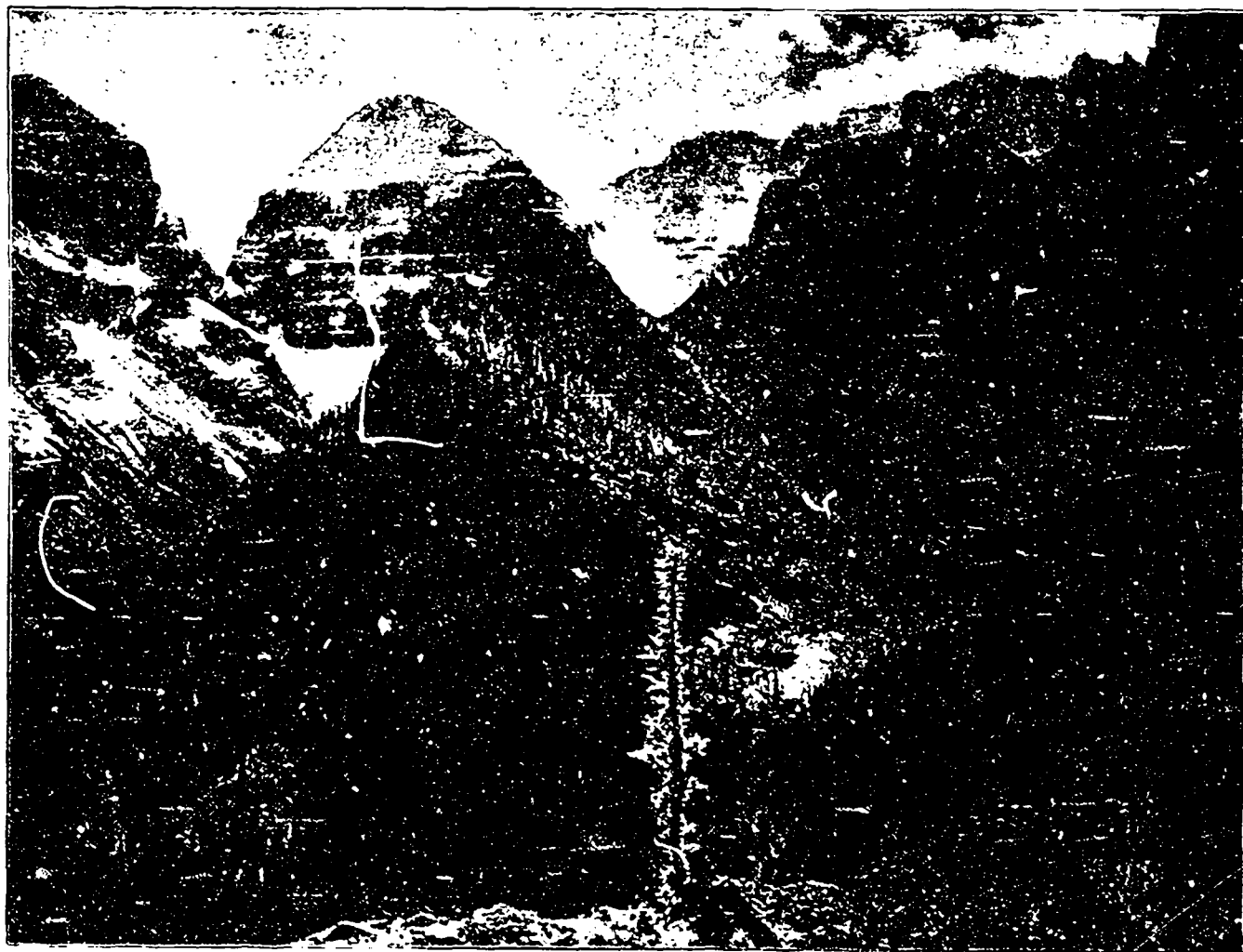


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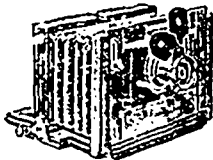
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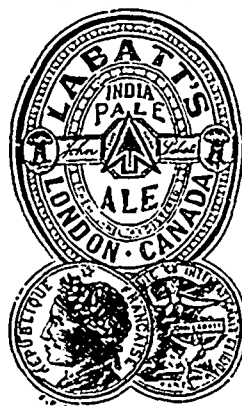
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All communications should be addressed to:

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

The success attending the publication of ROD AND GUN has more than met the anticipations of its publishers. Not only has the paper been warmly welcomed by the press, but encouraging letters from numerous sportsmen, containing tangible evidences of appreciation, have been received. The June number of 5,000 copies is almost exhausted, and so great is the demand that the present issue will be 10,000.



LEAGUE OF CANADIAN SPORTSMEN.

We are much pleased at the expressions of opinion in favor of a League of Canadian Sportsmen brought out by the suggestion in our first issue from our correspondent, "Bob White," and on which we commented in the same number. Extreme pressure on our space prevents publication of the letters, but sufficient preliminary interest has been shown to indicate that the idea of a Dominion organization devoted to the protection of game has been well received generally, and it only needs energetic work to push the scheme to success. We publish in another page a portion of the Constitution of the League of American Sportsmen, with the idea of showing clearly the scope of that organization.

There are points in it which we believe are not suitable, at least at the present time, to Canada, whose game and fish resources, especially the latter, are not in such a woeful state of depletion as to render it necessary, for example, to absolutely prohibit the sale of either; on the contrary, we have in most instances an abundance, and for the present we would not counsel extreme measures; but, looking towards the future, when our resources shall have been exploited and the corresponding increase will have occurred of visiting sportsmen, we believe in the preparation and enforcement now of wise measures, suited to our needs, and in the establishing of a League of Canadian Sportsmen we can very cheerfully profit by the experience and excellent good sense of our southern neighbors whose organization has accomplished and will do genuine good.



ONTARIO'S NEW FISHING REGULATIONS.

Ontario has just issued another set of fishery regulation among the more important of which are several specifying weights, sizes and numbers that may be caught of trout, bass, etc. One interesting rule prohibits catching, taking or killing sturgeon, by any means, without a license. The catching of large or small mouthed black bass for sale or barter is, we are pleased to note, prohibited from December 1st to April 15th, and this, added to the close season of April 15th to June 15th, stops that kind of traffic for a fairly long period each year.

Stress is laid on the liberty of bona-fide settlers, residing within five miles of the place where such fish are caught, to catch a reasonable (specified) number in any one day for domestic use of themselves and families—a liberty we hope which will be watched carefully and, if abused, further restricted if not abolished entirely.

One-day catches by any person are limited to twelve black or Oswego or

large mouthed bass, twenty green bass, twenty pickerel or four maskinonge or a greater number of speckled or brook trout than in the aggregate weighing more than fifteen pounds and no greater number than fifty speckled or brook trout, even if total weighs less than fifteen pounds.

Non-residents are prohibited from catching each in one day more than ten lake trout, any of which exceeds three pounds, or more than twenty pounds in all if weighing less than three pounds each.

Minimum sizes and weights which may be caught are bass, ten inches; speckled trout, six inches; pickerel, twelve inches; maskinonge, fifteen inches; salmon trout, lake trout or white fish, two pounds each; sturgeon ten pounds; fish caught under these sizes and weights must be returned immediately to the water, and as far as possible uninjured.

These regulations go a considerable distance in the right direction, but a needed addition is a provision against waste. A party of say four canoeing in the wilds could not eat all the fish if each caught his limit, and it is unfortunately true that many cases of thoughtless waste occur. Every game law maker should impress on the people as rule number one "Don't catch or kill more than you can use. Don't allow good fish or meat to rot." True sportsmen follow this rule—they are built that way.



An excellent addition to the easily obtainable comforts of a fishing trip these hot summer days is a common, wide, coarse-fibred, country straw hat of the variety frequently known as a "cow's breakfast." It is cheap, durable, cool and comfortable, equally good for rain or shine, for pushing upward the middle of the crown results in a covering impervious to rain. We speak advisedly, having been converted some years ago, experience since amply demonstrating both its rain-proof and sun-proof qualities.

Don't scoff—simply try it and be convinced. Those whose aesthetic ideas are shocked can readily relieve its rude appearance by any variety of hat band from a piece of string or boot lace to a silk handkerchief.

◆ ◆ ◆

A press despatch from Toronto states:

"It is understood that one result of the visit to lakes Temiskaming and Temagaming districts by Hon. J. M. Gibson, Commissioner of Crown Lands, will be the creation of a special forest reserve." This, we believe, is a wise measure, not only from the standpoint of reforestation but as a game preserve. The setting aside of large tracts of forest by the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, such as the Laurentides National Park, the Trembling Mountain Park, the Rondeau Park and the Algonquin Park, and the Banff National Park by the Dominion Government, wherein it is intended that wild animals may live and breed, secure from any depredations by man, has already shown, by results, how beneficial such legislation is to the preservation of our game, and it is very satisfactory to hear that such a desirable addition is to be made to the number of parks. Within the borders of the new reserve will probably be the matchless Lady Evelyn and Non Wakaming or Diamond lakes, the many islanded Temagaming and others of lesser note. All these waters are known to teem with fish, and the surrounding forests have even now quite a large number of moose.

◆ ◆ ◆

In another column is published a summary of the game laws of the Province of Quebec, which will be found useful to sportsmen intending to fish or shoot in this portion of Canada. In subsequent issues will be given similar summaries of the game laws of the other provinces.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Best Gun.

Editor Rod and Gun:

In answer to Cross-Bolt, who is asking for information regarding guns and ammunition, I would like to say that I have owned nearly every make, both English and American, and now have two American and two English guns in my cabinet; that the choice of the lot falls upon a Cashmore 12g, built to order for duck shooting. It weighs 5½ lbs., and is one of the most beautiful guns I ever saw, as well as the best, and they are very cheap compared with other guns, in elegant shape, and the balance and working weapon leaves nothing to be desired. Regarding the various brands of powders my choice has also fallen on Dupont's. Most of the nitros deteriorate with age, but I know that it will keep loaded at least two years. My chief objection to gold dust is the small quantity to be used, which in a 10g. shell and even a 12g. leaves a large space to be filled with wads which gives a recoil that makes my head ache. It is a very quick and I believe a good powder.

KOSHEE,

Gravenhurst, Ont., June, 1899.

"THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN."

(Dedicated to the memory of the late W. Hallott-Phillips.)

By Rudyard Kipling.

Now the Fourway lodge is opened; now the Hunting-winds are loose.

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;

Now the young men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues;

Now the Red Gods make their medicine again;

Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tall mating?

Who hath lala alone to hear the wild goose cry?

Who hath worked the chosa water where the ouananiche is waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,

And for one the creak of snowshoes on the crust;

And for one the lakeside vigil, when the bull-moose leads the cow,

And for one the mule-train coughing the dust;

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at midnight?
Who hath heard the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night?

Let him follow the others, for the young man's feet are turning

To the campings of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Do you know the blackened timber; do you know that racing stream,

With the raw, right-angled, log-jam at the end;

And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream,

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?

It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,

To a silent, smoky Indian that we know:

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight on our faces,

For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go!

They must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue!
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Do you know the shallow Baltic, where the seas are quick and short.

Where the bluff, ice-boarded fishing-luggers ride?

Do you know the joy of thrashing leagues to leeward of your port

On a coast you've lost the chart of over side?

It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to hale her;

Just one single 'longshore loafer that I know.

He can take his chance of drowning while sail and sail and sail her.

For the Red Gods call me out, and I must go!

He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue!
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Do you know the pite-bullt village where the sago-dealers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?

Do you know the dripping silence of the orchid-scented glade

Where the blazoned bird-winged butterflies flap through?

It is there that I am going with my camphor, net and boxes,

To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—

To my little wailing lemurs, to the palms and flying foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue!
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Do you know the world's white roof tree; do you know that windy rift,

Where the baffling mountain-edges chop and change?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range?

It is there that I am going, where the bowlders and the snow lie,

With a trusty mimble tracker that I know.

I have sworn an oath to keep it on the horns of Ovis Poli,

And the Red Gods call, and I must go!

He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue!
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened; now the Smokes of Council rise;

Pleasant Smoke ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies;

Now our young men go to dance before the Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars; who shall light them to the shrine,

Velvet-footed who shall guide them to their goal?

Unto each the voice and vision; unto each his spoor and sign—

Lonely mountain in the northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the line—

Are for each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a lover;

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—

Where the high grass hides the horseman, or the glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing or the surf boat brings the rover;

Where the rails run out in sand-drift. Quick, ah leave the camp-kit over!

For the Red Gods make their medicine again.

And we go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

**ANGLING AND HUNTING
RESORTS NEAR QUEBEC
CITY.**

By G. M. FAIRCHILD, Jr.,
Author of "Rod and Canoe in Que-
bec's Adirondacks," "Quebec, the
Sportsman's Land of Plenty,"
"Notes of an Angler in the North."

Quebec City of late years has become the great rallying point for anglers and sportsmen, and the Chateau Frontenac Hotel their council house. Here parties are made up, expeditions planned, campaigns organized, guides and supplies secured for the various districts to be operated in by the different companies or individuals. Here is the parting of the ways into the vast domain of fish and game. The salmon anglers take steamer or sailing craft to their rivers on the north shore, or train to the south shore fishing grounds. The seekers for ouananiche or trout take the railroad; that carries them for two hundred miles through a wilderness, if their objective point is Lake St. John itself, or drops them at the various club camps strung along the road if they are fortunate enough to belong to one of the many associations that have secured valuable fishing and hunting privileges from the Provincial Government.

To the many American sportsmen, however, who are not owners of salmon rivers, or members of clubs, by whom I am besieged with enquiries as to where and how some fishing or hunting may be secured, this article is intended as a general reply.

A few years ago the Government of the Province of Quebec set aside some two thousand five hundred square miles of the public domain as a great forest and game preserve. Under conditions, to which every true sportsman is only too ready to subscribe to, this entire territory has been thrown open to the visiting sportsman. It is a veritable network of lakes, big and small, and of many rivers, all teeming with brook trout from the half-pound fish to the monsters inhabiting Lake Jacques Cartier, of from five to eight pounds. Moose and caribou are found throughout the entire territory, while ducks and partridges abound in their season.

The southerly boundary of this preserve is but twenty-five miles from Quebec City, and is reached over a good carriage road. A comfortable little hostelry known as Bayard's guards the river highway into the more distant regions of the park, but even at Bayard's excellent trout fishing is to be had in the River Jacques Cartier or in the lakes in the immediate vicinity. Mr. Geo. Colvin, one of the park guardians, resides here, and one of his principal duties is to supply

sportsmen who present themselves with the necessary permit, with guides, canoes, tents and camp kits. The charges are the most reasonable. For permits and other information, and arrangements for a fishing or hunting excursion within the park, address Mr. Wm. C. Hall, superintendent Laurentide National Park, Department of Lands, Forests and Fisheries, Quebec City, Canada. A trip of three or four days duration or one of as many weeks

may, the proprietor, provides guides, canoes, tents and provisions for a camping-out expedition. The brook trout in Lake Edward reach a size of from five to six pounds. Many smaller lakes near by give capital sport in smaller run fish. Mr. Crowley may be addressed, Lake Edward Station, Lake St. John Railroad, Province of Quebec, and any arrangements desired made with him. To the tourist visiting Quebec, whose time or inclination does



Oulatchouan Falls—North of Quebec.

may be made, and the experience in either case will be a delightful one, with the certainty of good sport.

Lake Edward, or Lac des Grandes Isles, on the line of the Lake St. John Railroad, one hundred miles from Quebec, is a magnificent body of water, fairly teeming with large trout. Hundreds of islands dot the lake, which is some twenty or more miles in length. There are beautiful camping spots everywhere, or if the angler prefers it, the excellently managed little hotel at the railroad station, on the shore of the lake, will prove a delightful temporary home. Mr. Robert Crow-

not tend to a camping-out experience, but who would like a day's angling, Lake Edward offers unusual facilities. He—and if he is accompanied by his family, they—can leave Quebec in the morning, reach the lake at one p.m., have all the afternoon and evening's fishing, and be back in Quebec the following morning.

It is not my purpose in this article to refer to Lake St. John and its ouananiche fishing. It deserves an article to itself. I have confined myself to the two localities the most accessible, and where provision has been made to care and provide for the stranger within our door.

IN SEARCH OF AN ISLAND

By "Straw Hat."

[Continued from June Number.]

WE STARTED from Bass Lake about 6 a.m. I had my canoe driven in a farmer's waggon over the fifteen miles, and I would here say that the proper canoe for these waters is a beamy, fourteen foot undecked, light canoe. My canoe was decked fore and aft and was not beamy enough and so drew too much water; a very good canoe for the open lake but not the thing for rapids. The shorter, beamier canoe answers for both. The entrance to Bass Lake is grand in the extreme; the outlet is through a willow brook with a clay bottom. There are two dam obstructions which are easily surmounted. At the second dam there is a fall of a hundred feet for the first jump, followed by a series of leaps over rocks, I had been told that a quarter of a mile portage was all that I need make. At the end of the quarter of a mile we came to a fork in the tote road, or trail (the road by the way is on the south of the dam). If I had taken that to the left I would have had a walk of four miles and my trip would have been much less eventful, but I took the road leading to the right, which led me to what I thought was the foot of the rapids. The water was still very swift, but McGregor had been so positive that I thought it was all right. We embarked and shot down like a bullet from a Mauser rifle. We had gone about two hundred yards and saw another fall. We had just time to jump on to some rocks, where we held on to the painter of the canoe, which swung swiftly, the stern filling with water; with the bow well out of the water, as she hung over the falls. The blankets were in the stern and my camera was floating inside the canoe. The grub, as I called it, or chuck as Atkins called it, was kept dry. This was quite as exciting an adventure as I had hoped to have, but not without its enjoyment. The Australian poet gives us a true touch of human nature when he says:

"No game is worth a rap
For a rational man to play
In which no disaster, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way."

We waded to shore, pulling the canoe with us, and found that we had made a three-inch hole in it. I had

brought resin with me, and beeswax as I thought, but somehow the beeswax was forgotten. I found that a little fat pork put with the resin is a very fair substitute, making it tougher. A good canoe for the rapids should have foot boards screwed on. When a hole is made in a canoe it is generally in the bottom, somewhere near the middle. A thin piece of whittled cedar, large enough to little more than cover the hole, is placed between the bottom of the canoe and the foot board, which is screwed down again and the space is filled up



In Desbarats Islands, North Shore of Lake Huron.

with the resin and fat pork, making a tight repair. Then the canoe is turned over and the resin is put on the outside. This was a Peterboro canoe. I have made most of my trips in bark canoes, and I am not quite sure that I do not like them better than the Peterboro. We put the canoe in the water again and although we did not upset in our galop down the four miles of rapids, two more holes were made in it. We, ourselves, received a few bruises and practiced two or three hours of wading, but we kept our hair dry through it all. At four o'clock I asked Atkins how he felt. "About played out, sir," he said. "All right then," I said, "we will camp here and dry up everything." We

then began to lay up a supply of wood—enough to have heated a house for a month. Dry maple, pine and cedar, and green birch, keep a good supply of live coals. This put a very cheerful appearance upon matters in general, and I thought of the other poet who said:

"Oh, don't the days seem blank and long,
When everything's right and nothing's wrong,
And isn't your life extremely flat,
When there's nothing whatever to grumble at."

This was after Atkins had stumbled on a very good tote road that would have brought us past these rapids without any difficulty. The proper course here is to start from the second dam, the guides carrying the canoes and outfit and the fishermen wading down stream and fishing as they go. This would make it perfectly satisfactory; there is not an hour lost and the trip is easy; so easy, that with a few trees cut out, that bother

considerably now, ladies could make the trip.

I never put in a sounder night's sleep.

Next morning, we started at five o'clock, after about ten hours repose. We felt like two giants refreshed, ready for anything that came along. From where the Little Echo River joins the Big Echo River we had plenty of water. Our speed was very great as we came down and great care had to be taken not to strike the shoals in the river. This is excellent trout water. About seven o'clock that morning we ran into a huge hemlock tree, around a swift bend, whose branches filled the entire stream. We lost a hat here, took in some wa-

ter and had a narrow escape from upsetting. Twenty minutes with an axe would make a good passage. We had to portage around three or four other trees, which could easily be removed. I forgot to mention that McLeod's Creek and Stewart's Creek, which we passed on the way, are very good trout streams. About eight o'clock we found the stream pretty clear of obstructions and about half past nine in the morning we reached Echo Lake, which is a lovely sheet of water, famous for its echoes. When one shouted "Sandy, were you drunk last night," the confirmatory "drunk last night," came back with wonderful distinctness. We were almost sorry to think that our journey was nearing its end. I could have spent two entire days more in paddling to Desbarats; I could have fished for maskinonge in the lower Echo River, for bass in Echo Bay, near the big railway trestle, for lunge at the mouth of Bar River and in Maskinonge Bay, and then paddled through the Desbarats Islands to Desbarats, but by taking the train at Echo Bay at 12.15 we reached Desbarats at 12.47 to the amazement of everybody there. When I told them that we had been down the five mile rapids and paddled all around that part of the route from Bass Lake to Echo Bay, they were evidently unbelieving, and it was not until we told them of the big bluffs on the river and the junction of the Little Echo and the Big Echo rivers and described the rapids, down which they had driven logs, would they believe that we had been down there in a canoe. Taking it altogether, considering that I had hardly any time for fishing, and in spite of the fact that I got a bruise or two, it was one of the most enjoyable trips of my life, and I can recommend the canoe trip from Desbarats to Desbarats as one of the most delightful experiences within comparatively easy reach of canoeists from all the large lake cities and the country to the south thereof.

When I read myself a descriptive article of this kind I am always looking for detailed information; I would then say, that I paid the guide \$1.50 per day, all found, that I provided my own canoe, but that by writing to Mr. J. H. McNally of Desbarats, who is himself a sportsman, canoes could be obtained, and also other necessaries. The country is quite new here; I think I was the first tourist to make that canoe trip. Mr. McNally had heard of it but had never performed it.

I paid another visit to my friend's island to see how the building was progressing. I am having his house sheathed with slabs with the bark

on, edged by a saw; these fit closely together. A pine or tamarac slab with a silver birch round batten is very pretty. Any woodwork should be painted dark green; at least that is my idea. By using these materials, with shingles, of course, for the roof, a very tight substantial little camp can be built for a very small amount of money. There will be two rooms sixteen feet square and one sixteen by nine and a verandah all round the building, with a little box of a kitchen about fifteen feet away from the building, and I anticipate for my friend very many pleasant days there. There is nothing so restful in life and nothing more interesting than a sojourn on a small island in a large lake. The interest is furnished by play of light and shadow and the increasing atmospheric changes. The water and the air are absolutely pure and these, with the inevitable exercise necessary to life, make a perfect sanitarium of such a summer residence.



QUEBEC GAME LAWS.

Following is a complete summary of the fishing and hunting laws of the Province of Quebec, prepared by Mr. N. E. Cormier, of Aylmer, provincial game-keeper and fishery overseer:—

THE "OPEN SEASONS."

Following is the "open season" for fish, or the periods during which they are allowed to be caught:—

BASS—From 16th June to 15th April.
MASKINONGE—From 2nd July to 25th May.

PICKEREL OR DORE—From 16th May to 15th April.

SALMON—From 2nd February to 15th August.

SPECKLED TROUT—From 1st May to 1st October.

GREY TROUT, LAKE TROUT OR LUNGE—From 2nd December to 15th October.

WHITE FISH—From 2nd December to 10th November.

OUANANICHE—From 2nd December to 15th September.

HUNTING

For hunting, the province is divided into two zones.

ZONE NO. 1.

Zone No. 1 comprises the whole province less that part of the Counties of Chicoutimi and Saguenay to the east and north of the River Saguenay.

Open Seasons.

1. Cariboo, from 1st Sept. to 1st Feb.
2. Deer and moose, from 1st Sept. to 1st Jan.

Deer and moose in Ottawa and Pontiac Counties: 1st Oct. to 1st Dec.

N. B.—It is forbidden to hunt, kill or take at any time fawns up to the age of one year of any of the animals mentioned in Nos. 1 and 2. (Also to hunt, kill or take, at any time, any cow moose or doe.)

3. Beaver, at any time after the 1st day of November, 1902.

4. Mink, otter, marten, pekan, fox and lynx, from 1st Nov. to 1st April.

5. Hare, from 1st Nov. to 1st Feb.

6. Bear, from 20th Aug. to 1st July.

7. Muskrat, from 1st April to 1st May.

8. Woodcock, snipe, plover, curlew, tattler or sandpiper, from 1st Sept. to 1st Feb.

9. Birch or spruce partridge, from 1st Sept. to 15th Dec.

10. Widgeon, teal, wild duck of any kind from 1st Sept. to 1st April.

(Except sheldrake, loon, gull, pen-guins, and sea parrots.)

N. B.—Nevertheless, in that part of the province to east and north of the Counties of Bellechasse and Montmorency, the inhabitants may, at all seasons of the year, but only for the purpose of procuring food, shoot any of the birds mentioned in No. 10.

11. Birds known as perchers, such as swallows, kingblers, warblers, flycatchers, woodpeckers, whip-poor-wills, finches (song sparrows, red-birds, indigo birds, etc.), cow-buntings, titmice, goldfinches, grives (robin, wood thrushes, etc.), kinglets, bobolinks, grackles, grosbeaks, humming birds, cuckoos, owls, etc., except eagles, falcons, hawks and other birds of the falconidae, wild pigeons, kingfishers, crows, ravens, waxwings (recollats), shrines, jays, magpies, sparrows and starlings, from 1st Sept. to 1st March.

12. It is forbidden to take nests or eggs of wild birds at any time of the year.

N. B.—Deer may be hunted, killed or taken with dogs from 20th October to 1st November.

Outsiders Must Be Licensed.

No person who is not domiciled in the Province of Quebec can, at any time, hunt in this province without having previously obtained a license to that effect from the Commissioner of Lands, Forests and Fisheries. Such permit is not transferable, and shall be good only for the hunting or shooting season for which it is issued.

Fine of \$2 to \$200, or imprisonment in default of payment.

ZONE NO. 2.

Comprises that part of the Counties of Chicoutimi and Saguenay to the east and north of the River Saguenay.

Open Season.

Cariboo, from 1st Sept. to 1st March.

N. B.—No one can hunt, kill or take alive more than four (4) caribos during a season's hunting.

Otter, from 15th October to 1st April.

Hare, from 15th Oct. to 15th March.

Muskrat, from 1st Nov. to 1st April.

Grey and spruce partridge, from 15th Sept. to 1st Feb.

White partridge and ptarmigan, from 1st Nov. to 1st March.

N. B.—With the exception of the provisions immediately preceding all the provisions applying to "Zone No. 1" apply to "Zone No. 2."

FISHING LICENSE, 1899.

For Non-Residents.

Season license, from \$10.00 to \$20.00, according to time.

For one or two days' fishing, \$1.00 per day.

HUNTING LICENSES, 1899.

Season license for foreigners, \$25.

Season license for Ontario people, \$15.

Non-residents, who require only a few days' hunting, will be charged only \$1.50 a day.

N. B.—The above hunting license allows the licensee to kill every kind of game coming within range of his rifle or shot gun during the season provided by law for the killing of such respective game.

AS TO CLUB MEMBERS.

Non-residents, namely, bona-fide active members of clubs, duly incorporated under the laws of the province or licensees of fishing and hunting territory, have no licenses to pay to fish and hunt on their territory.

Non-residents, namely, invited guests and honorary members of clubs or licensees of fishing and hunting territory, have to pay the full license fee.

The holder of the license shall, at all reasonable times when required, exhibit the same to any gamekeeper or to any person having ex-officio such quality, under penalty of the forfeiture of the license, without prejudice to the penalties enacted by Article 1410, 59 V., c. 20, s. 8.

The above applies also to membership certificate of a duly incorporated club.

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Trout.

Bring forth the royal coachman, boys,

The hacklets and the others;

Take down the reel, the rod and line

My piscatorial brothers.

Unfurl the long-top wading boots,

And gently soak the leaders,

For these last days of blithesome May

Are all trout-fishing breeders.

Brush up the good old fairy tales

Of many a charming season,

Antediluvian though they be

And lacking rhyme or reason.

The sportsman's eye will brightly shine

O'er tales of battle royal,

And tho' the telling hints of age

Not one will prove disloyal.

Revisit all the fishing grounds

In fancy's broad dominion,

And hear again the war of words

To back each curt opinion—

Of flies and casts and reels and rods

And fishlore good and plenty,

The thrill will catch you as it did

When you were one and twenty.

—J. B. Dorman.

◆ ◆ ◆

How much I'm wishing to go a-fishing

In days so sweet with music's balm!

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;

I ask for nothing superfine:

No heavy weight, no salmon great,

To break the record, or my line:

Only a little stream,

Whose amber waters softly gleam,

Where I may wade, through woodland

shade,

And cast the fly, and loaf, and roam:

Only a trout or two, to dart

From foaming pools, and try my art:

No more I'm wishing—old-fashioned fish-

ing.

And just a day on Nature's heart.

—From "The Angler's Wish," by Henry Van Dyke.



WHEN moose are ripe and the crop is good, it is the unexpected that may always be expected to occur. You will seldom find your game at the pre-appointed time or place. The conditions are always novel and peculiar. Perhaps since the world began no bull moose was ever killed by a sportsman in precisely the same manner as any other bull moose. It is this glorious uncertainty—this shuffling of the cards by hidden hands—that lends to the life of the big game hunter its everlasting charm.

In the month of September, 1897, an amateur friend and I started up the Sou-West Miramichi from Boiestown, en route for Miramichi Lake. The lake had no special repute for moose, but reliable reports had reached us of their being seen in the summer months, splashing about like great water-dogs in the deadwater that connected the lake with the main river, and we determined to investigate. We had two log canoes manned by four of the stoutest policemen that ever faced a rapid. Three days we toiled (or they did) against a current swollen by recent rains. Next morning we re-embarked bright and early, happy in the thought that by noon we should reach our camping ground at the mouth of the deadwater.

The rising sun flashed upon the dripping white spruce poles as we hugged the northern shore of the stream. A faint suspicion of mist curled upwards from the face of the foam-flecked water. We had just passed McKel's "bogan" and were entering a narrow passage way between a low grassy islet and the shore, when Don, the leading man in the head canoe, seemed to be seized with a fit. His pole was arrested in its downward stroke, his sturdy form stiffened in an attitude of cataleptic rigidity, and from his trembling lips, came the startling announcement: "Moose! moose!" Glancing up the shining incline of the rapids, I saw a large bull moose leisurely crossing the river about 200 yards away. Here, on the very threshold of our hunt, before we had even reached the promised land, was our opportunity. There was only one thing to be done.

The roar of old Habeas Corpus, by which name was known the faithful Martini rifle that had never failed me yet, was followed at once by the report

of Arthur's weapon from the second canoe a few yards astern and as many feet nearer the centre of the stream. Two spouting jets of water, one beyond the moose, the other fair in front of him, showed where the bullets struck. The moose, then about midstream, turned about, making for the southern bank, from which he had emerged. Arthur's canoe shot alongside, and I beheld that precocious youth, pulling trigger as fast as he could load and aim, with a corncob firmly clinched between his teeth.

About this time the men began to distribute the English language in a very reckless way. First they would try to hold the canoes steady in the tossing flood in order that we might shoot. Next a panic would seize them lest the moose should escape, and they would pull up stream for dear life. Never to be forgotten was the din the rifles made up the valley of the river, echoing from hill to hill that peaceful autumn morn. How the fusillade affected the moose it was impossible to state. He had by this time reached the southern shore and seemed to be making futile efforts to ascend the steep, bushy bank. We could see from where the water-line rose upon his flanks that the water on that shore was several feet deep. The vital question formed itself in every mind: Was it the steepness of the bank, or the wounds he had received, that kept the monster still in sight? The canoes had advanced by fits and starts and were now almost opposite the noble game, the loudly barking rifles and the excited shouts of the men resulting in a pandemonium something like this:

"Boys, he's done for! He can't git up the bank!"

"No, he ain't! The bank's too steep. Give it to him for your life. He's just lookin' for a place to git up!"

"Now, let him have it! I'll hold the canoe!"

(Bang. Bang.)

"That's the stuff! Did you see the fur fly? That last shot fetched him!"

"No, it didn't! Shove her over, Dan! Shove her over! Look, he's swimmin' up the shore!"

(Bang.)

"Keep back, Bob, or you'll git the top of your head blown off!"

"Boys, we're goin' to lose him! He ain't hurt a mite! Oh I could kill that moose with a plate of beans!"

(Bang. Bang.)

"Look! Look! He can't git up. He's our moose sure, sure!"

"No, he ain't! He's only lookin' for a landin'."

"Oh, give it to him now, boys! He'll be in the bushes in a minute!"

"Hold up, Dan, and lemme out of this cussed canoe!"

This last classical remark emanated from the writer. Jumping out of the canoe in order to get a standing shot, the moose not being over 30 yards away, I found myself waist-deep in the river without a shot in the locker. I shouted to Arthur for a cartridge. That genial youth was still glued to his corn-cob, banging away at the splashing monster on the other shore at every opportunity. He tossed me a cartridge which I fired with all possible care, and am inclined to think it did not improve the general health of the moose. At any rate the huge forest monarch turned about and faced us, then dropped with a resounding splurge in the water. When we reached him he was floating with the current. Hitching a tow-rope to his massive horn we towed the carcass to the little grassy island aforesaid, that afforded a convenient landing place. Dan's foghorn voice smote the wooded hills with the mellifluous strains of "Nancy Hogan's Goose." It was one of life's concentrated moments and much could be forgiven.

Arrived at the island, the united muscle of the party aided by handspikes, sufficed to haul the moose ashore. He was a noble specimen in every way, typical of the peerless hunting grounds of New Brunswick, the antlers measuring over five feet from tip to tip. And here was seen a wonderful object lesson in animal vitality. For, on inspecting the black, glossy hide, it was found that five heavy Martini balls had passed clear through the animal, any one of which should have settled him. So our hunt was finished ere it was begun. We hung the meat up on a scaffold of rude poles and smoked it all that day and night. The next day we ran forty miles down stream to Boiestown and the following noontime found us in fair old elm-shaded Fredericton.

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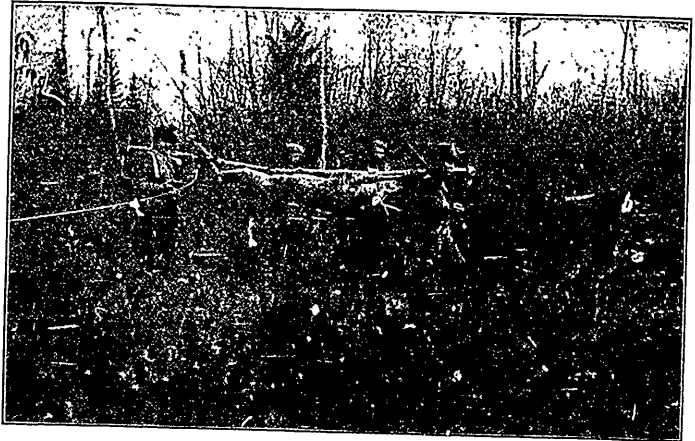
Sport on the Prairies

By C. Jno. A. Howay.

Less than thirty years ago the great tract of country lying between the head waters of the Mississippi and Hudson Bay, was practically untrodden, except by the wild aboriginal tribes, the factors and employees of

the great fur companies, and a few adventurous spirits, whose love of pioneering and sport led them to seek those on the vast northern plains. Along the banks of the streams, which all trend pole-ward, the trapper set his snares for beaver and the fur-bearing animals of the region, and parties of enthusiastic, reckless buffalo hunters reveled in the pursuit and ruthless slaughter of these noble ruminants. In the sedges and marshes along the river bottoms, generations of wild duck nested undisturbed, and countless flocks of geese threaded their migrations, north and south to their favorite feeding grounds unmolested. But, suddenly, where only the Indian trail had wound through the long grasses, and the elk and antelope had grazed without fear, the

cally extinct, their bleaching bones among the grasses of the prairies proper, or their skulls turned up by the plough in the furrow, being all that are left of the vast herds that once darkened the plains and browsed in these natural pastures. The carnivorous animals, with the exception of the timber and prairie wolf, have hidden in the shelter of the unpeopled regions, but the aquatic birds still remain by tens of thousands in their ancient haunts, and the prairie chicken and grouse feed as contentedly among the wheat and barley of the farmers as did their ancestors on the wild berries of summers centuries ago, while the wild geese alight in white flocks within sight of human habitation as fearlessly as they did when the camp fire of the hunter alone sent its



"Successful."

steel fingers of the railway, like a gauntlet of iron, clasped the virgin soil, and with the shriek of the locomotive, the old picturesque past of wig-wags and canoes, arrows and tomahawks, disappeared before the settlers' tent and "prairie schooner," the Winchester and breach-loader.

The facilities for reaching these ideal hunting ground secured by the enterprise and push of our great trans-continental line have placed them within easy reach of the lover of sport. What the jungles and the big game of the East are to the Anglo-Indian, so these vast plains are to the Eastern huntsman and fisherman. They are alive with feathered game, and the waters teem with some of the finest edible fish in the world. Before the advance of civilization, the more timid and wary creatures have gradually retreated. Before the meaningless waste and cruelty of the hunter, both white and red, the American bison or buffalo has become pracit-

blue smoke to the sky.

There are few sights or sounds that can thrill the heart of the sportsman more than a waving blue line across the sky and the faint "hork, hork," of the geese borne on the still morning air, the flutter of their white plumage as they search for gravel along the swamps, or the "whirr" of the chickens as they soar away in the grace peculiar to them. Of all varieties of sport in which the Northwestern prairies abound, furred, finny or feathered, none can compare in picturesqueness and pleasure with prairie chicken shooting.

The close season in Manitoba is fifteen days later than in the United States, and the laws governing it are rigorously enforced. Winnipeg is the great centre from which raduate parties and individuals to the different shooting grounds, and he who in the crisp, cool mornings of early autumn,

with gun or rod, by stream or covert, can pursue his favorite pastime. Is happier than a king. Much of the success of chicken shooting depends on the sagacity and training of the "bird dogs," as they are called, and one of the peculiarities that strike the sojourner in the "Chicago of the Northwest," is the fine type of these animals to be seen everywhere. Gordon setters, Lavaracs, Blue Beltons, Pointers, Irish setters, and all the noble breeds of this class of canines are as common in the streets as mongrels are elsewhere. Few sights are more beautiful than these noble creatures, with full, intelligent eye, graceful pose and feathered tail pointing and retrieving.

The lover of the gun in other countries is largely dependent upon the mallard, canvas back, and their kin, and in many cases he is obliged to go many miles from the commercial centres to find them in their habitat. Similarly the sportsman of other places is now forced to depend largely on the rapidly thinning out quail, partridge and woodcock, while at the same time the prairie province and the lands to the west and northwest of it are at the present time literally alive with the prairie hen, which unquestionably affords the finest shooting to be had on the American continent. With a well-trained pair of horses, a driver who understands his business, a Gordon setter thoroughly up to the mark, a number twelve Hammerless Greener, and an agreeable companion on the opening day of the season, a man can obtain, in a radius of from fifteen to twenty miles from Winnipeg, as good chicken shooting as the most exacting could desire. Better shooting, of course, can be had at a greater distance from the civic centres, but its superiority only lies in the fact of the game being less disturbed, and as a consequence not so shy as those in localities more accustomed to the presence of the hunter. As a matter of fact, however, prairie chickens are plentiful throughout the entire province, and no greater sport can be imagined or more easily obtained than this, which is essentially the sport of the western plains.

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Attention is called to the advertisement of Messrs. T. Costen & Co., sporting goods dealers, 1636 Notre Dame St., Montreal. This firm is one of the "old reliables" of the trade.

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The Rod and Gun Publishing Company will be pleased to receive addresses of sportsmen to whom sample copies of the magazine will be sent. Or, better still, make your friends a present of a year's subscription to Rod and Gun.

THE FOWLER OF THE COAST

(Atlantic Coast, late Autumn.)

By C. McKAY.



ABOVE, swart sky and sable cloud ;
Beneath, grey streaming surging seas ;
Inshore, old Ocean's hoary host
Charging the rock-embattled coast ;
And seaward, breathings of a breeze,
And shiverings of the Deep's dark shroud.

A fowler, stormy-petrel wise,
Seated within his crazy boat,
Swings o'er the swells, from crest to crest,
In wild, abrupt, reckless unrest ;
He waits the morning's moving note,
The whirr of wild-duck 'cross the skies.

The dawn grows dim o'er Fort Latour,
And dank along the mist-draped sea ;
The wild-duck rise from cove and bay,
Flurried and frightened by the day,
And scurry seaward, flocking free,
As shot-guns speak along the shore.

The fowler rouses with the light,
And grasps his ancient fowling-piece ;
Anxious, alert, his keen eyes gaze,
Up through the shimmering pearl-hued haze
That folds him like a mystic fleece,
Watching the wild fowl's swift-winged flight.

The wild fowl pass with whirring roar,
Shutting the sky out overhead.
A shot—another—so, well done !
Twelve fowl drop seaward, one by one ;
The fowler gathers up the dead
And wounded—loads—and waits for more.

THE INDIAN, THE LOON AND THE BEAR.

By C. C. Farr.

KISTAHBISH, Weenusk and Sheeno were excellent men, as far as Indians go, and as I was in great haste to reach a certain place within a given time, I was glad that I had been able to secure their services for the trip.

They never seemed to weary of the paddle, but kept up from daylight until dark, that rhythmic thud which canoe men know so well, and which in the light of business means so many miles a day.

They did not walk over the portages, but kept up that half run or jog trot which is peculiar to an Indian on the voyage, and which seems to ease them when heavily loaded. Lake after lake we traversed, camping late each day, but not in any discomfort, for they knew the exact spots most suitable for camping, and timed their arrival at each place with a punctuality that would have been a credit to a well-organized train system.

Such good time were we making that I felt easy regarding the object of my trip, which was to secure from an Indian a large quantity of furs, which he had in his possession, and, as I knew that others were also aware of the same fact, and that the usual custom was in such cases for the man who first caught the Indian to catch the furs, I was anxious to arrive at his camp before anyone else could do so, especially in that I had, in the previous fall, advanced this man heavily. Therefore I felt a sense of satisfaction and security of my purpose, as we sped along at the rate of about five miles an hour, and with only another half day's paddling before us.

The lake was beautifully calm, so that we could see reflected upon its surface the trees and bushes that fringed the shore line, like as in a mirror. Suddenly I became aware of an animated discussion going on amongst my Indians, and I at once gathered from it the fact that a loon was in sight—"mahnk," as they call it—and moreover, that they contemplated hunting it. No Indian can resist a loon hunt on a calm day. In fact, it is only on a calm day that they will attempt to get more than a chance shot at this inveterate diver, for the simple reason that unless they can see the tell-tale ripple or ring on the surface of the water, made by the loon when

it comes to the surface for air, it is hopeless trying to get more than a chance shot at it.

The loon seldom rises on the wing unless there is a breeze blowing. Some thought that it was impossible for them to do so, but last summer I saw a loon rise on a day that was perfectly calm, though it took a long time to clear the water. They never rise when chased, depending entirely on their wonderful diving powers to escape.

This loon hunting is a very violent kind of exercise. The loon dives, then every man strains every nerve at the paddle. The leader of the hunt watches the direction it apparently has taken when in the act of diving, judges his distance, and when he has come about as far as he thinks the loon can go, he sits, with gun to shoulder, on the alert, ready to take a snap shot the moment it rises to the surface, for it is no sooner up than it is down again, and while he (the leader) watches in front of him the eyes of the rest in the canoe are watching to right, to left, and behind for that tell-tale ripple that denotes that the loon has risen and gone down again.

I believe that it can see the canoe from beneath the surface of the water, and that unless it is very hard pressed, it can change its course beneath the surface.

The hunt lasts a long time, sometimes over an hour, the loon finally becoming so fagged that each dive becomes shorter and shorter, and then it is the business of the hunter to keep it diving as much as is possible, so that it can neither take breath nor rest, and finally the poor thing can no longer keep under water, and succumbs to the ever-pointing gun. I had so often witnessed these affairs that I did not care to waste the time now, but I found it hard to deny my fellows the fun, especially seeing the excellent time that they had made. So they hunted and they chased, and at last the final shot laid the poor beast fluttering on the surface of the water, but that last shot was answered by another report at no great distance from us, and I heard the Indians say "Mah!" "Owaynin?" "Epeewidayetook!" "Listen!" "Who?" "Opposition trader perhaps."

At the same time a canoe, manned by three Indians, and containing a passenger, like myself, came swiftly round

a point. It was, indeed, the opposition trader and that blessed loon hunt had delayed us so that he had caught me up, while, to make matters worse, my men had pretty well spent themselves in hunting a loon, which is uneatable except by Indians, being both fishy and tough, while the skin is a straight white elephant. Some say they make excellent vests, but the only use I have ever seen them put to is to breed moths.

I expressed my opinion regarding the matter to my men, and they hung their heads and said nothing, but they paddled steadily. Of course, we met on the portages, and the two gangs of Indians fraternized. They showed their friends the loon with great pride, while I hated the very sight of it. My opposition friend was exceedingly urbane, and to judge by our conversation, one would have thought that we were out there paddling for the good of our health.

The loon hunt had certainly not helped my men, and I could plainly see that our chances of getting into the Indians' camp before my rival were becoming very thin. I occasionally resorted to the familiar "Hup, hup, hup!" but it was feebly responded to, and it was evident that we were losing ground. One does not consider a loon skin an adequate substitute for two or three hundred dollars worth of furs. To my intense disgust, Weenusk suddenly burst out laughing. I know Indians and their ways, and I know how cheerful they become under adversity, but I must confess that I found that laughter incongruous and unbearable.

"Kish Kolan! Agate Ki pisinahstishnah?"

I shouted, which means, "Shut up! Are you a fool?"

Weenusk did not answer, but he laughed the louder, and then he spoke rapidly, and under his breath, to the other Indians so that I only caught the word "Makwa" (bear), and I feared that they had caught sight of a bear swimming in the lake, which would mean another hunt, and consequent delay, but I said nothing. The other Indians laughed, and they quickened their stroke so as to leave the other canoe behind a few hundred yards. We were not far from another portage, and such was the speed they made that they were off, across the portage with the canoe and their loads before I had time to collect the few small personal belongings, which I always carried myself.

The other canoe came ashore before I got away, and as I knew the man well who was after those furs, I could not well refuse to answer him when he would speak to me, and there he kept me, chatting like a fool, until his men had their loads on their backs

ready to start. He wanted me to join him in his canoe; he was so sweet, "for," he said, "your men appear to be tired."

I had not time to refuse the offer when an unearthly noise proceeded from the bush, not far from where we were standing. It was the hoarse, impassioned voice of a bear in love.

Down fell the bundles that the Indians had just shouldered, and there was a general rush for firearms, the opposition himself even producing a revolver. For my part I enjoy a bear hunt, but I cursed the chance that had brought this brute there at that particular time. However, I thought, with some satisfaction, that my opponent's men were in it, too, and so I accepted the inevitable and plodded over the portage to find out how many of my men had gone on the bear hunt.

To my astonishment I found them all, paddle in hand, sitting in the canoe waiting for me. Ah, did I say? That wretched Weenusk was gone. The answer of the Indians as to where he had gone was drowned by the resounding cries of the amorous bear, which apparently was moving in the same direction that we were.

The Indians now shouted, "Boosin," "boosin," which means "embark," and I did so, cursing Weenusk and his folly. Indeed, so vexed was I with him that I made up my mind to leave him there, for it was only about four miles from the Indians' camp, and he could walk that much. So off we started, not so fast, for we were a paddle short.

The bear seemed to be following the shore, judging by the noise it made, and certainly was heading for a small point nearly half a mile from the portage; I noticed my Indians entering for the same point, and for fear the beast should try to swim across the lake, and so tempt my fellows, I bade them keep away from the point, and steer for the other shore, but they laughed, and utterly disregarded my commands. I sat there helpless and wild. If killing Indians had been fashionable at the time, I certainly would have slain one of these fellows.

I found them even slackening their speed, as if they did not want to pass the bear. When we were within less than one hundred yards of the point, we could hear the bushes cracking as the bear clumsily forced its way through them, and I knew that we were bound to hunt that bear. Only one consolation remained, and that was there was no sign of the opposition. The canoe even was not brought over yet, but we missed Weenusk. His paddle was worth that of nearly two other men. As I thus mused, suddenly, with an unearthly cry, the bushes on

the shore parted, and out jumped, not the bear, but Weenusk, who ran along the shore to the end of the point, while at the same time the crack of a rifle rang out, and a bullet went ricocheting across the water ahead of him.

I never heard if the man who fired the shot really thought it was a bear or whether he wanted to give Weenusk a scare when he found out how he had been fooled. Whatever it was, in a few seconds we were alongside of Weenusk, and into the canoe he jumped with a yell of derision and blood curdling hoots, in which the other two Indians joined, and then they paddled for dear life, and we sped along at a rate that defied pursuit, even if the other canoe had been able to start at once from the portage. As a matter of fact, however, the canoe was still on the other side of the portage and its crew were tramping through a rough bush back to the spot where they had left their loads.

We arrived at the Indians' camp long before they even appeared in sight, and by the time that they had landed, I had every skin secured, and was able to go down to the beach and entertain my friend with pleasant conversation, just as he had done to me on the portage, but I found that this time it was he who lacked cordiality, and he abused Weenusk shamefully.

But Weenusk profited by his ingenuity and pluck.

It is true, he gave me the loon skin, which, as long as my wife puts up with the moths it breeds, I shall keep as a souvenir, but to Weenusk I gave a complete suit, such as the Indian loveth, a black one abominably cut, baggy as to the trousers, and shining as if it had received a coating of best shoe blacking, and moreover, he gained a name, for now he is known as "Makwa" the bear), instead of "Weenusk," or "Akokojesh" (the ground hog).



LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

Its Organization and Constitution.

The League of American Sportsmen is organized for the purpose of protecting the game and game fishes; the song, insectivorous and other innocent birds, not classed as game birds. Its prime object is to enforce game laws, where such exist, and to secure and enforce such laws where not now in existence. It aims to promote good fellowship among sportsmen; to foster in the minds of the people a love of nature and of nature's works; to encourage the propagation of game and game fishes, and the re-stocking of game fields and public waters. To these ends it will act in unison with State, county and municipal authorities who aim at similar ends.

The League of American Sportsmen will not compete with any other organization that has similar objects in view. On the contrary, it desires to enlist the sympathies of and to co-operate with, all such.

The League of American Sportsmen is opposed to excessive slaughter of game and fish, under the name of sport. We are opposed to the killing of any innocent bird or animal, which is not game, in the name of sport, or in wantonness, or for commercial

purposes. We are opposed to the sale of game and game fishes, at all times and under all circumstances. We believe in reasonable bags. We believe the killing of game and the taking of fish should be limited by law, not only as to seasons, but that the bag for any one man, for a day, and for a season, should be defined by law. We believe in a gun-license law, with severe penalties for violations thereof.

We, as individual members of this League, pledge ourselves to work for the education of the public, and especially of our boys, on the lines indicated above; to co-operate with our officers, and with State or municipal officers, in the enforcement of game laws, whenever an opportunity offers.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. This organization shall be known as the League of American Sportsmen.

Sec. 2. Its objects shall be the preservation and propagation of game and game fishes, of song and insectivorous birds and of forests; the education of men, women and children to a love of nature and of nature's works; to a proper respect for game laws and to a proper abhorrence for the custom so prevalent to-day, among men and boys, of killing every living thing found in the woods, for the mere sake of killing.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. The League shall be an association sub-divided, for convenience in administration and government, as follows:

(a) When there shall be 25 League members in any State it shall be constituted a Division, and the secretary shall call an election for a Chief Warden. The election shall be conducted by mail, and the secretary shall receive and count the votes and declare the result. The Chief Warden so chosen shall enter upon his duties at once and shall conduct the affairs of the Division under rules and regulations made by the Executive Committee.

(b) When there shall be 50 League members in any State, the Chief Warden shall appoint a Secretary-Treasurer and the 2 officers shall organize the State Division, put it in working order, appoint County Wardens, and shall generally conduct the affairs of the Division under rules and regulations made by the Executive Committee.

(c) When there shall be 100 members in any State, the Chief Warden shall appoint a Vice Warden. The Chief Warden, the Secretary-Treasurer and the Vice Warden thus appointed, together with such other representatives as may be appointed as hereinafter provided, shall constitute the division board of officers, with power to make and execute a constitution and by-laws for the government of the division.

Sec. 2. When there shall be 25 members in any town, city or county, they may be constituted a local chapter, and the Chief Warden or Secretary-Treasurer of the Division in which such town, city or county is located shall call an election for a Rear Warden who shall be the presiding officer of such chapter. When there shall be 50 League members in such chapter the Rear Warden shall appoint a Secretary-Treasurer whose duties in such chapter shall be equivalent to those of the Secretary-Treasurer of the State Division in that body. Any funds required by such chapter for providing a meeting place, or for other purposes, shall be subscribed by the members thereof, or raised in such other manner as they may elect.

Sec. 3. The status of every division shall be fixed annually, on the first day of October and shall be based on the membership enrolled on the books of the League, on that date.

Sec. 4. When the membership of any division shall be less than 25, such division shall be discontinued, and all money and property shall be turned over to the secretary of the League within 30 days after notification by the secretary.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. Any white man of good character, 15 years of age or over, shall, with the endorsement of 2 League members, or 2 other reputable citizens, be eligible to membership in this League, on payment of the membership fee, as provided in this constitution.

Sec. 2. Any woman may become an associate member by complying with the provisions of Section 1. Associate members

shall have all the privileges of the League except those of voting and holding office.

Sec. 3. All ministers of the gospel and all teachers in universities, colleges, public or private schools, who will pledge themselves to co-operate with the League of American Sportsmen in educating their people to respect game and fish laws, and to aid in the preservation of birds, mammals, fishes and forests, shall, on application, be made honorary members of the L. A. S.

Sec. 4. Any white man who may comply with Section 1 of this Article, may become a life member of the League by paying to the Secretary \$25, and shall be exempt from the payment of dues thereafter.

Sec. 5. Applications for membership shall be forwarded direct to the secretary of the League, together with the proper fee and such information as he may require.

Sec. 6. All annual memberships shall expire one year from the date on which the last membership fee was paid.

Sec. 7. A member may renew his membership at any time within 60 days from date of its expiration, by payment of the annual dues, \$1 a year.

Sec. 8. The secretary shall retain from all annual membership and renewal fees, an annual per capita tax of 40 cents. The balance of such membership and renewal fees shall be returned to the State divisions quarterly.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1. The general management of the League shall be vested in a national assembly consisting of

All chief wardens;

All vice wardens from divisions having 200 or more members;

All secretary-treasurers from divisions having 100 or more members;

All delegates chosen by the several divisions;

All ex-presidents and ex-vice presidents of the League, who shall, at the time of the meeting of the national assembly, be members of the League in good standing.

The president and vice-presidents, the secretary, the treasurer and the chairman of all standing committees.

This national assembly shall have power to change the constitution and by-laws, for the guidance of the League; to establish regulations for the government of divisions, in their relations to the League and to each other, and to generally direct and decide in all matters not provided for in this constitution.

Sec. 2. The general supervision and executive powers of the League shall be vested in the executive and finance committee; but said committee shall not involve the League in any matter not contemplated by the purposes of this organization, without the authority of the national assembly. Said committee shall enforce all rules, regulations and orders made by the national assembly and carry out the provisions of the constitution and by-laws; but shall not have any power of legislation (this being vested solely in the national assembly). Members of this committee shall be allowed their necessary expenses, and may allow sub-committees their necessary expenses. They shall audit the accounts of the Secretary and Treasurer, which accounts shall be rendered to the executive committee quarterly.

All orders for the payment of money, by the treasurer, shall be signed by the president and secretary of the League.

Sec. 3. Fifteen members, personally present at any meeting of the national assembly, shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Sec. 4. The annual meeting of the national assembly shall begin on the second Wednesday in February, of each year. The place of meeting shall be determined by the executive committee.

Sec. 5. Special business meetings of the national assembly shall be called by the president, on the written request of a majority of the chief wardens of the divisions. Such meetings shall be called not later than 60 days after the receipt of the request, at a place designated by the president.

Sec. 6. In case of the refusal or neglect of any division of the L. A. S. to comply with any decision or ruling of the national assembly, or of the executive committee,

when the national assembly is not in session, such division may, by a majority vote of said executive committee, be fined in such sum as the committee may deem proper. This fine may be collected from the amount of dues in the hands of the secretary of the L. A. S. and withheld from the division until the aforesaid order of ruling shall be complied with.

ARTICLE V.

Section 1. (a) Each division shall elect annually, a Chief Warden, vice Warden and Secretary-Treasurer and shall also elect one representative for each 200 League members on its roll October 1.

(b) In the event of the removal of a secretary-treasurer by the board of officers, the chief warden shall appoint a secretary-treasurer who shall serve until the next annual election thereafter.

(c) The division board of officers, of each State, shall be required as soon as possible after installation in office, to appoint one or more local game wardens in each and every county in the State.

(d) It shall be the duty of these local wardens to watch for violations of the game laws, to report all such violations to the proper State, county or municipal authorities; to furnish, if possible, ample evidence of such game law violations; to insist on and aid in the prosecution of all such violators and generally to co-operate with the State, county or municipal authorities, in every honorable way, in bringing game violators to justice.

(e) All local wardens shall be appointed on probation, and may be removed by the State board of officers whenever found incompetent or inattentive to duty.

(f) During the first year of the existence of this League, such local wardens shall be paid, by the State Division, \$10 for each conviction secured by them of a person charged with violation of any game law. Thereafter they may be paid regular salaries, and traveling expenses, if found worthy, and if the numerical and financial strength of the State Division, shall have grown to such an extent as to justify such outlay. The salary and travelling expenses of such local wardens shall not, however, exceed the aggregate sum of \$7,500 a year, in any case.

(g) In sparsely settled States or Territories, where the membership of State Divisions can not be built up to such numbers as to warrant the employment of County Wardens, as above provided, the Executive Committee of the League may appropriate funds to aid in the payment of such Local Wardens whenever, in its judgment, such action may be necessary. No greater sum than \$1,000 shall, however, be appropriated for use in any one county, in any one year.

(h) The chief warden of each State division shall appoint a committee of 3 members, to be known as the division committee on legislation and the enforcement of game laws. It shall be the duty of this committee to familiarize itself, thoroughly, with the game laws of the State in which it exists, and if said laws be found, in the judgment of the committee, defective or inadequate, it shall endeavor to secure the enactment, as soon as possible, of suitable amendments to or changes in such laws.

This committee shall also have general supervision of all prosecutions for the violation of game laws in its State, which are brought about by local wardens or other officers or members of the League; and all claims for compensation of local wardens shall be audited by this committee before being paid.

This committee shall be required to co-operate, in every way possible, with the legislative and executive authorities of the State, in the enactment and enforcement of wholesome game laws; and shall report, at frequent intervals, to the National League Committee on legislation and the enforcement of laws, such information as the division committee may deem of interest and value to said National Committee.

Sec. 2. Each division having at least 20 and less than 100 members shall elect, annually, a chief warden and a secretary-treasurer.

Sec. 3. Each division having at least 25 and less than 50 members shall elect, annually, a chief warden.

Sec. 4. The persons who shall receive the greatest number of votes, regularly voted, for any office at any election in a division, shall be declared elected.

Sec. 5. These officers shall constitute the division board of officers, and shall be elected annually between the 15th day of October and the 15th day of November, at such time and place, and in such manner as is provided by the constitution and by-laws or the rules and regulations of the division.

Sec. 6. Vacancies in the office of Chief Warden of a division shall be filled by the succession of the Vice Warden. Vacancies in the office of Chief Warden of a division having less than 100 members shall be filled by the president. All other vacancies in divisions shall be filled by the Chief Warden.

Sec. 7. Each division shall adopt, for its guidance, a constitution and by-laws, not inconsistent with the national constitution and by-laws, and a copy of the national constitution and by-laws shall be included in or sent with any publication containing the constitution and by-laws of any division which shall be published by the division for general distribution among its members.

Sec. 8. The term of office of all division officers shall commence on the 1st day of December in each year.

Sec. 9. Each division board of officers shall hold its annual meeting on the 1st day of December, and shall then elect from the division one delegate to the national assembly for each 40 members on its roll, on December 1.

ARTICLE VI.

Section 1. The officers of the League shall be a president, first, second, third, fourth and fifth vice-presidents, treasurer, and secretary, who shall be elected by the national assembly at the annual meeting.

Sec. 2. The official year shall begin immediately on the adjournment of the annual meeting of the national assembly.

Sec. 3. There shall be the following national committees:

1. Executive and finance, to consist of the president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer.

2. Membership.

3. Rights and privileges.

4. Rules and regulations.

5. Legislation and enforcement of laws.

6. Transportation.

7. Auditing.

8. Local organization.

Sec. 4. (a) All national committees shall be appointed by the president, who shall have the power to suspend or remove any member of such committees, and to fill vacancies therein arising from suspensions, removals or from any other cause.

(b) The committees on local organization, transportation, rights and privileges, rules and regulations, auditing, and membership, shall consist of 3 members each. The committee on legislation and the enforcement of laws consist of 15 members, and 5 members shall constitute a quorum, for the transaction of business, at any meeting hereof.

ARTICLE VII.

Section 1. The executive committee shall select and designate an official organ for the L. A. S., in which shall be printed the proceedings of annual meetings, the reports of committees, and other official information.

ARTICLE VIII.

This constitution may be altered or amended by a two-thirds vote of the delegates of the national assembly, voting in person or by proxy, at any regular meeting of the assembly, or at any meeting called for that purpose, of which 60 days' notice shall have been given in the official organ; but no amendment shall be made or considered unless 30 days' notice thereof shall have been given through the columns of said official organ.



A number of contributions are unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

THE GUN.

Conducted by "Bob White."

Hints on Organizing a Gun Club.

TO THOSE who have had any experience in trap shooting the following remarks will contain what to them will seem like elementary knowledge in the art. but, assuming that there are many of our readers who have never taken the trouble to consider the matter at all or acquire any knowledge about it, and who may contemplate starting a shooting club, it may be helpful to shortly note the different systems usually adopted, and some of the rules governing the same.

In every locality lovers of sports afield with dog and gun are numerous. The person taking the initiative in organizing a club should appoint a time and place for meeting, and gather together there those whom he thinks will be sufficiently interested to push the venture along. If on discussion a dozen or so warm up to it and express themselves in favor of the project, he can congratulate himself that the embryo club has its success assured. Officers should then be elected, usually consisting of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, captain, and in addition an executive committee of, say, three or four "warm" members, in addition to the officers. The executive is a very convenient body to consult from time to time, and to legislate for the club proper, especially as the membership increases to large proportions. A name should be selected for the club, and a constitution and by-laws prepared and adopted. In the preparation of these it will be useful to have before you those of some old and established club.

Having organized the club, a committee of two or three should be appointed to select suitable grounds, and to provide the necessary supplies. These will vary to some extent according to the system of shooting the club intend to adopt, and we will now proceed to consider what these different systems are. There are three, commonly in use, viz., rapid fire, sergeant and magazine trap.

Rapid Fire.—Three or five traps are set level, and in a straight line, three to five yards apart, and numbered from left to right, so that the extreme left trap is No. 1, and No. 2 the next trap to the right of it, and so on. The score for 12-gauge guns is 16 yards from each trap. The pulls will be arranged

to be brought to a common centre back of the score. If the shooting is at known angles, the traps will be set to throw birds as follows:—No. 1, right quartering; No. 2, left quartering; No. 3, straight away; No. 4, right quartering; No. 5, left quartering. If only three traps are used Nos. 2, 3 and 4 will be the angles. The birds must be thrown not less than 40 yards, nor more than 65 yards from the trap and at 10 yards from the trap must have an elevation of not less than 6 feet nor more than 12 feet. The squad of five shooters take their position opposite each trap

at known angles, but the traps are pulled according to an indicator. When five traps are used the shooter in front of No. 1 trap shoots at a target thrown from any of the 5 traps. The shooter in front of No. 2 shoots at a target thrown from any of the four remaining traps. No. 3 from any of the three remaining, No. 4 from either of the two remaining traps. Then all move up so that No. 5 shoots from No. 1 and gets the 5 unknown traps. Another variation is:—Expert Rules, One Man Up. Here the shooter takes his stand opposite the centre trap and shoots from each trap as if 5 men were up. Again the angles instead of being fixed may be made unknown, increasing the difficulty of the snooting. Finally the targets may be thrown at reversed angles. In this case the angles are fixed as first mentioned. The man in front of No. 1 trap shoots at a target thrown from No. 5; No. 2 from No. 4; No. 3 from No. 3; No.



A *Lusus Naturae*, from Quebec Province.

and after shooting at a bird move up from left to right, No. 1 man passing to No. 2 and No. 5 coming to No. 1. The rapid fire system, known traps and known angles, is the simplest style of target shooting and a young club will soon want to try something more difficult. There are many well-known variations. First the shooting is rendered more difficult by making the angles unknown to the shooter. Another variation is called Expert Rules, Rapid Fire. There, the traps are set as above

4 from No. 2 and No. 5 from No. 1. Then all move up. Sometimes to make the shooting more difficult Nos. 2, 3 and 4 traps are set to throw unknown angles and this system is strongly recommended.

Next we have the arrangement of traps in what is known as the Sergeant System. Here three traps, any make which admit of the angles being easily and quickly changed, are set in a pit or on a level, but properly screened so as to protect the trappers. The

traps are set on a line one and a half yards apart. The score in this case is set in the segment of a circle, so that each shooter instead of being in a straight line shall be 16 yards from the centre trap. The scores shall be from 3 yards to 5 yards apart. The shooting is at unknown angles and the shooter should not know which trap is to be pulled for him. Properly speaking the angles should be changed in any case after each five shots and the traps pulled according to an indicator. The uncertainty of flight and the unknown rise of the target makes this shooting more similar to field shooting and is not only better practice, but is the hardest kind of target shooting. This system is strongly recommended to young clubs. It has many advantages. Only 3 traps are required, and the screen can be so built as to completely enclose the traps. A good arrangement is to build a trap-house 12 feet front, 9 feet rear, 3 1-2 feet high in front, sloping to rear, with sides and roof and drop door in front. The traps can be set in a house of this kind and do not require to be moved after each shot, but can be locked up where they are.

The magazine trap is a rather complicated piece of machinery which has many advantages, but which, perhaps, would not be as satisfactory for a young and inexperienced club. However, it is very similar in its style of throwing targets to the Sergeant System, and might be studied with advantage by intending trap shooters.

Stray Shots.

J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, has challenged Rolla O. Helkes, of Dayton, Ohio, for the cast-iron medal, emblematic of the live bird championship of America, and it will be shot for at Kent, Ohio, on July 21st. If we remember rightly, Helkes won the medal from Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., with the splendid score of 99 ex 100.

The tournament of the Cleveland Target Co. was held at Cleveland, O., June 13 to 15, and, as usual, was a big success. G. W. Mutter, J. H. Vandusen, A. W. Reid and E. G. Swift, of the Walkerville (Ont.) Gun Club, attended. Rolla O. Helkes, of Dayton, O., led the experts in the three days' shooting with 398 out of 402, and won a handsome diamond-set gold locket for high average of his class. Chauncey M. Powers, Decatur, Ill., won high average in the amateur class with 411 out of 420, and also got a diamond-set gold locket.

The London (Eng.) Field makes these remarks on Texas shooting methods: "It is evident that if reports are to be trusted, the Texas shooting code is not of the highest possible standard. Sportsmen there, it would appear, have little regard for the seasons fixed for the due protection and propagation of the game, but shoot just when they have a mind to. But, if the dates of the close times were

not respected, surely the condition in which certain of the game was found, ought, one would imagine, to have appealed to sportsmen to stay their hands. That this, however, did not avail to protect the birds may be gleaned from the fact that parties of gunners were recently killing from 150 to 300 upland and golden plover in a trip extending over about four hours. The birds were in very poor condition, and 75 per cent. of the females were full of eggs ranging in size from a No. 9 shot up to Nos. 2 or 1. It is said these gunners shoot everything, keep only the fattest birds, and throw all the rest away. At least 75 per cent. to 80 per cent. are killed on the ground, so that even the plea of shooting for sport cannot be maintained. Truly, it is one thing to pass laws and quite another to have them enforced." Little wonder, is it, that the migratory game birds come back from the South each year to their Canadian breeding grounds in ever-increasing numbers.

Some record-breaking scores have been made recently at targets. At the Peru (Ind.) Gun Club's tournament five men—Dr. Milton, F. D. Alkire, J. L. Head, Ed. Townsend and H. W. Cadwallader—broke 100 straight, establishing a world's record. This feat, however, was duplicated the next week at Nebraska State tournament by Charlie Young, of Springfield, Ohio; W. S. Duer, of Hastings, Neb.; George Rogers, of Lincoln, Neb.; and A. P. Daniels, of Denver, Col. At Peoria, Ill., a squad, consisting of Powers, Fulford, Young, Helkes and Gilbert, shot five events of twenty Blue Rocks, each thrown from a Magastrap, and scored 96, 97, 98, 100, and 98, or 489 out of 500. Young broke 100 straight; Powers, 99; Fulford, 98; Gilbert, 97, and Helkes, 95. Young then went on and made the extraordinary run of 111 straight.

Mr. Forest H. Conover, of Leamington, Ont., was one of the few Canadians who attended the forty-first annual convention and tournament of the New York State Association, held at Buffalo, N. Y., June 5th to 9th, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. He broke 131 out of 145 first day; 148 out of 170 second day, and 194 out of 225 third day—a total of 383 out of 440, or 87 per cent. The expert general average was won by Rolla Helkes, with 486 out of 500, and the amateur general average by Chauncey M. Rogers, with 477 out of 500. F. D. Kelsey, of Aurora, N.Y., won the trophy emblematic of the target championship of New York State, with 460 out of 500.

Sherbrooke, Que., is an up-to-date shooting town. The Gun Club here held their annual amateur tournament on Dominion Day (July 1st), on their grounds, which are pleasantly situated just outside the city limits, convenient to the electric cars and the principal hotels.

Some sportsmen of Saginaw, Mich., have liberated a number of Mongolian pheasants, in different parts of the county. It will be interesting to watch the result. In Ohio pheasant propagation has been very successful, and there is no reason we can see why the same might not be successfully attempted in Canada. The Mongolian pheasant propagates rapidly, will

withstand extreme cold, and is, we believe, as well able to take care of itself as our ruffed grouse and quail. What a splendid addition this remarkably handsome, gamey bird would be to our fields and woods.

Correspondence in the American Field, recently, results in a very strong indictment of the crow, a contributor stating that more young prairie chickens and quails are destroyed by crows and more nests broken up by them than by any other agency that he is acquainted with. As an illustration, he stated that when duck hunting, nine prairie chicken nests were located on the journey to and from the ducking grounds. These nine nests contained 119 eggs, the whole of which were destroyed by the crows. It is doubtful if all the pot hunters, market shooters and game hogs, deplete the game fields as much as the egg-eating and destroying animals and birds.

The first contest for the St. Louis Republic Cup was held at the Missouri State Tournament, St. Louis, Mo., May 16-20. This cup has been given to replace the American Field Cup and the Kansas City Star Cup, both of which have been retired. The conditions of the shoot were 25 birds, \$25 entrance, and \$1,000 purse guaranteed. C. A. Young, Springfield, Ohio, won the cup after a hot race with J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City. Young missed only his 68th tie bird, scoring 119 out of 120, and Elliott missed his 69th and 93rd tie birds, scoring 118 out of 120.

In another issue of Rod and Gun we intend to discuss the respective merits and demerits of the three different modes of dividing purses at tournaments, viz.: Rose system, Equitable system and Percentage system, class shooting.

Readers of Rod and Gun are invited to use our columns freely for the discussion of matters of interest to shooters. We can always learn something valuable from the experience of others. We would also ask secretaries of gun clubs to send us information relating to trap shooting events, the dates and programmes for coming tournaments, and reports of those which have taken place. We shall always be pleased to publish these.

The Kingsville (Ont.) Gun Club held their second annual amateur tournament on the grounds of the "Metawas" summer hotel (one of the finest summer hotels on the continent) on June 30 and July 1. A report of the shoot will appear in our August issue.

At the Illinois State Tournament at Peoria, Ill., May 9th, the Chicago Board of Trade Diamond Badge was won by W. R. Crosby, at live birds, with 60 straight kills. W. D. Stannard was a close second with 59. Crosby shot a new Baker gun, and his load was 44 grains E. C., in Leader cases, 1 1-4 ounces, No. 7 1-2 shot. W. D. Stannard shot a Smith gun, and his load was 3 1-4 drams Dupont, 1 1-4 ounces of No. 8, and 3 1-2 drams, 1 1-4 ounces No. 7 shot, in U.M.C. trap cases. W. E. Rehl, of Alton, Ill., won the L. C. Smith Cup, emblematic of the target championship of Illinois, by breaking 9 targets straight. He used a Parker gun, 3 drams Dupont powder, and 1 1-4 ounces No. 7 shot, in N.M.C. cases.

The Kingsville Gun Club held their second annual amateur tournament at Kingsville June 30th and July 1st. A handsome and valuable silver cup was presented by Dr. S. A. King to the club for competition, the cup to represent the championship of Essex County and the winner to be subject to challenge. The race was at 50 singles and 10 pairs, Sargent system. Dr. Perdue and W. A. Smith, both of Kingsville, tied for the cup with 54 each and Perdue won in shooting off the tie.

Mr. W. R. Crosby, who won the E. C. Cup emblematic of the inanimate target championship of America, at the Missouri state shoot in May successfully defended it against J. A. R. Elliott at Batavia, N.Y., June 23, breaking 123 out of 150 rocks thrown; 50 under expert rules 50 unknown angles and 25 pairs.

John Parker, of the Peters Cart-ridge Co. and Kings Powder Co., won the Expert State Championship Cup at Detroit, June 21, breaking 24 out of 25 targets, 18 yards rise.

The following paragraphs were inadvertently omitted in the last issue:

May was a record breaking month, at targets. At Peru (Ind.), Gun Club's tournament five men—Dr. Britton, F. D. Alkire, J. L. Head, Ed. Rike and H. W. Cadwallader—broke 100 straight, establishing a world's record. This feat, however, was duplicated the next week at Nebraska State tournament by Charlie Young, of Springfield, O.; W. S. Duer, of Hastings, Neb.; George Rogers, of Lincoln, Neb.; and A. B. Daniels, of Denver, Col. At Peoria, Ill., a squad, consisting of Powers, Fulford, Young, Helkes, and Gilbert, shot five events of twenty Blue Rocks, each thrown from a Morgan trap, and scored 36, 97, 98, 100, and 98, or 439, out of 500. Young broke 100 straight. Powers, 99; Fulford, 98; Gilbert, 97, and Helkes, 95. Young then went on and made the extraordinary run of 211 straight.

The Walkerville Gun Club had a shoot on Saturday afternoon, May 13th, one of the features being a team race between five men from Walkerville, Windsor and Kingsville. Walkerville won the race with 93 out of 125. At this shoot Mr. A. Reid did some very good work, breaking 48 out of his last 50, in the programme events.

At the Blenheim tournament, held May 3rd and 4th, Mr. Forest Conover won the silver cup, given for the best average score both days. Mr. Conover appears to monopolize the honors at Blenheim, as he has won a similar trophy for high average for three years in succession. He shoots Dupont powder, and thinks there is nothing finer.

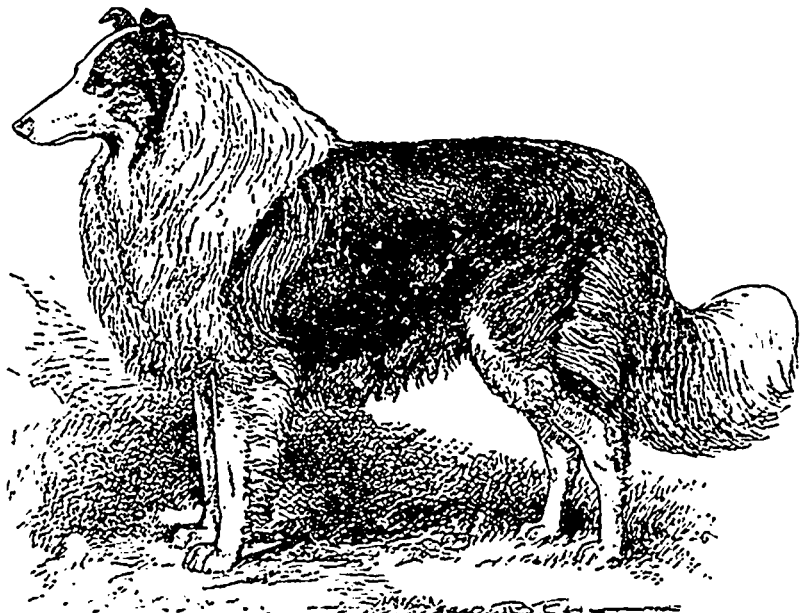
The Brant County Rod and Gun Club held a most successful tournament at the city of Brantford (Ont.) on 24th May. The targets were thrown from a Magan trap, and worked very successfully. The event was held at the club's ranges in the Willows, and was attended by a large number of local enthusiasts and by many outside visitors. A most interested programme was presented, and, as shown by the scores, the shooting was of a high order. The Rod and Gun Club are evidently a progressive organization, and their success is only what their enterprise deserves.



OF THE number of breeds of dogs it may be said, as of the making of books, that there is no end, and each and every one of these has its admirers. For the guidance of the amateur breeder or student of dogology many interesting treatises are published, almost any of which with a little study and following out the directions as to feeding, housing, etc., will enable the owner to bring a puppy through the vicissitudes of early life to a virtuous and happy maturity. While we have said there are many treatises on the dog we believe the most important work yet published

written in a practical and interesting manner.

In a late issue of the London Field the death is announced of Fullerton, considered the greatest greyhound of recent years and by many coursing men the best that ever went to slips. A few years ago Fullerton, who was then the property of Col. North, created a sensation by straying away from his kennels. It was supposed at the time that he had been stolen and shipped to the States. The police on this side were notified by cable and every incoming steamer was diligently searched until the valuable animal reappeared. It is an oft-told tale how



"Laurel Laddie," A Recently Imported Prize-Winner.

is that lately written by Count H. de Bylandt, of Belgium, a prominent sportsman and writer on dogs, who had previously written several popular books on the subject. It is a perfect encyclopedia and will doubtless be accepted as the standard work on the subject. It is entitled "Races de Chiens" and the scope of the book may be indicated by the fact that three hundred and sixteen breeds are described, while over 2,000 illustrations are given of typical specimens. For thoroughness and exhaustiveness of description it is complete, embracing the dogs of all countries and is

Fullerton divided the Waterloo Cup of his puppy season with his kennel companion, Throughend, and how he subsequently won outright three consecutive Waterloo cups. The following year he was again slipped for the highest coursing honor of the world and thousands of his infatuated admirers backed him at the absurd price of 4 to 1. The adage, "Every dog has his day," proved true, and Fullerton's colors were lowered in the second trial by the Irish representative, Full Captain. As a racing dog his sun had set. During his career Fullerton won thirty-six courses and lost only two,

strange to say its Alpha and Omega, his first and last appearance in public. Fullerton was a perfect model of a greyhound, possessed the invaluable attribute of speed and was unusually quick with his hares. After his defeat, Fullerton was put to the stud at the exceptional fee of \$250 but, like a good many other high-bred dogs, proved impotent and as a sequel Col. North presented him to his breeder.

With the idea of uniting dog fanciers together in their endeavor to raise the standard of all breeds of dogs, a movement is in foot in Montreal to form a joint stock company, for the purpose of holding dog shows at regular intervals. Lists are now out and a considerable number of gentlemen have attached their names to the agreement. The shares are placed at five dollars each and it is proposed that as soon as one hundred names have been secured, to call a general meeting for the purpose of electing officers, etc. Anyone in sympathy with the object may obtain all necessary information through Rod and Gun.

To the sportsman after winged game a well-broken setter and pointer are almost an absolute necessity, if he wishes to save himself unnecessary trouble and fatigue and secure a fair bag. In selecting either of these the various characteristics of the breed should be closely looked at, as, in proportion to the number of "points" in an animal, a larger share of intelligence may be looked for and more easily developed. The best type of English setter should have considerable prominence on the back part of the head, or what is technically known as the occipital bone, somewhat narrow between the ears, and with a very decided brow over the eyes, which should be of medium size, rather animated, and of a dark color. The ears are comparatively small, carried close to the cheeks, soft, of leather thinness, and partly clothed with silky hair. Nose long and wide, with nostrils wide apart and large. The jaws should be equal in strength and not undershot; shoulders sloping, chest deep, rather than wide, and ribs well sprung. The front legs should be set straight, with knees broad and strong; hind legs muscular and plenty of bone; feet hairy.

The Gordon setter generally possesses a splendid intelligence, acute scenting powers and great endurance. In the best specimens are always to be found the leading features of the collie, bloodhound and setter. His head is much heavier than that of his half-brother, the English setter, broad at the top between the ears, skull slightly rounded, and the depth from the occiput to the bottom of lower jaw much

greater; his body is also heavier. The great beauty of this dog is his color, and much prominence is usually given to it in judging. The black should be intense, not brownish, or rusty, and the tan of a rich, dark mahogany color and show on inside of thighs and front legs to the knees. The muzzle also should be tan, and the spots over the eyes well defined.

The characteristics of the pointer are brains, nose and speed, the face being lit up with intelligence and lively in appearance. The head is rather finely drawn, not heavy, as this would denote coarseness and an unreliable disposition. The eyes are of medium size, not too far apart, and of the various shades of brown in color. The nose is an important part of the features, and should be large, long, broad and deep, with nostrils large and open. The ears should be moderately long and flat, filbert shaped, thin and flexible. Shoulders long, sloping and powerful. Good legs are most essential in a pointer; both front and hind should be straight and strong, and covered with well-developed, compact muscles; feet cat-like, with plenty of hair between the toes. The order of preference as to color usually is: Liver and white, black and white, orange and white, whole black or whole liver. The tail is also another important point. It should be set on well up and taper to a decided point; the straighter it is the better.

In choosing either of the breeds above mentioned anyone with ordinary capacity will not go far wrong if he selects according to the above description.

On the other side of the border there are many admirers of the English setter, and field trials are a regular institution. Among the principal breeders of this class are the Verona Kennels, of Pleasanton, Cal., who have as palatial quarters, from a dog's point of view, as can be found anywhere. The buildings show how elegance, utility and convenience can be combined when one has the means to gratify it. The Verona Kennels is the home of Count Gladstone IV., a name well known in dogdom as the winner, either by himself or his progeny, of nearly all the most important field trials held in the United States since 1891.

A very important addition to the pure bred stock of Canada has just been made through the importation, from England, of Laurel Laddie, a beautiful specimen of the collie. Here is what the Manchester Chronicle says of him: "Laurel Laddie again swept the decks at Ashford-in-the-Water on Thursday, winning two firsts, and three specials, including a special for the best collie, a special for best dog over 30 lbs. weight and finished a remarkable record by winning spec-

ial for best dog or bitch, any age, weight or breed. At this show this handsome animal competed in England for the last time. He has been sold at a long figure (in three figures) and leaves these shores, still winning, for Canada next Thursday. Laurel Laddie has won 89 prizes, including 10 firsts and specials, a silver cup, three gold and silver medals and finished at Ashford by winning the President's marble vase valued at twelve guineas." To the enterprise of Messrs. C. B. McAllister, Peterborough, and H. B. Hungerford, Mountaineer Collie Kennels, Belleville, Ont., the fanciers of this breed are indebted for this latest acquisition. As will be seen from his presentment elsewhere, Laurel Laddie is a grand looking specimen. He arrived here on the 19th June in prime condition and is all that his present owners were led to expect. He is a handsome dog with plenty of bone, fine action, splendid ear carriage, with beautiful sable and white markings.

While on the subject of collies I would like to quote the following from a contemporary:

"Nothing in my whole western trip interested me more" said a distinguished traveller recently to a newspaper representative, "than the work I saw done on a large sheep ranch in California by half a dozen or more collies. According to my host, each one of them saved him a good \$75 a month in wages did his work far better than any two men could do it, while his board would not average a tenth of what it would cost to keep a man. The ranch which I visited extended over thousands of acres, while my friend inclosed in his corral each night no fewer than 10,000 sheep. The corral is simply a large disclosure surrounded by a solid, high brick wall. Into this the sheep are driven at night to protect them from the wolves which in California, would make short work of flocks left out on the open plain or insecurely housed. Arriving at the ranch just at night-fall, I had the opportunity of seeing the dogs conduct their various flocks into the fold, and expressed great surprise at their wonderful cleverness and skill.

"Oh, but this is the least part of it," said my host. "You should see the intelligent creatures go about their morning's work. In that they really show more than ordinary human insight. It would be well worth your morning nap for once to watch them.

"Accordingly, at early dawn the next morning I arose, and as I stood gazing spellbound at the breadth of the skyline, and limitless expanse of the plains, my attention was called to the business of the day by the friendly barking of the collies. They had just

finished their breakfast, and were making their way to the corral, the gates of which stood open. In they bounded among the promiscuous assembly of sheep, and then each began to single out his own especial flock; for with three thousands of animals like one another as so many peas, each colle comes, in some subtle way, to know which of them are under his especial care. By a system of running scenting, pushing, crowding, and elbowing; he finally gets his own flock sorted out, and starts them for their particular pasture. Here he watches them through the long day, not allowing one to stray, and at exactly the same hour each night marshals them back to the corral.

"The only point in which they lack judgment," explained my friend, "is that they do not seem to know when they should be taken to new pastures. After grazing over 500 or 600 acres for a few months, the grass is exhausted, and the sheep need to be conducted to fresh meadows. That part of the work falls to me, and is practically all that I do. I select the new grazing ground, and conduct the shepherd and his flock there for the first time. After that he understands. I keep practically no help beside the dogs, and with all my 10,000 sheep can not complain of being overworked."

Fox hunting is growing in popularity in the States. At the present time there are probably one hundred fox hunting clubs maintaining packs of hounds, in addition to numerous individual packs.

A Georgia fox hunter tells a yarn which, if not strictly true, shows that he has a fine sense of humor as well as invention. He had run a red fox several races and failed to catch him on account of the fox going to burrow. He had a fine dog, Ring by name, considered very fast, and they had been running said fox an hour. Ring thinking it about time for his foxship to go to earth as heretofore, quit the pack, and with breakneck speed ran for the burrow, and then placed himself in the den and waited for Reynard's return. Imagine the fox's surprise, if you please, as he trotted up for safety and came in con-

tact with the dog. Wasn't this fox outwitted?

Field Trials.

The following field trials in Canada have been fixed: Western Canada Kennel Club, La Salle, Man., September 4. Manitoba Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials at Morris, Man., September 6. International Trial Club's tenth annual trials at Chatham, Ont., November 14.

Bench Shows.

Western Canada Kennel Club's bench show at Winnipeg, Man., July 10 to 14, inclusive.

Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's eleventh annual show at Toronto, September 4 to 7 inclusive.

American Pet Dog Club's third annual at New York, November 22 to 24 inclusive.

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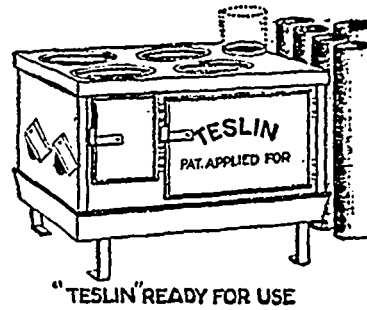
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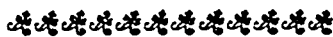
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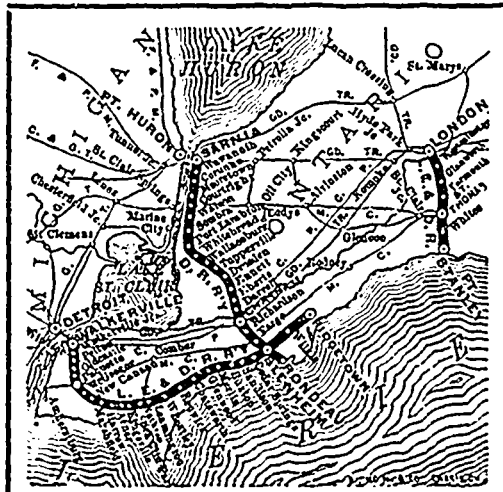


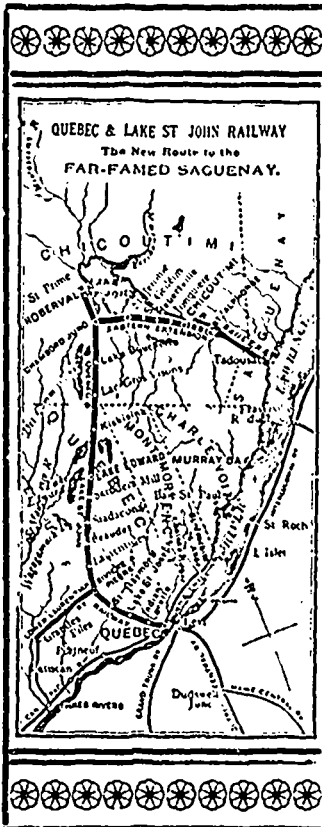
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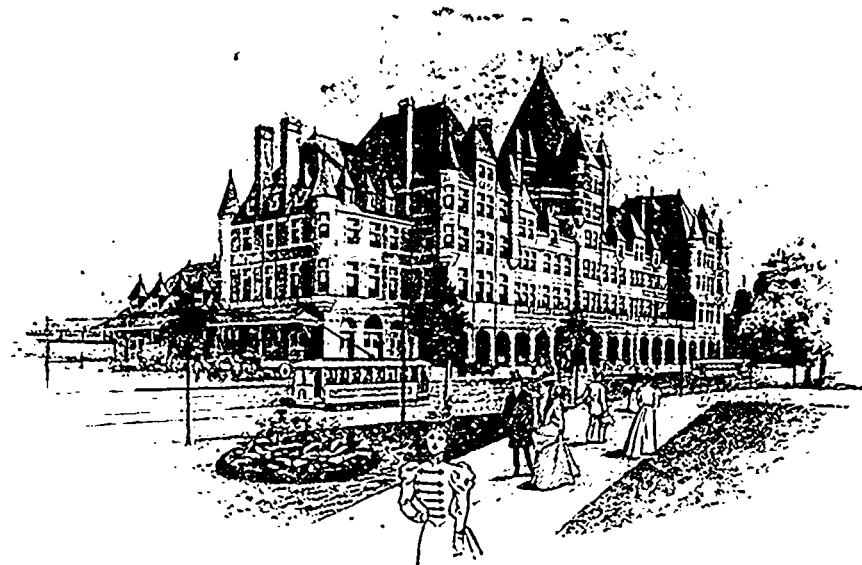
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Glacier. This imposing structure occupies the site of an old fort, and is built in the quaint style of the French Renaissance, partaking of the type of the old chateaux found on the banks of the Loire.

In the heating, lighting and sanitary arrangements, which were specially designed for this hotel, the acme of perfection has been secured, and the entire building, which is modern in every respect, is as absolutely fire-proof as human ingenuity can devise.

The Place Viger Hotel is advantageously situated for those reaching the city by train or boat, being a short distance from the principal steamer docks, and combined in its erection is the Place Viger station of the Canadian Pacific Railway (from which trains leave for and arrive from Quebec), and although located amidst quiet and restful surroundings, is only a few minutes walk from the business portion of the city, and convenient to the city's street car system.

There is accommodation for 350 guests.

The rates are from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day, with special arrangements for large parties or those making a prolonged stay.

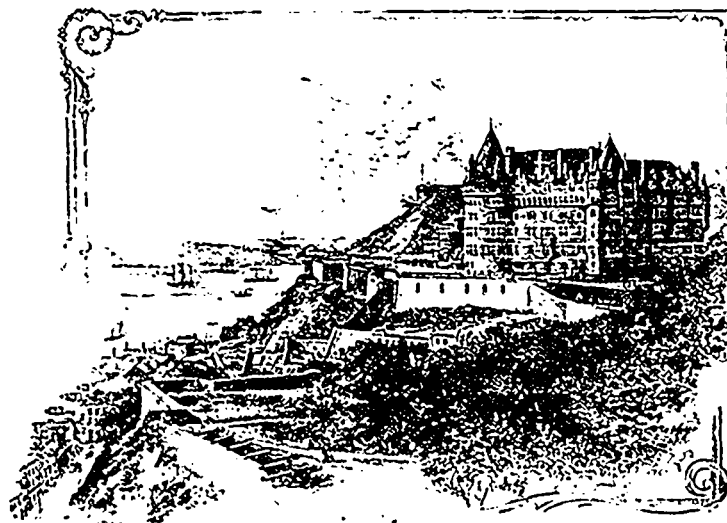
For further particulars address manager Place Viger Hotel, Montreal.



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