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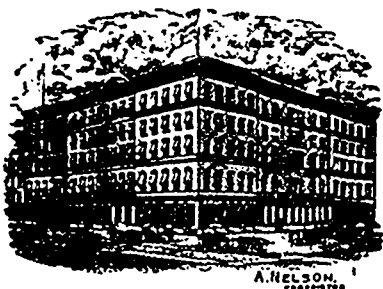
Can you send over some Trap? I don't mean to flatter but it is ahead of anything we get here.—A. W. W., Batavia, N. Y.

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## THE HABITS OF THE BEAVER.

As told by Henry Braithwaite to the  
late Frank H. Risteen.

Beavers are not so numerous in New Brunswick generally as they were twenty years ago, but on my own ground they are about as plentiful as ever, for the reason that I have always made it a point to leave a sufficient number every year on the different streams to keep the stock replenished. The trapper who finds a beaver family and never lets up until he has wiped them all out, is pursuing a very short-sighted policy. A female beaver will usually bring forth from two to five kittens each spring, and I have known them to have six, in one case seven, in a litter. In this country the kittens are born the latter part of May or first of June.

The animals are now more numerous in Northumberland and Restigouche than any of the other counties. They would be numerous in Gloucester, Madawaska and Victoria, but are followed up too closely by the Frenchmen, who never think of giving them a chance to breed. In the southern and western counties very few are now to be found. The pelts at present are worth about \$2.50 a pound. They vary from half a pound to two pounds in weight, the average being about one and a quarter. Most of these go to the London market, some of them to Montreal. The age of the beaver makes very little difference with regard to the quality of the fur. Three and four-year-olds are about the best, as the skins are more pliable. The drop in Alaska seal has brought down the value of the beaver, because the latter is used to counterfeit the former. After a beaver skin has been plucked and dyed to resemble seal it takes an expert to tell the difference.

A good many stories are told about beaver by people who don't know. For instance, it is claimed that he uses his broad, scaly tail as a trowel to plaster his house or dam. As a matter of fact, they simply keep lugging up mud and tramping over it, and that is all the plastering that is done. Then again, it is stated that they only work at night. I have often seen them working in the daytime, especially in the spring of the year, when it freezes too hard at night for them to cut their wood. I have known them to come out of their houses at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and it is a common thing for them to appear at three o'clock and work till dark. The Indians, and some white men, take advantage of this, and lie in wait to shoot them when they show up. In the early fall, when warm nights are the rule, they are not apt to be seen in the daytime. For shooting a beaver in the water the shotgun is preferable to the rifle. Only about half of the animal's head shows above the surface, and as he is nearly always under full head of steam, it is hard to stop him with the rifle. If you miss your beaver he

up-ends and dives like a shot, his broad tail striking the water like a side of sole leather. His object in spanking the water is to put the other beavers on their guard.

In some respects the cleverness of the beaver is overrated. He is certainly a very good, clean workman in the mason and carpenter line, but is far easier to trap than a fox or fisher. When you are laying for him with a gun, all you have to do is to keep perfectly still, and he will swim right up to you; but the slightest whiff of human scent will send him to the bottom. Beaver dams are not always built of sticks and mud. I have seen four of them that were entirely built of stone. At Beaver Brook lake there is an old stone dam about forty rods long. When this dam was first made it is likely it was cemented with leaves and mud, but this soft material washed out after awhile without materially lowering the dam; and when a new family of beavers fell heir to it they had water enough there without having to raise the dam. The beaver is a great worker, but he likes to loaf the same as anyone else when he has a chance. For instance, when he can find an old driving dam, it is a regular windfall for him. He goes right to work and plugs up the old gateway, and soon has a splendid fit-out. It makes him fairly grin to strike such a snap as that. But I have seen beavers that didn't seem to have good horse sense. They will undertake to build a dam in a place where it will be carried away with every freshet, and maybe within ten rods of it there would be a good, safe site. Sometimes they will pick out very mean places for food and will nearly starve in the winter, though there is plenty of good, straight-grained grub not a quarter of a mile away.

Some people who write stories for the papers say that what are called "bank" beavers are lazy old males that have been fired out of the house by the rest of the family because they wouldn't work. I wonder what kind of a spy-glass the man had who saw this taking place. Perhaps he was a mind-reader who could figure out what the beavers were thinking about. Bank beavers are not always males, by any means. I have trapped female bank beavers with their kittens. The fact is that when beavers take to the bank it is because there is so much water that they don't need a dam, or because there is no chance to build a dam. That is why you find the bank beavers mostly on lakes, or large rivers, which they are unable to dam.

A full grown beaver will weigh from 30 to 40 pounds. I have caught a good many sealing over 40 pounds, and have been told by very reliable people that 60 pounders have been taken. I think the beaver, if he could only keep out of the trap, would live to a ripe old age. His growth is very slow, yet he sometimes reaches a remarkable size, with every sign of being

a regular old settler. I feel safe in saying that he is liable to live to be 25 or 30 years of age. The fur of the beaver is at its best in the winter and early spring. The outer and longer coating is coarse and glossy, almost black in color; the under coat is very thick and silky, nearly black on top and silver grey underneath.

The beaver is really a sort of portable pulp mill, grinding up most any kind of wood that comes his way. I once measured a white birch tree, 22 inches through, cut down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a regular frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair-sized sapling, say 3 inches through, in about two minutes, and a large tree in about an hour. The favorite food of the animal is the poplar; next come the cherry and balm of gilead. They are fond of all kinds of maples, and will eat cedar, hemlock, or spruce. In some places they feed principally on alders. They also eat the roots of many kinds of water plants. When food is scarce they will consume the bark of the largest trees.

They commence to build their houses and yard up wood for the winter in September, but sometimes as early as August, and sometimes as late as October. They drag in the wood from all directions, and float it up as near as they can to the front of the lodge. There is nearly always two doors to the beaver house, and a favorite place for them to pile their wood is between these openings. But they leave a great deal of it out in the pond, more than half of which they are not able to consume, because, when the pond freezes up, they are only able to reach what is below the ice. The size of the house, as well as the woodpile stored in the pond, depends on the size of the family. An average house, which is generally circular in shape, will measure about twelve feet in diameter, and stand from three to six feet above the surface of the water. I have known them to be as large as sixteen and as small as six feet in diameter. The walls are usually about two feet thick and are strong enough to support the weight of a full grown moose without collapsing. They are perfectly air-tight, and being steam-heated by the beavers, must be very warm and cosy in the coldest weather. Very old beavers usually build larger houses, work more systematically and go in for comfort generally.

Each beaver has his bed neatly placed against the inner surface of the wall. His bedding is composed, usually, of wood fibres stripped fine, about like an Indian's broom. In the case of lake beaver, with whom wood is apt to be scarce, blue joint grass is used for bedding. This bedding is taken out pretty often and a fresh supply brought in, for the beaver is a most cleanly animal and his couch is soon fouled by his muddy occupation.

The two outlets from the lodge are built on an incline to the bottom of the pond. I think the idea of that is that if an enemy comes in one door they can make out at the other. The mud with which the roof is plastered is mostly taken from the bottom of the pond, close to the house, some . . . leaving quite a ditch there, which is handy as giving the beavers room to move about when the ice gets thick. . . . As the ice freezes down to the bottom, the beavers extend a trench from this ditch out further into the pond to enable them to reach their food. This trench is sometimes ten rods in length. They will often cut a canal about two feet wide from one lake to another, if the intervening ground is barren and the surface level. Sometimes they will excavate an underground canal between the lakes. If the house is on a lake and there is a wide strip of barren between the house and the edge of the woods, they will cut a canal clear up to the edge of the woods, so that they can float

their stuff down. To see a beaver swimming down the canal with a tree in tow five times his own weight is a comical sight. He has a good deal the same look on his face as the man who is lugging home his Thanksgiving turkey.

It is very seldom that the house is located on or near the dam. Beaver dams vary a good deal in height, according to the shape of the bank and the depth of water, seldom, however, measuring over seven feet. They are often eight or ten feet wide at the base, sloping up to a width of from one to three feet on top, and are usually perfectly water-tight. They are very firmly constructed and will sometimes last for years after the beavers have left them. Where beavers have seldom been disturbed they can be captured by making a small break in the dam and setting a trap for them when they come to repair the leak. But where beavers have been much hunted—and they are mostly all pretty well posted these days—this scheme is a poor one. The beavers will promenade on top of the dam and smell around the trap, to see what is the matter, and when you visit the trap you are liable to find in it nothing but a bunch of sticks. A beaver colony will often use the same dam for a number of years, especially when it is at the outlet or inlet of a lake, but they will usually build a new house every year. I think they do this on the ground of cleanliness, on which point they are very particular.

As compared with the otter or mink the beaver is a very slow swimmer. His front legs hang by his sides, and he uses only his webbed hind feet for purposes of swimming. It is easy to capture one in a canoe if you can find him in shoal water. He is a most determined fighter, but clumsy, and easy to handle. If he could get hold of you with his teeth he would almost take a leg off—so you want to watch him sharp. The proper place to grab him is by the tail.

The only enemy the beaver really has to fear is man. The bear and the lynx lay for him sometimes, but not with much success. I have known a bear to go down into four feet of water and haul a beaver out of a trap. The lynx occasionally catches a small beaver on the bank, but a full grown one would be too many for him to handle. Wild animals in some respects are ahead of men. They never have a swelled head; never bite off more than they can comfortably chew. Each fellow knows what he is able to tackle and get away with without injuring his health. The bear has too much sense to tackle the porcupine, and all hands line up to give the skunk the right of way.

One of the queerest facts about the beaver is the rapidity with which his long, chisel-shaped teeth will recover from an injury. I have known beavers to break their teeth in biting a trap, and when I caught them again ten days afterwards you couldn't see a sign of the break—the teeth had grown out to their former perfection in that short period.

As soon as the lakes and streams open in the spring, the old males, and all the two and three-year-olds, start off on a regular excursion and ramble over the brooks and lakes for miles around, the old females remaining at home to rear their young. In fact, the mother beavers remain at home all summer, while the rest of the tribe are ranging about until September, when they commence to club together again. The kittens generally remain with the mother for two years. When they are three years old they mate and start off on their own hook. You can mostly always tell the newly-wedded couple by the small, snug house they build. They seem to be very devoted to each other, but I have noticed one point about the young she beaver that is very human. If the trapper comes along and her mate is wuffed up, she goes skirmishing as soon as possible for another husband.

Near the root of the beaver's tail are glands which hold a thick, musky liquid called the castoreum, which is used by trappers to scent their bait. When I want to shoot a beaver I get out my bottle of castoreum and pull the cork. The beaver will swim right up within range as soon as he catches the scent. When trapping in the fall, which I seldom do, I generally daub a little of the substance on a dry stub or snag a few yards away from the shore. The trap is set about three inches under water where the beaver climbs up on the bank, a bunch of poplar being generally used for bait. When trapping in the winter you cannot use the castoreum, as the trap is set under the ice where the scent has no effect.

Some old trappers, when setting traps under the ice, cut four stakes, three of green poplar and the other of some kind of dry wood. These are driven down through the hole in the ice close to the house, solidly into the bottom, forming a square about a foot each way. The trap is set and lowered carefully to the bottom by means of two hooked sticks, the ring on the chain being slipped over the dry stake. This is not a sure plan at all. There is nothing to prevent the beaver from cutting off the poplars above the trap and carrying them away. In fact, if the beaver gets in the trap he is simply playing in hard luck. The best way is to shove down a small dry tree with three or four branches sticking out on which the trap can be set, and place bait above it in such a fashion that the beaver will have to step on the trap to reach it. But if the water is shoal enough, the safest way is to place your trap on the bottom. It is, of course, all-important that the beaver should drown soon after he is caught; otherwise you are very apt to get nothing but a claw, particularly if he is caught by the forefoot, which can be twisted off very easily.

The cutting of a hole in the ice and other disturbance caused by setting the trap, of course, scares the beavers in the house, and you are not likely to catch any for two or three nights. But the beavers cannot get away, are very hungry for fresh food, and after they get over their panic will readily walk into the trap.

The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is really not so tough a problem as it looks. When the lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel his breath so that it will form a wide, flat bubble. The air coming in contact with the ice and water is purified, and the beaver breathes it in again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing. When the ice is thin and clear I have often seen the muskrat attached to his bubble, and by pounding on the ice have driven him away from it, when he would drown in a very short time. I believe that the beaver, as well as the loon, sometimes employs this pneumatic suction principle by breathing into the mud on the bottom, and thus remaining under water for a remarkable length of time.

It almost takes a burglar-proof safe to hold a newly captured beaver. I once caught an old one and two kittens up the north branch of the Sou-West, put them in a barrel and brought them down to Miramichi lake. That night she gnawed a hole through the barrel and cleared out, leaving her kittens. They were so young that I had no way of feeding them, so released them in the hope that the mother might find them. Soon after that I caught a big male beaver. I made a large log pen for him of dry spruce, but the second night he cut a log up and disappeared. Beavers when alarmed generally make up stream, so I went up the brook to where a little branch came in and I thought I would go up that a little ways, and I hadn't gone more than ten rods before I came across my

lad sitting up in the bed of the brook having a lunch on a stick he had cut. He actually looked as if he knew he was playing truant when he caught sight of me out of the side of his eye. I picked him up by the tail, brought him back, put him in the pen, supplied him with plenty of fresh poplar, and he seemed as tame as possible and never gave me any more trouble. I brought him out to Stanley where he lived a long time. Turnbull had a thoroughbred mongrel dog which was jealous of the beaver, and one day attacked him. He only did that once, for the beaver nipped the dog's tail off quicker'n a cat could catch a mouse.

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#### UNSCIENTIFIC FACTS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By C. C. FARR.

The rabbit, or more scientifically speaking, the hare, though small and generally held in contempt is the most useful animal that runs in the bush.

It is the animated wheat of the woods. Without it some of the most beautiful and valuable of our fur bearing animals would become extinct, while the owls and some of the larger species of hawks would have to go out of business.

It is strange how many of the carnivora are dependent on it for their daily food. From the lynx to the tiny weasel, all, more or less, prey upon the poor little rabbit, and yet, in spite of all this, so prolific is it, that, were it not for the periodical attacks of some pulmonary complaint, which completely depopulates whole districts, it would increase and multiply far beyond the needs of its natural enemies, and like the rabbits in Australia and New Zealand, become a nuisance on the face of the earth.

I imagine that this disease, to which they are subjected, must be tuberculosis, if so it might have a bearing upon the prevalence of this disease amongst Indians. Many years ago, while travelling through the Kippewa country, I passed through a swamp where rabbits used to swarm, and I found some lying dead and others in a dying condition. My companion, who was an Indian, informed me that the trouble was in their lungs. Unfortunately, I did not examine one of them myself for sake of verification, but accepted his statement for fact. I know, however, that for some years afterwards rabbits became very scarce in that locality; so much so that the Indians suffered, and there was a famine amongst them.

A famine amongst Indians is simply a scarcity of rabbits; excepting those who live on the frontier, there is always a famine amongst them in the matter of flour. Fish and meat constitute the staple food of an Indian and the greatest of these is rabbits.

Whole families living in the interior make use of only two or three bags of flour during the winter, and only eat it when game is scarce, or when on a journey, therefore, as rabbits are most easily caught and are the most plentiful of all the animals in the bush, a scarcity of them means hunger to the Indians. Their name for rabbit is "Wahboos,"—"The Little White Chap,"—a name half friendly, half contemptuous.

If an Indian has a low estimate of any man's intelligence, he says: "Wahboos ometinenjigay,"—"He thinks like a rabbit."

To the women is left the task of catching them. It is considered purely a woman's job and beneath the dignity of a good hunter. The men will sometimes make the "fences" for the snares, but the women usually set the snares and attend to them.

The method of snaring them is very simple. An especially well beaten track is selected and across this a small

balsam or spruce is thrown, one of about one and a-half or two inches in diameter, taking care, however, that the pole crosses the track about a foot above the ground. At the butt end balsam, cedar or spruce brush is stuck in the ground or snow, forming with the top of the little tree a fence through which the only opening left is by the track, on each side of which stakes are placed, leaving a passage of about six inches in width. Then a small spring pole is stuck into the snow so that the top of it when bent down comes exactly over the centre of the opening. To this top is attached a piece of small twine with a loop on the end for making the snare, but tied in such a manner that there is about four inches to spare on the wrong end. On this there is a knot made, and by looping the snare end around this knot, and tucking the slack between the string and the cross pole where it is brought tight against it by the strain of the spring pole a slip knot is formed, which is released by a slight pull on the snare end. The snare is then rounded into a circle of about three and a half to four inches in diameter. This is suspended on two very fine twigs stuck into the snow with their tops leaning towards each other, which hold the snare up about five inches from the ground. Beneath it are placed about three short sticks also stuck in the snow, which prevent the rabbit from diving beneath the snare. All these "setting sticks," as they are called, have to be of dead wood, otherwise the rabbits would nibble at them and disarrange the snare. The next and final act is to take the fine tops of the birch, poplar or maple and stick them promiscuously along each side of the fence.

The rabbits eat these, and finding such excellent food on one side of the fence expect to find the same on the other, and to reach it they have to pass through the little circle of the snare which seems made especially for a rabbit to go through. But alas for the rabbit. Its shoulders catch the snare and knock it off the small "set sticks." The noose then tightens on its neck and a more vigorous pull sets the spring pole free, which, if properly arranged, will jerk the rabbit off its legs and end its career, "Sus per coll." Sometimes the noose slips over its shoulders and catches it by the hind legs. Then it makes a long fight for freedom and is often still alive when found; but the Indians object to eating rabbits thus caught. "Map is ootch," they call them, and only eat them when rabbits are scarce, otherwise they let the children have them.

An Indian, or indeed anyone who can catch a rabbit, need never die of starvation in the bush, as long as rabbits abound. A piece of twine and a jack knife is all that is required, though for the matter of that an Indian can dispense with the twine, being always able to find some bark or root that will serve the purpose. The great trouble is that the rabbits nibble the twine, and to prevent this the Indians use various substances. In the summer the rubbing of the snare with the bruised brush of the balsam is sufficient, but in the winter the Indians always use the frozen dung of the dog, which is infallible, though I fancy that coal tar would be equally efficacious.

The various uses of the rabbit skins by the Indians are so well known that I hardly need to enumerate them. They cut the skins into strips which they twist into a coarse, furry yarn and then weave, by netting, into blankets and all kinds of garments, though the latter have been superseded by the white man's garments of cloth.

The rabbit does not figure conspicuously in Indian legendary lore. It was one of the animals that came short of grease when the Geetehie Manitou distributed grease, or fat, to all living animals. All animals were supposed to be originally made without any fat and they complained to the Geetehie Manitou

on that account, therefore he created a river of grease and ordered all the animals to gather together on its banks upon a certain day. The bear, being a greedy fellow, came first, and not content with drinking his fill, he even swam in it, so that to this day his coat is greasy. The beaver also swallowed large quantities, and all the other animals drank of the grease, each in the order of their fatness; but the rabbit and the partridge tarried so long in coming that the Geetehie Manitou told the weasel to go and hunt for them. But the weasel was so slow that the lagards came of their own accord, and when they came the grease was done, all but a spoonful of the skimmings, which had stuck to the banks like a high water mark. This was given to the rabbit. Then the partridge cried so bitterly that the Geetehie Manitou took pity on it and wiped his fingers upon its neck, so that to this day the partridge has a little smear of fat on each side of the base of its neck. In the meantime the weasel arrived, but all the grease was consumed and it got none. In vain it protested that it was delayed by having to tie its moccasin strings. There was simply no more grease, so to this day the weasel has not a particle of grease upon its body. All of which contains a beautiful little moral lesson for those of slow and sluggish habits.

\*

By far the most important article in an outfit for winter work is the snowshoe. Without a rifle, or gun, you may still kill game by trapping and catch fish enough to live on, but with two feet of snow on the ground you will be perfectly helpless without your snowshoes. The best materials for the bow, and for the filling, are white ash and caribou hide babiche, but many Indian tribes use other materials—in fact they make what they can get serve, being practical men. Contrary to the general belief, moose hide does not make a very bad filling. A yearling bull's hide should be chosen; this will yield 500 yards of babiche, and one pair of full sized shoes will require from 400 to 500 yards of this material. Horse hide is an excellent filling, and ordinary cow hide may do at a pinch. Second growth white ash makes by far the best bow, but the northern Indians use yellow birch, or oak, as well, when ash is scarce. As to shape, each tribe has its own ideals, influenced by local conditions; between the bear paw of the Montagnais Indian, and the 5 ft. shoe of the Cree, you will find dozens of curiously shaped snowshoes. The most peculiar I have yet seen is used by the Coast Indians of southern Alaska. The shoe is small, the lacing (on account of wet heavy snow, which balls badly) so coarse that you may pass two fingers through the web, the nose is turned up, and a deep groove runs down the centre of the shoe. Moreover, as an additional assistance on the treacherous ice-slopes of the Coast Range, each shoe has a patent brake on the outside of the bow, consisting of the tip of the black, pointed horn of the mountain goat. This is set so that it will fold backward against the bow, when the shoe is stationary or moving forward, but will stand out at right angles, and dig into the ice, should a slip backward occur.

\*

Nine men out of ten will pitch a lean-to camp on ground which slopes toward the fire, thinking thereby to get the maximum of benefit therefrom. The tenth man has been a closer observer, and you will notice his open tent faces a slight rise. The heat rays strike the canvas at a more acute angle in the latter case, and about 20 per cent. more heat finds its way into the tent. A careful trial will convince anyone of this—especially of a cold winter's night.

## THE WHITE BUCK.

By St. Croix.

"Is that gentleman in?"

That gentleman was, and a few seconds later the half-breed was seated on the extreme edge of a chair in my den, his mocassined feet strangely out of place on even a rather shabby carpet.

"Well, Jim?—out with it, man." My visitor's bashfulness was extreme. Thus exhorted, Jim began:

"I guess, mister, them little deer we was a-talking about is back of the Maryland road; and a man I'm acquainted with livin' there tol' me he run agin' them t'other day on his wood lot."

This was news indeed, for the last authentic report of the said deer—for there was only supposed to be one herd within a day's ride of the city—had placed them some miles further off than did this last rumor.

"Jim, do you think we could find them if we got off at once?" I asked.

"Sarten shure, mister," answered Jim, "snow just right for tracking." There being about a couple of inches of snow covering the hard frozen ground, it seemed possible that Jim's hopes had a somewhat more solid foundation than is usually the case with an Indian's anti-hunting prophecies to a wavering patron.

"Then Jim, you go down to the grocery store and order grub for a week's hunt, and I will pick you up there in an hour's time."

Jim gave a grunt, and on being released went off down the street like an india-rubber man, stepping high to clear the windfalls which from habit seemed to cumber his path. It did not take me long to get ready, for, in the hay loft over the stable my camp kit was always ready, my first care on returning from a hunt being to have all tinware cleaned, rents in blankets or bags repaired, and axes ground before putting them away.

The Maryland road is a highway built after the Roman manner, that is to say, always preferring to go over the crest of a hill rather than to turn its flank. It starts from the city of Fredericton—where it ends is uncertain, although a hardy explorer, according to tradition, is said to have gone so far along it that the ever narrowing trail became a cow path, which in its turn degenerated into a squirrel's track, which finally led to the foot of a big pine.

We found the road heavy, and by the time we had covered the three miles between the city and our proposed camping place, the dusk was deepening rapidly. In due time the logs were crackling, and master Jim and myself sipping a warm and exhilarating beverage as we toasted ourselves before the

blaze. That night it registered 15° below zero, but not even our consciences disturbed our rest.

In the morning we arose early, but nevertheless later than the moose birds, who had already discovered that our sugared ham was of a brand they approved of. Jim, on that bright frosty morning was in no hurry to begin the hunt. He was experiencing a new sensation, having just discovered that fluid beef with plenty of pepper in it is a soothing concoction, and it soon became evident that he had sinister designs on the remainder of our stock. Indian fairy tales, legends concerning all animated things known to the great northern woods, from the giant moose to the chickadee, chronological data regarding the Indians, his ancestors, and much other valuable and miscellaneous information, flowed in a voluble, disconnected flood from the cavity which separated the three hairs of his moustache from the four decorative bristles of his chin.

At length we started. The country we roamed over was entirely denuded of heavy timber, owing to bush fires and the



*Turtle Portage, Lake Kippewa*

misguided labors of past generations who had industriously destroyed the only valuable crop that land can ever carry. There was, however, a scrubby, second growth which made it a most suitable country for deer, with abundance of food and shelter, though an exceedingly difficult one to hunt over, the swamps being very dense. We returned to camp that evening tired and hungry, with two "partridge" as a result of our labors. The morning's narrative was not resumed—there was no longer anything to be gained, and, besides, we were done to a turn.

After supper: "Well, Jim, where are the deer?"

"Dunno"; which was likely.

Next morning I walked over to a neighboring farm and enquired of the women folk, who alone were at home, about the game we were after. They were hospitable

and accessible to flattery, but knew little. Finally the more interesting of the two recalled that "Nathan" had seen a white deer feeding in the old pasture with the cattle before the last snow.

I hurried back and communicated the joyful news to Jim. In honor of the occasion we made an inordinate brewing of fluid beef and indulged in a perfect wasgail bout. It ought to have killed us, but men camping out in a temperature of minus anything you like can stand much, and we started on the trail actually invigorated by our excess. During several hours we plunged through dense thickets and scoured open barrens in an admirable and untiring manner—but all to no purpose. Deer, whether white, dun, grey or black were absent from the landscape.

For yet another day we persisted, and were rewarded by a rabbit which Jim foully murdered with a rock; then I gave up, and the edict went forth: "Jim, go to town and send out the waggon." With visions of social joys before his eyes, Jim obeyed promptly. It has always appeared to me that the Indian takes to the chase with reluctance and quits it with alacrity.

In due time the young bay horse and old grey waggon hove in sight, and with half an hour to spare before dark we began to re-travel the Appian Way which is called Maryland. I had myself seen that everything was in the trap, and that both my express rifle and Jim's muzzle loader were securely wrapped in the blankets and placed at the bottom of the load. Slowly we toiled up the hills and merrily we rattled down the slopes, until more than half our journey was completed.

I remember the scene well; a little hill in front—quite a gentle rise for the Appian Way—and a rough pasture on the right hand. My discontented glance roved casually over it; I started,—rubbed my eyes. There stood a white deer!

The animal did not seem in the least alarmed, and I began to hope I might yet get a shot. Most cautiously I rummaged in the blankets for my rifle; at length I had it in my hand, but where, in the name of fate, were the cartridges? A groan escaped me as I realized they were in Jim's pitsnargan, miles away.

Now came the most wonderful part of the adventure; indeed, had I not myself witnessed the sight, I should find some difficulty in crediting it. Perhaps the disappointment I had undergone had produced a temporary aberration of intellect, causing me to see things as they were not; or perhaps it was the fading light which deceived me, but this is certainly what I seemed to see. The buck appeared to gradually rear upon its hind legs, getting higher and higher, until it looked as tall as the young tamarack that were scattered here and there over the rough pasture. Then, with the greatest deliberation the uncanny animal placed its off fore foot to the point of its delicate muzzle, and its near fore foot before its off.

In this remarkable attitude it stood for some seconds—then it dissolved, as it were, into the gathering gloom.

Meditating deeply on this strange occurrence, I resumed my journey. The first person I met in the city was my doctor, who on hearing my story insisted on feeling my pulse. Shaking his head as he turned away, I caught 'he muttered remark: "Too bad, too bad—a victim of the fluid beef habit."

MORALS.—(1) Always keep both rifle and cartridges handy until the trip is really over. (2) Don't indulge too heavily in—fluid beef. (3) If you value your reputation, keep the secret of all wonderful adventures in your own boom.

### THE SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

By Mary W. Alloway.

Summer and sunshine are the natural atmosphere of poets and painters, shady bowers and singing brooks their usual settings. Winter is not often their theme, though some of the New England poets, it is true, reared among the granite hills and bold sea-coasts, have loved nature in her sterner moods and given us,—"Snow-Bound,"—"The Rainy Day" and others in which grey tones prevail. Some of our American scenes are so suggestive of majesty, that the best time to see them is in the more austere seasons. This is essentially true of the north shores of Lake Superior. They are usually described as bleak and uninteresting in the extreme, but this winter afternoon, looked upon from the railway train as it rushes to the north-west prairies, the scene is wonderfully impressive and grand.

For miles and miles the track runs close to the shore of this great inland sea, the largest body of fresh water in the world, the opposite one being lost in the misty distance. There are rocks, rocks everywhere, here running down boldly, with their bases lost in the water, and there fringing curved bays and defining beaches, up which the waves ripple or foam; for except in sheltered parts, the water is as open and flowing as in summer. In places a surf like the ocean beats up; coating the rocks with a crystal covering which is very beautiful. Running in one place on the very edge of the water we describe a complete horse-shoe curve; round which the engine can be seen from the window tearing along under the beetling cliffs which frown from the other side, having a most weird effect. At one point, it is said, the cliff falls sheer sixty feet from the track to water, sixty feet in depth below. What a leap it would be if we jump the track: but we hope not to. Over bridges and across ravines we move swiftly and safely, the view changing every moment with new vistas of land and water. We cross rivers, some frozen into white ribbons, others too swift of current to freeze, flowing as in June to meet the green waves of the lake. In ravines are huts and cabins, the smoke of the family hearth curling up to sky, speaking of the patient toil and isolation of those who have cast in their lot among these grand hills.

The outlines of the brown hills change continually against a sky as soft and blue as that against which Vesuvius rears its smoking crest. As if the view were too fine to be continuous we dash through the darkness of rough tunnels, cut in the solid rock, only to sweep out again into the beauties of forests of evergreens, snow, rock and water.

The smoke from the locomotive rolling off among the tops of the pines, gives a mystical look to them, but the smaller shrubs below, crusted with snow and at times bright with red berries, seem to defy anything to make them look grim or subdue their cheerfulness. So far for the shore,—but even it cannot compare with the outlook over the water. The difference in temperature between it and the air causes a profuse evaporation, so that the whole surface is covered with floating, white vapors, which rise and mingle with the clouds above in the most exquisite shades of pearl and grey. Out of the mist the many islands lift themselves like mountain tops above the cloud-level. The crags and boulders are of all tints of brown and red, down which occasionally a little, summer cascade is frozen in its fall into a jewelled cataract. The sun sinks over the far-off purple hills in a radiance of gold and crimson, and like all other sunsets defies pen or pencil to perfectly depict it. As he disappears the stars of these cold, northern skies shine out and night, like the curtain we draw down as the lamps are lighted, shuts out the view.



## FISH AND FISHING

### A TRIP TO BOLTON PASS.

Last May shortly after the opening of the fishing season, three of us, Doc, Cox and myself, met on the street one evening, and as we were all "tarred with the same stick" in this particular, straightway proceeded to plan an expedition after the toothsome brook trout. Doc informed us of a wonderful brook flowing through the Bolton Pass where trout galore were to be caught by the veriest novice, and, as he claimed to have been there and told wonderful tales of previous successes, we then and there decided to take it in. Accordingly, ten o'clock the next evening found us starting on our forty mile drive to Doc's Promised Land; Doc and Cox in the front rig leading the way, and the writer's horse and buggy bringing up the rear.

Just as day was breaking and we were nearing the pass in the mountains where Doc's famous brook was to be found, we crossed a likely looking stream, and Doc telling us to drive on several miles to a farm house which he described, and where we were to put up the horses and fish down stream to meet him, jumped out and started in to fill his basket with the speckled beauties, while Cox and I obedient to his instructions proceeded onward to look up the farm house. Well, as we were strangers in that section we must have taken a wrong turn, for no farm house appeared in sight after an hour's drive and the road was rapidly assuming a grade like the roof of a house. At the top of an exceptionally steep and rough bit of road we halted to give the horses a breathing spell, and incidentally, held a council of war, the ultimate conclusion being that we were on the wrong road and that the only way out of the difficulty was to go back to the brook where we had left Doc. Upon arriving at the turn, Cox went on down stream to find Doc, while I turned up toward the pass where I duly arrived in less than an hour.

It was yet early in the day and the scenery and weather were each perfect, and this, together with the fact that I could see a sparkling brook winding down through the pass at my feet, sufficed to again put me in good humor to such an extent that I almost forgave Doc for sending us on a wild goose chase while he, as we supposed, was loading his basket.

Bolton Brook rises in a lovely little lake at the top of the pass of the same name, and for the five or six miles of its length is an ideal trout brook. In earlier days, if reports are to be believed, it teemed with trout, but now, alas, it takes a lot of walking and the weather conditions, and the skill of the rodster must be perfect to even get a fair catch.

Well, to resume my story, I drove down the pass and put up my horse at a habitant farmer's place, whose log house and barn adjoined the road. This worthy while assisting me to unhitch and stable my horse, regaled me in his broken English with his views on the leading political question of the day, the British-Boer War, then in it's infancy, and his family history, both ancient and modern; all being extremely interesting, especially the latter, he being the father of twenty-four children, and just having married his second wife, a widow with over half that number of her own. Where he kept them all, I could not imagine, as the house had only two rooms.

After directing me where to fish, and sending one of his

numerous progeny with me to show me the brook, he then retired to the house to explain the wonders of my Bristol steel rod to the "old woman." My small guide after conducting me to the brook and showing me McManus' Pork Barrel, a deep pool in the brook, so named, he explained, because a man named McManus had filled a pork barrel in a few hours, fishing, also returned to the house leaving me to my own devices.

I then put my rod together and started in to make up for lost time, as I wanted to have a good basket by the time the others came up. I fished down the brook for over an hour with indifferent success, before the other two overtook me and went on further down in search of water over which I had not fished. I kept steadily at it until an uneasy feeling in my commissary department reminded me that I had eaten nothing since the night before, and in looking for my lunch I made the discovery that my stock of bait was back in the buggy, and that the small box at my left was empty. Thoroughly disgusted with my luck, I sat down on the bank in a shady spot, and finding that my feet were hurting me, succeeded after a struggle in getting off my rubber boots, bathed my feet in the brook and ate my lunch. The day was warm and as I had had no sleep the night before, I fell asleep! I do not know how long I slept, but was awakened by a terrible burning sensation in my feet, and upon examination found them the color of a boiled lobster and swollen about two sizes. While I had been sleeping, the sun had moved round, throwing the lower part of my body into the strong sunlight and burning both of my pedal extremities a lovely terra cotta red. It was an impossibility to get into my boots, and as Doc and Cox were perhaps miles down the brook, I shouldered boots, fish and tackle and tramped through the brush and over the gravel two long miles back to where I had left my horse. Arriving there, the "old woman" prepared a strong solution of salt and water in which I soaked the swollen and inflamed members until I had reduced them to a size which admitted their insertion into shoes and stockings. Then thoroughly disgusted with my luck and leaving no word for Doc and Cox, I hitched up and struck out for a friend's house, about fifteen miles away, near where there was a brook in which I knew trout were to be found, and good ones too, and where I knew the the country.

There I spent the night, and succeeded in swopping of my boots for a pair a size or two larger and in the morning fished down the brook locally known as the "Ann Smith" brook to the pond, getting twenty-eight nice ones on the way down, together with three small chub, which I placed in my basket along with the trout. In saving these chub I had an object in view. When fishing this same brook the year previous I had seen a number of extra large trout in the pond which had refused both fly and worm. I wanted some of these so I tried them with chub.

Arriving at the pond I baited with a chub and cast far out in the pond working the bait around to give it the appearance of life. Soon I had a strike and after a good fight succeeded in landing a beauty. Each of the other two chub brought in a good one, and then I baited with a small trout. This and one other, each brought in a large one and then they quit biting. I tried them faithfully but Lasiness seemed to be over for the day, so quite well satisfied I packed up and started for home, where I arrived without further mishap about ten hours after Doc and Cox. I had twenty-eight nice brook trout, from six to eight inches long, and the five old "Senders," the largest fifteen inches long, two fourteen, and one thirteen and a half and one twelve. The hole just about filled my basket.

The worst, however, remains to be told. Doe and Cox coming up the brook and finding no trace of me had gone to the house where I had left my horse, and had there heard about my hard luck and sunburnt feet, together with my forgetfulness of bait, and Doe thinking it one on me had spread the story around among the boys, stating that my chapter of accidents was not due to loss of bait and sleep, but was a case of too much "bait." This, however, I easily disproved when my full basket was shown, and when the fact became known that Doe was the only one in the party who happened to have any of that kind of bait with him on the trip.

Doe and Cox claimed to have caught two hundred and one, but if they did I never saw them, and I have failed to find anyone who did.

BASTEDO.

Granby, Que.

\*

We have received many enquiries as to the Nepigon, and have decided to answer some of them in *ROD AND GUN*. The Nepigon is remarkable for yielding the largest speckled trout, *fontinalis*, which have been taken in Canada. Every season fish weighing ten pounds are caught and there is a fairly authentic record of one weighing over sixteen. The scenery of this river is very grand: in some places the shores are verdant with foliage to the water's edge, and again in others bold cliffs frown from dizzy heights on the island studded waters. After leaving Lake Helen and passing the little Indian village at the mouth of the river no further traces of civilization are encountered.

Six miles higher up stream the first camping place—Camp Alexander—is reached and a portage is necessary. Below this camp there is no fishing, as a rule, but from this point to Lake Nepigon, twenty miles as the river winds, there is good fishing almost everywhere. The river falls between these points about 300 ft. so that there are rapids innumerable. So strong is the river that two canoe-men are an absolute necessity.

Near the head of the river are the Virgin Falls—a miniature Niagara—and a great fishing pool is at their foot. Shortly after this the lake itself is reached, a most lovely sheet of water with a coast line of some 60 miles. It is estimated there are over one thousand islands in the lake—at any rate there are many hundreds of them.

In the report of the Fisheries Department of Ontario, for 1900, Mr. S. T. Bastedo, Deputy Commissioner, seems to be in favor of leasing some of the waters of New Ontario. He says: "These lakes should be regarded as so many farms, the property of the Province, and be dealt with in the same way—leased or rented for a number of years."

A good deal may be said against such action. It is true that this system is in vogue in Quebec but we believe that all waters belonging to the people should be open to them, under proper restriction, as it is not right to lease, perhaps to a single individual, waters which if adequately protected, would yield enjoyable sport to a multitude of men. In any case we trust there will be no leasing of the Nepigon or any of its tributaries. We know that many applications have been made with a view to this end, but heretofore excellent judgment has been shown in refusing them.

\*

#### FISHING IN THE LAURENTIANS.

(Continued from page 8 of last number.)

One very noticeable peculiarity of Laurentian fishing is the uneven distribution of the fish species. The writer when in Washington a few months ago asked a well-known ichthyologist, if he could give any reason for this:

Why one lake of a chain should hold trout, another bass, and yet a third pike or doré, and he confessed himself utterly unable to explain the circumstance. But, at any rate, it should not be forgotten that it is not merely sufficient to visit any backwoods lake to get fish, but that reliable information should have been obtained before starting. I will give an instance in proof: In the case of the Macaza, a tributary of the Rouge, which empties into that river above Labelle, there are no trout in any of its lakes or tributary streams until the extreme head-waters are reached. Here you will find a lake second to none in the province. The French surveyor who visited it several years ago named it Five Finger Lake, on account of its shape. This remote water holds numbers of speckled trout—*fontinalis*—some weighing from three to five pounds; yet all the numerous lakelets surrounding Five Finger Lake yield no trout. It may be that the only reason trout are absent is that coarse fish have been, unfortunately, introduced and have exterminated the trout; but this remains to be proved.

The ideal rod for Laurentian fishing is one of some 10½ feet in length, weighing from 7 to 8 oz., and having a short, stout top to be used for light trolling or bait fishing. On some of the lakes long casting pays, and therefore the rod should spring from the butt, and yet be able to carry a heavy line. Of course, the experienced fisherman will have his own ideas about these matters, but I do not think he would go far wrong were he to follow this advice. In the way of reels, I strongly object to multipliers in any shape, and much prefer a good plain click with plate handle for Laurentian fishing.

In the matter of flies, the following may be recommended with some confidence: 1, March Brown; 2, Jenny Lind; 3, Professor; 4, Montreal; 5, Seth Green; 6, Teal Wing; 7, Jock Scott; 8, Silver Doctor. Of course, there are many other flies, some of which are fully as good as any of the foregoing; but with a collection of these, tied in various sizes, together with a few midge flies and small duns for evening fishing, the angler's fly book should be well stocked.

Wading trousers or stockings are not required in the Laurentians. The fishing is either from a boat, or canoe, or else from the shore of some rocky lake, unless, indeed, it be from the banks of a delightful mountain stream. There are no heavy rivers to wade, so that the outfit required in some regions would be merely a source of embarrassment in the Laurentians.

But do not fail to take a large sized creel. With a little perseverance you may often fill it, and it is much better to have one too large than too small.

Should you be fishing in a lake remote from civilization you will have to take some means of preserving your fish. If a prolonged stop is contemplated, a stockade may be built in which the fish are penned until required for transportation. The Norwegian dodge of a floating box or tank with holes in it, and a hinged lid, is a very useful contrivance, as it enables several dozen fish to be kept alive until required. The Indian method is, however, to smoke the fish. A small wigwam of birch bark having been built, the fish, previously cleaned and slightly salted, are hung therein over a fire of smoldering cedar chips. In a couple of days they are so thoroughly smoked that they will keep for several months. It is a very good plan to soak the fish in strong brine for several hours before hanging them in the smoke-house, or else they may be rubbed with a mixture of dry salt and coarse brown sugar, 2 ozs. of the latter for every pound of the former. It is quite useless to try and smoke fish which are very fat, such as salmon during the early

run, or the big lake trout just before the spawning season, for when subjected to the heat of the smoke-house these very fat fish run to oil.

Generally, fishing in the Laurentians means camping out, so that it is as well to go prepared for this. The habitant farmer is usually desperately poor, and it is not safe to rely upon him for anything but the bare necessities of life. Should he have a boat on the lake, it will probably be a heavy, leaky old tub; a tent is not usually among his belongings; and as for fine fishing tackle, he knows it not. Therefore, be well advised, and take everything that you are likely to need, but do not be enticed into buying large quantities of so-called luxuries. Most of the things the silver-tongued salesman will try to foist upon you are not really luxuries, but, on the contrary, will prove obstacles to your happiness should you have much travelling to do. The appetite the Laurentian air is sure to give you will take the place of a sauce, and plain wholesome fare will be thoroughly enjoyed, even by a stomach grown accustomed to the spiced dishes served in hotels and clubs. One class of so-called necessities you will certainly not need, and that is medicine. Beyond one or two trivial remedies, which will suggest themselves to the experienced camper, nothing need be taken. Of course, all sorts of things might happen—but then they never do—and so it is just as well not to lug the contents of an apothecary shop into the bush, on the off chance of being taken down with some improbable sickness.

#### MOOSE AND CARIBOU IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

(By the late Frank H. Risteen.)

The almost complete extinction of moose and caribou which has taken place in the State of Maine has induced many American sportsmen, who wish to hunt more noble quarry than the common red deer, to invade the big game fields of Canada. Nova Scotia, despite the ravages of the crust-hunter and the snarer, has still a fairly good supply of moose, but caribou are very rare and deer are only now being colonized. In the vast forest solitudes of Quebec and Ontario all forms of game are plentiful. The Province of New Brunswick, however, at the present time, is receiving more attention from big game hunters than any of the regions named. It is well stocked with moose, while its caribou herds are only surpassed by those of Newfoundland. The province is also rapidly filling up with deer. These are as yet more numerous in the western counties, contiguous to the Maine border, while the principal habitation of moose and caribou is the far-spreading wilderness that lies to the north and east of the St. John river. The game protective system now in vogue is a decided advance upon the almost criminal neglect of former years, but is still far from adequate to prevent the wholesale slaughter of game, especially moose and deer, in the deep snows of winter by logging crews and people living in the back settlements. The caribou, from the peculiar formation of his hoofs, is able to traverse the heaviest drifts with ease and so escapes, in large degree, the fate that overtakes his less favored congeners. His restless habits, too, make him difficult to locate at all times of the year.

The usual rate of wages asked by our best moose guides is from \$3 to \$4 per day, the guides supplying camp, canoes, tents—in fact everything except teams and provisions. Cooks and camp helpers receive \$1.50 per day.

New Brunswick is one of the few regions in America where the black bear can be hunted with a sure prospect of success. On the head-waters of the Nepisiguit, as well as of the Restigouche, are hills of considerable height which many years ago

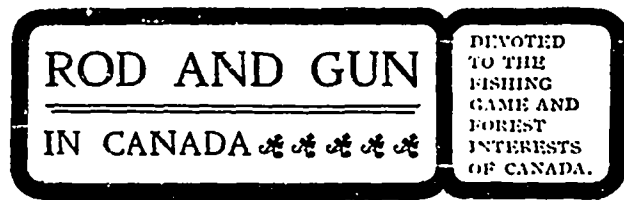
were swept by forest fires. Fields of blueberries have since sprung up upon these barren slopes, where Bruin may be found regaling himself in the summer and early autumn months. The animal must first be located with a field-glass from the camp or other convenient site. After that it is a matter of strategy and marksmanship. It is not uncommon for fifteen or twenty bears to be seen on a hunting trip and as many as half a dozen are sometimes shot by a single hunter. Though formidable enough in appearance the black bear is very shy and timid. His principal concern at sight of man is to exercise the functions of his feet.

Moose and caribou are well distributed over nearly all the forest lands of the province. They are especially abundant on the upper waters of the Tobique, Nepisiguit, Restigouche and all the numerous branches of the Miramichi. The most approved method of circumventing the bull moose is by 'calling' him with the birchen horn in the mating season. Various beliefs exist as to the duration of this rattling period. There are certainly no precise limits that can be fixed as applicable to all cases. The consensus of opinion is that the season extends from about Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, though moose have, in isolated cases, been called as early as Sept. 1st and as late as Nov. 15th. There are, practically, two periods, indefinite as to length, when the bull moose may be called successfully. The first is early in the season before he has found a mate; the second is late in the season, when the cow, having wearied of his attentions, has deserted him. While the cow is in company with the bull he will not respond to the birchen horn unless the call is given at a very close range, when he is likely to investigate. He has a realizing sense of the force of the saying that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." It occasionally happens that a whole moose family, composed of a bull, one or two cows and their attendant train of calves, will come to the call at once. This may be the product of sheer sociability, or else of that fatal curiosity which has been observed, in greater or less degree, in all members of the deer family. It is unwise to dogmatize in reference to the habits of wild animals. They vary greatly with the individual and very little is really known about them. Many instances have occurred where two or more bachelor bulls have responded to a skilful caller at the same time, their hoarse grunts proceeding from widely separated points as they advance to the imaginary trysting place. Fortunate, indeed, is the hunter who is then in position to witness the appalling spectacle—the combat of two monster bulls for the mastery. The contest is furious beyond description, the frenzied roars of the rivals may be heard for miles around, horns are splintered and wounds inflicted that frequently result in death to one or both of them. As you survey the battle field, up-rooted saplings, trampled grass, bunches of hair and pools of gory mire attest the rage and strength of the opposing patriarchs.

(To be continued in next number.)

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Puritan:—Lake Winnipeg is 300 miles long and contains many islands. Canoes should be secured in Winnipeg; guides and everything else at Selkirk. Capt. Robinson recommends going to Edmonton, then down the Saskatchewan to Lake Winnipeg and Winnipeg city by way of Red River. Trip may be prolonged to Grand Forks and Fargo. Trip of about 1600 miles; duration three or four weeks. Guides can be obtained at Grand Rapids, mouth of the Saskatchewan. An occasional boat runs late in the season from Selkirk to Grand Rapids, earlier they ply regularly.



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All communications should be addressed to:

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Granby, Que.

In conclusion, allow me to congratulate you upon the quality of the magazine you are turning out every month. It is crisp, clean and well written, and ought to attain a large circulation here in Canada.

N. A. MEYER,

The Granby Box Co.

The Canadian wilderness is a magnet whose influence is felt farther afield each year. It is now attracting sportsmen from the extreme States of the Union. Many men of means and leisure, although living far from the boundary, arrange for a regular summer or autumn trip to the Canadian forests and mountains. This is gratifying and we can assure them that they will be certain of a hearty welcome from their brother sportsmen in Canada, and that they will find a lively desire on the part of local hunters to help them towards sport. This is, of course, supposing them to be, as most of them are, fair hunters and fishermen, and not mere game lurchers. For men of the latter stripe we have no use and we congratulate ourselves that we have seen so few of them.

A misconception seems to exist in the minds of many American gentlemen as to the cost of sport in Canada. While it is true that the wages of good guides, in certain parts of the Dominion, have risen quite rapidly of late, it by no means follows that a man needs to be a millionaire to enjoy Canadian sport. Prices are regulated by demand and supply—of guides as of everything else. When a couple of hundred men aim at the same narrow strip of territory, and there happen to be but 20 first-class guides available, it is quite natural that these men, finding themselves so much in demand, should raise the price, and in the end that the longest purse should secure the best man. Hunting grounds have their day and become fashionable

or unfashionable just as is the case with a summer or a winter resort. If men will follow in the track of the multitude they must expect to pay the piper. There is really no need for this sort of thing, as Canada is vast enough to supply hunting grounds for every man who cares to pursue her big game, and between the Atlantic and the Pacific there are hundreds of thousands of square miles of ground on which no civilized foot has ever left its imprint, and where the Indians have particularly moderate ideas as to the value of their services. The man who has the necessary energy to discover new hunting grounds for himself, who is above sinking into the rut of tradition, and who desires to keep his expenses within very moderate bounds will do well to eschew the more fashionable resorts, that is those that are most often talked about in the sporting papers.

Between the cities of Ottawa and Vancouver, a distance of nearly 3,000 miles, a man may leave the railway track at numberless points and be in regions just as good as those we read so much about. There are lots of good guides to be had, men who have made a living and supported their families by their trapping, hunting and fishing, who would be delighted to guide a sportsman for \$1 a day and their board. Add to this the cost of provisioning the party, which need not exceed 50c a head a day, and it will be seen that the total expense of a hunt in the Canadian bush is not appalling. Of course, the non-resident sportsman should take out his hunting license, and he will have to face the cost of a modest camp equipment, but even so, a very shallow purse should be deep enough to stand the drain entailed by a visit to the great wilderness of the north.

The Province of Quebec Fish and Game Protective Association, an old and highly respected body, has recently drafted new by-laws, and generally shown evidences of a renewed vitality. The struggle against lawlessness and game extermination has been an uphill one, but signs are not wanting that a turn of the tide has come, and that public opinion is now setting more and more strongly in the direction of the enforcement of our remarkably good game laws. After all there never has been much trouble with the laws—even the very worst—but there has been a great laxity in their enforcement. Canada has suffered, as all young, sparsely inhabited countries must suffer, from the fact that the game wardens are usually relatives, or at least, acquaintances of the poachers. It is hard for a man to arrest his brother-in-law even if he should have killed a doe and her fawn in leafy June, but the Dominion is emerging from the kindergarten stage, and if we ever succeed in getting game protection entirely divorced from politics, as we hope to do, poaching will be reduced to a minimum. Canadians are a law-abiding people, and we need never fear the shot-gun tactics which have been such a bane in some other countries.

Elsewhere in this issue we publish a letter from Mr. N. A. Meyer, of Granby, Que., which discloses a very unfortunate condition of affairs there. According to our correspondent the Quebec Government has issued thirty licenses for gill nets in the lakes of Sherbrooke county. This means practically that in a very short time the remarkably good fishing at present existing in these lakes will be a thing of the past. It certainly is most depressing to find that the Quebec Government is not more alive to the necessity of the situation. We hope that it may be found possible to cancel these permits and that in any case no further ones will be issued.

## KENNEL DEPARTMENT

Conducted by D. Taylor

### MONTREAL COLLIE CLUB'S SHOW.

This recently formed organization held a show of collies on Saturday, 20th July, at the old Corporation quarry, Outremont, confined to its members only, which proved a very interesting affair. The Club is composed largely of young breeders and it was more to give encouragement to them than anything else that the show had its origin. The place of exhibition, though an ideal spot for an open air show, is a little out of the way, for city members at least, and this was probably the reason why both exhibits and spectators were not more numerous. About thirty or forty dogs were tied up, ranging from the puppy of two months or a little over to the full grown animal; of the latter there were only three or four, the large majority being in the puppyhood stage. The principal attraction for visitors was Mr. Gault's recently imported dog, Braehead Royal Scot, and Mr. McRae's Lord Minto, the latter of which held a good place at the last Montreal show. Prof. Wesley Mills was the judge, and it is needless to say had a difficult task to perform. With animals of such immature age as under three months it must always be pretty much a matter of guesswork to decide upon the best, and it is not to be wondered at that even such a good authority as Prof. Mills tripped up over some of his selections. His most conspicuous mistake was made in the awards for puppy bitches under three and six months respectively, where in the latter class he completely reversed his finding in the former by placing Mr. Parson's Petite Cote Blossom first instead of third. There is no doubt his second finding was the correct one. But notwithstanding this and one or two other mistakes his decisions were accepted in the spirit in which they were made. The officials of the club—Mr. A. F. Gault, president; Mr. John Lewis, vice-president; Mr. H. L. Thomas, secretary-treasurer, and some of the committee, including Messrs. R. C. Binning, Wilson, Coull, Stalker and Alexander, did all they could to make it a very pleasant afternoon for visitors. We hope their next venture will take a more ambitious turn. Following is the

#### Prize List.

Class I—Puppy dogs under three months:—1, Bonnie Dundee, Mr. A. B. Stalker, Lachine; 2, Glencoe Diamond, Mr. Chas. Wilson, Point St. Charles; 3, Glencoe Dandy, Mr. Chas. Wilson; reserve, Robin Adair, Mr. J. A. Parson, Montreal Annex. Nine entries.

Class II—Puppy bitches under three months:—1, Mountain Rose, Mr. J. Alexander, Point St. Charles; 2, Lass o' Gowrie, Mr. A. B. Stalker; 3, Petite Cote Blossom, Mr. J. A. Parson; reserve, Duchess of Dee, Mr. J. Ainslie, Outremont. Five entries.

Class III—Puppy dogs under six months:—1, Bonnie Dundee, Mr. A. B. Stalker; 2, Glencoe Dandy, Mr. Chas. Wilson; 3, Heather Chieftain, Victoria Kennels, Point St. Charles (Messrs. Coull & Waddell, proprietors); reserve, Cairngorm Rover, Mr. R. C. Binning, Outremont. Six entries.

Class IV—Puppy bitches under six months:—1, Petite Cote Blossom, Mr. J. A. Parson; 2, Lass o' Gowrie, Mr. A. B. Stalker; 3, Cairngorm Belle, Mr. R. C. Binning. Five entries.

Class V—Puppy dogs under nine months:—1st prize with-

held; 2, Mountain Victor, Mr. J. Alexander; 3, Cairngorm Rover, Mr. R. C. Binning. Three entries.

Class VI—Puppy bitches under nine months:—1st and 3rd withheld; 2, Cairngorm Belle, Mr. R. C. Binning; v.l.c.e., Heather Pride and Heather Dewdrop, Victoria Kennels. Four entries.

Class VII—Puppy dogs under twelve months:—1, Lord Minto, Mr. W. McRae, Point St. Charles; 2, withheld; 3, Cairngorm Rover, Mr. R. C. Binning. Four entries.

Class VIII—Puppy bitches under twelve months:—1, Strathardle Queen, Mr. A. B. Stalker; 2, withheld; 3, Cairngorm Belle, Mr. R. C. Binning. Three entries.

Class IX—Novice (dogs which have never won a first prize at any show):—1, Lord Minto, Mr. W. McRae; 2, Outremont Laddie, Mr. H. Mackenzie, Outremont; 3, Braehead Sirdar, Mr. Chas. Wilson. Six entries.

Class X—Novice (bitches which have never won a first prize): 1, Heather Bloom, Victoria Kennels, Point St. Charles; 2, Queen Bess, Mr. J. Ainslie; 3, Strathcona Queen, Mr. J. R. Lewis, Point St. Charles; reserve, Cairngorm Belle, Mr. R. C. Binning. Four entries.

Class XI—Open dogs:—1, Braehead Royal Scot, Mr. A. F. Gault, Montreal; 2, Lord Minto, Mr. W. McRae; 3, Outremont Laddie, Mr. H. Mackenzie; reserve, Braehead Sirdar, Mr. Chas. Wilson. Six entries.

Class XII—Open bitches:—1, Strathardle Queen, Mr. A. B. Stalker; 2, Heather Bloom, Victoria Kennels; 3, Queen Bess, Mr. J. Ainslie; reserve, Strathcona Queen, Mr. J. R. Lewis. Seven entries.

Winners—Dogs:—1, Braehead Royal Scot, Mr. A. F. Gault. Bitches:—1, Strathardle Queen, Mr. A. B. Stalker.

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Mr. Tyler Morse will judge Bulldogs at the August Bank Holiday Dog Show, in the grounds of the Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, Wimbledon, England.

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Mr. B. Gordon, British Columbia, has purchased the well-known American Collie bitch, Shadeland Snowflake, which will hereafter be shown under his name.

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The Bull Terrier bitch American Belle, which Mr. Heydenfeldt bought of the Bay View Kennels, Trenton, Ont., has given birth to eight puppies by Bay View Brigadier.

\*

Mr. Jas. A. McGee, of Longueuil West, was last month presented with a nice litter of puppies by his collie bitch, Dominion Patti. They are thriving nicely notwithstanding the warm weather.

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Mr. John F. Campbell, of Montreal, has bought the liver and white pointer dog, Sir Donald (first novice at the late show), and has registered him in the American Kennel Club Stud Book as Canadian Dexter, No. 61,789.

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Mr. George Raper, the well-known English fox terrier breeder, has, we understand, purchased Champion True, whose sire and dam, Champion Veracity and Brokenhurst Dame, are both inmates of Mr. Gooderham's kennel, Toronto.

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Mr. Alex. Smith's collie, Highland Rory, was the sire of four prize winners at the late Montreal show, viz., Glenlivet Lassie (five first prizes and Association medal for best bitch in show), Highland Chief (two firsts and third), Blair Athol Patti (four firsts in classes other than sable and white), and Captain Jinks

(two seconds and a third). This is quite a record and goes to prove his value as a stud dog.

Since our last issue Messrs. F. & A. Stuart have had the misfortune to lose their fine St. Bernard stud dog, Ch. Earl of Shrewsbury. He was taken suddenly ill during the heated term in the end of last month, and died after only two hours' suffering in spite of all that could be done under the best veterinary advice. Earl of Shrewsbury was a great winner in the Old Country, but was never exhibited for competition in Canada. The Messrs. Stuart have already made arrangements to fill his place by the importation of a young dog and have also purchased a young bitch which will be here soon.

The following bench show and field trial fixtures have been announced:

Pan-American Exposition Dog Show, Buffalo, N. Y., August 27, 28, 29 and 30. E. M. Oldham, supt., Germantown, Pa.

Danbury Agricultural Society's twentieth annual dog show, Danbury, Conn., October 8, 9, 10 and 11. Jas. Mortimer, superintendent, Hempstead, L. I.

Western Canada Kennel Club's field trials, LaSalle, Man., Sept. 2 and 3. H. H. Cooper, sec'y, Winnipeg, Man.

Manitoba Field Trial Club's fifteenth annual field trials, Carman, Man., Sept. 10th, etc. Eric Hamber, sec. treas.

Brandon Kennel Club's annual field trials, Martinville, Man., September 17. Dr. James H. Elliott, secretary, Brandon, Man.

International Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual field trials, Chatham, Ontario, Canada, November 12, 1901. W. B. Wells, Hon. Secretary.

North American Field Trial Club's trials, Ruthven, Ont., November 19. Richard Bangham, secretary.

The English Stockkeeper reports the death of Mr. R. Pickup's well-known Bull Terrier, Champion Bellerby Queen, one of the best that ever went into a ring. She was bred in 1891, and had won hundreds of prizes, including many championships. The last prize she won was at the recent Manchester Show, where she secured first, championship and special for the best of her breed in the show.

Three well-known sportsmen of Kankakee, Ill., started on July 12 on a canoe voyage which will certainly be one of great interest. They bought a large Peterboro canoe and shipped it to Mississauga, meaning to descend the Moose River to Moose Factory on James Bay. Their intention is to proceed by easy stages, returning by the Abitibi River to Temiskaming. They expect to be away from civilization for some five weeks. No more delightful way of passing a vacation could be imagined. They will see a country which has been sleeping as though under

an enchanter's wand, but which is destined ere long to waken from its trance and to make strides which will be the marvel of the world. Mr. F. H. Clergue, of Sault Ste. Marie, who has started the rolling mills and pulp manufactories at that point, said recently in a speech he made at Toronto, that everything he had sought for in Algoma, he had found, and it is believed by the best authorities we have, that undreamed of sources of wealth must exist in that lone, mysterious land so long neglected. Rupert's Land, now known as the Northeast Territory, contains about 218,000 square miles of unexplored wilderness, and in it game and fish are as abundant as they were in the days of Champlain. Nor may we doubt that the rocks, consisting largely as they do of the Huronian and Silurian formations, contain an inexhaustible store of minerals. The nickel deposits of Sudbury, and the iron beds of Wabunapitac, promise that this faith is not an unreasonable one. A party of sportsmen containing members having some practical



Bringing out the Heads. A Kitchikan Scene.

knowledge of geology and mineralogy, would have a very strong chance of staking something worth the while in the great region lying around the southern shores of James Bay.

In the July issue of *ROD AND GUN*, Mr. John McAtee, of Rat Portage, disputed the existence of Elk (Wapiti) in Northern Ontario. He is evidently unaware that the heads of elk shot in Western Quebec at Grand Lake, Victoria, were exhibited at the New York Sportsmen's show a few seasons ago. There is a reasonable prospect that stray elk are alive today, all along the height of land from Lake Manitoba as far as Longitude 75° West, in Quebec. They were formerly extremely abundant in the Niagara peninsula, and were found, according to the Jesuit records, even to the Ottawa river.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by Hubert McBean Johnstone

### ON BUYING A CAMERA.

The mistake of buying a cheap outfit is perhaps the commonest of all those that are made by the beginner in photography. When you go out to buy a pair of shoes, you know perfectly well that you can get something that will serve to cover your feet for a dollar, or if you are buying a suit you know that it is possible to obtain something for five dollars. But you don't do it. Not much you don't. You know blamed well they wouldn't wear any length of time and that in the long run it would simply be money thrown away. I wonder



Lumberman's Camp, Ogawagan Lake, N. W. Quebec

if it ever occurred to the man who is buying his first camera that the same principle could be applied and insure his getting a much better instrument even though he knows nothing about what he is doing.

Perhaps some readers will think that I am speaking with the interest of the dealer at heart. Not so the one who has bought one of the cheap kind, for he will realize from his own experience that what I say is the truth. The trouble is that the tyro finds it difficult to believe that one little piece of glass can be worth five dollars and another be worth fifty without being any larger. And that just reminds me of the funny thing that happened to a friend of mine awhile ago. He was passing a pawnbroker's window and happening to glance in, he saw two lenses, one a large cheap 8 x 10 mounted on a front

board, and the other a fine little lens and tube of a celebrated make. He went in and priced them, and what was his surprise to find the cheap lens, which in reality was worth about one tenth of the other, was valued at about four times the good one on account of its size. Well, it's just the same with people who do not know. They go by the size almost altogether, unless, of course, they are fortunate enough to have a friend who knows what is wanted and helps them out. The theory of some that they will learn on a cheap instrument and then get a better one, is, to say the least, foolish. I made that error myself. I thought that to buy an expensive outfit would be throwing money away. So I got a friend to get me a lens of the fixed focus type and then went to work to make me a box that would serve to go behind it. The box was only made to hold one plate in the first place, and necessitated my going to the dark room after each exposure, and then in the second place was continually leaking light. I think that before I finally got up my nerve and my cash to get a decent instrument I must have wasted what I finally paid, at least twice over. Whereas, had I got a good camera in the first place, I would not only have known how to make photographs at the end of the year, but would also have had something to show for my trouble. As it was I had nothing.

The maker would prefer that you have a good instrument, but he knows perfectly well that if he does not sell you something cheap somebody else will, and foolish indeed would he be not to take your dollars in preference to letting someone else have them.

Suppose we take a look and see just what you are getting for your money. You start out with the idea that you will not go above a certain price for the thing. And you don't. You know perhaps that the lens is the main point to be considered. Someone told you that. And in the catalogue you find a camera with all the latest improvements and wonder of

wonders—"a fine single achromatic lens." Moreover it is "made specially for the firm to use on this particular camera." This all sounds well, and what is more, owing to the way the instrument is put up, looks very well. By the way, that putting up costs something. Suppose we say that the camera that sells for ten dollars retail, minus the profits of the retailer and the manufacturer, really cost \$4.00. Brass work, bellows, frame and all the rest of it must tot up to something like that. Well where does the lens come in,—that "fine single achromatic." Well, the fact of the matter is, *the lens is worth about twenty-five cents.* A good lens is worth fully that many dollars anyhow, and as many more as you like to pay. Do you wonder that your "fine single achromatic" will not do the work, will not turn out as sharp pictures, nor work as fast as

the good ones. How would a twenty-five cent and a twenty-five dollars suit of clothes compare—that is provided you would find a suit as cheap as that. Is it any wonder you fail?

I do not think that I am giving away any trade secrets, for I think that any man of common sense would be able to see that this is the case, and all who have had any experience with cheap instruments can, and I am sure for the sake of their less experienced brethren, will corroborate what I say.

It surely must be that those that are buying a camera cannot stop to figure just what percentage of the whole amount they are going to spend in photography, their first investment is to be. The cost of the camera is a very small thing in comparison to the amount it takes to keep on taking photographs and if one keeps at it anytime, the cost of a cheap camera is perhaps only one or two per cent. of their total bill of expenses. And the percentage of failures runs up as the cost of the camera runs down.

There is a lot of talk in the photographic journals about it being the camera and not the man that makes the picture. Don't be misled by it. It only means that it is the posing that depends on the man, the selection, so to speak, and then after that it is up to the instrument. If the instrument is a poor one, while it will produce in a general way the same result on the plate, there will be numerous little differences between the picture produced and the picture that would have been produced had the lens been decent. I would hate most awfully to say it for a fact, but I would not hesitate very long to make a wager that most of the sample pictures shown as the work of the cheap cameras are cut from the centres of pictures taken with high-priced machines. And if that is not the case, it is only because the manufacturer lacks enterprise. I know that if I were in the business of making cheap cameras I would do it mighty quick.

In the correspondence which I conduct in one of the photographic magazines, there seems to be a run from time to time on the query, "Which is the best camera for me to buy?" The people who ask it never think to say what sort of work they intend to try to do with it, but in view of the fact that they do not realize how important a question this is to be answered, this can be overlooked. But they do put such simple little queries sometimes. For instance, one says in a letter that I had last week, "Some time ago I read an article on photographing clouds which said that — lens and the — plate were used. Do you know whether any other camera will take clouds as I am going to get a different kind that is cheaper. I expect to take quite a lot of clouds." Another encloses me a list of instruments that some journal gives in exchange for subscriptions, where the prices vary all the way from five to twenty-five dollars, in accordance with the number of subscriptions that are secured. And yet he calmly comes forward with the question, "Which is the best?" O these amateurs! Why is it they don't find out what they want to take with the camera and then ask what sort of an instrument is best adapted to the type of work they have in mind. This asking of questions promiscuously, is foolish.

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#### The Scrap Bag.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THE NEW YORK CAMERA CLUB. — A short time ago I had the pleasure of going over the photographs that represented the year's work at the New York Camera Club, and on the whole I might say that the exhibit was a remarkably good one. One point well worthy of mention, inasmuch as this is the home of the fuzzy type, is that the exhibit was on the whole remarkably free from the so-called

"souful" photograms. Perhaps the only two members whose work could be really said to belong to this class, were Mr. Joseph T. Keiley (as one might expect) and Mr. Juan C. Able. The latter gentleman's name appears twice on the catalogue as the maker of by-gum pictures while Mr. Keiley offends no less than five times, though it is true that one of his productions entitled "Vine (Crowned: A Summer Idyl," being a representation of a corn field in the autumn, is by no means a fudgism and is well able to rank as a pretty composition. To go to the opposite extreme and look at the most commonplace sort of work, it is only necessary to turn to the productions of Miss Frances B. Johnston whose "Carpenter" and three "Studies of School Children" are particularly sharp and clear and hold the interest of the observer, not on their "indefinable subtleties" but on their ability to tell their story clear and well. A marvellously vivid photogram of the common thistle by L. W. Brownell attracts attention from the masterly manner in which the subject is handled. In fact it is a question as to whether he or Wm. J. Cassard with his pictures "Grapes," "Fruit," "Ducks," etc., is justly entitled to the palm for still life photography. Rudolph Eickemeyer, Jr., is to blame for four delightful little studies entitled "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," though he rather spoils it all by showing alongside them a thing which he calls "Late Afternoon in Winter" composed of all foreground and a horizon that comes within about half an inch of the top of the plate. I can really give no better description of it. In fact, in view of the good work that this gentleman turns out as a rule, the less said about it the better. The only thing to do, is for the sake of charity to suppose that he was imitating a "fuzzy-type." Frank Eugene, who shows five portraits is certainly entitled to the distinction of the most unique mountings that have been seen on the walls for some time. To describe them would be little short of an impossibility without reproductions of the pictures themselves, but perhaps some idea of what they were like will be obtained when I say that the mount that the print was mounted on was very thin, a sort of Japanese paper, I think. The effect was on the whole not unpleasing. Chas. H. Loeber was well represented by a single picture, "A Winter's Day on East River," an extremely vivid scene in the vicinity of the Brooklyn Bridge, showing a tug in the foreground and large quantities of ice running. Mrs. Sarah H. Ladd's "Messengers of Spring" was good. "A Winter Landscape" by Wm. B. Post was also very fair. Francis J. Strauss' "Beach, Montauk" was a most magnificently executed scene along the sand dunes, and was well worthy of an enlargement instead of the comparatively small-sized copy that was shown. Although there were a number of portraits shown—a large number in fact—there were hardly any of them that were worth mentioning, with the exception of those that were exhibited by Frederick Colburn Clarke and Mrs. R. P. Lounsberry. Strange to say both of these showed photograms of well known people. Mr. Clarke's "Maud Adams in L'Aiglon" was without exception the best likeness of the popular young actress that I have yet had the pleasure of seeing, while his portrait of Gen. Nelson A. Miles was also a remarkable likeness. Mrs. Lounsberry's picture of Miss Mary Mannering standing at the door of a little cottage with her horse, is too well known to make further comment necessary. Her picture of Mr. Richard Le Galienne, the author, stamps her as a master of the lens as far as the making of a speaking likeness is concerned, and unless Mr. Le Galienne is much unlike the ordinary sitter that the photographer runs up against, he could not help but be pleased with the pensive, thoughtful, and if I may use the word "poetic" air, with



which the artist has endowed him. Taken all in all, and passing over the poorer specimens of work that always will creep in, the exhibition of 1901, was all that the most exacting of the members could have wished, and if the improvement during the coming year is as great as during the twelve months gone past, the New York Camera Club's showing of next year bids fair to surpass anything that has been seen in this line heretofore.

**A MISTAKE IN COMPOSITION.**—While we are on the subject of the prints that are being exhibited on the walls of the camera clubs, it might not be amiss to call attention to one picture in particular that could have been so easily improved on had the operator only known what he was about. The subject was a high, rugged rock, standing out black and clear against the sky which was more or less cloudy, the one redeeming feature of the photograph. The foreground was of gleaming wet sand. Now, in the taking of the picture the photographer had just stood far enough back to get in all the rock, all the beach and all the sky, or pretty nearly all, the result being that the work was completely ruined from a pictorial standpoint, though it was evidently exhibited under the impression that it was worthy of some note since it was possible to discern no other good reason for its existence. What the operator should have done was to have avoided this dwarfing of the principal object by getting closer to the rock and making it large enough to bring out the idea of mightiness and strength. Of course, this would have cut off all the fine cloud effect that he had secured, and then, too, he would have lost the gleaming silvery sand for a foreground. But after all, of what value were they to him even though they were beautiful in themselves, when one considers that they killed the rest of the picture. It is a lesson that the young amateur has to learn, and no matter how beautiful an object is, he has no right to include it in his picture unless it is going to be of assistance to him in composing his picture and is to be of some significance there, and furthermore, that if in any way it is going to spoil effect then no matter how beautiful it is he must sacrifice it. It is not a collection of beautiful objects that have been grouped with some show of consideration for their relation to one another. This particular photograph that is referred to is a good sample of what is meant, for had there been a narrow strip of sand and a narrow strip of sky with the rock the most prominent object, there was really the making of a fine picture.

**FIGURES IN LANDSCAPES.**—The death of Mr. H. P. Robinson and the consequent focussing of the eye of the photographic world upon his numerous masterpieces, brings forward the fact that in almost all his pictures of any importance where the subject would admit of it he has employed figures. In fact it is possible that there never was a photographer who so persistently advocated the use of the figure in the landscape as did Mr. Robinson, and there is little doubt that much of the charm of his work is dependent upon this fact, combined of course with the fact that good work always possesses a charm of its own. Surely here we have a good reason as to why we should have a figure in our picture, regardless of the fact that a figure often assists in intensifying the meaning of the subject, as for instance a man struggling before the wind will convey the idea of a storm, and also regardless of the fact that a figure suitably placed will often give balance or point to the subject. It is not proposed in this confined space to attempt to go into the subject of figures in landscapes in anything like the detailed way that it ought to be handled, but all that is intended is to point out to the ambitious amateur that anybody can master

the rules of at least fair landscape making, and set out and produce work that will pass muster after a fashion, but that the amateur who is able not only to do this but to place in it a figure as well, is pretty nearly a master of good landscape photography. There is a whole lot to master in the correct placing of figures. It does not only consist in knowing where it is best that the figure should go; it consists in being able to place that figure so that it appears to be "of" the photograph as well as "in" it,—truly a difficult task, but one that the late Mr. Robinson has proved to be by no means an impossible one. The reason that so many photographs are spoiled by figures is owing to a lack of fitness, first, perhaps, in the dress of a model, and second, in its position, two facts which will require very careful attention from the worker who is trying to make a success of this kind of work.

**FREAK PHOTOGRAPHY.**—Among a certain class of newspapers freak photography seems to hold a leading position as an entertainer, for from time to time we see reproductions of photographs taken in various unique positions. Possibly the best known of the monthly magazines indulging in this sort of thing is that English publication, the Strand. Quite recently the New York World contained a set of pictures of the taller buildings of that city which had been photographed by pointing the instrument straight up into the air and blazing away, thus giving to the buildings the appearance of lying flat on their backs. The effect is, to say the least, odd, and the impression that one who did not know what he was looking at would get, would be that he was looking away into the distance, particularly in the case of one where the subject is Trinity Church. This is due to the fact that the spires at the top narrow up so rapidly that the whole thing appears to be telescoped. The appearance of other buildings varies in accordance with the distance the camera was away from the base of them. Altogether the effect produced is very unique and original, but as far as practical value goes, it is right out of it, unless indeed one includes the amount of neck straining that it saves. It will probably do away with "rubbers" altogether.

**THOSE HEAVY MASSES.**—Perhaps there is no fault that is seen more commonly in looking at photographs by amateurs, than that almost universal and extremely noticeable error of giving false values to the picture by accentuating the heavy masses all out of harmony with the remainder of the scene. Is there any good reason for it? Is this caricaturing of the tonal values, so that one part of the picture which is behind another part, calculated to give it additional strength or vigor? Or can it be that it is the outcome of a striving after effect at the expense, not only of truth, but in addition of everything that is artistic? One feels inclined to believe that the latter is the case. This class of work is very much effected by the so-called "New School" photography. In fact it is most likely here that it has had the start, for were only one man to have given it the send off, it is not possible that, being what it is, it could have ever made itself felt in the way in which it has. But when a clique take anything up, there can always be found a certain number of workers of more or less note who are ready to believe that it is art and to attempt to imitate it. And it is just in this imitation that the fault lies. We all know that many of the old masters relied largely on the skilful handling of their shadows to produce the appearance of breadth, the appearance of strength and various other effects. We also know that certain members of the new school have, by the skilful handling of the masses made pictures where others would only have produced photographs. And yet just as soon as one of their ignorant imitators knowing nothing of the laws and

limitations of composition, or the arrangement of the lines and masses, starts to make the same kind of things, there is trouble. And it is solely because they work on the principle that it is the masses that make the picture instead of on the principle that the masses are only the setting for the real picture. Unless there is a picture to commence with, and a reason for the view existing on paper, no amount of skilful handling of masses will ever make anything that is pleasing.

But I have just been reading this over, and it seems to me that I find that I have shown a tendency to stray from the point that I started out with the intention of impressing.

Why have so many heavy masses at all. It is not absolutely necessary that we should? No, it certainly is not. The fact of the matter is that the heavy mass photograph is simply having a run at present, just the same as double breasted vests did a year or so ago. Personally I do not like them. Why not go back to the old way just once in a while at least and make something light and sketchy—something that will relieve the eyes of those people who, like me, are over-powered with all this blackness and all these "effects." I do not see why not!

**HAND WORK IN PHOTOGRAPHY.**—In sincerity in photography, the first essential is that the work should be a photograph, a literal transcript of nature. Hand work, however, is permissible within reasonable limits, provided it is used as a help to the securing of some effect that is aimed at, for here it is often possible to get a truer picture than could be produced by straight photography. It is the light rays under our judgment and good taste which produce the picture, while we with our limited means of modification endeavor to bring the photograph into harmony with our idea of what the scene should be to be at its best. So that you will readily see that by literal it is meant that the picture is to be the effect under which the picture was made, and not merely an effect however pleasing, for the simple reason that it is not possible to start with a free hand. "Stand out in the fields with a fistfull of brushes and you may paint your dreams if you can; but when you stick your head under that black cloth, stick to facts, because you must."

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On May 5th last the freshmen of Columbia University, New York, engaged Falk, the photographer, to come and make a number of pictures of them in a large group. The sophomores of the University decided that they could not with dignity allow such an event to take place and planned to storm the "freshies" with enough eggs to thoroughly convince them that they ought not do such a thing. To avoid this the photographer was given his instructions to be on the ground at nine o'clock in the morning and to have everything ready to proceed at once to business. Unfortunately, at the last minute, the "sophs" got wind of the plan and calling together a force of about forty strong, proceeded to the scene of action, with their supply of ammunition. On reaching the ground where the "freshies" were displaying their smiling countenances to be took, the challengers placed themselves between the camera and the group and proceeded to cut up capers. In the vain hope that they would ultimately depart in peace, the "freshies" waited patiently and the camera man tried to look pleasant on his own hook. Finally driven to desperation the freshmen made a rush at their tormentors, who escaped through a new building. A few minutes later, just as the freshmen had arranged themselves into another pose, and the operator was again getting ready to do duty, the sophomores again appeared and commenced a bombardment. Their fire was quickly answered and for a period of perhaps five minutes a terrible battle raged. After

peace was restored and when the proceedings were ready to go on it was discovered that during the turmoil some unprincipled "soph" had made off with the lens, the result being that the photographer was forced to withdraw, which he did amid the derisive hoots of the belligerents. The date of the operation has been indefinitely postponed.

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#### Correspondence.

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

Harold C. Austin, Ridgetown, Ont.—See the reply in last month's *ROD AND GUN IN CANADA* with reference to your query on pyrogallie acid and its use. If then your inquiry is not satisfactorily answered, write to me again.

Willmott.—The address of the New York Camera Club is No. 3 East 29th St., New York City. If you contemplate a visit to that city it will be well worth your while to go up there.

T.A.R., Montreal.—I would be inclined to think that if you were to mount the picture that you enclose on a piece of dark board that the contrasts, which are weak anyway, would be better brought out. If you take your negative now that it is dry, and after wetting it, dry it over again in a current of warm air, you will find that it will result in it being made stronger than it now is. If that does not intensify it enough, I am afraid you will have to use a mercury bath or some other means of intensifying. I would like to have you send me a print off it after you have done it over, and also explanations of what method you adopted, with full data concerning it.

Geo. A. Wilson.—If, in the photographing of high buildings, you make use of the spring back of your camera, you will not be troubled by the lines sloping in at the top. To use it, swing the top of the ground glass toward the lens and then focus about half way up the building with the largest stop. Next insert the smallest stop in order that you may get the necessary sharpness, and make the exposure. The side wing is rarely used. You will get a better picture if you can manage to take it from half way up a building which stands opposite, provided your lens is of a wide enough angle to admit of your doing this.

W. H. L.—(1) No. (2) It is possible to do it as you say, but you will get surer results if you stick to the plan usually adopted. (3) By all means. That is the only way. Any other way would fog the plate beyond repair.

#### A Sad State of Affairs.

To THE EDITOR OF *ROD AND GUN*:

One thing *ROD AND GUN* should take up and make an energetic kick about, that is the fact that the Quebec Government has been stupid enough to issue thirty licenses to seine or gillnet fish in the lakes of Sherbrooke county. The result will be ruin to all fishing in those lakes until they are restocked unless the licenses are revoked this year and not re-issued. While at Magog a few weeks ago, I saw a party of six that had twenty-seven grey trout or lunge with them, averaging in weight from 5 to 12½ pounds. These were only the morning's catch. They had been at Brompton Lake for about a week and had averaged over 200 lbs. of these fish per day, and could have caught more had they been able to keep them.

For the insignificant sum of \$10.00 each, or \$300.00 in all, our Government is apparently willing to destroy the fishing in these lakes for all time to come. It seems hard to believe, but is a fact nevertheless. You ought to take the matter up.

Granby, Que.

N. A. MEYER.

# FORESTRY

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

Edited by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

The second annual report of the Canadian Forestry Association, which has just been issued, is a timely and important publication. When we read in the American Lumberman, the leading lumber paper of the United States, statements like the following which appeared in its issue of the 5th of June last.— "It is true that white pine had been growing scarcer and scarcer in districts tributary to water shipment, and it had also been known to have been cut out rapidly in the interior of Wisconsin and Minnesota; but never until this year has it begun to dawn upon the minds of distributors of white pine lumber that there was an actual scarcity of the wood and that its end was in full view. This year, more than in any year since the development of the northern pine forests began, has the scarcity of white pine stumpage and lumber been significantly impressed upon the minds of the people. Witness the hegira of lumbermen to the south within the past year or two. Witness also their western flight to the Puget Sound district, to the California Slope and to the intermediate districts of Idaho and Arizona."—When we read a statement like that from so good an authority,—an organ of the lumber trade, let it be noticed, not a forestry journal,—it must be admitted by anyone who reads the paper by Mr. John Bertram, published in that report, that the Association were particularly fortunate in having the question of the management of pine forests dealt with by one who had gained such a thorough knowledge of it, practically as a lumberman, and also as a member of the Ontario Forestry Commission. It is unnecessary to mention particularly the lines on which Mr. Bertram lays down his policy of forest management, but we wish to call attention to the fact that he does not lay down his plans as final or complete. There is still much to learn of the life and habits of the trees, there are yet further problems in management to be worked out, and Mr. Bertram's paper is especially valuable as indicating the lines along which investigation should be made. In Germany thorough study and measurement has been made of tree growth, and the yield tables compiled therefrom and the knowledge of the habits of the different trees obtained as a result of this work have enabled that country to maintain a prominent place as a lumber-producing nation in spite of her great population and the large area devoted to agriculture. Thorough work, thorough development of her resources has made Germany what she is and made her feared by other nations as a competitor in the industrial world. Why should not some such forestry work be begun in Canada? Why should not some such work be carried on by the Government alone, or with the assistance of the lumbermen, but in such a way that the result of the investigations could be properly compiled and made available for the use of all? Why have the Governments set apart timber reserves if it is not the intention to make them to a certain extent, the experimental farms of the lumbermen,

as well as a perpetual source of wealth to the national exchequer?

The reforestation of the denuded areas is a question of great importance which Mr. Bertram had only time to touch upon. This is an undertaking which can probably best be carried out by the Government, and there is no question that it is a large enough one to tax its energies to the utmost. Governments, however, are supposed to live for the future as well as the present, and, if the pine is to become even to a greater extent than it has been up to the present a source of wealth to the country, should not some beginning be made in the direction of making portions of the Crown domain which are now utterly unproductive, what they might be, a rich source of revenue?

As an offset to the threatening bareness of the east, Mr. J. R. Anderson, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, introduces the Forestry Association to the great, the almost embarrassing, wealth and variety of timber there is in British Columbia, waiting only the time, of which the indications are beginning to make themselves felt, when the demand from beyond her borders will give her lumber an adequate value, and when she will be a great source of supply for the east and farther east. British Columbia is a great mineral province, but it is no rash statement to say that her timber wealth will be of fully as great importance as the products of her mines, while the beneficial effects of the forests on the physical condition of a mountainous country cannot be overestimated both for its direct and indirect effects.

No Forestry Report would be complete at the present time without some consideration of the pulp industry, and in the paper submitted by Mr. J. C. Langelier is an able presentation of the vast resources which Canada possesses for this purpose in her spruce forests. To anyone who has not given the matter attention it will be somewhat of a surprise to know how great our resources are in this respect; but although Mr. Langelier has, perhaps, as full a knowledge of the subject on which he speaks as anyone in Canada, yet it may be pointed out that these figures are only estimates, and although we may claim without hesitation a premier place for our pulpwood resources, still our knowledge of them is very far from being exact. The dangers pointed out by Mr. Langelier: fire, improper colonization, cutting of too small trees, are clearly the chief ones. The remedies, however, are not so easy of application.

The calculation submitted by Mr. Langelier as to the relative productivity of lands in the spruce districts when devoted to agriculture and pulp respectively makes very clear the fact that by encouraging settlement on such lands we are not only either condemning the settler to struggle for a mere existence after the wood has been cleared off, or encouraging the taking up of lands by persons who have no further interest in them after the wood has been removed, but we are using the land for a purpose that does not by any means make the best or most profitable use of it, either for the individual or the state. It is well that this fact should be clearly demonstrated and impressed on the mind of the public, for the views on this subject are usually very one-sided; in fact, most people can hardly be led to admit that there is anything worthy of consideration that can be said on the side of those who favor a timber rather than an agricultural crop.

The cutting of small-sized trees is a very serious menace to the reproduction of the spruce, and, although the regulations of Quebec and other provinces have provisions directed against this abuse, it may be doubted whether in all cases these provisions are fully lived up to, while as a matter of fact the information

we have as to the seeding and growth of the spruce are not sufficiently full and exact to make the proper plan of management of spruce forests so evident as to impress all who are dealing with such forests with the necessity of following it. As to the pulpwood cut for export, there is good reason to complain of the reckless way in which the spruce is slaughtered, not only in Quebec, but in the other spruce-producing provinces, and Dr. McKay, of Nova Scotia, has, unquestionably, justification for calling the pulp men "the locusts of the forest." Whether the temporary expedient of an export duty on pulpwood, as suggested by Mr. Langelier, with its possible international complications, would be the best means of preventing the excessive cutting for export, may be doubted; and, so far as the Forestry Association is concerned, their influence might preferably be directed towards a better appreciation and observance by the people of Canada of sound forestry principles and the adoption of measures by the Governments to withhold from entry and keep in their own control for timber production the land best suited for that purpose, as well as to enforce the necessary regulations. It is a question worthy of discussion also as to whether and how far the Governments would be justified in taking control of the cutting on private lands.

Mr W. P. Flewelling, Deputy Surveyor-General of New Brunswick, submits a paper giving a sketch of forest legislation and the methods of conducting the lumber industry in that province. New Brunswick has always been a large producer of lumber, and much of its area is more fitted for timber growth than for agriculture. The long term license adopted a few years ago has had the effect of interesting the lumbermen more generally in forest preservation, and the Government has also taken some steps in that direction, but there is still much unnecessary destruction of timber, while the information available as to the growth of the principal timber tree, the spruce, is not very definite.

Dr. Jas. Fletcher, the Dominion Entomologist, described some of the principal forest insects, and suggested methods by which destruction of timber from this cause might be prevented. It was clearly shown that the necessary preliminary to understanding how to deal with destructive insects was to study out thoroughly their life history, and, in view of the large quantities of timber which are rendered useless from this cause, some steps should be taken to provide that this study should be made.

A very interesting paper was the one submitted by Dr. W. H. Muldrew, of Gravenhurst, who, himself a teacher, cannot be accused of being an outsider trying to push a fad on workers already overburdened. Consequently, his suggestions as to the position which Forest Botany should hold in our schools are of special interest. We trust that many of those interested in the work of our High and Public Schools, whether as teachers or otherwise, may have the opportunity of reading this paper and that some steps may be taken to have the importance of Forestry impressed on those who will govern the future policy of our Dominion.

The paper submitted by Mr. E. Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, outlined the tree planting plan proposed for the Western plains. As this plan was reviewed in our last issue we need not enlarge upon it here. We may say, however, that this plan is being very heartily taken up, there being some three hundred applications under it filed with the Superintendent.

The addresses, and particularly the evening lecture given by Dr. C. A. Schenck, of Biltmore, are of special interest, as

Dr. Schenck has had experience both of the European and American systems of forestry. It was made very clear by him that the two main preliminary conditions to the adoption of systematic forestry practice, were protection from fire and a sufficient stumpage value to make such a scheme profitable. It appears evident, then, that we must look to the question of price, and that is one difficulty that has stood in the way up to the present time. When we take a survey of the whole of Canada we find that, with the exception of the white pine, our timber trees have not yet reached that period of scarcity and value which would impress generally and seriously the necessity for taking action. Our spruce forests are still extensive and, to the mind of the public, apparently inexhaustible; our British Columbia timber is as yet hardly in sufficient demand to make such an appreciable tax on her great resources in that respect as would render them of a great present value. But though, for instance, the price of New Brunswick spruce timber is stated to be lower this year than it was last year, or than it was forty years ago, still it appears from the general outlook that timber must advance in price, and, that being the case, there is the most abundant reason why steps should be taken to prevent, as far as possible, the sweeping away by a useless destruction of what we now possess. The essential first step, as pointed out by Dr. Schenck and emphasized by other speakers, is protection from fire. Dr. Schenck even considers that the present generation would be justified in going into debt to provide the necessary means of protection of such a valuable asset.

From this report we may tabulate the policy of the Canadian Forestry Association in regard to our forests as:

First, last, and all the time. Protection from fire, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Second: The study of our timber trees and the systematization of our knowledge in regard to their growth and all that affects it beneficially or injuriously.

Third: The growing of trees where they are the most profitable crop or serve to protect crops that are more valuable.

Fourth: Education—through the schools, through the press, through reports, through all possible means—of the public to an understanding of the great importance of this subject to the future of Canada.

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#### NOTES.

The dry weather in Manitoba during the month of May made the conditions favorable for the starting of fires, and consequently a number of fire rangers were placed on duty in the vicinity of the timber reserves at points likely to be endangered. A number of fires started, but fortunately they were held in control by the rangers, and the damage was not very extensive, particularly as the fire was mostly through townships that had been burnt over before; but much of the young growth was killed. Of those started in the Riding Mountain District, apparently some small fires were due to settlers, and one in the Duck Mountains is supposed to have been the work of trappers on a bear hunt; but in most cases the origin is uncertain. None extended over a wide area, two square miles being the largest mentioned, while in another case an estimated loss of 6,000 cords of wood is reported. The method employed for fighting the fires was to cut down any dry stumps or trees that were on fire and throw them back on the burned ground, or, if the timber was lying partly in the fire, the burning portion was cut off and similarly treated. Where the fires were working in the ground they were stopped

by digging with shovels, and near swampy places where water was available it was made use of.

In the Turtle Mountain District the fires have been kept out of the reserve, with one exception which burned over a section; but this has only been accomplished by hard work and constant watching. Many of these fires come across the boundary to the south, where the settlers are not always as careful as they might be in setting them out, and are the despair of the forest ranger. The Indians also occasionally slip across the border and start a little fire to assist them in their hunting operations, but after the ranger has "chased them over into Dakota," his authority ceases, and he is left to rage impotently along the invisible but powerful barrier which stands between him and his tormentors.

With the advent of wet weather in the beginning of June it has been found possible to withdraw the fire rangers, and there will probably be no further danger till the fall.

The village of Cache Bay, near Sturgeon Falls, Ontario, has been burned out; the result, it is supposed, of forest fires which were raging in the neighborhood.

A fire has done considerable damage to timber limits at Kippewa, in the Province of Quebec. It began on the 30th June, its origin presumably being in a settlement a short distance back of Bas des Peres where settlers were clearing land by fire. The hot weather and strong wind raised apprehension of a serious fire, but the wind abated and blew back over the burned area. A big force of men fought the fire with water or by shovelling back earth on it, and were succeeding very well. There was also a fire at White River, on the Ontario side, which did considerable damage to a number of settlers.

Mr. N. McCuaig, General Superintendent of the Forest Protection Service for District No. 1, in the Province of Quebec, makes the following suggestion in regard to the equipment of fire rangers:—

"A soldier on the battle-field without his rifle and ammunition is of very little account, and largely similarly situated is the best Fire Ranger, far away from help in the forests, face to face with his enemy—the fire—without any implements. Here are the articles that are usually employed in fighting fires, viz., spade, hoe and pail. There is little doubt if the Government offered a suitable reward to native mechanical ingenuity, a tool would be shortly forthcoming that would combine the spade and hoe in one implement effective and convenient for either purpose and not exceeding three and one-half pounds in weight. This, together with a rubber cloth pail, the whole at a trifle of expenditure, would constitute an equipment by which the ranger would be in a position at any moment to deal with a fire in its incipient or more advanced stage. A handle for such an implement need not be carried, as one could quickly be provided in the woods. The cost of such articles, including the leather belt, should not exceed three dollars per ranger, and it might cost less if the pail adopted should be a tin folding pail. I beg to call the immediate attention of the Government to the matter, in the confident belief that its adoption would be a wise, practical and profitable investment to help protect our forests from fire."

Sylvan Ontario: A Guide to our Native Trees and Shrubs, by W. H. Muldrew, B.A., D. Paed. Wm. Briggs, Toronto. 50c. and \$1.00.

This book has grown out of the efforts made by Dr. Muldrew to find some method to enable his pupils to identify

easily our native trees, with the object of arousing an interest in this important part of the Canadian flora. That the plan adopted has been worked out from actual experimentation with classes of pupils and has been found successful, is its best recommendation, and undoubtedly the method of identification by such a conspicuous and generally present feature as the leaves will be found much less difficult than the one based on the floral characteristics which are much less easy of recognition and are usually available for observation for only a very short period. Many students of Botany have practically overlooked the trees altogether, and such a work as "Sylvan Ontario" will serve a very useful purpose if it leads to a better knowledge of the trees which hold such a prominent place in this Canada of ours. This book is an index, not a treatise; but to anyone wishing to study our native trees we cannot do better than recommend obtaining a copy, always bearing in mind, as suggested by the author, that taken by itself it may prove as interesting as is usual with an index or dictionary, but that when read in connection with the living things which it introduces, there is reason to hope that it may happily combine instruction with recreation in a way not without interest to the thoughtful reader. The drawings which illustrate the leaves of the different trees and shrubs, and which have been made by the author from the originals, give that additional clearness by which accurate illustrations are always superior to word descriptions. While the index was primarily compiled for the Province of Ontario, its usefulness is by no means confined to that Province, and it should prove of great assistance in all of Eastern Canada and the neighboring States.

The neat and tasteful leather binding, tied with thongs, gives the book an attractive appearance, and the whole of the typographical work is clearly and carefully done.

## CAMPING OUT.

C. A. B.

Four good brick or stone walls and a watertight roof are all capital things in their way—they come in handy when a winter blizzard or an equinoctial storm is raging, as well as during those other spells of bad weather which visit us at intervals throughout the year, but in sweet summer-time a city house is little better than a prison.

There is no better way of putting in a vacation than passing it in the woods. Health and strength go hand in hand beneath the trees. What could be jollier than to lie at night before a roaring fire of hardwood, the pure breath of heaven fanning one's cheek, and the stars twinkling in the dark vault overhead? The Arabs say days spent in the chase are not counted by Allah in the length of a man's life; it is a very pretty conceit, and perhaps not far from the truth after all.

Only a few years ago people were afraid to go camping, dreading all sorts of evils; many dire maladies were supposed to lurk in night air, but the teachings of common sense and of science have killed that superstition. An open air life will build up a constitution, and a few weeks under canvas in summer is an admirable sequel to a winter's grind at one's profession or business.

Unfortunately, most of us have now dwelt so long under artificial conditions that a knowledge of how to live advantageously away from bricks and mortar is not generally known, and the novice may have some difficulty in deciding what outfit to take, and how best to govern his existence when far from the butcher, baker, doctor—and such luxuries of a city life.

The tyro usually carries a lot of things into camp that he would be better without, and leaves behind the few simple necessities which would enable him to live in health and comfort in the bush. The experienced woodsman does not ask himself as he overhauls his modest kit, "May not this also be of some use?" but rather questions himself as to whether he cannot do without it. Some things—blankets, matches, axe, for instance—he knows he must have, but useless "truck" he discards, and by such judicious paring "travels light," and enjoys himself all the more in consequence. Of course, if a party proposes camping close to civilization, where farms or stores are within reach and transport is not a difficult problem, its members may enjoy all sorts of luxuries they would have to deny themselves in the wilderness. It is the difference between a coasting voyage, and one taken in blue water out of soundings. No hard and fast rules can be laid down.

An outfit which would be perfect for Florida, would not do for Maine or the Adirondacks, nor would an expedition to the plains of the west require the same equipment as one fitted out to explore the wooded region north of Lake Superior. The prospective camper must consider the size of his party, the probable duration of the trip, and the means of transport likely to be at his command. In Quebec and Ontario he will usually be able to travel by canoe, though even here he is likely to have more or less portaging, or carrying to do, over necks of land or around rapids, so that he will enjoy himself none the less if he have no superfluity of this world's goods with him. Should he not be able to use a canoe he and his guide must pack everything on their backs, and the inventory must undergo a most rigorous pruning before starting. On the plains waggons are available, while in the mountains pack horses, burros, or mules, become the means of transport.

No traveller in the wilderness can dispense with matches and an axe, and a compass is usually required. I always carry a few matches in my pocket in a leather case, as that does not condense moisture; in a metal box the matches are often spoiled from this cause in winter. A reserve should be kept in a dry, wide-mouthed bottle, securely corked. The compass should be about the size of a watch. Personally I prefer a small prismatic compass, but they are much more expensive, and the ordinary kind will serve all purposes except the taking of an exact bearing of some distant object. An axe of less than three pounds weight is not much use, though a not overstrong youth might find a so-called hunting axe of two and one-half pounds better adapted to his strength, but cutting up a night's fuel with such a tool is a heart-breaking task.

Novices are always impressed with the tremendous importance of a tent, and generally choose one heavy and large enough to shelter a squad of militiamen. Now as a matter of fact a good Canadian woodsman hardly requires a tent either in summer or winter. A few sheets of birch or spruce bark in warm weather, and a log and bark cabin in winter afford him ample shelter. The great Napoleon found that his troops were more healthy when bivouacking (sleeping under the stars) than shut up in tents; and the summer camper will certainly find the same thing. Even in summer, when flies are numerous, I prefer a lean-to with a mosquito bar.

All provisions should be kept in separate bags, then the salt and sugar do not become too intimate, and the pepper does not fraternize with the tea. A couple of squares of waterproof material, or light duck, about 6 x 8 feet, with metal eyelet holes around their borders are better than any tent, and can be used for a variety of purposes. They serve as shelters in

case of a sudden storm, or to wrap the camp kit in—in short are worth their weight in gold.

A clean flour sack filled with balsam tips makes an excellent pillow, and a couple of feet of these same fir tips laid under the blankets will woo slumbers to content a king. By the bye, there are two ways of laying the boughs. The first and most natural, the wrong way of course, is to dump them down "any-which-way" as the woodsmen say; the second to spread them in layers beginning at the head, with the tips of each feathery bough pointing toward the head of the couch.

The cook of the party ought to be supplied with a frying pan with socket handle, tin kettles without spouts, a few "dippers," knives, forks and spoons, and if transport is available, a tin baker for bread making. At a pinch cups may be fashioned out of birch bark, and a sheath knife serve in lieu of table cutlery.

No doubt it is a difficult matter to provision a large party for a long trip in the woods, and a novice would be wise to consult some experienced friend or guide in this matter, but beans, pork, flour, baking powder, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, and canned fruits and vegetables may be selected safely.

Generally trout, and, occasionally, grouse and even venison, in season, may be reckoned on to help out the bill of fare. In some parts of the country game and fish are so abundant that the hunters and prospectors take little except flour and tea, or coffee, but in the east this might mean starvation or something akin to it.

A few simple hints should suffice if followed to keep the camper in robust health. Don't sit in wet clothes, or boots, don't work too hard on an empty stomach, or in a very hot sun; and lastly keep good hours and wear flannel under-clothing—all very old and time-worn advice no doubt, but well worth attention nevertheless.

It is a long time since a sea salmon was seen in the St. Lawrence, but one was killed last week in the raceway under Mack's mills, Cornwall, according to the Freeholder, by W. Borthwick, a mill employee, while spearing suckers. He did not know what a prize he had captured, and took it home and had it cleaned, but on showing the head to Mr. Mack, the stranger was clearly identified from the scales and shape of the head as a genuine *salmo salar*. The fish was a female, weighing about five pounds, and was full of spawn. It is a pity that Mr. Borthwick had mutilated the fish before speaking about it, as it would have been worth a good deal as a curiosity. No doubt it grew from one of the innumerable salmon fry which have been deposited in the river from time to time. We hope fishermen will be on the lookout for strange fish, and let us know about them, as the matter is of decided scientific interest.

In a recent issue of *ROD AND GUN* the statement was made that a license to shoot big game in the province of New Brunswick, cost a non-resident \$20. This was an error, the ante has been raised another \$10, and it now costs \$30 to "come in."

Several of the English journals have of late referred to a "decline of sports" in Great Britain, but as a matter of fact there is a healthy, progressive condition of affairs in connection with the pastimes of that country. True, the Americans have shown supremacy in most of the international contests, but this merely indicates that the sportsmen of the United States have improved more rapidly, not that British sports have retrograded.

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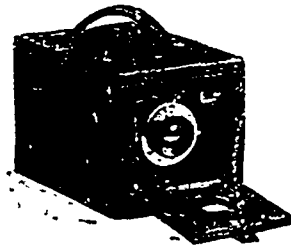
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