

LEETLE

LAC GRENIER

Copyright
1899

By Dr. W.H. Drummond

Leetle Lac Grenier she's all alone
Right on de mounatin top,
But de cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier she's all alone
Up on de mountain high,
But she never feel lonesome, cos for w'y?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

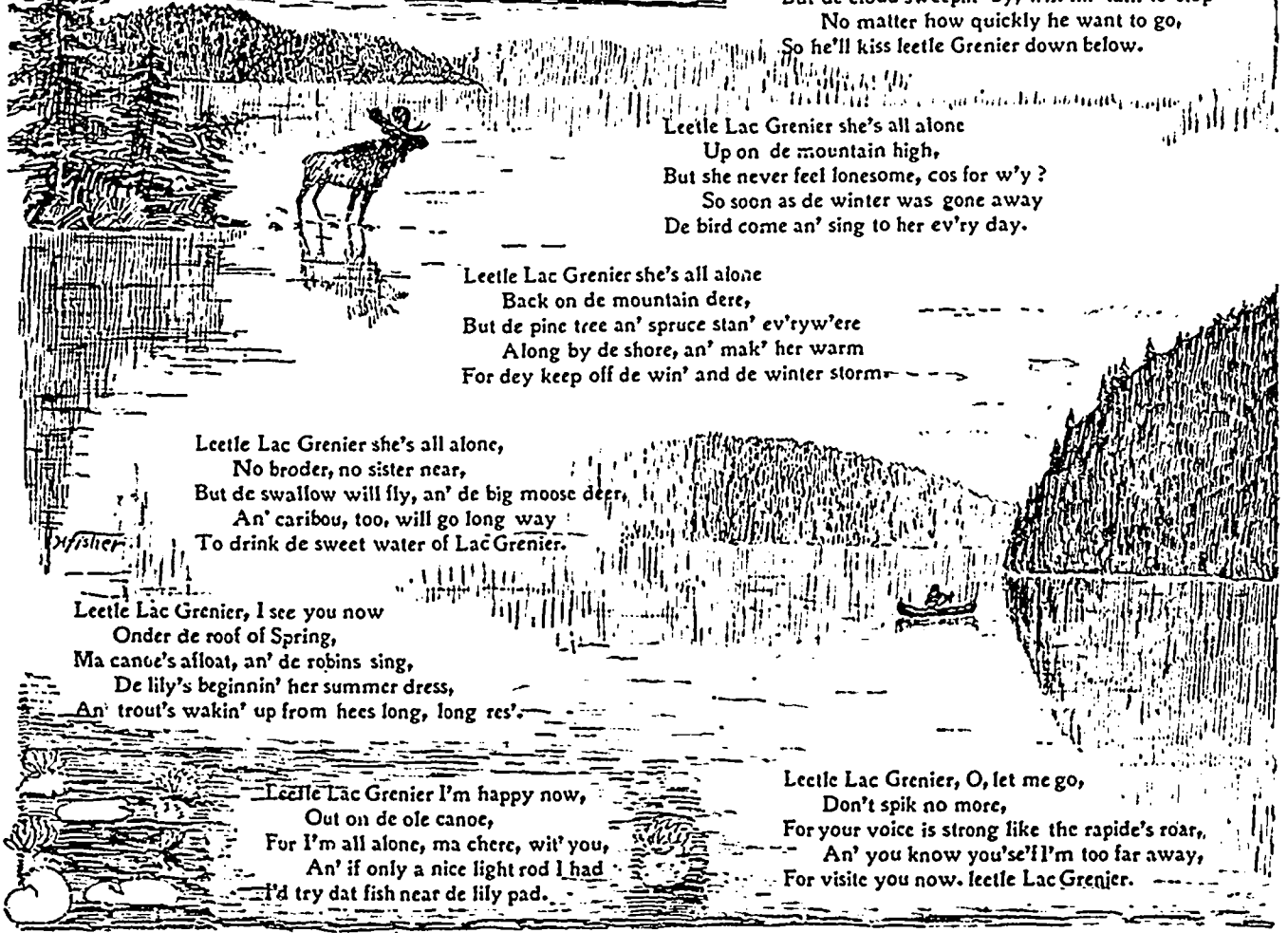
Leetle Lac Grenier she's all alone
Back on de mountain dere,
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'ryw'ere
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm
For dey keep off de win' and de winter storm.

Leetle Lac Grenier she's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de big moose deer,
An' caribou, too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now
Onder de roof of Spring,
Ma canoe's afloat, an' de robins sing,
De lily's beginnin' her summer dress,
An' trout's wakin' up from hees long, long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier I'm happy now,
Out on de ole canoe,
For I'm all alone, ma cherc, wit' you,
An' if only a nice light rod I had
I'd try dat fish near de lily pad.

Leetle Lac Grenier, O, let me go,
Don't spik no more,
For your voice is strong like the rapide's roar,
An' you know you'se' I'm too far away,
For visite you now. leetle Lac Grenier.



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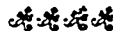
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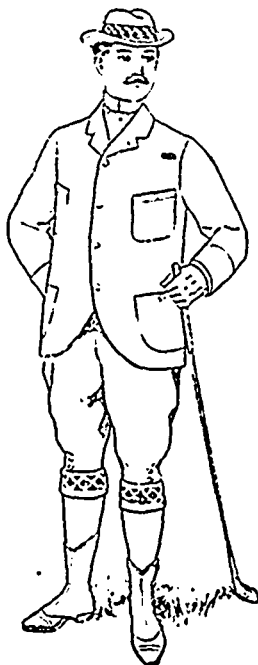
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603 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

GREETING.

"ROD AND GUN IN CANADA" enters the journalistic field with a purpose that is fully implied in its name. The reason for its appearance is easily told.

The fishing and game interests of the Dominion have hitherto had no publication especially devoted to them, and beyond an occasional article in some of the sporting magazines of the United States, and a stray reference in English journals, no tribute is paid to the unlimited wealth Canada possesses in its magnificent water stretches and boundless woodlands. Throughout the vast stretches of country whose countless waters teem with almost every species of fish, whose unbroken forests are the almost undisturbed home of the moose, caribou, elk, bear and big horn, whose sparsely-settled regions abound in feathered and small game, the angler and hunter can experience the full enjoyment of that royal sport which no other land proffers. Its magnificent waterways form the grandest canoe routes in the world. Amongst its 6,000,000 people are many ardent sportsmen—men, and women, too, who delight in the pleasures of the camp and in the invigorating recreation which life out-of-doors affords—to these "ROD AND GUN" confidently appeals, for it will make known to them the best

regions to shoot game and catch fish and indulge in canoeing.

It will also pay a good deal of attention to trap shooting and to the kennel, and in future numbers will devote a fair share of its space to the encouragement of amateur photography. Other features will also be added that, it is hoped, will widen its sphere of usefulness and make it a welcome visitor to the homes of Canadians from Cape Breton to Vancouver Island, and of their cousins across the border and their brothers over the sea.

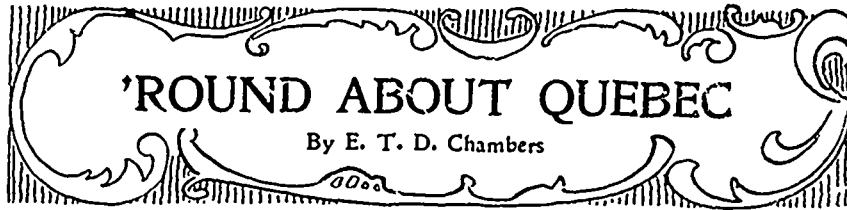
A number of able writers, some of whom are well known authorities on sporting matters, have already been secured, as their valued contributions in this issue interestingly testify, and others have promised their assistance. With the active co-operation of these good friends and with the unceasing industry and well directed energy of its editors "ROD AND GUN" hopefully anticipates a long, prosperous and useful career in disseminating accurate information about its native land, which will deeply interest the great and ever increasing brotherhood of recreation-seekers the world over, for its publishers believe there is a place for such a paper in Canada and they intend to fill it.

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Fish and Game Protection.

We have been much impressed by the accounts published from time to time, of the work accomplished by the League of American Sportsmen in game protection, which, although a young organization, has developed rapidly and is showing signs of still greater increase in the near future, and we have even heard of an effort to organize a branch of it in Canada, there being a number of Canadian members. While we are heartily in sympathy with our cousins in their good work and hope all Canadian sportsmen on the borders and elsewhere will assist them as much as possible, it does seem to us there is sufficient latent enthusiasm on this side of the line for the protection of game to respond to a call for a league

of Canadian sportsmen, and that the matter may be well understood we shall publish as soon as space will permit, and with the consent of the organization's officers, the constitution and by-laws of the League of American Sportsmen. We want the game and fish of Canada protected, the existing laws enforced, and where wanting, amended. But something more than legal machinery is needed. There must be active co-operation of every man who deserves the name of sportsman. The press can wield a great influence and can do a great deal in assisting in this good work by creating a public sentiment in its favor. It is needed greatly. The legislator can be educated to see that there is money to Canada in it; that not merely the gratification of the sporting instincts of a few is sought, but the enrichment of the country as well. If it is good business for the great State of Maine to concern itself with these matters to the extent of reducing them to an almost exact science and thereby secure the expenditure of \$1,000,000 annually among the State's citizens by non-resident sportsmen, irrespective of \$6,000,000 annually which the visiting tourists disburse there also, it is equally good, if not better, business for Canada, which has an empire of well stocked sporting territory, whose lakes, streams and square miles of forests have no rival. And the non-resident sportsman does not always merely come and go; he not seldom invests, and in those two notable instances of the Laurentides Pulp Co. at Grand Mere, Que., and the Grand Falls Power Co. at Grand Falls, N. B., we have object lessons of great industries with capital of millions, whose creation resulted solely from the fishing and hunting trips of prominent men from across the line. It is dollars that talk, and none of our contemporaries will waste one minute of their time if they will assist in this propaganda and show the public what these dollars have to talk about.



THE old French city of Quebec—172 miles east of Montreal—is the annual resort of thousands of American sportsmen, some of whom are on their way to the salmon or sea-trout streams of the Gulf St. Lawrence, some to linger about the Ancient Capital and to fish the rivers and lakes within easy distance of it, and some again, en route to the trout streams and Ouananiche water of the far-famed Lake St. John country.

Salmon fishing in Canada, as elsewhere, is growing scarcer and more valuable every year, and there is but little of it, and that little far away on the Labrador coast, that is not now leased to anglers. But in the mouths of many of the salmon streams there is to be had the finest sea-trout fishing of the continent, and this fishing is free to all. It is particularly good at the mouths of the Trinity and Godbout rivers on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, which is reached by the mail steamer St. Olaf from Quebec. Here the fish are often taken up to six and seven pounds in weight upon the fly, and are quite as game as salmon, many anglers declaring that they would rather catch them than take grilse of the same size.

For tourists who delight in beautiful scenery and love to revel amid the environs of a heroic past, no more delightful spot can be found than the city of Quebec with its historic surroundings, and elegant Chateau Frontenac Hotel, that stands upon the very site of the old Chateau St. Louis of sturdy Count Frontenac's time, with the Citadel looking down upon it on one side and Champlain statue on the other, while Dufferin Terrace, with its quarter of a mile of a planked promenade, overlooking the St. Lawrence for miles around, and nearly 200 feet below, is its natural balcony. If the tourist be a sportsman, ... especially interested in making Quebec his summer headquarters, for within a radius of a very few miles are to be found many lakes and rivers, well known and justly prized by local disciples of Isaak Walton. There are beaches, too, around the island of Orleans, also above Sillery on the Quebec side of the river, and along the Beauport flats, that afford plenty of snipe.

For some distance around the city of

Quebec, the turnpike roads are remarkably good. Lake Beauport is fourteen miles from the city. It is a mountain gem. It offers the earliest fishing to be had in this part of Canada. The ice leaves it in the latter part of April, and no fishing is usually good in it from the 10th to 15th May. Its trout are noted for the brilliancy of their colorings, and run up to about 2 1-2 pounds in weight. Eight to nine miles of the road leading to it is beautifully macadamized.

Lake St. Charles is about the same distance from the city, but much larger fish are often taken out of it.

A drive of about fifteen miles brings the angler to Laval, on the borders of the Montmorency river, and here guides can be obtained who will conduct him to the most likely spots for a successful cast for trout. The fish grow large and lusty in this stream, and are splendid fighters.

Lake Joachim is most easily reached by taking the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix Railway from Quebec to La Bonne Ste. Anne, and driving thence, a distance of some fourteen miles over a hilly, but most interesting road, overlooking the broad St. Lawrence and its many islands, immediately below the Isle of Orleans. Permission to fish this lake can be had from Mr. Raymond of St. Anne de Beaupre, who will also furnish the necessary guide. This lake contains immense quantities of small trout.

Several miles due north of the city of Quebec is one of the largest and grandest fish and game preserves of the world. This is the Laurentides National Park, specially set apart and protected by the Government of the Province of Quebec. In the lakes which are enclosed within its limits are probably the finest specimens of salmon fontinalis to be found anywhere. They have been taken up to eight pounds in weight in Great Lake Jacques Cartier, which is seventy miles from Quebec. Most of the road leading to it is in a very bad condition. There are many other lakes in the park, nearer to civilization which are also very highly esteemed for the trout that they contain.

The lower stretches of the Jacques Cartier river, which is the outlet of the lake just described, are reached by rail. They are noted for their salmon

pools which are controlled by Montreal sportsmen. The river also contains, however, large quantities of trout. Permits to fish in the National Park, for which a small charge is made, by the day, may be had at the fish and game department of the Provincial Government in Quebec.

Bass fishing can be obtained quite close to Quebec, in Lake St. Joseph, which is reached in little more than hour by the trains of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. A small hotel, boats and guides can be had there. Lake St. Joseph contains speckled and lake trout, and fresh water shad as well as bass.

The railway leads also to the home of the Ouananiche—the far-famed fresh water salmon of Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Lake St. John is 190 miles from Quebec by rail, and the Ouananiche are caught in greatest numbers in its discharge. Here the sport is delightfully fascinating. The fish are taken up to eight pounds in weight, and are most remarkable fighters, often leaping two or three feet out of the water several times in succession. Fishing commences here about the 15th June and continues throughout the season. The scenery is wonderfully wild and the fishing is partly from rocky jettings out into the wild rapids, and partly from canoes in the partially foam-flecked pools below them.

Ouananiche are not by any means the only fish found in this territory. Minster pike and pickerel, or dore, are abundant, and so are lake and speckled trout. A favorite fishing ground for fontinalis is Lake Edward, a very beautiful body of water lying alongside the railway, 113 miles from Quebec.

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Fishermen Brave.

Three fishermen gayly went into the north—
Out into the north ere the sun was high;
And they chuckled with glee as they sallied forth,

Resolved to capture the trout—or die,
For men will fish, and men will lie,
About the trout they "caught on the fly"—
Their Sunday school lessons scorning.

Three fishers lay under the trees at noon,
And "blamed" the whole of the finny race;
For never a nibble touched fly or spoon,
And each sighed as he wet the hole in his face.
For men will fish, and men will lie,
And the way they caught trout when nobody's nigh

Is something to tell—in the morning.

Three fishermen came into town at night,
And their "speckled beauties" were fair to see
They talked of their "sport" with keen delight—
The envy of all the fraternity.
But men will fish, and men will lie,
And what they can't catch they're sure to buy,
And never repent in the morning.

—Liverpool, England, Courier.

WITH THE OUANANICHE

By C. W. Young

NINETY in the shade, was it, or one hundred? It might have been either—a blazing hot July Sunday, when we sweated and sweltered in our room in a hot city hotel. Neither Collings nor gin fizzes nor other cooling compounds could reduce the temperature a particle, but rather the contrary.

"This is too hot, altogether," said Jim, who was helping me kill time for a few days; "let's go fishing."

"Agreed, but where and when? I ain't no saint, like Jim Bludso, but I draw the line at fishing on Sunday."

"Oh, I didn't mean this minute," said Jim; "but let's get away from this blazing fiery furnace, out into the woods, and I will show you frost on the ground at daylight within a couple of mornings, or I have forgotten the place."

So pitching a few things into our bags, and collecting some fishing tackle and other necessities, we drove down to the water, and were on board the steamer in time to study human nature for half an hour or so, as it showed itself among the crowd which gathered on the wharf.

"Is this really Quebec, Jim?" I ejaculated, as we emerged from the boat next morning, and saw a trolley car standing on the track. "The old horse cars seemed not to disturb the harmony of the surroundings; but gee whiz, the trolley is too much."

"The world do move," said Jim, "and even Quebec has joined the procession. Get on board, or we will miss the train."

I never did like to hurry in Quebec; it seemed a place to loaf and invite one's soul, but Jim's argument was irresistible, and away we sped to the Lake St. John Depot.

Pretty soon we drew away from the city; past the decaying wharves looking all the more dilapidated in the low tide; a stop of a minute or two at Indian Lorette, with its many interesting memories, and then we begin our climb of ever so many hundred feet, every mile of which glows with new points of interest. Here we are at Jacques Cartier. A friend tells us this is the river furthest up from the sea, where the salmon still ascend, and we can easily believe that one or two big fellows are lurk-

ing in the dark pools we see some distance below us. Then along the beautiful Batiscan, where one can see the trout leap and gleam in the bright sunshine. Long rapids of white water, which make one long to run them in a birch or to climb them slowly on the up trip; towering mountain peaks, with living green to their very summit or whitened trunks where the destructive fires have raged; racing with little brooks which are tumbling through the rocks on either side; past lakes without number, each with its cosy club-house and a paradise of summer sport.

But none of these are for us, and away we go, stopping here and there to leave a party at a little station, and to wonder at the store of supplies, solid and liquid, that a small coterie of choice spirits can consume. We are a jolly crowd in the two parlor cars at the rear of the train, gathered from all quarters of the earth, and many are the good stories that come to the surface, of sport in all lands. At one station, horror of horrors, we come on a circus, the first that ever penetrated these wilds, and are detained for half an hour or so while our engine assists in straightening out the confusion that has arisen over the unusual visitor. But this is a leisurely country, and no one is in a hurry, evidently. Some of the Americans in our company—railway men themselves—chafe at the apparently unnecessary delays, but are assured the train will get to its destination on time, which it does. Up, up we climb, past more lakes, some mere dots in the landscape, and others stretching out as far as the eye can reach; some studded with islands and recalling Highland lochs, though without the castles and historical associations. Rocks and water everywhere, with little timber apparently worth cutting for anything else than firewood; one wonders at the daring of the projectors of such a road until the principle of subsidies and political pull and other matters are explained.

Here we are at the parting of the waters, where one stream flows to join the St. Lawrence above Quebec, the other to pour into Lake St. John and find its way to the inky channel of the Saguenay. Now we rattle down grade merrily, and when we least expect it a glance out of the car window shows a vast expanse of water, blue in the distance, and of which the further

shore is hardly visible. The country seems more civilized; there are numerous well-cultivated farms and good buildings, and every appearance of a contented and well-to-do farm population.

Skirting the shores of the lake, we catch a glimpse of the falls of the Oulatchouan, where the water tumbles down for a greater distance than at Niagara. A few minutes later, passing the pretty little village, the train draws up in front of the Roberval Hotel, where the first stage of this eventful journey terminates. It has been a day of surprises, and not the least surprise, at the other end of such a wilderness, to find a pocket edition of the Frontenac, with electric lights, billiard rooms, an accomplished chef, elegantly appointed tables, and all the luxuries of advanced civilization.

After dinner, we sit around the huge fireplace, on which a pile of logs is blazing, and learn more of the wonders of the new land into which we have ventured. We have a choice of pleasures. We can climb the mountains and catch little trout in the brooks and lakes; drive over to the Oulatchouan Falls, never tiring of watching the waters come down, as they do at Lodore; we can visit the encampments of the Montaignais Indians, a few miles to the west, and see the aborigines dwelling in the primitive simplicity of pole tepees, or we can cross the lake and fight the Ouananiche in his native lair, the seething waters of the Metabatchouan, or the Mistassini, the Peribonca, the Ouatchouaniche, the Ashuapmouchouan, or the Grande Decharge, through which pour the waters of this inland sea on their way to the mighty ocean.

The latter suited us best, and next morning we crossed the lake in a little steamer to an island which divides the outlet into the Grande and Little Decharge, the latter most favored of fishermen. Here there is a small hotel, and an army of guides waiting for engagement. Our choice made, we embark in a frail-looking bark canoe, and in a minute or two are drawn into the current and soon hear the roaring of we make our way along the shore to the heavy water. Disembarking, for no craft ever made could live through these rapids, one of the guides takes the canoe on his back, looking like a huge mud turtle, and with the other, try the fishing.

With confidence in the guide, but doubt in our hearts, we cast a fly in the heaviest water. It seems impossible that any fish could live there, but after a cast or two, there is a flash in the curl of the rapid, and in another second the man at the end of the rod finds out that something very lively

indeed has hold of the hook. He isn't a big 'un, but has power for half a dozen, and a current of fifteen or twenty miles an hour to help him. A bolt of shiny silver jumps out of the water, then again and again, each time with peril to rod and tackle; the reel screams out angrily, as he takes out yard after yard of line till the supply is perilously near exhaustion. At last he is checked a little and worked into a small bay, one or two more jumps, then he is reeled in towards shore, down goes the landing net, and our first encounter with the tiger of the Saguenay is over.

Now we have him, let us look at him more closely. He is a true salmon is the ouananiche, but smaller than his cousins that go to the salt water. He has the true salmon shape, the forked tail, sharp nose, silver scales, and polka dots on his side; there is no doubt as to his family history. Years and years ago, say the legends, when the great waters of the west flowed down to the sea by the back way, when there was no Grande Decharge and no falls at Chicoutimi, the sea salmon used to go way up past Lake St. John to the small waters to deposit their eggs and perpetuate their species. Then came the great upheaval; the rocks rose and the waters fell, and some of the salmon were left in the inland reaches, where they stayed; in succeeding ages they were dwarfed by their new conditions, but carried their strength with them, and to-day the ouananiche of half-a-dozen pounds has as much fight in him as a true salmon of twice or thrice his size.

The Grande Decharge is a series of tremendous rapids extending for a mile or more, two or three hundred yards in width. The shore is solid rock, with immense boulders scattered thickly, and here and there in the channel huge rock islands, never pressed, nor will they ever be by aught save the foot of a bird. There is no soil for trees to take root, and in its rugged nakedness the landscape presents no different appearance to-day from the first time it was seen by the eye of man. In places the river takes sheer plunges of fifteen or twenty feet, and for the entire distance all seems a mass of white seething foam. Below the rapids stretches out an expanse of smooth water, inky black, and leaving an impression of immense depth that makes one shudder. Here we take the canoe again, and the guide carefully steering for one of the patches of froth that appear here and there, we see wallowing in the white scum a dozen or so of the ouananiche, their blue-black fins and tails showing clearly. They are in search of insects, and apparently find plenty, for they take a fly sluggishly, and seem almost a different fish, hardly

putting up a decent fight for their lives. There are no mad rushes, no smashing of tackle; the fish runs to the boat instead of away from it, as a well-regulated game fish should do, and most of the fun is absent.

Across the bay is Camp Scott, so named from the owner of the mills at Roberval, and a good deal of the timber limits adjacent. Mr. Scott has kindly given us permission to use the camp, and make it our headquarters, and a very pleasant place we find it. There is a house built in sections, with bunks and piles of blankets, a kitchen and a man in charge, and plenty of comfort for weary limbs.

We enjoyed a good dinner, ouananiche fried as only a woodman can, forming the chief item on the menu; then a smoke and a chat and a few more hours of fishing. Dinner again, another smoke around the camp fire, a telling of the news of the world outside to the eager guides, for they are no readers, and then a plunge into the blankets. The booming of the rapids, Nature's grand diapason, deep and pervading; the bass and tenor of the frogs and the night birds, and the snarl and bleat of the mosquito blend in the same sweet lullaby they have sung together every summer night since the beginning of time, and Morpheus needs no long wooing. In the morning we find the frost on the ground, as Jim had told us a couple of days ago, and the sweat and the sweater, the Collinsets and the gin flizes, the rush of the city and the whirl of business seem ages behind us. We shiver or the bank for a moment, jump into the icy water, swim about a very, very little, regain the shore and restore warmth and circulation with a rough towel. The rest of the toilet is the work of only a minute or two, the appetizing odor of flapjacks and coffee and fried ouananiche floats on the clear morning air, and from the camp comes the ever-welcome sound, "Mangez, mangez!"

NEW VARIETIES OF TROUT IN CANADIAN WATERS.

By G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.,

Author of "Rod and Canoe, Rifle and
Snowshoe in Quebec's Adirondacks."

Anglers in Canadian waters, upon any of the unfrequented lakes whose numbers are unnumbered in their multiplicity, may become the discoverers of hitherto unknown varieties of the Salmo family. Last season in one of the Lakes St. Anne, within the Tourville Club preserves north of Quebec, one of the members of Mayor Harrison's party from Chicago, captured a

trout of about 1 1-2 pounds, that in its markings so closely resembled the male of the American salbling (Salvelinus Albinus Aureolus), as to lead to the conclusion that this was the fish in question. Half of the skin was saved, but in such poor condition that classification was difficult. It was, however, sent to the Sportsmen's Exhibition held in New York in March last, and I wrote to Mr. A. N. Cheney, the New York State Fish Culturist, to examine it, and if possible pronounce upon it. His letter in reply, while not confirming the belief held here that the fish in question is the salbling, is so interesting that I quote it in full:

Glens Falls, N.Y., March 10, 1893.

G. M. Fairchild, Jr.,

Cap Rouge, Quebec, Canada.

Dear Sir,—I saw the skin of the charr in the Quebec exhibit in New York, but it was nothing more than a brook trout, so called, in breeding colors. You have a fish, however, in a lake in Ontario, which more nearly resembles the salbling. This is the fish which Professor Garman classifies as new, and which I named after my friend Mr. Marston of the London Fishing Gazette. You have also another fish, highly colored, quite like the salbling in many respects, except that it has a forked tail. It is found on the south of the St. Lawrence*. Specimens were sent to me, but they came in such bad order that they could not be identified. I have been hoping for two years past to get more of these fish, both the Ontario fish and the South Shore fish.

Yours very truly,

A. N. CHENEY.

It has long been thought that the Ouananiche in the Province of Quebec was confined to Lake St. John and its tributary waters. Recent explorers on the head waters of Hudson's Bay have found this fish abundant there. A well-known salmon angler in Quebec, a gentleman who during thirty years past has fished almost every salmon river on the North Shore as far down as the Seven Islands and even below, states it as his belief that he has caught the Ouananiche in several of the rivers fished by him. Personally I have no doubt that such is the case. Anglers are not all ichthyologists, nor as a rule are they as close observers of structural variations in fish as their pursuit would suggest, and when it comes to what appears only color differences they are merely regarded as local. Hence new varieties are not infrequently overlooked. I would suggest to all anglers fishing new waters within the Provinces of Quebec or Ontario to preserve the skin of two or three specimens at least of any unusual form or color marked trout they may take. If this is done there is no doubt but that both Provinces within the next two or three years will add several new varieties of trout to their fauna, and possibly some other forms of fresh water fish.

*In some lakes about forty miles below Quebec on the South Shore, where these fish are reported as being abundant.

IN SEARCH OF AN ISLAND

By "Straw Hat,"

COMMISSIONED by a score of friends, who have caught the prevailing fever, which can be allayed only by the possession of an island where there is fishing, shooting, boating, yachting, and where absolute rest can be enjoyed I left Buffalo for Owen Sound, Province of Ontario, Canada, and there took one of a very comfortable and fast line of steamers for Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. I thoroughly enjoyed that eighteen hours ride on the "Manitoba." As the initial experience of the trip, it was promising. My destination was Desbarats, Ont. After ascertaining that I had some hours to wait for the train I did the lions of the Soosans, as the two cities of Sault Ste. Marie are called. One of these is in Michigan and the other in the Province of Ontario, Canada. I saw the three great canals, the tonnage passing through which is greater than that of the Suez Canal. I was a sympathetic admirer of the skill of the Indians who were fishing with dip-nets for huge speckled trout in the Great Sault Rapids. It is very remarkable that these brook-trout are found in the mighty water by which Lake Superior empties itself into Lake Huron. I went out with some of these Indians and tried it myself but only succeeded in bagging one fish, and that one I did not see myself, but I dipped when told to do so by the Indian; I have good eyesight but could not see the five pound speckled beauty in the rushing waters. This is sport of a new kind, but sport it is, and of a sort that requires unerring skill and a quick eye, hand and foot. The canoe trip down these rapids, with a dip for trout, justifies the giving of one, or even two days to Sault Ste. Marie.

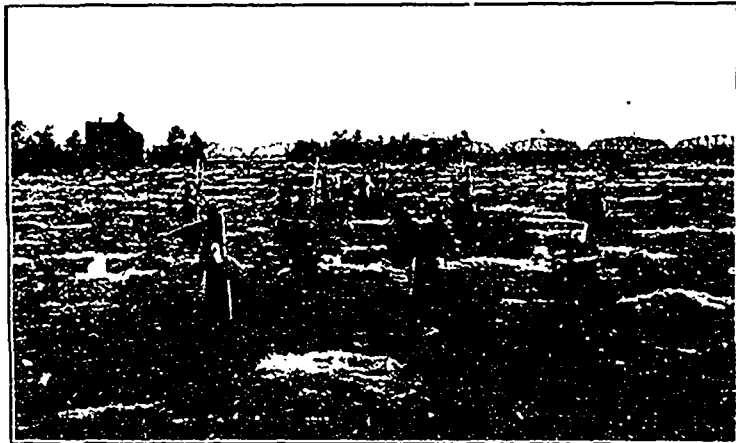
I was one of a score of people waiting at the railway station to buy a ticket. "Des-ba-rats, first class, return," I said. "All right, sir," said the ticket agent, "but we call it Deb-a-ros here—\$1.25." "Thank you very much," I said, "for telling me; I always like to know how to pronounce local names."

It was a pretty forty-five minute trip from the Soo, Ont., to Desbarats, Ont. We passed through the Indian Reserve at Garden River. I saw the Indians lolling in the sun, although

they have very good soil, easily worked, and could raise everything they need for themselves, if they were built that way. At Echo Bay station is a charming view up the Echo River to Echo Lake nestling at the foot of huge mountains to the north, while to the south the apparently boundless expanse of Lake George is most restful and pleasant to the lover of land and water. From Echo Bay to Desbarats is thirteen miles through a very peculiar country, consisting of level fields of fertile land hemmed in by rugged mountains. This is a promising country, I thought, for moose, caribou and deer. "Deb-a-ros," shouted the brakeman, and I landed at the smallest station I had ever seen. Desbarats is in the woods on a

short time to find out that Jim Atkins was the man who had been destined by Providence to take me in his sail boat in search of an island on the north shore of Lake Huron. After buying the supplies I wanted, of a good quality, at reasonable prices, I had time to listen to a fish story and a bear story. These narrations showed, I thought, that in addition to a fine muscular development and much kindness of disposition, the Desbaratsans are not devoid of imagination.

In enquiring about fishing and the size of fish one man said, "There are lots of big fish here but down at Sturgeon Falls station, oh my! In the spring of the year sturgeon weighing one thousand pounds and more run up the Sturgeon River as thick as black-berries on Plummer Island (a local simile which I afterwards found to be strong); bobbing up and down they look like hundreds of harbor buoys sent especially to bother the mate at the wheel. But they are only big fish and wonderfully tame. The boys there are swimming most all the time and these sturgeon are so used to them that they let the boys catch



Dipping for Trout in the Soo Rapids.

pretty little river which flows into Lake Huron a mile distant. I found a comfortable country hotel; the rates are \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day. The standard rate is \$1.00, and 50c extra is charged per day for a front room and for getting your boots blacked. Some travellers forget the difference between \$1.00 and \$5.00 when diagnosing the comforts of a country inn. I compromised at \$1.25 for a front room without blacking and was satisfied.

An hour after my arrival it began to rain, but my pocket barometer told me it would not last long and I determined to spend a part of the wet time in the country store getting supplies. I found almost the entire male population in the store, and a lot of stalwarts they were. It took me but a

them by the tail and tow them all around the basin. Some of the boys have trained the sturgeon to jump through a stick just like my collar here. Here, Jack," the narrator said to his dog, "show the gentleman what you can do." The dog had entertained us for five minutes when another man who looked like a church deacon said: "These boys are mostly French-Catholics at Sturgeon Falls, and they are awfully civil to their priest; they always touch their hats to him when he comes around, and by gosh, sir, the sturgeon, when the priest is around, always jump facing him and make a bow that anybody can see."

"Any bears in this country," I said, after the last fish story. "Plenty,

sir, the country north is hard to beat for them. That big island out there was named by the French Campment d'Ours, or Bears' Encampment, in English. That island used to be full of them. Old Trotter, who lived there, once met a big one in berry time. He was on one side of a fence and the bear was on the other side. He fired his shot gun through the rails and wounded him just enough to make him mad. The bear made for him and as he jumped the fence one way Trotter jumped the other. They almost met on the fence and Trotter, who was as quick as a lynx, caught the bear by the tail, gave it a half turn around the fence post and held him there. He could not let go to load his gun, but he held on until the animal starved to death!"

"Boys, I am one of you," I said, "I will form a Straw Hat Club here. We will furnish straw hats for every guide as well as for ourselves and you will take us fishing and hunting."

"Now," I said to Atkins, "if you can show me the right sort of an island here, I will treat this place as if it were my native fence corner, and be as good to it as I can." "All right, sir," said Atkins, "the boat is ready and the weather is clearing up. Atkins took me to Plummer Island, and seven or eight smaller ones about it. Plummer Island would be just the thing for a club house and the smaller ones around for cottages. I secured it for my friends. I called upon three lighthouse keepers, and each one proved to be an interesting type.

This magnificent cloud effect, taken at Raynes' lighthouse is one of those lucky hits with which the photogra-

pher is occasionally blessed. The situation of Bamford lighthouse and the North Sisters lighthouse, all three within a radius of six miles, are also both exceedingly picturesque. I was influenced in the choice of an island by two considerations: I must see a lighthouse at night and must also be able to witness every sunset; I am not so particular about the sunrise. I also selected an island for one of my friends, having these conditions and gave a contract for a three-roomed camp, which is to cost \$200, island and all. There is pickerel fishing and deep water trolling for big lake trout about this island, and excellent black bass fishing east and west and north thereof. For brook trout, one has to go further afield to the north. My friend's neighbor on Campment d'Ours Island is building a \$20,000 residence, but he lives there all the time. He is an English gentleman of very artistic tastes. One of the great enjoyments of his life, he says, is to feed daily upon the matchless landscape he can enjoy from his residence. This does not, however, prevent him from laying in a large store of the solid and liquid food as well.

In addition to the selection of an island I have also undertaken to go over a canoe trip that we had heard of to the north of Desbarats. My time was very limited and I had to go over the trip at express speed and report on the fishing possibilities. This trip should take from seven to thirteen days.

I consulted all the local authorities. I was told that Desbarats Lake, one mile from the hotel, was full of bass, and maskinonge; I found out that

Diamond Lake was a good bass and trout water, that Caribou Lake was about the same, or not quite as good; that ducks could always be had at Round Lake in the fall of the year; that Desert and Rock Lakes (all on the canoe route) were very beautiful, and that very big fish could be caught in them, but there were not as many as in Desbarats, Diamond and other lakes. Therefore, I determined to drive to Bass Lake (15 miles away) in half a day, and thus save two or three days, that it would have taken to do this against the stream in canoes. At Bass Lake I found two clean log houses with very accommodating settlers, Haynes and McGregor by name. I had forgotten bread and butter in my outfit. From Bass Lake the trip was down stream. I had been told that McGregor knew all about it and I proposed to hire him as guide, but he told me that it was not necessary that he should come—the canoe trip was so easy and that there were only two or three short portages. As I had a rather large experience in canoe trips and as Atkins was a good all round man I determined to do it without a guide. I found out that a mile and a half north of Bass Lake was a lake called Island Lake, which was famous for its big trout and very beautiful. There is a good trail through a lovely hard-wood bush to it. North of that are excellent brook trout streams and speckled trout lakes.

(Conclusion Next Month.)

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The Best Gun and Powder?

To the Editor of Rod and Gun:

Will some of the readers of Rod and Gun give me some information on what is the best all round gun for a person to buy, whose shooting includes ducks, quail, partridge, besides trap shooting, principally at targets? What is the best weight, length of barrels, and drop of stock? Should it be cross-bolted, and how should it be choked? I will read with great interest any opinions your readers may have to offer on this subject, as I have learned a great deal about guns and ammunition by reading the correspondence in various sporting journals, and I am eager for more.

Has any one tested the comparative strength of Dupont and Schultze smokeless powders? I have shot Gold dust, W. A. King's smokeless, Dupont and Schultze. I am at present using Dupont in my target shooting, and get very good results with a 3 dram load with 1-8 of chilled shot. Robertson's No. 7 in U. M. C. smokeless shell wadded with nitro card, 1-1 in black edge and regular black edge over powder, I find makes a good load for blue rocks. There is less recoil with Dupont than with Schultze. With a 3 1-3 dram load of the latter, I have done good work on ducks. I have wondered if Schultze were not a stronger powder, dram for dram, than Dupont.

CROSS-BOLT.



Raynes' Lighthouse, Desbarats Islands, Ont.

CANOEING IN CANADA.

By a "Wet Bob."

Of all distinctively Canadian sports and pastimes, canoeing is, perhaps, the most delightful, and at same time lends itself most readily to, and affords the greatest opportunity of indulging a taste for other aquatic and semi-aquatic sports, such as fishing, shooting and camping.

To each enthusiast, his own particular branch of sport appears the most alluring, and a full measure of sympathy in so sweeping a claim for canoeing may only be expected from a brother "Wet Bob." Yet there are few of us to whom the idea of a summer holiday or outing is not inseparably connected with the water, in some form, river, lake or sea.

As spring passes and summer advances, each day growing hotter than the one before, when the dust in eddying curls sweeps about the streets and the glare of the sun is reflected from the asphalt pavement, the prospect and anticipation of an outing in the country does much to make bearable the lot of a city man. Having determined upon, and arranged the date of a holiday, it becomes a question how to spend it so that the greatest degree of health and enjoyment may be had in the space of time at our disposal.

To any who are in doubt upon this point, let me recommend a canoe trip, having in view some objective point and allowing ample time to accomplish the distance. My own experience has been with a party of four or six, two in each canoe. The canoes and outfit may be conveyed to the starting point by rail or boat.

The regulation 16-foot canoe weighs about 50 pounds, which admits of an easy portage if required, and will carry comfortable two men and 125 pounds of baggage. The outfit necessary will depend largely upon the district and distance to be covered. Fishing tackle and guns will, of course, be taken, as they can be used to advantage whatever the route chosen.

There is no grander canoeing country in the world than Canada. Through many parts magnificent waterways lead in all directions limitlessly, and there is no lack of choice. Outings can be arranged that would occupy a day or two, a week, a month or even longer, and each one would have its characteristic features.

The course may be so mapped out, that a town or village can be reached each night, and by going to a hotel all the discomforts of camping will be avoided. In such a trip very little in the way of baggage and outfit need be taken, but should another route be chosen, where the way leads through a country sparsely inhabited, and nothing in the form of an inn is to be found, it will be necessary to consider carefully every detail of the outfit required. In the next number of Rod and Gun. I hope to give a short account of a trip through such a region, with a list of such articles as were found useful.

J. C. G.

AT THE KENNELS

Conducted by D. Taylor.

IN the breast of almost every human being there is a sneaking fondness for what is not altogether inaptly called "man's best friend and companion,"—the dog. From the titled

beauty of the mansion to the modern representative of Bill Sykes in the slums, we are all affected, more or less, with the contagion, and in return, this feeling is amply repaid by the dog, for in no other animal does there exist so much attachment and fidelity to the human race. Have we not all seen numerous cases where, in spite of neglect, curses and kicks, a dog giving back, like a faithful wife to a brutal husband, a measure of love and attachment that is hard to account for. On the other hand, is there anything that a man who cares for his canine friend, even though it be the veriest mongrel cur, will more readily resent, or that is more calculated to raise his bile, than any interference with or disparagement of his dog, by a stranger? How "touchy" a man becomes on the subject can be readily seen at any bench show ever held. If the exhibitor is not successful, he immediately confides to his bosom friend that the judge had a personal spite against him, that he had no eyes in his head or that he was entirely ignorant of the characteristics of the particular breed which he—the exhibitor—favored. We all have our weaknesses, and among the "fancy" this is a very prominent one. Every exhibitor seems to forget that, although there are well defined and accepted standards for every recognized breed, the "type" is constantly changing and that judges of equal standing and merit give more emphasis to certain points. So, to aspiring breeders and exhibitors we would say, do not be discouraged at your apparent non-success at a first trial, you may on another occasion run up against some one who, giving more effect to the points you appreciate, will award you the coveted prize.

There are strange anomalies in the possession of a dog. We see beauty caressing and making a pet of ugliness, and gentleness walking with ferocity. The popular idea always associated a fierce looking mastiff or a bull "purr" with the skulking garrotter, but why should this be so? There

is no gentler animal than that same fierce-looking mastiff and none display greater cordiality and trust to strangers, except to those who have evil designs towards his master or his master's property. Even ladies of refined tastes and high culture very often entertain the greatest affection animals which, to ordinary mortals, appear the very essence of ugliness. An Aberdeen fish wife, on being remonstrated with for keeping an animal of this description replied, "Ay, me, but he's bonnie w' ill-fauredness." But enough of generalities. Let us now give you something about the care and feeding of a dog.

The majority of owners, experience has shown, know very little about the proper rearing of a puppy. There



APPLE BLOSSOM.

Property of Jos. Reid, President Canadian Cattle Club.

used to be a popular impression that giving meat to young dogs caused distemper and other ailments, but this idea has been exploded, and it is now recognized by the best authorities that if a dog requires nutritious food at any time it is when he is growing. Distemper arises from other causes, namely, bad sanitary conditions insufficient or over-feeding and lack of fresh air and exercise. When three or four months old a puppy should be taught to lap milk which has previously been scalded and slightly sweetened. In two weeks more a little soup, thickened with stale bread, should be given twice a day, and this diet gradually substituted for milk, doing away with the latter entirely when a little over two months.

Well boiled meat and vegetables

should be gradually introduced into the diet. Dr. Brown, the author of "Rab and His Friends," gave as his opinion that a dog should be fed only once a day and that "rather under." This might do in the case of pet dogs or others that get very little exercise, but in the case of field and sporting dogs they ought to be fed twice a day, with a liberal allowance of raw or cooked meat and soup, thickened with rice or coarse flour.

At some other time it may be our privilege to enter more fully into matters generally concerning "doggies," but for the present we close with a few

Kennel Notes.

While there may be other kennels of sporting dogs in Canada, the premier position must be given to the Montreal Hunt, which has a pack of foxhounds that would not disgrace the best hunting county in England. While on a visit to the Old Country this spring, the popular Master, Major Hooper, managed to obtain several very good drafts of hounds, the first lot arriving a week or so ago by the steamer "Plenmore," of the Johnson Line. The consignment consisted of 4 1-2 couples bitches and 1 1-2 dogs from a Welsh pack. They are all entered hounds and fit to hunt with the pack the coming season, being in first rate condition. A great many improvements have lately been made at the Kennels at Outremont, which were already models. The yard has been concreted and the sanitary arrangements are of the first order.

The fad for certain breeds of dogs changes as often as the fashion of a lady's bonnet, but at present in Montreal at least, it appears to run in the direction of collies. Some four or five years ago there was scarcely a pure bred collie to be seen, but at the present day there are quite a number of enthusiastic breeders and if any evidence was needed that they have been successful the Collie Show held the other day under the auspices of the Canadian Collie Club at Logan's old homestead, would have dispelled any doubts as to the contrary. There were some 70 or 80 shown and generally all of a very high standard. If any fault could be found they were pretty much on the small side, although well marked with all the characteristics of the improved collie. We are enabled to give in this issue a cut of a very nice specimen "Apple Blossom," belonging to Mr. Joseph Reid, the president of the Canadian Collie Club, which, while only ten months old, carried off the highest honors in competition against imported dogs. "Apple Blossom" won 1st puppy, 1st novice, 1st open, three special and Licensed Victuallers' Cup for best collie in the show, Montreal, 1895. 1st open and 1st puppy at Peterborough, 1899. She was not judged at the last show, having lately dropped a fine litter of puppies to Mr. Reeves' celebrated dog "Woodmansterne Conrad," and was out of condition. Among other enthusiastic breeders of the collie is Mr. Harry Humeclford, of Belleville, Ontario, who controls as fine blood

as is to be found anywhere. He is a frequent prize winner, but on this last occasion did not show, through being selected as one of the judges. Locally we have some fine kennels, notably Auchincrine, Strathcona and Cralkstone. To the former belongs "Pat-ti," now getting on in years but still one of the finest bitches ever brought to this country. Her head is weighed down with the load of honors she has won in her day, having no less than about twenty firsts besides the challenge trophy twice in succession at Edinburgh, Scotland, against the best blood in the country. Auchincrine kennels also controls "Gun," who has proved himself the sire of many winners since he came to Canada about three years ago.

Faking dog's ears has lately been a subject of much discussion in kennel papers, and from what we have read opinion seems pretty equally divided on the justifiability or otherwise of assisting nature to mend prick ears in certain breeds.

Another subject of discussion is the recognition of wins in various countries. The Canadian Kennel Club has, through its popular President, Mr. John S. Kent, has done its share in bringing this about. The Pacific Kennel League has responded and will, in future, exchange courtesies in this direction. It does seem strange that a dog imported, say, from the Old Country, for the special purpose of securing the highest honors at the New York Show, should be allowed to compete in the novice class there or in Canada. Keep at it, Mr. Kent, and you will probably get the A. K. C. to agree with you, by and bye.

Mr. Carleton Y. Ford, of Otterburn, Kingston has sold his fine red Cocker bitch, "Otterburn Dollie," to Mr. Churchman, Wilmington, Delaware.

Mr. E. S. Montgomery, Kingston, has sold his Great Dane, "Earl's Haulbal," exhibited here last December, and easily getting first, to Mr. Chas. E. Roche, St. Joseph, Mo.

Dr. F. S. Nostrand, a New York dentist, is said to have a handsome Gordon setter dog whose value he has enhanced by filling and replacing teeth—the gold thus used being worth sixty dollars. Rex is the royal name of the aristocratic Gordon, and he is reputed to be proud of his artificial and gold-filled teeth.

Dog fanciers in Canada will learn with pleasure that the well-known collie breeder, Mr. Charles Thomson, has added cockers and fox terriers to his kennels, which, we believe, he will make as great a success with as he has in collies. He has been fortunate in securing some of the best blood going, his cockers being out of one of the finest living, namely, champion "Black Duke, Jr." and the fox terriers are by champion "Linsfield Rattler," one of the best fox terriers in England. "Charlie" is always willing to show his dogs, and will make anyone welcome who is desirous of seeing what good blood is.

The conductor of this department will be pleased to receive correspondence and kennel notes from those interested in such matters. All communications should be addressed, "Kennel Department, Rod and Gun," 603 Craig street, Montreal.

When the Wild Goose Cries.

The north wind bends the rushes till
they kiss the white-capped lake,
And through the brown-tipped cat-tails,
making low, weird music,
sighs;
The hunting badger steals along the
shore where wavelets break,
And long black shadows swift are
creeping, when the wild goose
cries.

The air is filled with snowy flakes that
fly before the breeze,
And low-hung clouds are scurrying
across the gloomy skies;
The lazy mallard to some marsh's
sheltering rushes flees,
And early morn's chill air is stinging
when the wild goose cries.

The swift-winged canvasback and red-
head speed before the wind;
The silent-swimming muskrat to his
reed home quickly hies;
The anxious hunter crouches low with-
in his grass-fringed blind,
Nor moves nor speaks—scarce breath-
ing—when the wild goose cries.

Far out across the distant hills the
noble quarry wings,
While their careful flight is marked
by anxious, straining eyes;
Hotly coursing brings a tremor to the
hunter brings:
Steady now! There's need of cool-
ness when the wild goose cries.
—Phoenix (Arizona) Herald.

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Sport in East Kootenay.

East Kootenay, the new mining coun-
try in the southeastern part of British
Columbia, is full of game, big and
small, and affords rare hunting
for the ardent and adventurous sports-
man. The grizzly, cinnamon and black
bear are numerous, but only to be
found in their mountain fastnesses
and, to hunt the first, a man must
have a stout heart, a good nerve, phy-
sical endurance and an unerring aim.
Arthur Fenwick, one of the pioneers
of the later days, was, with Bailly-
Grohman, one of the best hunters in
the district. Mountain sheep and goats
are still plentiful in places and deer
are very numerous. The coyotes are
everywhere in the open country. An
occasional panther is seen, and of late
years panthers have been on the in-
crease. Blue and willow grouse abound.
The principal fish in the streams and
lakes are trout and char. All through
the southern country the conditions of
the chase are very much similar, the
grizzly bear and mountain sheep and
goats having their special habitat.

It is not so very long ago either that
the Kootenay Indians used to go
through the Crow's Nest Pass twice a
year to hunt Buffalo, but were always
in dread of the Blackfeet, who were
supreme on the plains adjacent to the
Rockies. Times have changed marvel-
lously since those days, and the Iron
horse now follows the Indians' trail,
the red man is on a reserve, instead
of the warpath, and the white man
is delving for gold where the aborigine
once hunted for game.

R. E. G.

IN NEW BRUNSWICK'S WILDS

By Frank H. Risteen

THERE is no hunting ground in America to-day that is attracting the attention of big game sportsmen more earnestly than that of the gentle, bounteous wilderness of New Brunswick. While many other game localities have become over-run and desecrated by steamboats, hotels and a general hunt for the mighty dollar, here are still to be found the unfaded charms of the forest primeval. Here the evergreen mantle of the forest, enfolding the secrets of Nature stretches away for untold leagues over the hills and under the stars. Here are smiling streams wandering through shaded banks, telling in murmurous monotone the story of strange remote regions at their fountain head where the foot of man has never trod; of lofty cataracts in the wooded hills whose hoarse soliloquy is seldom heard by human ear; of prairie-like, treeless plains where the caribou makes his home as he did in the days of Cartier; of beautiful nameless lakes whose eternal stillness is broken only by the splashing flight of ducks, the snap of the braver's tail, the leap of the hard-locked salmon, the uncanny laughter of the loon, or the plunging stride of the giant moose.

The distant mountains of Alaska and the lonely plains of Newfoundland, the reaching whereof requires weeks of travel and a well-lined purse, are now the only game regions on the continent that rival the hunting fields of this province in the matter of moose and caribou. During the past few years all the record moose heads secured in the east have come from New Brunswick, and while caribou are almost extinct in Maine and protected by perpetual close season, and exist in limited numbers in Nova Scotia, the headquarters of the Tobique, Nepisiguit, Restigouche and all the branches of the Miramichi, fairly swarm with this wandering child of the wilderness. The fact is that until non-resident sportsmen woke up a few years ago, and began to hunt in this province the moose and caribou were simply dying of old age, or of indigestion brought on by over-feeding and want of exercise.

Figures are more convincing than general statement, and what do the figures show? Until very recently the record moose for eastern America was

an animal shot many years ago in the Canadian country by Sir Harry Burrard and afterwards presented to the Prince of Wales, the horn of which measured 5 feet 3 inches from tip to tip. It fell to the lot of a fortunate American, Stephen Decatur, of Portsmouth, N.H., however, to raise His Majesty a few by producing a moose killed on the Tobique river in 1897 with antlers measuring 5 feet 6 inches. This was regarded by many as a freak moose, whose equal might never perhaps be found. Such did not prove to be the case, for in the following year Mr. F. H. Cook, of Leominster, Mass., brought down a mammoth moose on the Gulaque branch of the Tobique, endowed with a cross section of 1 foot 7 inches. But woe unto the man who claimeth a record. Behold when he awaketh in the morning it is gone. Even Mr. Cook has been obliged to "haul in his horns" in the presence of the moose secured just over the Miramichi watershed by Capt. Chauncey P. Williams, of Albany, N.Y., which, with its beam of 5 feet 3 inches, its 32 perfect points and its massive palms 19 inches wide, is undoubtedly the finest all-round head ever taken from this province.

During the years 1897 and 1898 no less than fourteen moose were shot in New Brunswick with antlers spreading over five feet, while the records fail to show that, during that period, a single specimen of this class was secured in any other eastern state or province. Mr. Sumner L. Crosby, the gifted Bangor taxidermist, is authority for the statement that 56 per cent. of the moose heads he received from New Brunswick in 1898 had a spread of 50 inches or more, as compared with 21 per cent. for the Maine moose. Mr. Crosby adds: "It is wonderful how many big ones come from the Tobique region. We will get one yet from there of Alaskan size. The New Brunswick heads run much larger than ours. We have lots of small moose in Maine, but the big bulls are thinned out pretty well each season."

It is no small feat, in these days when the habitat of the moose has become so contracted, to secure a typical specimen of this much desired game, yet the statistics of the New Brunswick game officials show that while, during the hunting season of 1898, about 225 non-residents took out licenses to hunt in

this province, over 160 bull moose were killed by them and the trophies taken out to adorn the homes of these delighted visitors. As for caribou the mercury list surpassed even that of the moose and included the 39 point monarch caribou shot by C. F. Mordan, of Boston, in the Bald Mountain country. Comparisons are odious, of course, but what other game country can point to the like high average of success?

By some non-resident sportsmen objection is taken to the license fee of \$20 which they have to pay. The tax is defensible on several grounds. In the first place, it should be considered that the chief game of New Brunswick is not the common red deer, (as to which no license is required), but the moose and caribou, which are animals of far greater value. The head, hide and venison of a prime bull moose will frequently sell for \$100 in the open market. Is it fair that strangers, some of them not of the most considerate class, should be invited to come in and kill these animals without being taxed, while the local resident is taxed to protect them? Secondly, the tax helps to provide a fund for efficient game protection. Thirdly, the tax tends to keep out a horde of reckless and irresponsible individuals who, in other localities, have proved to be a menace to property and life. The local government and its game officials are concerned that, at all hazards, the game supply of New Brunswick shall not be decimated. How long would the game survive if no restrictions were placed upon the influx of hunters? What is \$20 to the man who gets his moose? Is it not better for him to come to New Brunswick and get his moose the first trip, even though he pays \$20 for the privilege, than to spend \$1,000 in many fruitless efforts to bag his game elsewhere? It was Gordon Parker, of Woburn, Mass., one of the most deservedly esteemed of American sportsmen, who remarked in *Forest and Stream*: "There is a vast difference between hunting for moose and a moose hunt, and the place to have the latter is in New Brunswick."

One of the most widely known American amateur hunters and a man of rare literary talents is Mr. Frederick Ireland, of Washington. When emerging from his latest hunt in this province with the finest moose he had ever shot, Mr. Ireland's statement was: "I believe that there are as many moose to the square mile in New Brunswick as there are deer to the square mile in Maine." Doubtless some allowance should be made for the poetical faculty in joyous moose hunters as well as in fishermen. It is unlikely, however, that the genial Doctor can be prevailed upon to revise this judgment, for on his next

hunting trip to this province his was the unique and thrilling experience of having five monster bull moose respond to his call on a single evening! Fancy the feelings of a medium sized man, crouching in the dark on an old beaver dam, fifty miles from the nearest settlement, surrounded by five obstreperous old bulls, each one grunting for all he was worth and polishing his horns on the trees!

This province is not only intersected everywhere by a wonderful natural system of water communication, opening up a limitless perspective for the camper and canoeist; it has railways in every section that bring the sportsman within a few miles of the virgin forest. The principal big game centres, or outfitting stations of the province, are Edmunston, Andover, Fredericton, Boiestown, St. John, Newcastle, Bathurst and Campbellton. Owing to its central location, both from a railroad and geographical standpoint, there is no more convenient point of departure, as a rule, for the big game hunter, than Fredericton, the capital of the province. If a man were to place the palm of his hand on a pocket map of New Brunswick, with its base resting on this fine old elm-shaded city, he would have "right in his mitt" nearly all the choice game sections of the province. His thumb would touch the mouth of Tobique river, a stream almost unrivalled on the continent for its wealth of fish and game as well as of natural scenery. His forefinger would traverse the upper springs of the famed Restigouche and Nepisiguit; his second finger, the wonderful moose and caribou grounds of the Miramichi; his third finger would cross Calais river and Little river, and his little finger would rest upon the historic plains and lakes at the head of the Canaan and Salmon rivers. It would be a toss of a nickel as to whither he should go. His chance of success in any direction would be good, and if he were a sturdy trapper and a fairly good marksman, would be practically certain. There are guides in this province who, in many years' experience, have never failed, in a single instance, to produce the living target. It was an American sportsman who, after several days of arduous tramping, remarked: "Well, we came to still-hunt and we are still hunting." To which his Indian guide impressively replied: "Sartin, boss, if you want the moose bull you got to hang." Numerous though the moose and caribou are, they are seldom found near the settlements and the sportsman should figure on a stay of at least three weeks if he expects to make sure of his game. He should count also upon doing a good stiff turn of walking in a country where asphalt pavements and Martini cock-

tails are comparatively rare. Not a few cases, however, are cited where sportsmen who have to take their sport like their dinner, on the jump, have left Boston or New York for the New Brunswick hunting grounds and returned in triumph within a week accompanied by their moose.

From a scenic standpoint it is not easy to exaggerate the beauties of such noble streams as the Restigouche, Upsalquitch, Sou'-West and Nor'-West Miramichi, Tobique or the chain of lakes and streams known as the Squatcocks. All of these forest highways present a boundless prospect of all that is wild and primitive for woodland scenery and all that is exciting and otherwise enjoyable for plenitude of fish and game supply. He who with birch canoe, or plebian "pirogue," ascends to the upper waters of any of these lovely streams, will secure a wealth of picturesque experience that will remain with him in reminiscent form as long as life shall last. He will not grow profane at the sight of some other camping party around every bend in the stream. He will not hear a fusillade of countless rifle shots echoing among the hills, nor be mistaken for game by erratic youths and shot at from behind stumps as he treads the forest trails. He will not see all the trees blazed with the mark of the mighty dollar. He will not have to weather the wash of steamboats on the big forest lakes. He will behold a region where dreamland visions meet the eye at every turn; where the unsophisticated trout, having never gone to college in a hatchery, will seize a flannel rag as quickly as the most alluring fly; where the sheldrake will churn the waters before him into foam with frantic flight, and where his sleep at night will be broken by the chattering of the mink, or the sloppy blow of the jumping salmon as he tumbles back in his native pool. Scarcely a day will pass as his birchen skiff silently threads the shining lakes or deadwaters that he will not come upon the monarch moose, or the timorous deer, shoulder deep in the water plants, and if he is "one of the chosen," to whom none of the good things of life are denied, he may even chance upon that coyest and wariest of all game animals, the black bear, browsing on the berry-covered hills, or patiently fishing for trout or suckers at the outlet of some brook or lake. The Nepisiguit river, it may be mentioned, enjoys the rare distinction of being, perhaps, the only region in America where the black bear can be hunted with a sure prospect of success. From the flap of your tent you can easily spot his sombre figure with a field glass as he roams the hillsides in search of his favorite fruit. Then it is only a matter of careful

stalking and good marksmanship.

There is hardly any limit to the variety of canoe trips offered to the camper and sportsman by the St. John river and its tributary streams. He may, as did the Indians for ages, urge his way with pole and paddle up the main St. John and, after a short portage, embark upon the Penobscot. He may float without effort from the remote fountain head of this noble river a distance of over 400 miles clear to its mouth through landscape scenes of panoramic grandeur. He may ascend the Madawaska from Edmunston a distance of fifteen miles, carry his pirogue over into Squatook river and thence enjoy a run down stream all the way of about 100 miles to the place of beginning, through a chain of forest-bordered waterways that fairly swarm with trout and through lakes that are as beautiful as poet's dream. He may pole up Green or Grand river and down the spacious Restigouche. He may ascend the silvery waters of the Tobique and the Victor and thence, after a short carry, reach the Bathurst lakes and the wild, tumultuous Nepisiguit. From the latter stream, if so inclined, he may carry into the Upsalquitch, a branch of the Restigouche. A favorite route is to portage outfit and canoes from Bristol station to the headwaters of the Sou'-West Miramichi, running down that beautiful salmon stream as far as Boiestown and returning to Fredericton by rail. The tenderfoot camper can launch his Millicete canoe at Fredericton when the morning sun is breaking through the river mist and at nightfall pitch his tent upon the level shores of Grand Lake, an ideal camping ground for the tourist who may wish to combine a maximum of water space and grassy mead with a minimum of work. Or, he may spend a most pleasurable day exploring the Oromocto river, which joins the St. John ten miles below Fredericton, by steam yacht or canoe. This stream may be navigated by such light craft for a distance of twenty miles. Its marshy shores are a favorite feeding ground for deer as well as black duck and teal. Here and there are gravelly banks, sloping to the water, shadowed by thick-folliaged trees and edged with a carpet of velvety grass, making the most delightful grounds for a day's outing. Then there are more extensive flats near bubbling springs, for campers of longer stay.

It is not alone in the item of such royal game as the moose, caribou, and bear that New Brunswick has been richly endowed by Nature. Deer are plentiful in the western and southern portions and are rapidly threading on nimble foot the remotest regions of the great north woods. The ruffed grouse is in evidence everywhere. On nearly

all the woodland lakes black duck and teal are numerous and many kinds of sea duck as well, when the southern flight is on. The plain, unvarnished facts as to the wild goose and brant shooting to be had at Miscou, Tabusintac and other points upon the eastern seaboard, read like a fairy tale.

And if the province forms a hunter's paradise, what shall we say of the fishing it has to offer? Its salmon streams, such as the Restigouche, Nepisiguit, Miramichi and Tobique, are famed the world over. Many of the choicest pools are under lease, it is true, but there is still plenty of room where the pilgrim from distant shores may throw his fly for this noblest of game fishes. A page would be required to record the names alone of the lakes and streams where trout abound, and where the fishing is as free as the air to the genial visitor. All the big lakes on the head of Tobique, whether on the right hand branch or the left, abound with trout and some of them with land-locked salmon, or togue. As for the upper Nepisiguit, here is what Allen M. Brewster, of Newburyport, Mass., who visited that section in the summer of 1897 for the first time, thinks of it: "I had a most enjoyable trip up the left hand branch of the Tobique and went through to the Bathurst lakes. I was a trifle early for moose calling although we succeeded in getting one very good sized moose. The trout fishing in the Bathurst lakes is something I never before experienced, although I have been down in Maine, spring and fall, for the last twenty years." The trout streams and lakes of the provinces are, with few exceptions, open to all. There are more than 160 lakes in Charlotte and St. John counties alone where goodly catches can be had but if one desires trout of five and six pounds weight he must seek them in the remote forest lakes. There is also a brief period every spring, when the sea trout are running up the rivers of the North Shore, that ideal fishing may be had. This event takes place about the latter part of May or first of June. Those who have "struck it right" at Indian-town, Bartibogue, Bathurst, Jacquet river or many other choice localities that might be named, will not soon forget the experience. July and August are the best months for fishing in the interior of New Brunswick. The fish are hungry and the mosquitos not so belligerent as in June.

Don't you hear the red gods calling you above the din of the trolley car, the clanging of bells and the wearying clamor of the dollar-hunting mob? Break loose then from foul air, foul thoughts—the "debits, duns and deviltires" of city life,—and come to the many-rivered vales and hills of New Brunswick, where horns and health await you and where length of days and peace of mind are found beneath the shadow of birch and pine.

Fredericton, N. B.

THE PROFESSOR'S OUTING

By C. C. Farr.

THE Professor expressed a wish to go trout fishing. Mr. Sportsman was an enthusiast in the matter of brook trout, but he questioned the Professor's physical capacity to stand the trip.

"For," said he, "when I go trout fishing, I go to catch trout, not to sit dangling a hook into a pool all day when there is nothing to take it, and if no fish will bite in about five minutes, I move on to another spot."

"Ah, my friend," said the Professor, "perhaps if instead of moving on you would change your fly you might have better success."

"Change my fly?" snapped Mr. Sportsman, "The only flies in evidence when I am trout fishing are mosquitoes and black flies. Why, man alive, the creek where I usually fish runs through the primeval forest, and you could not throw a fly if you tried. It is just a crooked line of water running through a tangle of alders, fallen trees, creepers, high bush, cranberry shrubs, and every abomination calculated to make a man use sulphurous language. I don't go too often just on that account. It does not do to keep the recording angel too busy. The only thing in favor of the creek is that there are lots of trout in it, and if you would really like to attempt it we will start to-day, take our tent, camp at the mouth of the creek, and be ready next morning for the fish."

"But," asked the Professor, "how do you catch the trout then? I thought they lived on flies."

"Live on flies! That's all rubbish. I use a short piece of line about eight feet long, a small Kirby bent hook, with a long shank, and cut a pliant alder for a rod. As I said before, there are plenty of alders. For bait I prefer partridge gizzard, but if I can't get any I shoot a squirrel, or a small bird; anything in the shape of meat. Sometimes I take a piece of the fish itself, if I can only catch one, the little acute angle at the throat preferred. Sometimes grasshoppers are in season with them, though a creek running through the unclaimed bush has no grasshoppers on its banks, therefore the fish are not educated up to them."

"Then," asked the Professor, with simplicity, "you have educated these fish up to partridge gizzard?"

"Professor," answered Mr. Sports-

man, sternly, "on matters piscatorial you should never question so closely. It shows a lack of confidence in the veracity of an otherwise unimpeachable citizen, which often leads to a coolness, and sometimes to strained relations."

The Professor was visibly affected and showed great contrition.

"For," said he, "I am a fisherman myself and ought to have known better than to doubt the word of a brother fisherman, but I insist on accompanying you on this trip. It seems to me such an easy method of catching fish, so primitive and so delightful."

"Wait until you have to 'scratch' along those tangled banks with your rod in your hand, with the hook dangling loose, and warranted to catch on to every little twig and leaf that it can get within reach of, and, failing that, into your thumb it goes; then you won't call it so easy or delightful."

But the Professor would not be discouraged. He was a man blessed with boundless enthusiasm, and thoroughly optimistic. So off they started. Two canoes, containing Mr. Sportsman, the Professor, the patient John, and another young man called Harry, who though not keen on fishing, loved a gun, though he never killed much.

The lake was calm as a mill pond, and they paddled close to the high rocks, which are one of the features of the much written of Temiskaming scenery. The shade was cool and refreshing. They had about ten miles to go, and though the Professor insisted that he would like to investigate the geological formation of these escarpments, Mr. Sportsman was obdurate, for he knew that such investigation would consist in the Professor sitting down on a stone, and resting a while in the shade, so he vetoed the proposition and they pushed on. When they had travelled about half the distance, a halt was called, for the rocks were fairly blue with blueberries; so they scattered over them to graze. Then John came up to Mr. Sportsman and whispered that he had a bottle of good rye whiskey with him, and if a drop would be acceptable, etc. "But," he continued, "How about the Professor? He looks like a chap that would faint at the sight of such a thing."

"You offer him a drop, John; I don't think he will faint quite."

When John came back there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, John, did he faint?"

"Not much," said John. "Say, that Professor is not a bad sort. I went up to him, and was going to ask him if he would take a nip, and yet I couldn't make up my mind how to put it, when he said: 'John, do you ever drink?' I felt kind of nonplussed, struck all of a heap, and was going to say 'no, never.' When he went on and said: 'For if you do, I have a bottle in my valise, and a little refreshment would not hurt us, John; you know that it has been scientifically demonstrated that alcoholic beverages are not necessarily injurious to the human system. Whenever I imbibe a small modicum of spirits I always feel inwardly convinced that it is good for me.' Not so bad for the Professor, and, by-the-by, Mr. Sportsman, he wants you to join."

So they all joined, and then into their canoes again, until another spell of steady paddling brought them to the bay where the creek empties itself into the lake. Here they camped and while the rest were cutting wood, putting up the tents and preparing supper, Harry reconnoitred in search of game. When he returned he reported having seen a ground hog.

"Why did you not shoot it, then?" inquired Mr. Sportsman. "It would have done nicely for bait."

"I guess," answered Harry, "if you want it, I can get it in the morning."

"All right, that will do."

When men have paddled about ten miles they do not care to say more than they can help before they eat. And they do eat. Our friends were fairly ravenous, and the Professor's tongue gave precedence to the Professor's teeth.

After the post-prandial pipe had been smoked the fragrant balsam brush was secured for the beds. The Professor wanted to arrange it, but Mr. Sportsman promptly vetoed such a proposition, seeing that he himself was going to share the bed, for he had theories regarding the arranging of a bed of balsam brush, and those who know will agree that it is an art gained by experience, and Mr. Sportsman naturally did not care to throw himself upon the tender mercies of the inexperienced Professor for his night's comfort. Therefore, as was his custom, he superintended the matter himself. He first lay down in the exact spot where he intended to sleep, in order to find out any protuberances of the ground, stray sticks, and chips, or even stones, which even when covered with brush, would serve to make night hideous with discomfort. Having removed all such matter and even slightly hollowed out the particular spots where shoulders and hips (which practically

bear the weight of a sleeping man) come in contact with the ground, so that sleep would be possible even without the brush, he proceeded to lay the brush with the butts always outwards, or coming between him and his bed-fellow. He did the same for the Professor on his side of the tent, spread the blankets, put his coat under his head for a pillow, and dropped off to sleep just about the moment that the Professor had proved to his own satisfaction that "Salmo Fontinalis," as he called brook trout, were closely allied to "Salmo Ansonii," a scientific demonstration that elicited from Mr. Sportsman a resonant snore. Next morning at daybreak the report of a gun close by awoke these two from a refreshing slumber. Mr. Sportsman jumped up and said:

"Hello! There is Harry at his ground-hog. I am glad he has got him. Now we shall have plenty of bait."

Presently Harry appeared without the ground hog.

"Where is the ground hog?" said Mr. Sportsman. "Surely you didn't miss him?"

"No, I didn't," answered Harry.

"Where is he then?"

"In his hole."

"Why didn't you bring him then?"

"Because I couldn't reach him."

"What did he crawl into his hole after you had killed him?"

"Yes; that he did. He would have crawled into a dozen holes if they had been there. I never seed such things in my life. They are worse than old country rabbits."

"Herein is a mystery," said Mr. Sportsman. "You kill a ground hog, and lo! he crawls away. Who says that miracles have ceased in our day? Why, hang it, man, we have no bait now. Confound such shooting, I say."

"Well; you didn't need a whole ground hog for bait, surely."

"No, certainly not; but if you had just shot even a leg of him, it would have sufficed."

Then Harry began to indulge in sulphurous remarks, which brought the Professor out of his tent, and he exhorted the wicked Harry with winged words of reprobation for his unseemly language.

Breakfast relieved the strain, and restored the equilibrium. Moreover an unfortunate squirrel came too close for his own good and he succumbed to the deadly weapon of Harry, thus offering himself an unwilling sacrifice on the altar of bait.

And now to business. There was quite a walk before them ere they could hope to catch fish, for it was useless to try before they reached swift water. And it was a walk, or rather a climb, over logs and under logs, through brush and tangled growth un-

til the Professor's face fairly streamed with perspiration, and his conversation became monosyllabic, and the wicked Harry called it a rest for the rest. The young villain had not forgotten nor forgiven the lecture he received in the morning, but he soon had his revenge. After about two miles of this kind of travelling, Mr. Sportsman, who was leading, happened to look back to see if the others were following close, and he noticed Harry gesticulating wildly and pointing to something behind him. Thoughts of moose, deer and bears flashed through his mind and he hastened back towards him. When he came up to him Harry whispered, "Do you want to hear the Professor swear? If you do just keep still a minute and you will hear him."

Alas, it was true, the Professor was swearing, and who could blame him? What could the poor man do? There he was; apparently dropped down into a triangular enclosure of logs, or fallen trees, astride of a small stick, so that his legs would not touch bottom, and unable to pull himself up, owing to opposing brush. Mr. Sportsman at once went to the rescue and extricated the unfortunate Professor, while Harry, the uncivilized savage, made the bush echo with shouts of fiendish laughter. Nor did he forget the winged words of reprobation, but in that his memory was good he gave them verbatim, as he got them from the poor Professor in the morning. Mr. Sportsman laughed likewise, and the Professor was the only one who could not see the joke. But just then John appeared upon the scene, like a ministering angel, with a flask, and they all straightway joined with inward conviction.

After this little episode Mr. Sportsman kept the Professor more under his wing, and the procession moved on with more deliberation, until the sound of rushing waters betokened the proximity of the first rapid. And then began the rush for rods, except on the part of the cynical Harry, who would quote the old saying about the fool at one end and a worm at the other. The Professor attacked a young birch tree big enough for a fence pole, but was persuaded into selecting something lighter and more in proportion to the size of the fish, for, as Harry said, they were not expecting whales.

It was interesting to a disinterested spectator to watch the proceedings of the fisherman; note how that when one would pull a little beauty from out of a tempting foam-flecked pool, another in all innocence would drop his line just a little above him or below him. The fact is, the ethics of fishermen in this respect are not perfect, and it takes a man of heroic mould, when he sees another catching plenty of fish, to continue to fish where he is catching

nothing, not even getting a bite, and not throw his line near that of his more fortunate neighbor. The Professor, though we all loved him, was not a hero, at least in this respect, for even the good tempered John mildly remonstrated when after several times, on feeling a tug of what he thought was a fish, he would pull it up and find the Professor's line lovingly entwined around his own.

Brook trout are slippery creatures and have a habit of being pulled out of the water and dropping off the hook on to the sloping bank of the stream, or amongst the slippery stones of the rapids. More skill is often required to secure a fish so caught than to catch it, and Harry fairly giggled with delight as he watched the Professor striving to grasp a floundering fish, especially as the result of the struggle was the escape of the fish and a monosyllabic expletive from the Professor. So often did this occur that Harry felt constrained to remark:

"I say, Professor, I won't take you out fishing any more just for the sake of your soul."

But the sun has mounted high in the heavens and the internal economies of the fishermen proclaim that it is time for dinner, so they cooked some of their fish, made the tea and sat them down to eat beside the tinkling falls, and these are the moments that make the happiness of life. The cares of business cannot reach one here. Stocks may rise and stocks may fall, the whole business fabric of the world may go smash, but the effects can not touch one. The physical discomforts of such a trip give but a zest to the enjoyment of such a day, and with such surroundings the very act of living is a pleasure.

Even the Professor forgot to be pedantic and laughed heartily with Harry over his mishap on the way. And then the pipe and stela upon the smooth, warm, sloping rocks, when a man is lulled to sleep by the monotonous music of the waterfall and rustling of the summer wind amongst the poplar leaves. Those who have experienced it, know it, and to them these words may perchance recall familiar scenes of summers past and gone, but to those who never have tasted of such joys, they beckon and bid them come and taste and see what a goodly thing it is. The happiest moments of a man's life can be spent in the primeval forest "far from the madding crowd," where nature reigns supreme and man is but another unit of the whole.

"Excuse me, Mr. Sportsman," said Harry. "Those are beautiful sentiments, but can you lend us a match?"

"Dear me," exclaimed Mr. Sportsman, "I must have been dreaming.

Harry, you young scallawag, is there no poetry in you at all?"

"I don't know about poetry," said Harry, "but I know that there are lots of trout in me."

Mr. Sportsman sighed, and looked at his watch, then jumped up saying: "It is getting late. There is a pool about a mile further up I am bound to try. Who will come with me?"

John volunteered at once, but the Professor was persuaded by Harry to stay where he was, and "cease playing the moose," and so they parted for a while. Mr. Sportsman fished up stream until the sun's declining rays warned him that it was time to retrace his steps. He and John picked up the Professor on their way back, and it was a joyful Professor they found, for as luck would have it, he had caught the biggest fish of all. Harry swore that it was a fluke, and that if it had not been for him, the Professor would not only have lost the fish, but would have lost his hook and line as well, but for all that the glory belonged to the learned man from the south, and all were glad to accord to him the honor due, so that our beloved Professor swelled with pride and was ready at any moment to give Mr. Sportsman a few hints on the art of catching trout much to Mr. Sportsman's disgust and to the amusement of John and Harry, who fairly chuckled at the idea of the Dictator, mildly accepting dictation, the Sartor Resartus re-enacted.

So they sought their camping ground, all fairly laden with the spoils of the creek. Harry objected to carrying anything, seeing that he had caught nothing, but his objections were overruled, and he compromised by carrying the Professor's catch. A short cut made their return journey easier, and they reached the camp in time to cook their tea and start for home before the sun had set. The paddle home seemed short and easy, for conversation flowed freely. There were incidents enough connected with the trip to afford matter for conversation for a week. The Professor never forgot his big fish, nor did he allow anyone else to forget it. And today, if perchance those who read these lines should meet him, they too will learn that he, with his own right hand, landed the largest fish of all! And he will bear witness that such a trip, with all its miseries, and all its discomforts is well worth the making, and that after all, the true sportsman fares better, in places more or less inaccessible than when following the beaten track for such is the region of Temiskaming, comparatively untried, and hence full of piscatorial possibilities.

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An ardent angler is naturally a good correspondent. He is always willing to drop a line.

ANGLING IN KOOTENAY

By W. F. B.

The fishing in British Columbia has already obtained a world-wide reputation. For the fortunate angler who has the time and money to spare there is no country in the world where he can better exercise his piscatorial proclivities to their fullest extent.

The best of the rivers on Vancouver Island are a little difficult of access and entail camping out, a most delightful mode of enjoying sport when there are few rivers in which first class sport can be had within a short distance to comfortable hotels, but there is one place where the workman can enjoy the best of fishing within an hour's journey of his place of business, nay, at times, within a stone's throw of it.

This angler's paradise for the sons of toil may be found at Nelson, a prosperous little city in West Kootenay, numbering some four thousand souls. Nelson is situated on the north shore of the west arm of Kootenay lake. A more picturesque place can hardly be imagined, all round are wooded hills, rocky crags, and in the background snow-capped mountains towering above all. Nelson is the principal supply town for the rich mining district of Kootenay, and the wants of the angler are not forgotten by the local tradesmen.

About two miles below the town the lake narrows into the Kootenay river, forming an enormous body of water with occasional waterfalls, the largest of which, the Bonnington falls, are utilised by an electrical power company to supply the neighboring city of Rossland with electric light.

From the beginning of the fishing season (March 15th) up to about the middle of June, the fishing all over the lake is very good, and in particular, on the reach between Nelson and the river. The trout belong to the variety of Salmonidae, known as the Salmo Purpuratus; they are very game fish, averaging in size from half a pound to six or seven pounds. Much larger fish may be caught by trolling with live bait or an artificial minnow or spoon, but as a sportsman, I can only write for sportsmen, and for us the only lawful lure is the fly.

As a rule small flies are more deadly than large flies. There are times when the little dry-flies, made for the old country chalk streams, make large baskets, while the larger patterns draw blanks. On the whole, however, a fly dressed on a No. 7 hook, new standard, English size, will be found the best all-round size to use.

During two years' experience of the tastes of the Kootenay trout, I have found three patterns of flies very successful, and for the benefit of those who dress their own flies, I will give these patterns in detail:—

(1) Wings—Summer Duck.

Hackle—Blue hen hackle, dyed a golden olive.

Body—Olive pig's wool or seal fur, ribbed with gold tinsel.

Tail—Scarlet Ibis.

(2) Wings—Bronze mallard.

Hackle—White cock dyed dark claret.

Body—Mixed dark blue and claret

Body—Wool or seal fur, ribbed with silver twist.

Tail—Two Indian Crow feathers.

(3) Wings—Indian Bustard.

Hackle—Red (undyed) game cock hackle.

Body—Yellow floss silk, ribbed with gold tinsel, and red game cock carried down the body.

Tail—Red worsted.

The wings should be doubled and laid on flat over the bodies. These patterns have been well tested by friends as well as by me, and no angling "family" should be without them."

My time being limited, I was only able to have two good days when the fishing was at its best last season.

The first of these days was on the lake some time during the latter part of May. A learned judge, who was in town to administer the law during the assizes, suggested that we should have a day's fishing together before he left the town, a suggestion which I am glad to say, I was able to act upon. It was a lovely day, more like summer than spring, but rather bright for good fishing. We determined to try our luck at a part of the lake about five miles from the town where, it had been reported several heavy baskets had recently been made.

Anglers are not famed for strict veracity, and I fear the Nelson Waitonians are no exception to the rule; but in spite of our being perfectly aware of that fact, we decided to give the place a trial, for the day was fair and the scenery up the lake magnificent.

Our progress up the lake was somewhat retarded by a head wind, consequently we did not arrive at our destination until lunch time.

About two o'clock we set to work, but the fish rose slowly and half-heartedly, and by 4 o'clock our baskets were light. My companion suggested a change of scene, so we hoisted our sail and had a glorious run before a spanking breeze, nor did we stop until we had passed the town.

Just below the Railway Company's wharf, we saw some fish rising, so we hid us there and cast over the disappearing bubbles. A quick splash and a gleam of silver gladdened our falling hopes, and presently we had the net under a beauty. More fish began to rise; whenever it was possible we would row within reach of the rising fish, casting over them as quickly as we were able, so as to attract their attention before they sank down into the depths; if we were sharp enough we invariably met with success.

The sun was now low down in the heavens, and the fish began to rise as if they meant business. We had only light rods, and as the fish were above the average size of the lake trout, we, perhaps, wasted more time than we ought to have done in landing our fish. For about an hour and a half the sun waxed fast and furious, then the rises diminished. My companion seemed tired, and I was horribly hungry, so we decided to return home. On our way back the fish began to move again, and we picked up one or two stragglers before we reached the boat house.

We gave a few of the fish away to a less successful brother angler, who was returning home with us. The church bells recalled to us the lamentable fact that we had profaned the Sabbath (an event of frequent occurrence in Nelson, I fear), so we stole home through the bye-ways for fear of meeting the faithful on their way to their various conventicles.

Our bag still contained close on thirty fish, weighing 37 pounds, about as pretty a basketful as any reasonable angler could wish to have.

We presented some the spoil to the Presbyterian minister in order to assuage our guilty consciences.

The other day we referred to was on the river, later in the year, about the end of August. The lake begins to rise during April, owing to the melting snows, is at its zenith in July, and begins to fall gradually from August until winter sets in. The best sport in the river is obtained when the water is falling, September being, as a rule, the best month.

The railway runs alongside the river to Robson, where the Kootenai joins the Columbia river, a distance of about twenty-two miles.

Good fishing may be had at almost any point on the river, though, of course, some parts are better than others. Many of the most likely "hooking" pools are never fished owing partly to the difficulty of access, partly to the local indifference to trying unknown water when good sport may be made sure of in well known portions of the river.

As there were ladies in our party, we decided to try a portion of the river near to where there is now a station (Slocan Junction) as being easy of access, and not too much frequented by anglers.

Slocan Junction is about sixteen miles from Nelson; it is only a few minutes' walk from a place where the river expands into a small lake, known locally as Ward's Crossing, a favorite and excellent angling station, but a little too popular with anglers for my fancy.

We arrived at the river side about 11 a.m. The heat was intense, but the mosquitos were painfully active, so there was nothing for it but to light a fire in order to defend the ladies from the ravages of these persistent insects. One of our party in a well-meaning, but mistaken, manner, suggested cigarettes, but as the ladies were rather shy of each other, the advance was indignantly repelled. It was too hot to fish, so we had early lunch, then sought a place of shade, where I dressed a few flies, rather larger than those I ordinarily used, for the evening's fishing.

One of the party who had been prospecting for a more inviting camping ground, came and offered to lead us to a veritable fairy dell, if only we were prepared to do a little climbing. We shouldered our basket of provender and scrambled over fallen timber and rocks for some 300 yards, until we came to a little hollow just at the edge of the forest bordering the river bank.

Fortune had, indeed, favored our prospector in selecting a camping site. Imagine a level patch of moss-carpeted ground, about fifteen yards square, arched over by enormous pine trees, the air laden with the scent of the syringa blossom mingled with the incense-like odor of the resinous pine. In the back-ground a dense black forest, impenetrable almost on account of the thick undergrowth, and in the foreground a marvellous scene. The mighty river falling down, through a chasm of huge jagged rock, some forty feet, sending up showers of spray that seemed to be transformed by the suns into myriads of jewels, then forming into a fierce rapid, churning its waters into thick white foam, here and there dashing upwards

almost backwards, with great violence, as if protesting against the presence of the enormous boulders in its bed, impeding its headlong course.

On the further shore a gigantic rock bounded the waters in, crowned on its summit with cedars; beyond that a vast undulating park-like forest, and in the far distance, the mountains towering above everything.

We were sufficiently far from the falls not to be troubled with the roar of the falling water in the distance, and the fact that the chasm came between us and the falls produced a sonorous effect, not unlike the pedal notes of a cathedral organ.

"Sing," we unanimately cried, to one whose glorious contralto voice was well known in the leading cities of the old world; "sing us the song of love and death of Isolde," cried one; "but sing us some song that shall be grand in its simplicity, something that will appeal to us all." We listened and waited; presently she began the old Scotch song, "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," softly at first, then swelling out, ending with a diminuendo, with a rare skill and pathos, the exquisite organ of her voice blending with the diapasons of the troubled water. The singer ended and a hush came over the erstwhile merry party; we all saw visions of the past rising in our fancies, and we were sad, for we were pilgrims from a far land, and had loved ones, friends and homes thousands of miles behind us.

I felt lumps rising in my throat, and not liking to make a fool of myself before women, sauntered away with my rod, under the pretence of fishing. Even by the river brink, above the thunder of the falls, I could hear the singer; it was "Farewell to Loch Aber" now, the tune the piper had played as our train was moving out of Banchoy station at the end of our farewell visit to Dee-side, before leaving the old country. I could stand it no longer, so scrambled over rocks hastily toward the waterfall, barking my shins unmercifully against a rock in so doing.

Just below the falls a man was fishing with some sort of bait; as I watched he pulled out a splendid trout, and I awoke from my reverie.

In spite of the heat, I fished steadily for about an hour, catching one or two fair sized fish. Then some one came and dragged me away for, possibly, some other refreshment—not unwillingly—and we rested and waited for the sun to decline. A party of men had invaded our sanctuary and had begun to erect a tent, evidently intending to stay there for a few days. Four of them started to fish, and we walked down to the river to watch them. I noticed one or two good fish rise about twenty yards, at least, from the shore, right at the edge of the rough water. The sun was now off the river at that particular place, so I determined to try and cast over the rising fish. This was none too easy to do, for the rocks behind made overhead casting impossible, and the constantly changing eddies and currents made "Spey" casting difficult. (For the benefit of the Sasenach, I should state that by the "Spey" cast is meant a method of throwing the fly without taking the fly out of the water, a feat which takes a lot of practice to accomplish.) Sometimes I would succeed, and sometimes my line would cause me to expostulate in a peevish tongue; but nearly every time that I succeeded in getting out a long line I

hooked a good fish, and the longer the line the larger would be the fish. As the sun sank, the fish came quicker. My angling "confreeres," who had only light short rods—whereas I had a heavy 14-foot rod, split cane with steel centre, strong enough to carry any length of line that I was as hopeless and sat down to watch able to cast—had given up the task me.

I was wearing a pair of macker-bockers, fearfully and wonderfully checked, the gift of a rich relative, which gave the impression to my audience that I was a personage of importance, for I heard them allude to me as "The Dook," for the first, and, probably, the only occasion on which I was for the nonce a hereditary legislator.

I worked away hard until it was dark, yet the fish showed no signs of falling appetites, but I had to stop, as we had to catch our train.

I cannot remember the exact number of fish I had caught, but I know I had counted over fifty. I don't think one of them would weigh less than a pound (except those I had caught earlier in the day) and the largest would just three pounds.

I filled my capacious creel, and had plenty left for the other less fortunate anglers. We hastily got our things together and scrambled up to the track, where we had to light a fire in order to signal the train to stop for us. We had not long to wait, but were scared to death because the train passed, apparently not intending to stop. The ladies looked terror-stricken, and one man, unguardedly, commenced: "Well, I'm ——," but, fortunately, the rest of his sentence was cut short by the stopping of the train.

Tired, but intensely satisfied, we watched through the windows of the cars, the silver moon-light stealing over the river as we followed its meandering course on our homeward journey. The eerie scene calmed down the mind excited by the slaughter of fish. The physical exertion and the excitement of the sport had restored to even balance the heart rattled by memories recalled by the singer. We had, in fact, reached the "Nirvana" of all true anglers, brought thither by the combined effect of the perfect scenery, the lovely music, the excellent sport and the healthy exercise, and we arrived home feeling at peace and charity with all men, even including our relations.

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An Improved Ouananiche.

The number of young salmon fry to be distributed this summer from the Government hatchery at Tadousac, Quebec, will be about two millions and a half. In addition to these, there are thirty thousand fertilized eggs in course of hatching, whose development will be watched with considerable interest. These are from the ova of parent salmon crossed with the milt of male ouananiche. The impregnation has perfectly succeeded. A microscopic examination shows that the impregnation has taken place, and that the process of incubation is most favorably advancing. The young fish will be liberated in the waters of Lake St. John, and are intended for improving the size of the ouananiche at present inhabiting those waters.

AT THE TRAPS

Conducted by Bob White.

Trap shooting has not reached that degree of popularity in Canada that it deserves. That we have among us many excellent trap shots, and that the average Canadian is fond of the gun is true, but the fact remains that trap shooting, especially. Inanimate target shooting, as a regular pastime, has only developed in spots and in a great many sections of country this most enjoyable of sports is comparatively unknown. Several reasons may be given for this apparent apathy on our part. All field shots and those who have confined their trap shooting to live birds are inclined to look with a certain amount of contempt upon the latest sport of smashing "clay saucers." But as a rule a taste of the sport develops a very keen appetite for it, and as was remarked at the recent sportsmen's show, Madison Square Garden, New York City, men who were cold blooded spectators one day were found enthusiastically endeavoring to smash the elusive target the next, and, what is more, kept at it.

In the United States this sport has been greatly popularized. Almost every city, town and village has its gun club, and the number of targets consumed reaches away into the millions. It, of course, has been encouraged and pushed along by ammunition and gun, as well as the target and trap manufacturers, but its own merits alone must be credited with its great popularity. The practice has developed some wonderfully good shots and I am afraid in this branch of sport, at least, we must all take a back seat from our American cousins.

The advantages of target shooting are so many that I hope we Canadians will arouse ourselves and give it the place in our sporting world that it deserves. The burning desire of a shot gun enthusiast, as has been said of Englishmen, is to go out and kill something. In these days of rapidly depleting game fields it is a desire that cannot be satisfied to the full without very disastrous results. Where game is plentiful one is apt to let his eagerness run away with his good judgment and develop habits of the "game-hog" character. It is infinitely better to gorge oneself on clay birds and dull the edge off one's appetite at the traps once a week than to disregard the laws of true sportsmanship as so many of us do when on the fields.

Target shooting undoubtedly increases one's skill with the gun. The shooter who increases his percentage of kills at the traps will find that he will do cleaner and more satisfactory work in the field, notwithstanding the fact that there are many excellent field shots who are very indifferent target shots. To make the best scores on targets good shooting guns and good ammunition are essential and one is led to study guns, ammunition, loads, etc., to his own advantage in every way.

As compared with live pigeon shooting it has advantages. We must acknowledge the great superiority of the

latter as a sport, but it is expensive and therefore cannot be indulged in by the poor man to any great extent. Targets can be trapped for 1c each and with the prices of ammunition today a shooter can spend a pleasant hour or two every week without making serious inroads on his pocket book. Again the element of cruelty in pigeon shooting, although more apparent than real, is, of course, entirely absent at targets.

Our backwardness in target shooting is largely owing to the fact, I believe, that we simply haven't tried the sport and consequently do not know what a good thing it is. The reason given for the lack of enthusiasm in England, where, as here, the sport has only assumed modest proportions, may perhaps apply to us, and that is that their tastes run largely to athletics. But nevertheless the representative of an American magazine trap and clay pigeon has recently paid a visit to the Old Country and has awakened new and widespread interest in this class of shooting. Here I think all we need is that the hint be given and we will not be slow to take it.

Unfortunately for trap shooting interests it has not been given much attention by our journalistic friends. I know of no Canadian paper or journal that has, hitherto, properly catered to the trap shooter and supplied or attempted to supply him with the news and reading matter he demands. Now in "Rod and Gun" I hope to see that want well supplied and I believe with a sporting paper, representing their interests, that trap shooting will be stimulated and the ranks of trap shooters all over Canada rapidly increased.

What I would like to see organized without delay would be a League of Canadian Sportsmen. Such an organization, composed of sportsmen all over Canada, would have an immense power of good. It would not only encourage sport with the gun, but it would be a splendid instrument for the propagation and protection of our game. What more fitting place for the birth of such an organization than the Metropolis of Canada, Montreal itself. It would unite the scattered forces of Canadian shooters into a sporting brotherhood, having a distinctively Canadian complexion.

Then we should have league tournaments, held at different prominent points in Canada. We might possibly discover where the champion Canadian trap shooter lives. If he has been discovered so far I have not heard of him and I certainly would like to make his acquaintance.

Let us, then, push the good work along and with the assistance and cooperation of "Rod and Gun" trap shooting will soon take its proper place in the Canadian world of sport.

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Westmount Gun Club's Tournament.

The Westmount Gun Club, Montreal, held an all-day tournament on May 24th, on their grounds, beautifully situated on the slope of the mountain and overlooking the city and river. An interesting programme was presented, one of the features being a competition for a silver coffee set donated by the manufacturers of the "S.S." smokeless powder, the competitors to use only "S.S." powder in the competition. Event No. 1 was 18 yards rise, unknown traps and angles, one man up, gun to be held below the

elbow until target was released. Events 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10 were unknown angles, the others known angles. The purses were divided on the Rose system, 4 and 5 monies.

Pressure on our space unfortunately prevents the publication of the score.

Walkerville Shoot.

Walkerville held an informal shoot on Saturday, May 13th, when an interesting program was shot off. Visitors were present from Kingsville and Windsor. One of the features was a team race between Walkerville, Windsor and Kingsville. The scores made in events 2 and 3, by Walkerville and Kingsville and events 4 and 5 by Windsor, (who were late coming), were taken to decide the race, which resulted in a victory for Walkerville. The following is the score of the whole shoot:

NAME	TOTAL	WALK'LE	WINDSOR	KINGSVILLE
Smith	66	17
Baustlaugh	51
Swift	60
Mutter	61	21
Vandusen	61
Clark	55	19
A. Reid	77	20
Miner	15
Adams	17
Welr	10	..
Stotts	21	..
Duggan	15	..
Squires	11	..
L'Hercux	16	..
T. Reid
Black	19
McClintock
Clinter
Pastorius	8
Allen
Morton
..	93	85	79	..

The Equitable system of dividing sweepstakes at tournaments, is rapidly supplanting the older percentage plan. There never was much sound sense in the adoption of the percentage plan of dividing purses. It is so much in favor of the professional expert and, even among amateurs of the same class, is so uncertain in its results that it is time it was wiped out. Under the Equitable system a man in the money gets paid for the work he does, whether he strikes the same

hole as several others or not, and this is as it should be. The absurdity of the fourth man getting as much or more than the first under the percentage plan, as often occurs, should alone condemn it. We intend to discuss this subject in another issue.

Guns and Ammunition.

To the Editor of Rod and Gun:

Agreeable to your request to help start the ball rolling I should like to see the name "30-40" abolished. The Winchester people claim to put in 36 grains of smokeless powder, not 40, in their ammunition for model '95, and as I believe the Winchester box magazine rifle is the original of the name why not call it correctly 30-36?

I cannot understand the preference exhibited now for full magazine rifles (not box)—the number of cases is not many where you can man the lead pump and shoot as long as there is anything in sight and get in more than two or three shots; therefore five or six cartridges in your magazine is in the majority of cases ample, and a full magazine, even if half empty, simply means so much more iron to lug around and there are times when the lightest rifle seems to weigh a ton.

An Englishman I met the other day, who was on his way to the Canadian Rockies

to hunt grizzly, told me a tale of woe about his experience last autumn when he had found his grizzly and fired two soft nose 30 calibre bullets into or at him at a fairly long range and failed to stop Bruin who luckily could not get at his English ribs owing to the distance and nature of the mountains. My acquaintance swore by all that was blue he had hit him each time and scouted the idea of having used the full metal jacket and point by mistake, and this time he took along a gun little smaller in bore than a small cannon, saying he had no further use for 30 calibre. What have my fellow-30-30 and 30-36 cranks with soft nose bullets to say? We can't content ourselves merely with calling him a "Blasted Britisher."

Has any one in Canada tried the "Gun bore treatment" extensively advertised at New York sportsmen show, and what do you think of it?

I want to hear something from those chaps who hanker after these 16 and 20 gauge shot guns and their reasons for believing them more desirable than 12 gauge; and if instead you are the proud possessor of a Winchester repeating shot gun, let us all hear what you think of it. I guess we can trust the editor not to call you a game hog, because you use a repeater, for at least a few months after he gets his paper started. Aelgan-po-sip-wagan.

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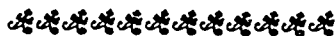
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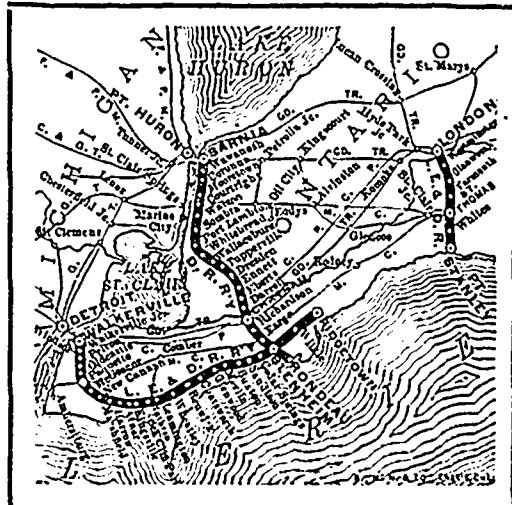


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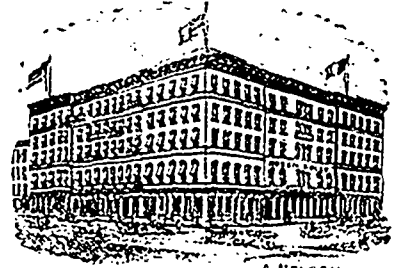
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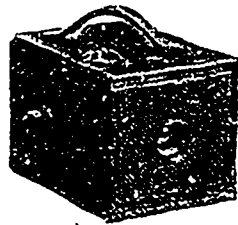
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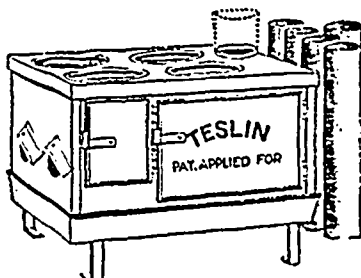
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