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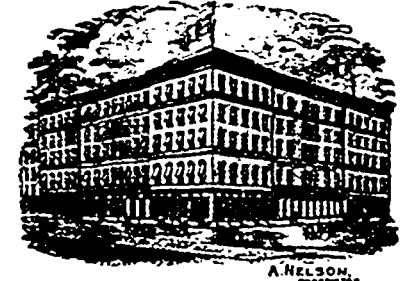
CANADIANS ABROAD SAY
Can you send over some Trap? I don't mean to flatter but it is ahead of anything we get here.—A. W. W., Batavia, N. Y.

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OF
CANADA.

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if satisfactory. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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ROD AND GUN PUBLISHING CO.,
603 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

THE BIG GAME OF CANADA.

Intending visitors from the United States who desire to hunt moose, caribou and deer next autumn, should remember that the Dominion of Canada permits the export of the legal number of lawfully killed moose, caribou and deer under suitable restrictions, by non-resident sportsmen exhibiting the provincial license to hunt. Any person desiring further information can obtain a copy of the regulations by addressing ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.

We understand a movement is to be made to ask the Dominion Government to encourage rifle shooting, the intention being not to confine such encouragement to the military, but to include any man who desires to practice with the military or any other kind of rifle. There are many men who do not wish to join military organizations for various reasons, but who enjoy rifle shooting, and if given good facilities for target practice would take advantage of them—but the ranges must be fairly convenient of access and not involve too much time and expense to reach. Montreal's experience in this respect for some years back is an object lesson of the necessity of means of ready access; special railway trains to the ranges are well enough, but not always

desirable, besides adding materially to the expense of practice. The present Boer war has shown the value of export rifle shooting so clearly as to make argument really unnecessary.

PROHIBIT THE COMMERCIAL EXPORT OF SPECKLED TROUT.

As announced in our May number, Ontario has passed a wise law prohibiting the export of speckled trout, black bass and maskinonge, excepting the lawful catch for two days of a summer visitor. This excellent lead should be followed at once by Quebec. There have been many tons of speckled trout exported from Quebec which have been sold on the Boston, New York and other U. S. markets, that will eventually figure a loss to the province about as per following estimate per 1,000 pounds:

1,000 lbs. at 10c. to the man who catches them	\$100.00
Profit to the Quebec middle-man, say	100.00

Total outside money per 1,000 lbs. disbursed in Canada	\$ 200.00
20 non-resident anglers catching 50 lbs. each and disbursing \$50.00 each	\$1000.00

Estimated loss to the Province per 1,000 lbs.	\$ 800.00
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Of course these figures are an estimate merely, but the above stated loss is irrespective of incidental advantages derived from attracting non-resident anglers, and the figures represent approximately what the hard facts will be if this drain is not stopped. We are not needless alarmists—we are in possession of facts to substantiate if need be our statements that many tons of trout have been exported each year, and are being exported this month, and while there are many tons still in our many thousand lakes, we point out the danger now and urge action at once to stop further depletion.

Anglers who visit the northern shores

of the Georgian Bay this summer will find among the Desbarats islands for a short time, a unique exposition of fishing. We understand that under the direction of skilled artists, the Indians will give a representation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and in the drama will necessarily reproduce the catching of the sturgeon Nahma; Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes, with probably the preliminary hauling in of Maskenozha the pike. If this is all well done it should prove interesting and lend a zest to a summer outing in that region.

It is understood there is to be a sportsmen's exhibition in Chicago in December, 1900, which will be under the management of Mr. R. E. Follett who had charge of a similar exhibition in St. Louis in September, 1899. If the past rivalry between these cities is a criterion, Chicago will endeavor to make the forthcoming show a great success.

Montgomery County, Maryland, has the rather unique distinction of legislation to protect fox hunting, a state law having been approved April 10th last making it a misdemeanor to "Knowingly shoot a fox whilst the same is being chased by hounds under the charge of fox hunters." It is said that this law was passed with special reference to one man who delighted in shooting Brer Fox whenever possible ahead of the hounds.

As an illustration of the fact that the world generally contains much less big game now than it contained a few years ago may be cited the recently formed international conference on the protection of big game in Africa, which met in England for the first time in April.

The American Fisheries Society will hold its annual meeting at the U.S. Fish Commission Station, Woods Hole Mass., on July 18, 19 and 20. The first Vice-President of the North American

Fish and Game Protection Association, Mr. John W. Titcomb of Vermont is President of the Fisheries Society.

◇ ◇ ◇

At the recent session of the Ontario Legislature, the wolf scalp bounty was made \$15.00.

◇ ◇ ◇

A recent case of game law violation tried in Wilkesbarre, Pa., cost the two law-breakers nearly \$600.

◇ ◇ ◇

That active organization, the New Brunswick Tourist Association, has commenced its 1900 campaign by the issue of a very attractive pamphlet entitled, "St. John, New Brunswick, City of the Loyalists." The booklet is a really handsome work, excellently printed on fine paper with fine half-tone illustrations.

◇ ◇ ◇

A misprint in our May issue shows the open season for quail in Ontario as Sept. 15 to Dec. 15. It should be October 15 to Dec. 15.

◇ ◇ ◇

The Maine state guide law having been decided to be constitutional it will hereafter be uncomfortable for any Maine guide to continue to disobey it.

◇ ◇ ◇

We are very pleased to note the formation on June 7th of the Wholesale Druggists' Rifle Club of Montreal, and hope it will be followed by many similar organizations. Rifle Clubs are fairly numerous in the United States, and there should be no reason why Canada should not have many associations devoted to rifle practice. The Boer war has amply demonstrated that the prime necessity is skilful rifle shots. Smokeless ammunition and long range rifles demand the highest skill in the man behind the gun, and this can be obtained by becoming members of such organizations as the Wholesale Druggists' Rifle Club, and practice.

Dr. Robert T. Morris, well known in the United States, expresses his opinion of cold storage as "unwholesome, thus:

"In meats, especially, in cold storage game, the toxins do not often accumulate in sufficient quantity to produce dangerous symptoms, but they are apt to cause severe gastro-intestinal irritation, and I presume few people who have eaten much cold storage game have failed to suffer at least from diarrhoea."



By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O.

Even supposing he happens to see you advancing, coming up wind to him, and you are not near enough for a good shot, or even if you be in the very act of raising your gun, he will not take alarm if only you instantly stand stock-still, as if about to have your photograph taken. He will raise himself upon his hind legs and gaze at you, while you remain for a few seconds in an attitude as stiff as a poker. He takes you then for a tree, so down he goes on all fours again and recommences feeding, while you instantly get a few paces nearer preparatory to your shot, which you probably get just as he raises himself on his hind legs for the second time. Nearly all the bears in the district round Lake St. John are black ones, and some are of great size. Although their principal food is of berries, they are not at all particular what they eat, and they are just as fond of fish, mutton or pork as of a fruit diet. One that was kept captively at a house where I was proved this, when he escaped by instantly pursuing a neighboring farmer's pig. He had captured and disembowelled the pig by a blow of his paws before the farmer and an Indian between them did him to death with guns.

In the country on the plateau there were signs of bears everywhere, but we had no time to hunt properly before encamping for the night on the borders of a beautiful little lake, which was full of pike.

Here, after amusing myself in cutting down a dead tree for the camp fire, in which operation I think that the late Mr. Gladstone would easily have given me points, I caught a four-pound pike, which came in handy for breakfast next day. We had brought plenty of fish along with us for supper that night. As I caught this pike with a bait on my little fly rod, he gave me great fun to pull in. Moreover, he twice sprang high up into the air, just like an ouanatche or a black bass.

The following day was occupied in alternately crossing various hills and a chain of lakes, chiefly connected with each other by small creeks winding

through the forest-clad valleys. Here we had an experience I cannot say that I am at all anxious to repeat. After traversing a charming little lake, in the sedges of which I observed with interest the dome-shaped mounds erected by the muskrats as their homes, we entered a small creek called the "Creek aux Aunets," or the Stream of the little Alder trees. Once we had entered that creek we found ourselves in a tunnel of trees and matted bushes. For three or four miles of its winding course the alder trees and willows interlaced everywhere thickly overhead, and grew in the water at each side as well. For two mortal hours, poling and dragging by sheer force, did we drive the canoe up the current of the swift little stream through that terrible network of bushes. We thought that never should we come to an end of its horrible darksome shades. We were all three of us again and again nearly blinded by boughs springing back in our faces, and all had our hands torn and bleeding by the time that we were able to emerge from this terrible place and disembark.

We now found ourselves in a "Savanne," or mossy swamp, through which we had to portage, sinking well up to our ankles in the mire, after which we passed through a chain of three beautiful lakes, all connected by short canals with each other. These lakes are celebrated for the enormous pike they contain, and the water was so clear that we could easily see the large fish swimming about below the canoe. The Indians net them freely. We camped at the end of the third lake and had a heavy rainstorm in the night, which made the forests so wet we could not start until pretty late next morning across the final portage leading us to Lac a Jim. On this portage I found two bears' skulls, which showed how thick the brutes must be in the district. We embarked on Lac a Jim at 9.30 a.m., and never have I seen a more beautiful piece of winding water scenery than was "Jim's Lake." For, looking down the lake from the extreme south-eastern end,

where we stepped into our canoe, such a vista of successive curved bays and rounded headlands was presented to the eye as I have never seen elsewhere. It was as though a skillful skater had, in a succession of outside and inside edges, cut out the original design for the lake upon a piece of clear ice. The bays were sometimes sandy, the headlands were wooded, and at frequent intervals great wall-like faces of rock descended sheer down into the water. It was indeed a beautiful place.

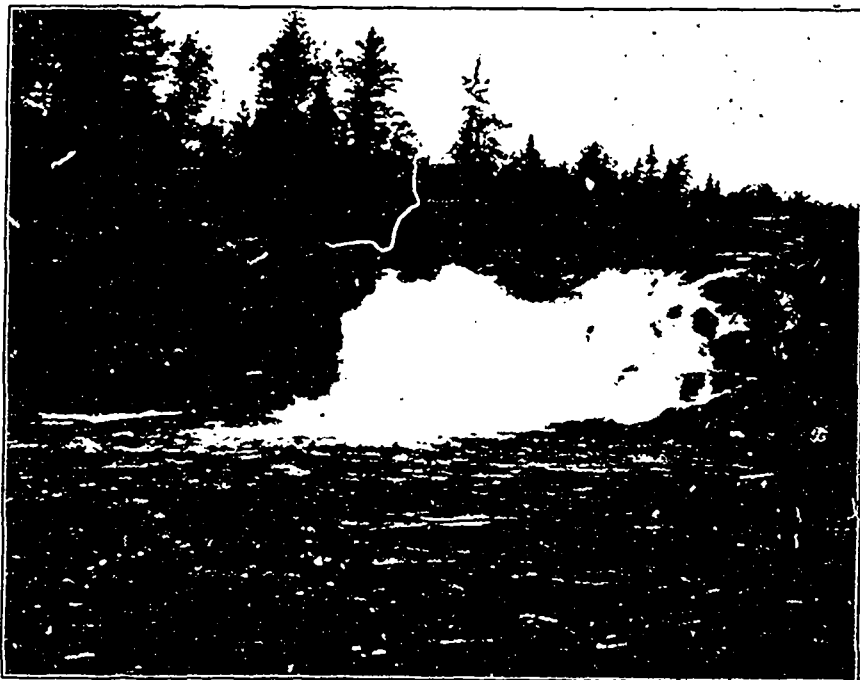
This lake contains abundance of all sorts of fish—ouananiche, trout of two varieties, but in no great quantity, several kinds of carp, pike, chub, whitefish and dore. The Indians get great quantities in nets, and we saw one or two large ouananiche rising in the first two or three bays that we traversed. A cold northwest wind, however, was blowing right in our teeth and kept the fish from taking. Therefore, although we trolled for nine miles down the lake we never got a fish. One good turn the cold wind did for us though it killed off the mosquitos and black flies. We never saw one after reaching Lac a Jim. The second variety of trout found here has been named by Mr. A. N. Cheney, Gdens Falls, N.Y., Salvemus Marstoni, after Mr. Mars on, the well-known editor of the Fishing Gazette.

Before leaving Lac a Jim, which we did in the teeth of a gale of wind, we passed the mouths of the two rivers that feed it, the Miquachasse and the Washamishka, the latter flowing in just where the river that empties the lake flows out. Indeed it is probable that not more than half of the waters of the Washamishka enter the lake at all, the rest flowing away at once down the Discharge.

Just before arriving at the mouth of the former river we saw some interesting trophies of bear skulls erected by the Indians on poles in a prominent place on an island. The Indians have some ancient superstition connected with this sticking up of bears' skulls, and the sons do it in the same places as their fathers did it before them. Although they are now all Christians the Indians still have various superstitious customs which they keep up with reference to bear hunting. For instance, there is a certain hunter, a Montagnais Indian named Napanne, living in the Indian reserve near Roberval, who will never go out after bear without first going through a curious ceremony. Having

attired himself in a sleeveless rose-colored shirt, and nothing else but a heavenly smile, he lies down all night upon a quantity of stones heated in the fire and covered with a blanket. He says that it makes him dream whether he will kill a bear or not, but as the stones are very hot his chances of dreaming at all are doubtful. The Indians also have some curious customs connected with the raising of a bogie called Waubanou. There is no doubt that there is some occult busi-

ness in addition to the thousands that one can see, showing at or above the surface. And the current is so terribly swift that it is impossible to run these rapids in the ordinary way, that is, just by choosing the safest looking place, keeping a bold heart and then going straight on. We tried this upon several occasions and were very nearly drowned in consequence, as we ran at full speed upon rock after rock where least expected. Fortunately the birch bark bottom was tough and only bent,



Falls at Mouth of Magpie River, Northern Ontario.

ness about this, and that it very much resembles spiritualism as practiced by white people. I have met with the same kind of spiritualism among the Indians of Northern Manitoba, but as it only comes in here as having formed a subject for conversation round the camp fire one night, I will not go into it further at present.

The day after leaving Lac a Jim was one of the most disagreeable and dangerous that ever I passed, for the river down which we had to journey for thirty miles down to the mighty Mistassini, is nothing else than a tearing, foaming rapid for three parts of its length, and an ordinary easy rapid for the remainder. It has no proper name up to the present, but it certainly ought to be christened the Riviere aux Roches. For it is full of hidden rocks and stones everywhere, in ad-

dition to the thousands that one can see, showing at or above the surface. And the current is so terribly swift that it is impossible to run these rapids in the ordinary way, that is, just by choosing the safest looking place, keeping a bold heart and then going straight on. We tried this upon several occasions and were very nearly drowned in consequence, as we ran at full speed upon rock after rock where least expected. Fortunately the birch bark bottom was tough and only bent,

did not tear, and as we kept our heads cool and kept the canoe's head straight, we always got off again with nothing worse than a shock and a little excitement, such as having to spring out on to a sunken stone. But as it was raining in torrents half of the day, and in many places we had to leave the river altogether and to force our way with canoe and baggage through terrible thickets in the forest, where there were absolutely no vestiges of portage trails, we had indeed an awful time. So finding the woods too wet and difficult, we would at times go back to the river and "jump" a bit more of the rapids and run on more rocks and stones and ship more water.

The last four miles, down to where we camped, was one continuous rapid, and we managed to run three-quarters of it in safety. But the last mile be-

ing simply one seething mass of foam, we had to pass the canoe down empty with a hand line, though how we all got along the sides, over the large slippery rocks and boulders, is a wonder. But we slipped the canoe with the baggage safely down over hundreds of places where she would not have gone with even one man in her. At last, just as night was falling, we managed to reach the end of that awful rapid and re-embark. When five minutes later we came across a splen-

glittering splendidly in the frosty morning's sun, but we had no inclination to go up stream a single yard for a closer inspection. For we knew that we had eleven other sets of foaming falls and cataracts of the Mistassini to meet and portage around before we should have done with that river. Moreover, we were very anxious to pass a night or so in camp at our old happy hunting, or, rather, fishing grounds, at the fifth splendid cataract before taking the Blue steamer Colon,

However, as the portage round each successive foaming falls was accomplished, we embarked anew in our frail craft in the tearing race of the heavy rapids below, and dashed off down the frantic river once more.

Even in the smooth-looking places the waters swirled and swelled ominously; often where nothing could be seen to denote any danger, a dark boiling eddy or backwater, seizing the canoe and twirling it halfway round, despite the vigorous paddling of the splendidly alert, careful and skilful canoe men. At length night fell, and scarcely anything could be discovered save the huge masses of white foam, looking like great white bears floating helplessly in the dark waters. The scene became weird and wild in the extreme, while to make it more melancholy still the shrill, plaintive note of the "rossignol de nuit" floated, as though the sad cry of some lost soul in pain, wearily across the darkening forest, mingling with and yet clearly distinct from the sound of the rushing of the torrents.

At length, after successfully negotiating a dangerous rapid where my two guides' respective brothers, Tommy Perron and Thomas Larouche, were upset and nearly drowned not long since, we were unable to proceed another yard without certain risk of destruction. We therefore clambered ashore up the rocks and clearing a little space of the broken fallen trees in a mossy pine wood, soon had a blazing fire of logs ten feet long to enliven the scene. Then by the flickering light of the camp fire and to the accompaniment of the music of the camp kettles we were soon engaged in fixing the little tents and gathering the aromatic branches of the Canada balsam whereon to seek our well-deserved repose after an eventful day.

Daylight only showed us the wisdom of the course we had pursued in camping for the night. Had we not done so we should probably have been sucked in from afar by the current and carried bodily over the great falls forty feet high. As it was, exactly at eight o'clock a.m. we commenced to fish in the magnificent pools below the tremendous Cascades known as the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini. Almost at once in a foam-covered whirlpool at the foot of the rocks I hooked a splendid ouananiche, who took over twenty minutes to land. And directly afterwards I had another one equally lively on the fly. And as he was eaten at our breakfast on the beautiful little



Falls on Mehicipicton River, Northern Ontario.

did place for camping, where, too, we found plenty of dry wood to make a fine fire, to say that we were all three grateful would very slightly express our feelings. Having repaired the canoe and dried the things, the following day we managed to run down the rest of that exciting river at a splendid pace, without once disembarking. We calculated that we did about twelve miles in very little over an hour on that occasion. It was indeed grand. We only once touched a sunken stone, and did not strike it hard. And then, after finally dashing down through a little rocky gorge, where our river closed into a width of only some fifty feet, we soon emerged upon the grand Mistassini, a little below the magnificent Twelfth falls of that river, whose roaring we had heard across the hills for long before. These splendid falls, called the Chute de la Savanne, were

which trafficked up the river for the remaining forty miles back across the Lake of St. John. This steamer runs to the Trappist monastery, at the junction of Mistassini and Mistisibi. It was a race against time to get down if possible that night to the rocky islet at the fifth falls before dark; moreover, as there were numerous channels around the wooded rocky islands dividing the different sets of cascades and rapids, we did not always know where we ought to portage. Thus we twice made mistakes and had to retrace our course, after having unnecessarily crossed dangerous channels with tremendous currents just at the head of fearful waterfalls. Moreover, as evening fell, the huge sloping rocks, over which we had to transport canoe and baggage, became very slippery, making moving across them in moon-clad feet most dangerous.

island between the two great falls, with the record of this capture, which was succeeded by many another, will I close this history of an exciting canoe trip in the northern rivers. For the rest of the journey down the Mistassini to its junction with the Mistassibi, although grand and wild enough to please the most fastidious mind, was already familiar to me; moreover it was as nothing to what I have already described. One thing only have I omitted to chronicle, that we saw the most brilliant Aurora Borealis almost every night of the trip.

On arrival at the boat we heard that two young fellows who had left Roberval at the same time as myself had been drowned in the Saguenay, and their guides nearly drowned also, so we were all three thankful to have returned in safety from our dangerous but delightful expedition.

THE MONTREAL HORSE SHOW.

Saturday, May 5th was the closing day of Montreal's initial Horse Show, which was held at the Arena Ring under the auspices of the Montreal Hunt. There were between four and five hundred entries, which circumstance speaks well for this, the first attempt of the kind in the Province.

The idea was unquestionably novel to most of our prominent horse owners, and as a result a large proportion of the prizes was carried off by Mr. George Pepper, of Toronto, and Mr. Adam Beck, of London. The prizes taken by Mr. H. Montagu Allan and Mr. J. Alex. Stevenson were, however, well-merited and very popular. The attendance, though not large, was fair throughout the entire three days' programme. Montreal's representative people were in strong evidence each evening, the interest and enthusiasm culminating to a marked degree on Saturday night. The judges were Dr. Andrew Smith, of Toronto; W. Staunton Elliott, S. W. Taylor, George B. Hulme, of New York; Wm. Hendrie, jr., of Hamilton, and James Caruthers, also of Toronto, all well known and thoroughly conversant with the duties which their office entailed.

The Horse Show is undoubtedly here to stay, and with a very few improvements and additions there is no good reason why in Montreal it should not annually be the feature of the season, as it is in New York, Philadelphia, Toronto and elsewhere.

The only American arms companies exhibiting at the Paris Exhibition are the Smith and Wesson and the Savage Arms Company.

There are said to be nearly one hundred organizations in Canada and the United States devoted to fox hunting.

FISHING IN THE PORCUPINE HILLS.

By Lawrence J. Burpee.

The Canadian Northwest boasts of an astonishing number of miniature mountain ranges going by the name of the Porcupine Hills. The particular range which forms the scene of the present sketch, lies parallel to the eastern slope of the Rockies, forty or fifty miles north of the International Boundary. Fort Macleod, an old trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and now a small town of ambitious views, lies near the southern end of the Hills, and the Crow's Nest branch of the railway, which at the time of our visit was in course of construction, but is now completed, runs around the southern spur of the Porcupine Hills, and so on into the Foot Hills and the Crow's Nest Pass.

Three of us found ourselves in Fort Macleod one bright mid-summer day, having been sent there by a benevolent Government at Ottawa on official business, of interest to the natives, but not to the general public. We had put in a fortnight of exceedingly tiring work, taking evidence in the stuffy little court-room, in our shirt sleeves, with the thermometer anywhere between 80 and 90 degrees in the shade. In spite of manifold temptations we stuck manfully at work until, at length, to our joy, a day arrived when for the time being our evidence had panned out, and we were compelled to put in a couple of days of enforced, but oh, so welcome, idleness.

The officers of the mounted police—a splendid lot of fellows, manly, brave as lions, and absolutely open-hearted—had immediately on our arrival made us members of both the inspectors' mess and the sergeants' mess, and we had already been indebted to them for many pleasant evenings spent at the barracks, listening to toothsome yarns of the old days when white men and braves were not on quite such familiar terms as they are at present, and tribal wars were a monthly occurrence.

The sergeants in the Mounted Police are not, by the way, what one would expect to find non-commissioned officers. They are as a rule the social equals of the chief officers, men of good birth and education. In matters of discipline, however, they are subject to the same strict control as in the army.

One of the inspectors, an enthusiastic fisherman proposed that we should fill in our two days' holiday by driving out to a creek in the neighborhood (he spoke of it as if it was around the corner, although we had to drive thirty odd miles—people have large ideas of distance in the west) where we could get excellent trout fishing. We, of course, jumped at the idea, and all arrangements were accordingly made

for an early start the following morning.

Before the sun had risen far above the prairie, the big police waggon rumbled up to the door of the primitive hotel where we had found temporary lodging. We all tumbled in, and, amid the yells of a crowd of small boys, were off through the one long rambling street of the town, past a picturesque group of Blood Indians and their squaws, past the barracks, across a bridge spanning the snow-fed waters of the Bow River, and out onto the open prairie.

Our party consisted of the commissioner, our host the police inspector, two of his constables, who were to look after the horses and make themselves generally useful, a detective, and the writer. We had left all cares and responsibilities behind us in Macleod, and were prepared to enjoy ourselves thoroughly, no matter what happened, rain or sunshine, cold or heat.

It was a glorious sensation to be flying over the open prairie, behind four lively horses, who entered thoroughly into the spirit of the party, and enveloped us in a cloud of fine alkaline dust, which trailed far behind us to the vanishing point. The air was still cool and fresh—indeed it is always bracing on the prairie. There seems to be a peculiarly invigorating quality in the western atmosphere. One drinks in the air as on the sea. It affects you like good wine. You feel as if you could undertake any physical exploit, and face any difficulty, in such a climate.

When we were well out of sight of the barracks, and no prying eyes were near, we pulled out pipes and tobacco, and the inspector, with a last cautious glance around, produced from the secret recesses of his valise a stumpy bottle of rare old "Scotch." It was passed around with due solemnity, accompanied by the water flask. Then the pipes were lighted, the horses being brought to a walk for the purpose, and on we flew towards the misty outlines of the Porcupine Hills.

Does everyone know what a gopher is? I doubt it, as I have found very few people in Eastern Canada who did. In the West if you were to ask them, they would groan and say that they knew to their cost what a gopher was. As a matter of fact, it is a small animal, about the size, and having somewhat the appearance of a squirrel, without the latter's bushy tail. It infests the prairie everywhere, and wherever the poor rancher attempts to raise a field of grain, there the gopher most doth congregate, and makes himself at home, laying by a goodly stock of the ripe wheat for winter consumption. I have been told that it is no unusual thing for a western farmer in the spring to plough up as much as a bushel of grain in one burrow. The gopher is in fact to the West what the jack rabbit is to Australia. When I proposed to take a pair of them down East as pets, I was warned that I would be the ruin of the farmers of Ontario, and would earn the lasting hatred of my coun-

trymen. These gophers we saw everywhere along the trail. They would pop up in the most amusing way among the prairie grass, apparently from curiosity, and then scuttle off to the nearest hole. They have a curious habit of standing up on their hind legs and holding onto a stalk of the large prairie grass, while they nibble the grain. We suggested to the inspector that they were standing at attention in military fashion, to do honor to himself. He deprecated such extreme ceremony, and politely urged the gophers not to disturb themselves in the least over him.

It was only proper, of course, that fish stories should become the order of the day, and we vied with one another in gradually increasing the phenomenal number and size of our former catches. The inspector insisted, however, that nothing that we could "invent" (as he rudely expressed it) would equal the actual catches that we might look forward to in Trout Creek. Of course we were incredulous, but he smiled in a superior fashion, as one having special knowledge, and knowing whereof he spoke. He had been singing the praises of his favorite stream for the past week, and had had to endure a good deal of good-natured chaff on what we were pleased to consider his "fishy" account of the remarkable sport to be had

The previous day had been rather wet—in fact, very wet for the prairie—and, although there was no lick of dust, the hollows where the trail dipped down were a succession of mud holes, sticky and clinging, through which we struggled lumberingly with no small difficulty. The inspector glanced from time to time rather nervously around our conveyance, as it creaked ominously through some particularly vicious spot, the ice box and heavy baggage bumping heavily over the axle. He warned the driver to go carefully, as the strain on the axles was very severe. That worthy saluted respectfully, and for a time did ease up in the hollows, but he had had a little more liquid refreshment than the rest of the party, and it began to act after a time, and made him reckless both of his chief's orders and of the welfare of his passengers. Our pace perceptibly increased, and we swung along with alarming rapidity, until we dipped down into an unexpectedly deep hole—as the commissioner was holding forth with much feeling on the peacefulness and serenity of the boundless prairie. There was heard a sudden, sharp snap, somewhere underneath us, and the surrounding plain was immediately covered with a wonderful assortment of boxes and baskets, fishing rods, tent poles—and very angry humanity. The unfortunate driver stood holding the horses as we got painfully to our feet. He was completely sobered, and looked the very embodiment of woe. He had reason to, for the air fairly tingled for some minutes with the choice Irish profanity which the inspector hurled at his devoted head. We drew off his attention after a time by pointing out the abject absurdity of our

position, and then his native humor asserted itself, and he joined us in an uproarious explosion of mirth. It was really an awkward dilemma. We were stranded—hopelessly stranded—on the open prairie, ten miles and more from Macleod, and double that from our projected camping ground. After consultation, a constable was despatched on one of the horses to the nearest ranch, to borrow a double waggon. While he was away we unpacked our broken-down conveyance, picketed the horses near by, and sat down on our goods and chattels to eat the midday meal. A very peculiar one it was, too, for we could not conveniently get into the hampers, and had to be satisfied with whatever was nearest the top, washed down with lukewarm Apollinaris—in tin cups. Surely that aristocratic table water was never drunk out of such plebeian vessels, or in such an unlikely spot before. After we had satisfied our hunger and thirst, we fell back upon that greatest comfort of man, our pipes—at least we thought them so until the commissioner produced a bundle of genuine Havanas, the last precious remnants of a box brought from Toronto. At sight of these the pipes were unceremoniously thrust aside. After all one may say about the delightful simplicity, and freedom, and lack of conventionality, and so forth, of life in the wild and woolly West, we are always ready to fall back on those luxuries which can only be had in civilization. In the neighborhood of Fort Macleod the only cigars that are to be had may be described, without prejudice, as vile! And they cost at least fifteen cents apiece—adding insult to injury.

(Concluded in July Number.)

Fish are frequently caught and allowed to die slowly. This custom is not only cruel, but lessens the value of the fish for food. It has been found that fish killed immediately after capture remain firm and bear shipment better than those allowed to die slowly. Every merciful angler will put his capture out of pain by immediate killing by knife-thrust through the head. It is simply and easily done, and humane. No one has any right to needlessly inflict pain on any creature, no matter how lowly. This is the gospel of humanity and decency.

Reporters from the English dailies were not requested to view the pheasant shooting feats of the Prince of Wales and the Emperor of Germany at Sandringham last season, but they gathered within hearing of the fun and kept tab on the number of shots fired. To the best of their belief there was an average of sixty-eight shots a minute for five and a half hours, or a total of 12,240 for the 3,000 head of game killed. Next season the press representatives will probably be treated with greater consideration by the royal sportsmen.

NEPIGON RIVER

The Nepigon is the finest trout stream in the world.

It should be preserved for all time to come as a resort for sportsmen from Canada and foreign parts.

To do this properly the Nepigon River and the lands for an average width of five miles on each side of the river should be set aside as the Nepigon National Park, and no timber cut thereon.

The river should be properly looked after by wardens having authority to prevent the wholesale destruction of the trout.

The building of a dam on the rapids near the Canadian Pacific Railway Crossing would prevent the fish ascending and descending the stream. It is a well known fact that in the summer season large numbers go down to Lake Superior and are caught along the rocky shores of the lake with a fly trawling spoon, as well as occasionally in pound nets. These are believed to return to the river to spawn.

The building of a dam would raise the lower part of the river known as Lake Helen, some fifteen or eighteen feet, and back the waters of the river up to the falls above Camp Alexander, besides flooding a lot of country now heavily covered with timber.

The question of whether commercial fishing on Lake Superior and the cutting of timber on its shores should be allowed is one that cannot safely be determined without more knowledge than is at present in the possession of the Government.

If a dam were built at the mouth of the Nepigon River it could only be for the purpose of generating power to grind spruce wood into pulp. The supply of wood for this purpose would if necessary have to be cut on the banks of the Nepigon River, or on the banks of the lake, and be floated down the river to the mills, as it is not feasible to tow the logs up stream to the mills at the dam; besides this there is no great quantity of spruce along the Lake Superior shores contiguous to the Nepigon which could be towed there.

The building of pulp mills at the Nepigon would employ a large number of men in the woods and at the mills, and with such a population it would not be possible to preserve the stream from poaching during the open and close seasons, and if licenses were issued to all that could then conveniently fish there, the stream would be

rapidly depleted and the game fish now so abundant exterminated.

The stream is at present furnishing employment to a large number of Indians and other guides who for about four months annually are paid high wages (average \$2 per day and board) for their services. The natural tendency of the guides is now to preserve the fishing, so that their employment may be continued.

Local and other merchants in Canada reap a benefit as it is for supplies furnished, and the railway and steamship lines probably get as much benefit by the transportation of passengers as they would by carrying out manufactured pulp.

The Nepigon is par excellence the trout stream of the North Shore. There is no other that even compares with it, and it is the only trout stream available for the large and increasing number of tourists and sportsmen who annually visit Port Arthur and Fort William, and it is one of the chief attractions of their visit.

It would be detrimental to the tourist trade of all Canada, now assuming such large and profitable proportions, and which is so beneficial to Canadians and Canadian commerce generally, to destroy one of the chief points of interest in Canada, which would undoubtedly be done if the Nepigon were utilized for manufacturing purposes, particularly when there are so many other water powers in that vast country available.—Hamilton Spectator.

The greatest elk horns in the world, it is said, were lately exhibited in one of the North Pacific Coast cities. The mighty elk that was the bearer, as well as the object of superstition with the Alaskan Indians for years, has been laid low, and his mighty remains are now the wonder of both tourists and hunters.

For years this elk has been a subject of legends and myths. He was seen in one section of the Northwest Territory, then in the mountains of Alaska, or perhaps on the coast. His success in eluding the Indian hunters at last caused a superstitious reverence among the natives, and the great horned elk was finally reputed to be a visitor from the happy hunting grounds. He was eventually brought to death a hundred miles north of Dawson City. His flesh afforded a series of fine dinners to the white hunter and his friends who were in the chase, and the horns were saved as relics of remarkable interest.

History of the Montreal Hunt

By JNO. C. ALLOWAY

Man is by natural instinct a sportsman. Since Nimrod hunted through post-diluvian forests and Diana through those of mythology, the pursuit of game has been to mankind one of the most delightful pastimes and keenest enjoyments. The fisherman with well-worn tweed and favorite "fly," wending his way at early dawn to the cool brookside, where the spotted silver of the trout flashes in the shadows, considers himself the happiest of mortals. The hunter in corduroys, shouldering his ideal breech-loader with his trusty retriever or setter at his heels, as he listens for the "whirr" of the grouse, the "hok" of the wild goose, or watches the thin line of ducks in the sky, would not change places with a king on his throne.

The varieties of hunting are as diversified as are the tastes of individuals. Some are willing to face Arctic blasts to track the musk ox or to hunt the seal. Others voluntarily endure tropic heat and the dangers of the jungle to slay the tawny tiger or wild boar. Each has its peculiar fascinations, but perhaps the sport which comes nearest to combining the charms of all, is that of fox-hunting. It is the modern evolution of the olden days when kings and queens with their retinues rode out to hunt through the glades of English oak forests or the royal demesnes of France and Germany.

Fox-hunting has in some way come to be considered as reaching its perfection in the hunting shires of England and counties of Ireland, the moors and hills of Scotland being better adapted for sport of other kinds. Britain has reason to be proud of her horsemen. Many of those who rode the fiercest charges in her battles, acquired their skill in the saddle, hunting over the stubble fields and bogs at home.

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the earlier years of the present one, Canada was engrossed with questions of such serious import politically, that there was little disposition for diversion, the martial spirit that prevailed leaving little inclination for the pursuit of pleasure, but we find in the records of fox-hunting in the Province, that about fifteen years after the close of the war of 1812, in a time of comparative peace, the first hunt club was organized. With various fluctuations of fortune it has remained in existence, culminating in the successful and flourishing club now known as the Montreal Hunt. A long list of eminent names have been enrolled as Masters in the almost four-score years of its history, and varied and interesting have been the

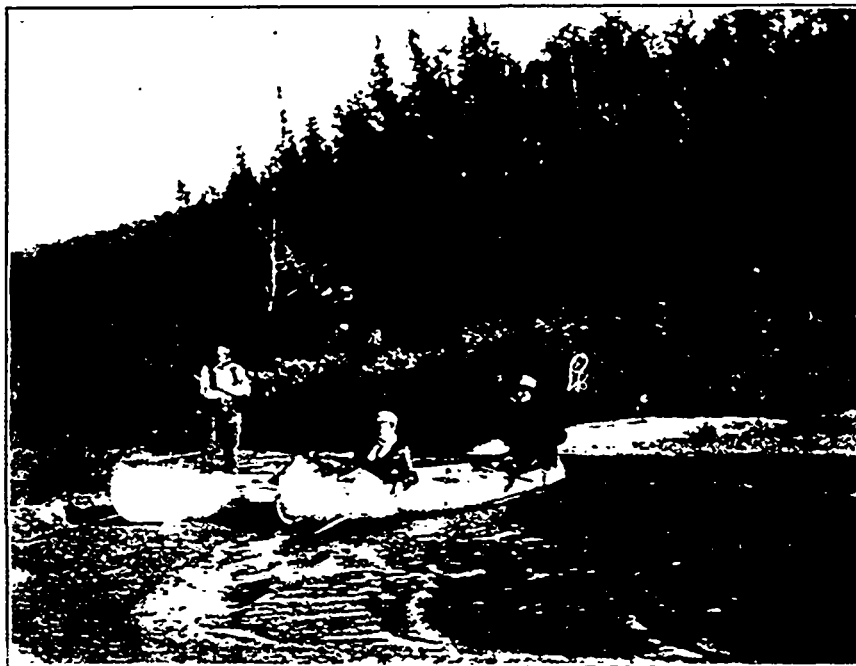
careers of those who in the past have been proud to write after their names the letters M. F. H. More than one brave English soldier who was wont to ride gaily through the Canadian woods in the autumns long ago, rode afterwards into the jaws of death on the cannon-swept plains of the Crimea and India. Such honorable names as General Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars; Sir Francis de Winton, now of St. James Palace, London; Capt. Treherne, A.D.C.; Capt. Lane Fox, Hon. Charles Creighton, Robt. C. de Gray Vyner, Lord Castlecutt, General Lindsay, Lord Percy, V.Q.; Lieut.-Col. Earle, Capt. Wynne, of the Grenadier Guards; Lord Abinger, Capt. White, Lord Dunmore, Col. Dalrymple, of the Fusilier Guards; H.R.H. Prince Arthur, Capt. Money, Col. Papon, R.A.; Major Penn, R.A.; Capt. Moore, 13th Hussars; Capt. Elwes, Dr. Hector Ferguson, 16th Foot, now Surgeon-General; Capt. W. W. Lea, of the same regiment; Dr. Digby Lawlor, of the 25th, and others, were not only closely identified with the Hunt Club, but were hard riding members, many of them taking part in the annual Hunt steeplechases during the years when Canada was garrisoned by British troops.

Up to about the year 1854 what is known of this historic club is, of course, more or less traditional in character, but from that time to the present its annals can be correctly noted and details given that are still fresh in the memory of many of our citizens who were then active hunting members. The withdrawal of some of the regiments quartered in Montreal and vicinity for active service in the Crimea, was a serious drain on the financial support and enthusiasm which the officers had given the club up to this date.

It was well for the future of the organization that at this critical juncture the executive ability of the late Mr. D. Lorn Macdougall was secured in the capacity of Master. Not only did he enter heartily into the preservation of the Club, but bore personally, almost the entire cost of its maintenance. Mr. D. A. Belhouse was Master for one year during this period, and up to 1858 the hounds were hunted by Kennedy, a man who had been in the employ of the Hunt for many years. During the autumn of that year the hounds were placed under the management of Capt. A. W. Alloway, of Her Majesty's 4th, who hunted them during the succeeding three years. In 1858 the kennels were removed from Papineau Road to the corner of Guy and what was then called St. Joseph

streets, where they remained until 1860, when the quarters were changed to the rear of Metcalfe Terrace, Cote St. Antoine, and again in 1861 to Logan's Farm (now Logan Park), with William Crosby as kennelman. Major Burke was elected Master for that year and hunted the hounds in person, trusting to the good services of a few of the more active members to assist in the capacity of whippers-in. Capt. F. de Winton, late private secretary to Lord Lorne in Canada, succeeded Major Burke in 1862-3, and on the withdrawal of the military from the Province in 1864, the ques-

late the enthusiasm of others. He was succeeded in 1876 by his predecessor, Mr. Crawford, who in turn, at the end of two seasons, gave place as Master to Mr. J. R. Hutchins. The year 1879 marked an epoch in the sporting history of the Club, when Capt. Campbell, of St. Hilaire, was elected Master, and supported by an efficient committee consisting of the members, Messrs. J. R. Hutchins, H. Bouthillier, Hugh Paton, A. Baumgarten and A. Galarneau, determined to make the Hunt second to none on the American continent, and to compare favorably with any in England.



Lower end of Hawk Lake, Northern Ontario.

tion of finances again became a vital one. The pack was about to be sold and the entire project abandoned when once more Mr. D. L. Macdougall came to the rescue, and with the assistance of Mr. Henry Hogan, agreed to furnish any shortage of funds, while Mr. Alloway offered to hunt the hounds and furnish the requisite number of horses to carry on the work. A committee was appointed to assist in the management, but this was not found to be a success, and in 1865 Mr. A. W. Alloway was elected Master, which office he held until 1867, when he was succeeded by Mr. John Crawford. It was during this year that Drysdale was engaged as hunt-man, a position which he filled continuously until 1880. From the year 1867, for a period of thirty years Mr. Crawford has been a prominent figure and moving spirit in the social, official and sporting life of the Club.

From 1874 until 1876 Mr. Andrew Allan held the position of Master, and although seldom appearing on the field, yet by his interest and patronage did much to stimu-

Capt. Campbell was untiring in his efforts to abolish everything which he considered unsportsmanlike, especially the reprehensible custom of hunting what is known as "drags," and under these conditions the character of the sport attained a high state of excellence; which it has since been the aim to continue. At this point it was desirable to add materially to the efficiency and quality of the pack. In response to a liberal subscription for the importation of new hounds, the purchase was made of the entire pack of Lord Huntingdon, consisting of twenty-seven couples, which left Dublin for Montreal in 1882. In this year and until 1887 one of the most generous patrons of the Hunt, Mr. A. Baumgarten, held the office of Master. It was principally through his energy and generosity that the commodious Club house on Delorimier Avenue, was built. It was well adapted for the social wants of the Club, and the memories of the gay Hunt balls held there during the ten years of its occupancy, until the premises were abandoned for others more picturesquely situ-

ated, are still fresh in the memory of those who were fortunate enough to have attended these functions.

On the retirement of Mr. Baumgarten in 1887, Mr. Hugh Paton was elected Master, and in 1888 Mr. Crawford again for the third time accepted the position. During this last tenure of Mr. Crawford's Mastership he was ably assisted in the work by Col. J. Alex. Strathy, who was at that time honorary secretary.

In 1891 the office of Mastership fell to Mr. H. Montagu Allan, and in the same year Mr. J. Alex. Stevenson was elected secretary. Two years later Dr. Charles McEachran replaced Mr. Stevenson in this office.

In 1896 Major Geo. R. Hooper, the present Master was elected to the position. As secretary Dr. McEachran was succeeded by Mr. A. E. Ogilvie, and he in turn by Mr. W. R. Miller, who was followed by Major Frank S. Meighen, the present incumbent. The kennels and Club House on the Cote St. Catherine Road were built in 1897, and were occupied in the autumn of the same year. They are commodious, in every way adapted to the purpose, are modern and fully up-to-date, and are perhaps the best of their kind on the continent.

"ODE TO THE MOSQUITO."

(By Master Hamilton B. Chipman.)

Oh, diminutive insect with irritant bite,
A sorrowful victim, these lines I indite;

Though I slay you in hundreds, in thousands you flock,
And my futile endeavors you scornfully mock.

Your greeting so warm I would rather avoid;

By your fulsome embraces I'm more than annoyed;

I endeavor to shun you, and wish you to know

I will not have you dog me wherever I go.

I may wander afar, still, in legions you're found;

You float on the zephyrs, you rise from the ground.

Ubiquitous torment! though small be your size,

You have banished both slumber and rest from my eyes.

But I'll soon be revenged, and how sweet does it sound;

How I gloat, for the winter is soon coming round!

And I'll carve on your tombstone, regardless of cost,

An epitaph writ with the single word "Frost."

FORESTRY

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

THE PROGRESS OF FORESTRY IN ONTARIO. NO NEED FOR EXTENSIVE PLANTING.

In considering the progress of the movement in the direction of rational and scientific forestry methods in Ontario, it is difficult to overestimate the importance of the legislation introduced by the Commissioner of Crown Lands in the Legislature of 1898, styled the Forest Reserves Act, by which power was given the Government to set aside areas of the Crown domain to be kept perpetually for growing timber.

While the far-reaching consequences of the carrying out of this Act are readily perceptible to those who have made a study of the subject, it is doubtful if the great value of the Forest Reserves Act to the people of Ontario is generally appreciated. The Bureau of Forestry receives many letters expressing sympathy with the efforts to promote scientific forestry in Ontario, and quite frequently the hope is expressed that we may soon adopt the system in vogue in Germany.

WHAT IS FORESTRY.

Scientific forestry, as the writer understands it, is the growing of wood crops for profit, and from that standpoint the expensive and semi-military forestry system of Germany is out of the question in this country, where only a comparatively small part of the forest crop has a market value. Germany, with a much smaller acreage under timber than we have, expends more on her forestry service each year than the total expenditure for all services in Ontario. In a country where every product of the forest has a market, even to the leaves and the roots of trees, it is profitable to plant trees on a large scale at a cost of \$10 to \$15 per acre, but in Ontario, where the territory to be operated is so large and labor high, where only a portion of the most valuable sorts of trees can be sold, the financial profit in this method of forest culture would be problematical.

Fortunately we do not need to follow this plan. If fire and the farmer's plough are kept away the forest crop will re-seed itself, and the first thing

is the direction of obtaining for the whole people as great a profit as possible from the great crop of standing timber with which we were originally endowed. From allowing a favored firm of contractors to cut timber at their own sweet will, where and when they chose, free of any charges by the State, to selling the standing pine timber only 10¢ \$13,500 per square mile, plus \$1.25 per 1,000 feet, board measure, when the timber is cut, is very great progress in the direction referred to, yet that is what has been accomplished.

A FARMING COUNTRY.

Until quite recently Ontario was regarded as a purely agricultural coun-



The Doe at Kensington Point, Desbarat's Islands, Northern Ontario. There are more than one hundred islands within five miles.

to be done is to see that areas of land suitable for tree growing are permanently secured for that purpose confining the actual planting operations to such scattered blank spaces as have failed to seed readily, and to so direct the cutting of the standing crop as to insure a continuance of the right sorts of trees.

In arranging for such a systematic method as will be most profitable to us, the Forest Reserves Act is the first important step—is, in fact, the inauguration of a scientific forestry system in Ontario.

FORESTRY DEVELOPMENT.

A perusal of the historical sketch of the development of our Crown timber regulations, appearing elsewhere in this report, will disclose a steady progress:

try, adapted only to agriculture, in which timber was not considered a profitable crop. The aim of our legislators was to clear the ground for general farming purposes, and in doing so to first dispose of the most valuable timber to the best advantage.

On that basis it is doubtful if any better system could be devised than that embodied in the Crown Timber Act of 1849, with the subsequent amendments and the regulations adopted under it. That Act provides for the sale of the standing crop of timber to the highest bidder, the fee simple of the land remaining in the Crown, to be disposed of subsequently to the settler. The lumberman is given a license to cut certain specified kinds of timber on payment of the price agreed upon,

but this license is granted only from year to year, to insure the carrying out of such regulations as the Government may impose from time to time, and to secure the removal of the lumberman from the land when it is needed for settlement.

THE LUMBERMANS' TITLE.

Under the present system of selling the timber, the lumberman pays by way of a lump sum in cash, called a bonus, what he estimates to be the value of the timber standing on a "limit" or "berth," less the fixed stumpage charge of \$1.25 per thousand feet, which he pays as the timber is cut. He gets a license to cut for year only, but relies on the good faith of the Government for a renewal of his license each year, until he shall have had time in which to remove the standing timber which he has partly paid for in advance. Even in case the land, or part of it, is required for settlement, he is given time to remove the timber covered by his license.

In all this it is plain that the idea of the framers of this legislation looked to the future rural population of Ontario to be solely farmers and not foresters.

UNPROFITABLE SETTLEMENT.

Under this system, while very large sums have been annually added to the provincial revenues from the sale of timber, much land has been settled that would have been better left in forest, and we have found that considerable areas throughout the province can be more profitably devoted to growing trees than to any other crop. The growing of forest crops for profit requires not only cheap land, but a long and secure tenure of the land, and the ability to wait a long time for financial returns. The forester expects the crop he has sown to be harvested by his successors, and requires to be sure that the land on which he is conducting his operations shall be devoted permanently to his purpose. Because of this forestry can only be successfully or satisfactorily carried on by the State, and the lands to be worked for timber crops should be owned or controlled by the whole people; and as Government control of private lands must necessarily be somewhat limited in this country, it is expedient that Government ownership should be the rule in our future forestry operations as it has been in the past.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

The Forest Reserves Act makes provision for this perpetual ownership, and is thus the initial step in prepar-

ing for a rational system of forestry that shall provide not only for the proper harvesting of the present crop of timber, but that the otherwise unproductive lands of the province shall produce for all time to come successive crops of the same kind for the maintenance of the vast industries dependent on forest products, and the perpetuation of one of our principal sources of provincial revenue.

PRESENT TIMBER SUPPLY.

In speaking of the timber supply of the future it is not necessary or wise to overlook the fact that we have still in the "original" crop sufficient for our needs for many years at the present rate of cutting.

In the early days of lumbering in Ontario, most of the operations were carried on upon rich agricultural land, and while there was undoubtedly much waste by fire and from using very valuable timber for purposes that would have been as well or better secured by cheaper woods, it helped to clear the land for the plough of the farmer, and hence was perhaps profitable to the province. The land was needed for agriculture and had to be cleared. The land that has been thus cleared and settled, however, forms but a small portion of the total wooded area of the province.

It is customary among many people when speaking of our supplies of timber to treat the timber land already licensed as gone from the possession of the province, that the timber thus sold is a "vanished asset," so to speak, forgetting that on this licensed territory there are still vast quantities of pine to be cut for our future needs and for export, and for every thousand feet of this timber when cut the province has to be paid. Of the twenty odd thousand square miles of territory now under license to lumbermen, a large part is reported to be unsuited for cultivation. The present system of fire ranging renders a great part of this comparatively safe from fires, and, if it be not settled or squatted upon, there is no reason why it should not yield a revenue so long as it is kept in timber and properly worked. The amount paid into the provincial treasury from this source in 1897 was \$1,082,054.56; in 1898, \$756,431.31; this is exclusive of bonus or ground rent, simply for dues on the timber as it is.

LOSS IN CUTTING SMALL TREES.

As the land under license may be withdrawn by the Government for settlement purposes at any time, no doubt many lumbermen have cut their hold-

ings more rapidly and more closely than would have been their practice but for this want of tenure. Upon every tree cut before it reaches maturity the provincial treasury is a loser as well as the lumberman, just so far as the rate of growth and the increase in the value of timber exceeds the rate of interest, which is, of course, greater in the case of the lumberman than of the Government.

Referring to this loss by cutting trees of too small diameter, the preliminary report of the Royal Commission on Forestry states:—

"A young tree which would cut only one log eight inches in diameter and sixteen feet long, measuring sixteen feet board measure, would, if allowed to stand for thirty years, grow in diameter at the rate of one inch in five years—in some cases growth is as rapid as an inch in two years—hence would give a butt log of fourteen inches diameter sixteen feet long, or 100 feet of lumber, board measure. In addition to this, however, this tree would have grown in height sufficient to give two more logs, one, say, of eleven inches and one of eight inches diameter, both sixteen feet long, measuring respectively forty-nine feet and sixteen feet board measure. Thus a tree that requires perhaps forty years to make its first sixteen feet of merchantable timber would in thirty years more have increased to 164 feet. This may be considered the period of greatest relative growth. After attaining a diameter sufficient to make a fourteen inch butt log, your Commissioners estimate that the tree would continue to gain at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent. per annum. This bare statement of the case shows the necessity of protecting the young growth of pine in the interests of the province. The advantage to the lumberman in holding his trees until they have reached the larger diameter is still more marked, because of the greater price per 1,000 feet commanded by lumber cut from the larger logs."—From report of Thos. Southworth, Clerk of Forestry of Ontario, for 1899.

Cornell University was the first of the great United States educational institutions to found a forestry college, and this has been followed by the establishment of a similar chair at Yale University, for which Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pinchot and their sons, of New York city, have given \$50,000.

The United States Senate has passed the bill granting to North Dakota 30-

000 acres of land to aid in the maintenance of a school of forestry.

Recent action of United States Congress looks toward the acquisition of the mammoth tree grove and South Park grove of big trees in Calaveras County, California, the largest collection and probably the finest specimens of the sequoia gigantea in the world.

Manitoba suffered in April a loss by fire of a large area of valuable timber in the south-eastern portion of the province.

There were extensive forest fires in Minnesota last month which destroyed a large quantity of timber.

In various portions of the United States efforts are being made to encourage legislative action to preserve the forests. A bill now before the Ohio Legislature has for its object "to encourage the maintenance of trees especially upon the farm and in forest areas, primarily for the production of wood not only for firewood, but also as timber for the use of building and the other mechanical arts, and for the regulation of the flow of the streams, preventing the fall and spring freshets, and supplying water to the streams during the drought of summer." No doubt the object of this bill is good, although the production of firewood appears to occupy first place in the intentions of the legislator who introduced it.

The new service model Colt revolver, especially fitted for fine target shooting. .44 caliber and chambered for the Russian model shell, is now ready. It has a front elevating sight and a rear wind gauge sight. The barrel is 7 1/2 inches long, and the whole revolver weighs 40 ounces. Its handle is of fine wood with checked grip.

English riflemen are becoming much interested in telescopic sighted rifles, and are ordering a good many of these sights from the United States. This year, for the first time, a match at 1,000 yards will be shot at Bisley in which telescopic sights will be allowed.

George Roll, of Chicago, defeated Dr. Williamson, of Milwaukee, last month in a match at 100 live pigeons for \$100 a side. The remarkable feature of the contest was that the whole 200 birds were killed. Unfortunately for Dr. Williams, however, five of his died outside of bounds.



FOR some time past specialist papers in the United States have been agitating for a uniform law recognizing dogs as legal property, same as other stock. It appears that, in some States at least, the owner of a dog who pays a license for the privilege of keeping him has no legal claim for compensation from a vindictive neighbor who, on the flimsiest of pretexts, may destroy the dog, cases of this nature brought to court having been dismissed against the offender. In Illinois, for instance, several valuable dogs have been mysteriously done to death, and now their owners are forming Dog Protection Associations, having for their object the tracing and punishment of dog stealers and poisoners. While in Canada dog owners have a fair measure of protection against unlawful destruction of their property, there is still much to be done in the way of punishing the professional dog lifter—a genus which, by the way, is only too common in all large cities of the Dominion. These gentry, as a rule, know a dog from end to end, are very particular as to choice, and once they have fixed upon a victim will stick to their purpose with the patience and perseverance of a horn detective. With such an institution as a Dog Owners' Protective Association, the nefarious operations of the dog stealer can, however, be greatly circumscribed. With a good membership extending to all parts of a city, say Montreal, and each member communicating with a central agent, who in turn communicates a full description of any case of loss or theft to the other members, the means of detection and restoration to the rightful owner is greatly increased. Once established, such a society would no doubt be taken advantage of by other than members, who would pay in proportion to services rendered. Such a matter as this ought to be taken into consideration by the Canine Association, in whose province it seems to lie.

A photograph elsewhere shows a smart little terrier, Long Face, the property of Mr. W. H. Tallis, Place Viger Hotel. He is by Wellington Scorer ex Miss Teaser, and was whelped April 26th, 1895. He won many prizes in England, but his owner has decided that his show career ends with his appearance at the late Montreal show, where he annexed three firsts and six specials, including the Montreal Herald silver medal for the best local terrier of any description, and the Canadian Kennel

Club's bronze medal for the best wire-haired fox-terrier. The photograph was taken by Messrs. Walters & Hadrill, St. Catherine Street. Mr. Walters donated a special prize (valued at \$45) of a portrait in oil of the best local terrier in the show, which was also won by Long Face.

Our other photograph shows Bay View Beryl, a handsome specimen of the bull terrier owned by Mr. Fred. T. Miller, of Trenton, Ont., who is well known throughout Canada and the States as a fancier of this breed, and of cocker spaniels. Bay View Beryl has had an exceptionally brilliant career this season, having won first limit under 20 lbs. at New York, Chicago, Kansas City; second lightweight, St. Paul; second open limit dogs and bitches, Boston; second open limit, do.; second limit, Pittsburg; first puppies, limit and open, Cleveland; first limit, open and winners, Montreal; first open and reserve winners, Washington. Beryl is of a nice mould, clean-cut and with a racy look about her taking to the eye.

Logan's Heather Blossom has thrown a nice litter of pups, seven dogs and four bitches. The sire is Laurel Laddie.

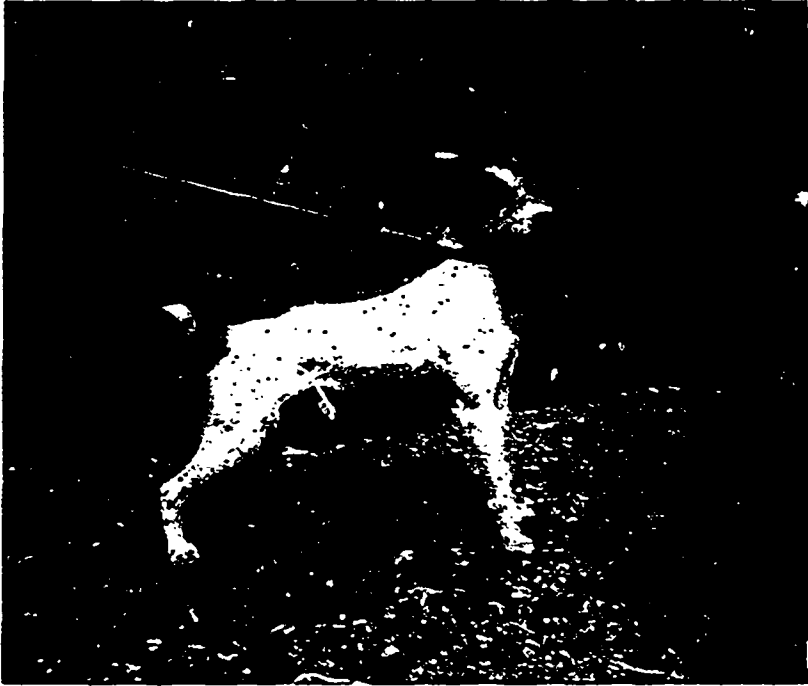
An important action, interesting to dog owners, has just been decided in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, by Lord Stormonth-Darling. The pursuer was a miner named David Lynn, who sought to recover from Captain Robert Stewart, of Westwood, Calder, the sum of \$500, being the value of a greyhound belonging to him which the defender had shot and killed. It appears that the dog was being exercised on the public road, when a rabbit crossed and entered the defender's grounds. The dog gave chase and was shot, as stated, by the gallant Captain. The defender explained that while shooting in his police he found a dog, apparently unattended by anyone, coursing after rabbits, and as the dog was just about to overtake and kill one of the rabbits he fired at the dog, which ran away. The defender endeavored to find the person in charge of the dog, but failed. Poaching by means of dogs and otherwise was said to be very prevalent in the defender's neighborhood. His Lordship found that the pursuer was entitled to damages against the defender, and assessed them at £30. The pursuer was also found entitled to expenses.

The twelfth annual show in connection with Toronto's Industrial Exhibition will

be held from September 3rd to 6th, inclusive. In this connection we are frequently asked the question:—When is the next show of Montreal Canine Association to take place? There ought to be very little trouble in running one immediately after Toronto, and it goes without saying that, providing the premium list is made attractive enough, the great majority of the Western and United States cranks would be seen here, which, with a liberal appreciation of local classes,

hard at Galashiels Show to part Mr. J. C. Dalgleish from his favorite, Ellwyn Duchess. Mr. Dalgleish would not, however, be tempted, so Mr. Murray sought solace by purchasing Ellwyn Ideal and Ellwyn Chrissie, two very pretty tricolors, and both likely to be of much service in America. Ideal is a winner of ten firsts and one championship, while Chrissie, a ten months puppy, came out at Galashiels and captured two firsts. Mr. Murray seems to be of opinion that tri-

cular element of the editorial entity which, for its sins, writes bulldog—happened to own poor old John of the Funnel, the sire of Rodney Stone. Jack wasn't worth two-penn'orth o' gin cold, to use once again the proverb which has come down from times of antiquity, but wasn't he well-bred, and wasn't he a hot 'un, just? It was just a few of a row that he had with a Dogue de Bordeaux some six months before he died; and surely, there never was a better example of bulldog pluck. The bulldog stood up to the dogue—more than twice his size and a trained fighter—as if he had never known that there was any other pleasure in life than that of hanging on to the head of a big dog who had at the same time a mouth on and who was carefully working round to get the throat grip. It was at least five minutes—it seemed five hours—before the dogs could be got apart—and then Jack wanted to get back to the dogue through the window, which, indeed, he broke what time the predominant partner, as Mr. Gubbins says, was trying to hold him. There were no flies on Jack. All of which is somewhat uninteresting in view of Rodney Stone's expatriation.



Wire Hair Fox Terrier, "Long Face."

would give a larger entry than has ever yet been seen here.

Mr. C. Y. Ford, of Kingston, Ont., has sold his sable bitch, Otterburn Floss, to Mr. J. W. Giesecke, of Jefferson City, Mo. Floss is in whelp to Harry Hungerford's imp. dog Rufford Osborn. She will prove quite an addition to the collie fancy in the South.

At the London Aquarium Pet Dog Show a tiny Yorkshire terrier, Bradford Tina, was claimed at its catalogue price of \$500 by Mrs. Wilmer, who is devoted to the midgets.

Another dog deal in collie circles has just been effected. It is no other than the sale by Mr. Hugh Ainscough of his celebrated dog Ch. Balgroggie Hope to Dr. Barthells, a famous German collie enthusiast. What the price was has not transpired, but it must have been a good one.

Our Dogs says:—Mr. Robert Murray, of Boston, U.S.A., who has been in Scotland on the look out for good collies, tried

colors are likely to become as popular as sables in America. He took a very useful brood bitch also, who had just visited Ellwyn Astrologer. In regard to a celebrated bulldog, the same paper also says:—That has happened which we feared would happen, and Rodney Stone has to be exiled to America. He has been bought by Mr. R. Croker, jr., who purchased Bromley Crib only a few weeks ago, and the price paid was £1,000—more than twice the biggest sum ever paid before for a bulldog. It does not touch the record in collies or St. Bernards, but it does a bit towards getting the British breed up to the point which Scotch and Swiss breeds have reached. Mr. Croker already owns, in addition to Bromley Crib, Persimmon and Petramose, which constitute, with the new arrival, a pretty large order in the way of bulldogs. Well, we like the Americans very much, but what a shame it is that they should be allowed to get away all that we have of the best! Our regret as to the loss of Rodney Stone is specially great and is in some degree personal. We—that is to say, this par-

The collie is finding his way to the Continent. A Dutch paper with an unpronounceable title has a long description of the English collie Honest Jack, with a record of his many victories. Jack was recently purchased by Mr. F. Mesche, of the Teutonia Kennels, den Haag, Holland.

At the Munich (Germany) show, held last month, over 700 dogs were benched, the classes most strongly represented being St. Bernards and Dachshunds.

At the late show at Amsterdam, Holland, 820 dogs competed in over 1,300 entries. A lady—Miss Janna Hulscher—judged Irish terriers, and the critics agree that no dare-devil fancier of the "Ould Sod" could have shown greater competence.

A lady of independent means, living in Brussels, kept a pet dog. Unfortunately she allowed it to go out, contrary to the law, without a muzzle, and when the police found it in this condition they took the little animal away and put it to death. On hearing of this the old lady was so broken-hearted that she went and hanged herself.

Old Lady (at the drug store)—I want you to give me some canine pills.

Druggist—Yes, ma'am. What is the matter with your dog?

Old Lady (very much insulted)—I want you to understand that my husband is not a dog.

Druggist—Oh, beg pardon. (To assistant)—Give the lady some quinine pills.

A Case of Over-Training.

They tell a yarn of a Boston collie—
Or rather, a Scotch collie Boston bred—
That had many a modern fad and folly
Tightly packed in her shapely head.
She was daft on humanitarianism,
A vegetarian strict was she,
And she could wag her tail in perfect
rhythm
With the planetary symphony.
The fame of such wondrous canine cul-
ture
Promiscuously spread around,
Till it reached the ears of a human vul-
ture
Who harvested dogs for the city pound.
And he grabbed her—pitiful the story
On one of her scientific trips
To an out-of-town observatory
To view a lunar eclipse.

She was sold to an unread Texan shipper,
Unversed in fin de siècle lore;
A mutton-raising Southdown clipper
Who bred sheep for the wool they wore.
Three thousand miles she fared, close
crated,
In constant fear of railroad wrecks,
Billed with a shipping tag which stated:
"To Jim Smith's Ranch, San Pedro,
Tex."

Reaching, at last, her destination
This cultured collie strove to show,
By slumming undue animation,
Her wits were still in statu quo.
"The pup is sick," quoth Broncho Billie,
"The sickest pup I ever saw.
She walks stiff-hocked, looks at you silly,
An' won't touch beefsteak, cooked or
raw."

A case 'twas of misapprehension—
Of aches or ills the dog had nought,
But was bursting with suppressed dissen-
sion
With Western ways and lines of thought.
She scorned to fright the sheep, or even
To grudge the wolves their rightful prey;
But mooped and sulked, till Choctaw Ste-
phen
Ended her woes—in the Texan way.
—R. Kansler, in Sportsmen's Review.

Answers to Correspondents.

R.F., Montreal—Your collie puppy has a shapely head and nice ears, with very fair coat, but it has one great fault—it is far too small.

J.R., Westmount—Give your dog a good dose of castor oil, vary his diet and give vegetables in food three times a week.

Novice, Ottawa—There is hardly any safe rule in choosing puppies, as even the most expert fanciers are frequently disappointed at their own selections. What gives great promise at seven or eight weeks old is sometimes 1-ft behind in the race by what appears to be the "star-gar" of the litter. Everything depends on the care it receives and the attention paid to its diet. However, we would say, in choosing an Irish terrier puppy select

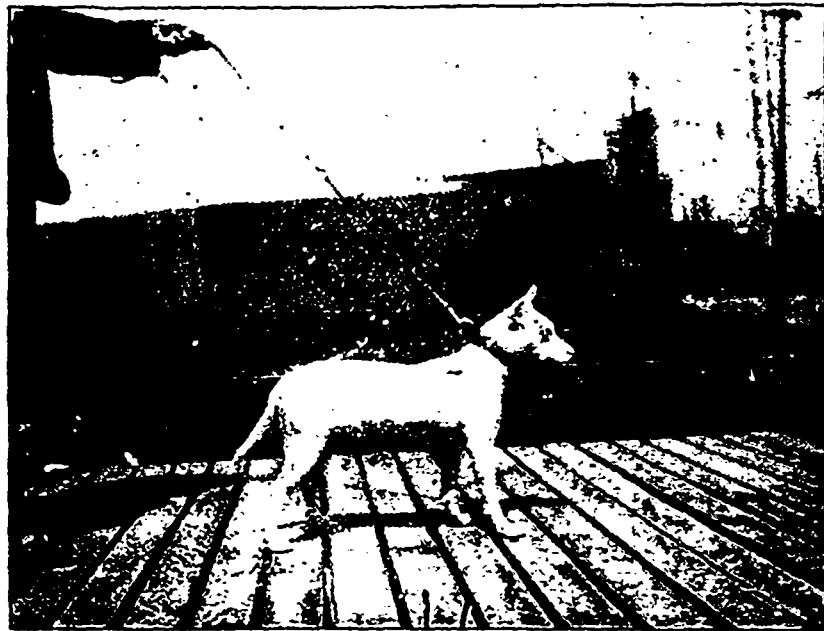
the darkest in color, it will be the best at the finish. Choose those with longest heads, shortest bodies, smallest eyes and ears and hardest coats. If you get a combination of all these qualities, with the addition of proper care, you can bet dollars to doughnuts that you have a winner when the time comes.

Inquirer, Montreal—Shares are \$5 each. Whether they are all allotted or not we cannot say. Mr. E. C. Short, 147 St. James Street, the secretary, will be able to satisfy you on this point, and also give you any other information you may desire.

Minnie C., Maisonneuve—We should say that your pug is suffering from worms. Try

the provider for the family, a necessity and the pursuer of a noble calling. Now he is no longer necessary; indeed, if he be allowed to continue his depre-dations unchecked this continent will be cleared of many noble animals. The question confronts the American peo-ple. Do they want to see great fam-ilies of animals become extinct?

"All the philosophers from Moses down have known that the animals have a right to life and the pursuit of happiness according to their nature. That right is only limited by the higher right of man. I would not abolish sport. Sport is elevating. It is in contact with nature, good fellowship, rivalry, grit, endurance, courage. Up to the point when the hunter has the



Bull Terrier, "Bay View Beryl."

her for these with a specific which you can procure from any druggist who handles dog remedies. Feed for a time on pepsinated puppy food, varied with scraps from the table, and her condition will no doubt improve.

Mrs. P., St. Antoine Street—From what we can make of your description we would say that your pet is a Prince Charles spaniel. Would not care to give a positive answer without seeing the dog. No, there was none of the breed you mention at the show.

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.

Ernest Seton-Thompson, the talented apostle of the new sportsmanship, hunting with a camera, says:—

"Mothers often tell me in deep affliction that their boys want to go out and hunt. They seem to think it argues total depravity in their sons. But the passion to hunt is natural, and comes to every boy that is a boy. In the course of his development. A boy repeats ancestral experience; he passes through the stone age, and there is a time he must hunt.

"The hunter is a romantic being. He was once the protector of society and

hunted game at his mercy it is noble. Then it is murder. What I advocate is the new sport, calling for the exercise of all the fine qualities of the old sport, minus murder. The weapon is the camera, not the rifle. It takes more of nerve, grit, courage, all that sort of thing, to photograph game than to end its life. I know old miners in the West, men unlettered and rude, who have hung up their weapons in their cabins and now hunt with the camera. I have pictures of animals their cameras have captured. This is finer than slaughter."

Collies for Sale

Splendid litter of puppies for sale ex LOGAN'S HEATHER BLOSSOM, winner of everything in Canada this season, by LABEL LADIE, winner at Chicago and Montreal in dog classes, and five ex APPLE BLOSSOM by same sire; also CLOVER BLOSSOM, full sister to Heather Blossom in pup to ESTOUR ENCAST II. Will sell either young or old. Address

JOSEPH REID

Logan's Farm, St. Jean Baptiste P.O.
MONTREAL



QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY SHOOT OF THE WESTMOUNT GUN CLUB

The annual tournament of the Westmount Gun Club was held on the grounds, at the head of Arlington Avenue, on the Queen's Birthday. It was an ideal day for such an event, and as a result there was a large number of visitors present to witness the various competitions, which were keenly contested. There were many competitors from various parts of the Province. The members of the club assisted by the ladies did everything possible to entertain the visitors, who spoke in eulogistic terms of the reception tendered them. Lunch was served on the grounds to all taking part in the tournament.

The ladies had a shooting competition on their own account, which resulted as follows:

Miss Hanson	1
Mrs. P. Ryan.....	2
Miss Barton.....	3
Miss Stewart.....	4
Miss Galbraith.....	5

Event No. 1—10 targets or birds; entrance, \$1; 3 moneys; \$5 added.

	Total,
R. B. Hutcheson	3
Strangman	8
Goodhue.....	7
Barratt.....	6
Eaton.....	6
Halcombe.....	5
Westover.....	5
Cleghorn.....	5
Galbraith.....	4
C. G. White.....	3
Greenwood.....	3
Monteith.....	3
Bray.....	3
Pregent.....	2
Braithwaite.....	2
Crawford.....	2

Event No. 2—15 targets or birds; entrance, \$1.50; 4 moneys unknown angles.

	Total.
Barratt.....	14
Westover.....	12
Strangman.....	12
White.....	12
Bray.....	12
Goodhue.....	10
Walton.....	10
Greenwood.....	9
Richardson.....	9
Thompson.....	9
C. D. White.....	9
Hibbard.....	8

Eaton.....	8
Craig.....	8
Hanson.....	7
Halcombe.....	7
Cameron.....	7
Vincent.....	6

Event No. 3 (for the individual championship cup)—50 targets or birds; entrance, \$5; 2 moneys; conditions, high guns.

Westover.....	18	20	8-46
White.....	16	18	8-42
Bray.....	18	15	5-38
Hutcheson.....	14	17	6-37
Craig.....	17	15	12-32
Goodhue.....	18	10	12-28

Event No. 4—10 targets or birds; entrance, \$1; 3 moneys; unknown angles.

	Total.
Barratt.....	10
E. Eaton.....	10
C. D. White.....	9
Hutcheson.....	9
Walton.....	8
Halcombe.....	8
E. G. White.....	8
Craig.....	8
Westover.....	7
Cameron.....	7
Strangman.....	7
Thompson.....	7
Greenwood.....	7
Braithwaite.....	7
E. H. Richardson.....	6
St. Jean.....	5
Goodhue.....	5
Hibbard.....	5
Cleghorn.....	5
Lewis.....	4
Dumont.....	4
W. E. Loomis.....	3
Morris.....	3
Monteith.....	1

Event No. 5—Entrance, \$2; 7 moneys; unknown angles:

	Total.
Dumont.....	19
Hutcheson.....	17
Eaton.....	17
E. G. White.....	17
Walton.....	17
Thompson.....	16
Greenwood.....	16
Barratt.....	15
C. D. White.....	15
Westover.....	15
Cameron.....	14
Craig.....	14
St. Jean.....	14
Lewis.....	13

Goodhue.....	12
Halcombe.....	12
Richardson.....	12

Event No. 6—15 targets or birds; entrance, \$1.50; 4 moneys; known angles.

	Total
Bray.....	14
Barratt.....	14
Carpenter.....	13
E. G. White.....	12
Cameron.....	12
Craig.....	12
R. B. Hutcheson.....	12
Thompson.....	11
Greenwood.....	11
Walton.....	11
Halcomb.....	11
Goodhue.....	10
Eaton.....	10
Loomis.....	10
Strangman.....	9
Dumont.....	9
C. D. White.....	9
Richardson.....	8
Westover.....	8
Galbraith.....	6
Hawson.....	5

Event No. 7—20 targets or birds; entrance, \$2; 4 moneys; Rose system rules; conditions, unknown angles.

	Total
Westover.....	20
Craig.....	18
Greenwood.....	16
W. L. Cameron.....	16
Goodhue.....	16
Symonds.....	16
Barratt.....	15
Thompson.....	15
Eaton.....	15
E. G. White.....	14
C. D. White.....	14
R. B. Hutcheson.....	14
Walton.....	12
Strangman.....	12
Richardson.....	11
Dumont.....	9
St. Jean.....	8
Halcomb.....	6

TEAM MATCH.

Event No. 8—20 targets or birds; entrance \$5.00; 2 moneys; conditions, known angles.

	Total.
Westmount—	
Galbraith.....	15
Hutcheson.....	14
Lewis.....	13
Hanson.....	9
Outhet.....	8
Total	59
Sherbrooke—	
C. D. White.....	18
Craig.....	17
Thompson.....	15
Bray.....	14
Goodhue.....	8
Total	72

Robin Hood Co.—

Barratt	17
White	16
Carpenter	14
Greenwood	12
Richardson	6
Total	65

Montreal—

Westover	18
Dumont	17
Symons	15
Eaton	13

E. G. White	8
Hanson	8
Barratt	7
Greenwood	7
E. Carpenter	6
Morris	6
Halcomb	5
Galbraint	4

Winners in Merchandise.

1. Barratt; 2, Eaton; 3, Bray; 4, C. D. White; 5, Craig; 6, Greenwood; 7, Cameron; 8, Webster; 9, Carpenter; 10, Symonds; 11, Richardson; 12, E. White; 13

becomes apparent. The sitting position is often most useful when deer stalking, and similarly should be useful to the soldier, as in certain conditions of ground it gives a steadier shot than kneeling or sitting which suits one's own particular formation of limbs and body. Gracefulness and correct drill-book style are of no importance compared to steadiness in shooting. Sprawling the right leg out when kneeling is of great assistance to some men. In the standing or offhand position great use can be made of the sling to steady the aim, by twisting the left arm into it.

"Shooting at a mark is really most excellent sport. Would that everyone could



Moose Killed by Dr. Brush, of New York, in the Kippewa Country.

Cameron	11
Total	74

Event No. 9—5 pairs, targets or birds; entrance \$1 3 moneys; Rose system.

Halcombe	8
Cameron	8
C. D. White	8
Walton	6
E. G. White	5
Symonds	4
Bray	4
Strangman	3
Thompson	3
Eaton	1

Event No. 10—Extra Series, 10 targets or birds; entrance \$1; 2 moneys; condition, high guns.

Total	8
Westover	8

Loomis; 14, Walton; 15, Thompson; 16, Goodhue; 17, Braithwaite; 18, Lewis.

Winner of Rod and Gun for one year A. W. Westover, Sutton Junction, Que.

That well-known English writer, Fleur-de-Lys, has written to the Asian, of Calcutta, India, an article entitled the Rifle and the Empire. In it he says:—

"Shooting in the standing position without any rest, or offhand shooting, as the Americans call it, is by far the hardest to perfect one's self in. It is often impossible, when hunting wild animals, to see them properly except when standing up; the same would, of course, be frequently the case when the object sought is a hostile scout. The importance of being able to shoot offhand accurately thus

he got to believe it. Ladies ought to encourage the coming national movement by taking to rifle shooting too. That would put us men on our mettle indeed, for it would never do for the lords of creation to be beaten at rifle shooting by their sisters, their wives, their cousins and their aunts."

The Marin County, California, ordinance prohibiting the use of repeating shotguns has been decided to be unconstitutional and the judge, in summing up, says:—

"If the ordinance in question is valid, no reason is perceived why the process of elimination may not be extended by next prohibiting the use of the double-barreled

automatic ejector shotgun; next all but muzzleloading guns; and so on, until the peppan only is permitted to be used upon wild duck, geese, quail, partridge, grouse, doves or other birds in Marin County. Laws enacted in the exercise of the police power, whether by a municipal corporation acting in pursuance of the laws of a state, or by the state itself, must be reasonable and are always subject to the provisions of both the federal and state constitutions, and they are always subject to judicial scrutiny."

A single trigger mechanism for a double barrel shotgun and a three-barrel gun has been invented. This single trigger mechanism can be applied to any double shotgun, and has been applied to Remington, Franchotte, Smith, Baker and other guns, and shot at the trap and in the field. Where the mechanism is applied to a gun there is no difference in its appearance, excepting instead of the double triggers there is a single trigger and a small projecting stud back of the trigger. A hammerless gun is loaded and action closed in the usual way, which leaves it cocked. The trigger being pressed, the right barrel is discharged; a second pressure of the trigger discharges the left barrel. To change the order of firing, so it will be left barrel first and right second, the stud back of the trigger is pressed, and the desired object accomplished; and the gun will continue to fire in that order until the stud is again pressed, whereupon the order will change to right and left, continuing in that order until changed again.

This mechanism thus gives the shooter power to fire first any desired barrel, so one barrel can be charged with small shot, the other with coarse shot, and in a three-barrel gun, the third barrel being rifled and charged with a bullet, the shooter may shoot which barrel he chooses and in any desired order.

The Winchester model 1900 single shot rifle is making some fine scores, showing its remarkable accuracy.

The most successful shoot ever held in Winnipeg took place May 24 at the Fort Garry traps. It was voted by all present as the one enjoyable day. The principal event was the Dupont trophy, representing the city championship, which was again won by F. W. Scott, with the handsome score of 87 out of 100. The win was very popular, as was also the extremely game fight which R. Kirkby put up, running even with the champion until the last twenty birds. The scores in the events were as follows:—

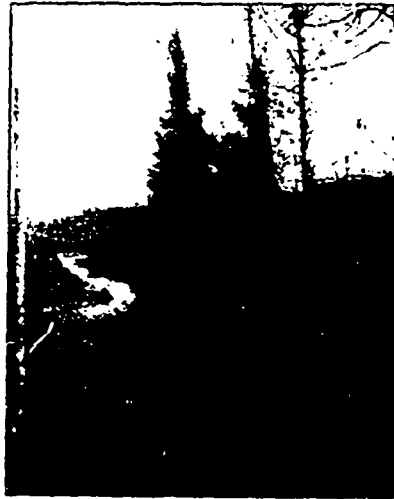
No. 1, 10 single targets—R. Lightcap 10, G. Andrew 10, F. G. Simpson 9, R. H. Kirkby 9, G. W. Baldwin 8, F. W. Scott 8, M. Putnam 8, J. Spence 7, H. Boxer 7, H. Alder 6, E. Kirby 6, S. H. Jones 6, H. Boxer 6.

Event No. 2, 15 single targets—F. G. Simpson 15, F. W. Scott 14, R. H. Kirby

Beginners," and it is surprising the va-
14, G. Andrew 13, R. J. Whittle 13, G. W. Baldwin 12, H. Alder 12, J. H. Cadham 12, J. G. Soper 12, C. Wellband 11, W. Dodd 11, S. H. Jones 10, J. Lemon 10, H. Boxer 9, M. Putnam 9, C. M. Scott 9, G. Grassby 9, S. H. Hamilton 9.

Dupont championship, 100 single targets—F. W. Scott 87, R. H. Kirkby 84, G. Andrew 83, C. Wellband 81, W. Dodd 80, F. G. Simpson 76, Dr. Bell 70, J. W. E. Holiday 74, J. Spence 74, R. J. Whittle 73, J. Lemon 71, G. Grassby 67, J. H. Cadham 69, H. Boxer 66, D. Hardesty 65, H. Alder 58, G. W. Baldwin 57, M. Putnam, E. Kirby and Dr. Dalgleish did not finish.

25 single targets, regular club shoot—H. G. Spurgeon 23, gold button; R. Kirkby 22, W. Dodd 21, J. G. Soper 20, silver button; J. H. Cadham 20, J. McL. Halladay 19, bronze button; R. J. Whittle 18, J.



Kippewa River Falls, Que.

Lemon 18, S. H. Jones 18, D. H. Bain 18, G. C. McTavish 18, F. W. Scott 20, Dr. Bell 17, F. G. Simpson 17, G. Andrew 17, G. F. Bryan 16, Dr. Baird 15, C. W. Graham 15, R. Lightcap 14, H. Boxer 14, G. W. Baldwin 14, W. Graham 14.

Event No. 5, 15 single targets—J. Spence 14, F. W. Scott 14, D. H. Bain 14, G. Andrew 14, H. G. Spurgeon 14, W. Dodd 13, F. G. Simpson 13, R. Kirkby 12, J. McL. Halladay 12, Dr. Baird 11, C. Wellband 11, G. C. McTavish 11, G. W. Baldwin 10, R. J. Whittle 10, D. Dalgleish 10, G. W. Graham 10, R. Lightcap 9, J. H. Cadham 9.

Event No. 6, 10 single targets—F. W. Scott 10, R. Kirkby 9, J. H. Cadham 9, F. Cadham 9, R. J. Whittle 8, G. W. Baldwin 8, J. McL. Halladay 8, M. Putnam 8, F. G. Simpson 8, G. Andrew 8, C. Wellband 7, Dr. Montgomery 7, Dr. Inglis 7, Dr. Bell 7, W. Dodd 7, G. C. McTavish 7, S. H. Jones 7.

Miss and out—C. Wellband 1st, J. McL. Halladay 2nd, Dr. Baird 3rd.

The prize for the grand aggregate, presented by the Hingston Smith Arnis Co., was won by Messrs. R. H. Kirkby and F.

W. Scott, who had an equal score in the aggregate event.

A rifle club was organized June 7 by the wholesale druggists of Montreal, to be known as the Montreal Druggists' Rifle Club. The following were elected officers: Honorary president, Major H. H. Lyman; president, J. E. Morrison; vice-president, A. B. J. Moore; second vice-president, John Findlay; treasurer, Frank Brush; secretary, W. P. Wilson; committee, R. C. Irwin (Evans & Sons), Phil. Lyman (Lyman, Knox & Co.), Mr. Garretty (Kerry, Watson & Co.), O. W. G. Dettmers (Lyman Sons & Co.).

At the New York State shoot in Utica, June 7, J. S. Fanning killed 218 clay pigeons without a miss, thus breaking the world's record. The highest previous score was 211.

STRAY SHOTS.

Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., again defeated J. A. R. Elliot, of Kansas City, Mo., in a contest for the Republic Cup, on May 12th, by a score of 97 to 96 out of 100 live birds shot at. This is the third consecutive live-bird race that Gilbert has won from Elliot, the first being for the Dupont Cup, the second for a stake of \$100, and the third for the Republic Cup.

G. G. Pickett, of Denver, Col., won the championship of Colorado with a score of 97 out of 100 targets.

Geo. Roll, Chicago, and Dr. Williamson, Milwaukee, did some remarkable shooting at live birds last month in a contest at 100 birds each. Roll killed all his birds in bounds, while Williamson killed all his within the limit, except one, which dropped dead just outside. The race was for \$100 a side.

F. S. Parmelee, Omaha, Neb., won the target championship at the Nebraska State tournament with 25 straight, April 25th.

The Manitoba Industrial Exhibition Association announces a trap shooting tournament for July 25, 26 and 27, at which there will be, in added money and trophies, \$3,000 worth of prizes. Mr. F. W. Heubach, Winnipeg, is the secretary, and he will cheerfully furnish particulars on request.

The first annual Grand American Handicap at targets takes place this month at Long Island, N.Y., at the Interstate Park. The handicap events will each be at 100 Blue Rock targets, entrance in the big event being \$10 and the handicaps from 16 to 25 yards. In addition to the share of the purse, the winner will receive a \$100 solid silver trophy.

An interesting discussion has been going on in the London Field for some weeks under the caption, "Partridge Shooting for

riety of methods different shooters advocate of bringing to bag driven game. The discussion was started by "C.E.P." who stated that the proper mode of grassing a crossing bird was to swing the gun with the bird, aiming at the beak. This, of course, has aroused those who think it absolutely necessary to hold feet and even yards in front of their game. The lesson to be learned seems to be that each embryo nimerd must, to a great extent, "work out his own salvation" in learning the art of "shooting straight."

Leamington Gun Club will hold their annual tournament August 6 and 7.

Windsor, Ont., Gun Club celebrated Her Majesty's birthday with an all-day shoot.

Under the new Ontario Game Act it is enacted that "any person may during close season take or kill the wood-hare or cotton-tail rabbit by any other means than by the use of guns or other firearms," yet there does not appear to have been any close season put on rabbits.

Notes by F. H. C.

The prospects for shooting this fall look very encouraging. The quails wintered over exceptionally well, owing to a good variety of seeds and grain, and the absence of heavy snowfalls and ice crusts. The latter is one of the means of extermination to our birds, and unless floods follow the crop for the coming season will undoubtedly surpass all previous records. On every hand in this section is constantly to be heard the familiar notes of "Bob White" negotiating for a young brood.

At the Blenheim tournament, May 3rd and 4th, Forest H. Conover, of Leamington, won the silver cup for the highest general average, also the gold medal emblematic of the target championship of Essex, Kent and Elgin counties.

The Windsor, Ont., Gun Club held their annual shoot May 24th. The attendance was small, principally from the fact of being held on a holiday, and many sportsmen visited other points outside the city.

The Leamington Gun Club will hold their second annual tournament during the fore part of August. The success of the shoot last season and the system of management will bespeak for the club this season a large attendance. One of the attractions of comfort for the shooters will be a canopy above the score and the addition of a new club-house. The members practice once a week, on Thursday afternoon, and cordially invite all sportsmen to join them.

Essex has formed a gun club, with thirty members, and anticipate smashing blue rocks regular once per week, and hope in the near future to cope with neighboring teams.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by H. McBean Johnstone

ON INTERIOR PHOTOGRAMS.

IN running over the pages of some seventy-nine photographic journals, extending over a period of almost seven years, just one was found to contain an article dealing exclusively with the photographing of interiors. Surely this cannot be because the editors imagine that every photographer does enough of such work to be perfectly familiar with it; nor can it be that they imagine none of it is done, for where is the professional who has not been called upon to exercise his skill on Mrs. This or That's drawing-room, or where is the amateur who has owned a camera for six weeks and has not spoiled at least one plate so.

This is a subject intensely fascinating and full of difficulties, but because of these difficulties there should not be many errors, for in the majority of cases there is plenty of time for a careful consideration of details, and often the arrangement of every part of the subject, in the hands of the operator. The state of the weather, or even the face of old Sol himself, may be completely disregarded, and with the aid of a flash lamp, the work may be carried on in the evening, though usually daylight will be found preferable, owing to the lack of harsh shadows which accompanies it. With beginners, at least, and sometimes with professionals, there is evidenced a tendency to include too much in the photogram, to collect in a small space every odd piece of furniture in the house, giving a result obviously unnatural, and serving only as a sort of inventory of the household effects.

In looking over a batch of interior photograms, the main troubles will almost always be found to be flatness, halation, under-exposure, poor arrangement and improper selection of the point of view. One or other, or perhaps several, of these defects will generally be found to mar pictures which, in other respects, are of good quality.

Flatness is at all times a great evil, but in interiors particularly, becomes very apparent. It is, of course, principally due to improper lighting, though the point of view may have something to do with it. The light should come from one side if possible, and not from the front, nor in flash-lights, should it come from directly behind the camera. The lamp is best fired from a position to the right or left of, and slightly higher than the instrument, the direct light being screened from the lens

The point from which the photogram is to be taken also has something to do with the appearance of depth, for if the camera be placed to look across the room from one corner to another, the view will appear deeper than if the exposure is made from the middle of one end.

Halation is a trouble often met with, but can be easily avoided and remedied. In many cases brilliantly lighted windows may be screened from without, or in some cases may even be entirely excluded from the picture. To pull down the shades will often mar the effect, but the hanging of a white cotton screen outside the lower half of the window, and leaving the blind in its usual position will give satisfactory results. But in many cases the aperture through which strong light streams, are inaccessible. In these cases the halation may be partially and often wholly avoided by the use of multiple-coated or backed plates. Ordinary plates may be backed by applying a mixture of the following with a camel's hair brush:—

Powdered burnt sienna	1 oz.
Powdered gum arabic	1 oz.
Glycerine	2 oz.
Water10 oz.

This dries quickly and may be easily removed before development by the application of a damp sponge. When plates are backed for non-halation, about 1-4 more exposure should be given to compensate for the light absorbed by the backing which would otherwise be reflected back to the film and cause halation.

Very frequently, however, the exposure made without any precautions being taken against halation, and then it is only possible to minimise its effect during the progress of development. Commence with a very weak developer, using but little of the alkali. When the windows or other brilliantly illuminated parts appear, they are carefully watched, and just before they reach the desired density, the plate is immersed in a very dilute solution of potassium-bromide. The surface is then roughly dried with a piece of blotting paper and the parts that are much over-exposed are painted over by means of a fine camel's hair brush, with a saturated solution of potassium bromide. After about half a minute the plate is washed off, and development proceeded with in the usual manner. With a little care this method will yield the finest results, and as the plate is only partially developed when the treatment is applied, and is put back in the developer, the harsh brush lines are

entirely softened out so that there is no danger of their showing.

If for the lack of such treatment the negative shows pronounced local, over-exposure or halation, the parts affected may be mechanically reduced by rubbing after the negative is dry, with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

Now for just a word on exposure and development as connected with interior photography. Observations would lead one to believe that the tyros invariably over-expose their landscapes and under-expose their interiors, and then undertake to develop both in the same dish with a normal developer. The result is that the former lacks strength and good printing qualities, while the latter is hard and chalky and gives a worthless print, whereas if the operation were only reversed, that is, the landscape under, and the interior over-exposed, a greater measure of success would attend the efforts of the worker. It is seldom that either a landscape or an interior can be developed with a normal developer, unless the exposure has been made by someone possessing a long and varied experience.

Interiors should if possible be just slightly over-exposed and then developed with a normal developer can be attempted. But usually the plate is under-exposed, and in such cases, supposing the developer calls for 2 drams of pyro, 2 drams of accelerator, and 4 ounces of water, take, say, 2 drams of accelerator, 4 ounces of water and 1-2 dram of pyro. If the image does not start in say two minutes, add 4 ounces more of water and 1 dram of accelerator. If this does not start the image, add 1 dram more of accelerator and if it still hangs back, throw the plate away. It will be so hopelessly under-exposed that it will be a waste of time to bother with it, and you had better make a second exposure on the subject. The aim in an interior should be to get a fine, soft negative, full of detail. There will always be shadows enough to secure the effect of relief, no matter how long the exposure, and for the best effects—unlike the landscape—no strong lights should be used. By this it is not meant that it ought to be flat and without contrast, but the trouble will usually be to avoid the troublesome strong shadows. A hard, under-timed interior is worse than nothing, while the same fully-timed and properly developed, is soft and full of detail; a delight to the eye and a pleasure to print from.

When the camera is all set do not stand beside it, cap in hand and tally off the minutes, but after everything is arranged and a good focus obtained, insert a medium stop, say F 32, uncap the lens, and then go away and give the camera credit for having ability enough to do the work alone. If you stay beside the instrument the tendency will be to cap the lens long before the time of exposure is completed.

Decide upon your exposure before opening the lens, and once the cap is off don't go near the room, no matter whether the exposure is to be ten minutes or half a day. If you decide to expose for an hour and forget until an hour and a half, the chances are that that will be one of your crack negatives, and far better than if the lens had been capped exactly on time.

If in developing the plate looks as if it were over-exposed and comes up with a rush, don't lose your head, and empty into the tray a whole bottle of restrainer, but remember that the longer the exposure, the quicker the image will always appear; and you will probably soon find that there are some dark corners that are not over-exposed. Then by the time they are out, the plate will on the whole have gained sufficient density to make a first-class print. Just because interior photographs are hard to make and not easy to develop, is no reason why they should be neglected, for once the difficulty of judging the correct exposure is mastered, everything else will generally run smoothly.

The want of proper arrangement of furniture and poor selection of point of view will often spoil an otherwise good negative. It is not always easy to figure out on the focussing screen the general effect, but persistence under the dark-cloth will soon enable one to grasp the appearance of the view, and it is surprising in how short a time the eyes will adapt themselves to the circumstances. Always, when possible, put dark objects in well lighted places, and help out dark corners with objects that will reflect the small amount of light that reaches them. Have an eye to the swing back, and use a level. Should there be any reflections from picture glasses, the angles of the pictures may be slightly altered by placing a piece of cork between one corner and the wall. Faces, etc., should be fastened against a sharply contrasting colored background, such as black on white and vice versa. Ornamental glassware ought to be taken against a dark background to make the transparent parts appear black in the print. Hollow glassware should be filled with a colored opaque fluid. Hollow silver and plated-ware should be filled with ice-water so that the condensation on the outside will dull the reflecting surfaces.

While the photographer may not find that interior photography is as easy as landscape work, he will soon see in it many opportunities of arrangement not to be found in out of doors photography, and when a thorough knowledge of it is obtained, he will have at his command a lucrative branch of the profession.

Little Willie—"What is a hypocrite, pa?"

Pa—"A hypocrite, my son, is a man who always acts differently when he knows some one is watching him."

A VICTIM PHOTOGRAPHER.

By Tudor Jenks.

As the saying is: "Two negatives do not make an affirmative."

There are moments when I am tempted to invent a new epithet to precede "photographer;" "Professional" is out of the question, and "amateur" implies an affection not felt at those moments. "Victim" is not a new word, but it comes near enough. It does not express the rushing in where angels refrain, but it exactly defines the state of affairs after the mishap.

I am, then, not an amateur but a victim photographer. I am owned by two cameras and their attendant ghosts and sprites. The spirits are at hand and they evoke the ghosts. I did not pay for the cameras. I am thankful to say that no mis-spent hoard of dollars reproaches me from the ebullient eyes of two cyclopes. One was given to me for writing an advertisement setting forth the beauties of the art and its simplicity. But wait a moment, gentle reader! I did not sin consciously; I had never taken a picture then, and I thought what I wrote was true. The other camera was also a present from one who loved me, and who meant it for the best.

Since entering their service I have tried strenuously to give satisfaction. With eager hope I have pressed the button; with bated breath I have slopped all varieties of so-called developer; with misguided zeal I have printed, toned and fixed—especially "fixed." I have fixed some prints so that they will never get over it. I have pasted them into a scrap book and seen them wane away into nothingness or display the iridescent hues of a dying porpoise.

Having thus learned in suffering I claim the right to teach in song. But prose will give the heart fuller scope for its bitterness. The hand that pens these lines is even now yellowed with pyro that revealed four failures out of a total of four possible. Others may have better claim to teach photography, but to console victim photographers is mine. I have made all kinds of failures. Negatives of mine have gone cheerfully into hypo; prints of mine have gone cheerfully to bathe and come forth virgin paper; I have rocked an invalid negative for hours, gazing upon its pale cheek that was scarce flushed by the ruby lamp; I have rushed breathlessly after a splendid subject, snapped the trigger while aiming at the vital spot, and opened the camera only to find the undrawn slide grinning derisively.

"Ich habe gefotografiert und gesufferert."

There is one part of the martyrdom that is comparatively easy. The materials can be bought by the most inexperienced, who has the money. The manufacturers and the dealers have worked untiringly to re-

move all obstacles from the path of the purchasing victim. You pay your money, they do you, and the rest. Everything is so smooth along the down-hill road.

"Facilis descensus photographo."

Plates are cheap (in small quantities), and the plate-holders at home are so hungry! The imagination, too, is a wonderful camera. Upon an unexposed plate it can take instantaneously cherubin in their flight. In a new box of plates is the capacity for taking pictures beyond the dreams of a Sarnoy. And the book of instructions sings such siren songs! "Point the camera, touch the button"—and what?

You enter the dark room, for which Dante has written his "ogni speranza" line; you drop the creamy, silver-lined cloud into the tray; you pour the developer over, and you begin your "Stern gray rocks, O see!"

Then should come, in your Utopian dream, the gradual appearance of the image. But does it? "Pinafore," with its "hardly ever," looms through the dim red light. O victim photographer, there is in your book of instructions a portion devoted to failures. That is your portion. In a few light words we are told that over-exposure produces lack of contrast; over-development gives lack of something else; under-development is vexation and under-exposure is as bad. Escaping these, Charybdis comes in fog; fog that is gray, or yellow, or green, or pink. Then, if you are still safe, I would remind you how easy it is to scrape a long gash in the film, or to drop it face down upon the floor, or to find two plates clinging lovingly together as they are washed.

But suppose you have made a good negative; I haven't, but you may have done better. Having supposed the negative, merely as a working hypothesis, there is a great wide land full of ravishing chemicals between you and the finished picture. I can tone a picture so that it will remind you of Kurtz in his moments of inspiration, and yet that same print will fade utterly away and leave not a rack behind. I can cause prints to turn colors different from those produced by the professionals.

But I do not mean to boast of my prints. It is in negatives that I excel. Weird, ghostly, ghastly spirits of those I have known in happier hours rise unbidden upon my emulsions. Almost any make of plates will serve my purpose, and almost any formula of development.

I have used pyro and I have used eikonogen; and it seems to me that the latter is preferable, as it stains the shirt sleeves least.

My family used, when in my early days I emerged blinking from solitary confinement, to say, with a rising inflection, "Well?" But now they look sympathetic and wait for me to explain how I account for it.

The last time I came from the dark room one unthinkingly inquired, "How was it?" and proudly I replied: "I kept my temper." Now, how much better it is to gain a moral victory than to take mere pictures!

I sent some exposed film to the manufacturer, to let him develop it. When the agent returned the result he said, in a kindly way, "They ought to give you a new film."

He meant to soften the blow; but he was mistaking my purpose. I didn't expect any pictures. I was after revenge. I wanted the manufacturer or some of his hirelings to feel what I felt, to see what I saw. And that roll of film must have brought anguish to the soul of whoever rocked it into obscurity.

Why don't I give it up. I don't know. It is like gambling. I rely upon the doctrine of probabilities. I hope that some day, somewhere, somehow, I may get a good negative. I have spoiled only a few hundred plates and films. I may need some day to build a greenhouse, and then those plates will find their place in the world. Besides, my favorite reading is photographic catalogues. I have never seen paramidophenol, but I can imagine just what it would do in the developing tray. I can see with the mind's eye how gently it would fog a plate, how carefully it would coax the edges of softened film from the glass! The new kinds of cameras, too—how neat their pictures are! (that is, the pictures of them).

I should like to write a book of consolation for victim photographers. Of course I should not pretend to tell them what would happen to their plates and prints at different stages—a younger victim, unlearned in the bitter school of experience, might attempt that, not I—but I could by loving sympathy coax them to give up their dreams of actually getting pictures to show their friends. I could either dissuade them from yielding to the fatal charms of pyro and hypo, or I could teach them to seek another result than pictures. I could, perhaps, induce them to strive for original failures, for eccentricities.

Just to start interest in the subject I am willing to contribute a pretty negative made by two people working, entirely without collusion, on the same plate. It represents a quiet family at breakfast, while beneath their table is a Winter scene, showing an old man clearing the sidewalks of snow, entirely undisturbed by the breakfast table in the heavens above him.

What victim photographer will aid in establishing a museum of our triumphs?

Just one Socialistic paragraph and I am done. When the people rule those who willfully represent photography as an easy and fascinating pursuit for the young and innocent will be brought before some tribunal. Then, while black-browed judges

look gravely on, an unspoiled amateur will attempt to follow their directions. If he fail—as fail full well he may—the corrupter of youth will be led away to a long imprisonment in a dark cell lighted only by a ruby lamp, and there he will wear away the best years of his life in endlessly and fruitlessly rocking an empty tray.—Frank Leslie's Magazine.

Correspondence.

Correspondence should be addressed to Box 631, Sarnia, Ont.

German.—To print a cracked negative, put the printing frame at the bottom of a narrow box about two feet deep, with blackened sides, and drop a piece of tissue paper over the frame.

M.F.C.—To dry negatives rapidly immerse the negative in a mixture of formaline, 1 part, and water, 9 parts, for five minutes. Then plunge it in hot water, set it up to dry and in a few minutes you can print from it.

N.R.—Yes. From the ground. It is to be feared you will have to draw the line.

Sulphite of Soda—Sulphite of soda is used in the developer, not so much to make the pyro keep longer as to prevent stain. Any acid would answer just as well, but would not prevent the yellowing of film and fingers.

John Simmons, Toronto.—In answer to your enquiry as to the best plates for landscape, we quote from the St. Louis and Canadian Photographer of last month:—"The advice given in all photographic text-books in relation to landscape work is that a slow plate is desirable, and most of us have accepted the dictum without question. But, according to Captain Abney, rapid plates are preferable to slow ones, except in rare instances, because the gradation they yield is better, the results less harsh, and the detail in high lights and dark shadows more evident. But this statement is issued with a caution. I quote his observations from Photography:—"But when using rapid plates, care has to be taken that they will give sufficient density in the highest lights. If plate makers would use sufficient iodide in the emulsions equal rapidity can be obtained, but with an increased density. Plates made of pure bromide are apt to suffer in density-giving qualities if their rapidity be pressed to a maximum. It seems to me that the best thing to do is to employ a plate of medium rapidity for practically all work. To change from quick to slow, or vice versa, introduces loopholes of error in both exposure and development."

George Harrison—Our reason for using the noun photogram was fully stated when

this department in Rod and Gun in Canada was started. However, here it is:—
—graph, a termination indicating the active verb.

—gram, a termination indicating the noun.
Telegraph—to write at a distance.
Telegram—the writing made at a distance.
Photograph—to write by light.
Photogram—the writing made by light.

Constant Reader.—See answer to Alex, in May issue. Yes. The editorial column of our April issue contained a paragraph on the rules governing cameras at the Paris Exposition. You may be a "constant," but you cannot be a very thorough reader.

Evans D.—Bromide prints that lose brilliancy in the shadows after drying can be remedied by the use of such a varnish as the following, which will give the same effect as when they are wet:—

Borax—40 grammes.

Coarse powdered white shallac—100 grammes.

Water—500 cem.

Solution is hastened by warming, and the addition of 50 cem. to 100 cem. of alcohol makes the solution clearer. This bath is filtered and the prints floated upon it. Prints toned with uranium and potassium ferrieyanide should not be treated this way, as the borax destroys the tone.

H. M. Tubbs—To avoid the coarseness in prints made from large negatives, place a piece of celluloid between negative and paper while printing. This will soften the grain so that it is hardly noticeable, without affecting the definition to any extent.

Flat Negatives—If you dry your negatives and then wet them again, it will add to their brilliancy.

Albert A.—Glycerin and ciprogen—The image takes longer to appear, but grows quickly. Ortol and pyro—The image appears in about a minute and grows steadily. Metol and rodinal—The image flashes out quickly, but gains density very slowly. Metol and hydroquinone combined act splendidly together, and make a very steady working developer. Hydroquinone—The image is long in coming up, but once up commences to put on density very quickly.

Several replies are again unavoidably held over, but will be answered by mail.

Literary Young Man (at a party)—
"Miss Jones, have you ever seen Crabbe's Tales?"

Young Lady (scornfully)—"I was not aware that crabs had tails."

Literary Young Man (covered with confusion)—"I—I beg your pardon; I

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should have said 'read Crabbe's 'Tales'.'

Young Lady (scornfully indignant)—
"And I was not aware that red crabs had tails either, young man."—Ram's Horn.

Mr. Bastedo, deputy commissioner of fisheries of Ontario, received during May probably the largest whitefish ever caught in Lake Erie. It was landed in a fisherman's net at Port Dover, and declared

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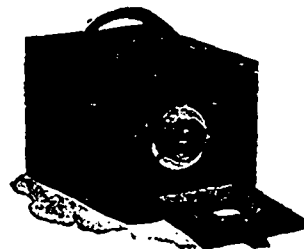
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THE LAURENTIDES NATIONAL PARK alone contains hundreds of the most picturesque lakes, teeming with fish, and plenty of moose, caribou and bear; black, silver and red fox, otter, martin, lynx, mink, fisher are also abundant.

FEATHERED GAME.—Canadian goose, duck, woodcock, snipe, partridge, plover, etc., are in great number in almost every part of the province.

HUNTING AND FISHING PERMITS can be obtained from the Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries and from the Game-wardens all over the province.

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