

Single Copies, 10c.

APRIL, 1905

\$1.00 a year

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

RECEIVED
MAY 10 1905
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
TORONTO



The Ojibway Indian's Winter Camp.
Bluff Lake, French River.

A MAGAZINE
OF CANADIAN SPORT
AND EXPLORATION



WINCHESTER

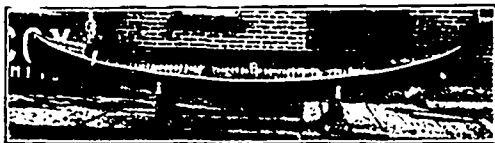


REPEATING RIFLES FOR HUNTING.

Shoot a Winchester once and you will shoot a Winchester always: That's because Winchester rifles after a test of over thirty years represent today in accuracy, reliability and quality, the highest development in gunmaking. Whatever your preferences may be, some one of the nine different Winchester models will surely suit you; for they are made in all calibers, styles and weights. Use Winchester guns for all kinds of shooting and Winchester cartridges for all kinds of guns.

See our Exhibits at St. Louis in Manufacturers and Fish and Game Buildings.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.



18 ft. Cedar Rib Canoe

Want a Canoe ?

Send us Sixty-two
Subscribers to

Rod and Gun in Canada

and we will have the Peterboro Canoe Co., of Peterboro, Ontario, send you a 16-foot Varnished Basswood Canoe, listed at \$37. The models of the Peterboro Canoe Co. are known for their beauty and grace; for light work; for speed, etc. This is certainly a Premium worth working for. For further particulars address

Premium Department,

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

414 Huron St., Toronto

Examine carefully our Premium Department

TROPHIES

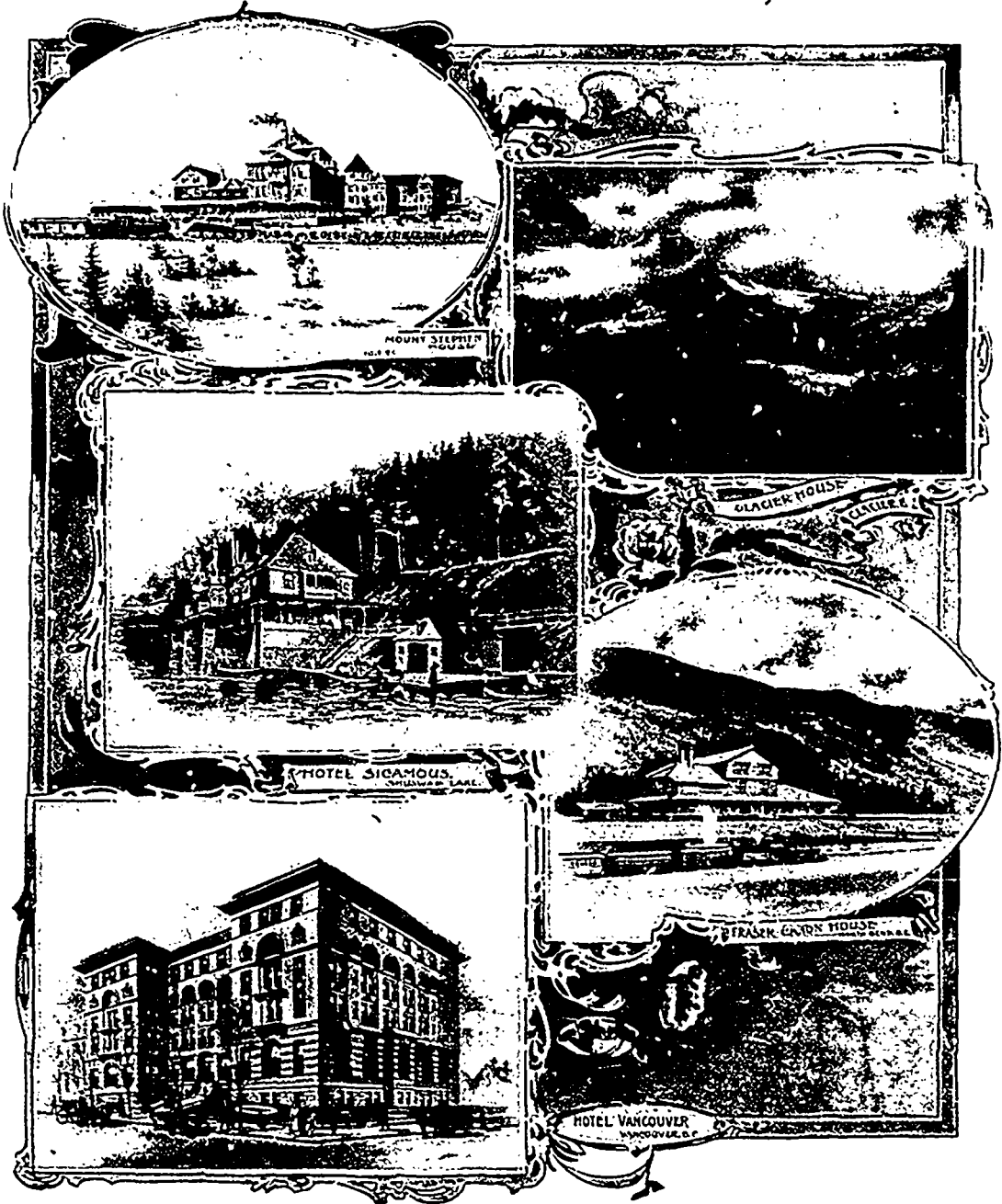
For
Curling,
Shooting
Hockey
and every
branch of
Sport.

WRITE
for
SKETCHES.

As well
as a full
Jewelry
Line
Carried
at prices
15 per
cent.
lower
than the
regular
shops.

Jas. D. Bailey, Jewelry Parlors
75 Yonge St
Toronto.

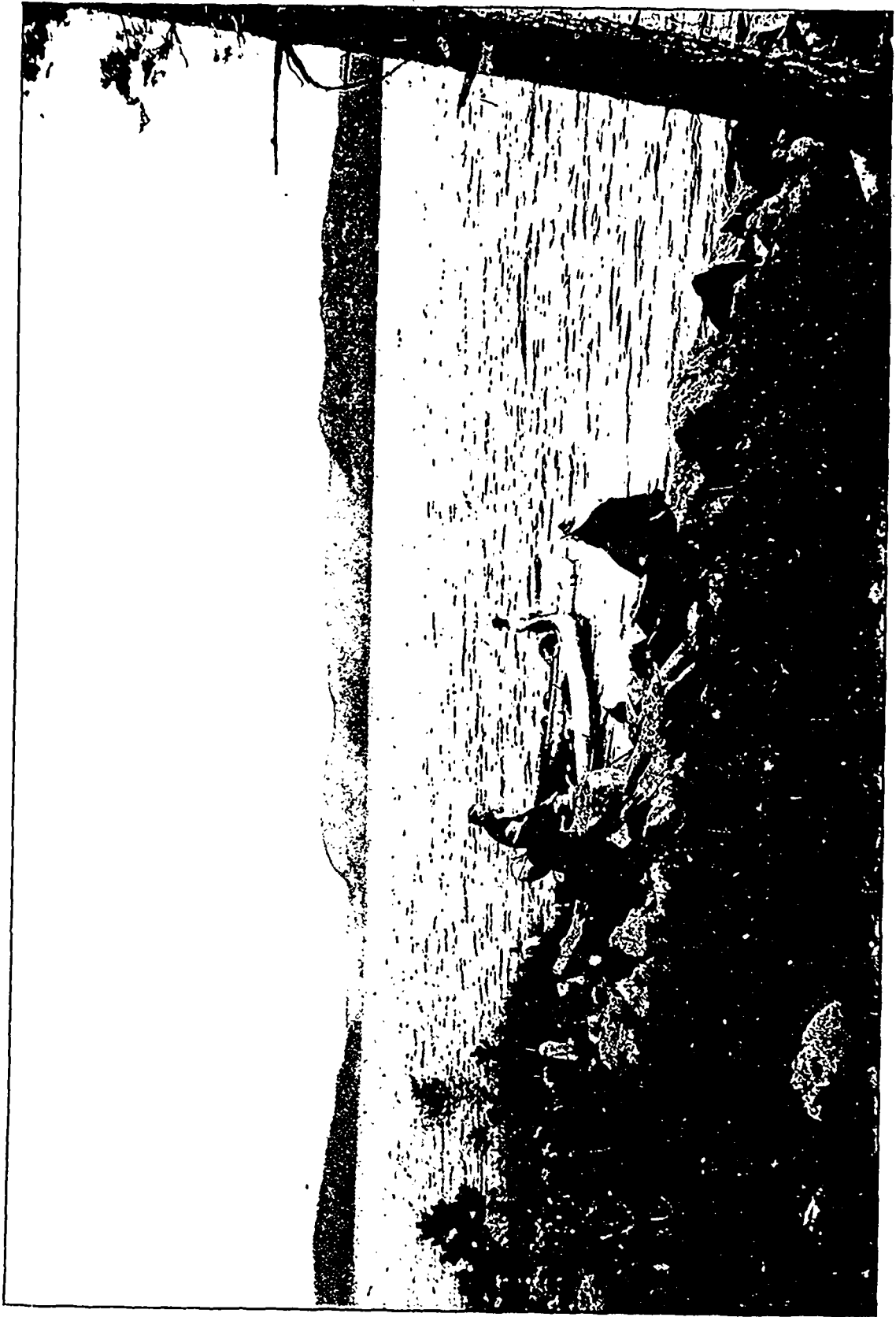
Canadian Pacific Railway



Mount Stephen House,	- - -	Field, B.C.,	- - -	from \$3.00 upward
Glacier House,	- - -	Glacier, B.C.,	- - -	" 3.00 "
Hotel Sicamous,	- - -	Sicamous, B.C.,	- - -	" 3.00 "
Fraser Canon House,	- - -	North Bend, B.C.,	- - -	" 3.00 "
Hotel Vancouver,	- . -	Vancouver, B.C.,	- - -	" 3.00 "

For further particulars as to any of these hotels, apply to the respective managers, or to any of the company's agents,

Robert Kerr, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL.



ON LAKE TIMAGAMI.
Devil's Mountain in the middle distance.

ROD AND GUN
IN CANADA

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1905.

No. 11

Timagami, Mississagua, French River and that
Sort of Thing.

Every indication shows that the popularity of canoe trips, which reached such a height last season, will increase to a surprising extent during the season we are now entering upon.

Great is the number of those who are showing a hunger and a thirst for the thrilling excitements of exploring the unknown. This phenomenal condition though remarkable, is easy enough of explanation. The marvellous growth of the American cities, the destruction of everything that is natural, and its replacement by the artificial, the pressure of population in the Eastern and even in the Middle States, have reduced the wild regions south of the boundary line to such an extent that the lovers of the wild find it increasingly difficult, if not impossible, to gratify their tastes for life in the woods and wilds and turn longing eyes to the north. Canada has room enough in her illimitable stretches of forest, with lakes streams, and mountains, extending practically from ocean to ocean, for all who may come. In addition to her other attractions, Canada can give space enough to make playgrounds for the world. These possibilities and probabilities are being perceived by both Government and people. The Ontario Government is now showing the wisdom which is perhaps suggested to them by the experience of the United States, and endeavoring honestly to preserve the forests, fish and game. One great Forest Preserve, that of Timagami,

Ont., consists of no less than 5,900 square miles and another one, on the Mississagua contains 3000 square miles. Both are in the forest primeval, both have myriads of lakes and streams, are full of hills and valleys and both abound in game and fish. In the middle of the Timagami Reserve is peerless Lake Timagami, with its 1,400 islands, and a thousand miles of coast line. Through the midst of the other reserve rushes that most perfect of canoeing rivers, the Mississagua, with countless streams fed by virgin lakes running into it, affording an almost endless field for exploration. At each of these reserves are to be found excellent guides in the shape of Algonquin-Ojibway Indians, who will give sportsmen and tourists the best of fishing and shooting, and in many cases prove most interesting companions.

Some eight or ten years ago I wrote an account of a trip through Lake Timagami. At that time the country was little known. Last year I wrote an account of a canoe trip down the Mississagua, where the country was even less known. I am very pleased to say that partly as a result of these stories, canoe trips are now being organised in a way that will enable the best classes of people to enjoy them. When I say "best classes" I mean those who will protect the fish and game, and by their sportsman-like behavior add a charm if that be possible, to that far northern country. The Keeway-

din Canoe Club is one of these organizations, and its leaders lay themselves out specially to cater for young men and boys. For ten years the head of the club has had experience in conducting parties of young men through the woods in the State of Maine. For three years past he has been in Canada where he proposes to confine his energies in the future. The club has a staff composed of teachers from representative schools in the States, and these are in every instance experienced campers and explorers. In addition well known guides selected from Indians from the Hudson's Bay Posts, are engaged. There are two Camp headquarters, one of which will be on Lake Timagami, and one at Desbarats on Lake Huron; there will also be smaller posts. Patrons are taken into the woods for one month or longer as they please. As a rule the time will be spent one-half in canoe trips, and about one-half in the permanent summer camps. These summer camps are permanent only, in a sense, for during the time the campers are there short trips are taken, and the surrounding country and its canoeing, fishing, and shooting thoroughly exploited. The fishing there is especially good. The long canoe trips include a circuit trip throughout the Timagami region, a trip over the Height of Land to the Indian's home on Lake Abitibi, and the waters flowing therefrom right to the Arctic Ocean, through Hudson's Bay. The best of all the trips, perhaps, is that down the beautiful Mississagua to Lake Huron. There will also be big game hunting trips at the end of the season into Quebec for moose, deer and caribou. The staff contracts to provide everything necessary at an inclusive rate, or those who prefer to do so may bring their own things. This is not the ordinary boys' camp, but is the real thing, and to those who go in this way into the depths of the Canadian woods it means roughing it in the centre of the greatest fish and game country in America, where the most beautiful that Nature has to show man is to be found. The camps are managed by men who have made a special study for years of this subject, and are now so expert at it as to insure the maximum of enjoyment and benefit in their program. The Director of this Camp is Mr. A. S. Gregg Clarke, of Ashe-

ville school, Asheville, N. C. While canoeing, fishing and hunting are the prominent features of camp life, manual training, forestry, and wood craft are also taught, and the practical side of life in the woods is not forgotten. After an experience of this character a boy is familiarised with camp life, made self reliant, and is able to take care of himself both in the woods and out of them. Much of this training proves useful to him in after life whatever his future may happen to be.

In my original trip through Timagami I followed a route that I think might well be taken with advantage by those who may take the trip this year. First I would remind those who have forgotten or who may not know it, that there are two great lakes—one called Timiskaming, and the other is Timagami. If you want to find out where these lakes are take the newest map of the Province of Ontario, Canada. If you have no other the folder of the Canadian Pacific Railway will answer the purpose. On the first map of the two find Sault Ste. Marie at the east end of Lake Superior, and draw a straight line on the folder from Sault Ste. Marie to the mouth of the Saguenay River on the Gulf of St Lawrence. Then find Buffalo, N. Y. and draw another straight line at right angles to the first. The second line will run a little east of north. The two lines will meet near Bear Island, a Hudson's Bay post in the centre of Lake Timagami. This ideal lake is shaped like a chrysanthemum, whose pistil is Bear Island, and whose petals, extending in every direction, enable us (on a lake which is not over fifty miles across in any direction) to travel several hundreds of miles without visiting the same spot twice. And this gigantic chrysanthemum would be the most beautifully variegated specimen conceivable—its background a blue of Mediterranean hue, every petal fringed with the loveliest greens of pine, balsam, young poplar, silver birch, tamarac, spruce and maple. (And so it happens that in all this lake one cannot often get farther than a half mile from land.) How delightfully this colossal flower changes with the seasons as the greens of summer alter to the pink and gold of Autumn, which are found both on the fringe and on the thousands of beautiful spots scat-

tered on the petals, which spots are the countless densely wooded islands, whose infinite variety sets off the glorious expanse of blue. Even in winter, when I have traversed it on snowshoes, and the lake becomes a great white expanse, the islands look like green leaves scattered in profusion over its bosom, and it is still lovely.

To reach it you must take the Canadian Pacific Railway to Timiskaming Station, Quebec, on Timiskaming Lake, which is the boundary line between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. From here one can take canoe for either province. At Timiskaming Station is a, surprisingly good hotel. One can either bring one's own canoe, or arrange previously with the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, who will supply the necessary canoes, Indian guides, supplies etc. Luxuries may be bought in the most convenient Canadian town, which for New Englanders would be Montreal; for Western New York and Pennsylvania, Toronto, and for Michigan and south that of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

There are several comfortable steamers that will take men from Timiskaming to Haileybury and other ports on the upper part of the lake. Timagami is far above the average in its beauty, its fish, and its big game, moose, deer and bear. With its 1,345 (to be accurate) beautifully wooded islands, with natural spring beds of one foot deep of moss and lichens, with its waters densely populated with trout, bass and dore, Timagami has made almost everyone of the tourists who have visited the lake express themselves in language, which to the stranger must seem exaggerated.

The fishing throughout my trip was the best I have ever had. Brook trout in the small streams and three kinds of magnificent lake trout abounded. Our party of ten sat down to dinner at which a fifty-five pound trout was served. I reluctantly admit however that one of the Indians caught him and not the writer.

The Bureau of Information of "Rod & Gun" furnishes many details of what is necessary in the matter of a trip to Timagami, so that the way may be made clear. A new road has been built which will take people down from Haileybury south to the Montreal River, or to Anima-Nipissing

Lake, or to the north east arm of Timagami, and these are the three ways of getting into Timagami. On the Anima-Nipissing route the fishing and shooting are good. The Montreal River route takes us through the lovely Lady Evelyn Lake. This lake is an exquisite gem in a perfect setting. Not to have seen it is to have missed one of the most attractive portions of the jaunt. By the Anima-Nipissing route we reach Lake Timagami at Sandy Inlet, and just here let me advise you to send to the Director of the Geological Survey at Ottawa for the Government map of Lake Timagami. It is infinitely the best although almost as good a map is given by the Canadian Pacific Railway in their pamphlet on Lake Timagami.

Now just imagine yourself leaving this new railway, which is called the Timagami and Northern Ontario Ry. You ask to be dropped off at the nearest point to Anima-Nipissing Lake. There is rather a hard portage to begin with, but that quickly breaks you into your work. Then you will find beautiful islands on this lake which is eighteen miles long, by three miles wide. As you look round you imagine that you are the first white man there. Not the slightest sign appears of anyone having been there before, and you feel as if you owned the land. As a matter of fact the first families of America have been camping there for possibly two or three thousands of years. Anima-Nipissing is part of the paradise of the Ojibways. For the present, however, your feeling of ownership is complete, and you think that if anyone came and camped near you without asking your permission you would consider it an intrusion. Here you can get ducks and partridge, deer and moose; here you can catch as many black bass, averaging three and a half pounds, as you want, and by trolling from fifty to seventy feet deep you catch lake trout.

While camping on Net Lake we happened to express disappointment that so far we had not had any brook trout. When we got up next morning we saw 50 trout, averaging one and a half pounds, laying on a long boom. One of our Indians who had heard our expression of disappointment, had got up early, made a little fishing ex-

pedition of his own, to some near-by lake and brought us the catch.

Mr. W. M. Fuller, at the Canadian Camp Fire Dinner at New York last winter spoke in this manner about the fishing in that lake. He got a variety of fish and one evening he took five fish whose aggregate weight was 75 pounds. He said that one stopped only when one's arms got tired of hauling them in. He spoke of his dinner with a stew that contained duck, partridge, rabbit, lake trout, venison, potatoes, and dough balls. That shows the quality of the sport. No wonder after that dinner Mr. Fuller sat and smoked, and asked himself the question, "Isn't this simply Paradise?" His log Don speedily learned that a moose is a very fast swimmer. Mr. Fuller saw a dozen moose during his camp on the lake and they sometimes came to within twenty feet before making a break for the shore. By taking a little more time he thought he could convince everyone that a single trip to the Canadian backwoods, such as he had had, would come as a revelation, whatever their experiences elsewhere had been. This was Mr. Fuller's first experience of Anima-Nipissing. I know of other places, and I can assure him and all my readers, that there are other places in Canada equally good and equally interesting.

It is an exceedingly beautiful trip south west from Anima-Nipissing to McLane Lake, with one long portage to Carrying Lake, and another one into Sandy Inlet, which is part of Lake Timagami. We pass two beautifully clear lakes quite close to Timagami in which there is apparently no fish. But the lakes are deep and spring-fed, so that I use the word "apparently" because I feel that I must be mistaken, and that some thorough test will demonstrate that there are fish in these lakes. I met a most interesting man who had built his house there, at Sandy Inlet. He is a missionary, Father Parais by name, an artist and an entertainer of no mean calibre. The Keewaydin Canoe Club proposes to make a station of his house, and from there one short paddle will take you to Devil's Island, and Devil's Mountain, where is the club's main camp. This mountain, and Mutche Manitou Mountain, a few miles north of Des-

barats, are two points of great theological interest to the Indians.

The beauty of Timagami Lake and its islands are phenomenal. Perhaps the most interesting part is about Devil's Island with the adjacent Devil's Mountain and Granny Island. The Indians firmly believe that Granny's Island is haunted, and even the local Hudson's Bay officer advised me not to sleep upon it. It has a stone which resembles a squaw, and this natural statue is the special diabolical incarnation. All the Indians appease her Majesty when they are forced to pass by with tobacco, pipes, etc. Time forbade my becoming more intimate with the squaw-possessed island: I hope to visit it again however. The Indians call her Kokomis, which being interpreted means Mrs. Devil.

At Bear Island we are at Indian headquarters. Upon my first trip to Timagami I went on foot, and had the hardest walk of my life. On my second trip I left Bear Island, and went down the Timagami and Sturgeon Rivers to Verner Station on the C. P. R. by bark canoe. That was another hard trip, and we had many difficult portages. Before reaching land for a portage the bow Indian would tell the steersman what to do about it, and when it was a case of the tourists getting out the instructions in Indian, literally translated, were "Only the beef goes out this time," and the crestfallen sportsmen meekly got out.

For tourists who desire to go down the Timagami and Sturgeon Rivers to Sturgeon Falls, I have only this piece of warning to give namely, that the trip isn't easy. But even then I feel that those who take the harder trip, provided that they are not ill, will have their reward, and find it no small one. Those who conserve some of the God-given enjoyment of nature in her most beautiful forms and moods, will not fail to admit that the writer is justified in his enthusiasm when Lake Timagami is his subject.

I took this trip early in May. On August 15th, after a very hard summer's work, which nearly undid all the benefit I experienced from my May outing, I was sitting in my office almost overpowered by that twentieth century tired feeling, when a friend came in and said, "I want you to

take me somewhere fishing. Where is that lake with the long name you went to in May?"

"Oh, Timagami," I said. "Nothing in the world would please me better, my dear fellow, but it is impossible."

"Rubbish!" he replied. "Why is it impossible?"

"Because," I said, "I have a mountain of work before me to demolish, and each day is only half long enough for its work." Here my friend broke in with that very inelegant word, "Rats!"

"Rats!" he replied, "don't you know that Daniel Webster said, 'When I have so much to do that I do not know where to begin I go a-fishing.'"

"Look here," I answered, "Daniel Webster could afford to do many things that I cannot. Have you heard what he did in the hay field?"

"No," answered my friend.

"Daniel was a young man of the kind who can take care of themselves. He never spavined a wood-horse before breakfast. His father knew Daniel, junior. On this day Daniel's excuse was that he had a scythe that hung badly on the snath. His father came over to put it right, but did not succeed very well, and said to his son, 'Oh, hang it any way you like.' 'All right,' said Daniel, and he hung it on the limb of a tree and left it there. Men of genius can do this sort of thing, in stories at least, and seem to profit by it, but when I do it, I always suffer a penalty of some sort."

However I was temporising, and as is generally the case with one who dallies with temptation I allowed myself to be convinced that I would do more work in a week after a fortnight's holiday of change and rest, than I could do in a month feeling as I did then.

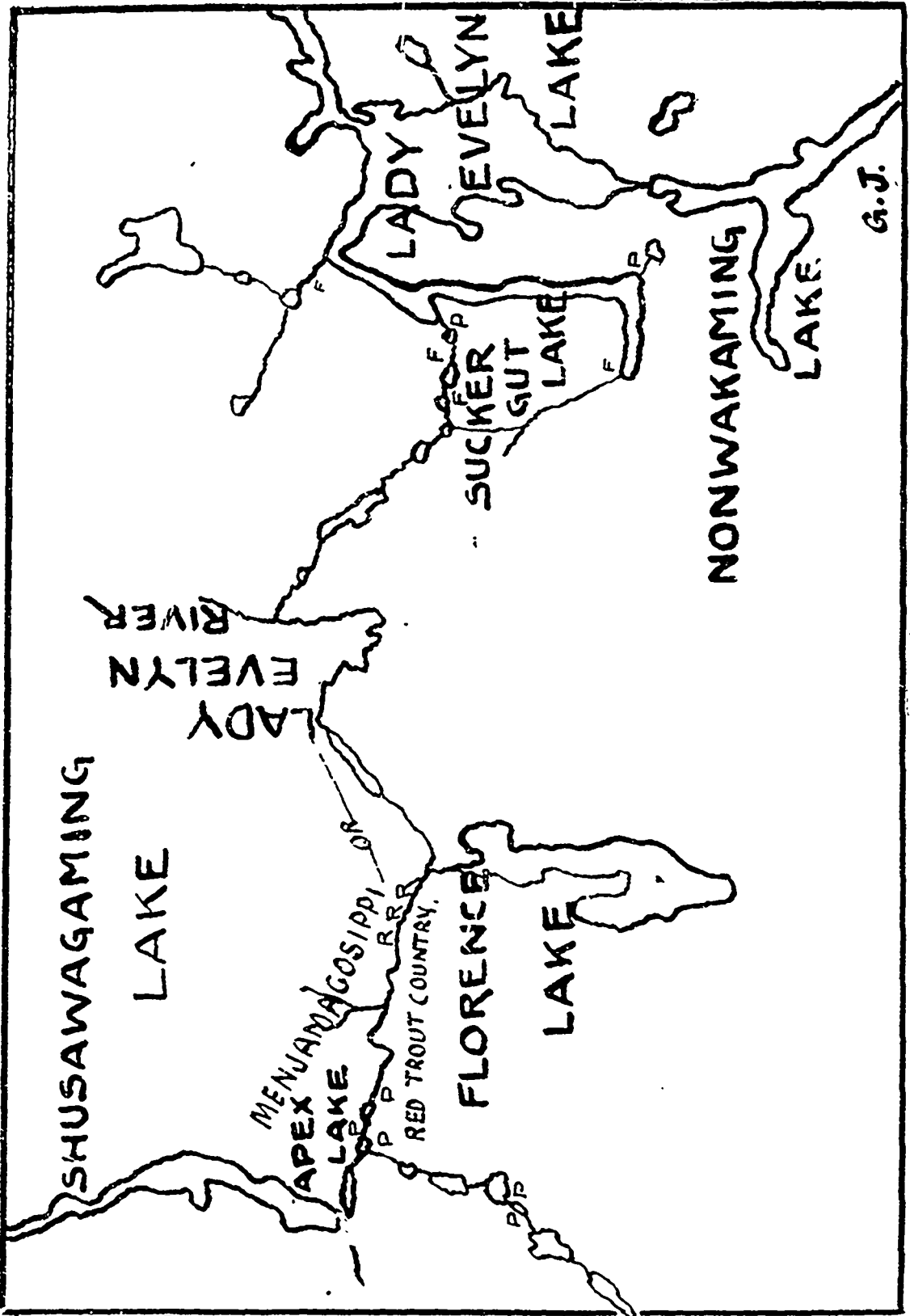
My Indian guide had told me in May that in Timagami in August the bass would figuratively speaking, jump into any boat in which one of its occupants chanced to be wearing a red tie. I had treasured this figure of speech in my mind and been sorely tempted by it, but as often had succeeded in resisting the temptation, being helped by the knowledge that if I went I should have to go alone, and whenever I am enjoying superlatively fine scenery, and good fishing or shooting I do

crave companionship in the enjoyment.

Now, here was an opportunity to go with some of the most congenial people in the world—two presidents of Fishing Clubs, keen sportsmen, a newspaper friend, a clerical friend, who was also an artist, a railway official, and a professional photographer, upon whom, unlike the amateur we could pour out the vials of our wrath if his views were not fairly good. We had also with us a good type of the Yankee boy of fourteen, the son of one of our club presidents, whom we brought in order to enjoy his enthusiasm in a redundant way, should we be lacking the same ourselves. On the wrong side of forty, one's youthful enthusiasms begin to disappear, and I elect to enjoy it over again through those who have a full supply.

From New York, Buffalo or Boston to Timiskaming Lake means twenty-four hours in the train, with an hour's stop-over at Mattawa on the Ottawa River, the cars being comfortable and the scenery good all the way. At Timiskaming Station we left the surprisingly comfortable hotel to take a small steamer to Haileybury, at the upper end of the lake. Almost too short seemed the journey. I cannot remember whether it was thirty, forty, or seventy miles. We arrived there Sunday morning and found a well-to-do settlement, there being among the settlers some highly cultivated people from England. Out of respect to their thorough church-going habits, out of awe of the parson, and because we were strongly attracted by the people, with whom we spent a most enjoyable day socially, we determined to wait until Monday morning at Haileybury. All hands went to service. We were moved to the extent of putting our hands into our pockets to help the construction of a church. We managed to smash the Sabbath day, nevertheless, by hiring our eight guides, consisting of eight Indians, with four canoes. One of our Indians turned out after being washed to have been born in Bond Street, London, but he proved a good Indian, notwithstanding that fact.

We left Haileybury on Monday, the twenty-second day of August, A. D., 1898. Although we had made many firm and almost religious resolutions to leave at 5.30 (we were to get up at five o'clock, be dressed



HOWS POINTING NORTH TO LADY EVELYN LAKE—FROM KEEWAYDIN CA. TO MENJAMAGOSSIPPI.
 (The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)

in ten minutes and leave after a full twenty minutes of breakfast), the serving out of packs to the men, and thorough distribution and loading up of our luggage, took all the time up to 7.30 o'clock, at which hour we started. The first stage of the journey was a tramp of six miles, our Yankee boy of fourteen insisting upon carrying a rifle for four miles, when he reluctantly gave it up to the writer. At half past ten the party reached the Fire Ranger's cabin at Sharp Lake, every one being in a greater or lesser state of perspiration although the day was cool and pleasant. Our luggage was carried in a wagon.

The Indians each carried a canoe over those six miles with apparently as much ease as we did our rifles and fishing-rods. I may mention that we here opened up our outfit of provisions, and found it to be excellent, good in quality, sufficient in quantity, and easily carried.

Although Lake Timagami was our destination, and we had decided not to loiter on our journey, I determined to have a little fishing in Lake Sharp, which is about two miles long, as I specially wanted to try an artificial minnow that I had bought from an old fisherman in Little Saint Antoine Street, Montreal, over whose door is the legend, "God save the Queen, and all honest fishermen." He told me that he had begun to make flies and artificial minnows at twelve years of age, and had made them for seventy-two years, also that this was the best minnow he had ever made. I took him to be an octogenarian fraud, but when I landed the first fish, a fine pickerel, upon my first cast of the minnow, I mentally apologized to my old friend. The lead was easily kept with that minnow over the most tempting flies and most taking spoons, with which the excellent fishermen from Syracuse and Rochester so skilfully whipped the lake. Lake Sharp gave our party plenty of fish, but nothing but pickerel (or as the Canadian calls it, dore) and pike. We arrived at the foot of Lake Sharp at 1.30, and made a short portage and an easy one into Lake Ajickigaming, which was at 2.20.

The next lake was small and took us only about half an hour to cross. Here we found more pickerel and dore. After a short portage we found the Montreal River, which is a fine stream. Leaving for

our trip up this river at five minutes to four o'clock, we reached the foot of the first rapid at 4.40 p. m. Here we caught plenty of very gamey bass, and the faint shadow of disappointment that had settled over the countenances of our fishermen disappeared. Up to this we had caught plenty of fish, but few bass. "Now this will do," said Syracuse. "All right," said Cleveland, and everybody else felt that fishing, canoes, Indians, grub, and temperature were right indeed; heaven was smiling upon us.

Incidentally I may mention a proposition I made while here, and which was adopted as one of the statutes in our temporary constitution, viz: That a heavy penalty should be inflicted on any one killing more bass than our eight white men and eight Indians together could consume. A provision was made that more bass could be caught, if they were returned to their native element at once, only time enough being given the fisherman for one gloating look and one guess as to his weight.

A five-minutes' portage carried us over the second rapid, and then we had supper. Only one day out, but a genuine forest appetite was beginning to make itself felt. We made a mistake here; we should have slept at this portage, for the Indians had already done a heavy day's work, but we were too anxious to reach Lake Timagami to stop with two hours' daylight before us, and so we continued until nearly eight o'clock before camping. This tired our men a little too much for the first day, although they did not grumble. It was an economical mistake. Just as we neared the camp our Yankee boy killed a porcupine with a revolver, of which feat he was very proud. We tried to eat the porcupine but our cook made a failure of that dish,—his only failure. The picturesque camp, the porcupine, and the fish just caught that day were photographed by flashlight before turning in for the night. We had two excellent 10x12 tents bought in Montreal, and four white men for each tent. The Indians had their own. We had almost too much room, but that is a luxury that is easily borne, and the tents were not too heavy.

Marv will sympathize with us in the delight we experienced in being in an unin-

habited country; uninhabited, that is except by those oldest families of the north, the Algonquin Indians. Our own men were a splendid lot of fellows. One of them carried seven bags of flour on his back at one time over a portage. He was six feet two in height, stout in proportion, and as intelligent and modest as he was big. Readers when you canoe that way ask for the Indian Willy Paulson. Most of these Indians have had more or less experience in travelling with the Hudson Bay factor, and each Hudson's Bay factor is more or less of a Mikado in his make-up and habits. He travels in great pomp; he has two paddling Indians for his own canoe, and two other Indians, generally, in another canoe, with a camp equipage, but his most stylish way is to travel in a very large war canoe, with a numerous crew. This Northern Mikado has a cook for himself, and another cook for the Indians. Upon landing for dinner the first care is for my lord; the bass just caught and the choicest of the game is, of course, for him, and perhaps rightly enough as the world wags, both here and elsewhere.

At night his tent is put up first. Balsam boughs are cut, and placed so as to give him a springy bed a foot thick, and very springy and comfortable it is. All this is done while his cook is preparing his dinner. He dines late while travelling to save valuable midday time.

The Hudson's Bay Company, London, keeps very old wines and liquors of every description, which it distributes among its posts in the north in a liberal manner, so that the traveller who has the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of the Hudson's Bay factor, can comfort the inner man most thoroughly at these oases in the wilderness. Our Indians had travelled with the factor, and they had learned the art of pleasing the canoeist and camper almost to perfection. I say, almost, because they could not for a long time treat us with quite as much consideration as they did the Hudson's Bay Company factor, but after that "long time" had elapsed, when they were promised that each one of the eight Indians should become the owner of one of the suits in which the eight white men were travelling, and when more over, they were told that the best Indian should be presented with a really good

briar-root pipe, with amber mouth-piece, their behavior attained to perfectibility.

Before taking up our second day's journey, I should like to give a little incident which occurred at our dinner place at the portage. While there we found, in a stake driven into the ground and split at the top, two Indian love letters, written on birch bark, one being several weeks old, the other of quite recent date. The first was written in the month of strawberries, the other in the month of the nuts, which was our month. The Indians are innocent of dates. Our missionary translated these letters for us. It may have been a mean thing to do, but we did not think so then, neither do I now, because we did not move in the same circle, and would certainly not use the information to the social annoyance or detriment of either of the parties.

The letter began with "Dear little Dore" (this fish is a favorite with the Indians, and it was the most endearing term that he could think of), "I love you dearly. I want to see you so much, oh, very much! I called at your Asohagan" (the Indian name for home), "but you were absent." And then he uses superlatives just as our lovers do, swears eternal loyalty, and tells her he will come back in ten days. He comes back to be disappointed again, and writes a second love letter, in which the terms are still more affectionate, and says he knows that she will pass by this portage before very long, and therefore, he leaves these two letters, and he hopes that she will write to him. It really was a very fairly written love letter. One has not a varied experience of his own in a case like it, so that comparisons are difficult. We photographed the post containing the love letters, as well as the letters themselves, and my friends call it a capital picture.

Tuesday, the twenty-third, we left our camp at 8.40 a.m., arriving at the Hudson's Bay Company's post, Matachewan, on Bay Lake, from whose agent we bought one or two items of which we imagined ourselves in need, but our real motive was to repay the hospitality we had received, having taken refuge there from the rain. At 10.40 a.m. we left the post, and arrived at the portage at Pork Rapids at 11.35 a. m. By this time the Indians had given



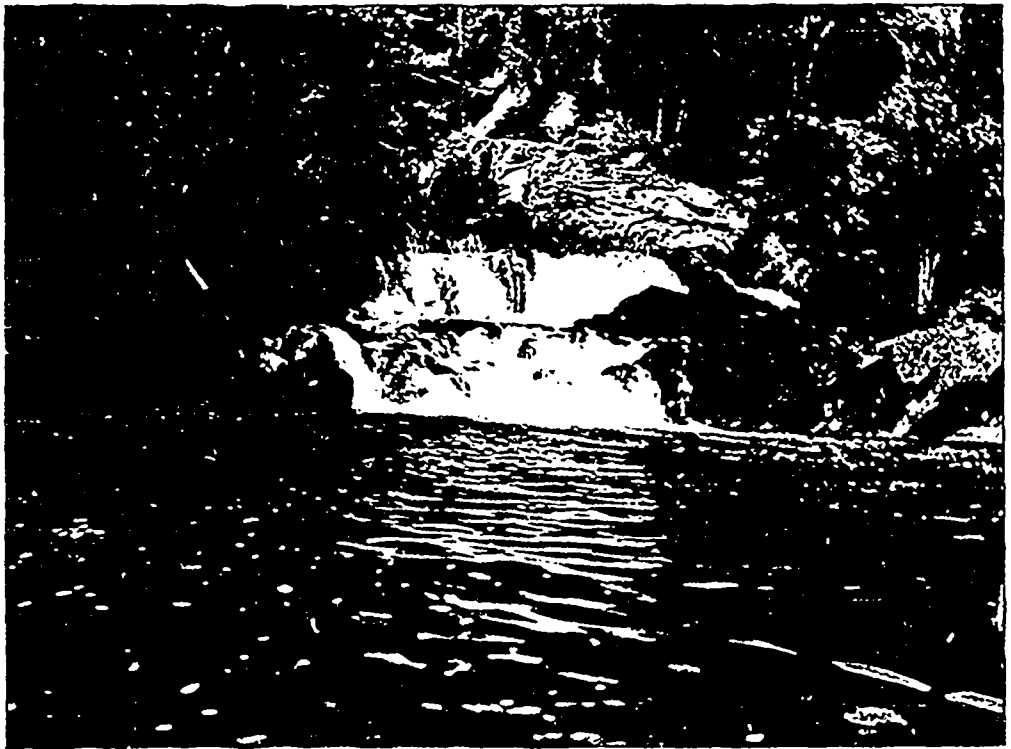
THE NOTCH OF THE MONTREAL RIVER.
Near Lake Timiskaming.



KA-ABITA-CIBONATE (HALF-PORTAGE-HALF-CANOE) RAPIDS,
Timagami River.



KOKOMIS—LAKE TIMAGAMI.



A FINE TROUT HOLE ON THE MENJAMAGOSSIPPI.
(The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)

us all Indian names. One of our party bears the name of Cotton (Wabiskigin), and we overheard them speaking of last night's camp as the place where the "little piece of 'Wabiskigin' killed the porcupine." Of course it was Mr. Cotton's fourteen-year-old son of whom they were speaking.

Most of that day was spent in traveling through Bay Lake, which was very impressive with its vista views of bluffs, standing out in regular echelon array on each side, the effect being intensified by the absolute calmness of the water and the misty atmosphere.

At 4.15 in the afternoon we arrived at Mattawabika Falls. If I remember rightly, the meaning of the Indian word is a place "where the rivers meet the waterfalls." Montreal River, and the river which is an outlet to Lady Evelyn Lake, here form a landscape of river, lake, waterfall, moss and lichen covered rock, and green trees of many tints, that I can never forget, and we were so successful with our photographs that the beautiful and bold outlines will ever be with us, even though the glorious coloring exist only in memory. The fishing here was very good, and indeed it is everywhere. It rained as we started out on beautiful Lady Evelyn Lake. This I regretted very much, because we had heard its beauties described by sober-minded and thoroughly reliable people. Even in the mist and fading daylight one could realize something of what its attractions would be in fine weather. There are no good camping-places immediately after leaving Mattawabika Falls, but two or three miles down the lake, in a sheltered inlet between two islands, we found a comfortable spot, where we pitched our tents in the rain. But almost everywhere in this country one finds dry fuel and it takes but little fire to dry one's self, however damp, or even wet, he may be.

We had done another long day's work, but had plenty of good food, tobacco, and an ample supply of boughs to sleep upon.

We left camp at 7.15 in the morning, which is about as early as a large party can manage to leave, with dishes for sixteen men to wash and stow away after cooking breakfast, four tents to pitch, and the impedimenta of guns, rods and photo-

graphing outfit to stow away in canoes.

Next day was lovely, with a bright sun modified by clouds, which made a good photographing day, while exquisite scenery, bordering on the grand, surrounded us all the time.

At Obisaga Narrows, at 10.45 in the morning we camped on a lovely island, in order to have time for a swim and to do some photographing before dinner. I swam in Timagami Lake on May 9, when the water was cold. It was lovely every day in August and September, during our stay.

We left at 1.30 p. m., passing through Lady Evelyn Lake to the portage which separates Lady Evelyn from the almost equally lovely Diamond Lake. At 5.30 the portage was completed, and the party about ready to traverse the latter. It was while waiting for the Indians to carry over our stuff that the Rochester fisherman, looking down into the clear waters of Diamond Lake, saw a number of bass from the bank quite plainly. He determined to catch the heaviest of these, and succeeded in getting a beautiful three-pounder, which the writer caught with a snapshot, when the fish was halfway out of water, making a very interesting photograph for future days. It was very enjoyable to witness the playing of that bass, by the experienced fisherman; every dive for liberty, every attempt to get behind a rock, every wicked shake of the head and fierce flop of that bass's tail, was clearly seen in ten or fifteen feet of water, so that the bite, the leap, the struggle, the landing, and the death were all witnessed distinctly. Talking of death, there may be some of my readers who do not know how absolutely necessary it is, in order to fully enjoy the flavor, that a fish should be killed immediately upon its being landed in the boat, either by being struck upon the head, or by driving a knife through the brain. To allow it to die slowly distinctly affects the flavor of any fish, and it is cruel.

We camped on a magnificent island in Diamond Lake. Near the water the rock is so flat and smooth that a couple of sets of lancers could be danced upon it. From this smooth and level rock the island rose gradually to a wooded knoll. The water of the lake was absolutely pure to drink, and in all our journey of fifteen

days from Boston to Timiskaming and return we did not once have anything but the purest water.

On Thursday, August 25, we left camp at 5.40 in the morning, before breakfast, intent upon reaching that night Father Paradis' farm. His calves were brought in by canoe, and his horses swam quite a portion of the way. This was my clerical friend and fellow sportsman, ex-professor of mathematics, artist, colonizer, and present day farmer, who has had enterprise enough to start a large farm on the northeast corner of Lake Timagami otherwise called Sandy Bay, because of the level Sandy beach, as long and as hard to walk upon as that of Old Orchard in Maine.

This was the hard day of the journey. We arrived at the last portage at 6.10 in the morning. This portage takes about fifteen minutes. It is a little difficult and rather rocky. We left the portage at 6.50 in the morning, in the rain. There is a portage, a very short cut, here into Sandy Inlet, but it was so overgrown with trees from want of use that Indians told us that it was almost impassable, and we determined to paddle all the way around by Devil's Mountain, sixteen miles, rather than attempt it. The wind freshened into a gale; the rain came down steadily on a biting slant. The writer was in the largest of the four canoes, which needed a third paddle to enable it to keep up with the three smaller boats, and we had to paddle altogether twenty-two miles in the face of this gale,—steady, hard work, because the relentless wind drove us before it the wrong way, if we stopped for a moment.

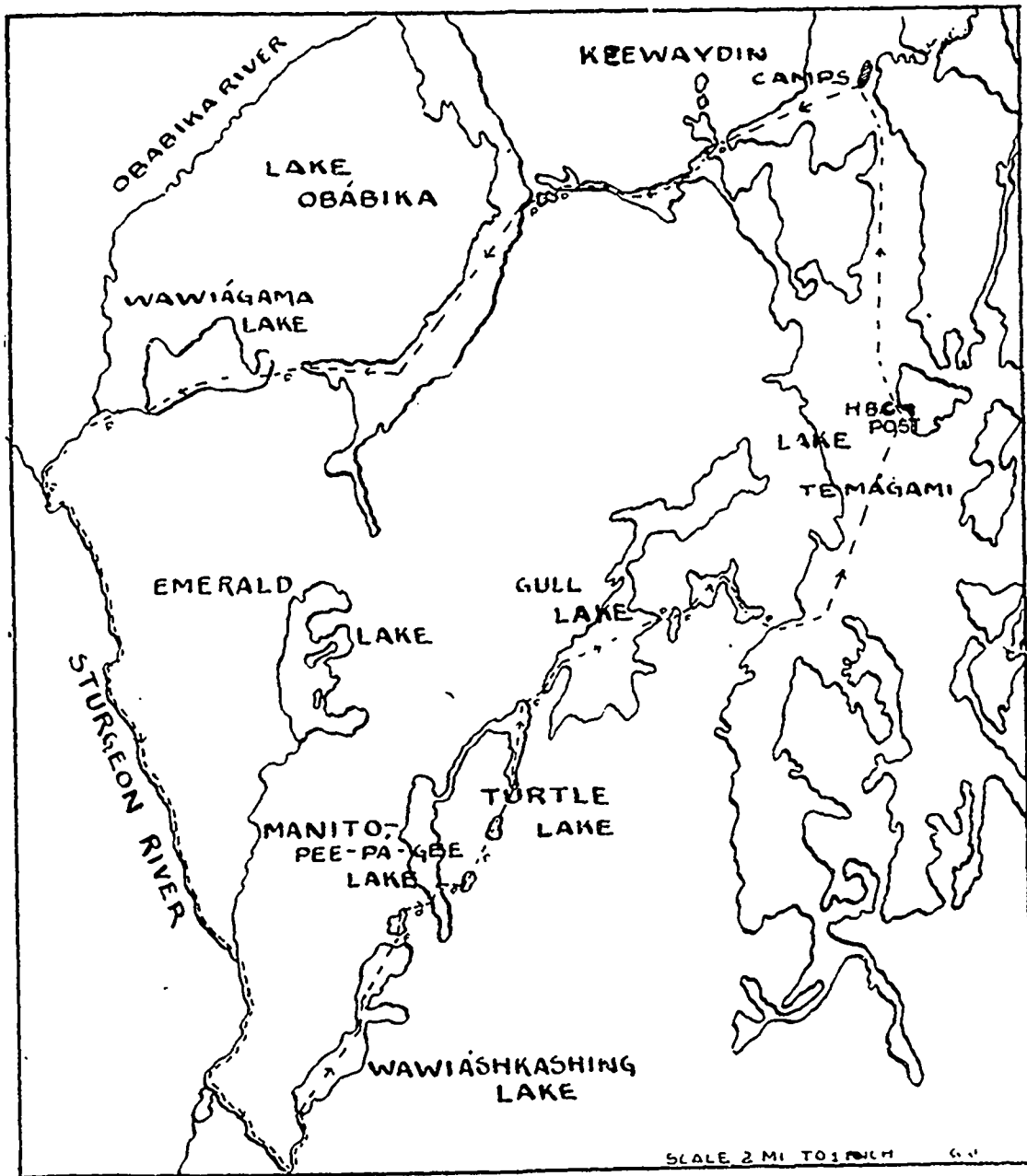
However, at noon, we reached Father Paradis' house, and found there stoves, cows, a garden with its vegetables, all for our use, and once more all was well and the ills wiped off the slate.

The little bark canoes are wonderful sea boats. We rounded some points and cut across some bays with so heavy a sea that one might have thought it impossible for so frail a craft to live, but there are very many pretentious row boats that will not stand as much as a bark canoe. It was not necessary to do so, as we could have found shelter anywhere on the road. There is, however, a limit to what the bark canoe will bear. The Cleveland fish-

erman was determined to catch one of the sixty pound (and heavier) trout, which are sometimes caught here. He hired the farmer's son who took him out, with a very heavy weighted troll, but we were not fated to know whether there were any big trout in the bay waiting for the Rochester champion. The fisherman's boy had thoughtfully prepared the Rochester fisherman a seat, whose foundation was so secured that, upon sitting his comfortable proportion upon it, it rolled over, and in a moment the canoe was on top and the man under. This necessitated the second complete change of raiment, and we had to thank the great run on dry garments for excellent models, from which we drew on the walls of the farmhouse limbs worthy of "the dying gladiator."

How much food we consumed, and how much tobacco we burned, and how many fish taradiddles we swapped that afternoon deponent saith not. Our host entertained us by showing us a large number of exquisite water-colors—rare bits of Northern mountain and lake scenery.

On Friday, the twenty-sixth day of August, our party separated in the morning, two canoes going to Devil's Mountain to photograph. There is, in addition to Devil's Mountain, Devil's Island, and also Granny's, or Kokomis's Isles, Mrs. Devil's peculiar property. The white man has never married the Devil to anybody. The Indians believe that he was married, and that his wife being a little better than he, her virtues drove her from him; he chased her to the shore at Devil's Mountain, where she plunged into the water and swam to the island, which now bears her name. His dislike to clear, cool water prevented him from following, but he revenged himself by turning her into stone, as she sat grieving over his cruelty, and there her statue remains to this day. It really is a striking piece of rock, of which we obtained an excellent photograph. Nothing would induce the Indians to sleep upon the island, and no camp-fire has ever been lighted upon it. Devil's Mountain is a bluff, a thousand or more feet high. It was down that mountain that the Devil chased his wife that day. It is near the centre of the lake, and from it magnificent views may be had in every direction. The climbing was easy, and we were more



KEEWAYDIN CAMPS AND ROUTE TO WANAPITEI, MISSISSAGUA, DESBARATS, AND THE FRENCH RIVER FROM TIMAGAMI

This map shows the route followed in the story, 'From Timagami to Wanapitei' by George Creelman, which appeared in the March Number

than rewarded by the views that we were able to take from the elevation. Showers of rain came at intervals, and our light was not perfect, but, nevertheless, we made most interesting views. When our appetizing can of bouillon was spilt by accident that day the Indians, said it was Kokomis that did it.

Our camping-place at the foot of this mountain is an ideal spot for a villa or hotel, and we shall see one or the other here before many seasons go by. The Kewaydin Canoe Club have selected this spot for their headquarters.

We left Devil's Island at 7.30 in the morning, and arrived at Bear Island at 9.30, where the Hudson's Bay agent

has a store which furnishes supplies. Here we pitched our canoes, which were leaky. We left it at noon, and ran down into Island Bay, and camped near there on Saturday night, on a beautiful sandy point to the west of High Rock Island. This was a memorable Saturday night. We drank to sweethearts and wives, we smoked to the glory of God as Spurgeon did, we had a regular brokers' exchange of stories, and altogether spent many profitable hours before turning in to our very comfortable camps.

To be continued.

(The up-to-date Timagami will be treated in our next.)

What I Learnt from Jim Brewster.

By STRAW HAT.

To describe the Canadian Rockies as the Greater Switzerland is to give an idea, if a very inadequate idea, of that great natural feature of the Dominion.

Travellers who have exhausted all that the world may have to show them elsewhere, experience a new sensation in visiting and exploring the Rockies.

It is generally admitted that whatever be the subject matter that may enter into comparison, it has to be exceptionally and undoubtedly in advance of anything Switzerland can show to make the Swiss guides who work in the Canadian Rockies admit that the Canadian Mountains are superior to their own. Nevertheless these guides do admit it. The American is fair in these matters and it is a common experience to hear visitors from the United States freely and frankly declare that nothing in America can approach, much less equal, these wonderful and majestic mountains. The Canadian Rockies are awful in the literal sense of the word. Even use and wont never, makes one familiar with the Rockies. They are so vast, so awe-inspiring and the littleness of man and the comparative absurdity of his works are so apparent by contrast, that rough natures are silenced by it all.

In the midst of these hills is beautiful

Banff, a little town made busy in the delightful Canadian summer-time by the comings and goings of travellers from all over the world desiring to see something of the marvels of the Rockies and to make acquaintance with the big game who find in these fastnesses, their homes. Jim and William Brewster, guides with many horses and much outfit and many experienced men in their employ, live at Banff. These two slight boyish looking fellows have killed more grizzly than any men of their age in the mountains. In an interview with Jim the writer obtained the following facts. Anything in the story that is complimentary to Jim is the writer's own opinion and language, not Jim's who is an exceedingly modest fellow. Jim will be surprised when he reads this estimate of him.

From Banff parties go out in all directions in the summer and upon trips of all kinds. These are mostly pack-horse trips although there are journeys that can be made by canoe. No amateur should go without a guide, for the valleys are deceptive to strangers, distances are specially deceiving and people who are lost do not always keep cool and consider. With a competent guide however a trip of any period—from days

to months—can be taken and acquaintance with the mountains and its various inhabitants made at leisure. A party can be out in the Rockies for months at a time and never see a sign of civilized life or meet a human being. To the visitor from the crowded countries of Europe this experience is always new, always interesting and at all times charming.

There are Indian Reservations on the slopes of the mountains and in the eastern Rockies and foot-hills the Stoney and Blood Indians still have their homes. The former tribe is now considered to be only a few hundred strong, whereas only a few years ago their numbers were at least double. Contact with the whites and white civilization has had the same effect in their case as in others. The Brewster Bros., who have their ranch, guides, and horses at Banff, and who have made a life-work of this occupation, consider, as we have often heard before, that the so-called civilized Indian is often unreliable and unfitted to be trusted as a guide. If one can find an old Indian, who is still faithful to his national traditions and national life, the chances are that he will be well treated by him and find this Indian reliable and trustworthy, but should he unfortunately get hold of a degenerate of the other sort and make the mistake of offending him in some of the many mysterious ways in which offences are conveyed to Indians, he may speedily find himself deserted and left alone in the wilds. He may be quite sure that his fate, whatever it may be, will not trouble the conscience of that Indian one iota. I say he may because he may also meet very good civilized Indians. The Canadian Government, with that paternal solicitude which has always marked their conduct towards all the Indian tribes in the Dominion, have set apart some of the most beautiful portions of the country as reservations. The tourist and hunter may pass through these reserves but upon them the Indian alone is master. There are complaints that in its fatherly care of these people the Government has gone too far. The Indians are free to hunt and shoot and fish where they will and now that the white man's weapons have come into their possession their powers of slaughter are tremendously in-

creased. They are doing much to exterminate game, and fish, both of which are still abundant in most districts of the Rockies. Mountain sheep which are characteristic of the Rockies, are slaughtered by these Indians in a wholesale fashion. Mr Brewster says that if a few Indians can get a flock hemmed in between rocks they will shoot them all down, even to the ewes with lambs. In other words, they have no thought for the morrow. The Indians are very fond of the flesh of these animals and when ill they think nothing else can cure them. A movement is now on foot to ask the Government to purchase the rights of the Indians to the game and restrict them in the use of the rifle. In return the Government will have to give them rations, and teach them how to farm, and many people hold this to be the best way of meeting the problem, as the Indians often suffer privations from their incurable habit of failing in times of prosperity to make preparations for those of adversity. More and more are governments and people alike becoming alive to the importance of this question of game preservation. Even the Rockies themselves would be deprived of one of their greatest charms were the mountain sheep and other game to follow into extinction the buffalo of the prairies. For good or for evil white civilization is pressing them hard everywhere and the Indians, like the whites, will have to conform to its laws and regulations. The wasteful and reckless methods of the past, cannot, in the interests of all, be allowed to continue. To take firearms away from the Indians would be an extreme measure but strong regulations will have to be enforced if game is to be saved, and saved it must be. It is calculated that no less than 20,000 mountain sheep were slaughtered by one tribe of Indians last year, nevertheless it is not too late if prompt measures are taken to save them.

Bears, according to the same authority, continue to be as plentiful as ever. It is one of the problems in the Rockies, and more interesting than the generality of such riddles, how these animals come to follow such well defined districts. If it is a grizzly that is wanted the experienced guide can find him and take the hunter to the valley where numbers will make their

appearance. It is the same with the black bear, the cinnamon, and other varieties. An amateur might hunt for weeks and never get sight of a bear. He might easily persuade himself that bears have deserted that part of the country. But let him take the advice of his guide; he will then be directed to a beautiful valley, on the slopes of which grow the wild potato, which may be of the same family as the original tuber that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced into Europe from America. These slopes are avalanche slides, and much good earth having been brought down by them in their course, the "slides" are very fertile. The bears know a good thing when they can get to it, and in addition to being fishermen can also take up a potato harvest. As he has no means of cooking them bruin eats them raw and in pretty fair quantities. This bit of gardening is done at the end of the day, but with the clear air of the Rockies and the long lingering twilight, which lasts until ten o'clock at night, and is in itself well worth enjoying, a marksman stands every chance of bagging his game. Absorbed in his supper and in obtaining it from the ground, the changing motions of the bear afford many a chance of which a good shot takes full advantage. This is one of the sights of the Rockies not to be seen elsewhere, and the trophy which the hunter secures is a constant reminder to him of a bit of unique experience in his life.

Our young yet veteran guide on one of his journeys was out with a party of five of the citizens of the greatest Republic on earth. They were looking for bear and in the meantime, emboldened by the presence of each other some "tall" stories of their experience with bears in the States were related. To listen to them was to wonder how a single bear could have been left alive south of the line. A believer in their exploits might well have imagined the survival of such an animal to have been due to accident. Suddenly however in the midst of the best of the the stories, the party rounded a corner and there, forty yards from them, sat a particularly ugly looking grizzly. Whether the gentleman had had a matrimonial quarrel that morning, or had had to turn out without his break-

fast, could not be ascertained. All that was plain was that he was in an ugly temper, and immediately upon perceiving the party, which in the enthusiasm of relating its prowess was not particularly quiet, he made for them. Instantly the rifles rang out, and the gentlemen from the States thus vindicated their honor. One of the valiant marksmen, more it is believed by accident than design, grazed the animal, causing him to emit a howl and increase the speed with which he shambled towards them. Immediately three of the bold warriors threw away their rifles and showed the bear their heels; the other two were too frightened even to run, and stood tremblingly awaiting their fate. Mr. Brewster allowed the bear to get within thirty feet of them, and then with one well directed shot broke his neck. For the remainder of the trip the bears of the Republic had a rest, and by general consent the subject was tabooed. This story must not be supposed to convey any reflection upon the sportsmen of the United States. There are boasters in every country, and they do not always escape so easily as in this instance.

As a rule the bear hunter in the Rockies should take no chances. It is best to pump as many bullets into a grizzly as time and opportunity will allow you. The bullets on entering make very small holes, which soon close and are covered by the hair, and but very rarely one goes through. If one did so it would do more on emerging to spoil the skin than a dozen on entrance. To illustrate this advice, Mr. Brewster tells of a case where he and five Indians had a hunt at the head of the Red Deer River which ended in a tragedy. A light snow had fallen and they came upon distinct bear tracks. In the Rockies the bears do not begin their winter siestas till the snow is deep, and as at such a time the animal is at his best the men were anxious to take him. He was tracked to a little wood about half a mile long, by a quarter of a mile wide, and from general observations it seemed likely that the animal would come out on one side. Accordingly forces were unevenly divided, one Indian alone going to one side to head the bear back should he attempt to break out, and Mr. Brewster and the others going as they believed to meet the bear.

Before they had taken up their positions however they heard a single shot, and as no other followed they imagined something was wrong, and everyone made for the place from which the sound came as speedily as they could. On arriving at the scene of the encounter the Indian was dead and the bear just giving his last dying kick. To experienced eyes the story was as plain as though those gathered there had been eye witnesses of the occurrence. Contrary to expectation the bear had broken out of the wood on the side taken by the single Indian, and made for him with all the speed of which these animals are capable. The Indian aimed truly and shot the bear through the heart. His rifle then "jammed" and before he could release the mechanism the bear was upon him. With one supreme effort it tore him open, and then succumbed itself, to the fatal shot.

The horses of the Rockies deserve an article to themselves, and however much tourists and visitors may have had to do with horses at home, they have always something to learn from these sturdy and sure footed little animals. These cayuses, as they are called, are not much to look at, but as it is with people, you want to live with them to know them. When you find a little animal, weighing about 600 lbs., carrying a dead weight of 300 lbs., day after day up and down hills and along valleys, and always doing it cheerfully, managing to pick up its own existence at night from the grasses in the neighborhood, you insensibly learn to respect him. When added to that you ride a similar animal and find that, if you will allow him, he will take you safely over all the difficult and dangerous places with unflinching and unerring judgement, and bring you safely through what looks like impossible places, you gain a warmer feeling still for these sterling little creatures. It is but rarely an accident happens, and in such cases it is generally the visitor, and not the horse that is to blame. When camp is made for the night, the horses are released, and no further attention paid to them. They are generally found quite near in the morning, and Mr. Brewster with his long experience and his many horses, has never lost a single animal by straying, although occasionally he has had to go as far as four or five miles away to find them.

Natural instinct, a love of man's companionship, and a general interest in the work which horses used to it always plainly show when sent out on the trail, keeps them close by. Even in the case of fires all the horses were recovered.

Mr. Brewster had, on one occasion, an experience with horses which demonstrates that a guide has to be a man of determination if he comes safely out of some of the tight places in which he may find himself. Late in the fall the two Brewster brothers had conducted a party over the Great Divide and were on their return journey. They had seven head of horses with them, and had reached the Simpson Valley. During the night four feet of snow fell in the valleys, and this meant four times that quantity on the mountains. It was a case for quick and determined action. There was but one course open and it was taken without hesitation. To leave the horses where they were meant a lingering and painful death by starvation. The more merciful course, as it was impossible to save them, was to shoot them. This was done promptly, although one of the animals had been used by Mr. Brewster as his own saddle horse for five years, and had carried him safely up and down some of the most difficult and dangerous places in the Mountains. He "hated to do it," but when necessity drove he showed no hesitation in facing the ordeal which fate had forced upon him. Out of the skin of one of the horses two pairs of snow shoes were speedily made, and packing the best of their provisions on their backs, the two brothers set off, and after a tramp of 75 miles struck the railroad. Of such stern and uncompromising stuff nave the Rocky Mountain guides to be made. During the winter these horses are sent down to the prairies where they manage to secure a living for themselves. Of course they are all branded and disputed ownership is comparatively rare.

As a sample of the adventures by means of which guides are made, one that befel Mr. Brewster about one hundred miles north of Banff is worth relating. Accompanied by a party of Indians he was crossing a glacier stream. The rush of water proved too much for his horse, which was carried off his feet, and commenced as horses do in such cases to turn over and

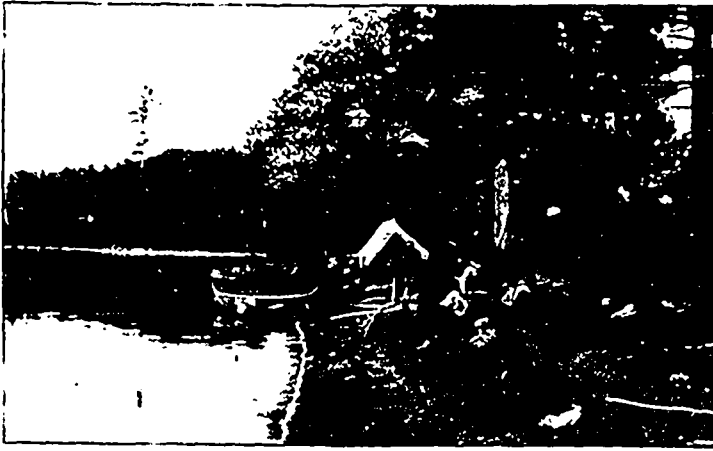
over. Mr. Brewster was too good a rider to attempt to retain his seat under such circumstances and with the first giving way of his horse he promptly threw himself free, and attempted to strike out for himself. But the stream, which had proved too strong for his horse, was not to be resisted by him, and he was carried along with such force that he was drawn under a small log jam. The current carried him completely under the logs, and in a very short time—although it seemed like an hour to him—he appeared at the other end. A fall of ten feet was comparatively only a few yards off, and nothing but the prompt action of his Indian friends, who managed to drag him to the bank by means of a rope, saved him from serious, if not fatal, injuries. The horse was carried down to the same log jam, and one of the Indians ran out and held up his head, thus preventing him from going under, while the others fastened ropes around him and eventually rescued him as well as his master. It was an exciting time while it lasted, and the whole party crossed the stream at a safer ford.

One further adventure with horses will well come in here. The brothers were one day breaking in a couple of young colts, and as usual in such cases long ropes were used. Returning along a bush path, in single file, the colt led by the brother behind broke away, and galloped ahead trailing his long rope. James, who was in advance, held on to his animal which had become as excited as his companion, and the runaway in passing managed to entangle its rope in Jim's feet, throwing him to the ground and dragging him along in its wild career. Both horses were now galloping their hardest, and according to the victim, and in the expressive language of the mountains, "sitting on a hot stove was nothing to it." Fortunately for him the horses turned up a side path, and he managed to catch hold of a tree, and reduce their speed. With voice and with further pulls he brought them to a stand and released himself. Three weeks in bed was the result of this unpleasant episode, his retirement being rendered imperative not merely by the shock, but also by the necessity of "growing more hide."

This was an episode only and as "Jim"

says once only in all his mountaineering has Mr. Brewster met with an "accident." Climbing with both hands and feet, if not with eyebrows and eyelashes, he happened to get fast with one foot, and in his struggle for release managed to throw himself over a ledge. Fortunately for him the fall was one of only ten feet but that was quite enough, for it "burst (broke) his arm" which prevented him for a time at least from being as active as was natural to him in his daily habits.

Forest fires may be a distinct danger in the Rockies, and even the most experienced camper and traveller is liable to be burned out. But with proper precautions these dangers are not great, no greater indeed than that spice of danger which attends all travelling everywhere, and which adds to the enjoyment, and detracts from the monotony, of life. One of the best precautions is to camp if possible on the banks of a stream, and there at hand is the means of prevention of the spread of fire and escape from its dangers. Another is to camp above the timber line, although this has many inconveniences and drawbacks. The first is the best. Then with ordinary care in building a fire, and seeing that the flames do not reach the surrounding trees, all should be safe. Even with the experienced however fires will happen. The mischief is done before one is aware that the slightest danger has been incurred. The fir cones burn fiercely and make a great heat and much smoke, but they are soon burnt out. The danger however is that this fire may run rapidly, and be all consuming for the time being. In the case of finding oneself in such a predicament, either take the heroic course of throwing everything into the stream and yourself following, or if there is time place everything beyond the timber line. Mr. Brewster has been burned out on several occasions, but never had any serious losses. Once when out with a large party he was camped on a creek on the Sunwapiti. Another party was spending the night several miles below them, and by means of a field glass they could be distinguished. During the night a fire started by the second camping party, crept up to them, and Mr. Brewster, with that fine instinct due to responsibility, soon became aware of



CAMP, TIMAGAMI.



READING THE INDIAN LOVE LETTERS.
Timagami Trip.



SURPRISING A MOOSE AT EVERY TURN.
(The Trout of the Menamagossippi.)



STILL SMILING ON THE MENJAMAGOSSIPPI.
(The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)

the danger. The packs speedily went into the stream, and the people themselves would have followed, but there was time to reach the timber line. Arrived there it was found that all the party were safe with the exception of the Chinese cook. As there still appeared to be a chance of saving him, Mr. Brewster went back, and there sure enough was the man running round and round a tree. He had to be literally seized and forced into safety to prevent him from being burnt to death, so completely had he lost his head. All the articles were recovered, a few of them scorched, but none badly injured. While these fires are bad enough, they do not lay bare large tracts of country similar to visitations of the same kind in the bush lands. The camper and the explorer may well be advised however to miss no precaution to avoid them, for even when life is not endangered, much valuable timber is destroyed and it is awkward to say the least, to have one's outfit burned, and to be left with no means of speedily replenishing one's supplies.

On the western side of the Divide, salmon are found in many of the smaller streams. When they first come up they are very good, and the Indians spear them in considerable quantities. Those who get so far from the sea appear unable to find their way back, and after a time they bite each other viciously. The place where they are bitten becomes white, and anyone taking a salmon with a white patch on it is careful to cut this out. The remainder of the fish is good. But if the salmon is left the white spot gradually spreads until the fish dies of it. The theory is that the bite of the salmon at certain times is poisonous. There is no need to tell fish stories here, as the fisherman can at times spear not only all he requires, but enough to supply him for the winter should he desire to be so provident.

The life of the guide and hunter is not all sunshine. Like other callings it is subject to its ups and downs, and its variety of fortunes. In both instances however the Rocky Mountains offer advantages over any other place on the earth's surface. The downs are more easily recovered from, and the sunshine is not too long delayed. The

Mountains themselves are exhilarating. They dwarf the Alps, they are more accessible than the Andes and the Himalayas, and though the advancing waves of civilization may alter the foot hills, the invasion will pass over the Rockies and leave them open as ever to the explorer and the adventurer of the best kind. Pack-horse train travel and mountain climbing is being more and more practised by women as well as men. The sportsman who has failed to take in the Rockies has yet much to learn. He will find there what no other place can give him, and his experience of the world cannot be complete without a visit to them. In this vast region the Canadian Government possesses an asset whose value can scarcely be over estimated. At a time when the pressure of the great cities is presenting a problem with which no country has successfully grappled, the high clear air and the vast open spaces of the Rockies must be constantly increasing in value. In the midst of an ever changing world they retain their unchangeable, yet unapproachable beauty—a marvellous charm, alike to the stranger, and to those who have passed their lives beneath their shadows.

HE LOVED THE WOODS.

He loved the woods and almost ev'ry day
Would find him strolling there, heart-free
and gay,

Through shady bowers. Each leaf an' tree
Seemed mos' to know him, seemed as if he
Was kith an' kin to birds, an' such as they.
Folks called him "Nature's fool" and loved
to play

Their jokes an' tricks on him an' then he'd
stay

Down where the forest brook runs wild an'
free;

He loved the woods.

Sometimes he'd be for weeks an' days away.
An' folks as didn't understand would say,

Jim's got another broodin' spell"; but
we—

The buds an' flowers, ferns an' things an'
me—

We knew; we knew what led his steps
astray;

He loved the woods.

—Stacy E. Barker.

The Trout of the Menjamagossippi, Ontario, Canada.

It was early morning when I scrambled out of my blankets and stuck my head out of the tent for a look at the weather—especially the wind. What luck; not a breath! Not a leaf stirred, and the waters of Lake Timagami hardly lisped as they gently bathed the pebbly shores of Devil's Island, where we were camped. The lake lay as smooth as a mirror—what I could see of it; for a gauzy mist hung low and hid the further shores from view. Our Island, sheltered from frowning Devil's Mountain was still in the gray of dawn; but the sun was up, and out on the lake the silvery mists were rising at Geezis' bidding. "High time for these loafers to be up," thought I, "if we are to make the other end of Lady Evelyn Lake before night." Out they tumbled, after some urging, and soon were exchanging mutual greetings of "Kway! Kway!" with the Ojibway guides round the fire.

Breakfast, breaking camp, and loading the canoes were soon over, and our bows pointing straight up the North Arm of Timagami, towards Nonwakaming and Lady Evelyn Lakes. But not a moment too soon; for the waves were doing more than whispering now, and off to the north west were rising the white fleecy clouds that mean wind—and more than twenty miles of paddling against a head wind over a good sized lake is no fun! It was still early morning when we made the portage into Nonwakaming and by no means late when we put ashore on a convenient Island in Lady Evelyn for luncheon; and so, although we had quite a head wind, before the day was over we had no difficulty in making our distance, through charming Lady Evelyn Lake, and turning to the west into Sucker Gut Lake, before we camped for the night.

Who were we and where were we bound? Just a party of fishermen, Billy, the Doctor, and I, with Frank Leclair, "Old Joe," and "Big Paul," for guides—and we were bound up Lady Evelyn River for a try at its famous red trout, the trout of the Menjamagossippi. It is no cinch to take that trip, as we thoroughly appreciated before the end of the next day; for six portages of the hardest kind lie between

Lady Evelyn and the beginning of the good fishing. Imagine carrying a canoe or a heavy pack up a rock slope of forty-five degrees, more or less, or jumping from boulder to boulder without falling in a grand jumble of pack, canoe, curses and smiles. As Old Joe said—"If you go up first six portages all right, you stand the others;" which reminded me of the horse doctor's dictum that, "if the old mare didn't die that night, she was more likely to get well." It was hard work, that first day's trip up the Menjamagossippi, and we were a tired lot when we made camp late in the afternoon on a little peninsula at the head of Lily Lake, a little grassy rock just above the falls. But it was worth it, yea a thousand times over; for, when after supper we paddled over to a likely looking spot to try our luck with the rod, scarcely had the first fly fallen gently on the water, when there was the swirl of a great tail, a glorious strike, a singing of the reel, a battle royal, and a two-pound beauty, with shining sides and a belly as red as flame, lay flopping against the ribs of my canoe. That was the beginning of it; from then until it was too dark to see the flies they kept at it. those hungry Menjamagossippi trout; cast, strike, fight, landing; over and over again—now a double header, beauties both; now an old buster, full of years and honours—until, when the failing light compelled us to turn towards camp, we each had a dandy string safe on the bottom of our canoes.

That night around the camp fire! Shall I ever forget it? What a glow of satisfaction pervaded us all as we stretched our tired legs towards the blaze, and fought our battles over again, or built castles for the morrow in the curling smoke of our pipes—while from over the water came the long drawn mournful cry of Mahng, the loon.

Up and at it again in the morning; not in Lily lake this time, but a little up the river, beyond some more rapids, and in a miniature pond above. Sport! I never knew anything like it. All day long we kept it up, except for a rest in the full blaze of noon for lunch, and not once was

our interest allowed to flag. Soon we had all we could well eat before they would spoil, so back they would go into the water unharmed. We tried every fly we had, not to see which the trout would take, but which they wouldn't. It was no use ; Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Brown Hackle, Montreal, Parmacheenee Belle—they were all one to those fellows, and they gobbled them down without a thought—or tried to. It was a shame to trifle with the affections of those innocents! And so we thought as we paddled homeward with the trout we had kept, tired, but radiantly happy.

On the way to the camp, Billy varied the sport by scooping up out of the water a little sledged loon, and immediately adopting the tiny creature and christening it as one of the family. "His last name may be 'Mahng' as Joe says," said Billy. "but his other name shall be for me." And "Billy Mahng" he became from that time.

The Doctor not to be outdone, had his experiences too. In spite of the Day's sport he could not resist the temptation to try for a "big fellow," under an especially alluring rock in the stream just before we reached camp. It was growing quite

dusky, and perhaps that is the reason why the Doctor several times cast his flies most temptingly in vain. But at last, on a back cast, there came a fierce tug, a mighty splash, and the Doctor began reeling in—a night hawk. We awarded the Doctor first prize. We had heard of fishing for gulls, but this was the first night hawk fishing I had experienced.

Another trout supper, another evening around the fire, another dreamless sleep—and then we broke camp. To go home? Not much! To go still further up the Menjamagossippi, the trout fishing getting better—if possible—all the time; up beyond, through the little Tunge-diesippi, where we waded up to our waists for a day and a half, through dense alder ground, surprising a moose or two at every turn; clear to beautiful Shushawagami, the gem of all Ontario's lakes, where the great grey trout are thick as hair on a dog; even beyond, down the swift Montreal to desolate Metachewan, and soon back to Lady Evelyn and Timagami. But I am not going to tell about that trip; that is indeed "another story."

KEEWAYDIN.

New York Dog Show.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

I was admitted into the most intimate circles of New York's thoroughbred Society recently, and within its charmed circle I spent a couple of days. Of course it was as a representative of "Rod and Gun" that I mixed with New York's "Four Hundred." The families represented, and by whom your representative was treated in such a pleasant and affectionate manner, were the Airedales, Beagles, Dachsundes, the several branches of the Terrier family, the Pomeranians, the Dalmatians, and a host of others. Canada was well represented by its branches of the Pomeranian, Cocker Spaniel, Terrie and Airedale families. Several members of these aristocratic families permitted new introductions during the week, and as is

often the case both with blue blooded and other families, this proved to be the first step in bringing about changes in the families and their residences. Many of the Canadian representatives will hereafter be classed as residents of the United States.

The swell functions at which I "assisted" (as the French say) were held in Madison Square Gardens under the auspices of the Westminster Kennel Club. The invitations were extended to as many as would give fifty cents for them. In consequence of this, the thoroughbreds had their cheeks and noses patted by many plebian hands. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. Thomas W. Lawson were very much in evidence. However wrongly their money may be gotten some of it was well spent

here—that is of course from the sportsman's point of view.

The New York Dog Show is a great and useful institution. The weeding out of the cur, and the bringing in of the thoroughbred is good work. Here is where dogs innumerable of sterling good qualities are trained to do things, and to do them bravely; trained to love their friends, and to die if necessary in fighting their master's enemies.

I was very much charmed with the absolute fearlessness of the ladies in petting the dogs. It mattered not how fearfully they barked—or how fiercely they looked—bull dogs, terriers, and great Danes, these gentle ladies walked up to them. Sometimes I looked on in fear, but in a moment fear was exchanged for envy when I saw the caressing given to the dogs. Then

I often wished I were the dog! This reflection led me to another, viz., how much superior in many respects were the best of these dogs to many of the men that I know.

I witnessed a grand transformation scene in the Gardens—the change from dogs to Sportsman's Show, outfits and camps. Within twelve hours of the close of the Dog Show, 100 feet of platform had been built. A floor 500 feet by 200 feet had been torn up and carried away, preparatory to turning the area into a lake. Car loads of forest trees were coming in, as the dogs were being carried out. In forty eight hours the change was complete and what would have taken ordinary country people a month or six weeks to effect was thus done in the space of two days and nights.

A Rhinoceros Dinner.

"There goes the rhino" was the word passed amongst the diners as the waiters paraded through the dining hall of the Hotel Astor on the occasion of one of the recent Canadian Dinners in New York. The Canadian Camp is responsible for this terrible alimentary revolution. Among the guests who assembled to despatch the rhinoceros were the Rev. Henry Van Dyke of "Little Rivers" fame and many other equally valuable causes for a good reputation; Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, President of the Camp; Mr. Dillon Wallace, survivor of the Hubbard exploring expedition; Mr. Alvah D. James, of Amazon fame, Mr. Dan B. Smith, millionaire sportsman; Artist Dan Beard; Writers and Sportsmen L. F. Brown, L. O. Armstrong, and J. A. Cruickshank, Dr. Robert T. Morris, and a host of men well known in connection with camps, shooting and fishing. Last year the Canadian Campers served a bear that Grover Cleveland shot, and served him right. This year nothing but the royal rhinoceros would do. Next year as great a surprise will be managed.

Nobody can be a Canadian camper unless he has circulated and graduated in the woods of the Dominion. The members con-

sist generally of Americans who have camped in Canada. Besides the rhinoceros, *Mephisticus-americanus* was served—if you do not know what it is consult the dictionary. The dinner was a very good one even for the new banquet hall of the Hotel Astor

It is needless to say that the Rev. Henry Van Dyke was an inimitable toast master. Dillon Wallace told of hunger, cold and hardship in Labrador, and doubtless his story was true. The trip however should not have been made as arduous as it was. It was nevertheless one that brought out the sterling qualities of three good men, and the story of the expedition, and the diary of Hubbard, make intensely interesting, if pathetic, reading.

Mr. Alvah D. James in his story of his Amazon trip, told of many adventures with which those present felt the sympathetic touch of human nature.

Jim Brewster, of Banff, gave a splendid story of a grizzly hunt in which he was once engaged. As the toast master said it was true in every gesture and expression, and, added he, "that is the sort of a story we want here." Mr. Brewster was also compelled by the gently imper-

ative audience, to tell now he caught his forty eight inch trout with a tepee pole and a clothes line.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong spoke for half an hour about new rivers and lakes, and unexplored territory in New Ontario, and far North Western Quebec. The interest shown in his illustrated narrative was very keen, and the three hundred and fifty diners stayed to the last minute.

The Canadian Camp is a very flourishing institution, and one that will do Canada good. The Camp has settled upon its permanent home, which is to be along the Mississagua River in New Ontario.

Three days afterwards the Camp-fire Club had their dinner. These are the two leading organizations of sportsmen in New York. The Canadian Camp has the larger membership, and many of its members also belong to the Camp-fire Club. Both clubs are increasingly and deservedly popular. At the dinner of the latter Club, Dr. W. T. Hornaday was the genial toast-master.

An ardent auto-mobilist aroused more indignation than he was made aware of by his temporarily misplaced enthusiasm about auto-mobiles. He said that in a thousand years from now there would be auto-mobiles, but that the horse would be gone. Of course we did not believe him. The members of the audience were, however, too well bred to say what they felt; it is an ill judged effort at a meeting of sportsmen to attempt to prove that the auto will kill the horse.

The speaker of the evening was Prince Colloredo-Mannsfeld. He spoke of a trip he made into the Soudan to rescue an Austrian officer, who was fighting with Gordon's army, and had been captured by the Dervishes. His manly way of telling of his experiences, his good humored method of turning the laugh against himself whenever it was possible, and the value of the matter advanced by him, all proved him to be a most delightful after dinner speaker.

Mr. Loring gave some most interesting details of his trip to Alaska in search of live wild sheep.

An item in which considerable interest was shown were the selections from the Indian songs of the Hiawatha Indian play by Mr. F. R. Burton. Mr. Burton held his audience without difficulty, and they would have liked more. He gave the history of his discovery of this surprisingly good Indian music, and said that he was not the actual discoverer, but that Mr. L. O. Armstrong who had paved the way for him was, and that President Rocsevelt was so keenly interested in the preservation of these songs as to have given not only moral, but also financial aid in recovering and publishing these songs.

Your correspondent's experience of New York altogether made him feel more strongly than ever what a most valuable asset Canada possesses in her wildest country and most uninhabitable regions. The greater the acreage of bricks and mortar in the large cities of the United States, the greater the mileage of her railways, the greater the expansion of her manufactures, consequent pollution of her rivers and destruction of fish; the stronger is the desire of our friends to the south to escape for as long a period as possible from the artificial to the absolutely wild. They want camps, they want to live in tents, to live the life of the guide and the trapper; they are tired of summer hotels, steamships, Europe and everything else that is artificial. Only the call of Mother Nature is agreeable to them now. They want what is well expressed by the Rev. C. F. Yates, of Golden, B. C., in a poem entitled "In the Selkirks," which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine, appealed to me strongly and which will well bear repeating in part:—

And a tired trapper and trapper's dog,
As sons of the hills know how,
Curl close on a bed of eiderdown
Fresh cut from the cedar's bough.

And the dying camp-fire's embers show
The tint of the stars above;
And the night wind sings the old, old hymn
Of Omnipresent Love.



The Genesis of the Dog.

By D. TAYLOR.

A short time ago a friend of mine in the Old Country picked up at a second-hand book-stall, a treasure trove in the shape of an ancient treatise on dogs, and, knowing my penchant for a good dog and any sort of literature relating to the canine race, he very generously sacrificed his personal feelings in the same direction and sent the book to me. It is a gift for which I feel truly grateful, as apart from its intrinsic value as an old and quaint specimen of the printer's and illustrator's arts of bygone years, it contains much useful information for dog fanciers and many interesting anecdotes illustrative of the sagacity, faithfulness and courage of "man's best friend," the greater part of which could well bear reproduction. The standards of the different breeds might be taken exception to by the authorities of to-day, as might also some of the certain specifics for dog diseases, which are not in accordance with modern practice and generally of a too drastic nature; still the work is not devoid of pointers to those who are looking for knowledge. Unfortunately the title page is gone and there is no indication in the book itself of whom the author is or when and where it was published, but from other internal evidence it would appear to have been printed about the first decade of the last century. I came to this conclusion from the fact that there is an extract from a personal letter (not dated) from Sir Walter Scott, from the tone of which it may be presumed that the author and the "Wizard of the North" were on intimate terms. The letter refers in eulogistic terms to his greyhound "Maida," which along with others he afterwards immortalized in some stirring verse:

"Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'erholt or hill there never flew,
From leash or slip there never sprang,
More fleet of foot or sure of fang."

There are other evidences scattered throughout the volume to connect the work with that period.

The letterpress is not out of the way, but what shall I say of the illustrations? They are all printed from wood cuts, which are drawn in such a way that most of the breeds have a common resemblance. The dogs appear as if they had just stepped out of a child's "Noah's Ark," they have such a wooden and hopeless look, and I have no hesitation in saying they are a gross libel on the animals they are supposed to represent. Indeed the one described as the "Great Rough Water Dog" would very well stand for the missing link, while the bullterrier is striped like a tiger and spotted like a leopard. But there are many varieties of dogs mentioned in the book which we never hear tell of nowadays and the illustrations, after all, may not have appeared so very comical to our great-grandfathers. But how unlike they are to the present day illustrations which we obtain by means of photography—full of life and action, and true to nature in every particular.

The foregoing is merely introductory to this article I have headed "The Genesis of the Dog." Of all the animals known to mankind the dog is the most diversified in form, size, properties, intellect and propensities,—agreeing only in one particular—his constant attachment and fidelity to his master. The oldest writers speak of the dog as an associate of man. He is mentioned by Aristotle, Pliny and other sages, who narrate many fabulous stories imputing to dogs many extraordinary and supernatural qualifications.

We are told by Pliny that before a certain king was driven from his kingdom, the event was presaged by the speaking of a dog and the barking of a serpent. The Egyptians made frequent use of the figure of a dog in their hieroglyphics, emblematical not only of professions, but also of qualities. Thus he was delineated as a scribe, because a dog spends more of his time in silence than in barking, and the people considered that a perfect scribe ought to meditate more than he spoke; him that spoke much they reckoned a fool. The dog was also shown as a prophet, be-

cause he was considered to delight in all good actions and exercised all his energies for the benefit of man; so ought the eyes and ears of a prophet to be constantly turned towards heavenly things. They also pictured the dog as a king, to signify vigilance and activity, and in their religious processions carried along two dogs. We are also informed by another ancient writer that the people of an Ethiopian nation held the dog in such high estimation that they gave to him the honor of a king, and they had no other. When he fawned upon them they considered he was well pleased, when he barked that he was angry, and, interpreting his other gestures as intimating some directions for the government of the state, they instantly carried into effect what they conceived to be his wishes with an implicit and abiding faith.

There is also the dog-star, named after this animal, and the thirty days or thereby during which this star rises with the sun are called the dog-days, from a supposed influence on the canine race—a superstitious belief quite prevalent even at the present day. The dog is also mentioned in the Bible and in the New Testament where we are told of Lazarus, in Luke's gospel, that "the dogs came and licked his sores," from which circumstance, it may be inferred, has arisen the belief so widely entertained even now that there is virtue in a dog's tongue, and that if he lick a sore it will the sooner heal; and because dogs' sores are seldom attended to, and heal of their own accord without the assistance of a doctor. But it is only in consequence of the sore being kept clean by frequent licking that a cure is so soon effected.

For some reason or other not apparent the Jews seem to have held dogs as emblematical of the wicked. We find this idea strongly manifested in several portions of the Scriptures. David in the 22nd. Psalm says: "For dogs have compassed me, the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me," and again: "Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dogs." In Ecclesiastes we find; "For to him that is joined to all the living there is hope; for a living dog is better than a dead lion." Even Solomon the wise appears to have had a prejudice

against the dog, for he compares him to a fool when he says: "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly." The Evangelists' also record various sayings of the Saviour concerning dogs which agree in the main with the views of older writers. In Matthew's gospel he is quoted as saying: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs," and in speaking to the Greek woman "Let the childrer first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's meat, and cast it unto the dogs." In the Revelation we find: "For without are dogs and sorcerers."

It is quite probable that, from these quotations and others of a like nature, the saying has arisen, "He has gone to the dogs," when referring to a man who, either from the dishonorable conduct or failure in business, has fallen in the estimation of the world. Dogs at other times have been considered as unclean animals, and in some ages it was supposed even unsafe to touch them.

Among the superstitions in regard to dogs given by an old writer with the greatest candor and sincerity as to their efficacy I mention one or two. A dog's tooth bound on the arm will restrain the violence and fury of the most vicious dog; a live rat put into a pottage of a dog after he has partaken thereof, the dog will never bark any more; show a dog a black stone and he will run away and never be seen any more; a small bone taken from the left side of a toad is also a certain specific against the violence of a dog.

From what I have mentioned it is difficult to determine whether the dog in those remote ages was more savage in his nature than he is at the present day. Without indulging in speculations on this head, I would like to consider the animal as he actually is and as he has been described by authors who have thrown aside superstition and fictitious theories. From the earliest ages he has been the companion of man in all countries, and wherever the human being has extended his discoveries and dominion he has almost invariably been accompanied by this truly useful and intelligent animal. His alertness in giving warning of the approach of an enemy, his caution, perseverance and fidelity have rendered him worthy of the friendship and confidence of man. By do-

mesticating this intrepid, honest, faithful, sagacious and affectionate animal he secured the most necessary and certain means of conquest over many wild animals. By his exquisite sense of smell the dog is enabled to pursue unerringly all other animals; he can trace their every winding and turning till, by his strength and persistency he at last overtakes, overcomes, and destroys them. Without the aid of the dog, how could man have conquered, tamed and reduced the other animals to a state of slavery? How could he still discover, hunt down and destroy savage beasts for his own safety? Hence the training of the dog seems to have engaged the early attention of man, and his subjugation and domestication may well be considered among the most useful conquests he has ever made. In the state of society in which we now live this is not so apparent, but a little consideration of the times when our ancestors lived in semi-barbarism will readily satisfy us that we originally owed much of our progress in civilization to the powers and energies of the dog.

To illustrate the services of this faithful animal in the earliest stages of society, I may be allowed to quote the opinion of a celebrated African traveller. In his "Travels in Africa" Mr. Burchell says: "Our pack of dogs consisted of about five-and-twenty, of various sorts and sizes. This variety, though not altogether intentional, as I was obliged to take any that could be procured, was of the greatest service on such an expedition, as I observed that some gave notice of danger in one way, and others in another. Some were disposed to watch against men, others against wild beasts; some discovered an enemy by their quickness of hearing, others by that of scent; some were useful

for speed in pursuing game; some for their vigilance and barking, and others for their courage in holding ferocious animals at bay. Their services were invaluable, often contributing to our safety, and always to our ease by their constant vigilance, as we felt a confidence that no danger could approach us at night, without being announced by their barking. No circumstance could render the value and fidelity of these animals so conspicuous and sensible as a journey through regions which, abounding in wild beasts of every class, gave continual opportunities of witnessing the strong contrast in their habits between the ferocious beasts of prey, which fly at the approach of man, and these kind, but too often injured companions of the human race. When wandering over pathless deserts, oppressed with vexation and distress at the conduct of my own men, I have turned to these as my only friends, and felt how much inferior to them was man, when actuated only by selfish views."

It is deeply to be regretted that all that has been handed down to the present age, from the written authorities and traditions of antiquity concerning the natural history and different races of dogs, has been rather hypothetical than the result of experience from actual observation. There is no subject in natural history so involved in obscurity as the origin of the dog; and it is equally difficult to trace with certainty the source of the different races. Under these circumstances it will be my chief endeavor to give some account of dogs as they are known at the present day without burdening the mind with unprofitable and uncertain theories as to their origin and evolution.

(To be continued.)

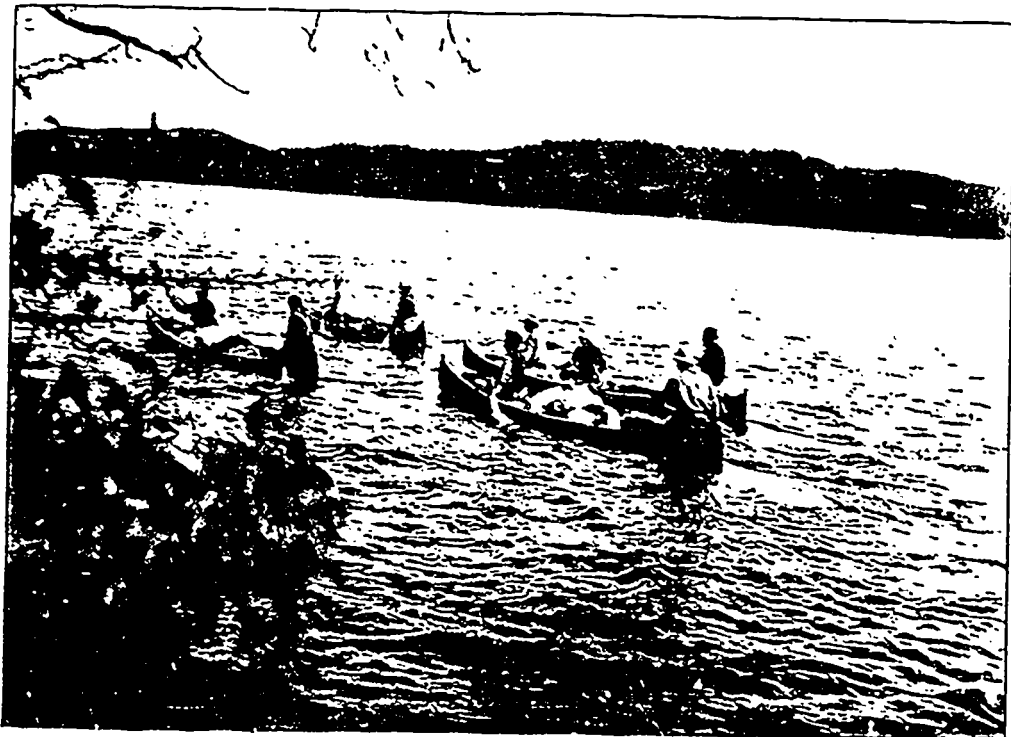
Love, the Greatest Thing in the Woods— Two Instances.

In the depth of the forest, at the mouth of a small river, with two guides only as witnesses, Father Marquette was buried. No stone was erected over his grave but he had a more enduring and lasting monu-

ment in the results of his loving life's work. The explorer when he died in the midst of his triumph on the shores of Lake Illinois, now known as Lake Michigan, wrote an epitaph for himself that



ON THE PORTAGE OF THE MENJAMA GOSSIPPI.
(The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)



OUR START.

This illustrates the story "From Timagami to Wanapitei", by Mr. Geo. W. Creelman, which appeared in the March number.



FIVE NICE SPECKLED TROUT FROM THE MENJAMAGOSSIPPI
(The Trout of the Menjamagossippi.)



INGAFLOORA.

The winning Airedale at New York. Bred and owned by
Mr. W. H. Whittam, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
(From "Rider and Drive".)

will last as long as the pyramids. The intrepid missionary started on his last exploration trip on March 29th, 1675. In those days the difficulties to be overcome by explorers were far more severe than those of today. Marquette's success, however, (while carrying the knowledge of Christ to the Indians) the discovery of the Father of Waters was ample reward for all he underwent, and when his end was near he knew that he had done a great work though he could barely have realized all that the discovery of the mighty river meant to succeeding generations.

Marquette died near the Indian village of Kaskaskias on the shores of Lake Michigan. For some days before the end he realized that death was near, and made all necessary preparations. Sight and strength had almost failed towards the last, and his guides frequently heard him say "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He gave directions as to his burial, and spoke so calmly of his end and of what must necessarily follow, that it was as though he spoke about the death and burial of one other than himself. On passing the mouth of a river he perceived an eminence which he thought suitable for a burial ground, and asked that it should be his last resting place. His guides, who loved him dearly, wished, however to pass on as the weather was favorable, and the day not far advanced. A contrary wind sprang up and compelled them to return. They then entered the river pointed out by Father Marquette, carried him ashore, kindled a little fire, and raised a bark cabin, in which they made him as comfortable as the means at their command allowed. They were so overcome by sadness at the thought of losing the leader they loved so well, that, as they afterwards said, they did not know what they were doing. He gave them his last instructions, thanked them for all the kindness showed him during the trip, and begged their pardon for all the trouble he had given them. He asked them to go and take a little rest, and promised to wake them up in time to witness the end. Two or three hours afterwards when about to enter his agony, he called them. He was buried at the spot he had himself selected. Love begets love. The love of Marquette

for his fellows, fully returned by them, made his last hours happy. After this the wave of exploration passed over him, and his last resting place was forgotten. Some years passed by and the Indians found his grave, and brought the bones to St. Ignace, where the place of burial was again lost sight of until September 3rd, 1877, when it was rediscovered. A monument has since been erected over the place of sepulchre, and on it appears the inscription:—

"Father Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, was taken ill, died, and was buried on his return journey from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan."

The work of a good, hardworking, loving unselfish man is a better memorial to him than monuments of stone or bronze. Throughout all the ages men have endeavored to render their memories imperishable. Survivors would make the memorials of those who are dear to them of the most enduring nature, but all in vain. There is no way that is permanent. The Indian makes a paling of wood, or a cairn of stones; but fire, frost, and man's needs destroy these in a short time. We put up our monuments of stone and bronze, but the elements, and the commercial needs of some coming age are likely to wipe them out, and scarcely leave a trace behind. The Egyptians used costly embalming fluids, and built the apparently age-defying pyramids and temples. These are either razed to the ground, or the persons to whose memory they are erected are forgotten. Instances like these of the impotence and futility of men's efforts to secure remembrance are strikingly recalled by the results of such a life as that of Father Marquette. The love of the man for his fellow man and his work for them cannot be forgotten. Both his name and his life-work will be remembered as long as the Mississippi flows.

Why does an old sportsman write of these things? Because of his experience of the need of patience and love in the woods owing to the difficulties which are there encountered. We need both virtues to make this life bearable and pleasant anywhere, but they are particularly necessary qualities in the woods. The two modern instances I am desirous of quoting are strik-

ing and impressive. I have told of Father Marquette for the first instance and the second instance I give is that of young Hubbard, who died of starvation on the Labrador trip and whose diary has just seen the light. Even better perhaps, for my purpose, and more to the point which I wish to impress upon my readers, than my own remarks might be, are the following extracts from his companion's. Dillon Wallace's book. This is the word picture of the last parting.

"These preparations for Hubbard's comfort completed, George and I returned to the tent to arrange the kits we were to take with us. Hubbard sat in the middle of the tent towards the rear; George and I on either side of him in the front. Hubbard gave George his pistol and compass, and I had my own pistol and compass. The pistols we fastened to our belts along with a sheath knife and tin cup. Having a case for my compass, I wore it also on my belt; George placed his in his pocket. Each of us had half a blanket, this to be our only covering at night. George placed his half, together with a tin pail and some tea, in the waterproof bag he had been using to carry food. This bag he bound with a pack strap, leaving a loop to sling over his shoulder. I also bound my half a blanket with a pack strap, thinking as I did so that I soon might want to eat the strap. And then when George and I had filled our waterproof boxes with wax taper matches, and placed a handfull of pistol cartridges in our pockets, we were ready to start.

"At this point I suggested it might be well for each man to make a note of such disposition as he desired made of his effects. George made an entry in his note book, and asked Hubbard to write when we were gone a letter to Mr. King, the Hudson's Bay Company's Agent at Missanabie, in reference to his (George's) affairs at that post. I then made the last entry in my diary, and with it wrote what I believed might be a last message to my sisters and my friend and associate in business, Mr. Alonzo G. McLaughlin. I put the diary with my other papers in my camp bag, and placed the bag in the rear of the tent, where the note Hubbard was to write for George was also to be

placed; we believed that if worst came to worst the tent was more likely to be found than our bodies down on the trail. Hubbard had been watching us silently while we did these things, and now he said:

"Wallace, if you get out of this, and I don't, you'll have to write the story of the trip."

"I expressed some doubt as to my ability, but he made me promise I would do the best I could. I also promised at his request, that if I survived him I should place his diary in his wife's hands.

"Thank you b'y," he said, "And now before you leave me won't you read to me again?—I want to hear that fourteenth chapter of John, and the thirteenth of First Corinthians. I fell asleep last night when you were reading, I was so tired. I'm sleepy now, very sleepy; but I'll keep awake this time while you read."

"I got my Testament from my camp bag, and read both chapters through nothing as I read that the look of happiness and peace was returning to Hubbard's poor wan face. When I had finished, he said quietly:

"Thank you b'y, thank you very much. Isn't that comforting? 'Let not your heart be troubled.' It makes me feel good. I've faith that we'll all be saved. I'm not worried. McLean was caught just as we are. He sent a man for help and got out all right. God will send us help too."

"Yes," said I, "and we shall soon be safe home."

"We'll soon be safe home," repeated Hubbard—"safe home. How happy that makes me feel."

"It was time for George Elson and me to go. But I could not say good-bye just yet. I turned my back to Hubbard and faced the fire. The tears were welling up into my eyes, and I struggled for self control. George sat silent, too, and his face was strangely drawn. For a full ten minutes we sat silently gazing into the fire. Finally George arose.

"Well, Wallace, we'd better start now."

"Yes," I said, "we'd better start."

"I collected myself as best I could, and turning to Hubbard, held out my hand.

"Good-bye, b'y; I'll be back soon." And then I looked into his poor wistful eyes, and broke down and sobbed.

"I crawled over to him, and put my arm about him. I kissed his cheek and he kissed my cheek. We embraced each other, and for a moment held our faces close together. Then I drew away.

George was crying too. The dear fellow went over to Hubbard, stooped, and kissed his cheek.

"With God's help I'll save you Hubbard."

Hubbard kissed his cheek and they embraced.

George slung his bundle on his shoulder, and I took up mine. We turned to go. But I had to return. I stooped and again kissed Hubbard's cheek, and he again kissed mine. He was quite calm—had been calm throughout. Only his eyes shone with that look of wistful longing.

"Good-bye, boys, and God be with you."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

And George and I left him. About twenty yards away I turned for a last look at the tent. Hubbard evidently had immediately lain down; for he was not to be seen. All I saw was the little peak of balloon silk that had been our home for so many weeks, the fire blazing between it and the big rock, the kettle of water by the fire, and the white moss and the dripping wet fir trees all about."

During many years of travel in the north in the course of which the writer has had to test the good qualities and endurance of many men, it has been forced upon him that the Anglican church seems to train the Indians and half breeds to a state of usefulness and reliability greater than that of any other influence exerted upon them—greater even than the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, which is on the whole very good. Let me again quote Dillon Wallace:—

"George," I asked, "have you your Testament with you?"

"It's the book of Common Prayer," he said, drawing it from his pocket," but its got the Psalms in it."

He handed me the tiny leather-covered book, but I could not see the print; the haze before my eyes was too thick. I returned the book to him, and asked him to read one of the Psalms. Quite at haphazard, I am sure, he turned to the ninety-first, and read it through.

The Psalm made a deep impression upon me. "For He shall give his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways." How strange it seems, in view of what happened to me, that George should have read that sentence.

The sun was again showing itself above the horizon, setting the expanse of fir trees and snow aglow, and the boys, having placed the kettle over the fire for breakfast, were cutting more wood, when Donald and Allen suddenly came over the bank, as they had done on the morning before. Their packs were as large as ever, and they had Hubbard's rifle. I knew at once that the worst had happened. "His wife and mother"—like lightning the thought flashed through my mind. A dizziness came over me, and for a moment I could not breathe. Donald spoke:

"Yesterday evening we found th' tent, sir. He were fastened up tight with pins on th' inside, an' hadn't been opened since th' snow began. Says I to Allen, sir, th' poor man's dead, 'tis sure he's dead. An' Allen he opened th' tent; for I had no heart to do it, sir, an' there th' poor man was, wrapped all up in th' blankets as if sleepin' sir. But he were dead, sir, dead; and he were dead for a long time. So there was nothin' to do but to wrap th' poor man safe in th' things that were there, an' bring back th' papers an' other things, sir."

* * * * *

We kept silent, we five men.

The pathetic nature of the following will appeal to every reader. It is the last entry in Geo. Hubbard's Diary:—

"They will try to reach the flour tomorrow. Then Wallace will try to bring a little and come back to me. George will go on to the milk and lard and to Skipper Blake's, if he can, and send or lead help to us. I want to say here that they are two of the very best, bravest, and grandest men I ever knew, and if I die it will not be because they did not put forth their best efforts. Our past two days have been trying ones. I have not written my diary because so very weak. Day before yesterday we caught sight of a caribou, but it was on our lee, and winding us got away before a shot could be fired. Yesterday at our old camp we found the end we had cut from a flour bag. It had a bit of flour

sticking to it. We boiled it with our old caribou bones, and it strengthened the broth a little. We also found a can of mustard we had thrown away. Mina (his wife) gave it to me as we were coming away, saying she had no use for it, and it might be good for plasters here. I sat and held it in my hand a long time thinking how it came from Congers and our home, and what a happy home it was, and what a dear, dear girl presided there. Then I took a bite of it and it was very good. We mixed some in our bone soup and it seemed to stimulate us. We had a bit of caribou skin in that same spot. It swelled up thick and was very good. Last night I fell asleep while the boys were reading to me. This morning I was very, very sleepy. After the boys left—they left me tea, the caribou

bones, and another end of a flour sack found here, a raw hide caribou mocassin, and some yeast cakes—I drank a cup of strong tea and some bone broth. I also ate some of the really delicious rawhide (boiled with bones) and it made me stronger—strong to write this. The boys have only tea, and half a pound of pea meal. Our parting was most affecting. I did not feel so bad. George said: "The Lord help us Hubbard. With His help I'll save you if I can get out." Then he cried. So did Wallace. Wallace stooped and kissed my cheek with his poor sunken bearded lips—several times—and I kissed his. George did the same, and I kissed his cheek. Then they went away. God bless and help them."

Well, may we say, "Rest in peace."

The Old and the New.

(Continued)

Yes. Those buildings. How well I remember each one, as, in imagination, I come upon the old familiar scene. First there was the canoe house, the building wherein were stored all canoes, ranging in size, from the tiny fathom and a half, to the gigantic five fathom. It was in that building that I learned the art of taking care of canoes, and in those days, woe betide the luckless apprentice who from carelessness, or ignorance, allowed these precious means of transport, the rolling stock of the Company, to receive damage.

As the reputation of a 'Bowsman' depended mostly on his ability to save his canoe from serious damage, amongst the rocks of the rapids, so did the reputation of the Postmaster depend on his care of this important branch of the business. His duty was to see that all these craft were not damaged by frost, and the cry of, 'I did not think that it would freeze up so soon' never helped him. His duty was to anticipate the frost, and prepare for it, in time. That preparation consisted of slackening the ribs of the canoes, and when those ribs were slackened, to see that the

canoes retained their proper shape. To do this, bags full of wild grass, or moss were used, to form a bed whereon the canoes could rest in their natural shape. A canoe whose ribs have been slacked is a 'soggy' thing, and will take almost any shape that its position will give. In that state, it is so impressionable that carelessness, or neglect, will spoil the best canoe ever made, especially if the length exceeds two and a half fathoms. If the precaution of slackening the ribs is not taken, it means a split in the bark, for the cold acts upon it in such a manner that it will shrink, and if the ribs are tight, either the sewing will give way, or the bark will split.

Great care has to be taken that the bow and stern are sufficiently raised so that it does not break its back, for a broken backed canoe is an abomination and a disgrace. Therefore there is a nicety of adjustment required in these matters, that is only born of experience.

It was here that I learned the art, and have never forgotten it, though, seeing that the cars are here now, such knowledge seems to be an incongruity.

In the old days, the men who made the

profits of the great Company, knew these things, almost by instinct. Many of them could not spell 'heaver' and when they wanted to credit an Indian with his catch, would draw a rough hieroglyphic, representing the skin of the animal brought, with corresponding strokes, representing the number. The Indian was satisfied with this Egyptian-like method, for it was intelligible to him, seeing that he himself used the same, and this fact established a mutual confidence between the two parties to the transaction, and these men knew many other things, chief amongst which was the nature, and the idiosyncracies of the Indian; the real key-note to the whole system of trade, in those primitive days, men who could identify themselves with the men out of whom they were making an enormous profit, and yet so simple withal, that they did not know that they were making any profit, but who rather thought themselves species of philanthropists, who were placed there by the Hudson's Bay Company, and Providence, to administer to the wants of the poor Indian. Such men are becoming rare in these days, and are only found in honorable retirement, or so far away back, that they are harder to get at than the moose.

Next to the canoe house, was the provision store, the delight of the Indian, but an ever present trial to the Trader, for it contained the pork, flour, and grease, the heaviest commodities, excepting shot, in which the Company dealt. How often has my heart ached as I have watched the keg of grease getting lower and lower, or the number of flour bags dwindling. If an Indian's lands were not depleted, and his stock of beaver good, I could cheerfully ladle out the grease, and let the Indian carry out the flour, but on the other hand, if the whiteman had been poaching on his lands, if he himself had strained a point, and killed off more beaver than the natural increase would allow, then the expensive commodities might never be paid for, and tribulation would follow in shape of a sharp reprimand from the Chief Factor of the District, to the effect that the Post was going behind; a desperate condition of affairs, for on the word of the great man depended promotion. Yes. All Hudson's Bay Company men remember the Provis-

ion Store, and some of them remember it with a shudder, and as, in imagination, I revisit the old spot I am glad that I am not in the same business still.

And now I see the Trader's house, like the rest, a building of logs, but a trifle more pretentious than the other buildings. The paint on the window casings and sills, not to mention the door, must have cost fully ten dollars, but one cannot have grandeur without cost. Moreover, there is a verandah, a luxury that is a distinction in itself. The whole is surrounded by a picket fence, not sawn pickets, but hewn out of the bush, and neatly pointed at the ends with an axe. It was a very bold Indian, or a very good hunter that dared show himself within those sacred precincts, for that was the home of the 'At-ah-way-weni', 'The Trader', the high cockalorum jig, the man whose smile meant grease, and whose frown meant plain rabbit or fish. An oily smile counted for something in those days, and to the Indian was worth winning. This particular house was of one storey, and divided off into four rooms, with a kitchen at the back. The rooms were as follows, the sitting room, the Trader's bed room, the clerk's bed room, and the dining room.

The furniture, with the exception of one chair, was home-made, and the adornment was of the most primitive kind, consisting of a few pictures out of some of the illustrated papers, or photographs of some of the beloved ones at home. In later years, I remember the pride of the day on which I brought up a rocking chair. It was resplendent, for it was painted red, and was a source of much comfort to myself, and admiration to the favored Indian, who might be brought, as an especial honor, into that holy of holies.

The dining-room was without a stove, but that did not matter, for the menu, in those early days, was not such as to tempt any man to linger long over his meals. For breakfast, porridge, and good solid porridge, sometimes with milk, and more often without it, though one could always get sugar, provided the allowance (yearly) of one hundred pounds, held out.

Fish or fried potatoes, if your cook was in good humor, followed the porridge. For dinner there was no porridge, but the fish and potatoes were there. For supper

one could be sure of fried potatoes, and if one did not eat up all the fish for dinner, one might get fish, re-hashed. If a moose were killed, one took moose meat instead of fish, so there was often a chance of variety.

Many a monotonous day have I spent in that house. I wished, sometimes, that I could scare up a ghost, and the creaking of the timbers of which the house was built, would sometimes give me hope, but nothing ever came of it, but dead, flat, monotony, an isolation that at times appeared to me a living death. When they built the dam at the foot of the lake, the water, in the spring, flooded me out. It crept higher and higher, first into my pretty garden, and then over the floor of my verandah, and I sincerely hoped that the flood would abate, but no. It rose until I was obliged to take off my boots and socks and turn up my trousers before I could get to my bed. The frogs sang their nocturnal songs whilst I would have been sleeping.

Next came the Indian house, a long low building, furnished with a huge open fireplace. It was here that the Indians, in the winter, made themselves as comfortable as they could without a stove, but with the privilege of cutting all the wood that they could burn, provided they carried it in themselves. Here they danced on festive occasions, making the air rank with the smell of smoke, of ancient clothes, and of Indian. All old time Hudson's Bay Company men know this smell, and though they may not like it, they can never forget it. When first the whitemen began to become common on Kippewa, I have seen this place turned into a very pandemonium, through the effects of whiskey, and bad whiskey at that. I have seen men, women, and children writhing upon the floor, all drunk, and knowing not what they did, the work of thoughtless men, who looked upon it all as funny. Such sights may again be common as the new railway creeps up north, up to Abitibi, and beyond, even to James' Bay, but the railway will bring with it civilization, and the means to keep such things in

check, which we had not in those days, hence it will be easier for another generation. I propose to give a description of the annual New Year's feast, later on, and therefore I may again have to allude to this building.

Beyond it, but attached, was the men's house, the habitat of the hired man, a house of the same dimensions, as to height and breadth, but rather smaller, as to length.

In those days the workingman was more easily satisfied than he is today. In this year of grace, a man who would ask a fellow man to take up his residence in such a hovel, would be laughed at, and yet there are men living to-day, who will speak of the time when they were glad of days of the past, for it was a life of almost accommodation and regret the happy ternate ease and hard work, a slight improvement on the Indian life, and one that appealed to the sporting instincts of humanity, for these men were encouraged to hunt, and provided that they took a few occasional hard trips, when they were called upon to do so, they led a life of ease, and freedom, without responsibility or care.

In those days, the hired man was usually imported, by way of Moose Factory from the Orkney Isles, or from Scotland. He usually considered that the move was a step towards freedom, but he had sufficient attributes of the 'Crofter' left upon him, so that he cheerfully recognized the constituted authorities with a touch of the cap, but he was always able to fill his stomach with something, and that was better than what he had been used to, therefore the relations between the Trader, and the hired man, were seldom strained, and often very friendly. The hired man would expect abuse, and get consideration. The trader would expect impudence and get civility, so the combination worked well, and many lasting friendships have sprung from it. Chief Factors have occasionally been evolved out of the hired men, but it was a slow process, something like rising from the ranks in the English army.



**THE PUBLISHER'S
DEPARTMENT**



The Keewaydin Club's Canoe Tours.

ITS CAMP—AN ATTRACTIVE PROGRAM.

Nowhere in all America are there such varieties of sport, and such opportunities for pleasure as in the great forest country of New Ontario, Canada. Virgin woodlands stretching away miles upon miles, interlaced with a perfect network of lakes and streams; moose, deer, caribou, and bear in large numbers, not to mention ducks, partridges, and all kinds of small game a plenty; speckled trout, bass, maskinonge, jack, salmon, and lake trouts; in short about every fresh water game fish; and the greatest canoe trips in the world, where one can paddle for weeks through country unsurpassed for wild beauty without seeing a house or a white man; these are some of the things New Ontario offers to the sportsman and lover of nature.

The three most attractive regions of Ontario are the Timagami country, the Mississagua-Desbarats region, and the French River district. Each has a charm of its own. The Timagami country, the fabled paradise of the Algonquin Indians, is simply unequalled for a summer's outing of all round sport. Here in the centre of a great Government forest reserve of 5,900 square miles, lies beautiful Lake Timagami, like a huge chrysanthemum (as some have said); its petals stretching in all directions, its rugged shores fringed with great virgin pines, its broad bosom dotted with over thirteen hundred islands. To the end of each petal one can paddle his canoe not only over charming local trips, but through forest waterways to far distant points—even to Hudson's Bay itself—and thence to the Arctic, Atlantic, or Pacific oceans. The explorer, the canoeman, the camper, the fisherman, the hunter, each can follow his own bent to his heart's content.

Mississagua, the great river flowing from the Height of Land to the shores of

Lake Huron, offers the finest canoe trip in America. Through miles of forests untouched by man, paddling over charming lakes, rushing down swift rapids, camping beside great cataracts or after a short side trip on the shores of a well stocked trout or bass pond or stream, all in a country really grand and impressive, the canoeman-sportsman finds all his desires fulfilled. In the season the Mississagua is a splendid big game country. Near the southern end of the trip is Desbarats, a Keewaydin "station," and a delightful spot among the thirty thousand islands of the north channel of Lake Huron, where each summer the Ojibway Indians give a play (Longfellow's "Hiawatha") in their own tongue.

The special attraction of the French River district is its wonderful fishing, particularly for bass and maskinonge, the gamiest fish that swim. Nor is it much, if at all behind these other regions for beauty and general attractiveness, and it is the most easily accessible of the three.

The Keewaydin Club is organized to enable one to enjoy to the full these regions; to camp, fish, take canoe trips, and hunt throughout this country. The Keewaydin Canoe Club is no experiment, but has twelve years of successful experience at its back. The scheme of organization is this: The club has its general headquarters on Lake Timagami, and at the other most convenient and attractive places throughout the regions named has permanent camps or "stations." From the headquarters and from each "station" local canoe trips are taken continually; some but for the day, others of several days' duration, with the tents, duffle, and general paraphernalia of a moving camp. At the same time longer trips are taken over the best

of the adjacent canoe routes; such as a trip the whole length of the Mississagua system to Desbarats. There are two ways from the Mississagua to Desbarats—one is by way of Waquekobing Lake, with its bass fishing, and then by wagon road and rail; the other is by striking west through a new country, which gives some of the best trout and bass fishing in Ontario, and enables one to take canoes all the way to Desbarats. This is the harder and much the wilder trip of the two. Another Keewaydin route is down the Wanapitei River; a third a "circuit trip" of the Timagami region, and the like. These trips are all personally conducted by one of our staff, men of several years' experience in just this sort of thing, and are accompanied by cooks and Indian guides. Private parties will also be outfitted, supplied with everything and furnished with guides—as well as with a conductor if required—for any length of trip.

The Keewaydin season will begin on June 14th and continue until the close of the hunting season in November. During this time one can take his choice of the following ways of spending his time or combine various ways:—

(1.) Stay at one of our permanent camps and take daily canoe trips, fishing trips, tramps through the woods with the Indians, mountain climbs, etc. The charges for this are as follows:—(a) Without special guides \$40.00; (b) with one special guide to any two campers \$60.00; (c) with a special guide apiece \$70.00.

(2.) Make headquarters at one of the camps and take some of the shorter trips, yet trips of several days each. Charges with one guide to every two campers \$60.00; with a special guide apiece \$75.00.

(3.) Take one of the longer trips with regular parties, charges \$75.00.

(4.) Be outfitted for a private trip. Charges, with guide, (but without a conductor) \$88.00; with a conductor, \$50.00 extra for the party.

The charges given are for a stay of two weeks, the shortest possible time. For longer stays substantial reductions will be made.

TIMAGAMI.

It would be hard to find anywhere a region to which could more properly be ap-

plied the term "Summer play ground of America," than to the Timagami country. Lying out of the ordinary course of travel, it has so far escaped the inroads of the summer tourist, and is still in all its native beauty and wild grandeur, its only inhabitants those "first families" of the Northland, the Algonquin-Ojibway Indians, its stock of fish and game still undepleted. Timagami itself is a beautiful woodland lake, its deep, clear, emerald-green waters teeming with bass, dore, and three kinds of magnificent lake trout, and the streams in the neighborhood with brook trout. The surrounding forests swarm with moose, deer, bear, and small game.

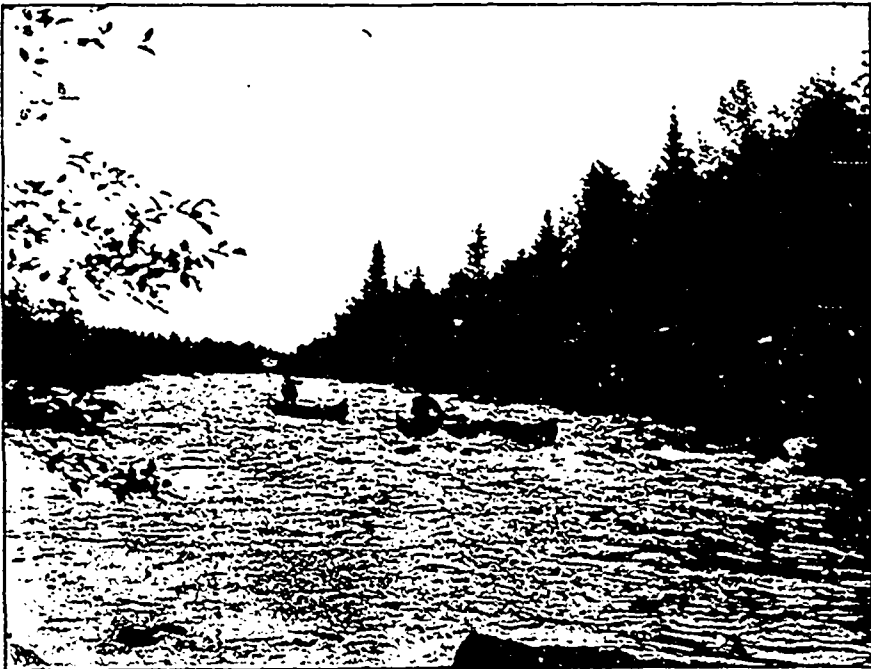
On this lake is the headquarters of the Keewaydin Club, and at various points throughout the region are the Club's "stations." A member of the Club may stay at any one of these camps and confine his canoeing, fishing, and hunting to the immediate neighborhood, or stay awhile at one camp, and then change over to another; or he may take a circuit canoeing trip throughout the entire region, visiting each "station" and getting the full benefit of the whole country. A glance at the map will show how wonderfully the country is watered. With short portages here and there, a camper can go by canoe to hundreds of lakes and streams. These lakes are all beautifully wild and untouched by man, and are full of gamey fish, principally the small mouthed black bass. A whole season can be most pleasantly spent by taking daily trips from one of the "stations," or by taking excursions of a few days each, returning to the "station" to get a new lot of supplies and to start out again. Once each month, on the 15th (unless it be a Sunday) the "circuit-trip" will leave the headquarters for a tour of the region. This will last two weeks, and will enable one to get a great variety of canoeing and fishing experiences.

Within the year a new Government railway has penetrated to Timagami, touching it at the extremity of the northeast arm. This with the Canadian Pacific Railway (from whose North Bay Station it leaves) and connections, make it now an easy matter to reach the camps of the Keewaydin Club, and puts members within easy reach of the mail and telegraph.



ON LAKE OBABIKA.

This illustrates the story "From Timagami to Wanapitei" by Mr. Geo. W. Creelman, which appeared in the March number.



DOWN THE STURGEON.

This illustrates Mr. Douglas' story which appears in the March number.

MISSISSAGUA AND DESBARATS:

The tourist who has failed to make the Mississagua River trip can have no idea of the beauty of the country and the perfection of this trip. Until very recently the country was unknown except to the Indians and it is now a true virgin territory. The fishing and hunting are unexcelled (when led to by our guides); but it is the wonderful canoe trip that is the greatest attraction of the region. Almost all sorts of canoeing experience is there in bewildering variety; here a paddle over a beautiful forest-girt lake; here a portage around a cataract, higher by five feet than Niagara; and here an exciting "shoot" down forty miles of rapids. For one fond of an out-and-out canoe trip through beautiful and ever changing scenery, with plenty of fine fishing and all sorts of game, this is ideal. Of the two routes from the Mississagua to Desbarats, one gives bass, and the other speckled red-trout and bass fishing, second to none.

The Keewaydin headquarters for this region are at Desbarats. Here one can stay and put in a whole summer of delightful experiences aside from the canoe trip. The spot is very beautiful, and all sorts of summer recreations are there. Not least of these are the Indians, their encampment, and their "Hiawatha" drama affording never ending sources of pleasure.

FRENCH RIVER.

The French River, from Lake Nipissing to Georgian Bay, has long been famous as a land of promise for the fisherman, canoeist and camper. A two weeks' trip through this region will make a splendid outing. The country is very beautiful and rugged, and fine for camping, while the fishing is extraordinary. This is the first year that canoe trips have been organized for this river. Bass and maskinonge are more than plentiful, and afford unusual sport.

The Keewaydin Club's "stations" and trips will be similar to those in Timagami and the Mississagua, and the prices will be the same.

IN GENERAL.

On all trips and at every camp the guides are Indians, men who have the training of generations in the service of the famous

Hudson's Bay Company. As canoeists, hunters, and fishermen, they are without equals anywhere, and it is an experience in itself to be with one of these men.

At camps and on trips everything except personal effects is furnished by the Club. Nothing but the best in any line will be provided.

In each region ladies are taken in certain camps, and a long trip especially for ladies will be taken on August 15th. It has been demonstrated by experience that ladies can take these trips, and thoroughly enjoy them.

All these regions can be easily reached from any part of the United States east of the Mississippi by the Canadian Pacific Railway and connections.

The advantages offered by Keewaydin are apparent. For a lump sum (so that the entire cost of the trip may be exactly known at the start) one is enabled to enjoy the woods in whatever way he likes best, in comfort and in safety, with the very best guides in the country, conducted by men who have made it a special study how to provide a programme that will enable the campers to get the maximum pleasure out of the woods with the minimum of inconvenience. The campers have no worry about "how much it is going to cost us before we get through"; no anxiety about supplies,—nothing but to enjoy everything.

It will be readily seen that in order to enable ample and satisfactory arrangements to be made, applications for membership should be sent in at the earliest possible date. Address any member of the staff, or the Director:—

A. S. GREGG CLARKE,
ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.
BOYS' CAMPS.

Some may be interested to know that at Timagami two boys' camps, one for younger, and one for older campers, are conducted by the same management, but are entirely separate from the camps of this club. These boys' camps are out-and-out sportsman's camps, modified to suit the boys' needs. The camp booklet may be had on application.

SEASON OF 1905—STAFF.

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

Alfred B. Hall, Lakeville, Connecticut.

George W. Creelman, Lakeville, Connecticut.

George Jackson, Asheville, North Carolina.

O. J. Campbell, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

Ralph C. Porter, 41 Wall St., New York.

True Sport and Good Religion.

"The American Fish Culturist" publishes some intensely interesting extracts from the "Book of St. Albans" also called a "Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle." I have already quoted from this book which was printed at Westminster in 1496 by Wynkyn de Worde, an assistant of William Caxton. We would now make the following further extracts, which we are sure will be read with pleasure by all readers who have not previously perused them (and even with them they will bear repetition) giving all credit and full assurance of sympathy to our brother, the appreciative Editor of the "Culturist":—

"Here beginneth the Treatise of Fishing with an Angle. Solomon in his parables saith that a good spirit maketh a flowering age, that is a fair age and a long. And sith it is so I ask this question, which be the means and the causes that induce a man into a merry spirit? Truly to my best discretion it seemeth good disports and honest games in whom a man joyeth without any repentance after. Then followeth it that good disports and honest games because of man's fair age and long life. And therefore now will I choose of four good disports and honest games, that is to wit: of hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling. The best to my simple discretion which is fishing, called angling with a rod, and a line and a hook.

* * * *

"Thus me seemeth that hunting and hawking and also fowling be so laborious and grievous, that none of them may perform nor be very mean that induce a man to a merry spirit; which is cause of his long life according unto the said parable of Solomon. Doubtless then followeth it that it must needs be the disport of fishing with an angle; for all other manner

of fishing is also laborious and grievous: often making folks full wet and cold, which many times hath been seen causes of great infirmities. But the angler may have no cold nor no disease nor anger, but if he be causer himself. For he may not lose at the most but a line or hook: of which he may have store plenty of his own making, as this simple treatise shall teach him. So then his loss is not grievous, and other griefs may he not have, saving but if any fish break away after that he is taken on the hook, or else that he catch nought: which be not grievous. For if he fail of one he may not fail of another, if he doth as this treatise teacheth; but if there be nought in the water. And yet at the least he hath his wholesome walk and merry at his ease, a sweet air of the sweet savor of the meed flowers that maketh him hungry. He heareth the melodious harmony of fowls. He seeth the young swans, herons, ducks, coots, and many other fowls with their broods; which me seemeth better than all noise of hounds, the blast of horns, and the cry of fowls that hunters, falcons and fowlers can make. And if the angler take fish, surer then is there no man merrier than he in spirit. Also whoso will use the game of angling he must rise early, which thing is profitable to man in this wise, that is to wit, most to the heal of his soul. For it shall cause him to be holy; and to the heal of his body, for it shall cause him to be whole. Also to the increase of his goods, for it shall make him rich. As the old English proverb saith in this wise, whoso will rise early shall be holy, healthy, and zealous.

* * * *

"Also that ye break no man's hedges in going about your disports: nor open no man's gates but that ye shut them again.

Also ye shall not use this foresaid crafty disport for no covetousness, to the increasing and sparing of your money only, but principally for your solace, and to cause the health of your body, and specially of your soul. For when ye purpose to go on your disports in fishing, ye will not desire greatly many persons with you, which might let you of your game; and then ye may serve God devoutly in saying affectuously your customable prayer. And thus doing ye shall eschew and avoid many vices, as it is right well known. Also ye shall not be too ravenous in taking of

your said game, as too much at one time, which ye may lightly do if ye do in every point as this present treatise showeth you in every point, which lightly be occasion to destrcy your own disports and other men's also. As when ye have a sufficient mess ye should covet no more as at that time. Also ye shall busy yourself to ncurish the game in all that ye may, and to destroy all such things as be devourers of it. And all those that do after this rule shall have the blessing of God and St. Peter, which he them grant that with his precious blood us bought"

Our Medicine Bag.

The Editorial Department is receiving very many pleasant letters from readers of "Rod and Gun", most of them from the United States, but some from Canada.

We would like to say that we are making a determined effort, in which we will not spare ourselves or our means, to make "Rod and Gun" second to none on the continent; but we would like more Canadian support and more Canadian contributions to do this. We are as yet receiving a much larger support from the United States than from Canada.

We would say to those who are supporting us so loyally. We are in our seventh year; we are vigorous; we are growing! Our subscribers in the United States and Canada tell us that they get what they want in our magazine, viz., good descriptions of Canadian territory. We will try to give them more and better matter than we have in the past, in every department of the magazine.

Canadians made a very good record at the New York Dog Show with bull terriers, cocker spaniels and Dalmatians.

We would ask the guides from all over the Dominion, and adjacent territories, to register their names with us, offering to give them one line free. We have already the names of a number of reliable guides, and expect to be able to publish our first list next month.

There is a perennial discussion as to record moose heads. As far as our knowledge goes the best four American heads are in the possession of, and were shot by Mr. R. S. Reed, of Vancouver, B.C., on one trip in Northern British Columbia. The smallest was 68 and the largest 78 inches spread.

Mr. G. C. Cowan, who has shot in British Columbia for twenty years, is going to make his 61st trip across the continent to Kamloops, where he keeps one of his hunting outfits. He is going north from there for grizzlies and record moose. Mr. Cowan is one of our valued contributors.

Charged with jumping astride a wild but somewhat exhausted deer and pounding it to death with a stone, pretty Luella Huliett, a young married woman, appeared in the Bennington, Vt., court. When arraigned she was clad in the typical garb of a backwoodsman, including trousers, red sweater, holster belt, fur cap and had her hair closely cropped.

A contemporary thus refers to the death of the late General Lew Wallace:—"His canoe has started down the river—let us hope that the waters will be placid and the hour not too dark, but that he can ever see the shore and enjoy the grasses, flowers, trees, and birds that he loved while here on earth."

Oakland, California, is responsible for the following story—"Wild ducks that swim in the bay have been the victims of civilization in a queer and astonishing way. Their wings have been glued to their bodies by materials floating out from a big paint manufactory, the result being that the birds could neither fly out of the water nor make a living by catching fish."

The far north canoe trips and especially the Hudson Bay, Timagami, and Mississauga canoe trips give evidence of renewed vitality for the forthcoming season, and as an indication of the interest taken in it across the border, we may draw attention to an interesting article on the subject appearing in the March number of "Sports-a-Field" by one of the first party of ladies who took the trip in August last.

I read with pleasure in an account of the annual dinner of the Fly Fishers' Club held at the Hotel Cecil, London, on Feb. 21st, that His Majesty the King is a fly fisher, and that Her Majesty the Queen does not allow him to surpass her in skill in casting the fly. All their children follow the parental example in this respect, and their eldest daughter, the Duchess of Fife, is said to excel any of the members of the Royal Family as a fisherwoman.

The Secretary of the Board of Trade for the Town of Sturgeon Falls, Ont., writes us:—

"Better facilities will be afforded tourists visiting Lake Nipissing and the French River this season as a passenger and freight steamer will ply on the lake. This steamer is under construction at Sturgeon Falls now and will be in commission when the tourist season opens. James Hendrie is the Secretary-Treasurer of the Company with headquarters at Sturgeon Falls."

Miss Flossie Armstrong, a pretty young woman, resident at the Baumfolk ranch, eight miles from Bisbee, has the distinction of being the only woman known to have killed a mountain lion in Arizona.

Out for a morning ride alone, she found the lion feeding upon the carcass of a calf it had killed. Miss Armstrong at once pulled from its holster the rifle she hab-

itually carries on the range and began firing. One of her bullets found the beast's heart. Then she placed a rope around the lion's neck and dragged it in triumph behind her pony to the ranch.

Inter-State fish and game protection would appear to be making progress across the border judging from the following which appears in an exchange:—"As a result of a conference of the game protectors of three States held at St. Paul, W. B. Douglas, formerly Attorney General of Minnesota will draw a bill giving five States concurrent jurisdiction over inter-State waters. The conference continued nearly all day at the office of S. F. Fullerton, executive agent of the Minnesota game and fish commission and in addition the game wardens of Minnesota, representatives of the game and fish interests of Wisconsin and North Dakota were present."

"Rod and Gun" has aimed at giving useful information about every fishing and shooting section in Canada, and every portion of the great northland that is attractive to tourists. Particular interest has arisen we find in the Timagami, French River, and Mississauga countries. This is our reason for publishing illustrations of articles appearing in the March number about these sections, and the connections between them, which arrived too late for March publication. The illustrations referred to are those that should have appeared with Mr. G. W. Creelman's and Mr. Douglas' stories. We are sending out special correspondence to a great many sections of Canada to obtain reliable information about regions concerning which we know too little, and the public still less. This specific information we hope to have ready for the months of May and June.

The "Newfoundland Quarterly" contains an account of the hunting experiences in that Island of Lieut. E. C. Kennedy, R. N. The writer is very enthusiastic in his description, picturing Newfoundland as one large deer park and a grand range for its splendid caribou. After a first disappointment, he struck a portion of the country in which deer were plentiful, and succeeded in shooting two stags and a doe—the num-

ber allowed by his license. One of the stags had a good head of 30 points, and the other 32 points, with a finer head, the brow antlers being particularly well developed. A big black bear was also seen, but the ground was too broken, and the underbrush too thick, to get a good shot, and Bruin escaped.



A remarkable story of the successful acclimatization of fish is told in one of the publications of the United States Bureau of Fisheries. The experiment of planting shad and striped bass on the Pacific Coast cost the Government under \$5,000, and now the yearly market catch is valued at \$165,000. This is only one of a score of similar successes which the Government may well place to their credit when the fires of criticism, are directed against them; and it well deserves the description given of the work as that of enlarging the world's food supply. The United States Government has not only done great things for its own country in transplanting fish, but has generously assisted outsiders, and amongst others has benefited Canada by a large shipment of rainbow trout eggs and by stocking International waters.



The efforts put forth by the North American Fish and Game Protective Association to prevent spring seine fishing in Missisquoi Bay, in Lake Champlain have not met with the success they deserved. When the deputation visited Ottawa the reception they were accorded led them to believe that the personal interest of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries was enlisted in their favour, and this led them to indulge in the hope of gaining their point. A letter has however been received from the Hon. R. Prefontaine stating that he has "come to the conclusion that the case of the Canadian fisherman is a strong one, and it is not justifiable to deprive them of the privileges which they have exercised for so many years." Evidently the Association has a good deal of work in front of the members before it is possible to get the two countries to work together, even when their mutual interests would be served thereby.



If the Minister of Marine and Fisheries clings to his un-neighbourly method of

treating the application of the representatives of the States of New York and Vermont, who wish to stop the spring seine fishing in Missisquoi Bay in Lake Champlain, where they control very much the larger portion of the water, he will have neither the support nor the sympathy, of the sportsmen of Canada. Such representative Associations as the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, and the Province of Quebec Protective Association, have both placed themselves on record in favour of joining the States in stopping this seine fishing. This fishing is an injustice not only to the sportsmen, but also to thousands of farmers, both Canadian and American, who for the sake of a few Canadian net fishermen, who sell all their fish to the States, have their summer fishing spoiled, by this unwise, unjust, unpatriotic, and unsportsmanlike spring seine-fishing.



A correspondent who relates some interesting stories of the discomforts voluntarily and eagerly experienced by sportsmen in the pursuit of their favourite pastimes, asks, "Is there any limit to a sportsman's daring or indiscretion at times? I have seen a big grown up man freeze himself for two hours chasing a poor little crippled teal up and down the river, and finally drop it into his hunting coat with a feeling of satisfaction not to be bought with the Rockefeller or Carnegie millions. I have seen two apparently sane and intelligent fellows chase five geese in a freezing blinding snow storm up and down the river for five hours, at times crawling many rods on hands and knees for a shot, wading the river four times and finally rounding up the last one, only to take them home and distribute them amongst their friends. There are times when every man who loves a horse, a dog, or a gun will do something like this. Is it sportsmanship? Or is it some disease not yet known or fully understood?"



Mr. E. A. Samuels, a well known authority on natural history, writes pleasantly in "Fishing and Shooting" on "Our Woods Inhabiters in Winter" taking the fox as his subject. The crafty nature of this animal, and the skill he shows in hiding himself, and escaping the destructive tendencies of

civilization, coupled with his wide distribution, renders the subject of general interest. The pelt however is not worth the trouble of taking, with the exception of the blue fox, which is bred in Alaska for commercial purposes, the climate being particularly adapted to the growth of fine fur. The fox ranches are made on islands from which the animals cannot escape. Attempts have been made to confine the red fox in tracts of woodland around which fences of fine wire netting were set, but these proved no barrier to the escape of the cunning animals, which burrowed beneath the netting without any difficulty,

A wonderfully interesting human document is the diary of Leonidas Hubbard, jun, written by him when on his trip in Labrador. The unfortunate expedition aroused considerable interest on the part of all who are concerned in the slightest with exploration work on this continent, and with out-door life in general. The diary is full of pathos, and tells the story of brave endurance under failure—the very hardest strain of all upon a man. Obviously it was not intended for publication as it appears, but as plain memoranda from which to work up his story, and it is all the more pathetic on that account. As this was de-



ON GULL LAKE.

This illustrates the story "From Timagami to Waapite," by Mr. G. W. Creelman, which appeared in the March number.

no matter how deeply the fence was set. Nevertheless the wolf is craftier than the fox and we renew our appeal to the various Provincial governments to increase the wolf bounty.

We publish elsewhere an account of the death of two explorers who will I think touch a sympathetic chord in the heart of every sportsman. The two men are Father Marquette and Leonidas Hubbard.

nied him, the simple record of his struggles, sufferings and death make up the story of one more of the army of the Martyrs of exploration who gave up his life in the endeavour to wrest some of her great secrets from Nature.

The Hon. H. T. Payne, of California, has gone to the trouble of compiling a mass of figures showing how much it is to the interest of many classes to aid in the full

protection of fish and me. He takes as the text of his discourse the remark made by President Roosevelt upon seeing the carcass of a deer hanging in one of the markets in New York city:—"That deer as an article of commerce is worth not more than \$20.00 to the man who killed it, but so long as it was running wild in the Adirondacks it was worth to the people of the whole State fully \$500." He then proceeds to demonstrate by means of figures how true is this statement, and comes to the conclusion that 90 per cent. of the expenditure of sportsmen in the favourite pursuit finds its way into the pockets of the wage earner. Every statement is supported by figures, and he thus shows how the railroads, stage lines, livery stables, hotels, guides, manufacturers of guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, and other articles are directly benefited, while workers of all kinds in the preparation of raw material are indirectly and very largely the gainers from the trade of those who hunt and fish.

A recent number of the "Fishing Gazette," published in England, contains an account of a rainbow trout, which feeds from a lady's hand. The account is testified to by Mr. C. Barnby Smith of Woodlands, Retford, and he says that the fish was obtained by him as a yearling, and now weighs about two and a half pounds. It is kept in a tank holding about 600 gallons of water. The process of taming was started by tying food to the end of a piece of string and letting it hang on or near the surface of the water. The fish soon saw the meaning of this, and would drag the string about most violently in his efforts to get the food off. Gradually the string was shortened, and then dispensed with altogether. Mr. Smith states that "he will often come with his nose near the surface of the water to look whether a hand held over the bridge really holds anything tempting or not. The sensation of having one's fingers right at the back of his mouth (which regularly happens when he is leaping) is very curious, and he often has to give himself a twist in the air to get free again. He will readily leap to a stranger's hands, but half a dozen ladies standing round the tank and wearing bright costumes make him rather nervous

or sulky. He also objects to leap into the bright sunlight, and this makes the business of taking his photograph a matter of difficulty."

We have a letter from one of four brothers who are thoroughly conversant with the Mississagua-Desbarats country, who says:—

"It would be a good idea to take the people in from Desbarats, Ont., and out the Mississagua and they would then cover the very best fishing country there is up there anywhere. My younger brother Joe, who is with me here, has covered all of that country and knows the lakes and rivers and tells me this morning that the best trout fishing in the country is right in the section you speak of. The boys have all been over that portion of the Mississagua too. I may have overlooked telling you there are four of us brothers that are thinking of going into this thing as a permanent business and we have all been over that country, as well as three of us having been to Abitibi three times. The boys do not feel like giving maps away though. I have been trying to get that map for you all winter, but since we got the idea of running these trips the others say we ought to hold the information, as it would be of no use to us if we told exactly where we do our big fishing. These are matters we can discuss later."

The country referred to is unexplored except by the timber surveyors, of which profession is one of the brothers. These are men of good general education and well up in woodcraft. For speckled trout and bass fishing, and for a canoe trip of great beauty never before made by any tourist, we can recommend this. It is a country that will remain wild because, while well timbered, the land is generally unfit for settlement.

In view of the fact that Leonidas Hubbard and his party were helped in staving off starvation by eating caribou horns the following, which appears in the "Manitoba Weekly" will not be without interest to our readers:—

HOW ELKS SHED AND RENEW ANTLERS.

Elks shed their antlers about the first of February, though much depends upon the

locality and upon the age and health of the animal. It often happens that one antler is carried several days after the other has been dropped. The new antlers push off the old ones, and when they appear they resemble scars on the animals forehead, but soon take the form of two black velvet buttons, about the size of silver dollars.

As they continue to grow they gain in length only, and by the first of July they have attained their full size. If you could examine them now you would find them soft, rather flexible, nourished by blood and incased in a thick, tough skin covered with velvety fur. The antlers are now 'in the velvet,' as the hunters term it, a most critical period for the owner, who seems to realize it, for he is careful to avoid contact with anything liable to injure them. Should an accident happen and the skin get broken or the antler disfigured, it might result in the elk's bleeding to death, or in his carrying a deformed antler until the following February. Through a process of nature the blood vessels that have fed the antlers are shut off about the middle of July, and then they begin to harden.

A few weeks later the elk may be seen rubbing them against trees or thrashing them about in the bush while endeavouring to rid them of the velvet, and in a few days it hangs in shreds and soon disappears entirely. The elk is now lord of the forest, and is ready to combat with his rivals or enemies.



Mr. F. B. Hussey of Pittsburg and Golden, B.C., has told me of the admirable promise made by his Airedale pups of becoming good grizzly dogs. They did excellent work for their age when accompanying him on his famous hunting trip last year, when he killed seven grizzlies and many other bears. The Airedale is fast coming to the front as a good all round dog. With a weight of from 40 to 45 lbs. he is heavier than other terriers; he has a deep powerful jaw, lips tight against the teeth, a black nose, ears V shaped, eyes small, dark and expressive, and a strong neck. His long hair makes him a good dog for a northern climate. The Airedale is also a good house dog, a good watch dog, never backing a fight but always ready to defend

his own and his master's rights. For intelligence he is second to none. He is a good water dog, and makes excellent company on a trip. He can be easily trained as a messenger dog. His constitution is good; he never barks for nothing, he is no "yapper." He is well known and appreciated in England, and he is becoming popular for his many excellent qualities in the States. At the New York Sportsman's Show I saw some Canadians who had come down to purchase an Airedale. This shows that the Montreal and other breeders have not yet ascertained the advertising value of "Rod and Gun." We lose many good things through ignorance, but where that ignorance is not invincible, as the maid pronounced it in the case of the Anglican bishop, there is a chance of salvation.

The New York Sportsman's Show management made a new departure this year. Apart from the Canadian exhibits—consisting of the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, the Intercolonial, and the Richelieu and Ontario, there was only one small exhibit by the State of Maine. The motor boats, and the auto boats—the \$10,000 to \$50,000 fads of the millionaire—drew very large numbers of people, who have not hitherto been sportsmen in our understanding of the term. Many spent some time among the Canadian exhibits, and many individual Americans and American parties were looked by the Canadian representatives for trips in Canada during the coming season. All our Provinces have friends among the American sportsmen — New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia. Manitoba is pretty well shut out from American sportsmen by the high license fee of \$100.00.



A correspondent in Chesterfield favors us with the following: "Saw a copy of your magazine for the first time last night and was much impressed with it. It is what I have been looking for, for some time, namely, a magazine of Canadian sport with rod and gun. I take an American edition which is very good, and which I like in some respects better than yours, — it devotes more space to dogs, which I consider the hunter's best friend. Have we any Canadian breeders of dogs? I have never seen an advertisement of one. Do we have any Canadian field trials or dog

shows. I would like to see accounts of them in some magazine."

We feel gratified that, on such a short acquaintance, our correspondent entertains so favorable an opinion of Rod and Gun in Canada, and we hope that a more extended knowledge of the magazine will still further raise in his esteem its value as an exponent of the higher branches of Canadian sport. We recognize that a "Kennel Department" in such a magazine is a most essential element, and we hope in future to be in a position to supply this want. In another part of this issue we print the first portion of a paper on "The Genesis of the Dog" by a gentleman who at one time was a regular contributor to Rod and Gun, and we have reason to believe that more will follow. Meanwhile we would ask those of our readers who take an interest in dogs to help us make this department interesting by contributing facts—or "fancies", for that matter—about the dog, his utility in the field, on ground or winged game, or as a worker on the farm. There must be, in this great country of ours, many sportsmen who have yarns to tell about their four-footed companions when on the hunt, then why not tell them to a larger audience through the medium of Rod and Gun?

Our correspondent asks if there are any Canadian dog breeders. Oh, yes, there are—lots of them—both sporting, non-sporting and show dogs, but it is true they make

the mistake of hiding their light under a bushel. They do not advertise, or if they do so, it is in an exclusively kennel paper with a limited circulation among what may be called professional fanciers, and the results of course are discouraging. As an experiment we would recommend them to try an "ad" in Rod and Gun, a magazine which has a very large circulation among the best class of sportsmen, not only all over Canada, but in the border States of the neighboring republic. We are satisfied they would not have to wait long for results.

In regard to dog shows and field trials, Canada is not behind in these respects either. There is an annual show in connection with the "Industrial" held in Toronto every year, which both in quality and quantity will compare most favorably with anything on the other side, with one or two exceptions. Then there is a large bench show every year in Montreal and one or two specialty shows as well, while Hamilton, Ottawa, Sherbrooke and other cities also have yearly exhibitions. In Western Ontario and Manitoba field trials are held every year, while sheep trials were inaugurated in connection with the last Toronto show, an example which we hope to see copied by others, for there is nothing more interesting to look at, and even those who care nothing for a dog cannot fail but appreciate the work of the sagacious animals.





BOVRIL

IS
**INVALUABLE TO
the SPORTSMEN**

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

**WARMING
NOURISHING
STRENGTHENING**

C O N T E N T S.

April, 1905

Timagami, Mississagua, French River, and that sort of thing	585
What I Learnt from Jim Brewster. By Straw Hat	598
The Trout of the Menjamagossippi, Ontario, Canada	606
New York Dog Show. (From our own Correspondent	607
A Rhinoceros Dinner	608
The Genises of the Dog. By D. Taylor	610
Love, the Greatest Thing in the Woods—Two Instances	612
The Old and the New. (Continued.)	618
The Publisher's Department	621
True Sport and Good Religion	625
Our Medicine Bag	626
The Trap	lxix to lxxvi

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

Rod and Gun in Canada

Price 10c. a number. \$1.00 a year.

W. J. TAYLOR, Publisher.
Woodstock, Ontario.

BRANCH OFFICE
117 Mall Building, Toronto, Ont.

BRANCH OFFICE
8 Poultry St., London England.

BRANCH OFFICE
903 Craig St., Montreal, Canada.

Premiums for Sportsmen

A 4 x 5 CENTURY CAMERA,
Manufactured by Century Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y. Model 21. Including a Double Plate Holder and Sole Leather Carrying Case. Listed at \$16, for Twenty Yearly Subscribers to ROD AND GUN in Canada.

A CLIVE ILLUMINATED CLOCK,
Manufactured by the Electric Contract Co., New York, valued at \$4.50, for 6 Yearly Subscribers to ROD AND GUN in Canada.

A SPLENDID JEWEL BEARING FISHING REEL,
Mfrd. by A. W. Bishop & Son, Racine, Wis. With Patent Independent Hinding Device attached, valued at \$6, for 9 Yearly Subscribers to ROD AND GUN in Canada.

A BRISTOL STEEL FISHING ROD,
Manufactured by Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn. Listed at \$3.50, with Polished Maple Handle, for 4 Yearly subscribers to ROD AND GUN in Canada. You are invited to send to the Horton Mfg. Co. for their latest catalogue describing their various Celebrated Bristol Fishing Rods. If you find described any special one (higher or lower priced than the one mentioned here) that you would like to own, please advise and we will gladly advise number of subscribers necessary to secure in order to obtain desired ROD.

YOUR CHIPICE OF

**A PIONEER GUN CLEANER,
A PERFECT GUN CLEANER,
A HOOK SHIELD,
A LIGHTNING FISH SCALER,**
Valued at 50c., for One Yearly Subscriber to ROD AND GUN in Canada.

A MARSHALL SANITARY MATTRESS,
Manufactured by the Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., Limited, Toronto, size 4 feet 6 inches wide, will be sent upon receipt of forty new subscribers. This mattress is sold at \$25; or a mattress, 4 feet wide, valued at \$23, will be sent upon receipt of thirty-eight new subscribers; or a Mattress 3 feet 6 inches wide, valued at \$21, sent upon receipt of thirty-five new subscribers; or a Mattress 3 feet wide, valued at \$19.50, sent upon receipt of thirty-two new subscribers. All mattresses 6 feet 2 inches long.

VAN HORNE CIGARS.
Send us Five New Subscriptions and we will send you a Box of 50 of the celebrated Van Horne Cigars, manufactured by Harris, Harkness & Co., of Montreal—or upon receipt of Three Subscriptions we will send you a box of 25 of these Excellent Cigars.

A KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT,
Mfrd. by King Folding Canvas Boat Co., Kalamazoo, Mich. Listed at \$38, for 30 Yearly Subscribers to ROD AND GUN in Canada.

A BERLINER GRAMOPHONE,
Manufactured by Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal. Listed at \$17, for 25 Yearly Subscribers to ROD AND GUN in Canada.

A GUN CABINET,
Mfrd. by G. S. Hudson & Son, Ellisburg, N. Y. Listed at \$12, for 15 Yearly subscribers to ROD AND GUN in Canada.

We are also offering, Whitley Exercisers, Punching Bags, Guns, Revolvers, etc., etc., as premiums for sportsmen getting us up clubs of subscribers. Sample copies of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA for canvassing purposes sent upon application

**Address : Premium Department,
ROD AND GUN IN CANADA,
382 and 384 Dundas Street, Woodstock, Ont.**

The Doubter Doubted, and Hammered the Hammer

A man walked into our New York office recently and inquired if that was the place where the "Hammer the Hammer Revolver" was sold. Upon being assured that it was, he said he would like to see it. He took the IVER JOHNSON, looked it over carefully, then suddenly asked,

"Got any ball cartridges?"

Cartridges were supplied, and he loaded the revolver.

"Now, have you got a hammer?"

A hammer was brought to him from the work shop. He took it and—*Biff!* *BIFF!* *BIFF!*—gently at first, then harder and faster came the blows. For a change (but not without some trepidation), he threw the revolver on the floor and gave it a few vigorous kicks.

Then, convinced, he bought the Revolver, and the doubter no longer doubted that he could "Hammer the Hammer" of an Iver Johnson Revolver.

We prefer to sell to doubters, for when convinced, they shout their convictions from the hill-tops and that means sales for the IVER JOHNSON.

Our bright little booklet, "Shots," discusses the subject of revolvers in the home and tells why the IVER JOHNSON REVOLVER is absolutely safe from accidental discharge. It will be sent free to any address—write for it.

Every genuine IVER JOHNSON has the name on the barrel and the owl's head "trade-mark" on both grips. Look for them—dealers have been known to substitute.

THE
**Iver
Johnson
Revolver**

Put
to
the
Test



**Accidental
Discharge
Impossible**

Not "almost impossible" or "practically impossible" but absolutely impossible.

NO ONE ELSE EVEN CLAIMS THIS



**Hammer, \$5.00
Hammerless, \$6.00**

For sale by all Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers.

Iver Johnson's
Arms and Cycle Works
Fitchburg, Mass.

NEW YORK OFFICE: 99 Chambers St.

DIAMONDS

ON CREDIT

DIAMONDS WIN HEARTS

GOLD
MEDAL
AWARDED
AT ST. LOUIS
EXPOSITION

THEY are Cupid's chief ally when he angles for a fair one's heart. On a woman's finger, a sparkling solitaire bespeaks and reflects some man's enduring regard and affection. Worn by a man, a Diamond bespeaks prosperity; in fact helps to gain it, and renders literally true the saying—"To be successful, look successful."

You Can Wear Or Give A Diamond

Your First Step Is to write for our beautifully illustrated 1905 Catalogue, every page of which is laden with reproductions of the latest and most artistic Diamond pieces, watches and jewels. Your first impression will be of a bewildering variety of the finest goods at most reasonable and attractive prices.

Making A Selection Some one particular piece will, we believe, attract your special attention, and we hope create a desire to see and examine it closely. If so, you have only to designate it to us, and it will be our immediate pleasure to send it to you on approval. We do this without expecting you to assume the slightest obligation to buy, and without incurring a penny of expense for we prepay everything.

Decide for Yourself If your selection pleases you in every way; if you believe it to be splendid value for the price asked, pay one-fifth and it is yours to wear, or to place upon a loved one's finger. The balance you may send to us in eight equal monthly payments. The entire transaction may be as confidential as you wish, and if you prefer, may be a strictly personal matter of business between ourselves.

Guarantee The quality of any thing sent you is absolutely guaranteed. No Diamond leaves our establishment without a signed certificate of value and quality. The signature attached is the one of greatest responsibility in the Diamond and Jewelry trade.

Money Back Offer While our business involves very largely the extension of credit courtesies to distant buyers, we of course sell for cash as well, and it is in connection with cash business, that we make the refund offer following: Pay cash for a Diamond and we will give you a written agreement to permit you to return the Diamond to us at any time within a year, and upon its return, to pay you in cash, all you paid us—less ten per cent, the reasonable cost of transacting business. You might, for instance, under this offer, wear a fifty dollar Diamond for a year, then return it to us and get \$45, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for a whole year, less than ten cents per week.

Advantages Offered There are certain advantages offered by our house that are clearly beyond the reach of small concerns. We are for instance, the largest retailers of Diamonds in the world, and the only Diamond Cutters in the world offering their product at retail. These facts are very significant of the price advantages which we can offer. The quality of our goods is attested by the Highest Award made in the Diamond and Jewelry section at the Saint Louis Exposition, while our responsibility is attested by the highest commercial rating (by far the highest) enjoyed by any house in our line of business.

Our Credit Offer is open to any adult of earning capacity and honest intentions in the United States. The account of the small salaried employee for anything within reasonable requirements, is just as welcome on our books as is that of his or her well-to-do employer. The Loftis System is universal in its scope and application. It is open to every honest man and woman.

Please write today for Catalogue
and Souvenir Booklet.

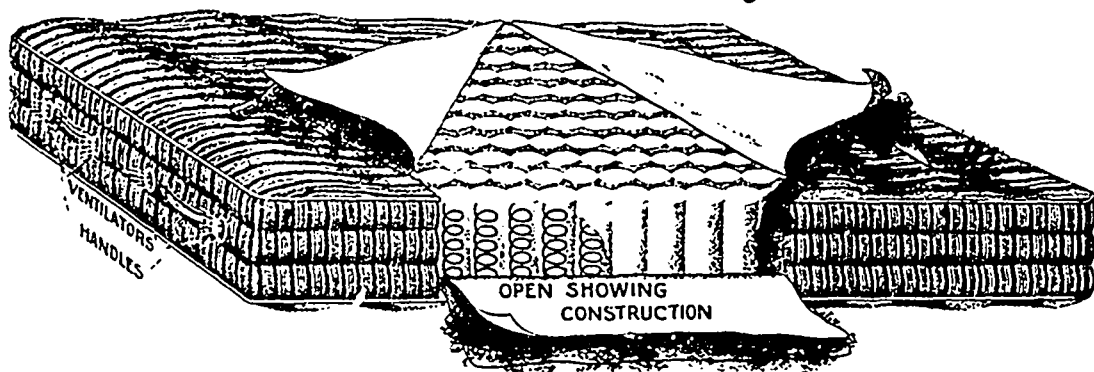
Loftis Bros. & Co. (Est. 1858)

DIAMONDS—WATCHES—JEWELRY

Dept. C. 465, 92 to 98 State Street, Chicago, Ill.



A Day of Good Sport
 AND A
 Night of Good Rest
 On a Marshall Sanitary Mattress



Are Nature's Own Best Means for restoring Natural, Healthy, Vigorous Conditions of body and mind.

The Fresh Air Does It!

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

You Take No Chance

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

It Positively Is the Most Comfortable

Cannot Sag, or lose its resiliency—supports every part of the body. Has thousands of delighted users. A perfect Boon to Invalids.

PRICES :

2 feet 6 in. wide	\$18.00
3 " " " "	19.50
3 " 6 " " "	21.00
4 " " " "	23.00
4 " 6 " " "	25.00

All 6 feet 2 inches long
 50c. per inch for extra
 length or width.

Write for Catalogue and Testimonials

**The Marshall Sanitary
 Mattress Co., Limited.**

261 KING St. W.,
 TORONTO, CANADA.

TERMS :

Shipped same day
 money is received
 Charges prepaid. Subject
 to 30 days Free trial and
 money returned if not
 satisfactory. Guaranteed
 for five years

Marble's Field Cleaner

Used and Endorsed by the U.S. Government



This cleaner has a cord at each end so that by hooking the loop over some projection, holding the weight in one hand and working the rifle backward and forward with the other, it is not necessary to drop the weight and pull the cleaner through the barrel every time in order to clean one bad spot.

The core of cleaner is a spirally-bent spring tempered steel wire strung with sections of very soft brass gauze washers separated by smaller brass washers, except in small calibers. The brushes are a little smaller than the bore of the rifle they are intended to clean. This allows the spiral spring to force but one side of each brush against the bore. Thus they follow the twist, reach into every angle of the entire rifling and RAPIDLY remove all lead, copper, rust, or powder residue. Exceedingly durable. **Price 75 cents, Postpaid.**

Cleaner Without Cord Attachments, . 50c
Strongly Jointed Rifle or Revolver Rod \$1.00

Marble's extra quality specialties described in Catalogue U. Send for it now.

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.,

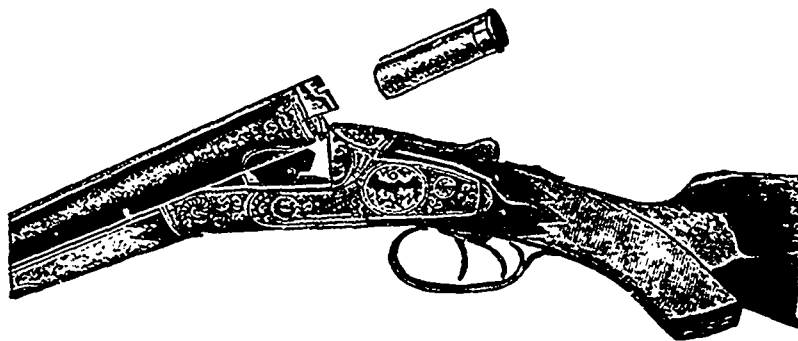
Gladstone, Mich.

You Need Good Tools

To Do Good
Work

Buy a

Lefever



and obtain the best results. It is the only gun built in the world compensated to take up the wear in every direction.

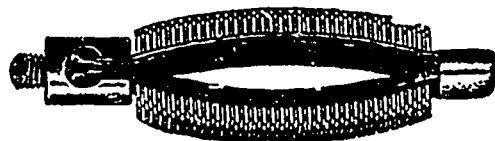
GUARANTEED NOT TO SHOOT LOOSE. NO GUNS BUILT WILL OUTWEAR OR OUT SHOOT THEM

Send for 1905 Illustrated Catalogue.

50c. Buys the Ideal Brass Wire Gun Cleaner. Guaranteed not to scratch the barrels.

Lefever Arms Co.,

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.



To Arrange a Fishing Trip in Ontario, Canada, write Michie & Co., Toronto.

We Provide all the Supplies, even to the tents and fish-worms, and the completeness of our service relieves you of most of the details about your camping arrangements.

We cheerfully furnish information to enquirers and invite correspondences.

ESTABLISHED 70 YEARS

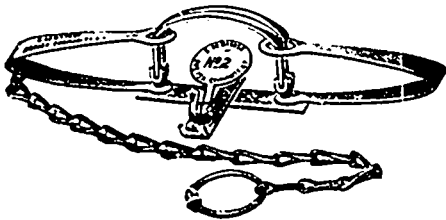
Send 10c. for a little Campers Manual. 120 pages, illustrated, on How to Camp out and What to do.

50c. for "Camping and Canoeing in Canada". 150 pages, 42 half-tone illustrations, cloth cover. The first ninety pages contain practical hints on camping and canoeing in Ontario, then twenty-four Canoe Routes are described by the author from his personal experience on the trips.

75c. for a Map on the Northern Lakes of Ontario, 40 x 32 inches, colored, paper edition.

Address: **MICHIE & CO.,**
Toronto, Canada.

THERE IS MONEY
IN TRAPPING FUR
If you are properly equipped



The Newhouse Trap

Is necessary. It costs more and earns more than any other.

Absolutely Guaranteed. Illustrated catalogue on application.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Established 1855.

Bell & Prichard

SPORTING
TAILORS

Fishing and Shooting Suits a Specialty.

2 LUDGATE CIRCUS,
(Opposite Cook's Tourists Office) **LONDON, ENG.**

English Manufacture Throughout.



Nitro Proof.

JOHN BLANCH & SON

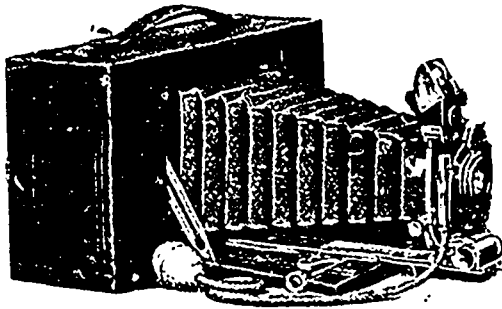
29 Gracechurch St. London, E. C.

Hammerless Ejector
Guns, \$105

Hammerless
Guns, \$60

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT
IN THE GROWTH OF THE

KODAK I D E A



THE SCREEN FOCUS KODAK

An instrument which combines all the advantages of the Kodak Film System with ground glass focusing Instantly convertible into a compact plate camera.



*You can
focus on
the Screen.*

A camera of the widest scope.
Mechanically and optically perfect.

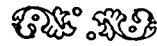
PRICE.

Screen Focus Kodak (4x5), \$300.00.

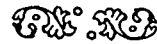
CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited,
TORONTO, CANADA.

Kodak Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

A Perfect Fountain Pen For One Dollar



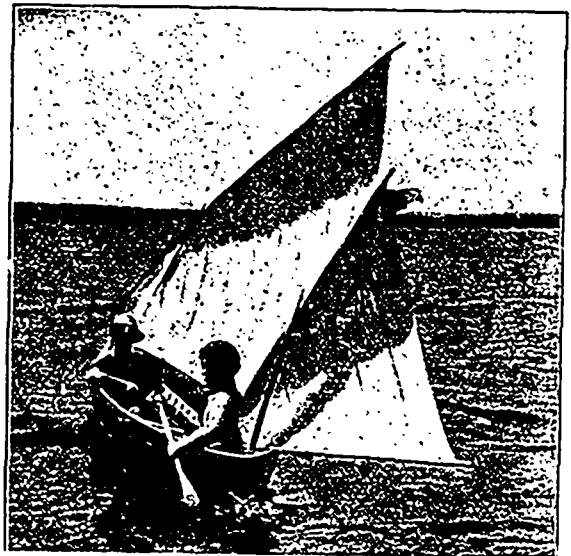
Guaranteed Perfect
Sent postpaid to and
address upon receipt
of One Dollar.



Akron Fountain Pen Co.

Akron, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE



Send for Catalogue.

The
William English Canoe Co.,
Peterborough, Ontario.



BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT. Manufacturers to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales and His Majesty the King of Italy and patronized by the Leading Authorities in the Angling World.



The Field says: "It ought never to be forgotten that it is to Messrs. Hardy, of Alnwick, we owe the supremacy we have achieved as rod makers. They have left all competitors hopelessly behind."

The World's renowned Rod and Tackle Makers were awarded the 'Grand Prix' International Sports Exhibition Crystal Palace, 1904, making a grand total of 39 International Awards.

Extraordinary Success of Hardy's "PALAKONA" (Regd.) Cane Built Rods.

One Firm Bears All Others.

Grand Tournament, Crystal Palace, "HARDY" RODS won TEN championships against SEVEN by all the world.

Hardy's "SILEX" Reel won SIX championships against 4 by all the world.

1905 CATALOGUE FREE! Over 288 Illustrations of Rods, Reels, Flies, Lackle, Baskets, Bags, Books, &c., Free.

HARDY BROS., ALNWICK, ENGLAND. *Manufacturers of Rods, Reels, Lines, &c., for all kinds of Fishing in all parts of the World.*

Retail Branches: 61 Pall Mall, S.W. EDINBURGH, 58 St. David Street. MANCHESTER, 12 and 14 Moule Street.

David Slater, Wholesale, Retail and Export Fishing Tackle Manufacturer **Newark-on-Trent, Eng.**

Manufacturer of SALMON & TROUT Rods in Built Cane, Greenheart, etc. Salmon and trout Reels, Sea Reels and Nottingham Reels in Aluminum, Gun Metal, Ebonite, and Wood, etc.

Inventor and Patentee of the World Renowned "Combination Reel."

Awarded 21 Prize Medals, Diplomas and Special Money Prizes.

Outfits for all parts of the world.

Agencies in France, Belgium, India, Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania

Largest manufacturer of Fishing Reels in the world. Catalogue Gratis.

CANOES Manufactured by the Peterborough Canoe Co., Peterborough, Ontario, are acknowledged by expert canoists to be the best.

OUR MODELS ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR GRACE AND BEAUTY



10 Ft. Cedar Rib Canoe



THE MATERIAL used is Best Obtainable, including Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, Black Walnut, Butternut, Cherry, Pine, Spruce, Basswood, Cedar, Maple, Oak, Elm and Ash.

...SEND FOR ONE OF OUR LATEST CATALOGUES...

Wherein you can secure more comprehensive information regarding our Canoes, Skiffs, Launches, Yachts - in fact everything that floats.

—ADDRESS—

The PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO., Limited
PETERBOROUGH ONT., CANADA.

THE IMPROVED MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE SIGHTS 1905

Are Acknowledged to be superior to all others manufactured.

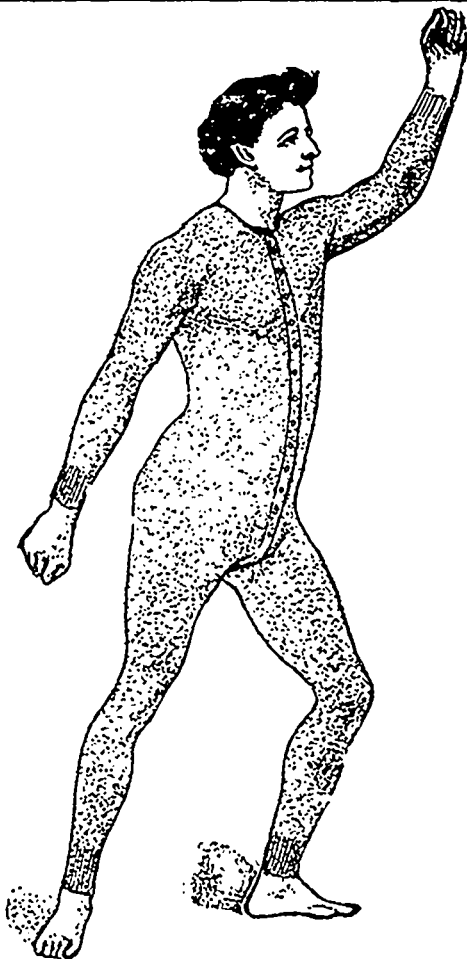


We can furnish them in any power from 3 up and from 14 to 34 inches in length. The medium length tube is especially recommended (from 18 to 24 inches.) If our customers will advise for what purposes, the Telescope is mostly desired we will use our best endeavors to furnish the best power and length Tube best adapted for purposes stated.

Established in 1857
F. T. Cornish, Mgr.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE
TELESCOPE MFG. CO.

Syracuse, N. Y.
U. S. A.



Knit-to-fit
REGISTERED & PATENTED

Perfect in make, perfect in fit.

OUR SPECIALTIES

High Grade Combinations

Pure Linen, Pure Wool,
Pure Silk, Pure Cotton,

and any combination of these. Every person can select the material most suited to his wants.

High Grade Sweaters,
WESCUTS, TOQUES, SASHES,
HOSE, MITTS

Knit-to-Fit Combination Suits follow every bend of the human body as if they were another skin, allowing perfect freedom to every movement.

The KNIT-TO-FIT M'F'G. CO.

613 LAGAUCHETIERE ST., MONTREAL

RETAIL BRANCH, 2469 St. Catherine Street.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

FISHING. BLACK BASS AND SALMON TROUT
Illustrated Guide with Maps of the
RIDEAU, BEVERLEY and CHARLESTON
LAKES, free. Apply to E. A. GEIGER, Supt. and
G. P. A. Brockville, Westport & North Western Rail-
way Co., Brockville, Ont.



See that "Patent Fold."

UPTHEGROVE PATENT FOLD
HUNTING & FISHING
CLOTHES

Made to your measure. Send
for free Illustrated Catalogue.

THE UPTHEGROVE
SPORTING GOODS CO.,
Dept. 8., 28 Monroe St.
VALPARAISO, IND.

Hurrah

for

Toronto

May 17, 18, 19, 1905

ANNUAL TOURNAMENT

STANLEY GUN CLUB

(Incorporated)

COMPETITION OPEN TO THE WORLD
Cash Value of Events Guaranteed.

Ten 20 Target events on 17th and 18th, Eight 20 Target events on the 19th, and The Stanley Cup at 50 Targets for which, in addition to Cash prizes, a splendid Sterling Silver Cup will be presented to winner.

Two valuable prizes each day for high amateur averages.

Two grand prizes for high amateur averages for Tournament.

Magnificent Diamond Medal for Professional high average.

PROGRAMS READY APRIL 15th.

THEOS. A. DUFF,

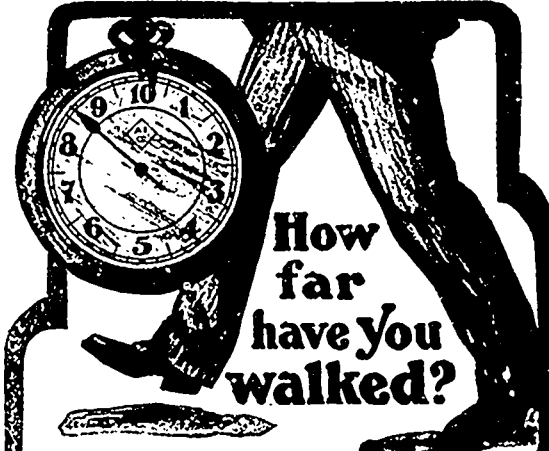
Chairman Com'te.,

14 Close Ave., Toronto,
Canada.

ALEX. DEY,

Secretary Com'te.,

178 Mill St., Toronto,
Canada.



How far have you walked?

THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER

WILL TELL YOU CARRIED LIKE A WATCH.

100 Mile Pedometer \$1.50 REGULATES TO
10 Mile Pedometer \$1.00 STEP OF WEARER

Numbers on dial represent miles. Hand points out number of miles walked. Case of handsome nickel. If you play golf or hunt, walk for business or pleasure, in search of health or recreation the WALKING IS MADE DOUBLY INTERESTING by carrying a Pedometer. At your dealer or by mail on receipt of price. Fully guaranteed. Write for booklet.

THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER CO.
611 MALLEY BUILDING, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Canadian Selling Agents, E. & A. Gunther Co., Toronto

SPECIAL OFFER

EIGHTEEN MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR

Good until May 1st, 1905

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is a magazine that undoubtedly proves itself a welcome visitor from month to month, being the only publication in America devoted exclusively to Hunting, Fishing and Trap-Shooting in Canada.

Subscription price to ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is One Dollar per annum, but as an inducement for you to subscribe before May, 1905, we will send you our Magazine from May, 1905, to November, 1906, (eighteen months) for One Dollar.

This is an offer that no live sportsman should ignore.

Don't wait until tomorrow before sending in your order. Between now and tomorrow many things may occur that will make you forget the offer, which is good only until May 1st, 1905.

If you are already a subscriber show this to a sportman friend of yours.

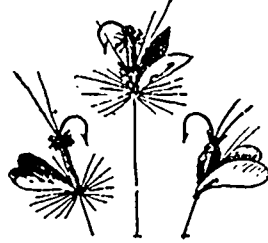
Address:—W. J. Taylor, Publisher,

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA, Woodstock, Ontario.

Small Profits—Quick Sales.

Trout Flies

for trial—send us



- | | | |
|------|--|-----------------|
| 15c. | For an assorted sample dozen
Regular price, 24 cents. | Quality A Flies |
| 30c. | For an assorted sample dozen
Regular price, 60 cents. | Quality B Flies |
| 60c. | For an assorted sample dozen
Regular price, 84 cents. | Quality C Flies |
| 60c. | For an assorted dozen
Regular price, 84 cents. | Bass Flies |

SPLIT BAMBOO RODS

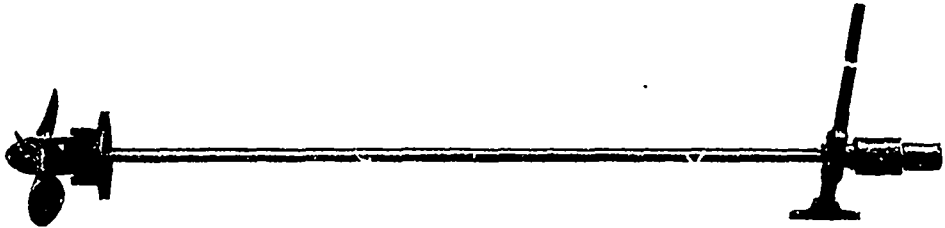
Fly Rods 10 feet, 6 ounces	60 Cents	Bait Rods 9 feet, 8 ounces
-------------------------------	-----------------	-------------------------------

With cork grip and extra tip, in wood form.

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.,

523 Broadway, New York City.

Catalogues of any of the above goods free on application.

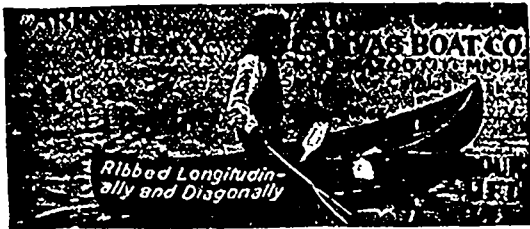


OUR NEW TYPE REV. BLADE PROPELLER, HIGHEST EFFICIENCY

***New Superior 2 & 4 Cycle Motors.
Complete Motor Boats***

CANADA LAUNCH & ENGINE WORKS, Limited
CARLAW AVE., TORONTO

Sole Builders of Complete Motor Boats in Canada



The "KING" is simply wonderful in construction. Puncture Proof Canvas. Equal in wearing strength and model to the best wooden boats, yet it folds in a small package to check as baggage or carry by hand. No repairs or cost for storage. Made non-sinkable and perfectly safe anywhere. The only patented canvas boat on the market. King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 667 N. St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.

HOTEL VICTORIA

Broadway, Fifth Ave. and 27th St.,
NEW YORK CITY.

Accommodation for 500 Guests.

150 Rooms with Bath European Plan
Hot and Cold Water and Telephone in every Room

GEO. W. SWEENEY, Prop.

HOTEL ALBERT

One Block West of Broadway, Corner of University
Place and 11th Street, New York, N.Y.

A moderate priced hotel of 300 rooms ranging from
one dollar per day upwards. Location central yet
quiet. Appointments and service liberal

L. FRENKEL, Proprietor.



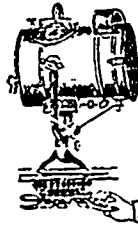
GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG REMEDIES.

The result of twenty-five years' experience
in the treatment of
SICK DOGS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN
SPORTING GOODS IN CANADA.

FREE BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED
On application to
H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S., 1278, Broadway, New York,
U. S. A.

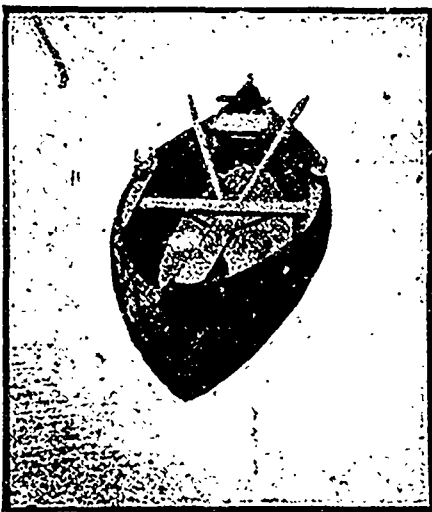
CLEAR VIEW Acetylene Search Light



for Small Yachts, Launches and
Pleasure Boats of all kinds. Generates
its own gas. Projects a powerful light.
Entirely automatic. Indispensable for
night boating; making landings; de-
tecting obstructions; locating buoys
and penetrating fog &c.

Write for Catalogue.

AMERICAN ACETYLENE STOVE CO.,
502 Masonic Temple, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Life-Saving Folding Canvas Boats

The latest, safest and best is what we offer
you. A boat built on modern lines that will
prove a pleasure to own and use. Selected
materials used all through, and it comes to
you **GUARANTEED** the best. Latest pat-
ent and improved Folding Canvas Boat on
the market.

A handy and safe boat for fishing and sport-
ing. Puncture proof. Galvanized tempered
steel frame. No bolts to remove. Folds
the most compact of any boat made. Send
4c. in stamps for catalogue and reliable tes-
timonials.

LIFE SAVING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.,

755 Portage St.,

Kalamazoo, Mich.. U. S. A.



A Good Aim

at all times is to deal in only the best in your line that you can procure, which we live up to. Our aim is to please our patrons and provide them with the best line of

SPORTING GOODS

Dealers, write for our Spring Catalogue and Discount Sheets.

We are agents for many lines, including Lally Lacrosse Goods, Goldsmith Baseball Goods, Steven's and Marlin Fire Arms, and many other lines of interest. We are manufacturers of the Stark line of Tennis Rackets, and sole Canadian agents for the Dowagiac Minnows.

Sportsmen, send us your name for descriptive literature of GUNS, RIFLES OR DOWAGIAC MINNONS.

CHARLES STARK & Co., Toronto

GEM SAFETY RAZOR

"GEM" RIGID MODEL

"GEM" RIGID MODEL

WELL THAT'S FINE!!
TRADE MARK

MAKES SHAVING EASY AND SAFE

Two tributes suffice for a shave with the "GEM" - you cut yourself and no fear of a poor shave. It shaves clean and close every time - never falls. The "GEM" blade fine English Silver Razor Steel is the secret of our success.

"GEM" RAZOR COMPLETE \$2.00
sent every where - or sent anywhere - prepaid on receipt of price. Write for our interesting FREE booklet
Gem Cutlery Co., 31 Rensselaer St., New York

THE
Toronto Silver Plate Co.,
Limited

Designers and Manufacturers of wares in Sterling Silver and Electro Silver Plate



Making a Specialty of Designs suitable For Prize: for Athletic Competition.

NO. 1353


PEWTER LOVING CUP

FACTORIES and SALESROOMS

King Street, West, Toronto, Canada

E. G. GOODERHAM, Managing Director

CAUGHT THIRTY BASS.
 Warsaw, Ind., Oct. 14, 1904.
 I caught a bass in Yellow Creek Lake weighing seven and one-half pounds and a total of thirty bass, all beauties, with the "Dowagiac" Minnow. I am a "Dowagiac" friend every day in the week.
 Resp. yours,
 J. C. GAMBLE.



"Dowagiac"
CASTING AND TROLLING BAIT

"Dowagiac" Patents.
 1—Hooks attached so as not to mar the body of the bait nor to tangle into each other.
 2—All trebles instantly detachable.
 Note especially the glistening white belly and the beautiful rainbow flush of the back.

It takes several years to learn to make a casting minnow right and we have arrived at the "know how" stage of the art. The manufacturers of "Dowagiac" baits are practical bait casters of long experience among nearly all the species of game fish in North American waters. Every detail of a casting bait has been carefully wrought into the finished product.

Ask your dealer to show you the "Dowagiac" bait or send direct to us for fully descriptive circular with pointers on practical bait casting.

Made in a variety of sizes, styles and colors.

JAMES HEDDON & SON, - - - **Dowagiac, Mich.**

CHARLES STARK & CO, Toronto, Ontario, exclusive Canadian distributors.

The Detroit River Boat and [oar Co.

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF

High Grade Pleasure Boats



25-Foot Launch Equipped With a 7-Cylinder 174 hp. 5 Special Brennan Motor \$2000

STEAM, GAS and ELECTRIC LAUNCHES

Racing Shells, Sail Yachts, Row Boats,
 Working Boats, Yacht Tenders,
 Hunting Boats, Berges, Life
 Boats, Buck Boats, Canoes,
 Yawl Boats, St Lawrence
 River Skiffs

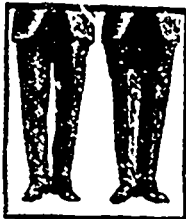
FOREIGN TRADE A SPECIALTY.

OUR LEADER—A 22-foot Launch like cut for \$375,
 equipped with a 3 H.P. Engine.

D. N. PEPRY, Prop.

Works: Foot Orange Street, WYANDOTTE, MICH.

ARE YOUR LEGS STRAIGHT?



If not we will send you full instructions to quickly make them appear straight, trim and stylish. No mesenteries, no exposure. So simple you wonder some one didn't think of it before. **BRILLIANT** or **PHARMACY**. Restores to the full natural appearance of the strong and well trained leg. **HEALTH CUTTED**. Endorsed and used by men of fashion everywhere. Write for Photo-illustrated Book and testimonials sent entirely free under plain letter seal.

THE ALISON CO., Dept. 60, **BUFFALO, N. Y.**

POPULAR HOTEL

POPULAR PRICES

Arlington Hotel TORONTO, ONT.

American Plan \$2.00 per day and upward
 \$10.50 per week and upward.

Arlington Porters at Union Station
 and Wharfs.

F. D. MASCHKE, Prop.

ARTHUR L. LEWIS, Mgr.

Write for Catalogue and Particulars.

WOODS LIMITED

Ottawa, Canada.

Woods Celebrated EIDER DOWN SLEEPING ROBES and BAGS

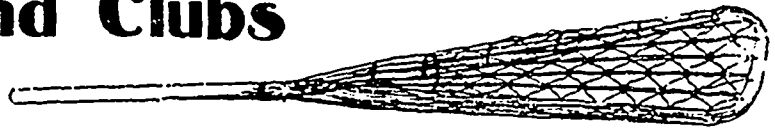
Largest Wholesale Manufacturers Lumbermen's and Contractors' Supplies

INCLUDING Tents, Awnings, Flags, Tarpaulins, Kitbags, Mailbags and anything to order. Clothing, Moccasins, Underwear, Overalls, Shirts, Hosiery, Blankets, Axes and Smallwares.

Outfitting Survey Parties, North Pole Explorers or any party exposed to weather a Specialty.

Dealers and Clubs

WRITE US FOR PRICES.

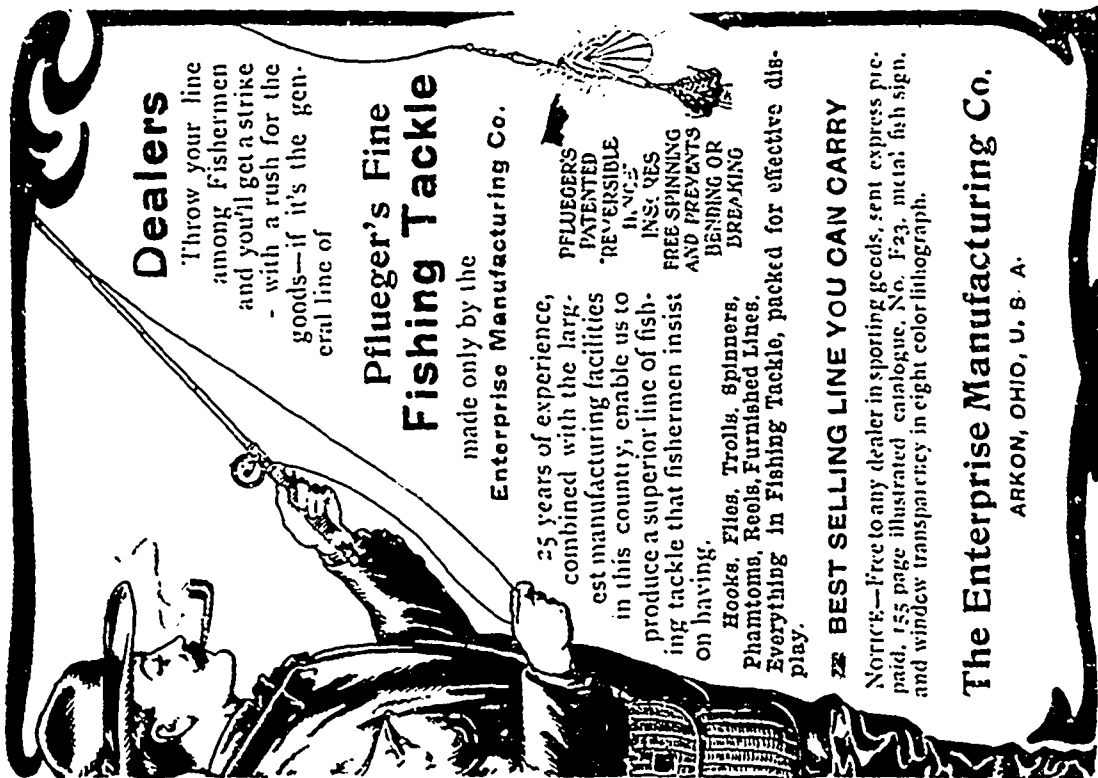


Complete line of sticks

Selling at 25, 35, 50, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50. Very low quotations.

KETCHUM & CO., OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

Canada's largest Sporting Goods Dealers.



Dealers
Throw your line among fishermen and you'll get a strike - with a rush for the goods—if it's the general line of

Pflueger's Fine Fishing Tackle
made only by the
Enterprise Manufacturing Co.

25 years of experience, combined with the largest manufacturing facilities in this country, enable us to produce a superior line of fishing tackle that fishermen insist on having.
Hooks, Flies, Trolls, Spinners, Phantom, Reels, Furnished Lines. Everything in Fishing Tackle, packed for effective display.

PFLUEGER'S PATENTED REVERSIBLE INSIGES FREE SPINNING AND PREVENTS BENDING OR BREAKING

THE BEST SELLING LINE YOU CAN CARRY

Notice.—Free to any dealer in sporting goods, sent express paid, 155 page illustrated catalogue, No. F23, metal fish sign, and window transparency in eight color lithograph.

The Enterprise Manufacturing Co.
ARKON, OHIO, U. S. A.

The Ideal Beverage

o o o

A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.

o o o

And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.

o o o

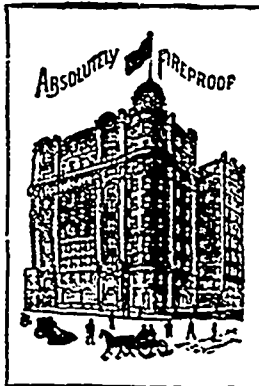
ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

Hotel Belleclaire

Broadway and 77th Street,
New York.



Seventh Avenue, Amsterdam Ave. and West 130th St. Cars pass the door.

Luxurious rooms for permanent and transient guests.

Restaurant a Feature.

Exquisite Palm Room. Art Nouveau Cafe.

Royal Hungarian Orchestra.

"Most Artistically Beautiful Hotel in the World." Can offer few single rooms, with bath, beautifully furnished, suitable for two people, \$60 per month.

TRANSIENT RATES:

One Room, with bath.....\$2.50 per day
Parlor, Bedroom, with bath. \$3 and \$5 per day
Parlor, 2 Bedrooms, with bath. \$5 and \$7 per day
Every improvement known to modern ingenuity.

Write for our magazine, "The Hotel Belleclaire World."

MILTON ROBEY, Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED
OVER
100 YEARS.



J. BERNARD & SON

MAKERS OF
Best Rods, Reels
and Tackle.

Flies and gut casts
are our specialties.

Write for 1905 Il-
lustrated Cata-
logue, Post
Free.

J. BERNARD & SON,
45 Jermyn Street, St. James',
LONDON, ENG.

LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!

IF YOU WILL TRY

"JAPANESE"

BRAND

WRITING INKS. MUCILAGE,
CARBON PAPER TYPEWRITER RIBBONS
PRODUCTS OF THE HIGHEST
MODERN SKILL AND EXPERIENCE.

You will never use any other

They're Perfect

MADE IN CANADA

The COLONIAL INK CO., Limited
PETERBOROUGH, CANADA.



**"Van
Horne"**

Is acknowledged
by connoisseurs to
be the highest
grade 10c. cigar in
Canada.

**HARRIS,
HARKNESS & CO.,**
MAKERS, MONTREAL.

The Greatest Event

IN 1904

THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

Was won with

"INFALLIBLE"

During this Meeting "INFALLIBLE" also won
High General Average while

"SCHULTZE"

won the

PRELIMINARY HANDICAPS

and

"E. C."

CONSOLATION HANDICAP

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.

CANADA'S Famous Shooting Resorts

QUEBEC	Within reach are moose, caribou, deer, salmon, land locked salmon, trout and wildfowl.
LABELLE, P. Q.	Deer, ruffed grouse, duck and trout.
OTTAWA VALLEY	Deer, duck, ruffed grouse, woodcock, trout and black bass.
MATTAWA, ONT.	Deer, black bass, and trout.
KIPAWA, P. Q.	Moose, deer, bear, duck, ruffed grouse, pike and dore.
TIMISKAMING	Moose, deer, bear, wildfowl, ruffed grouse, pike and dore.
TIMAGAMING	Moose, deer, bear, caribou, ruffed grouse, duck, lake trout, trout, black bass, pike and dore.
DESBARATS, ONT.	Deer, ruffed grouse, duck, lake trout, bass, pike, dore, moose, and brook trout.
NEPIGON	Heavy brook trout, lake trout, black bass, duck, moose, caribou and deer.
WINNIPEG	Within reach are moose, elk, bear, mule, and whitetail deer, wolf, wildfowl and chicken.
QU'AFELLE	Unrivalled goose, duck and chicken shooting.
BANFF SPRINGS	In the Canadian National Park, trout fishing, mountain climbing, sulphur baths; and outfitting point for Rocky Mountain sport, travel and exploration. Bear, deer, sheep and goat.
GLACIER HOTEL	In the wild Selkirk range near the Great Glacier. Mountain climbing, bear, caribou, and goat shooting.
SICAMOUS	On the great Shuswap Lake. Bear, deer, goat, trout and wildfowl.
VANCOUVER	Within reach are deer, bear, goat, Mongolian pheasant, grouse, wildfowl, salmon and trout.

Sportsmen will find in Canada an unrivalled field.

Tourists Hunters ATTENTION!

I have not killed lions with "Teddy", on the Little Missouri, nor grizzlies with a .22, but I supply the most reliable guides and hunters in the Canadian Rockies.

SPECIALTIES: Fishing, Bear and Caribou Hunting.
TERMS REASONABLE.

ROBT. E. CAMPBELL,
Laggan, Alta. C. P. R. Guide, Field, B. C.

EASTERN GUN WORKS

We have just received from England a shipment of finest Walnut for stocking high grade guns. Our work is done by an expert and guaranteed.

**WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF GUN REPAIRING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.**

ALEX. JOHNSTON,
494 Eastern Avenue, Toronto

MARLIN

The Man Who Knows

never lets anything come between him and the game but a MARLIN. He finds MARLIN accuracy a pretty good thing to depend on.

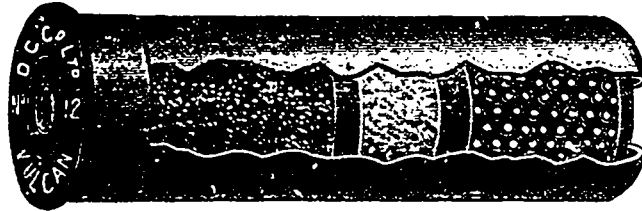
MARLIN repeaters are made to get the game. They take heavy loads and stand hard service. They never fail.

The MARLINS with the "Special Smokeless Steel" barrels—using powerful, smokeless loads—are the rifles for big game. From the light .30-30—to the heavy .45-70—every calibre has proved its wonderful accuracy and value a thousand times.

Hundreds of vivid tales of MARLIN prowess are told by "The Men Who Know" in our Experience Book. It's worth reading. Sent with our catalogue for 3 stamps postage

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

No. 67 WILLOW STREET
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



“DOMINION Ammunition

A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE:

Use Ammunition made in Canada. The imported costs more because of the duty, and is no better. Encourage your own industries.

Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited
Manufacturers, MONTREAL

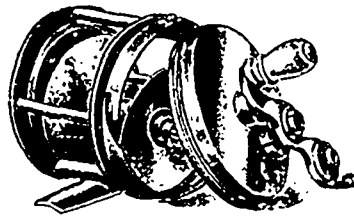
SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS

**ADVERTISING
BRAINS**

Earn up to \$16,000 a Year

There is a great demand for young men and women trained for advertising work. Advertisement writers receive good salaries. You can begin at \$25 weekly. The I. C. S. course in Advertising is the best and will fit you for a first-class position.

Send for Advertising Booklet
International Correspon.
Schools, Box 1342
Scranton, Pa.



**America
Reels**

**Take-Down
Ball-Bearing
Pivot-Bearing**

Improved 1905 Models BALL-BEARING, hardened steel click mechanism. JEWEL-BEARING, spiral gears. ALUMINUM and GERMAN SILVER, micrometer drag. LEVEL-WINDER, Ball-Bearing, automatic throw-out. AMERICA-MEEK, hand-made best grade. Any size, any bearing All reels TAKE DOWN. Write for prices.

America Co.

672 RACE ST.,

ROCKFORD, ILL.

FOR SMOKERS' THROAT



Hoarseness, Voice Failures, Catarrh and Bronchitis yield to the one infallible Specific

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES
FROM ALL DRUGGISTS
EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED
Montreal, Toronto and New York.

**The New Vermifuge and
Conditioner for Dogs**

**CHAMBER'S
"CASTRIQUE"**

Does not distress the animal. No starving required. Produces healthy skin and glossy coat. Enables you to rear the most delicate puppy or kitten.

**SEND FOR COPIES OF
TESTIMONIALS**

PRICE 50c. AND \$1.00 PER BOTTLE

EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED
MONTREAL & 133 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK
Sole Manufacturing Agents for Canada and U. S.



**The Lenox Hotel
IN BUFFALO**

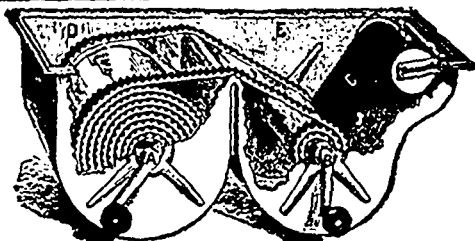
North Street, at Delaware Avenue

High-Grade, Modern Construction, Fire-proof throughout. European plan. Rates \$1.50 per day and upward. Room reservations can be telegraphed at our expense.

George Duchscherer, Proprietor.

**We Can
Qualify
You For
The Civil
Service**

If you are an American over 18 years of age and able to read and write, we can qualify you for a good government position. The cost is low. Write at once for Civil Service Booklet. State age.
Internat'l Corre. Schools
Box 1842 C Scranton, Pa.



The Kodak Developing Machine in Detail.

THE KODAK DEVELOPING MACHINE IS UNDOUBTEDLY A BONANZA TO THE KODAKER

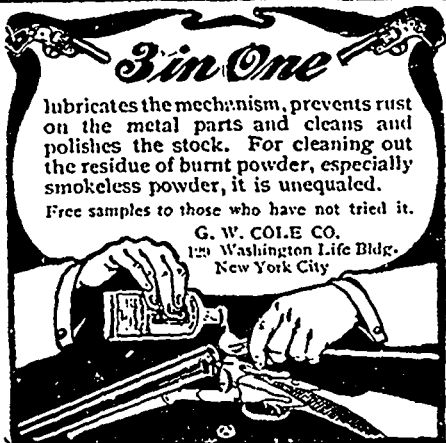
HAVE YOU ONE? IF NOT, WE WILL SEND YOU

A Style A Kodak Developing Machine, for use with No. 0, No. 1 and No. 1 A Folding Pocket Kodak, No. 1 Panoram Kodak and No. 2 Brownie cartridges; including a handsomely finished wooden carrying case, with leather handle, sold at \$6.

FOR ELEVEN YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS TO "ROD AND GUN IN CANADA."

or a Style E Machine for use with Kodak and Brownie cartridges of all sizes, up to and including 4 x 5, sold at \$7.50.

FOR FOURTEEN YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS TO "ROD AND GUN IN CANADA."



3 in One
lubricates the mechanism, prevents rust on the metal parts and cleans and polishes the stock. For cleaning out the residue of burnt powder, especially smokeless powder, it is unequalled.

Free samples to those who have not tried it.

G. W. COLE CO.
129 Washington Life Bldg.
New York City

**WAYNE HOTEL
AND PAVILION**

DETROIT, - MICHIGAN.

(American and European Plans.)

Only first-class hotel in city overlooking the Detroit river :: ::

European Plan, \$1 to \$3.

American Plan, \$2.50 to \$4.50.

JAMES R. HAYES, - Proprietor

"Empire" and "Ballistite"

These novel brands of sporting powder were awarded the **GRAND PRIZE** at St. Louis Exhibition, and have recently won

G.B.S.A. Championship of England

Championship of New York State, Championship of Kentucky, Championship of Italy, Championship of Spain, Championship of Australian Commonwealth, etc.

Grand Prix de Pau, Monte Carlo

AGENTS FOR CANADA:

Loaded Shells,

Dominion Cartridge Company.

Powder,

Hamilton Powder Company.

DuPont Smokeless

Again the Champion

DuPont Smokeless

Won the Professional and Amateur Championships for 1904

Mr. Fred Gilbert, High Professional

Mr. John W. Garrett, High Amateur

Why Don't you shoot

DuPont Smokeless?



SOMEHOW:-

SAVAGE RIFLES

BRING DOWN

RECORD HEADS

CATALOGUE 

WITH PARTICULARS-ON REQUEST

JAEGER

PURE WOOL



UNDERWEAR

in all weights and sizes

GLOVES, MITTS, TUQUES,
SASHES, OVERSTOCKINGS and
SWEATERS FOR ALL.

SNOW SPORTS

TRAVELLING RUGS

Camelhair Fleece

SLEEPING BAGS and FOOT BAGS
for Camping and Sleeping.

*Our Illustrated Catalogue No. 1, containing samples
Jaeger pure woollen underwear materials, Free
on application to*



DR. JAEGER'S **SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM** **COMPANY LIMITED**
2206 St. Catharine Street, Montreal

STEVENS



A Good Guide

FOR THE PURCHASE OF A FIREARM is our elaborately illustrated 140 page STEVENS BOOK. This manual of ready reference describes a most complete and varied line of single shot

Rifles

Pistols

Shotguns

From the STEVENS, Maynard, Jr. rifle of the boy shooter, to the heavy fancy Stevens target rifles of the world's champion shots, the identical high standard of excellence is rigidly maintained.

OUR OUTPUT

Rifles, from	\$3.00 to \$150
Pistols, from	2.50 to 50
Shotguns, from	7.50 to 35
Rifle Telescopes, from	8.00 to 42

' STEVENS POPE ' RIFLE BARRELS, RIFLE CLEANING RODS, SHOTGUN CLEANERS, GUN GREASERS, ETC.

STEVENS FIREARMS

are sold by all sporting goods and hardware dealers

Ask them for our make--insist on getting it. Don't be put off with something "just as good". The fact that Stevens Arms are GUARANTEED FOR QUALITY should prompt you to be sure to specify this time-honored brand.

Send for Stevens Book and Rifle Puzzle.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
365 MAIN STREET.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.