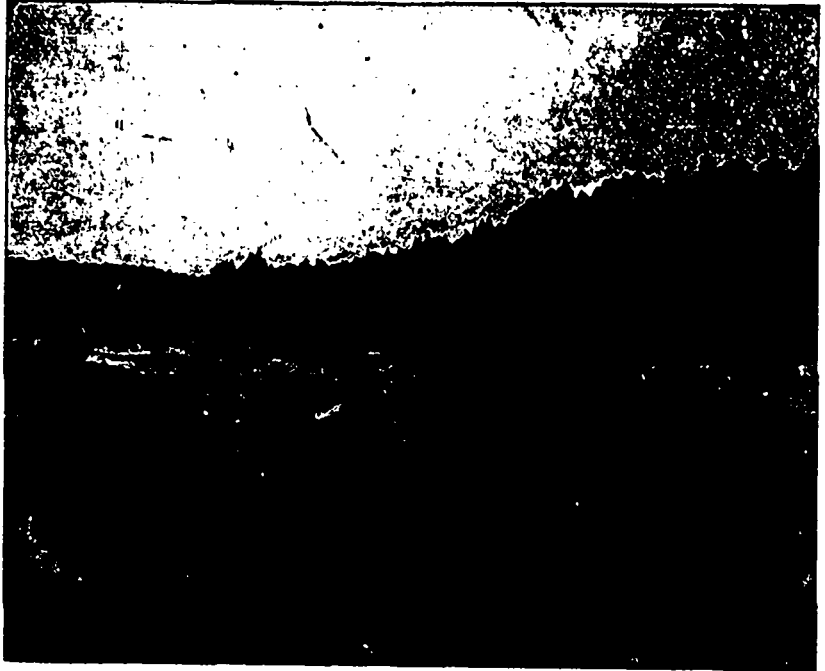
Three things are needed in the laws of every State—a game warden system; no sale nor export of game and a license fee for hunters. To effectually enforce these three laws (to say nothing of the other game laws) the citizens of all the States need to assist each other. Laws for game protection will never be enforced by citizens. License fees will restrain an immense crowd of hunters from invading States where game is now fairly plentiful and increasing slowly, and also produce some revenue for game law enforcement.

Non-export and no sale of game will save it more than anything else. How shameful has been the destruction of game in all the years past by a class of good-for-nothing men who have followed the business of "market hunters." How frequently do we see in market reports, "receipts of game liberal; most of it in bad order," etc., meaning in the aggregate an immense loss of game every year.

As an ex-game warden, I know that residents in outside States can give an immense amount of valuable information of illegal work done in reference to game. A membership of an organization which might permeate every nook and corner of the country would be able to almost entirely stop all game law violations. The result in a short time would be a marvellous increase of our game everywhere. Who doesn't want this condition of things?

Thousands of men all over the country who love to hunt and fish should at once send their names and one dollar and join the L. A. S. There has been a steady growth in members; and the larger the organization the more powerfully can it work.

I am informed to-day by a game dealer here that there has never been such light game receipts here in Chicago at this time of year. The reason is because of the non-export laws of States around Chicago, and enforcing their game laws. This is good news. May game traffic soon cease entirely.



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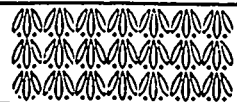
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