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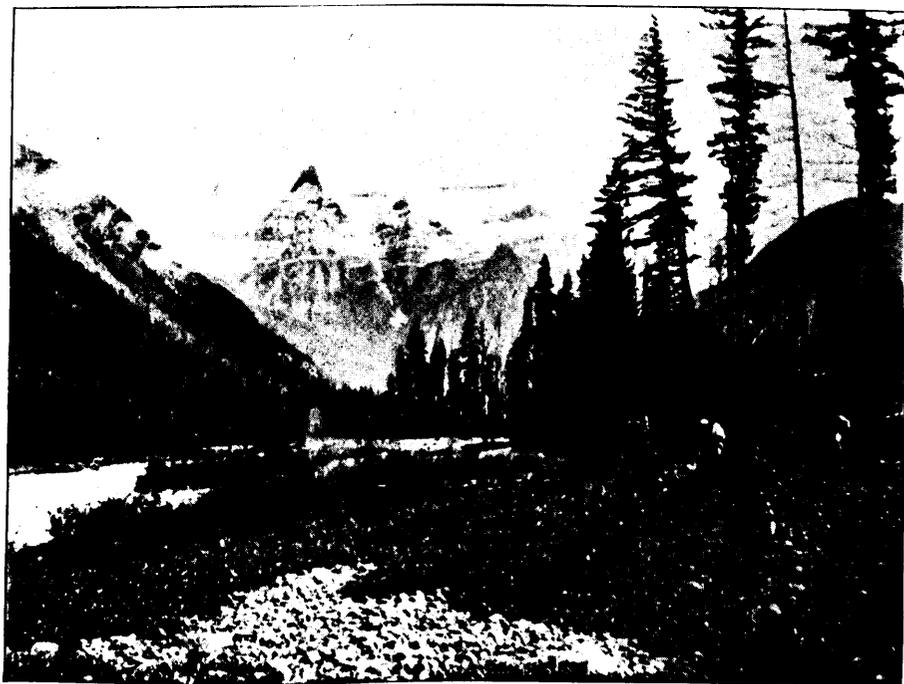
MARCH, 1905

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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

May '04

Stovin L. P.



Mount Robson
Yellow Head Pass, British Columbia.

**A MAGAZINE
OF CANADIAN SPORT
AND EXPLORATION**



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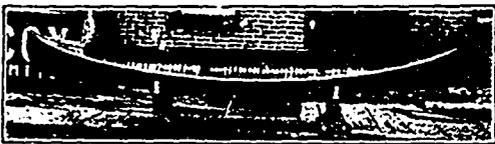


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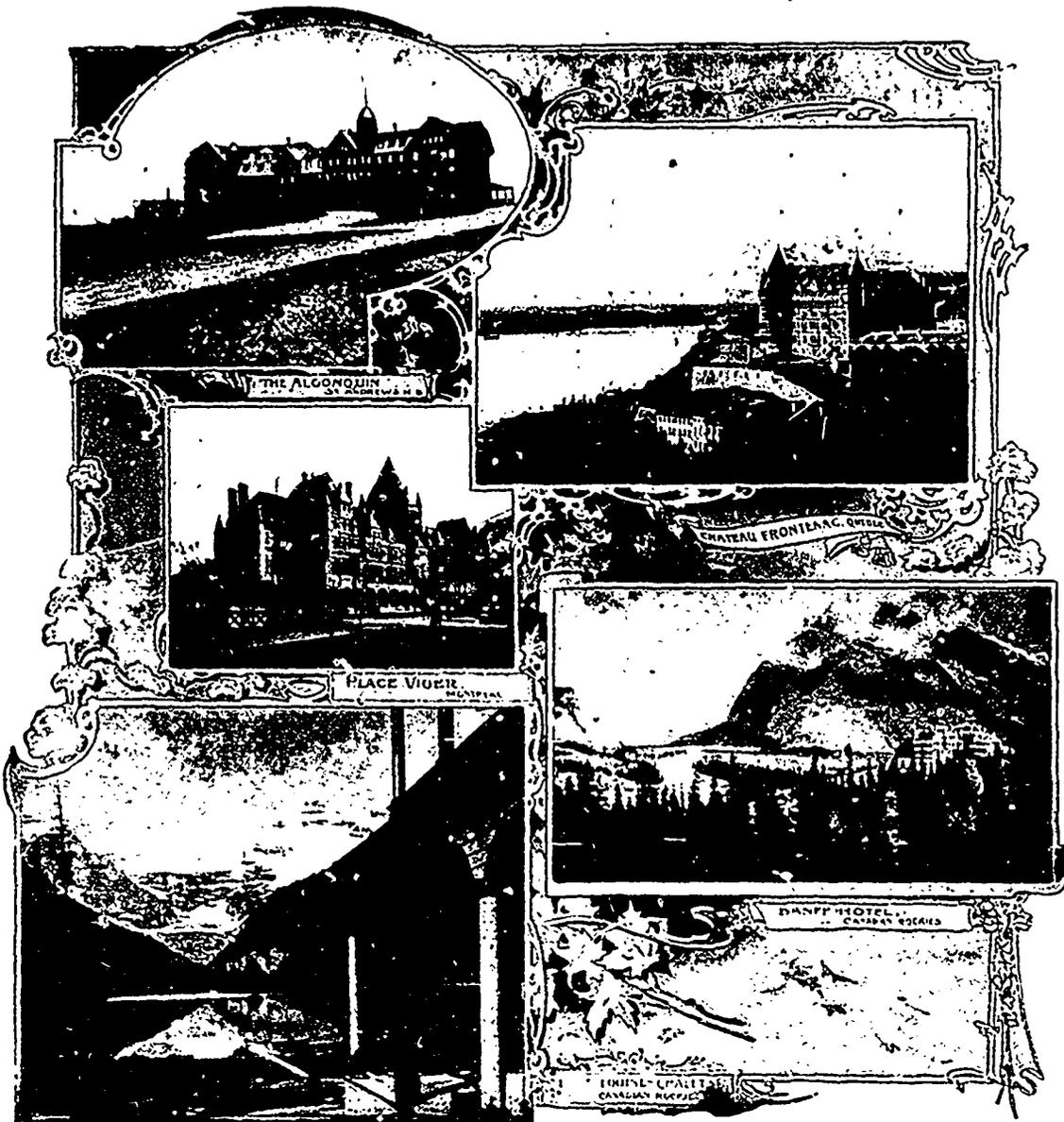
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Robert Kerr, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL.



BY THE SIDGON.
A quiet pope below the portage

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, TORONTO AND WOODSTOCK, MARCH, 1905

No. 10

Bear in the Big Bend of the Columbia River.

By F. B. HUSSEY.

It was on the morning of the eighteenth of May that Mr. James I. Brewster of Banff, one of the firm of Brewster Bros., the well known guides, and I left Banff for a bear hunt that we had planned last summer. We went West as far as Golden, where we busied ourselves buying supplies and getting the hundred and one things necessary for a successful trip. Here too we met C. P. Price, more commonly known as "Kid", the veteran hunter and trapper, who was to be one of the party, and next day went on to Beaver where we were to leave the rail-road. The sixty mile trip down the river was uneventful but not uninteresting, as neither Jim nor I had made the trip by water before, altho' we had been thro' by pack train. At the end of the run we found a good camping place and established a permanent camp. All this of course took time, and it was not until half past nine of the morning of the twenty-sixth that we started with our packs on our backs to look around the heads of the side streams, and to see if by any possible chance we could find bear. The day previous Jim and I had taken a load of grub to the first summit, so we followed our tracks as far as our cache where we had lunch—all of us being rather glad of an excuse to sit down and rest; adding this to our packs we started down a slide toward a small river. The slide turned out to be steep and very brushy, in fact quite a credit to even British Columbia, and in

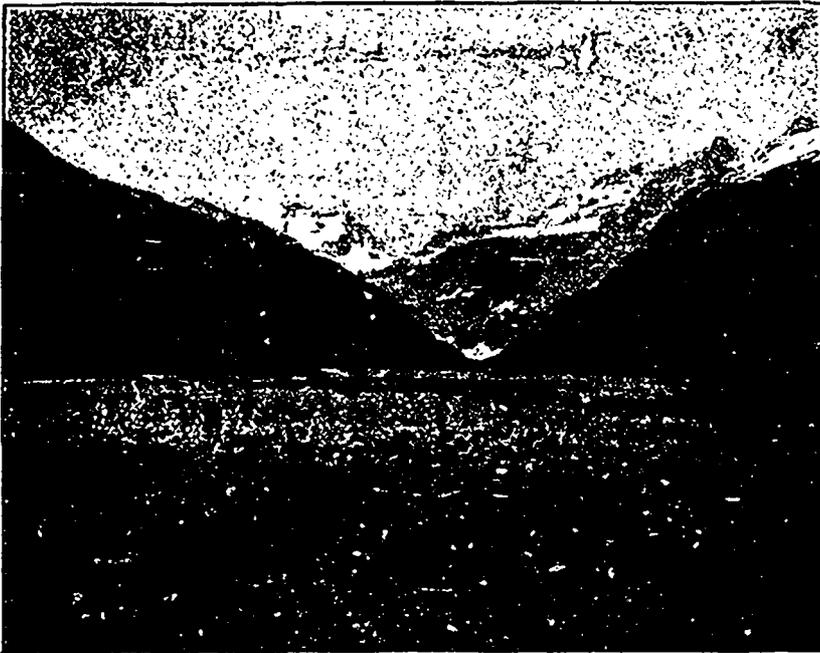
the end our "climb down" degenerated into almost a "fall down." However in the course of time we reached the river which we crossed on one of the snow bridges, and after going up stream for another quarter of a mile decided to camp which we did about 5.30, having a grand total of about four miles to our credit. After supper Kid and I went up the river for half a mile to see what we could see. All we could discover was tracks, so came back about dark to beds made on piles of rocks of assorted sizes, but before they had time to wear holes we were as sound asleep as though we were lying in the softest of beds.

The following is a copy of the diary which I kept during the trip:—

May. 27th.--Wonder of wonders!! We got up at the crack of dawn, had breakfast and hit the trail at five o'clock. This indiscretion must be blamed on "Kid" as Jim and I were never known to do such a thing before. At any rate after scrambling through brush and snow for about a mile and a half we struck some gravel flats, and going up them for another two miles decided as the country looked good to make a semi-permanent camp. We had another meal then—nine o'clock—and leaving Kid to fix up camp, Jim and I went on up the flats. It was now that we began our wading education which was to continue during the rest of our stay. The exercise was a hundred yards over the

rocks and snow, then across the river, and repeat. After we had gone about five miles Jim of the eagle eye saw a black bear on one of the slides. We sneaked across the flats for about two hundred yards and prepared for the slaughter. Unfortunately the slaughter did not come off as planned as I missed two shots and the bear hurried off to tell his friends what duffers we were. After this sad experience Jim and I continued up the flat for another two miles to the glacier at the end. We then turned back and headed for home, keeping, it is needless to say, on the lookout for game.

again, and had gone perhaps half a mile when we saw a third, this time a grizzly near the top of another slide. After about half an hour's climbing we reached the place where he should have been, but was not, so looked at the view for awhile and started back. That we were not the only ones enjoying the view we soon discovered, as we had not gone more than a couple of hundred yards down the hill when we saw the bear sitting up, gently fanning himself with his paws, and letting his eyes wander about over the country. He was hardly more than a couple of hundred yards from us and I made



THE SHINGLE FLATS.

"Bear in the Big Bend."

Evidently the bear I had missed had inspired a desire for adventure in another of his kind, for there was another bear on the same slide. We worked our way up until within good range of him, and I got ready to redeem myself, took good aim and fired, but instead of the bear dropping dead he started down the slide toward us, half running, half rolling. I fired again, as did Jim, but with a cheerful and satisfied smile he departed into the woods, leaving behind him two very mournful and disgusted people. However, as looking at the tracks did us no good we started on

up my mind that he was ours, so took good aim and fired. The bear doubled up like a jack-knife and started rolling down the hill backwards so quickly that there was no chance for a second shot. When the brush stopped moving, I patted myself on the back, as he was a big one and we went down to get him. We were still more cheered by the sight of blood where he had gone down the hill. However as the prophet saith, "pride goeth before a fall," and although we looked everywhere for that bear, no bear was to be found, and we turned our faces homeward

disgusted. It was almost dark and it started to rain so we headed for camp on the double quick. On arrival there Kid announced that there was a caribou on the other side of the flats. Having visions of fresh meat to help out our scanty grub pile we started in pursuit and soon found and dispatched it. While we were engaged in skinning it a black bear which evidently had a well-trained nose came up to within a hundred and fifty yards. There was not much daylight left, but with good luck to help us we managed to score our first bear, but were obliged to return to camp without skinning it.

after lunch we all started up the flat even to the dog, which Kid took to help him in his hunt. We dropped Kid and the dog at the big slide while Jim and I went on to see if by any chance there were any bear about that we had not scared out of the valley by yesterday's shooting. We walked and looked, and looked and walked with no result except that I discovered that when walking on rocks if you keep your eyes on the mountain tops you are apt to stub your toes. We picked up Kid at the foot of the big slide a little after six, who reported that while he had found no bear he had found a place that scared the dog which



OUR FIRST BLACK BEAR.

"Bear in the Big Bend."

May 28th.—After due consideration Jim and I decided that yesterday's misses were due to too early rising, so being in the majority later hours were decided upon. In pursuance of this policy we did not have breakfast this morning until ten o'clock, after which Kid and Jim went across the flats to bring in the bear we had shot and we occupied ourselves until lunch time in skinning it. Last night after talking things over Kid decided that Jim and I were pretty poor trackers and said as much, adding that he would go up and find the bear which we had wounded, for us. So

sounded interesting and we thought it might bear further investigation. About this time I was beginning to feel cold and hungry and I had a glorious thought, therefore I suggested that two go up to look about on the slides some more, while the third go back to camp to get supper ready. Of course the other insisted that I go and get supper and as this was what I wanted I did not make too strenuous objection and started down with the dog while the other two went back on to the slide. Much to my disgust when I got to camp I found that there was no wood cut

and that the dishes had to be washed as we had left in a hurry after lunch. However I went to work and about the time I was ready to begin cooking the others came in. They had found no traces of the wounded bear, but had seen another, a big silver tip which I might have shot had I stayed. I have determined to have no more "glorious thoughts."

May 29th.—After breakfast, which ceremony was held about the same hour as yesterday, Kid started for the "village" or in other words our permanent camp to bring up some supplies while Jim and I exerted ourselves to the extent of washing dishes, making bannock and smoking our pipes. We had lunch about two and made ready to go up the flat. As we were about ready to start Jim saw a black bear on the slide opposite camp and with hearts' beating high with hope, knives whetted, and rifles cleaned for the occasion we went after him. Possibly he had watched the preparations for by the time we got to the slide he had gone nor had he left any message as to which direction he had taken. There was nothing left for us to do then but to go back to our original plan and go up the flats which we did. We had a very pleasant stroll by the river and enjoyed the scenery, but saw no bear until we started home about seven o'clock, when Jim who was in the lead saw one on the flat about a mile from us. We looked at him through the glass and could see that it was a large grizzly. The wind at that time was blowing from us to him, but we hardly thought he could smell us from that distance, so stood still to see where he was going and to decide on a plan of campaign. He did not leave us long in doubt however, as we had not stood still for more than a minute, when up went his nose, then up went his heels and we saw him disappearing in a cloud of gravel and snow as though he had just been sent for from some one in deep distress. In sorrow we saw him disappear into the brush and again took up our weary way. The day seemed to be one of sudden entrances and exits, for hardly had we gone another mile when two more bears were seen down the flats at about that distance travelling, in the same direction that we were. Discouraged not at all by

our other experiences we started after them on the run. It was hard going through the river and the snow, but when we had covered a mile it encouraged us to see that we had gained considerably and at the end of the second mile we found ourselves abreast of them and about three hundred yards distant. We were surprised to see that there was a grizzly in the lead and a black bear following, which led us to believe that they were snow-blind. About this time they either heard or smelt us and turning made for the timber on the south side of the valley. I took the grizzly and Jim the black and we opened fire. It was then the effects of our run began to show, as our rifles wobbled about like a ship in a heavy sea, and I discovered that my front sight had sprouted feathers sometime during the preceding half hour. Though we made plenty of noise and gave them a pretty bad scare in the end we had the pleasure of seeing them fade from view in the shades of the primeval forest. As this had become the established order of things we were not much cast down so after following the tracks until dark, which was not long in coming, we went back to camp with a good appetite for supper.

May 30th.—This morning after breakfast we rested from our labors of yesterday and discussed pro and con the question as to whether or not we were hoodooed. We finally decided that we were and so we set about seeking a remedy. After a great consumption of brain tissue we came to the conclusion that it needed the bear or part of a bear to break it, and went out to the carcass of the one we had shot. Around this I walked three times and after swearing once feebly and twice forcibly we declared the hoodoo broken. After such unwonted exertion we again felt hungry, so had lunch and according to custom took our way up the flat about four o'clock to see of what avail our incantations would prove. We had only gone half a mile or so from camp when we saw a good sized black bear on one of the slides and immediately started in pursuit. As it happened before by the time we got there no bear was to be seen and we moved on. I was meditating on some new way of breaking the hoodoo, and at the same time trying to keep the brush out of my eyes, when

another bear, also black, 've in sight on the next slide. After some twenty minutes spent in playing "now you see him, now you don't" we got a good sight of him in an opening, headed up the slide, and about three hundred yards away I fired twice, shooting over him both times with the result that he started on the run down and across the hill. While I was reloading Jim took a couple of shots which served to keep him going. Our third shots fired almost together struck him just as he had assumed a graceful attitude while crossing a log and down he went. It was about four hundred yards from where he first stood to where he fell and on the way over there was some discussion as to who had hit him. All argument was ended however when we reached him and found that we had both hit him, the bullets striking within four inches of each other. After skinning him we went back to camp with the feelings in our hearts that the hoodoo had been broken for all time.

May 31st. — The morning rest having proved so beneficial yesterday we decided to make it so far as possible a habit, and in accordance with this decision, baked, smoked and loafed all morning. About 1.30 Kid came in with some more grub, so we celebrated by having lunch, which was served in a style fitting the return of the prodigal, after which Jim and I started according to custom up the flats. Luck was with us, as we saw a large cinnamon on one of the upper slides, which we shot without difficulty as we got within close range. After skinning it we returned to camp without seeing anything else.

June 1st.—Engrossed in following the adventures of "The Three Musketeers" the morning passed very pleasantly, and after doing justice to lunch about four o'clock I had filled my pipe and settled down to enjoy it, when Jim discovered a black bear on the slide opposite camp. Some discussion arose then as to whether or no "Little Clarence," for so we named him on sight, would wait for us to finish our pipes. We were afraid that he wouldn't so with many sighs we put them aside and took up our guns. There was a little lake at the foot of the slides and a marsh between that and the river. Our plan was to cross this marsh under the cover of

some small trees and shoot across the lake. The manoeuvre was executed in a masterly fashion, and we reached the edge of the lake without being discovered by the bear, which was in some thick brush lurching off the carcass of the caribou we had killed the first day. It was too thick to get a good shot at him so we sat down to wait until such time as he should see fit to move out into the open. After about ten minutes waiting we began to get impatient as the water was up to our waists and rather cold, but as we were talking over the advisability of stirring him up and taking chances he moved out, giving me a nice shot at about one hundred and twenty-five yards. I fired and he started on the run, so fired again but missed him. He did not go far, however, not more than fifty yards, as the first shot was fatal. After signalling to Kid to come and help us skin we finished our interrupted smoke. When Kid arrived on the scene we went to work and skinned the bear carefully, which took up so much time that thinking it hardly worth while to go up the flats that evening we returned to camp.

June 2nd.—Jim was not very well this morning, so feeling rather energetic myself, Kid and I started out to do a little exploring and to find out if possible where the bear went when he left the valley. We went up to the foot of the glacier and made up our minds to go up over it and see what was on the other side. We were strengthened in this decision by finding a grizzly track that pointed in that direction. We went up the west side until we could see the end of the valley and found the glacier to be about eight or ten miles long heading on some very high mountains. There was no outlet to the valley other than the one through which we entered it. Although there were a few slides on either side I had by this time a sneaking idea in my own mind that there were no bear there. I communicated the same to Kid, but he thought differently, so bowing to the weight of superior knowledge we continued. We crossed the glacier, which at this point was about a mile wide and sat on a little hump of stones for a while, while I ate my lunch, after which we started back on the east side. It was

not long before we began to get into difficulties, so recrossed and came down into the valley on the same side that we had gone up. We put in a couple of hours on the flats, watching the slide, but without result and got back to camp about dark, convinced that we had at least found out where the bears were not.

June 3rd.—Kid, chief of the commissary department, started this morning on his second trip to the lower camp for the sake of replenishing the larder, while Jim and I went through the usual routine of morning in camp. It was after lunch about three o'clock when we decided to take the glasses and the dog and walk over to the river to see if by any chance we could find a bear feeding off the caribou. Rifles were considered unnecessary. We had gone about half way when we saw a spot on the slide that neither of us so far as we could remember had a speaking acquaintance with, and which we soon made out to be a bear on its way down. Back we went to camp on the double quick, got our rifles and waited to make sure just what the bear was going to do. It was easy to, see through the glass that it was a silver tip and his intentions seemed to be to feed off the carcass. When we had made sure of its intentions we sallied forth to do or die and after crossing the river at the upper ford and fighting our way through the brush we came to the marsh which I have already mentioned. Here again we displayed sagacity and keenness of perception most remarkable for men of our years. The crossing of the swamp and the approach on the bear were most decidedly artistic efforts and I am constrained to say that it is my own belief that not the finest stage-Indian that ever scouted through the wings could have done better. Finally we found ourselves on one side of the lake about twenty feet from the water, that is open water, there was plenty of the other kind where we were and I was sitting in it while the bear was on the opposite side at the water's edge feeding on the carcass which was at that distance between us being about a hundred and thirty yards. I waited until a good chance offered and fired. What was our surprise when instead of jumping up and trying to run the bear merely raised its

head and looked at us in a disdainful way and dived head first into the lake. A few bubbles came up and all was again quiet. He did not come up. We went around as quickly as possible to the scene of the tragedy, but no signs of the bear could we see except that the water usually clear was now clouded by the dirt stirred up from the bottom. Thinking we could fish him out if we could find him, Jim procured a long pole and started to prod around on the bottom. We found that the bottom sloped away very abruptly and that the water was as much as ten feet deep a short distance from shore. After some time spent in poking about we struck something that felt soft, and as we thought it might be the bear, after some fruitless fishing and much discussion, I decided to try a swim for it. Accordingly I stepped in—and how suddenly and deeply I regretted that proposal of mine! The water was so cold that my toes stood straight up and my knees squeaked like rusty hinges. However I pushed off and swam out to what we had struck with the pole. I knew that I was supposed to go down and see if the bear was there, but I could not see how it was to be done, as the water was so cold that I could not hold my breath for more than ten seconds at a time. I made one attempt without result, and went ashore to warm up. On the second try I did manage to put my feet on the bear, but came out and dressed without doing more. Jim then went back to camp for an axe and on his return we built a raft, that is Jim built a raft, while I assisted by giving him my valuable advice. It was almost dark when our "million dollar steam yacht" was completed, and so after tying it up to a bush beside the bear's resting place we went back to camp to supper and passed the evening trying to think of some way by which the bear might be raised.

June 4th —Night brought us no new ideas in regard to implements for raising bears from the bottoms of lakes, so after breakfast we went back to see if we could draw any inspiration from looking at the scene of yesterday's encounter. The water had cleared during the night and I found that by kneeling off the raft and shading my eyes with my hat I could dimly make out an outline of a bear on the bottom. We

then cut another long pole and tried to pry him up, but found that instead of the bear moving, the raft moved so that we were obliged to abandon that idea. We then cut a long pole with a fork at the end and after sticking it through a running noose tried to catch one of the paws. This method also had to be abandoned as the only result achieved was to stir up the mud again. We seemed to be stuck and I was afraid that that bear too would have to be numbered with the lost. There was however one more way, a way which I hesitated to take, but it was the last resort. So after screwing up my courage to the proper pitch I prepared to go in again. This time I took the rope with the moose on the end and got on to the raft. Jim pushed it out until it was over the bear. I stood and thought about it for awhile and finally dived. The water was cold on top, but the further down I went the colder it got, and I had to go to the bottom. I got there in the end and put the noose over one paw, tightened it, let go and almost bounced on to the raft. We pulled him up and while I was dressing Jim towed him across the lake and hauled him out in the sun to dry. The bear himself was as hard and stiff as I and felt as though he might have been frozen for a month, and I do not wonder after feeling the temperature of the water that surrounded him. We went back to camp then and found that Kid had just returned and was hungry, so we took lunch and afterwards we all went back to skin the bear, the dog as usual going along to supervise the operation. This done Kid took the skin back to camp, while Jim and I took a stroll up the valley. We found nothing to get excited over, so we returned to camp, where supper was waiting for us.

June 5th.—Last night forgetting that to-day would be Sunday and therefore a day of rest, we all had ideas, Jim and I that we would explore the gulch just beyond the big slide and Kid that he would take the skin of the silver tip down to the permanent camp and there stretch it. In accordance with these ideas, Kid, the day light fiend, hauled us out of bed and made us eat breakfast about 5.30, a fact which was in itself a sin considering the day. Then as though this were not enough, he

added insult to injury by deciding after all not to go to the lake. After breakfast we stretched the skin on a frame at the back of the camp, and as it began to rain Jim and I also abandoned our exploring idea, and we all settled down to rest amusing ourselves meanwhile by following the adventures of the "Three Musketeers." As we could not all read the same book at the same time, we took turns, the two unoccupied ones lying around, lying to each other and killing time as best they might. Had lunch about one o'clock and at two Jim and I decided to take chances on the weather and headed up the valley. We had gone perhaps a third of a mile from camp and were just crossing the river when we saw a good sized grizzly crossing the flat about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from us. We jumped in behind a little cut bank by the river and waited while she, it turned out to be a she, crossed above us. When she came out I fired, hitting too low and only breaking one of her front legs. Then the fun began, she stopped and faced around trying to locate where the shot came from. I fired again and knocked her down, but not to stay. She made up her mind that the trouble came from our direction and as her blood was up she started over to investigate the cause. Meanwhile I was reloading and both Jim and I were staying pretty close under the bank. I fired again and missed, but by this time she had changed her mind about our direction and seeming to be very much disappointed at not finding anything to fight hit the trail, all the time keeping up a can-can that indicated to a certain extent what she would do if she could only find us. When she gave me her broad side I hit her, but too far back and as she was climbing out of the river I hit her again, this time behind the shoulder and she rolled back into the water and started down. Jim ran down below and wading in caught her by the ear on the fly, so to speak, and dragged her into the shallow water. Thinking that the river would carry her down nearer camp and so save us the trouble, he pushed her in again and we followed down the bank until he thought he saw a suitable place to land her. It certainly looked all right so he stepped in and immediately started down stream a-

head of the bear, keeping his balance, but only touching the high places. He got to shore finally and a little farther down made a second effort which was crowned with better success, and he rolled her out on a little island. I crossed and we looked her over; without exception she was the hardest looking case I had ever seen, as she looked as though an "owl and a wren, two larks and a hen" had all made their nests in her hair, where she had any. The hide was absolutely worthless. We went back to camp for more cartridges and returned with Kid to see what could be done with the bear. We found that the only things worth saving were the skull and toe-nails, so secured them and as it was then raining went back to camp and passed the rest of the day as we had begun it, resting.

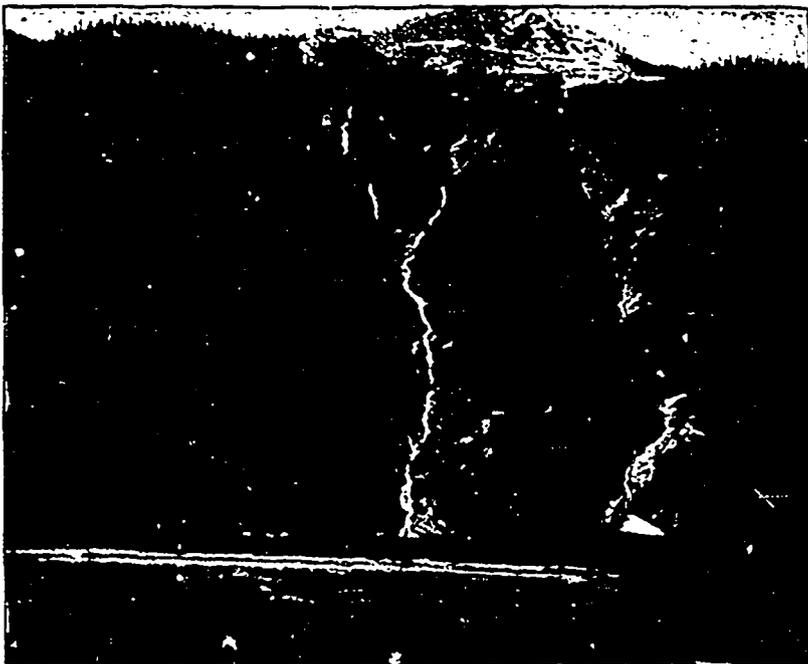
June 6th.—As the day did not look very promising in the morning we kept to our blankets until late, not having breakfast until after eleven o'clock. About 1.30, taking a lunch with us, Jim and I started up the valley with the intention of having another try at exploring the gulch. Kid, the weather prophet, had said that it was not going to rain any more, but by the time that we had come opposite the big slide we thought differently and the event proved us to be right, as about ten minutes later "the rains descended and the floods came" so we hauled our sheets taut and laid our course S. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. for the tall timbers. We dropped anchor under a big tree and soon had a fire going by the aid of which we dried out to some extent and later ate our lunch. It stopped raining for a few minutes about four o'clock and we again went out to the flat to look around. We started towards camp, but had not gone far when Jim saw a bear up in the neck of the big slide about eight hundred feet above the valley and the chase was on. It looked for awhile as though we were not even going to have a chance to scare the bear, as we tried again and again in vain to find a place to ford the river, which was very high and was rolling like the Mississippi. We finally found a crossing about three-quarters of a mile farther up, headed back to the slide and started to climb. The brush was soaking and it started to rain again about this

time, so that the going was more than a little slippery. However after a half hour's climbing, crawling, falling and sliding we reached the top of the slide proper and located our game about five or six hundred yards above us in the neck. Up again we went at an angle of about forty-five degrees, but the bear evidently expected something and started at about the same time, climbing when we climbed, and stopping when we stopped. After a few hundred yards of this we decided that it was not doing us much good to climb, so settled down behind a stump and cleared for action. About this time we saw a second bear with the first, which was standing at the edge of the brush, about five hundred yards from us, enjoying the view. The bombardment opened and lasted for about five minutes or until we had fired almost all our cartridges, but the bear like the Australian rats known to fame "from this high and lofty eminence looked down with supreme contempt upon the enemy pursuing." At the close of the engagement they strolled off into the brush and we climbed up where they had been to see if by any chance there were any dead upon the field. This was not the case, so after talking it over we decided that we had not wanted to kill them anyway as they were only yearling grizzlies and if left alone for a few years might grow into something worth while. After we had convinced ourselves of this we coasted down to the flat again and got back to camp about dark, wet and hungry, as always.

June 7th.—We had thought of returning to the lake today, but when we woke up the first time we found it snowing, so returned to the land of dreams. On the second awakening it was raining and so we gave up finally the idea of the trip, turned over, heaved sighs of different fervency and with clear consciences again dosed off. It was noon before we felt "slept out", so had breakfast and lunch at the same time, and as the weather still looked unpropitious we settled down to loaf. Our amusement consisted, as before, in following by turns, the adventures of "The Three Musketeers" and playing with the dog. Of course the unoccupied ones kept a pretty close watch on the slides opposite camp, but no bear took it into his head to show



CARRYING HOME SECOND BLACK BEAR.
"Bear in the Big Bend."



A TYPICAL AVALANCHE SLIDE.
"Bear in the Big Bend."



THE BEAR HIMSELF WAS HARD AND STIFF.
"Bear in the Big Bend."



POLING UP THE COLUMBIA.
"Bear in the Big Bend."

himself. It cleared up in the evening and we decided to pull down the valley the next day.

June 8th.—We had a pretty early breakfast, packed up and hit the back trail at twenty minutes to nine, keeping on the flat to the end, instead of fighting the brush a good part of the way as we did on the way up. When we left the flat we found the brush pretty thick as most of the snow in the woods had gone and while the Devil's Clubs took a few falls out of us, altogether we made pretty good going of it, making our first camp in an hour and forty minutes. After a short rest and a smoke we started on. Kid, on his former trips had discovered a fine new way, so he said, by which we kept the left hand side of the river all the way, so in our simple and child-like way we said that we would follow wherever he might see fit to lead. The first thing we struck was a steep point covered with bush, where it was impossible to go without the aid of both hands and almost impossible to go at all, as the brush was so thick that you could seldom see more than five feet in any direction, and very often could not find any place to put your feet unless you put them on each other. At first I thought I was having a hard time, but soon forgot myself in the amazement caused by watching Jim who was behind me, swinging from branch to branch with the nest of pots in his mouth, in a way that would have brought envy to the heart of any trapeze artist. The next half mile was pretty fair going, fair going, that is for British Columbia. I was on this stretch that Kid, wishing, no doubt to encourage me, stepped on a Devil's Club about ten feet long and four inches in diameter, and used such judgment that when he stepped off it sprang back and caught me exactly on the nose. Feeling much cheered we negotiated the next point with comparative ease, and shortly afterward attacked what Kid termed the last hill. It began to rain about this time, which made the climbing slippery, but thinking it would soon be all down hill, no one thought of taking a breathing spell. On we went through brush and tree tops, over slippery rocks and logs for about an hour. Of course in this sort of climbing if one

makes a sudden slip and is obliged to grab anything for support he always picks out a Devil's Club, and the more the support is needed the larger and pricklier the Devil's Club grabbed. As Kid said, it was the last hill, in fact it had to be, as when we got through with it there was nothing any higher that we could see—at least in the neighborhood. We coasted down to the river again and from there into camp found good travelling. The village was reached at 3.15 p. m., and after having something to eat fixed up camp in anticipation of a day's loaf, to follow.

June 9th.—After breakfast Jim was elected cook by a majority of one, and Kid and I, after I had armed myself with a six-shooter, started across the river to prospect and gather the teeth of a bear the Indians had killed. The animal in question had evidently been long defunct and his odor was something to dream about, so we did not tarry longer than was absolutely necessary for the dental operation. The afternoon was spent in loafing physically and working mentally as we wrote up our diaries and read. Just after supper Jack Evans appeared and announced his intention of going up river, which is another piece of luck, as he will be of great help.

June 10th.—We went to bed last night with the intention of starting up river today, but this morning found that it was blowing too hard to cross the lake, so one more block was added to Hell's pavement, if the old proverb is to be believed. The day was spent in the same manner as yesterday afternoon. Hope to be able to go up river tomorrow.

June 11th.—Early this morning the wind was still high from the North, but about half past eight it began to fall and we began to pack up. Got away about 11.30, and with the four of us working, or pretending to, headed up the lake and toward the island on which Lee and Dave, the Siwashes, were camped. As we drew near the island we saw them leaving, but a shot brought them back and we all went ashore to have a confab. Jack got hungry again about this time, and as it was after twelve, we had lunch before going on. Six hours of steady paddling and poling took us to an island some five miles below the

double eddy and we camped, feeling that we had done a pretty good day's work in spite of our late start.

June 12th.—As there was stiff water ahead it was thought best to lighten the boat, so after breakfast Jim and I were put across the river to hoof it. When we got across we found a good deal of water in the boat, which had not been there when we had gotten in, so of course thought there was a leak and the cussing began. Kid and Jack took her back to the island, hauled her out and made a careful examination, but without it resulting in the discovery of any hole, so they put her back in the water and tried her again. This time Jack found the trouble. Kid's trousers were tucked into his shoe tops and in wading into the river to push off the boat, the bags filled with water which of course emptied when he stepped in. Needless to say the leak was soon stopped and, after loading up we all started up stream. Jim and I waited for the others where the trail hits the river just below the double eddy and then we had lunch. Luncheon over we started. Two hours brought us all to the landing and after unloading and hauling up the boat, we made some packs and hit the trail across the portage. For several hours previously we had been engaged with the skirmish line of the mosquito army and now we found ourselves opposed by the main body. The fight was waged with great fury, the casualties of the enemy being many in number. Finally we broke their center and fought our way as far as the upper landing, where we found they were so heavily entrenched that we retired in good order on our former position. When we got back to camp the programme was supper, an early bed and as much sleep as the mosquitoes would allow.

June 13th.—Jack, the early riser, hauled us out of bed several hours too soon and after breakfast we packed up the remainder of our stuff and the enemy still hold-

ing their position, again we took up the fight, this time with greater success, as we carried their position at the upper landing. We made a cache at the cabin on the west side of the river and then with fear and trembling loaded the Peterborough. Jack was sure it would not hold the four of us besides all the stuff, but we proved him wrong, although by a small margin, as we only had about two inches freeboard. Inches enough, however, and we paddled as far as Bush River before Jack got hungry again and we had to stop for lunch. The afternoon was spent in just paddling, but with such good results that camping time found us at eight-mile island, fourteen miles on, our way.

June 14th.—Jim was sick this morning, at least I think he must have been, as he caused such a disturbance in camp at 3.30 that he woke us all up and not content with that made us get up and have breakfast, after which we again took our paddles and got under way. Paddling, poling and lining, we had made about six miles by nine o'clock and were beginning to feel as though we had again reached civilization when we had a surprise. Swinging out to round a sweeper we found a bear quietly standing in the river watching us. There was an immediate scramble for guns and cartridges, Kid holding the canoe still with the aid of a brush. The bear disappeared but when things had quieted down a little. a minute or so later, sizing us up as harmless he again came out and started across the river. This gave me a chance and I shot him through the head. With some difficulty we dragged him out of the water and into the brush, and with all four of us working, in twenty minutes we had him skinned and were ready to start again.

At noon we reached Beaver in time to catch the train for Banff. The bear hunt was over.



Canoeing in Canada.

An Explorer's Experiences.

Mr. C. M. Wood, of the Kinsey Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio, supplies the following interesting notes on his holidays in Canada last year:—

I believe an ideal trip would be to go from the "Soo" to Michipicoten by steamboat, and thence by canoe from Michipicoten to Missanabie. It is a beautiful trip and some of the best trout fishing in Canada is to be had in its course, particularly at a place called Stony Portage between Manitiwich and Dog Lake. A party who comes from Oil City, Penna., U.S.A., goes to the portage every year and he says the trout fishing is exceptional. I did not try it myself, because the spirit of unrest was upon me, and fishing and hunting with me are only incidentals in a way. If one cares to see something of the northern country he can do so by canoeing fifty miles up to the head of the Moose River to Brunswick Post. My guide had been through to Moose Factory, and said that the country through which we passed from Missanabie to Brunswick Post was very similar to that through to Moose Factory. Then returning to Missanabie take the Canadian Pacific Railway to Biscoe or Winnebago and take the Mississagua trip. I took the first part of that trip, but instead of going to Winnebago I went to Chapleau, where I procured another guide, and we three, in a sixteen foot Peterborough, with the gunwales not more than an inch out of water, started for the "Soo." Unfortunately a severe cold with pains in my chest held me up for a day or two during which it snowed, although it was the middle of September. The thermometer registered at seven o'clock in the morning 23 degrees, or 9 degrees below the freezing point.

The streams between Chapleau and the Montreal River are all small and shallow, and the men were in the water much of the time, sliding the canoe over gravel beds. This resulted in puncturing the canoe in several places and scraping the bottom to a pulp. I have not my notes with me, but according to my recollection we did not have a single sunny day, and I

think it rained every day during the trip except the last. One other party had gone through from Chapleau to Lake Superior by way of Montreal River, but according to Professor Wilmont, the geologist for the Lake Superior Power Co., he was the first white man to take the trip from the Montreal River down. According to that I must have been the second.

After leaving the Montreal River we sometimes found traces of a trail, but most of the time we had nothing to follow, and our only guidance was the map and directions. In one instance the map was misleading, and we lost ourselves east of the course, but we were directed properly by the meridian which is cut out its full length, making a vista about fifteen feet wide, with mile posts at regular intervals. I was anxious to get into the country further south where I expected to pitch my camp. Consequently I did not prospect for game, although the portages and banks of the creeks showed evidences of plenty of game, both red deer and moose. Several times we saw fresh wolf tracks. Trout jumped freely in the streams south of the Montreal River, but although I trowled several times I did not see any evidence of pike or bass. I did see two moose and three deer.

The timber north of Trout Lake is mainly spruce, jack-pine, and some tamarac, all of it about fifty to sixty feet in height. Only in one spot did we see white pine, and there the birch trees were large, and there were plenty of signs to show the Indians came here for materials for their canoes. The ground was for the most part swampy, and the trails as a rule rough and untravelled. We ran into one creek where the beavers were at work.

In travelling from one point to another, the distance between which, as the crow flies, is about two miles, we spent nearly the whole of one afternoon going by canoe. The water was shallow, and the rapids followed so quickly upon each other that it was exasperating. No sooner would we empty the boat and make the portage than we would see another or hear its roar. In

all we made ninety-five portages, and this does not include the numbers of times I left the canoe and walked around the rapids or shallow places while the Indians waded and pulled the canoe with them, nor does it count the times we cleared the streams of fallen timber. Every camp was made upon wet ground with no exception. Even though it was the last of September black flies were most annoying. The course seemed to be unusually free from life. We saw several large owls, and occasionally a whiskey jack, and a few white-throated sparrows. Once I heard a song of such exquisite beauty, so many variations and such clearness, that I searched the spot diligently to see if I could possibly identify the singer. I got the merest glimpse of a small bird which seemed to me, to be yellow with something in appearance and size of a canary. I might have been mistaken, however, and perhaps you will know better whether or not it was a white-throated sparrow. If the condition of the ground would have permitted it I think I should have made a more careful examination. I have never heard anything like it in the woods before.

You will probably judge from this that the trip does not offer many attractions to the ordinary canoeist. For one however who enjoys travelling through unexplored country it has its attractions. I made a map of the country, which though not thoroughly accurate is sufficiently so to guide any one correctly.

I read your account of your trip down the French River. I took part of the trip myself three years ago. I also read with much interest Miss Brewer's account of the trip down the Mississagua. I was back as far as Clear Lake with Jack Houston of Thessalon, and it came near being the last of both of us. Owing to Houston's illness

we struck the rocks twice in the rapids below Squaw Chute, about the country north of Desbarats. You say you have been through Patton Lake, Bass Lake, etc. I camped on Island Lake for almost a week. We went through Patton and Chapman Lakes to Stuart Lake, where we spent the night and returned the next day. We found Stuart Lake to be more satisfactory than the others, as it is further off and more free from civilization. There were plenty of deer tracks, and at one place on the edge of the Lake, we saw large moose tracks, which had been made that morning. I also caught two fine black bass weighing three and three and a half pounds, and one or two pike, and a friend with me caught one black bass with a fly in a stream. These were all small mouthed bass. In Bass Lake we had some very good fly fishing for bass. In Island Lake small brook trout fishing was good, showing that they are there, although we did not fish much for them. The portage from Bass Lake to Island Lake, you will recollect, is a little rough and wet at the Bass Lake end. From Island Lake into Stuart Lake the portages are all of them short and good. I also saw partridges on Stuart Lake. There may be ponds and small lakes around Stuart Lake, but the map does not show them. Of course we did not do any exploring in so short a time.

I am sorry I did not know anything of your efforts to start an All-the-year-round resort at Mount Orford, as I have just planned to leave for Florida. My preference however would be to go into the north woods where it is cold and dry. In fact I am one of those individuals who would like to be in your north woods all the time.

In Mooseland.

By C. C. FARR.

(Continued from February Issue.)

To the North lie those famous tracts of alluvial clay that are attracting so much attention, and which promise to become as

a field for colonization second only to the great Northwest.

Here, too, on the western shore, is Haileybury, which like the old Hail-

eybury in England is Haileybury on the Hill. A prettier spot could not be found, and the view from it is unparalleled. Away to the north is the beautiful point where Wabikeesik used to dwell, the Indian from whom it and the adjacent Bay takes its name. Beyond, again Northeast, is the White Rocks point, a limestone cliff where the Geetchie Manitou played that cruel trick upon the famishing Indians, in giving them half baked gritty cakes instead of pure bread. You can see the cakes piled in layers up the face of the cliff, unless the searchers for lithographic stone have displaced them.

Beyond this point the view extends fully fifteen miles, to the head of the Lake, where the Ottawa river after plunging down a succession of rapids for fifteen miles is lost in Lake Timiskaming and where the White River, turbid with the clay, gathered on its course through miles and miles of alluvial soil mingles its muddy waters with the purer stream.

To our right we pass the Chief's Island, the scene of a tragedy of a kind which though not often chronicled or handed down by tradition, must have been of frequent occurrence in prehistoric days, namely the deadly rivalry of two contestants for the honour of chieftainship culminating in the sacrifice of the weaker or less wily of the two.

At the head of the lake is an Indian Reserve, and here can be found the remnants of a band, once powerful now reduced to comparatively few. But there are many half-breeds, and they make excellent guides.

This also has been the scene of many conflicts between the native Indians and the marauding Iroquois, as arrow, spear heads, bones, and all sorts of Indian relics, dug out of the earth, testify. This was the great highway to Moose Factory, or James Bay, and a very interesting trip it makes to day for those who have leisure to make it.

Those who love sport can not do better than get off the steamer at Haileybury on the Hill. There is an excellent hotel here, built expressly for tourists and hunters for Haileybury is the key to the finest hunting and fishing grounds in Canada, that famous chain of lakes and rivers

known as the Montreal River and Timiskaming Lake system.

Moose, caribou and red deer are here in abundance, as evidenced by the frequent tracks, while less than half a day's journey brings one into the wild and primeval forest, where Indians and Hudson's Bay Company's employees alone, of men, are met, a perfect solitude, broken only by the plaintive cry of the loon, the whirr of the startled duck or the trumpeting of the amorous moose. Here the fishing is of a kind unsurpassed, the only fault being that the fish are too easily caught. I will allow that it is convenient to be able just to throw out your troll behind your canoe, and in half an hour catch all the bass that a party of five or six can eat in a day, but trolling to my mind is murder, and an unfair advantage against the fish. Here it is. A sharp tug; then haul in by main strength. The bass makes an heroic resistance. He jumps out of the water, dives down again, runs under the canoe, when at close quarters, but all in vain; he has got to come. There was no skill required in hooking him, and less in landing him. Here is another side. It is a lovely summer's morning. Your camp is pitched where fish abound. You hear a splash. "There's a bass on the feed," and you run for your rod. You take a small green frog. (It is well to have a supply of these on hand). You pass your hook through his throat, and out behind the skull. Frogs don't feel. Then jump into your canoe and paddle towards the spot from whence the sound came, usually a shallow sand or clay ledge rising suddenly from green depths. You hear another splash and stealthily paddling towards it, you see the graceful dark green beauty leisurely swimming for the deep water, for the two have seen you. Make no abrupt movement, fish and game alike suspect abrupt movements, but throw your frog gently and insinuatingly in front of him. He sees it, but it sinks to the bottom before he gets it. Draw it gently back, and throw it again a few feet before him. This time he makes a rush. The water is so clear that you can see the frog disappear down his throat. Then the fun begins. You strike gently, but firmly, but I speak to men who are accustomed to this thing and they will understand. The first effect of

the hook makes you feel his weight. He simply accelerates his pace and heads for deep water. He is conscious of his strength, and laughs at the frail thing that holds him, but see! he is losing his temper, for he takes a succession of plunges, down, down, down, until the point of your rod touches the water. Suddenly realizing that the matter has become serious, he makes a rush from the depths, and jumping into the air, shakes himself savagely. If the hook stands this, you are pretty sure of your fish, though he can tow your light canoe a considerable distance on a calm day, and if you have forgotten your landing net, as you probably have, the contest will be a long one. But it is likely that in the end you will carry back to the camp a fish of which you can be proud, and of size sufficient to serve for breakfast for all hands.

But I have digressed. We had just arrived at Haileybury, the "Mat-tah-bah-nack" of the Indians, the place "where you come out at with your sleigh" from "Met" or "Mat" "come out at" and "Otah-bah-nack" "Toboggan". This is the spot where for generations, the Indians have passed, to and fro, on their journeyings from their hunting grounds to the great trading centre of Timiskaming, and through it, you also must pass, if you wish to try your luck among those lakes, and streams, that may justly be called the hunters.

Besides the moose, caribou, and red deer, bears are fairly plentiful. Beaver, fisher, mink, marten, lynx, otter and muskrat constitute the smaller fur-bearing animals. Of course all these creatures are not found on the high road, calmly waiting to be shot. One does occasionally meet with a moose swimming across a lake, or in the late summer, a bear may occasionally be seen gorging himself with blue berries on some rocky eminence, but as a rule one has to hunt up these animals in out of the way places. The Indians know their habits and where to find them, therefore it is best to procure an Indian guide, and if there happens to be a party of more than one it is best for each hunter to have his own guide and his own canoe, so that he can, at will, wander off the beaten track.

One of the most successful methods of

killing moose, is by locating some sequestered water lily covered pool, where the animal comes to rid himself of the annoying "mess-es-sack", Bulldog fly, by plunging into the water, or to crop the leaves of the water lilies. To lie in wait for him there, or if there is a waterway to steal upon him in the silently gliding canoe.

It is a magnificent sight to see four or five of these stately creatures wading through the shallow water. I remember once seeing seven of them thus engaged. I had no rifle and even if I had I would not have fired a shot, for moose meat was just then so plentiful that Indians fairly begged one to buy it at two cents a pound. Caribou are to my mind harder to approach than moose, and hence difficult to kill. I know one Indian, who was a very successful hunter of caribou, at all times of the year. His method was to ascertain the sleeping place of the animal, then, as it is the custom of the caribou to start off to feed about seven in the morning and return about ten, he would ensconce himself within range of the spot after the breakfast hour of the beast, and await its return. He was certainly a very successful hunter, so I suppose there is something in it. Of course Indians have so many opportunities of studying the habits of animals that they must of necessity have the advantage over the white man in this respect, who only leaves his ordinary business avocations for a short time in the year for a trip into the bush, and who cannot be expected to know as much of a subject as an Indian, who studies it his whole life time.

Bear hunting is quite an art, and omitting chance encounters, which are rare, there are about two or three methods alone employed by Indians. In spring, trapping by steel traps or by deadfall is the best. Bears have their regular paths, on which they travel season after season. Bait in the shape of stale fish or moose meat is used and the earlier in the season that the trap is set, or the deadfall made, the better. It is always best, if possible, to set them before a rain. Sometimes, when a bear is known to have laid a lot of suckers by, for future consumption (a bear likes his fish very stale) the hunter will watch the place at night

and often bags his bear. I remember once, watching a bear engaged at his fishing. The suckers run up small creeks at a certain time in spring, to spawn, and every little rapid is then full of them. I saw Mr. Bruin scooping them up with his paw and pitching them ashore. He never eat one. They were too fresh. I was too fresh also, for I missed my bear.

In winter, they are often killed by the Indians, who find their dens by the aid of their dogs. It is counted a clever dog that can find a bear's den, for the bear is a clever animal. As a rule, an Indian, when he kills a bear, will shake hands with him, and "speak him fair." Such courtesy bodes good for future hunts, and the Indian thanks the dead bear for giving him so much good meat. A wise Indian never destroys or loses a bear's skull, he hangs it on a tree. It is considered respectful and the right thing to do, just as it is right to throw the bones of a beaver into the water, if plenty of beaver are to be expected, and on no account may a beaver be fried.

In August and September bears are usually hunted in the following manner. First find a blue berry patch (usually a high, nearly treeless rocky hill) where there are evident signs of a bear having made it his feeding ground. His supper time is about an hour before sunset, and if you go to some spot from which such a place is visible, it is more than likely that you will see, about that time, a black figure moving about over the bare knolls; and if so,

it is a question of stalk, sometimes successful, often unsuccessful, so much depends on the direction of the wind, and the noiselessness of the approach.

Bears are not really fierce except during the pairing season in June, or when wounded, or in a trap. Indians are occasionally torn by them, if too careless, and in some cases killed. I remember one time, when an Abitibi Indian lost his life not so very long ago. He had stalked a bear in the manner described above. He shot the beast, and thinking that it was nearly dead, instead of reloading, he dropped his gun and closed in with his tomahawk. The bear knocked the tomahawk out of his hand, and the two fought, bare-handed. The man was dreadfully torn, but finally the bear, probably from the effects of the bullet, dropped dead, and the Indian after slaking his thirst with water from a stagnant moss-grown pool, managed to crawl to his canoe, where his son awaited him. He died after getting home, but he blamed the water for it more than the bear. It would be useless for me to describe each particular route through this tangled network of lakes and rivers, lying between Timiskaming and Temagamingue, and northward to James' Bay, suffice to say, that, it is indeed a hunter's Paradise, the fisherman's Elysium, and that accustomed as I am to a life in the bush, I enjoy a few days amongst the game and the bass there as I can enjoy myself in no other spot on this earth.

Forest Protection and Its Bearings Upon Fish and Game Preservation.

At the annual meeting of the North American Fish & Game Protective Association the following paper on this important subject was contributed and read by Dr. J. T. Finnie of Montreal:—

The subject of my paper is one which should appeal not only to the sportsman, who spends his week, or two, of holiday in the woods; not alone to the settler who is struggling to make a new home for himself and family, but to every well-wisher of his country, no matter under

what flag he may be. Much has been laid against the hunter, who, in too many cases, is one whose only thought is where to go to secure most for the money and the time at his disposal, living really for what he can secure for himself, and with no thought for those who come after him.

If there is one duty more important than another, in the present condition of the game preserves of this country, it is, to see that they are so protected, not alone from the hand of the "game hog", who is,

on every side so much in evidence as to cause us much alarm,—but there is a much more serious phase that is pressing itself upon those, who are anxiously guarding our fish and game interests, and that is the destruction by fire of our forests, that is annually taking place throughout the length and breadth of our land. From Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and no doubt the same applies to many of the States of the Union to the South of us, immense areas are destroyed by fire, that, in most cases, are entirely preventible. Much of the damage has been caused by leaving camp without taking the precaution to quench the fire; the thoughtless smoker who may throw away a "butt" of a cigar still aglow, the rakings of a pipe, a match thrown among the dry material, which is so plentiful in the woods, particularly in the Spring and Fall—all have helped to swell the amount of damage to our woodlands, which I fear neither time nor money can replace, at best not for a hundred years. Vast numbers of our game, both great and small, have been destroyed, and the cover for those that are left has been reduced, just by the area that fire has removed.

There is no denying the fact, that the individual with a gun, who goes into the woods to shoot, is rapidly increasing in number, and unless something is done to instruct such, upon the great danger of fire, we cannot look for anything like a complete stoppage of these periodical conflagrations. That the protection of our forests is now becoming a live question with our Provincial and State Governments, is evident on every side; printed instructions are being plentifully distributed in many parts of the Dominion, which are acknowledged to be doing much good; fire-wardens are also recognized as being indispensable throughout our timber country; and the Province of Ontario has been particularly active in this respect. Without adequate protection to our woods, our game will rapidly disappear, so also will our beautiful fish from our inland waters, as without our bush lands we would have arid soil, diminished streams, and depleted lakes, all would naturally follow, as a sequel, to the soil, denuded of its trees. Then by all means let this Association

press upon the different Governments, appertaining to the Provinces and States, the need of urging upon all, who seek our woods the great danger from fire.

It has done more damage to our forests, by ten times over, than the woodman's axe, has decimated our herds of game—and to the country the financial loss runs up into hundreds of millions of dollars. Nature has been most lavish in her gifts to us, of forest and stream, lakes and rivers, and it is our duty to see that they are safe-guarded from the hand of the vandal, whether it be in the form of the careless hunter, the fire fiend, or the reckless settler. The area of forest land that is annually destroyed by fire, is something that the ordinary citizen does not contemplate or grasp. Its value to the country, is beyond calculation—to name it in millions is simply to express it in the most modest way. By returns published last year, the damage done by fire in the various Provinces of the Dominion in 1903 was as follows:—

Nova Scotia.—Area burned, 300,000 acres; direct loss estimated at \$2,000,000; the prospective loss beyond calculation. The official report also states that the fish and game will likely become a thing of the past, if the fires continue as they have done in the years 1902 and 1903.

New Brunswick—In 1903 the estimated loss by fire 180,000,000 feet of timber; one village destroyed, besides large losses in private property—not forgetting that the productiveness of the soil for forest purposes is put beyond the possibility of repair for a century at least.

Ontario—Over one hundred fires occurred in 1903, but not of an extensive character, and what with hundreds of fire rangers throughout the Province, and also an arrangement with the Railway Commissioners, in case of fire along the line of construction, of any railroad—it is agreed to employ all the railway men in suppressing the fire, and half the expense will be paid by such Commission.

Ontario paid in 1903 \$31,000 for fire protection.

Quebec—In the same year 200 square miles of territory were devastated by fire, and the Province spent \$17,000 in forest protection. The department is fully alive



ONE OF OUR AIREDALE TERRIERS.
"Bear in the Big Bend."



NEAR MOUTH OF BOBCAYGEON RIVER,
Pigeon Lake, Bobcaygeon, Ont.



BOBCAYGEON, ONT.
Excellent fishing. Spring bank, a typical summer resort on Pigeon Lake.

to the need of watchfulness and promptness in subduing any outbreak, as this asset of the Province is the most valuable that it possesses.

With regards to the Western Provinces the same report comes in of destruction, but on a smaller scale.

Now gentlemen, in giving you the foregoing figures it is self evident that if in one year damage to that extent has been done, and if the same thing were to go on year by year, it would not take long before all the cover for our game would be gone forever, and as a consequence, the inland waters would no longer give us the fish in abundance, which they have heretofore been doing.

Let us fully realise the bearing that forest protection has to game preservation, and ever remember how grave a matter it is, when wandering in the woods, to carelessly leave a spark of fire, in any form, and lose no opportunity to fully impress the same upon all whose business or pleasure should bring them to sojourn in our bush land.

The efforts being made towards re-affores-

tation deserve all the encouragement possible, and we trust the work will go on under proper scientific supervision, and to some extent, in time, the result will help, in some measure, to compensate for the wanton destruction which has been going on, for so long, in the Eastern Provinces. The day has now come, when, what is left is being guarded to a greater or less extent, and areas of the Western Country are also being planted with millions of young trees, which another generation will appreciate and of which they will reap the benefit.

To those who are engaged in this good work, let us give all the encouragement possible. The full results cannot be actually seen by those who are carrying it out, but they certainly can be inferred, and mean a great deal to the country at large—not alone perpetuating a valuable asset, but preserving to us the present climatic conditions, our water ways, and supplying a constant source of pleasure to the lover of nature. By all means go on with the good work!

How Best to Form Public Opinion as to the Need of Fish and Game Protective Laws.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG, Montreal.

This paper was read at the annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, held at St. John, N. B., in February, 1905:—

At the last annual dinner of the Quebec Fish and Game Protective Association a paper was read in which the Provincial Government was deservedly censured for its inaction in the matter of the protection of fish and game in the Province of Quebec. As I heard the paper the realization came home to me very strongly of the duty resting upon all good sportsmen and patriots of educating public opinion upon the policy which we, as a Protective Association, advocate. So long as his constituents are indifferent, the average representative of the public does not concern himself about such matters at all.

When no request to vote for these laws is proffered by those who send him to Congress or Parliament he is not likely to take up such matters of his own accord. The voter therefore is the man we must get at. How can that best be done? We may be able to do it successfully by working hard on these lines viz:— We must educate him by letters to the local papers, supplemented by talks in school-houses and other centres in the districts where the poaching and indiscriminate slaughter of fish and game is most generally practised. The idea is prevalent on both sides of the line that protective laws are made entirely in the interests of the rich, and that they press hard on the poor man. The labour organizations have come out strongly against all preserves

held by clubs or private individuals. There may be some argument against preserves but fish and game protection is not injurious to the poor man. We know the contrary to be the case, and what we want is to educate the settler and the poor man up to the same view. Once we can get the people to understand this we shall be able to accomplish great things. I think that the different Provincial and State Governments should be memorialized to appoint some qualified person, in every way fitted for the work, to lecture for six nights in the week in the different schools of the district to be converted, and in this way to create a healthy public opinion upon the subject. I feel certain that most, if not all, the railways would agree to give such a man free transportation, that the trustees of the several schools would agree to grant the free use of their schools, and that the results would be to popularize the policy of the protection of fish and game; and to make many men as eager to promote it as they are now indifferent or opposed to it. We might get the people's representatives to vote for this appointment. If the voter can be shown that it is directly to his personal interest to make his section of the country as attractive to outsiders as possible, and particularly to retain and protect the popular features of fishing and shooting, he is likely to change his present view to one more in accord with that held by the members of this Association. The voter should be shown that every acre of water ought to be and can be made as profitable as every acre of land, and to bring this about all that is needed are good protective laws, and their strict enforcement. Re-stocking will be necessary in certain cases. But where the fish and game are still plentiful they can be easily protected by the good behaviour of the settlers and other local inhabitants. Netting and other illegal means of fishing will soon be stopped if once it is made clear to the settler that his neighbour, who resorts to illegal means of shooting and fishing, is really robbing him and those around him. He is not only spoiling the fishing and shooting for outsiders, but also for himself and his neighbours as well. There would be fishing and shooting for every one, and plenty for

all, if each individual would be satisfied with his share of rod and line fishing, and if he were contented to see the laws necessary for the continued existence of both fish and game maintained in full force. The settler should be told that all the rod and line fishing that may be done by settlers and visitors in season will not injure the fishing. But he should have it pointed out to him that when a neighbor brings home a wagon load of fish, say brook trout, a sleigh load of deer, or six or seven moose, such a man has taken not merely his own share, but also the shares of several of his neighbours, and has injured those neighbours by taking for his own use what really belonged to them as well. Once let him be thoroughly convinced on this point, and he will then lend his help to pen up all such "fish and game hogs." Pinned up they should be; imprisoned and not fined. It is this point that we want to drive home to the mind and heart of the individual settler, and the result will be such an awakening of public opinion that members of Legislatures, as well as the spoliators will have to change their tactics. A lecturer who would do such missionary work as I have suggested should be in a position to show how many millions of dollars are annually spent in the State of Maine (for instance) by reason of its position as a great fish and game country. Other localities might easily share in the large profits made by that State if only they protected their fish and game.

I should like to see branches of this Association formed in as many centres as possible and supplied with literature on the subject. We might get the Orders of Foresters, the Elks, the Woodmen, the Redmen, and other Orders that have features seemingly in sympathy with our ideals to render us assistance in our crusade.

But the greatest and strongest lever to use with the voter is to show him that we are considering his interest in the matter, and that he has in only too many instances been going against his own interests in his mistaken sympathy for the game-law-breaker whom he has wrongly considered as a victim. I have myself, as an amateur, done a little of this missionary

work, and my success has been such as to assure me that if it were done on a considerable scale a great change in public opinion would speedily take place. I have found the backwoods settler quite amenable to reason on this matter, and very ready to see that the movement is in his own interest when it is carefully pointed out to him.

A DIGRESSION ABOUT GUIDES.

The Provincial and State authorities should everywhere be asked to make a list of men qualified to act as guides. The lecturer or writer who may be engaged to educate public opinion as to the necessity of fish and game protection should also impress upon the men selected as guides the importance of the fact that when their time is engaged and paid for by others that the said time belongs to those who so engage and pay for it. Many of these are gentlemen and ladies who are helpless, or nearly so, in the woods, and have to place great dependence upon their guides. It is the duty of these men, and they

should be so taught, to attend to all the wants of their patrons, to carry all the packs and canoes over the portages, to put up the tents, to make nice beds of brush, and to have the food well prepared and served before attending to their own wants. These guides should also be shown that in this way they can take what is really a holiday to them, that they can be boys again in the woods for a week or two, and get paid for it. They can also have the further advantage of obtaining generally the largest share of the meat and fish secured by visitors who are often satisfied with having their own immediate wants supplied, and securing trophies of the hunt.

I hope this little paper will be followed by a debate and that one result may be a concentrated effort to get at the voter and secure his support by the quickest and most effective way. If we gain the electors the Legislatures will follow, and we shall secure not only good protective laws, but what is of even greater importance, the good will and zeal of the settlers in their enforcement.

From Timagami to Wanapitei—A Useful Log.

By G. W. CREELMAN.

Never did a more enthusiastic group of voyageurs start on a journey through the forest than the members of the Keewaydin Canoe Club last August, when twenty members of the Club left the camp headquarters on Devil's Island, Timagami Lake, Ontario, Canada, for Wanapitei. We had plans to go to Wanapitei in canoe, a distance of 110 miles, and thence by train to the Winnebago Siding. There we anticipated that we were to start upon that famous canoe trip on the Mississauga river. Feeling ran high on that Monday morning, Aug. 8th, 1904, on account of the great and glorious prospect ahead, and because we were to take two trips not often taken. Then, too, we read our good fortune in the eyes of our less fortunate companions who were to be left behind.

We were a happy and jolly company for

we knew each other for good workers and enthusiastic campers. We felt sure that the spirit of the expedition would be of the best. For had we not all been off on trips before together, up the Menjamicosippi—the trout stream—and did we not all have a magnificent time? But that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

Our comrades started out with us to help us along over the first portages into Obabika Lake. From Devil's Island we paddled westward for about four miles and made the portage into the end of the north west arm of Timagami. Then through Obabika Bay we paddled to the portage into Obabika. These portages are all excellent and evidently much used. Here at the end of the portage we lunched together and after the dishes were washed we bade good-bye to our club mates, giving each a hear-

ty hand-shake. We also had to say good-bye to our very excellent Indian guides, Michole Cat, Charlie Moore and Big Paul. These Indians in the course of our stay among them from year to year have become more than guides to us. I suppose I have few firmer or more faithful friends than old Big Paul. He is a type of old woods Indian fast disappearing. He has lived all his life hunting and trapping for the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Bear Island, and I believe he never went as a guide until we found him out. He is a born teacher, anxious to teach us his native Ojibway and all the forest secrets at once.

If we were sorry to leave these guides behind, we rejoiced in like manner at the splendid men we had with us, Francois Le Clair and Big Joe Levigne of Mattawa. Joe is said to be seventy years of age, but no one believes it. He has the good sense and good humor of Big Paul and he dearly loves a joke. Frank has been the Keewaydin head guide for three years now and we have his promise to be with us again. He is self-reliant, able, and a genuine leader. He can do anything in the woods and to see him with his canoe in a piece of rough water is a thing to remember.

The afternoon of that first day we spent on Obabika Lake. It is a lake of rare beauty and peculiar lonesomeness. Its magnificent vistas, bold, rocky shores and again its long stretches of beautiful white sandy beaches make it a rare lake. I have in days gone by spent more than one day camping leisurely on this wonderful lake with my friend, Big Paul, but its loneliness and remoteness never left me.

Late in the afternoon of that day we left Obabika and made a portage into Round Lake. This is a good portage, but has bad rocks in a couple of places. This night we camped on the terraced shore of Round Lake on the left hand side. That evening some of us fished! Timagami, Evelyn Anima, Nipissing, have been long famous for bass. Obabika has been described as the best bass lake in the world. They are all good lakes for bass. But little Round Lake has them all beaten. I shall not relate our success here, for I wish you to follow me further in my ramblings. I ima-

gined I had discovered a great fishing spot, but later on I found out that Big Paul knew all about it. I venture he never told any white men but us.

The next morning we were up bright and early, but it took us so long to fry both fish and rice cakes that we got a late start. We had some little trouble in finding the outlet of Round Lake, for it is ingeniously concealed in a mass of water reeds. The portage into the Obabika river is short and easy. Next came two more log jam portages. The first was short and pleasant. The next was longer—about half a mile. But it had not been cut out for a long time and had several bad jams in it. The Goose Falls portage into the Sturgeon river is another fairly stiff piece of work, although the trail is very good. At the end of the portage is an ideal camping ground within sound of the rushing waters of the falls. On this beautiful level peaceful retreat we camped, and from the big pool we captured an enormous pickerel.

The next day was rainy. We were all so much enraptured with our fun and so eager to be up and doing, that it required all of Frank's wisdom to persuade us to stay in camp. But even this day had its interests and its excitements for the Adjutant, going hunting, actually shot at a bear!

The next day we were eager to travel and we went down the Sturgeon for nearly 20 miles before dinner. The signs of game were as many as the signs of cattle in a cow pasture. Great deep "runways" everywhere showed where all sorts of wild creatures came down to drink. Directly after dinner we came to the headquarters of the Pulp Co. on the Sturgeon and here we bought some provisions from the employees of the company. At this point we said farewell to the Sturgeon and crossed over to Lake Maskinonge-Wogaming by a series of small lakes and portages. There were four lakes or ponds and five portages—only one long and that one was in good condition. That night we camped on a small lake, whose name we failed to catch. It wasn't really very much of a lake, but the water was good and Frank found us a very fair camping place.

Next morning a rather stiff portage brought us into Maskinonge-Wogaming Lake. Here we enjoyed a leisurely paddle

up the lake for six or eight miles. Few people visit this lake, yet it has its devoted admirers for all that. It seemed to me to be a lazy-hazy sort of a lake. Perhaps the day made me feel autumnal, at all events I am sure the dying trees on the shore made me feel that way. Some lumber company has put in a dam, and raising the water about six feet, has killed the trees near the shore. So this poor old lake has a fringed shore line, like a dignified, quiet old gentleman whose beard has developed the effects produced by the full "lace curtain" stage.

At the upper part of this lake we met stern and serious work. The water in the little stream was low and in many places the little rapids so troublesome that we simply had to get out and wade and pull the canoes along up after us. This afternoon we made five portages, all short — some of them mere "lift-overs." The third portage was the bad one, bad because it was jammed full of big rocks and sharp boulders. These little troubles, however, did not hurt us any. We were out for just that sort of thing and we needed it to complete our round of experiences. That night we camped near a new lumber company's plant. They were very nice to us, selling us some of the last of their salt pork and giving a detachment of us five o'clock tea on a log. It was genial and sociable.

That night it rained some after the tents were up. But it did not hurt anything. It is only about once a season that the rain in the woods really hurts.

The next day we felt it necessary that some of the party should reach Wanapitei to meet Bill Harris, "the famous Mississauga guide." The Colonel, the Adjutant, and the Lieutenant undertook this task. Frank Le Clair gave such instruction as he could for he had been over a part of the route before, and the trio set out with a small map and compass.

That day was a great day—a day that will linger long in our memories, full to the brim with every kind of excitement, travel and pleasure. After no little difficulty we found our way down on to the main body of Lake Matagamishing. At every two hours the voyageurs changed places in the boat, took a drink of water

and examined the map, all around. This was followed by the two hours vigorous paddling. On the second shift the little party reached Wanapitei Lake over two easy portages at about half past nine o'clock. At the head of Wanapitei we encountered some lumbermen who were heading, not driving, a fine bunch of logs into the little outlet artificially cut into the adjoining pond. The foreman of this lumbering gang was one of the most genial and natural swearers I have ever met. But there was little harm and no malice in it. We asked him about the distance to Wanapitei and the rapids down the river. He said that it was a ——— good twenty-five miles of the ——— hardest kind of going. He said also that unless we were the ——— best kind of paddlers we could never make it. Neither could we expect to shoot the rapids to any great extent. Then he went into great detail about the river, warning us of the treacherous falls at the bottom of Moose Rapids. Keenly excited by these unknown perils we set off across Wanapitei Lake, hugging the islands of the Eastern Shore to avoid a nasty wind. This lake is a gem, but rather too large to be always safe for a canoe. The day we passed over it, we shipped some water in spite of our best efforts. From 11.30 until 12.30 we lunched and rested and were up and at it again without much loss of time. So far we had found our map easy to read, but from the time we found the outlet into the Wanapitei River (which we did inside of an hour after lunch) we could make very little of our map. From the Island Portage to Wanapitei we could not recognize any single thing and there were all sorts of falls and rapids on the map.

After portaging around the dam we encountered some troublesome shallows. After a few miles of these shallows we came to Island Portage, a portage across an island around the Island Rapids. This is a long, steep and, at high water, an impassable rapid. We decided to run it, and we managed to negotiate it with fair success. A log across the current in the middle of the rapid drove us ashore and we finally managed to skirt it with very great effort. A rock at the very bottom gave us the most exciting moment of the summer.

Before we could turn to the side we were dashing headlong into this big sharp boulder. To this day none of us know how we managed to escape it. The other canoes in the Club had an amusing time at this rapid the next day, but at such low water no one could be hurt in it. One youngster lost a nice repeating shot gun and one crew got their boat badly smashed.

From this time on the fun came thick and fast. During the afternoon we portaged around four falls and ran several rapids of more or less difficulty. None of these rapids are dangerous. The worst that could possibly happen would be a hole in the boat, but that is excitement enough for most of us. The portages are all short and excellent in every way. They are big enough to drive a span of horses over them.

To run down a river for the first time is a pleasurable exercise, and one to be recommended to the person who has tired of other human interests. One is driven on and on to see more and more. Then one can never tell whether the noise around the bend is a nice exciting rapid to run or a nasty dirty little falls to portage. On these camping trips man seems very close to nature, battling with slender, but sufficient weapons with old nature's wind and wave. Hunger, too, must be appeased and

shelter provided. Men in the cities never realize this simple, elemental struggle and its keen human interest. I always feel that if everything and everybody went back on me and failed me, I could at all events "go back to the woods" cheerfully and live there for a while. Doubtless, I am very much mistaken in this notion. Yet it is to me very interesting.

During this memorable afternoon at different times we saw three deer. One was a big red buck with large horns still in the velvet. He was as large as a small moose. How slender, how graceful, how calm and dignified he looked as he stood watching us come up to him. We clapped our hands, fired a revolver and did everything we could to frighten him. After he had satisfied his curiosity he leisurely disappeared into the forest.

At about four o'clock we had our third meal of the day at an old logging camp. After bread, tea, bacon and cheese we were ready to make Wanapitei if possible. Presently we began to see signs of the old logging railroad, then we heard the whistle of the C. P. R. Just at dusk we did reach Wanapitei and three tired campers had a little supper, cooked in the dark, and lay down upon the hard earth to sleep—and that is the joy of it!

Down the Sturgeon River.

By a Member of the Band who followed Mr. Creelman from Timagami.

Four days from Devil's Island three canoes sped round a bend in the swift Sturgeon River. From the water twenty yards ahead sprang two cow moose. A third stuck in the muddy bottom, and pawed valiantly, if unsuccessfully, at the steep sand bank, venting her disgust in a series of the most human grunts I ever heard a "dumb" beast utter. The canoes neared rapidly. "Polly" dug up a kodak and was desperately endeavouring to get the cow into the fender, when Old Paul swung the boat around giving her a tremendous slap with his paddle. Exit the moose, hastily. Tut laughed so hard he al-

most upset his canoe, while Old Paul shook like a jelly fish, and had his pipe not been firmly wedged in a gap left by a departed tooth it would have gone overboard, sure.

That evening we put up our tents on a sandy beach, made our bed of cedar boughs, for want of better, and cooked supper. I cannot truthfully say I enjoyed that meal—it was too gritty. The beans consisted mainly of sand; the oatmeal was very rich with it; while with the marmalade the stuff had mixed into a sticky mortar.

We had left Devil's Island in Lake Timagami, paddled through Obabika and Round

Lakes, and had come to our present camping place by way of the Obabika River. From the rocky lake covered country we had emerged into a level, all too sandy section, where the pines were few, and the hard wood trees numerous. The forests here looked like those of the Middle States, lacking the sombre color common to most Northland woods.

After supper Tut and I took a gun and paddled up stream for some ducks. There were plenty of moose, deer, and bear tracks, but the ducks had all gone to their reed ponds for the night. The number of tracks along the banks was remarkable. Many places looked like cattle paths, and one could walk for miles along the stream treading in the footprint of some animal every step. As we were coming back there was a splash around a bend just ahead. When we reached the place there was a big bull moose standing knee deep in the water. As the canoe bore down he rushed squattering into the bushes, kicking sand all over us.

Upon gaining camp we found the other fellows smothering in smoke-filled tents, and peevishly cussing the "Skeeters." Nevertheless, after the insects were smoked out, we slept in peace, for with sand shovelled over the ground edge of the tent, and a tight flap, one may bid defiance to the most enterprising mosquito on the river.

By evening of the next day we reached Goose Falls. It is a charming place; the river pours down a rocky ledge forty feet high into a circular land locked pool. The water is stained brown by the logs, and

this somewhat spoils the effect. There we found the hind feet of a deer among the remains of a camp. Fire Rangers must have passed this way. Being Game Wardens they are the only persons who can safely kill deer out of season. We begged Doc Fisher to take a bath to day. He refused, but upset his canoe next morning. Fisher was our colored cook and was all right.

Half a day's paddle down stream brought us to a rather hard portage. Starting from a poor landing place, the trail led up a steep bluff to a broad table land. The trees had been burnt off half a century before, and the stumps, rotting out, had left the ground covered with a tangle of low bushes. Here and there the growth was trampled and broken, showing where a bear had come after blueberries. Half way across the carry I met Old Paul, who remarked with a genial, berry-stained grin, "Mino gijigad nishishin portage." "Sure-maacha anishinabi," I answered. Then my tump strap slipped, and when my pack landed the string broke, spilling half its contents on the path. As troubles never come singly, Sam passed just then and dropped the bacon for me to carry. My load now amounted to about half a ton. But at the end of the portage Doc and "Polly" were cooking up a dinner fit for a walking delegate. Then a long cool smoke in the shade of a choke-cherry bush, and a good swim after that. Well, if you haven't tried it, you can't appreciate it.

RICHARD DOUGLAS,

Keewaydin Camps, 1904.

The Delights of the Mississagua!

{A GUIDE'S DESCRIPTION.

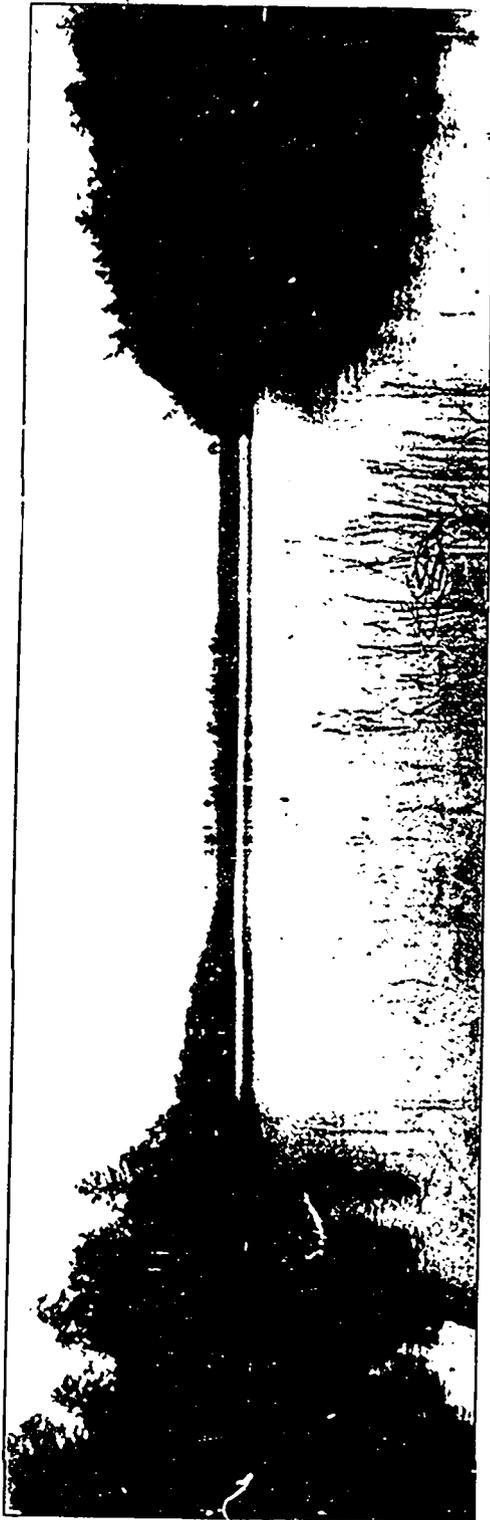
Mr. John J. Huston, of Thessalon, Ont., sends the following description of the Mississagua country and its attractions. It is evident from his description that his feelings have been deeply stirred by his experiences:—

Whoever avails himself or herself of a trip down the Mississagua will without doubt feel well repaid by the sights they will witness at every bend of the river.

They will see nearly all along mighty peaks rising in the distance, with timbered hill sides closer to them, and these ever changing as the river rolls on. This ever varying scenery adds to the pleasure of those who glide down this beautiful river with its swift waters and numerous rapids, either in a sheet of birch bark, or in a canoe made of strips of cedar covered with canvas. To stick to the river alone.



ROBCAYGHON, ONT.
Spring Bank.—a hundred points on Pigeon Lake are as suitable as this for cottages.
Excellent Bass and Muskonge water.



BAY ON LAKE WAQUEROBING, NEAR THE MISSISSAUGA RIVER.
Selected for the Home Camp of the Canadian Club.

however, gives one only glimpses of the outskirts as it were of this fine country. There are many tributary streams, all of which have something to offer in the way of fishing and hunting, and scenic surroundings, that have not yet been visited by any canoeist.

Most of these streams contain clear water and come tumbling down into the mighty river over smaller rapids than those of the Mississagua. If they are followed up it will be found that they usually lead into a lake, or chains of lakes, which are often accessible to the River by means of Indian trails. One or more of each of these chains of lakes will be found to be stocked with trout, the remainder with bass and red pike.

Although I never spend any time fishing for sport, I usually have done some fishing on all the many trips I have made exploring and prospecting for minerals in that section, and often I have had to depend entirely upon the fish in these lakes and streams for my meat supply. The Indians have told me that other lakes further back, that I have not been able to visit, are well stocked with trout.

About twelve miles above Squaw Chute a stream comes into the River from the East, and some distance further up a trail leaves the River and leads to a beautiful lake which, from the clearness of its water is called Clear Water Lake, or Waukematogoming. It is about six miles long by five wide, and abundantly supplied with trout and pike. The pike in this clear, cool water are quite different from what are found in the river or Upper Lakes. They are very lively when hooked, and offer as much sport as a black bass. Their meat is firm and sweet, pink in color, and excellent to taste. The trail to Clear Water Lake is fairly good, but many of the other connections are difficult to follow. Clear Water can be reached from Thessalon by wagon road and trail, as can also the Little Thessalon and Lake Petrolia. A considerable stretch of water on the Little Thessalon is fit for canoeing. I have never caught speckled trout in Clear

Water Lake, yet they may be there, but there are plenty of other trout, and the very finest. There are other lakes and streams in the vicinity of Clear Water, which are well stocked with trout and other fish. This applies equally to Snowshoe Creek and its source of small lakes.

Trout are also found to the West of the River in Otter Township, where every lake and stream contains the red beauties. Another lake, very similar in appearance to Clear Water, which has its outlet into the west branch, is somewhat promising, as I have caught speckled trout by dragging a hook behind a canoe.

A trail leaves the river just below the first Falls above Squaw Chute and leads to the main Thessalon River, in the upper waters of which there is excellent trout fishing. No doubt some of the best trout fishing or at least the easiest reached at present is to be found in the upper waters of the East or White River branch of the Mississagua, as nearly all the streams and small lakes that outlet to it are abundantly supplied with those speckled beauties. The headwaters of this river are accessible to the Mississagua by trail from either Minnesinagua or Clear Water Lakes or one can paddle up from Slate Falls.

About five miles below Squaw Chute a trail leads to the head of the Little Thessalon, which not very long ago was the greatest trout stream and beaver haunt in this country. Each season several strings of from one to three pounds trout are taken from Lake Petrolia, and in the stream below I have seen four men catch four hundred trout in less than two hours, in about half a mile of the stream. Many good strings of trout are yet taken from there every season and fresh beaver cuttings are still to be seen along the banks.

I have never yet been to Stewart Lake. The trail that I mentioned as leading to the main Thessalon is the only connection of which I know. Stewart Lake is north of Desbarats and is reached from there by wagon road and canoe. It is one of a fine bunch of Lakes. There you find bass and speckled trout in the same lake.



Our Medicine Bag.

We had the pleasure of meeting again in New York, those veteran sportsmen, Dr. Robt. T. Morris and Mr. Dan Beard. To meet them is as pleasant as to read their books. Have you read Hopkin's Pond?

The Canadian Camp have selected the Timagami, French River and Mississauga—Desbarats' region as their happy hunting grounds. Most of their five hundred members will be seen next summer in what they call the hunting grounds of America.

We are continually asked for distances to Hudson's Bay. The distance from Missanabie Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway west of Sudbury, to New Brunswick Post is fifty miles, from New Brunswick Post to Moose Factory 250 miles, Moose Factory is on the Moose River quite close to James Bay. Returning via Abbittibi, the difference in distance is not great. Personally we prefer going via Abbittibi and returning via Missanabi.

We are glad to notice that an honorarium of one hundred dollars was voted to Mr. E.T.D. Chambers, the Secretary-Treasurer of the North American Fish and Game Protection Association at their annual meeting at St. John, N.B. Several of the members testified to the excellent work done by Mr. Chambers in the interests of sport, and to that testimony "Rod and Gun" cheerfully adds its quota. Mr. Chambers has proved himself a pleasant and informing writer on sporting topics, a good all round sportsman, and a most zealous official.

About twenty canoe trips in the district of Northern Ontario are described in "Camping and Canoeing," a book written by a canoeist, who has taken every trip he describes and who writes a most useful and entertaining manual. Michie & Co., Toronto, Canada, who make campers' supplies a specialty, have the book for sale at 50 cents per copy and have also inaugurated a system of charts by which they can supply a description of a trip sufficiently

"Rod and Gun" will give a free notice of one line to every guide in good standing. It will also keep a black list of guides against whom well founded complaints have been made. No guide will be placed in this list, however, until he has had an opportunity of stating his side of the matter, because we are quite well aware that there are unreasonable sportsmen and tourists, as well as cross-grained guides.

Mr. F. Coburn, the well-known ornithologist of Birmingham, England, has made an expedition to British Columbia, for the purpose of adding to his ornithological collection, which is said to be the most complete in the world, and is the result of fifteen years' work. Mr. Coburn, who has a series of groups depicting the life and history of every species of bird which has visited Great Britain, thus sums up the fruits of his expedition:—

"During this period I have procured and preserved the very large number of 635 specimens, chiefly birds. These represent about 150 species, of which 36 are amongst the most rare of British birds, and 114 British Columbian forms. Of the British birds I have secured about 21 complete life histories, and of the other section 22, giving the great total of 43 life histories. Several of the British Columbian forms will be new to the entire province, having escaped the notice of all previous observers. Amongst the British birds I have two phases of plumage hitherto unknown to science."

Mr. Coburn speaks in the highest terms of the assistance he received from the officials of the British Columbia Government, and all the settlers with whom he came in contact.

comprehensive for a novice to pilot his way unguided. These charts are all privately prepared and each trip revised by men who have been over the ground and Michie & Co. supply blue-print copies at a small charge.

The Chief Game Warden of Quebec reports that during the hunting season of 1904 over a thousand red deer and sixty-two moose were killed in the northern part of the district comprising Pontiac and Ottawa counties. The district does not include Timagami, French River, Mississauga, Desbarats, or other portions of the New Ontario sections from which no report has been made. The Chief Game Warden also reports an increase in the number of wolves. The Quebec Government ought certainly to increase its bounty on wolf scalps; it should be made equal at least to that given by the Ontario Government.

We are glad to see that the Game Protective Associations are spreading. Nelson, B.C., has an active Association which is petitioning the Provincial Government for amendments of the present game laws. Complaints are going in to the Government officials that the Indians of British Columbia are wiping out the sock eye salmon. This is done before spawning time and in a wholesale manner. The Indians are up in arms about it, but the firm management of the Government will make them obey the law, and also compensate them for any damage they may receive for the curtailing of what may be considered as their rights and privileges.

Mr. Francis Kermodé, curator of the Provincial Museum, Victoria, B. C., is the zealous naturalist, who has been distinguished by the discovery of a new species of bear. It is a creamy white skinned little animal—not the polar bear or any relation of his—and is found twenty-three hundred miles further south than any polar bear has ever been found. His present habitat is the region drained by the Naas and Skeena Rivers in northern British Columbia. Mr. Kermodé deserves the high

The Malcolm Manufacturing Company of Syracuse, New York, are sending out a handsome little pamphlet, describing the perfected Malcolm Rifle Telescope. All interested in telescopes for target practice, will do well to write for a copy of this most useful little publication. It contains a great deal of information, not only a-

honor that has been conferred upon him by naming the bear after him.

Canada still has great stretches of country entirely unexplored whose animal life is not known. How many and how large these are that man knows who attempts to make maps of new canoe trips, as the writer has done.

The "Western Daily Press" of Bristol, (England) has been publishing a series of articles on "Canada for English Sportsmen." The following extracts from one of them shows how highly the sporting possibilities of Canada have commended themselves to this correspondent:—

"There is no finer game country in Central Canada than north of Ottawa. No comparison can be made between Scotland or Norway and Canada for true sport. The chief attractions in Canada are moose, deer, and bear, but for those who do not care for these, winged game will be found everywhere. What is called partridge here is not the English partridge; it is larger, heavier, plumper, and preferable in every way. The best variety of what is called partridge is really the Canadian ruffed grouse. Another variety, a handsomer bird, but not so good to eat, is the spruce partridge.

By the courtesy of Mr. George H. Ham, chief of the press department, Canadian Pacific Railway, I have received the company's compilations relating to sport. One of the most striking of the series is the "Sportsmen's Map," showing where game and fish abound in the Dominion of Canada and adjacent American States, the portion belonging to Uncle Sam comprising a comparatively narrow strip along the Canadian frontier."

There have been changes effected in the Manitoban Game Acts this session. The hunting season for deer of all kinds has been shortened from one month to fifteen days—that is from December 1st to Decem-

ber 15th. I have not seen the Malcolm Telescopes, but about the use of the telescope in general, which cannot fail to be of interest to riflemen. This Company manufactures four kinds of telescopes, varying in cost from eight to twenty-four dollars.

ber 15th, which is now the open season. All persons, whether resident or non-resident, now require a permit to shoot deer. This permit has to be returned at the end of the open season accompanied by an affidavit declaring the numbers and the sexes of the animals shot. The season for muskrat hunting has also been shortened, and it now extends from January 1st to May 8th. The duck shooting season has been curtailed as well. September 25th is now the opening day for both duck and prairie chicken shooting in Manitoba. Section 11 of the Game Act allowing deer and other animals to be taken and kept for domestication is repealed. No non-resident can now get a permit for exporting more than one hundred geese and swans, and fifty ducks, while grouse, prairie chickens and partridge are entirely prohibited from exportation. While there is no country that has a larger number of first rate sportsmen than the United States, it has also unfortunately a class of so called sportsmen, who would be more correctly termed "butchers." Against the inroads of these people the Province has been compelled to raise the fees from \$25 to \$100 for non-residents. The necessity for such an act is exceedingly regrettable.

The annual report of the New Brunswick Tourist Association has just been issued, and is a very complete document of its kind. New Brunswick offers many attractions to the tourist, and with the steady and comprehensive work of this Association these are bound to become known to an ever widening field. Despite all the efforts of the Association however, the progress made last year was but small, and this fact is attributed to three reasons—the cold and backward summer, the St. Louis Fair, and the Presidential election in the States. The work of the Association is spread over a very wide field, and

We have received the advance sheets of an interesting publication called "The Kee-waydin Club's Camps and Trips."

The booklet will be sent free upon application to

A. S. Gregg Clarke, Director,
Asheville, North Carolina.

advertising with them is conducted as a fine art. Their advertising matter is all good, and is valued accordingly. We quite agree with the Committee that to spend money in this manner is far more effective than to fritter it away in cheap productions that are speedily thrown away and forgotten. The general effect of the work of the Association is well illustrated by the following comparison of license fees paid to the Government which figures are well worthy of reproduction in "Rod and Gun":—

1896.....	\$ 102.00
1897.....	\$ 182.00
1898.....	1824.00
1899.....	4731.00
1900.....	6485.00
1901.....	8442.00
1902.....	10,855.00
1903.....	16,155.00
1904.....	16,216.53

One more case of wonderful cure is to be placed to the credit of the Canadian woods, and the open air prescription has been again completely justified by results. Mr. King, who is one of the insurance magnates of Indianapolis, has been in failing health for some years. Doctors and patent breakfast foods did their best or their worst, and he was reduced to such a state that he could scarcely carry a gun. At this stage of his illness he read about the rejuvenating powers of the northern woods, and dubious though he was as to the applicability of the cure to his case, he came north. Fortunately for him he became known to those who had personally tried and benefited by the same cure, and although his case seemed desperate, they had faith in their prescription, and urged it upon him. Still doubting, he consented to try, and accordingly having provided himself with a guide and an outfit he started for the woods. His advisers themselves had but little faith that he would carry the experiment through. Six weeks later the invalid appeared before them a new man. Instead of a weak, debilitated nervous man, they beheld a healthy vigorous sportsman, whose very handshake testified to the beneficent change the open air life in the woods had wrought in him. He had now discarded patent breakfast foods

and three meals a day, for solid fare and four substantial meals. He expressed deep gratitude to his advisers for their advice, and his thankfulness for having had the courage to carry it out. He had not only been able to eat, but what was still better, to enjoy, the plain fare of the woods. He caught his own fish, and his enthusiasm as he recounted his catches of bass and trout, dressed, cooked, and ready to be eaten in twenty minutes after being taken out of the water, was infectious, and set his hearers longing to be themselves partaking of that luscious fare. Mr. King also proudly exhibited his trophies, which for a sick man, made a capital display. These included a moose head, with an antler spread of fifty-four inches, a couple of moose hams (to give his friends at home a taste of the food that in his opinion beat all patent breakfast foods), the skins of a black bear and a red deer. The district Mr. King visited was the north of Lake Timiskaming, and in speaking of his experiences there, he declared it to be a veritable "sportsmen's paradise" and said that all sportsmen who followed his example must be grateful to the Canadian Pacific Railway for opening up such a district to them.



At the Sportsman's Snow in New York, I had occasion to watch the ways of the carpenters. They would not work at all on Saturday afternoon, but were anxious to come on at night or on Sunday morning at \$1 per hour. One large employer said, I want to work all night Saturday, but the afternoon off means the saloon and the men are no use to me on Saturday night. I will employ the sober ones on Sunday morning. I must say that the men I employed were smart and sober and I rather sympathised with the half holiday idea in spite of its abuse by many.

I met Mr. L. O. Armstrong of the Canadian Pacific, Mr. Smith, representing the New Brunswick government; Mr. Chambers who is there on behalf of Quebec, Mr. Charlton of the Grand Trunk, Mr. Creighton of the Intercolonial, and Mr. Chalfee of the Richelieu and Ontario Company.

My patriotism was gratified to see that Canada was seven-eighths of the Sports-

man's Show. Now let us hope that Canadians, whether they be of the governing class or the governed, will do their utmost to preserve our laws about protecting fish and game and forest.

In the Canadian exhibit, I saw such leading men as Dr. R. T. Morris, I. W. Addicks, Dan Bears and many other leaders in finance and sport.

Wm. and James Brewster, the Banff guides, who won the competition in throwing the diamond hitch three years ago, are doing a great deal for British Columbia. They are quiet gentlemanly fellows and have won many friends among society men in New York. Some of these are capitalists, who have invested money in the Brewster enterprise, and who can furnish what the Canadian Rockies have wanted badly for a long time, viz:—Men, horses, canoes and outfits for parties of all kinds and of any number.

It would be well if Rod and Gun published a very complete list of Canadian guides, in every province from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I find that a great many Americans not only take the magazine, but read it.



We publish the following letter from Mr. Shudham S. Hill, who holds the position of Fleet Paymaster in the Royal Navy, and who writes strongly on the question of fishing clubs. There is an argument on the other side, and our columns will be open to whoever will present it in a fair and sportsmanlike way. This is the letter:—

2 Fabrique Street, Quebec,

Jan. 12, '05.

To the Editor of Rod and Gun in Canada:

Sir,—I have always been fond of sport of all kinds, more especially fishing and shooting. I therefore wish to lay before you what I consider the most iniquitous laws by which a few to the detriment of thousands are debarred from the privilege of fishing and shooting over the greater part of opened country in this Province, by clubs.

Population of Province.....1,648,898

Say one in twenty of population would fish and shoot to be charged \$1.00 license..... \$ 82,449

Say 5,000 wish to salmon fish \$5 license	25,000
3,000 aliens, \$30.00 license	90,000
	\$197,449
Present income to Government, minus \$8,000 to the guardians	37,212
	\$160,237
Increase to Government... ..	\$160,237

By this arrangement a right and only justice would be conferred upon 82,449 taxpayers and a gain to Government of \$160,237, and allowing a sixth (\$26,706) of this to pay guardians, keep boats and roads in repair a net profit of \$133,531 over and above all expenses.

Almost the whole of the surveyed lands of the Province excepting the Park are leased to some 373 clubs and fisheries of an average of six members; in all 2,238 persons, to the exclusion and injustice of the rights of 1,648,898, the present population of the Province.

Who are these 2,238 that monopolize nearly all the lakes and rivers? Nearly half are aliens.

In some clubs a territory of many square miles, including some dozen of lakes and rivers is leased for some \$50 to some six members. In the same reserve there is ample fishing and shooting for hundreds for the few days yearly that they have time for sport.

Many of the clubs have erected expensive houses and made passes to the several lakes. These would not be in any way interfered with until the lease expired, then the Government could remunerate the clubs for their outlay.

At the expiration of leases the Government could improve and enlarge these club houses, leaving them in charge of guardians and charging a small fee per day to those who would occupy them and use the boats. These rents would pay the guardians. These guardians ought to be trustworthy and well paid, and live there summer and winter.

If sportsmen did not wish to go to the expense of making use of the club house, they could bring their own tents or fit up a shelter as they might require, but still to pay for the use of the boats.

By these means I feel certain a better return from all lakes and rivers would be

the case, for one and all would see that his neighbour fished and shot legally.

Many of the lakes are swarming with cannibal fish such as lunge, and these ought to be exterminated if possible.

Lunge from six pounds to twenty pounds are hardly ever caught by ordinary means. These live entirely on trout and other small fish.

One of these fish is responsible for the loss of thousands of trout that would take the fly.

Nets of a mesh that would take nothing below a six pound fish might be used by the guardians for the capture of such vermin as the lunge.

Fish passes or ladders are not in many of the dams, consequently salmon that would go up to good spawning beds are now prevented and of course not increasing, which they would do if access over or through these dams was given them according to law.

I am told the United States sportsmen spend a large sum at these clubs, which benefits the Province—so they may spend a few thousands, but my plan would give twenty times the income, for I feel sure by having the before mentioned rules carried out, not one sportsman would stop coming, but it would bring an increased number when they knew they were not restricted to one place for their sport as is now the case.

Some from the States to whom I have spoken told me they did not care a straw about the fish they would catch, but they liked to get into the wilds of the country for a change.

My plan would answer this.

At present they are restricted to certain parts and those parts only, for hardly can any one go a quarter of a mile or so, but he is told, "you are on such and such club ground."

Again, who are these clubmen? Men with money, so that a poor man like myself cannot join.

Many Canadians, members of clubs, to whom I have told these proposals, said they would gladly see them carried out, as clubs entailed heavy expenses, but unless they belonged to one or other club, they would have no fishing or shooting.

Some of the clubs are established as a

speculation, as the following advertisements will show:—

FISHING RIGHTS FOR SALE.

The unexpired lease of one of the best sea trout rivers (the Escuminac) in the Province of Quebec. Easily accessible. Terms low. For particulars inquire of J. W. Barney, Southboro, Mass.

—
FOR LEASE—ONE OF THE BEST Salmon rivers in Canada. Will accommodate four rods. Address I. W. Adams, 93 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

—
 Such being the case, why are the rights of every citizen to fish and shoot so bartered away?

From time immemorial from the foot of Montmorency Falls to the River St. Lawrence has been fished by the public (I myself have fished there for 20 years.) Now all is stopped by the Quebec Light and Power Co., who have no more right to

stop it than they have to stop a person walking the public roads, but such is the power of money over justice and right.

Trout under 5½ inches in length ought not to be caught. I have seen several pounds of trout taken from four inches to five inches in length, certainly not for eating, but to brag of numbers caught.

The foregoing I laid before the Minister of Marine and Fisheries last year, when I was informed "The Department is not prepared to take any steps at present in the way you suggest."

I would call the attention of all voters at elections, when they will have it in their power, to have these unjust laws cancelled by insisting upon the members promising to do so. Then would one and all be able to have some fishing and shooting and the Province be many thousands of dollars to the good over the present income.

We have just received the new Marlin Catalog for 1905 containing full details of Marlin repeating rifles, 22 to 45 calibre, and Marlin repeating shotguns, 12 and 16 gauge. It also has a section on ammunition, giving proper loads of black and smokeless powders and telling what bullets may be used in the various sizes. A third section has chapters devoted to "Care of Rifle," "Sighting Rifles," "Reloading Ammunition," "Low Pressure Powders," "High Power Powders," "How to Lubricate Bullets," Accuracy, Velocity, Trajectory and Penetration," "The Choice

of a Rifle" and many other similar topics.

The cover is in colors, showing two hunters sitting on a log resting and waiting for the savory meal looking over the camp-fire, their guns and dog close at hand, while one graphically relates to the other the story of "A Great Shot."

You can get a copy of this 128-page book with hundreds of illustrations, by mentioning this paper and sending three stamps for postage to The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.





BOVRIL

IS
**INVALUABLE TO
the SPORTSMAN**

After a hard day's fishing in a cold drizzling rain a cup of hot Bovril is always appreciated.

**WARMING
NOURISHING
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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.
ROD AND GUN IN CANADA does not assume any responsibility for, or necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

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Price, 10 cents a Number. \$1.00 a year.

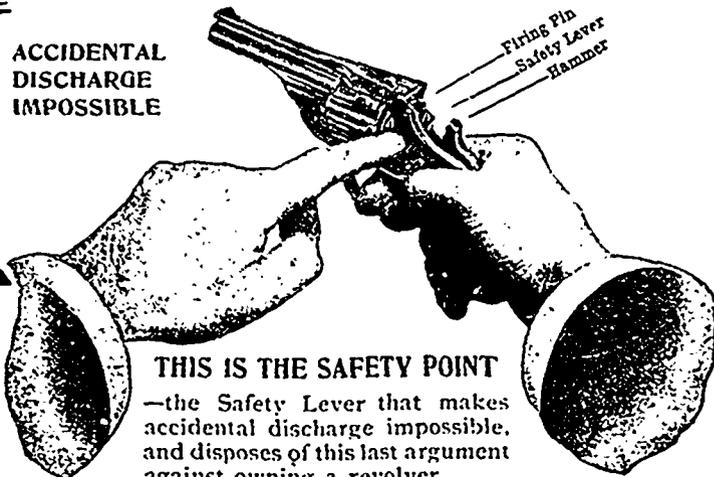
Office of Publication, Woodstock, Ontario.

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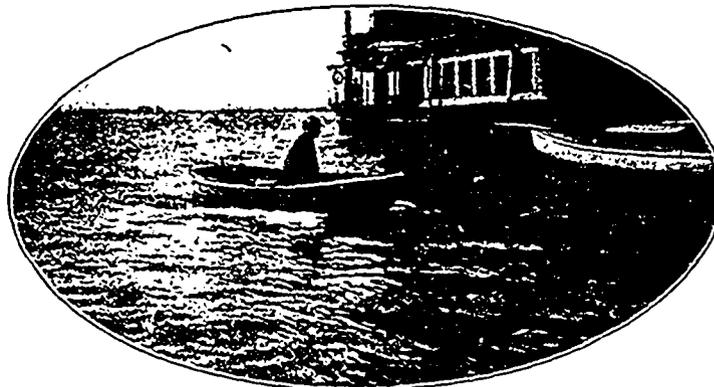
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—the Safety Lever that makes
accidental discharge impossible,
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The safety principle: The firing pin is entirely separate from the hammer and cannot be struck without the aid of the Safety Lever; the Safety Lever is put into operation *only* by deliberately pulling the trigger. That's why you can "Hammer the Hammer" of an IVER JOHNSON or throw the arm around anywhere—any way—it can't possibly go off.

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PRICES:
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18 FOOT DORY { 2 H. P. \$200.00.
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NEW SUPERIOR MARINE MOTORS

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Sole Builders of Complete Motor Boats in Canada

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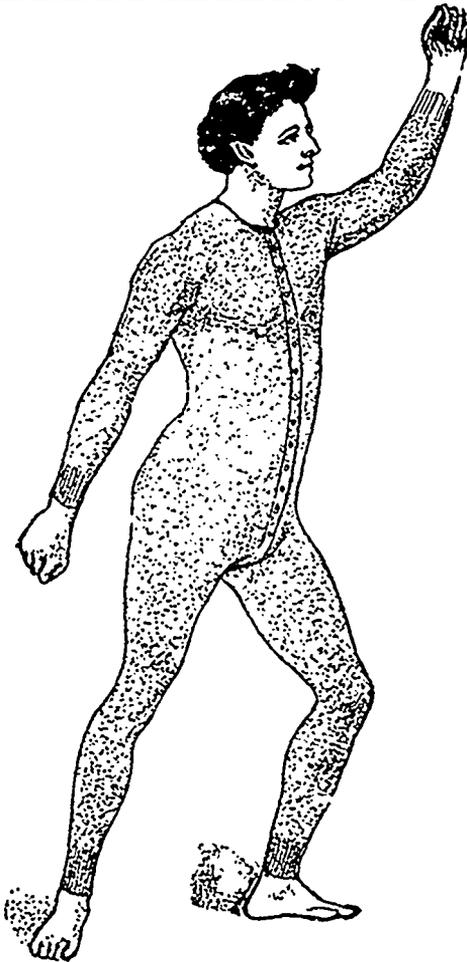


Spiral wire shows shape of cleaner core (Garrison Pat.)



The core of the cleaner is a spring tempered SPIRAL wire strung with sections of soft brass gauze washers, separated by smaller brass washers, except in the small calibers. The brushes are a little smaller than the bore of rifle or revolver. This allows the spring to force but one side of each brush against the bore. Thus they follow the twist, reach into every angle of the entire rifling and RAPIDLY remove all lead, copper, rust or powder residue. Exceedingly durable. Sold by dealers or direct, '50c. Mention caliber. Strongly jointed rod, \$1. All our specialties described in catalog U.

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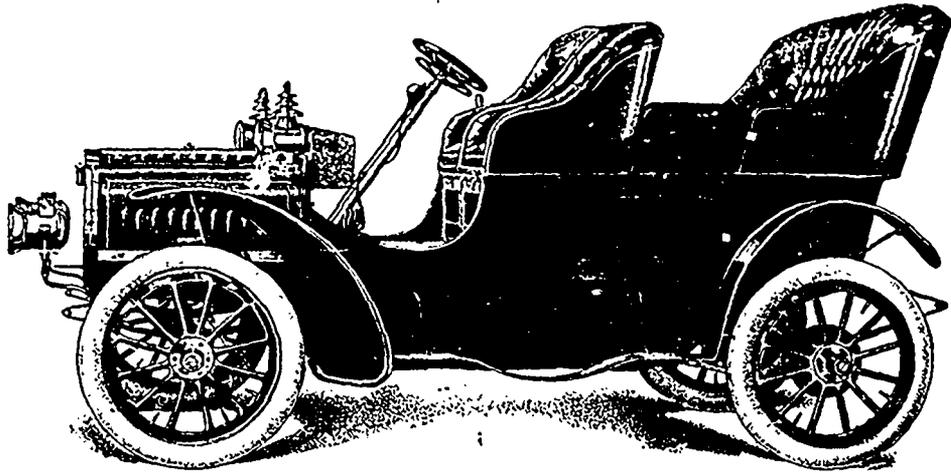
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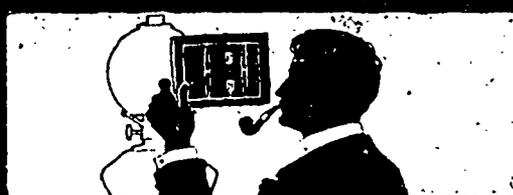
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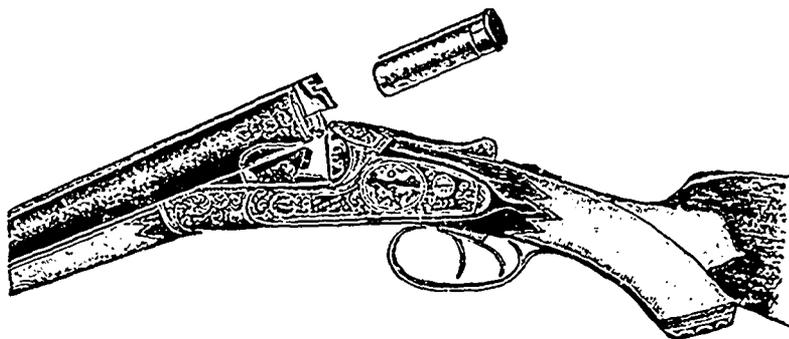
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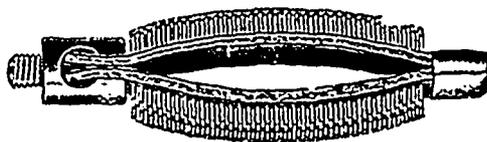
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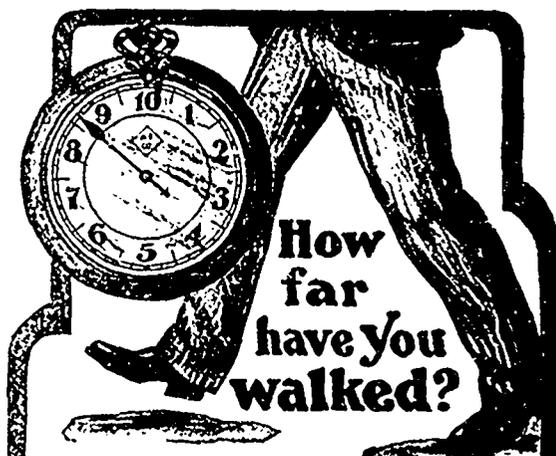
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ALEX. DEY,

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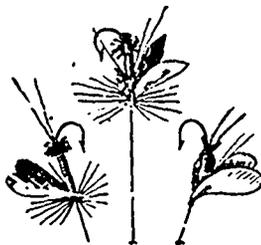
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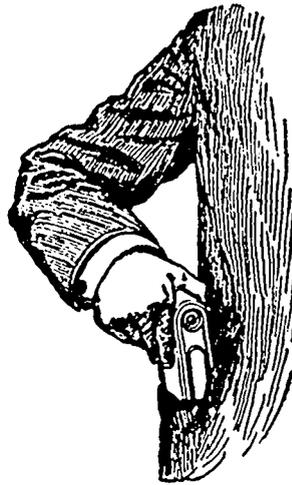
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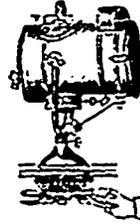
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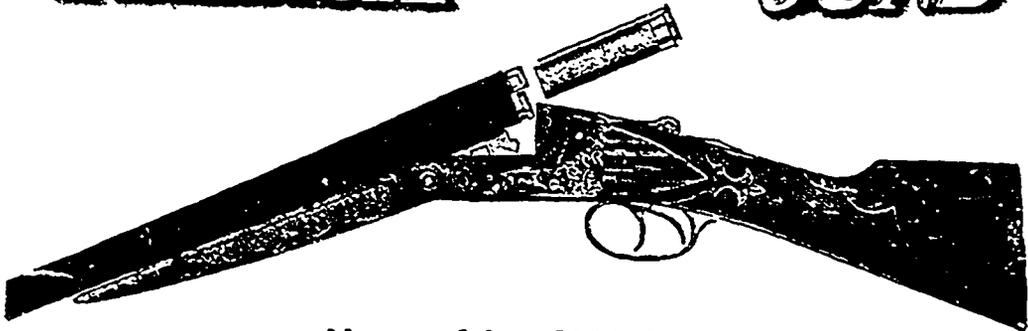
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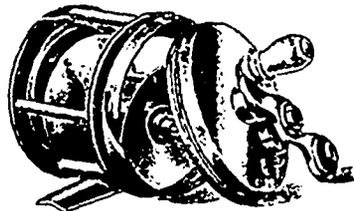
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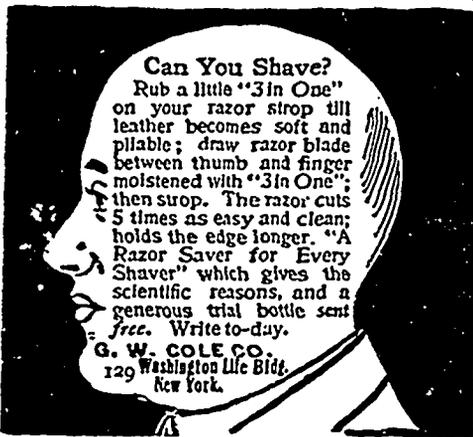
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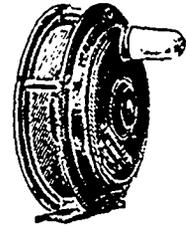
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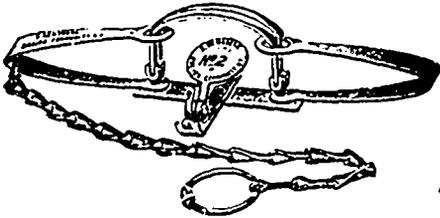
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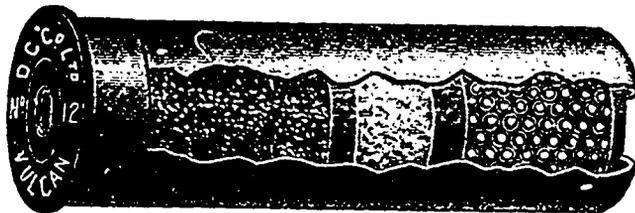
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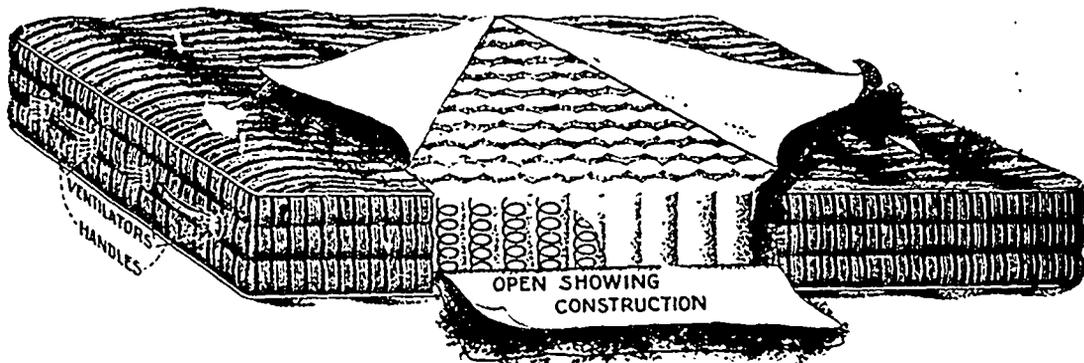
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A Day of Good Sport
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Good Fresh Air is the Greatest Germ Killer and Healthiest Renovator there is. **The Marshall Sanitary Mattress Breathes** it all the time, by means of ventilators. The interior is an air chamber supported by springs.

You Take No Chance

In buying as the Mattress is guaranteed for five years, and sold subject to thirty days trial. If not satisfactory your money will be returned.

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"It stands in a class by itself. The highest exponent of intellect, ingenuity and enterprise." From a writer in the American Field.

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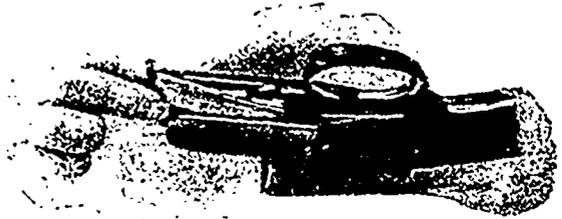


Fig 1.

Note the absence of SCREW or pin-heads on the side of the gun.



Fig. 2.

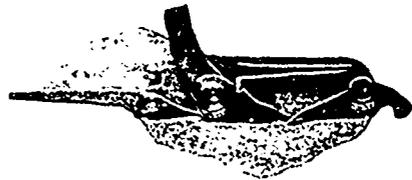


Fig. 3.

Fig. 1 shows the simple manner in which the lock is detached or replaced. Fig. 2 shows the bottom cover plate with spring catch at end to secure it in position. Fig. 3 shows the detachable lock, containing hammer, mainspring spring, sear, sear spring and cocking lever.

In every hammerless gun there are hammers, mainsprings, sears, sear springs, and cocking levers. Some of these are liable to go wrong. When attending a tournament, or starting on a three weeks' hunting trip, it makes you mighty comfortable and easy to know that in case of a mishap to your lock you have a duplicate which can be inserted in ten seconds.

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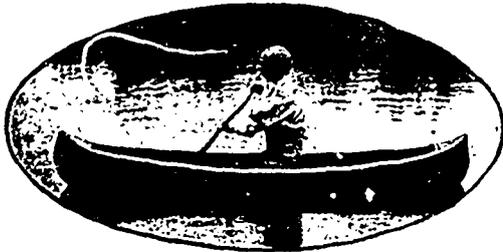
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OUR MODELS ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR GRACE AND BEAUTY



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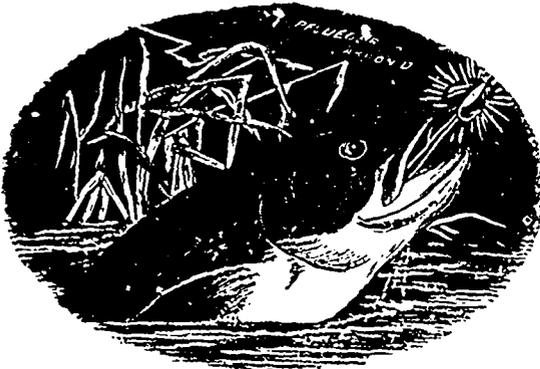
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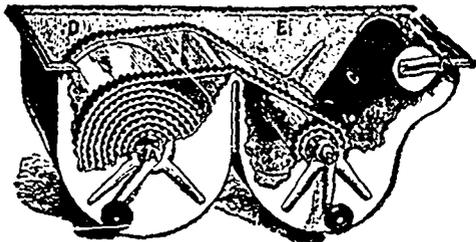
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