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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

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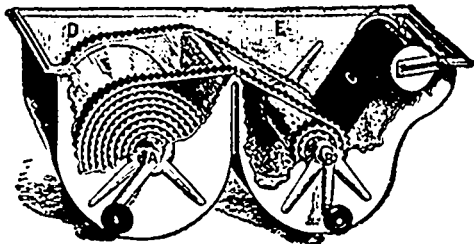


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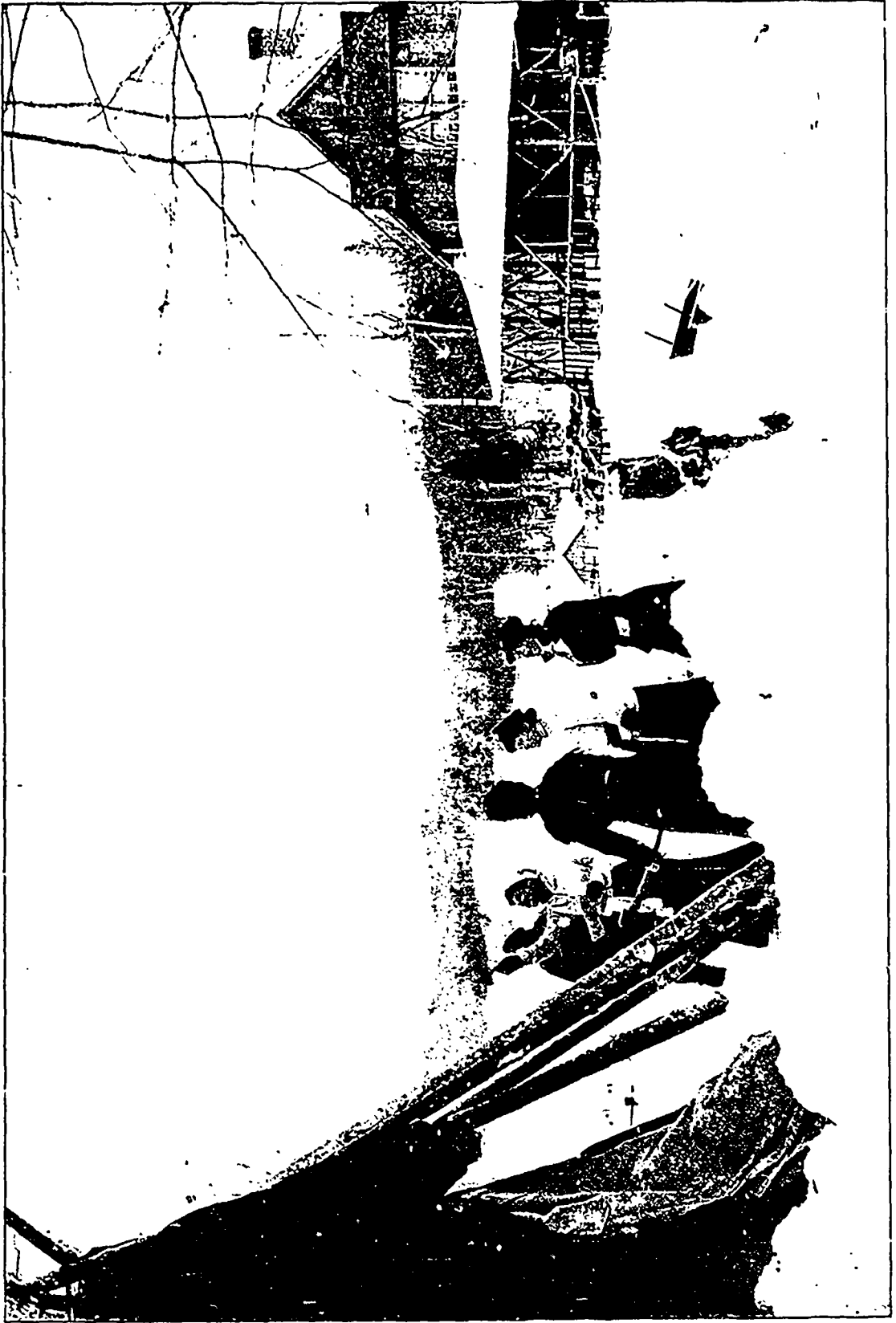
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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 9

A Canadian Winter Resort.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG.

"To the deuce with medicines and Doctors!" said the Montreal man with a larynx and other ailments which had made themselves felt. "I believe," he continued, "that these things take ten times longer to cure in a steam heated house than they would in the open air of the woods and with the necessary exercise of out door life."

Weeks before he had made an engagement to start on that very afternoon on a camping expedition to Mount Orford, and the reason for his discontent can be very easily understood. But in addition to this he had weighty personal experience of the beneficial influence of out door medicine and accordingly, against the advice of doctors, nurses, and many prudent friends, he kept his engagement, and took charge of a party of campers who left Windsor Station at 4.30 p.m. on the 28th of December, 1904.

He however knew the wisdom of taking due precautions, and in particular of dressing reasonably and seasonably. The coldest winter in Canada is very agreeable if people will only dress correctly for it. In Canada we do not dress well for winter; our frequent visits to the Republic to the south of us, and the many visitors who come from there have something to do with our very insufficient mode of dressing. Before communications were so good be-

tween the two countries, and before the advent of the heated electric car, steam heated houses, and other luxuries of doubtful value, we had fewer complaints about the weather. We were all seasoned then; now we are in danger of becoming hot house plants of the weediest and most fragile kind, because our hot houses have little or no sun.

The laryngitis man finds that he must talk in the first person now. It was in no spirit of bravado but as a sensible precaution and to prove to those who told me that a winter trip to the Camp at Mount Orford, in the condition in which I then was, would kill me, I paid particular attention to the elementary principles of dress. There are a few of these principles that should be borne in mind in any case. Beginning with the head, a cloth cap with flaps that fasten over the top of the cap in mild weather, and that can be snapped together under the chin in cold weather, will absolutely prevent any ears being frozen, and make all the difference between enjoyment and misery in a walk out on a cold windy day. Such a cap is not as ugly as most felt hats, and is especially useful in the woods. It has become fashionable to wear a hard or soft felt hat, which offers no protection whatever to the ears from wind and frost, and is not more healthful,

or even as healthful, as the cloth cap, which affords a good deal of ventilation as well as warmth. Now won't some patriotic Canadian Alfred D'Orsay help to make the cloth cap fashionable? What an opportunity there is for some one to do good!

Another item of great value is an overcoat with a high collar which protects the neck, keeps out the snow, and covers the face in a severe head wind, more particularly if a smaller piece of cloth buttoned across is used to hold the fronts of the high collar together. The collar is the most important part of the overcoat. Then the overcoat for comfort should be ulster shaped for driving and street use, and pilot coat shape for the woods. It should have a pocket on each side into which one can put one's hands in a severe cold spell. It should be made of soft pliable material, and not of frieze or other stiff cloth and it should be worn loose. Alfred D'Orsay here is another opportunity! Think how many ears you will keep from freezing. Don't let your tailor make your overcoat too heavy.

Then as to the feet. Warm shoes, in roomy overshoes, allowing room for an extra sole inside of the overshoe, are essentials in snowy weather. Cold is taken into the system through the soles of the feet more easily than anywhere else. The writer has worn a pair of heavy soled yellow leather lace boots during several winters without overshoes or rubbers. He has them made roomy and wears a horsehair sole inside. With these and rubber soles and heels on the outside no cold or damp can get through the leather sole. Yellow leather is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than black. When one may have to spend one month of the cold weather in each of the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal and Winnipeg, these shoes will answer for them all. For snow shoeing and camping out in excessively cold weather a pair of buckskin moccasins with room for three pairs of socks, of heavy wool and home knitted, is necessary. There is no foot gear that has ever been invented which is at once so light and so warm. Oil tanned leather moccasins of the same size should be carried in case of a thaw.

The above outfit is not heavy and makes walking in cold weather a pleasure. The

wearer is ready to meet any storm or blizzard that may come upon him anywhere.

For driving one should have a big overcoat large enough to put a small thin extra coat inside of it. This double overcoating enables a man to stand the weather almost or quite as well as though he had a fur coat, and one is less likely to take cold when the extra coat has to be dropped than when the fur coat is left off. For camping five fingered gloves are of no use. A mitten with one space for the thumb and the four fingers together in the other space is needed. I have found the best mitten to use is a double mit, a leather one outside and a woolen one inside.

The man who uses thoughtfulness and judgment about his dress in Canada will find it the best climate on this or any other continent in which to spend the whole year.

Having taken all these matters into consideration and made preparations in accordance therewith, I felt justified in hurrying out to the woods and snowshoes in preference to steam heat and nursing myself. The locality chosen for our winter camp was at Mount Orford, in the Province of Quebec, about 29 miles north of the Vermont boundary line, and about eight miles from Lake Memphremagog. There is a height of land there where the Missisquoi River has its source, and where it runs into Lake Champlain. The Yamaska River also starts close by and runs into the St. Lawrence, near Sorel on the St. Lawrence, and other small streams run into the St. Francis River. The altitude of Mount Orford is 2950 feet, and it is habitable all the way up. There are 33 lakes visible from its summit, including one near the top of the mountain. Many trout streams take their rise in springs on Mount Orford. Orford Lake is about five miles long, with bays and islands forming its interesting outlines. It contains large togue or lake trout, and deer is plentiful in the entire forest. A branch of the Orford Mountain Railway runs right alongside the Camp so that one steps from the train almost into the dining room. This railway runs through the forest primeval and there is no habitation on the branch but the Camp. There is more than a thousand square miles of forest here, which can be easily protected; and lakes in which there

is fair fishing and which can be stocked very easily and inexpensively from the Government hatchery, near by at Magog. The resident or visitor can choose his elevation and live anywhere from 950 to 2950 feet above the sea—from 1,000 to 1,500 feet is about the right elevation in that latitude, where so many conditions prevail to furnish a perfect set of surroundings. Lake Orford (sometimes wrongly called Bonnalie) is a gem which is not marred by a single piece of swamp in its setting of sand, loam, trees and rocks. The soil is not too rocky and here and there good gardens could be made in the woods. The intention is to keep it in the woods, and not to allow any clearing or cutting of small timber, but to cut only ripe trees whose age would otherwise only bring about decay. In mid-winter the snow covers the ground to a depth of from three to five feet or more at the foot of Mount Orford.

Our winter sports party consisted of four ladies and seven gentlemen. The ladies were all young, pretty and unselfish and the men's ages ranged from 25 to 53 — mostly sportsmen, athletes, and artists. We were all agreed that a holiday is as necessary in the winter as in the summer, and that the north is more satisfactory for a holiday than the south at any time of the year, except perhaps in the Spring and Fall, when for a short time rains and thaws make part of a month as disagreeable as in more southern climes, where it rains and thaws most of the winter, and where during all that time the weather has all, or nearly all, the disagreeable features of the northern Spring and Fall.

We left the car just about eight feet from the verandah, and twenty-five from the dining room of the comfortable five-roomed camp at eight p.m. on Wednesday in Christmas week, Dec. 28th, 1904. Possibly some close observers may like to compare the weather they were enjoying during those days, the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st of December, 1904, and the 1st and 2nd of January, 1905, with what we had. We were 300 miles north of Boston, about 400 miles or less from New York as the duck flies, and eighty miles south east from Montreal.

Travelling from Montreal on the Canadian Pacific Railway, we changed cars to the Orford Mountain Railway train at 7.30 p. m. at Eastman, reaching camp by train at 8 p.m. Snowing and mild. The Christmas trains were very heavily laden with passengers and express matter, or we should have made a little better time. Eventually we will make the trip in a little over two hours from Montreal, a little less than ten hours from Boston, and about twelve hours from New York. Orford's attractiveness in summer we had fully realised; we now wished to demonstrate its possible features as a winter resort.

On that Wednesday night a nice clean, old fashioned New England supper awaited our arrival. We had very excellent bread, butter, potatoes, beefsteak, tea and jam. Even the geniality of a well selected party, and the smiling face of the discreet matron who chaperoned the party could not improve the quality of the viands. We spent the evening in getting snow shoes and strings, skis, moccasins, woollen socks, and mittens into good order and readiness, enlivening the work with story and repartee. The various National, State and Provincial origins of the members of the party enabled its members to enjoy many new stories and points of view. We had one member born in England, one in Barbadoes, one in New Hampshire, five in Quebec, one in Massachusetts, one in Virginia and one in Ontario. Barbadoes did not know the Massachusetts stories, and some Quebec yarns were new to the Virginian. The Manitoban stories were secular rather than religious. Included in our company we had all kinds of minds except dull ones. We had all travelled more or less; our raw edges and angularities were all worn smooth to some extent by contact with that big grindstone the world. It was therefore, egotistical as the words may seem, a gathering well qualified to judge as to the wisdom of instituting annual winter as well as summer sports at Mount Orford.

A sound night's sleep in clean and comfortable beds, and a good fire in a big old-fashioned double-oven French Canadian stove made getting up for breakfast at 8.15 a.m. a pleasant enough operation. The water, from springs, was good to drink and pleasant to wash in.

We started on our first snow shoe tramp at 9 a.m. Three of our party had never worn snow shoes, but in about fifteen minutes they behaved as if they were to the manor born, and we walked with a strong cold wind on our backs three miles down the bottom of a bay in the lake. It was comparatively warm and sheltered around the camp when we left so that most of us had taken off overcoats and were tramping in sweaters. It was cold when one turned to face the wind on the lake, so that it was decided to cut across the point, through the woods back to the camp. This we did with great comfort and a little hard work for the leaders, who had to break the road. We found old lumber roads most of the way, and arrived home at about 12.45 p.m. just giving us time to wash, dress, and rest for an early dinner. Weather five below zero and twenty miles of wind. We had done six miles and were proud of ourselves and greatly exhilarated with the exercise. At one p.m. the man with the ailments had driven off all feverishness and invalidism, and after a consultation with himself he decided that the ailments were very much better. One of the ladies, who had brought a bad cold to camp, was decidedly improved by her first experience in the open, and so far everybody voted the woods a success medicinally.

The Camp was built on posts without foundations, and the floors would have been cold had we not taken the precaution to have the Camp well banked with snow, and the floor covered with moose, cariboo, and deer skins. As a result of these preparations for our visit we found ourselves in very comfortable quarters. If you asked me how to build a summer and winter camp I would say that a big stone chimney should first be built with a store or cedar log foundation, and the camp should be built around the chimney.

In the afternoon we put up our tepee, and this work was accomplished in the absence of our experienced tepee builder. Under the circumstances we did not do as well as we might and should have done. But we did quite enough to realise that a tepee is an hygienic and very comfortable kind of tent, when well put up and managed. Never make a fire in a tepee with big logs or it will smoke.

One of the young ladies, the smallest

lady in the bevy of large women, but muscular withal and splendidly fitted for the camp through much out door life and sport, cut down a tree and was photographed in the act. All through her stay she proved as efficient in whatever she undertook as in her tree cutting performance, and that is saying a good deal, for her workmanlike ability in this respect might well have been envied by many of the male sex. Weather mild, sunny, and calm—a perfect day.

A visit to a lumber camp filled up the following morning. The lumberman of the present day lives very much more comfortably than did his predecessors of some years ago. His food is decidedly better than that of the average working man at home. But there are regulations in force in some lumber camps that are certainly wrong. In this particular case at Orford I do not think the pernicious habit obtains of which I would speak. In some of the large lumber camps in Ontario, and in the States, they have a rule imposing absolute silence on the men during meal hours. Not a word is spoken at such times, with the result of course that food is bolted and digestion is permanently injured. I am told that this rule is made for the sake of the cook, to ensure his hearing the calls of the men requiring second helpings and other things. This reason has always seemed to me insufficient for this barbarous and unhealthy custom. In many respects this visit to the lumber camp proved to be one of deep interest.

In the afternoon a special car on the railway took us to Bolton Springs, some twelve or fifteen miles distant where there is a famous sulphur water which has been very favourably known in the neighbourhood for many years. Upon our arrival we found the hotel people so busy in preparation for their annual New Year's ball that no one had time to go and show us the spring, that bubbles out of a rock. As we had no one qualified to act as guide we were compelled to return without seeing the object of our visit. We had an outing just the same, and returned home with amazingly good appetites to our 8.30 p.m. dinner-supper. We had learned to avoid hotels on the day of the annual ball. Past question every experience is valuable to us. Our evening's entertainment consisted of charades which were very successful, and quite novel in their way—ex-

hibiting many national and racial peculiarities, "all unbeknownst" to the actors.

So far our experience of a winter camp in the woods proved highly delightful, and we unanimously voted the idea an enjoyable novelty. We were favoured with a comfortable camp, and an exceedingly able and pleasant matron to supervise the kitchen. Mrs. Lamb, of Mount Orford, is a type of the best kind of the Quebec English-speaking-Canadian farmer's wife—neat, clean, educated, naturally intelligent, a good cook, and pleasantly tempered. She has the gift of making everything go smoothly. May her kind never grow less! Her assistant, a man cook, was so efficient that we never heard of him. He did his work quietly and well, and no grumble ever reached us.

An early breakfast was the order of the day on Saturday morning as our intention was to climb Mount Orford, some 2,000 feet from where we were, involving a walk of three miles each way. As we started out the weather turned milder, but our anticipations were that in the higher altitudes we should find dry snow, not unpleasant for snow shoeing. On our way we met some lumber teams that had come out to break the road before starting log hauling. This work was being done over the road that we were to travel—the easy part of course. As it was we were glad to lend our assistance by weighing down the sleighs sufficiently to enable them to do their work better than would otherwise have been the case—at least that was how one lazy man put it to himself. On arrival at the foot of the steeper place we found that logs were being hauled down the mountain in a very picturesque and exciting way. We photographed the scene because we thought it very much out of the common. The hill is as steep in places as the peaked roof of a Gothic building, and no one would ever dream of going up and down in a carriage or on horseback. But by means of chains under the runners, which dragged away at snow, roots, and stones and the strong backing power of the sharp shod horses, specially trained for the work, the huge load of logs were brought down in safety. Many horses and some drivers are however killed at this work.

The climb proved an arduous one, and

we slipped back one-third of every step, so that we had fully one and a third the distance to go, and our progress was necessarily slower than we intended. The man from Barbadoes felt his heart a little, and the girl from the level city found wind and muscles to be rather severely taxed. Nevertheless we had a most enjoyable climb. When we had reached within 250 feet of the summit, one of our party, wishing to save another fellow from being struck made an attempt to catch an axe, which was flying through the air, by the blade, and with lamentable results. Unfortunately the blade caught the index finger of his right hand, and cut it clean through. The victim, being a professional writer, has found the accident a most serious matter. The hand was quickly bound up, but he has had to spend eight or nine days in hospital, and will have a longer holiday than he wished. The finger was saved, and one more lesson has been learned in the hard school of experience. No, it was not the man with the larynx to whom this happened, and therefore M. D.'s and nurses are deprived of the pleasure of being able to say "I told you so!" As the accident had a somewhat depressing effect upon the party, and the evening was wearing on, the programme was changed, and we all returned to see our friend safe on the train for Montreal and the hospital. This having been accomplished, and the snow on the lower levels being found just right for snowballing, we banished our feelings of gloom by becoming boys and girls again, and for an hour and a half the battle raged. We continued in the firing line until all the throwing muscles were so tired by the unusual exercise that we had perforce to stop, and the fight was declared a draw. We had succeeded in wetting ourselves pretty thoroughly, and in creating several inflamed and weeping eyes,—namely the eyes that had received the snowballs most successfully. That evening was memorable for our extraordinarily good appetites. We had cooked a meal and made tea on the mountain top, but the finger tragedy occurred in the midst of our preparations, and spoilt the appetites we had gained by our exertions. Our poor trencher work at mid-day however was compensated for at night. That evening we sat round the big old

French-Canadian stove that we had all learned to love, and with song and story, sleight of hand tricks, and athletic performances, saw the Old Year out, and the New Year in. Auld Lang Syne, the Punch of the Scotch Ancients, the Open Door, and mutual expressions of good will and congratulations upon being where we were ushered in the New Year at Mount Orford, and I do not think that Orford ever will be as quiet again as it has been in the past, mostly owing to this little camping party.

During the day we laid out the site of the largest toboggan slide in the world, and already in imagination and anticipation had enjoyed the sensations attendant upon the inauguration thereof.

One of the afternoons was characterised by a very successful attempt to dance the Lancers on snow shoes, and notwithstanding the very short experience of some of the snow shoers, this was accomplished in a graceful manner and without a fall. The music will however have to be a little slower for some of the parts.

Sunday was spent in a dignified and orthodox manner. We had good natured discussions on religious topics. In the afternoon we walked on the Lake, and located a site for a Russian toboggan slide which consists of two hills facing one another. You slide down one hill, across the lake, walk up the other, and then slide back again. This will be done on improved bob-sleigh coasters.

New Year's day dinner was one to be remembered. Good as it was however the best part was the appetites that we were enabled to bring to its discussion. Everyone was well now. Bronchitis and colds had vanished and Christmas had passed off leaving no ill effects behind. The whole of the party had become muscular to a degree. No wonder that we all without a dissenting voice, proclaimed Mount Orford and winter sports to be the best medicine that has ever been prescribed.

How false, pernicious, hypochondriac, and absurd sounded the poem that I had cut out from a States newspaper, and read to my scornful audience that night in Camp. It is not to be wondered at that it is anonymous. I subjoin it as an epitome of everything that seemed untrue to the audience that heard it, and was entirely con-

trary to their camping experience:—

IT'S WINTER.

The winds blow cold, the winds are shrill,
There's ice upon the creek and rill—
(Lets see, it's time to take a pill),
It's winter.

The trees are bare, the fields are brown,
The skies are dark, and darkly frown—
(It's time to gulp a powder down),
It's winter.

The trees before the breezes bow,
There are no leaves upon the bough—
(It's time to take a capsule now),
It's winter.

The birds have sought a warmer clime,
And skating now is in its prime—
(I think it must be quinine time),
It's winter.

The zephyrs blow, the breezes nip,
Along the hills the snow mounds slip—
(I'm full of drugs, I've got the grip),
It's winter.

Our irrepressible rhymster took a piece of charcoal from the old stove, and after a moment of cogitation wrote on a piece of birch bark an assured antidote, which we all thought worthy of reproduction as an interesting memento of what may yet prove an important occasion, and useful in proclaiming and extending the new gospel of open air and winter medicine.*

Our time was up, we submitted to the inevitable, and very reluctantly indeed, we returned to our homes from this home in the woods. I think that everyone felt much the better for the outing. "Walking has the best value as gymnastics for the mind. You shall never break down in a speech" said Sydney Smith, "on the day when you have walked twelve miles." "Walking" said Rousseau, "has something which animates and vivifies my ideas," and Plato said of exercise that "it would almost cure a guilty conscience." And yet none of these knew the extraordinary charm of walking on snow-shoes in the Canadian woods in mid-winter. We, of the Orford band did, we had experienced its fascination. We had all enjoyed its strange

exhilaration, and were all agreed that a great future awaits the locality, and the development of winter sports therein. If our present intentions materialise there will be furnished skating, curling, and hockey rinks, toboggan slides, all manner of driving vehicles from the Laplander's reindeer sleigh to the latest Russian and Canadian luxuries in sleds; snow shoeing, ski-ing, and all other winter sports that ever have been or will be invented. Good deer hunting territory exists in the neighborhood, and it is proposed to make a

game park of 50,000 acres, to stock the many lakes and trout brooks on the property anew wherever they may need it, and to thoroughly protect the fish and game. The altitude of the property, the immense forest, the accessibility to the large cities of the east, and the full provision that will be made for healthy recreation all the year round under perfect conditions, will attract people from far and near, and make Mount Orford favourably known to a very wide circle.

In Mooseland.

By C. C. FARR.

"I believe that I have shot every kind of animal except a moose."

I once heard those words used by an Englishman who was essentially a sportsman, and I wondered. He had hunted the lion in Africa, the tiger in India, the elephant and sambur deer in Ceylon, the kangaroo in Australia, and even the buffalo on the western plains of Canada, but he had never shot a moose, the monarch of the North American forest, and of all the regions that he had travelled in search of game, the home of the moose is the most accessible.

Though practically ranging from the coast of the Atlantic to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, today the Ottawa River, and its tributaries have the honour of being the locality most favored by the moose, which is a strange fact in the light of history, for fifty years ago it was an unknown animal to the Indians of the Upper Ottawa. Nor is it long since the Indian, who is supposed to have shot the first moose in these regions, took his departure for the happy hunting grounds. Of course, a previously unknown beast of such proportions must have been rather an alarming object to meet at first, but today, the Indian feels about the same alarm as a cat does when it meets a mouse, in fact it has become a staple of food, and in that respect has, a good deal, taken the place of the beaver.

The origin of the word "moose" must be

connected with the Ojibeway "hemosi" to walk, and he does walk. His legs are made for it.

Those who have a taste for sport, leisure to indulge in it, and the ambition to kill a moose, can not do better than to make a trip to the Upper Ottawa. In order to realize what he is likely to find, I will accompany the hunter or tourist on an imaginary trip to these interesting regions.

The first thing necessary is a ticket to Mattawa, an important station on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A picturesque little town it is nestling among the Laurentian hills, that confine the Ottawa river to its course, and built upon the point of confluence of the river Mattawa with the main stream. The name too is historically associated with the deeds of Champlain, for it was by this route that the famous explorer, passing through Lake Nipissing reached the great lakes to the west.

It is at this point that the Timiskaming branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway joins the main line. The branch is about forty miles in length, and bridges as it were, the succession of rapids and swift waters intervening between the main line of the Canadian Pacific and that wonderful sheet of water, known as Timiskaming Lake,—a lake of seventy-five miles length and varying in breadth from half a mile to six—where, until a few years ago, the

Indian roamed in undisputed possession and a white man was the curiosity— and which owing to imperfect geographical knowledge was looked upon as the source of the Ottawa river, and, moreover, utterly unfitted, both in soil and climate, for agriculture. All these fallacies have been exploded, and today no place in Canada promises fairer agricultural prospects than this once unenvied and unknown region.

Of course, such a spot could not fail to be full of Indian legends and associations, some of them dating far back from the mists of the past; legends, that could only have originated amongst a people living the nomadic life peculiar to the aborigines of these northern wilds, or connected with the more recent experiences of the Acadian voyageurs, who, in days gone by, carried in canoes from Montreal to the far distant trading stations, articles for barter, and who have left their impress upon the country in such a large measure by their nomenclature of the various points on their routes.

From Mattawa, the railway closely follows the river. To the right the high Laurentian hills overshadow us, to the left the broad Ottawa flows, now, peacefully, sparkling in the sunshine, anon a foaming rapid through whose turbulent waters the canoes of the Hudson's Bay Company a few years ago ascended and descended guided by the unerring skill of the Indian pilots, many of whom are living yet, and who to this day retain their reputations as the best "howsmen" of their time.

A note of explanation is necessary here. In the navigation of swift water, by canoes, the man in the bow is practically the steersman. On him depends the safety of the rest, and with his single bladed paddle he forces the bow of the canoe away from the sunken rocks, the presence of which is betrayed by the broken surface of the water, into the safe and proper channel between. His every movement is watched by the steersman who simply follows in his wake.

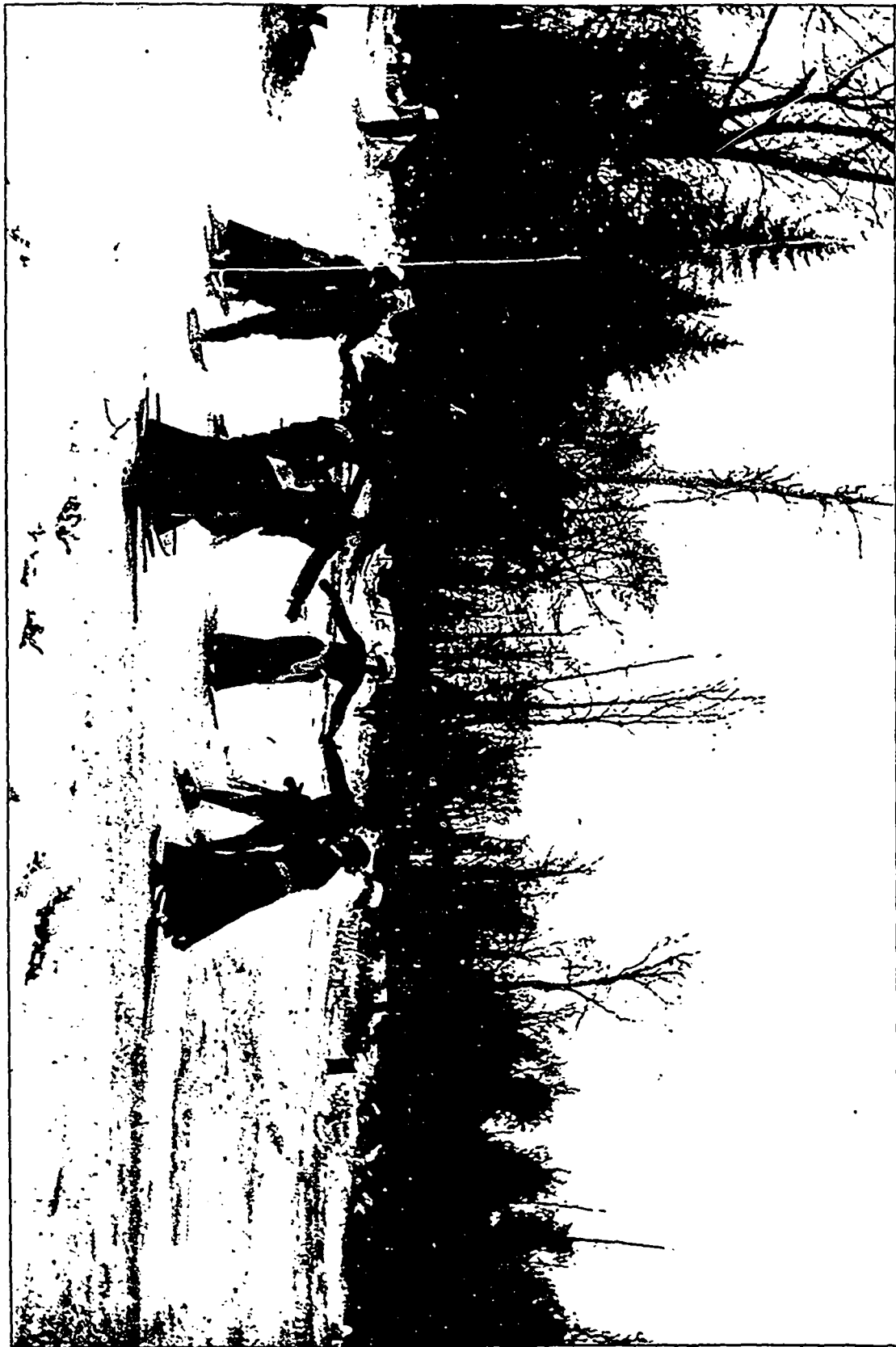
The first of these rapids is the "Cave." (The French pronunciation is still retained) which takes its name from the peculiar action of the water upon the rocks. It has, by the assistance of pebbles scooped out symmetrical hollows, varying in size from a large pail to a large beer vat—a pecu-

harity noticed by the French voyageurs, and hence its name. This is a dangerous and treacherous spot. Many a good canoe-man and raftsman has met his doom here, and there is nothing particularly striking or beautiful about it.

The next rapid is "Les Erables"—"The Maples"—a wild looking spot in high water. We are only nine miles from Mattawa here, and yet I remember, only a few years ago, being camped here one night while taking up a load of flour. We had piled the flour ready for loading next morning. On going to it we found it scattered about in all directions. A bear had been busy whilst we were sleeping. "The Mountain" is the next rapid. It also is a dangerous spot, there being many whirlpools below it. It, too, numbers many victims, both red and white.

Two miles above it on the opposite shore is the "Kokomis" rock (old woman). It stands out of the water, and when the river is low, is very like an old woman sitting or kneeling, with a rabbit skin hood upon her head. It was the custom for every voyageur, French and Indian, to throw this old lady something good, a piece of tobacco or anything that the donor prized, that is if he wished for fair winds and weather during the rest of his journey. Many a plug of tobacco have I seen offered to the old creature, but it is needless to say that in spite of it, we took the weather as we found it.

And now "Seven League Lake" presents its pretty but somewhat monotonous shores. The name, except on the "Lucus a non lucendo" principle is a misnomer, for the lake is only sixteen miles in length. Along it, the train winds in and out, faithfully following each indentation of the shore, sometimes a mere cutting through the boulder-encumbered gravel, at others a ledge, hewn out of the perpendicular face of the rock. The most noticeable of these escarpments is the "Devil's Garden," upon the ledges of which grew, and for the matter of that still grows, a species of wild onion, or leek. I have been told that wild carrots also grow here, but have never seen them. How they got here, and if here, why not elsewhere, I leave for botanists to decide; suffice it to say that the voyageurs of old gathered these wild vegetables as a relish for their simple meals.



CANADIAN WINTER RESORT.
The skaters on snow shoes.

It's the shortest day - the snow is here
 It's health and hunger and good cheer
 To all mankind that has no fear
 Of winter

The snowshoes here, the woods are bright
 The skies are dark, the snow is bright
 We'll tramp and sing, for cares
 Are ~~gone~~
 It's winter

I would not have a warmer clime
 Why, skating now is in its prime
 I'd ski and slide if I had time
 It's winter

The sleigh bells ring, the horses skip
 Down the hills the coasters clip
 I'm busting glad - and let her rip
 It's winter

"CANADIAN WINTER RESORT."
 The pessimist rebutted, by our rhymster.

and, no doubt, like myself, wondering how they got here, gave to the place the somewhat appropriate name of "The Devil's Garden," and the place has become a landmark for future generations. On the Ontario shore "La Tuque", a pine-clad hill, shaped like the woollen cap peculiar to the French-Canadian, rears its head. The train now winds with a sweeping curve into the sandy bay which once was the spot where supplies destined for Lake Kipawa and the surrounding districts were landed, where also canoes and boats carrying the same were taken out of the water and "portaged" to the Obawsheen, the first lake of a system leading to the Kipawa.

There have been wild times at this spot, in the days when first the lumbermen attacked the pine in the Kipawa country. In that very sand lies a man who was killed in a free fight that arose out of a trifle. I was sent for, and had the body exhumed, for a kind of coroner's post-mortem. It did not present a pleasant appearance, and we covered it up again. The man who killed him was never captured.

We are now at the end of Seven League Lake, and the train is speeding across the sandy levels through which the river runs, and the succession of rapids which is known as the "Longue Sault."

At the head of all these, at a distance of about forty miles from Mattawa, is Lake Timiskaming. But before treating of this wonderful lake, it would be more in order to first pay a visit to Kipawa, a lake famous for its moose and beautiful scenery. There is of course a station here, named Timiskaming. Here also a magnificent hotel was built, by the late Mr. Lumsden, proprietor of one of the steamer lines that ply on Lake Timiskaming.

This is not, however, the terminus of the railroad, for from this point it trends north and east through the valley of Gordon Creek until it reaches Kipawa Lake. This Gordon Creek has a history which is intimately associated with the aboriginal past. The lumbermen have turned the waters of Lake Kipawa into it, and by so doing have considerably lessened the distance that they have to drive their logs; but they were not the first to discover this short cut and make use of it. The Indians knew of it, and when pursued by their inveterate enemies the Iroquois, used

to baffle their pursuers by turning into it and escaping to the Kipawa. They called it "Kah-bah-stey-guan", "the water going ashore," for at high water the Kipawa would flow into it.

The reason why it was so convenient for these fugitive Indians, was that, once Kipawa Lake was reached, the rest was comparatively easy. "Kipawa" in Indian signifies, "A narrow waterway between high rocks" and it is a succession or rather labyrinth of lakes and bays connected by such passages, hence it was no difficult matter for the Ojibeways when pursued to baffle their pursuers by means of the tortuous and concealed waterways; indeed I know of no lake where a man can lose his way more quickly or hopelessly than on this very Kipawa. And there are legends or traditions existing to this day how many a band of Iroquois or "Nataway" as they call them, was lured to its destruction into some one of these narrow gorges.

Such was the Gordon Creek, a refuge and means of escape for the persecuted, and when the lumberman to save time and money floats his logs through this stream, little he reckons of the time when the aborigines made use of the same stream to save their very lives.

But the train has now arrived at the terminus and at the wharf there lies a steamer ready to convey the passengers through the mazy labyrinths of this beautiful lake. Railroads and steamers appear strange to one who has known these waters when a bark canoe propelled by Indians was the only means of locomotion.

For some miles we are simply ploughing our way through a beautiful sheet of water clear and deep. Salmon trout swim beneath those depths, but one requires an intimate knowledge of the locality before one can hope to catch them. Pike and pickerel abound. Kipawa pike are famous for their size and flavour. White fish are also plentiful, but they are only taken in the fall and then by nets. A well-cooked Kipawa whitefish to my mind, excels all other fresh water fish.

We are now across the "Pakaygama" as this bay is called, for it is only a bay, though it in itself is large enough to be called a lake and bear a name of its own.

We steam through a narrows and again the lake stretches out before us, a net-

work of bays, islands and peninsulas, a perfect picture of sylvan and lacustrine beauty.

The movements of a steamer are arbitrary and it is therefore impossible for us to explore all the interesting ramifications of this wondrous sheet of water. This can be done only by canoe, and such a trip would take a month.

Judging by the extent of water stretching northwest, that would be our course, but it is not so. A sharp bend to the south east takes us through another narrows known as the Kah, Kah, Ke, Wabik, or Roche Corbeau, anglice, Raven Rock. Close before us lies an insignificant island long and flat, with a few stunted cedars and pines covering its rocky surface. This is, One-moos-o-kun-i-sing, Dogbone Island, a name that bears with it a tragic signification. The story goes that years long since, a band of Indians were encamped for the night upon this island. It was a still summer's night, and in those troublous times they were ever on the watch for their hated foes, the Iroquois. They heard the first faint sound of paddles which they knew could only be the signal of the coming of the foe. Instantly the smouldering remains of their camp fires were extinguished and every preparation made to insure that their presence should not be betrayed; but the dogs! surely they would give the alarm. There was nothing left them but to sacrifice the dogs and the order passed quickly from mouth to mouth to that effect. It was done. The poor faithful creatures were promptly strangled, and the enemy's canoes passed the encampment without suspecting the proximity of their quarry; and so they escaped, but the carcasses of the poor beasts rotted where they lay, and the bones remained for many years a monument of a necessary, but cruel sacrifice.

Next before us lies *Eq-uay-men-e-se*, or Woman's Island, so called from the fact that it was here, that the Tete a-bulls of Grand Lac used to leave their wives while making their yearly trip to Moose Factory with furs and back again with goods for the next season's trade. We now turn again sharp to the left or northeast, and arrive at the end of a narrow bay. This is known as the "Ka-meek-in-nak-e-on-igan" or Turtle portage. A narrow strip of

rock used to separate the Kipawa proper from the system of one of its tributaries, known as the North River. A lock has been constructed here and our steamer can now pass where the Indians used to carry their canoes.

Through this lock, we again emerge upon a large stretch of water. The scenery here is less imposing but the delightful freedom, the pure air, the sparkling waters give a sense of enjoyment and exhilaration that nothing else can give. There is no reaction about it. It is the land of the health imparting ozone.

Again passing through a narrows or short stretch of river, called "Ob-ah-be-cay-gu-anan." We once more cross a lake, and reach Hunters' Point or, Ob-ush-Koot-ayan.

(Note the "ob" in all words where there is implied a "narrows.")

Three miles further on navigation in this direction ceases, but we are now in the home of the moose; and canoes and Indian guides may be procured here for the purpose of hunting that noble animal. The fishing is also excellent and a few weeks can be spent in these wilds that will one day be looked back upon as a pleasant, and, if the hunt is successful, a memorable episode in a man's life.

It is a delightful trip through here to Grand Lac, and perhaps returning by way of the Dumoine river might make it still more so as the whole route would be new. Another route to the Ottawa river is by way of "Nawt-ah-baw-ning" Lake, "Tasting something that is cooking with a spoon," which leads into Lake Expanse. This also makes a pleasant trip for those who love the wild unconventional life of the woods.

We will now retrace our steps back with the steamer through the Turtle Portage, and instead of heading, when we come out of the narrow bay, back to Gordon Creek we will continue on our south east course. A short distance brings us to the old Hudson's Bay Co. fort. The Indians call it, Ob-itch-u-ah-nang, (mark the Ob.) from the narrows close to it. This post has been deserted and has been shorn of all its glory.

Many a bale of fur has reached the London markets from this spot, and those were halcyon days for the Indian. I have

seen good hunters come in here, with their canoes loaded with furs, ; have seen them sit in stately dignity in their canoes, while the hired servants of the company, white men, carried their bales of fur from canoe to storehouse. And such an Indian would be the proud master of the hour. The trader himself would unbend, and greet this hunter as he landed, that is if his hunt was very good. If only middling, then all the trader could be expected to do would be to greet him effusively at the door, but if the hunt had been bad, then the Indian would carry his own attenuated packs into the store himself, and endeavor to attract the tardy attention of the Master by timid coughing.

At these Posts, fur was the passport to respectability. The conversation of all employees reeked of fur and the very buildings smelt of it.

In the spring, when the Indians assembled after the hunt was over, they pitched their camps upon the cleared spot around the store, and the choice of spots was assigned chiefly in accordance with their rank as hunters.

Here they would remain until the brigade of canoes, loaded with the returns of trade, would start down stream for Fort Timiskaming, there to be joined by other brigades from other posts, until as many as ten or twelve four fathom canoes loaded to the gunwales with their precious freight would sail smoothly down the mighty Ottawa, "en route" for the nearest outpost of civilization.

But to return to our journey of exploration. Passing through this narrows, from whence Hunters Lodge takes its Indian name, we again emerge upon a large lake.

Next spot of interest is the Obutinang (narrows of course). This used to be and probably still is a grand spot for hunting. There is hardly a point or bay around here that is not associated with some hunting feat. In that bay to the left I once saw seven moose walking along the shore in Indian file. They looked at me very coolly. They evidently knew that I had no rifle that day, as I was after ducks.

By the by this used to be a grand place for ducks, and there is nothing that I so much delight in as turning out of my camp on a misty summer's morning paddling with stealth into the little grassy bays,

where you will see the big black ducks, looming up through the mist, twice their size almost and nicely within range.

I love the taste and even the smell of a tender young duck, stewed on the camp fire. I prefer it to fish, which after a time becomes too monotonous. Stewed blueberries, raspberries or cranberries are better outside than in a house, and the strange thing is, when you try to show the mistress of your house, how a duck, fish, blueberries or anything else should be cooked to make it taste really nice, you generally make a lamentable failure. Your female relations wont eat these things and you can hardly eat them yourself. The fact is, you miss amongst your ingredients, the ozone, the scent of the pine, and the wild health-giving conditions of a nomadic life.

Still the steamer continues to force its way, through narrows, between islands, across long stretches of open water, never the same, yet unchanging in the wildness of the aspect, and at length again you are at the utmost limit of steamboat navigation. From here if you wish to proceed further you must use canoes. You can travel for miles, to the shores of the Arctic Ocean if you wish, for the Indians have their trails, or rather waterways, that are not hard to find, and one has always a chance of meeting an aboriginal who can put one straight. The beauty of the bush is that you are never lost, as long as you have your camping outfit with you. Make no arbitrary distances to be reached in such a time, or the pleasure of the bush life is turned into a toil. Moose are plentiful here and if you are not too noisy, you may come upon one without the services of a guide, though the guide is best. The moose is a wary animal, but if the hunter knows something of his habits, and takes advantage of him, while fighting the flies that pester him, or by blowing a call during the rutting season, he can be pretty sure of a shot. But above all observe silence; you never know when you are going to come upon him unawares. It is the taciturn Indian in his silently gliding canoe that has as a rule far more success than the loquacious white man. The Indian, however, is disappearing from various reasons. It seems but a short time ago that the election of a chief was a matter of importance

in this very country, and many a bear feast have I attended in this connection; but now a few families only represent the aborigines, amongst whom, one even yet meets some old link with the past, as fossilized relic of cannibalism, conjuring and polygamany. But hocus-pocus we are back to Gordon Creek, comfortably ensconced in the Lumsden Hotel, awaiting the departure of the magnificent steamer which plies on Lake Timiskaming.

From her upper deck we can view all the different spots of interest as we pass. She is a fast boat, so there will not be time to be too prosy. "The Meteor" is her name and she is a comfortable boat. She will make connection with the C. P. R. and her daily run will be one hundred and fifty miles. As we steam away from the wharf we at once notice a change in the scenery from that which we have been accustomed to on the Kipawa. It all seems to be on a larger scale, though for a few miles the lake is narrow, but when one has passed the Opimicon Narrows, which by the way is a splendid spot for fishing, the lake becomes much wider and the scenery simply grand. The shores are abrupt and precipitous, rising to the height of several hundred feet, and the Lake stretches away to such distances that the hills where the two shore lines meet are blue with haze.

On our left is the Opimicon farm, once an important trading station in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company. How fierce was the rivalry between that Company and all other traders. They, the Company, fought for their monopoly with a persistency that cannot fail to excite admiration, though I do not think that it could have been beneficial to the development and interests of the country. Opposition to them was anathema. A more hospitable set of men never breathed, but with them the unforgivable sin was to do no good to anyone whose interests might conflict with theirs in the fur trade. No stratagem was considered too mean for the purpose of crippling the unfortunate opposition and "Epee-wi-day", Opposition trader, became a term of reproach amongst the Indians. I remember once, while overhauling some old journals or diaries written by a man in charge of one of the outposts, long since dead, coming across the following sentiments which so aptly illustrate this abhorrence of all

who dared to trespass on these domains of the great trading company. He speaks of the accidental drowning of one of the men. He had evidently been a little softened by the tragic nature of the unfortunate man's death, but he could only see in it the punitive hand of Providence, though he still hoped that God would take a merciful view of the case in the next world, and not punish the offender as he deserved.

Such doctrines were instilled into the minds of the young Indians at an early age, who if possessing a formula of Creed would have professed as follows, "I believe in the Hudson's Bay Company, the Keetche At-a-way-we-nin-i, who clothes us and feeds us, also in the Keetche Manitoo, etc." Indeed, in some back districts, this very loyalty is taught to this day at the mother's knee.

But all this has passed away so far as the spot that we are looking at is concerned. It is now, a lumbering company's depot and the home of its enemies, The Old Hudson's Bay Company Fort, is a semi-ruinous summer rendezvous for tourists.

There is excellent trout fishing in the river that flows through this clearance, and in fact in every little stream in the neighbourhood. Bass, pike and pickerel are plentiful in the narrows and along the shores, while moose and red deer abound in the surrounding forests. Altogether it is a delightful spot. There are sand bays for bathing, rocks covered with blueberries, the one wild fruit, of which children can eat, and yet suffer no evil consequences, and a sheltered bay secure from storm. But our steamer is forging ahead, the shores grow more abrupt and the scenery still more grand.

At the foot of one of those high cliffs, two reindeer were once found, dead, lying at the foot of the rocks on the ice, by the Indian who was accompanying me on a trip. The poor brutes must have been pursued by wolves or else became too venturesome. In the crevices of these rocks the "Pe-kod-jee-sie," "The little people," are supposed to dwell. They are the equivalent for our fairies, and like them, exercised their powers for good or ill. On the western shore is a small clearance, but the scene of a big tragedy. This is comparatively modern history and yet is weird enough for an antediluvian myth. The old

story was enacted here, love, jealousy and death. She was called the Jersey Lily of Timiskaming. He was a poor, harmless soul who had accidentally married her. The gay Lothario was a half-witted recluse. The husband worked on one of the steamers to supply the other two with the necessaries of life. But instead of sending home what he earned, he would come with it himself. This became embarrassing and had to be stopped. The recluse killed foxes by means of poison, the effect of which upon the foxes he explained to the Lily. She straightway mixed her Louis a dose, but he, half suspecting, hesitated to drink it. To encourage him, she sipped a teaspoonful, thinking so small a quantity could do her no harm. He drank off the rest, and within half an hour both were dead. The recluse died last winter. They were buried all together on the little farm and it will make a nice little jumble for the Day of Judgment.

Some miles further up there is a large bay. This is called the "grand campment" for here was the only spot for many a mile along this rocky shore, where the weary voyageur could pitch his camp in comfort. On the eastern shore just above it is the Indian Portage, the spot where the old Indian trail from Kipawa came out upon Timiskaming Lake. Many a bale of fur has been carried over here and many a four fathom canoe.

Still onward rushes the steamer, each bend in the lake opening out a vista as long as or longer than the last.

To the right the Kipawa river, the natural outlet of the Kipawa Lake rushes down into the lake a foaming torrent.

This is a dangerous spot in winter for those who travel on the ice. The action of the broken water weakens and rots the ice. All teamsters dread this spot. Here too the lake is very deep, I think about six hundred feet. The meaning of the Indian word, Timiskaming, is "deep water." Strange that this lake never gives up its dead. I never heard of a single body ever having been recovered and even in my time it has numbered its victims by the dozen.

Six miles further on is the mouth of the Montreal River, Indian, "Mat-ah-bitch-uan", "The coming out of running waters." The root "mat" or "met" always signifies

"coming out", joining of a smaller with a larger, and the affix "tchuan" implies running water, as in "Matachuan" Obitch-uan, "Saskatchuan", etc.

This is an interesting spot and well worth visiting if time permits. The canyon through which the Montreal River plunges, "The Notch" as it is called, is one of those natural curiosities that well repay the trouble of looking at. A narrow cleft in the rock, twelve feet in width, through which the accumulated drainage of a system of two hundred miles in length rushes to join the Ottawa.

Weil may the lumberman dread it and the Indian ascribe it to the supernatural. It was through this narrow cleft made by the Ketchic Manitoo, when he went a trenching, that the King of the beavers stole, and there he sits a mile below waiting for his mate, who was not so fortunate and we know him as the Beaver Mountain.

This is the spot by which Lake Timagaming can be reached, and though the way by Haileybury is easier and better, yet it is a pleasant trip through the little river, that runs out of Rabbit Lake, with its rapids and lively bass, and empties into Timiskaming here, but like the Hell of the ancients, it is easier to descend than to ascend.

Five miles further, on the western shore, is the Roche McLean. There is nothing remarkable about the appearance of this spot, and it would have been a point without a name were it not for the tragedy associated with it by tradition, which says that here a clerk in the employ of the Northwest Company died in the discharge of his duty, whilst defending the property of his employers from the Indians. He was in charge of a consignment of rum. The Indians commenced to broach it and he, protesting, was tomahawked. There is something touching in this little act of heroism, performed in the heart of the bush, away from all his kin, void of glory, and probably unreported, the only monument or memorial of which is this insignificant point bearing the name of the hero, with a tradition attached known only to a few. Another five miles up, on the eastern shore is a bay where the "Moos-wabik", the moose rock stands out of the water. It is only from some particular points and in

low water that the resemblance to a moose holds good. I cannot think that this name dates from away back, for the moose was not known to these Indians very many years ago.

To the west, a long point runs out into the Lake, "Pointe La Barbe" is its name from the fact that here the travel-stained hirsute voyageur, used to land in order to trim his beard or shave, and generally spruce himself up preparatory to landing at Fort Timiskaming, now about three miles distant. Rounding the point of a small island the old Hudson's Bay Company Fort, first appears in all its picturesque beauty. And no doubt it is a beautiful spot, a high shouldered point running out to meet another point of like nature and thus forming a narrows, through which the mighty Ottawa swiftly flows, the "Ob-a-tch-u-a-nang" of the Indians. Beyond it the lake lies in an unbroken stretch of twenty miles, the farthest shore scarcely visible.

How evident is here the work of the glacial flood that scoured these northern lands about half a million years ago, (more or less), the markings or scratchings of which are so plainly to be seen upon the surface of every exposed rock or bald-headed mountain in the country. Here was a moraine of no mean proportions and at one time the water must have plunged over it in a cascade as evidenced by the enormous depth of the basin below.

Back of the buildings, on the shoulder of the point, the dark growth of evergreens, flecked with the lighter shades of poplar, birch and maple, form a grand setting for the handiwork of man, the buildings, the green pastures and the winding road that slants from the point, bushward and upward.

This is the beau ideal of a summer resort, with its beautifully curved shore line of fine gravel and sand, the curve of which is so true that looking down at it from a height in the bay, one can not see the opening through which the water pours, but it has the appearance of a bay with a gracefully sweeping curve. It never has been, and probably never will be, determined, the exact date of the founding of this Fort. Written records extend a little over one hundred years back, and in them the place is alluded to as an old establish-

ed Fort. The first buildings were erected more in the bay, as evidenced by the remains of old chimneys, now covered with the accumulated soil of many years. In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-five the fort was evidently where it now stands.

Not half a dozen years ago, the old store, sixty feet by thirty, stood, a weather-beaten witness of the solidity of the work our ancestors did in those days. An allusion to the building of this store is found in one of the records, dated at the end of the eighteenth century.

The spirit of vandalism that prompted the pulling down of this extraordinary building seems to me a fit of temporary aberration. It was solidly built, and the timbers and boards thereof were as sound as a bell. The latter were sawn by a mill erected at the mouth of the Montreal River, by the Northwest Company, all traces of which have disappeared, and on one of the clapboards outside was painted in red the figures 1811, figures that stood out as if embossed owing to the preservative properties of the paint, and the gradual wearing away of the unprotected wood.

When I first landed here, many years ago, there were two scalps hanging in the upper story; where they are gone I know not, even the building itself has vanished.

Here could be seen the cage-like compartment with barred wicket, through which the trader transacted his business with the uncivilized savages, and where he could take shelter in case of a racket raised by rum, which was an ordinary commodity of trade in those days. A stockade, long since removed, surrounded the whole, and no doubt our trading forefathers often prepared themselves for an attack. The old records in shape of diaries are disappointing, no allusion is made in them to the current events of civilization, and there is an every day, "give us our daily bread" tone about them that is prosaic in the extreme.

The event of the month seemed to be a baking of bread, and the event of the day, the number of fish and rabbits caught in the nets and snares respectively. There is or was a short time ago, a stove which was said to have been brought there prior to the taking of Quebec. It is an odd looking piece of furniture, enormously heavy and warranted to smoke.

There was also a sword of ancient manu-

facture and innumerable zinc or pewter badges, or brooches varying in size from a saucer to a tin plate. These with other insignia, such as a top hat, and a scarlet coat with brass buttons were worn by the chiefs. I have seen during my time the old chief of the Kipawa Indians, the man who built the Rob Roy canoe, wearing such things, and mighty proud of them too. At the back of the buildings and nestling against the hill is a small enclosure, surrounded by iron railings of a very modern appearance. This is the old burial ground for the protestant employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. Many a good servant lies here. The railings were put up or rather paid for, by a man named Garson. He had served the company for nearly fifty years, and having saved a little money thought he would like to beautify the spot where he should sleep his last sleep. Such is the irony of fate. Garson lies buried in Montreal, probably without railings around him.

Higher up, above the Protestant graveyard, is the old Indian and Roman Catholic burial ground. Many Indians are buried here, and a few white men; prominent or I might say chief amongst these latter is the grave of Father Lavalochere, who was practically the founder of this mission. He was an O. M. I., and worked all his life amongst these Indians and he died amongst them and is buried amongst them. The large capitals R. I. P. inscribed on his grave are peculiarly appropriate in his case, for he deserved rest.

At the foot of this hill to the west, there stood until recently the first church built on Timiskaming, but when the O. M. I. missionaries established themselves permanently on the other side of the river, this church fell into disuse and was pulled down.

Now the mission house on the other shore has been deserted, and is a dilapidated looking old building, but the situation is all that could be desired, and one regrets that the exigencies of the times demanded its removal to another site. The decay of these two spots has a depressing effect upon one who has seen them in their glory. Twenty-eight years ago, in seventy-six, there was a photograph taken of the Fort, and by it one can see that there was no small stir of its kind in those days. It was on

the occasion of the first visit of the Bishop of the Diocese to this then distant mission, the journey having been made by steamboat from Pembroke to Mattawa and from thence by birch bark canoes. The old store and the old church both show prominently in this picture. There is no doubt that this spot must become a favorite summer resort, for it has many advantages.

Within one mile of it there is a lovely little clear water lake, full of bass, and on the Ontario or western shore, there are many small streams full of speckled trout, while in the narrows the fishing seems perennial and of the very best.

The small grass-grown patches of cleared land and the old roads on both sides offer splendid opportunities for partridge shooting, while westward, in the primeval forest the moose, the caribou, and the bear roam as plentifully as they did twenty years ago.

But now our boat steams through these narrows and turning gradually eastward brings up at the dock in Baie des Peres, the present site of the O. M. I. mission. Here everything is modern. It has no Indian name and never had except the general "Wee-qua-do," "Bay." It is through here that most of the supplies for the lumbering camps on the Upper Ottawa are carried. It is also the centre of the new colonization movement on the Quebec side of Timiskaming Lake. It is here that the Oblate Fathers when they abandoned the old site opposite the Fort, pitched their tents, tents that have developed into remarkably fine buildings, a church, a convent and hospital combined and a mission house, all veared with brick and of no mean proportions. There is some excellent trout fishing on a stream some ten or twelve miles from here, known as the Little Otter, to which a good buggy road leads.

Starting again from the wharf at Baie des Peres, our steamer heads west, and rounding "Wine Point," or as the Indians call it, "Ke-ushk, quay-be-my-ah-shie", Drunken Point, steams northwest. Wine Point was so called from the custom of the Indians to get drunk here. The Hudson's Bay Company recognized the inconvenience of having a band of intoxicated Indians in the immediate vicinity of its

buildings, so when it sold liquor, it insisted on it being drunk "off the premises." This point is about three miles from the Fort, a mere nothing to a sober Indian, but if a man were drunk, it was more than likely that he would be drowned in the attempt to cross, a fact that often saved much trouble and annoyance.

Beyond W. Point, on the west the Huronian rocks rise high and rugged. On the east lies "Moosomenitik", Moose Island, now known as "Brown's Island", owing to the fact of Mr. Brown of Philadelphia having built thereon a summer residence. The house is constructed of cedar logs with the bark on, and beautifully finished inside. It is altogether a unique building of its kind.

After passing this island the lake again widens. To our left Frog Rock towers up over three hundred feet, a grand piece of scenery, and with it there is associated a legend, to the effect that a rash young brave would eat the enchanted frog. Three times he ate the same frog and the third time he perished miserably as it was meet and right for him so to do.

To the right is Burnt Island where litho-

graphic stone is found and where the shores are strewn with most interesting fossils of the Silurian period; and again behind that, in a large bay, is the Timiskaming Galena Mine. The ore is plentiful, but so far success has not attended the efforts of its promoters, probably owing to the difficulties of transport, and the low price of silver. (Jesuit map showing it.) The next point of interest is the "Island of the icy hearted Dog," a small island on the western shore, a weird uncanny occurrence of modern times, though but a fitting sequel to a legend of the uncertain past. The dog in question bit the son of a chief and was promptly slain. It was subsequently dissected by some pigs. They pronounced the carcass fit for food, but left the heart. Investigation proved that the heart was a lump of solid ice. This must be true, for it occurred in summer time, and had there not been something supernatural about it, the summer sun would have melted the heart of the dog.

(To be Continued.)

Prairie Grouse-Shooting.*

By L. H. SMITH.

The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway opened a new world to the sportsman of England and of Canada. We in the rich agricultural parts of Southern Ontario, where the bush and cover was fast disappearing, and the game with it, were feeling the want of a new shooting country; and with the first locomotive that crossed our Northwest prairies we had a Great Sportsmen's Land opened to us. Along the length of that great Canadian Highway the lordly moose and the lesser deer family, myriads of wild fowl and grouse make up a great list of game animals and birds.

The bird I shall devote a few pages to is the Sharp-Tailed Grouse. We have many species of the great Grouse family, and one of its members brings many pleasant recollections to my memory; the Ruffed Grouse. He is, or was, the king of our woods; I say was, because he of all birds

can least stand the effects of the settler's axe. With the first tree the early pioneer fells to make a small clearing for his log house, the death-knell of this lightning flyer is sounded. In the southern part of Ontario, where I live, and where this grand game bird was once so plentiful, and, in the early days, so stupid, he has become almost extinct. I associate him with the woods and the Indian's wigwam, the smoke from which I almost imagine I can now smell. A bag of this splendid bird on an Indian summer day is truly something to remember for life; but it is not fair to compare one species of grouse with another; all of which I know are good.

The sharp-tailed Grouse (*Pedicates phasianellus*) of the Canadian Northwest prairies is a splendid representative of the large Grouse family; he is a big, thick-set, heavy bird. He is lighter in color than the ruf-

*The Illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Smith.



CANADIAN WINTER RESORT.
"Cut down a tree and was photographed in the act."



SHARP-TAIL GROUSE.
The "chicken" of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.



"CANADIAN WINTER RESORT."
"Some drivers are however killed at this work."

fed grouse; his back is a pretty chocolate with black feather-bars, his under parts are pure white, each feather with an arrow-head of black. He goes in covies the earlier part of the season, but later on packs in large flocks till the spring-time, when the birds separate again for mating and nesting.

Many parts of the Manitoba and north-western prairies are rolling and studded with bluffs; this makes a prettier landscape than a monotonous level prairie, and a much better shooting country. A bluff is a patch of small, light, bush composed of poplar and low scrub, and may be anything in size from a few yards to several acres in extent. The birds, when flushed on the open prairie, or the stubble, fly straight to a bluff; then one gun, with dog, going inside, and the other two (if there be three guns, which are not too many) walking on either side of the outside, the birds are caught as they fly out of the cover. The inside gun, if his dog be steady, sees his work; and, always making sure where his companions are, often bags his bird before it leaves the bluff. This habit of taking to cover gives a pleasant variety to the shooting, which no other grouse that I know gives.

It is but a few years since our Northwest was settled, and wheat was grown there. The grouse knew nothing of cereals, and had to depend entirely upon the seeds and berries which were indigenous to the prairie. The change of surroundings soon brought about a change in the habits of these birds. They were not long in cultivating a taste for the grain, wheat for preference, which was being grown; and mornings and evenings the stubbles are the most likely places to find them. If the season for wheat has been good, and the straw be long, and stubble left long enough to afford good cover, a brace of well-trained dogs get fine opportunities for doing work which gladdens the heart of the sportsman who knows what good dog-work is. It is not altogether the size of the bag, by which the sportsman's pleasure is measured; there are many other things which contribute, and not at all the least is the spectacle of the dogs going at a slashing pace, crossing and recrossing the stubble and prairie, and stopping as though struck by lightning and assuming a cata-

leptic state, making a picture which is only to be seen in a dog pointing his game.

The shooting wagon is an important adjunct to the outfit of the prairie sportsman. This should be a team and a roomy democrat wagon, with plenty of loose hay in the bottom for the comfort of the dogs and for warmth for your own feet in the early cool morning drives out and evenings home. Next to the rig is your driver. Our experience in this individual has been very extensive; there are good shooting-wagon drivers, and there are shooting-wagon drivers that are no good. If you can light upon a boy who would rather follow a man all day who has a gun than do anything else, that's the chap you want to fasten on to. A good smart boy, who knows everybody in town and out of town, one who is never passed by a rig on the road without being hailed "Hello, Billy, out hunting?" He knows the whole country, can drive you anywhere, and is never lost, you leave the rig, and give him instructions as to which way you intend working, and you may rest assured that when your bag gets heavy, and you want the wagon to unload your birds into it, you will find it just where you expected it. Each trip you make to it he has some news to tell you; some one has been along and told him of where there are lots of birds; or he has marked birds down, and directs you to yard where they are. He makes friends with the dogs, and those left in the wagon for spells of rest are as safe as though you were there yourself. When the day's shoot is over and everything packed away, and you are snuggled in the wagon, shooters and dogs, and start for home, you do not know to a few the size of your bag; but Billy can tell you, he is not quick at school, maybe, but he can and does keep accurate account of the game bag, and tells you correctly what it is. Such a boy we had on our last two trips; he was always on time in the morning, never lost us, and never caused us to walk a yard more than was necessary by any mistake he made. He always kept track of the guns, knew where we were all the time, and when we wanted the rig, we always could locate it. I have a picture of him in my mind's eye, helping to carry our bag. He was loaded down with birds, and there was a big jack-rabbit hanging from his shoulder and trailing on the ground; I

would give a good deal for a negative of the picture he made. "Dockin" we learned was not very energetic at school, but he was one of the best boys that ever drove our wagon on our many annual trips to the prairies.

Very few men care to drive the shooting wagon. Waiting for hours on the road or prairie for the guns soon becomes monotonous to them, and in a day or two they generally throw up the job. An adult who makes a good driver of a shooting-wagon must be one fond of the hunt himself; he must like dogs, and take an interest in their work—a kind of man not by any means easy to get. The Boy is the Man for this job, if you can light on the right kind of Boy.

The Pinnated Grouse has been making his way up North into our Northwest, and in a day's shoot several may help to fill the bag. This bird does not take to the bluffs as does the sharp-tail, but remains in the open; you lose the variety which you get with the sharp-tail in the bluffs; but like all the family, the Pinnated is a fine bird.

Since the Canadian Pacific Railway was built, few seasons have passed that we have missed a grouse shoot in our great Northwest, and we are still in hopes of many repetitions. The bracing September atmosphere is most invigorating and health-giving, and after three or four weeks one feels as lithe as an Indian, and years younger. A trip to our prairies in September is something that our Eastern sportsmen should not miss.

The birds in Manitoba and the Northwest are being very well protected. Twenty-five is the limit per diem for one gun; and sale and exportation are prohibited. In Manitoba a license of twenty-five dollars for the whole season is charged to outsiders, and no smaller fee is exacted from one who wishes to shoot only for a few days. This, we think, is a little unreasonable, and should be altered. It defeats its own object, as many shoot without a license, considering it unfair and unreasonable. We are of the opinion that if the Province issued ten-day or two-week licenses, much more revenue would be collected from this source.

Alaskan Moose.

By C. G. COWAN.

It was a dull morning in September, a drizzling rain fell from the heavy clouds of an Alaskan sky. An Indian and myself encamped on a mountain side, under the shelter of a conifer bush, at an elevation, amidst snow and ice were intently listening, in the grey stillness of daybreak, to the banging and clashing of moose horns. Below us, we could see in a deep ravine a cow moose and her yearling calf moving slowly through a dense growth of willows, the former, retreating guiltily, as it were, from the active scene she had brought about, from the desperate fight of two bulls, leaving them to settle in their own way, with their only weapons, their horns and front feet, as to which was to rule for the future, which was to own that sheltered spot, that deep ravine, and the animal they had both, in turn found there.

The bulls were unevenly matched, the weaker, no doubt had lived for days in company with the cow and calf, and had come to like them, and being as it were in possession of the field was loathe to move into new grounds, and preferred fighting desperately to retain its mate and home. Thrashing and clashing its great antlers against those of its opponent, striking it rapidly and forcibly with its front feet and going it desperately on either side until the stronger animal, unable to endure the pressure longer, became infuriated, driving its horns madly against its adversary, carrying it and dashing it with great force against a dead tree, which tottered and fell, startling and giving for the moment, breathing time to the two animals. In a second they clashed into each other again, bellowing loudly, going with their horns

and striking with their feet until the weaker showed signs of yielding, encouraging, thereby, the other to deal a final and terrible onslaught, which paralyzed its opponent completely, pressing it to the ground and trampling it into utter exhaustion. The stronger animal then wheeled from its victim and became lost to the eye in the thickness of the alders. Then the Indian (Kolka) and myself, who had been watching this interesting fight, heightened as it were by the wildness and beauty of the scenery round us, and by the invigorating effect of the mountain air, slid noiselessly down the snow until we reached the deeper gloom of the forest. Through this we wended our way silently, over ground, carpeted deep in green moss, arriving at last on the edge of the ravine, where we had first seen the moose. Here, we sat down to watch and presently beheld below us, amidst the undergrowth ablaze with the gorgeous hues of Autumn, the cow and calf and the victorious bull all standing peacefully together, a proof, the newcomer had not fought in vain. As we approached nearer the animals, a twig cracked loudly beneath my foot. Instantly, we dropped to the ground. The bull wheeling, charged towards us, challenging as it came on, doubtless believing its old enemy had again risen and was prepared to renew the fight. Its maddening rush was as formidable as ever, but was checked suddenly by a bullet from my rifle, which entered a vital part, and brought the ungainly beast to the ground. Then I returned up the mountain side to the conifer bush, where I had slept the night before, gathered together our blankets and such things as we had left there, and carried them back to the main camp. Later on, in the day, Kolka straggled in, heavily loaded with the horns and scap of the moose, and before we could get them properly cleaned and attended to, night closed silently over our camp, and we retired within the tepee, cooked and ate our evening meal, and rolled ourselves in our blankets, listening the while to a great horned owl, calling aloud to its mate, and to its mate's weird answer, penetrating through the stillness of the dark trees. The following day, as the first flush of dawn illuminated the sky in the east, we were up, and ere the smoke was allowed to issue from our wigwam we had viewed, from a

favorable point, the open country round the camp. Two young bulls were crossing the skyline of a hill near-by, neither carried horns sufficiently spread, to make them objects worthy of desire, so we returned to camp, had our morning meal, and then wandered out to an adjacent valley, where we found after much hunting, standing in a slough, partly covered by water and nibbling carelessly at the long grasses, a moose of extraordinary size, bigger, far, than those that roam the forests of Maine, or the wild outskirts of Ontario, or even the luxuriant valleys of Cassiar, as it held its great head under water preserving itself from the cloud of black flies that hovered over it, we crawled silently to the margin of the pond, and there waited behind a fallen tree, watching the animal before us, the largest moose I had ever seen. As I continued to gaze and admire the noble creature, it sank quietly into the slough, until at last nothing could be seen but its massive antlers, spreading six feet or more over the still water. Above in the air, a bald-headed eagle, wheeling and falling, its head hanging down, its broad wings all astretch, as it swung gracefully on its downward flight, until it pitched clumsily on a dead pine overhanging the pond, breaking a top limb, which fell to the water. Trivial as the noise was, it awakened the moose to a keen sense of danger, and he rose quickly, wheeled in the water and made for the nearest cover. As he did so, I fired three shots, all taking effect, and fatally wounded the enormous beast, collapsed at the edge of the pond, where he died almost instantly. On examining him I found one shot had entered near the shoulder and evidently penetrated a vital organ. Another had gone through the back under the spine, and the third had made a nasty incision in the stomach. It was late in the evening before we had finished skinning him, and as we trudged towards the camp with our loads, there came from the east a stiff breeze, almost a gale, sweeping the whole valley. The tops of the pines rustled and shivered and swayed backward and forward. Overhead heavy clouds hung in threatening attitudes, and long before we had reached our camp, they burst, drenching us to the skin. Arriving in camp we built a great log fire, under the pines, and were soon dry and

warm. Forgetting all about the rain and the long pack, I settled down on a skin before the blazing fire, smoking and listening to Kolka's interesting incidents of wilderness life. It was to be my last night in Alaska and I looked long at the lonely grandeur of the scenery round me, scenery depressing, yet fascinating. The clouds had vanished from the heavens and the moon stood clear, and at its full, staring at a world of mountains crowned in snow and

ice. Beneath her gaze were those dreadful heights, with their awful solitudes, those wild rocky canyons and the jagged icy peaks, glittering the full length of the skyline, until suddenly a grey cloud driven before the moon, shuts out the dazzling brightness, and the strange stillness and mystery of an Arctic night descends, reminding us it is bed time in the Moose country.

A Weird Bear Story.

By KATHERINE HUGHES.

Apropos of the agitation in Quebec for more effective game-preservation and legislation similar to its sister-province, here is a story that grew out of Ontario's strict game laws and which found its way into papers on both sides of the ocean.

* * * *

It was over a cup of coffee at the Guard's Club one morning that a certain young British officer first heard this "weird Canadian yarn of Henckiewicz and his bear." A couple of years later when he came out to be an aide at Rideau Hall he met Henckiewicz and heard the story verbatim.

That morning in London it was delightfully comfortable in the breakfast room of the Club. A big fire glowed on the hearth at one end, while the lights were everywhere reflected from snowy linen and lustrous silver. Outside the sun was struggling through a heavy blue mist and the cold gray exteriors along the Mall gave no hint of the luxurious comfort that lay within.

This particular despatch in the Post—copied from a New York paper and honored with a neat little English headline of its own—was one likely to catch the eye of an adventure-loving English man. For the colder your Englishman seems to be the more thrilling the tale he craves. Ludwig Henckiewicz, a settler in the "Canadian wilds", the item said, had gone out one day to bait his wolverine traps. He carried only a short hunting-knife in his belt and a bag of bait. When less than a mile from his home a bear loomed up in

his pathway resenting Ludwig's approach.

The two drew near each other; the man struck out with his knife at the beast, missed him and leaped to one side in time to throw himself on the bear's back. The startled animal set off at a swinging trot while the man on his back repeatedly stabbed him with his knife until the bear sank exhausted in the snow. Ludwig went on to bait his traps, for there is a bounty on wolverines' heads, and then returned home with his bear-trophy.

He lived at an isolated point in the settlement, but several settlers had seen the marks of the struggle and the trail of blood along the crusted snow, verifying Ludwig's tale. It made conversation for awhile at the Club that morning between speculation on the growing restlessness in the Transvaal and some tall stories of Siberian bear-hunts. Its veracity was questioned by a man who knew the Canadian bear was not given to roaming about in early February. Then it was speedily forgotten.

A year later the young officer was appointed to the staff of the new Governor-General. Rather glad of the appointment, too, for London's round was beginning to pall on him for the moment, and experienced folk told him he would know how to appreciate it again by staying a few years in the colony. It was during his second summer in Canada that he set out for a trip to the hunters' paradise in the Timiskaming and Timagaming districts.

The party had planned to go on to Ab-

tibi, but Timagaming caught them with its allurements of woods and water, and they went no farther. It was close to Timagaming they came upon Ludwig, who turned up at their camp one night with some curiosity as to who they were. And sitting about the camp-fire the aide heard, like some tale out of a dream, that remarkable bear-story told by the hero of the occasion himself.

Pictures of the Club and the men and old gray London flashed upon him for an instant. True—the Serpentine is a toy-pool beside the island-studded lake shining before him in the moonlight, but—near it lies the Row with its kaleidoscope of people in his world; beyond is stately Belgravia and the Mall—and whew! all the fascinations of old London.

But Ludwig was telling his story in his own inimitable way. In fairly good English with a faint German accent, with a roguish twinkle in his small brown eyes, with now a pathetic droop of his mouth that belied his speech or again lips curled in real enjoyment. Ludwig's face will always remain young, though he is an old-established pioneer now, and has picked upon two likely quarter-sections for his sons on the Timiskaming.

The trapper told of leaving his horse that day when the winter's small chores were done, of the brisk tramp over the crusted fields, of his meeting with the bear close to the Brule. This was a surly big fellow with low-hanging snout and shaggy fur, and a most ominous growl to welcome Ludwig. Nothing favorable could be expected of such a customer for any well-behaved Bruin would know that in the coldest February weather Canada had known for a decade he should be at home in a log hibernating.

But Bruin had no idea of going home tamely. He had fed on nothing worth while in this scraggy Brule land, and Ludwig, jolly little Ludwig, must have seemed a tempting morsel. He objected to Ludwig passing on to his trap and planted himself squarely in the frozen snowshoe trail that led to it.

Ludwig warmed to the story-telling as he reached this point, informing them as he has most of us at some time or other that he is the descendant of a long line of hunters in Germany's Black Forest, and he

was not going to lower his colours to a mere bear, an unwieldy mass of fat and fur. His eyes gleamed while he told of yanking the hunting-knife out of his belt, calling to the bear to "Come on!" The bear drew back, not in fear but in stubborn anger, and Ludwig's first thrust missed its aim, only to find that the beast was rising ready to fall upon him and crush him with his heavy paws.

"And, Crackey!" said Ludwig fervidly, "that was not just the thing a man will sit down under. I picked up my legs and flew like a scared partridge over his left ear and the paw he was raising, and before he could turn on me I was on his back.

"It was good-day for Brother Bear then. I had my knife in my hand and he soon felt it. It made him mad and he ran. I held on to his long hair and stabbed him, and stabbed him. We didn't reach the end of the clearing before he rolled over catching my foot under him.

"I was whooping glad I got clear—and that's all," Ludwig ended with some embarrassment as though ashamed of the enthusiasm he had worked himself into.

"Did it happen anywhere near here?" the aide asked then, when no more was forthcoming.

"No; it was not in these parts. I'm only here looking after my boy's first crops this summer. That happened down on my place in Nipissing. They say they have fine game up here, but our deer and partridge will match their finest. They're tamer though."

Ludwig's eyes twinkled as he went on, "They come out into our barnyards sometimes in winter."

"What do you do with them?" asked the New York man. "A stag's meat would provide pretty good venison then."

Ludwig's eyes twinkled at a fine rate.

"You see," he said, removing his hat and rumpling his hair shamefacedly—"You see the laws in Ontario are mighty strict against touching them after November."

"So you sprinkle salt back on the hills and chase them away again," said the aide upon whom light was beginning to break.

"Maybe—maybe. Or sometimes—we chase our wits together and make a new bear-story."

Ludwig's whole face twinkled with knowing mirth then.

In the Woods.

By A. L. PHELPS.

Oct. 3rd.—

We are in the woods, the autumn woods. Whether we shall get any game or not is a question. We shall likely have a good time anyway and that is what we are out for. The spell of the woods is already upon me. The birds, the trees, the green growing things all have their effect. Other things are going to be forgotten—for three days at least.

Our shack is pleasantly situated in among the evergreens and with the woods coming close up on every side. As I write a chick-a-dee is making things lively in the trees outside. It brings the woods and its wild things very close, this cheery companionship; and it makes me all the more eager to get out with my gun. But it can't be today for already the afternoon is drawing to a close and supper has to be got ready. Wes is already at work unpacking grub, etc., so I suppose I must go to work too.

Supper is over and the dishes have been washed. Wes and I have just been looking to our guns and getting all in readiness for the following day's hunt after partridge. Wes has a double gun and is inclined to laugh at my single barrel. But I let him laugh because I know that when my gun is pointed right a dead bird follows. And in my experience double shots are hardly ever made except when after ducks; and ducks are not our particular game this trip. So what is the use of carrying a heavy gun when a light one will serve? But it's bed-time now and the kindling hasn't been cut.

Oct. 4th, P. M.—

I have had a splendid day. Not so much because of the amount of game bagged—that's nothing to boast of—but because we have been in the woods and for a time, of the woods. The killing isn't everything. To me the roaring rise of a partridge is almost (I won't say altogether because I am a lover of the gun) as pleasurable as the bringing of one to bag. To be walking quietly through the woods, eyes on the alert, gun at the ready; to suddenly hear the little chirp of a partridge on the

ground; the next minute to see the leaves rise up as if a whirlwind had caught them; to catch a fleeting glimpse of something brown and to hear the whir-r-r. It isn't all in the killing, not by any means.

To be walking along knee-deep in the fern, every nerve on the alert; to pause, you know not why, opposite a little clump of evergreen placed like an island in the brake; to suddenly hear a rustle; then a brown flash and in two jumps to see your rabbit disappear. It may be discouraging but still it's enjoyable. Every minute in the woods is to me a joy even though game is not bagged.

We have spent our first day in the woods thus—often hearing sometimes seeing, but not often killing. Nevertheless we have had a splendid time, a day to be remembered.

Oct. 5th.—

I said last night that it wasn't all in the killing and neither is it. But there is quite a bit. Wes and I are inclined to think so anyway as we look upon the result of our day's sport. Three partridge and two rabbits! Man, what feasts in store! We'll eat the food of kings, and of our own cooking too.

We have had great sport to-day. You know, all ye lovers of the gun, what an autumn day can be like. The glory of it, the freedom of it, the joy of it. An autumn day, the wild woods, and a gun. What can man want more? And to sit at the end of it as Wes and I have been sitting, cosy and warm with the fire-light playing on our faces and telling stories of other outings. But none we agree can equal this one.

Oct. 6th.—

We are just leaving, not because we want to, but because we have to. The woods calls us, but we can't stay. Our outing is over, for the present at least. Some other time though we will come to hear again the whirr of the partridge and the rustle of the rabbits leap. And we are assured of a good time.

In the Selkirks.

By REV. C. F. YATES.

A sullen splash—as the speckled trout
Darts up for his evening meal ;
A swither and swirl of wings o'erhead
Mark the path of the blue-winged teal.

Where the willows spring from the fern-
strewn turf,
And the tints of Autumn lie,
A cock grouse croons to his whilom mate
An evening lullaby.

And down where the cabbage-lillies bring
Relief to a bankrupt bog,
The mallard calls to a truant brood
With a voice of the demigogue.

A glebe,—where the fingers of wanton
stream
Play chimes on the patient rocks,
A black-faced caribou wets his nose
And splashes his fevered hocks.

That glist thro' the ranks of cone-topped
fir
Marks the swarth of a mountain pass,
Yon glacial giant and Luna use
The lake for a looking-glass.

On the debris left where the mountain
snow
Tobogganed with laughing June,
A lone cayote sits on his haunch
And howls at the man in the moon.

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.

Golden, B. C.

The Caledon Mountain Club.

By a Member.

This club is situated in what many people declare to be the most picture-sque part of Ontario not even excepting the lovely North country. There are hills that may very properly be called mountains, that stretch away in purple haze so that one might easily imagine themselves in the far-famed Trosachs of Scotland. But beautiful as this spot is naturally, its chief charm is the trout fishing—the long cool reaches of shaded stream, such as is dear to a fisherman's heart—the ponds of beautifully clear spring water—the mountain streams which bring back stories of William Black, all abound with the speckled beauties of all sizes. The true fisherman sees an enemy in civilization—the civilization which means the towns with noisy pavements, electric lights and all the streams and ponds within easy distance "fished out."

So that when a number of Canadian sportsmen decided to have a fishing place of their own it was necessary to go far away from railway centres and busy towns. Few of us realize that this beautiful province of ours is singularly well supplied with splendid fishing grounds. Few, indeed of our citizens have any idea what fishing means in the great places far away from smoke and shops. Such a place is the Caledon Mountain Trout Club situated near the Forks of the river Credit, with its wonderful system of lakelets, streams and cascades. To sportsmen these ponds and streams have an attraction wholly lacking in the larger aspects of nature, for he well knows that there are more tempting treasures in the mountain streams than are to be found in the larger lakes of this country. The Club have over

five miles of stream preserved as well as the numerous ponds at the Club house and at Hillsburg (12 miles distant) and therefore can be kept free from the ubiquitous excursionist. The objects of the Club are to provide pleasant pastime on a social basis and to engage in the scientific propagation and sale of trout. The latter object should be of interest to all Canadians whether they are fishermen or not, for the national importance of our fisheries ought to be apparent to anyone who has taken a glance at the map of Canada. Careless of our immense resources, we have already

sire and the only rule to be seen which is hard to comply with is composed of the ominous words "the Annex will be closed daily at 1 a.m. except on Sunday when it will close at 12." It is altogether likely that the enterprise will become a fully equipped Country Club, for it has every facility for carrying out the objects of such institutions and Toronto and Hamilton sportsmen have long felt the need of such an ideal retreat. Our friends from "across the line" have often made us ashamed of our slowness to appreciate our beautiful lakes and streams and as might be ex-

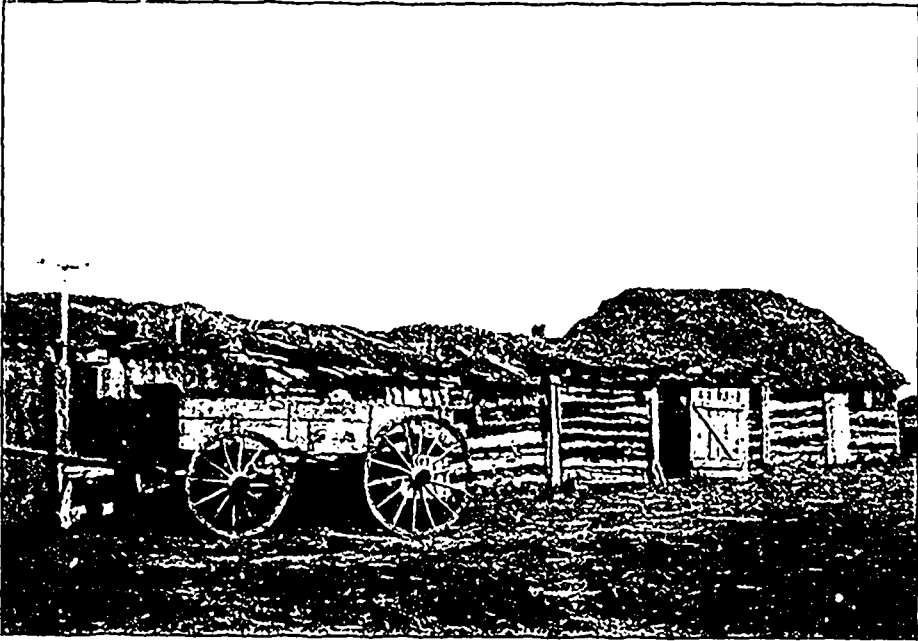


The Caledon Mountain Club.

allowed the wanton destruction of fish in many of our waters and as yet have paid little attention to "scientific fish culture." Situated as this Club is within an hour and a half's journey from either Hamilton or Toronto, what better place can be found for the busy man who needs a day or two of rest and sport. The Toronto and Hamilton members certainly have no excuse for not "going fishing" and for the "week end" the member can find no more refreshing spot. The Club house has every comfort that even the "epicure" can de-

pected several of the shareholders hail from New York, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and other American cities.

The Caledon Mountain Trout Club has been most fortunate in its management from the first. The directors are all men of sterling business ability as well as being true sportsmen, so that it is little wonder that the enterprise has been so successful. It is now well past the initial stage and bids fair to become in the near future as pronounced a success as anyone could wish for.



A PRAIRIE BARNYARD.
Nothing is wasted in mere decoration; architecture severely plain and full of purpose.



"THE SHOOTING WAGGON."
No hard work about "Chicken" Shooting under such conditions.



A LONG FLIGHT.
Prairie grouse fly far and fast.



ALEXANDAR GLACIER
The base of Alexander Peak is also shown.

Bird Study.*

By W. A. DENT.

In connection with the widespread awakening of interest in Nature Study, some attention has been and is being directed to Birds and their habits. Birds are among the most conspicuous, attractive, and easily observed objects in Nature, and, when attention is once drawn to them the student is led into other avenues of Nature Study which will be found pleasant and profitable to pursue. A fairly comprehensive and accurate knowledge of most of our common birds is more readily obtained than would at first sight appear possible, and many good books are now to be had which render identification comparatively easy. Of these Chapman's "Bird Life," with coloured plates and Chapman's "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America," are probably as good as any. These books are useful in identifying birds, and perhaps also as a guide to their study; but, to be of any value educationally, our further knowledge must come from a study of the living birds in their haunts and homes.

While children probably do not consciously love nature, they have a curiosity to know more of the living things they see about them, and there can be no doubt that if children were taught more of the things they wish to know and fewer dead uninteresting facts, better educational results would be secured.

A bird which is likely to be more or less familiar to children, particularly in rural schools, is the Bobolink, and a study of its life history will be found most captivating and instructive. The beauty of his plumage and the contrast with the duller dress of the female, his rollicking joyous song, his skill in concealing his nest, his extensive migrations, in the course of which he visits many countries, can be woven into many interesting lessons. The Meadow Lark is an expert decoy, and the sight of a bird endeavouring to decoy an enemy from its young never fails to arouse the most intense interest.

It is unnecessary, however, to leave bird study to those living in the country; for, in the town in which I am now writing, many very interesting birds regularly make

their homes. Omitting the commoner ones, I might mention the Great Crested Flycatcher, Least Flycatcher, Black and White Creeper, Canadian Warbler, Ruby-throat Hummingbird, Black-billed Cuckoo, Catbird, Screech Owl, Cedar Waxwing, Maryland Yellow-throat. In addition to these, many marsh and shore birds, such as Grebes, Gallinules, Bitterns, Coots, Plovers, Sandpipers, and even Ducks and Loons, regularly nest and in spite of legal and illegal shooting seem to maintain their numbers fairly well. In addition to these there are, of course, many migrants, including Warblers, Thrushes, etc., which visit the shade trees and orchards during the spring and fall migrations. Indeed the number and beauty of these migrants is generally a revelation to those whose attention is directed to them for the first time. For the purpose of studying nesting and food habits, however, the ever-present English Sparrow will afford a convenient example and may be compared and contrasted with the Robin. Every child knows a good deal about these birds in a more or less vague and indefinite way, and methods will readily suggest themselves to the teacher to make this vague knowledge definite and to cultivate a habit of accurate observation.

One of the important practical results which will follow the introduction of the study of birds into the schools, will be a more general recognition of their great economic value. To those who know and love birds and all nature, this is, it is true, by no means the greatest consideration; nevertheless, it is undeniably one which appeals strongly to the popular mind.

One of the first questions which an appeal for the more general protection of birds will provoke, is almost certain to be: "Well: what good are they anyway?" If we can suppress an expression of pity for the benighted condition of the questioner, we can produce an array of facts generally sufficient to convince the most sceptical, that the vast majority of birds are well deserving of our great efforts to encourage and protect them. A familiar example

*Reprinted by permission from the Ottawa Naturalist.

is the Meadow Lark. As far as known, the food of this bird consists entirely of insects, including many such as wireworms, cutworms and grasshoppers, which are distinctly injurious to growing crops.

The Meadow Lark occasionally winters in the province (though, for what reason, it is hard to imagine) and from an examination of the stomach contents of several specimens taken in the winter, it has been found that, even under stress of weather, they had not resorted to vegetable diet, but had succeeded in unearthing various grubs and beetles. The Meadow Lark is thus in everyway a decidedly beneficial bird in the agricultural districts where it makes its summer home; yet, in spite of this and of the beauty of its plumage and of its clear ringing whistle, it not only receives no protection at the hands of the farmer whom it befriends, but, in many cases, either the birds themselves or their eggs or young are wantonly destroyed. A very slight knowledge of the habits of the birds would do a great deal towards preventing their destruction.

In connection with the recognition of the economic value of birds, a little study will do a great deal towards clearing up many false ideas concerning hawks and owls, which are usually subject to the most relentless persecution. A little study will show that while some hawks, like the Goshawk and Sharp-shinned Hawk, and some owls, like the Great Horned Owl and the Snowy Owl, are injurious; nevertheless, the great majority of them are, not only not injurious, but even decidedly beneficial. A careful observation of the habits of the living bird by competent observers and an examination of the contents of thousands of stomachs afford the only satisfactory test of its economic value. In the case of hawks and owls, these methods have been carefully applied and go to show that most of them are of great economic value.

The value of these birds lies in the destruction by them of very large numbers of mice, rats, squirrels, gophers, and other destructive vermin. A good illustration of the value of such an owl as the Long-eared Owl, is afforded by an examination of the pellets which collect beneath the roosting places. As nearly every one knows, an owl swallows its prey whole, and the indigesti-

ble portions, such as fur and bones, become matted into pellets and are disgorged through the mouth. In the case of a roost occupied by a Long-eared Owl for some weeks during November and December, 1902, about one hundred and fifty pellets were found. These pellets were about the size of a small mouse and contained on the average about two skulls each, with other bones and fur. The number of skulls shows that during that time the owl had destroyed about three hundred mice.

It is probable that nearly all owls and hawks will take birds if they can get them; but, that they habitually do so, is sufficiently disproved by the above mentioned methods of observation. Another good result which would follow a more general study of birds, would be a lessening of the wanton destruction of their nests and eggs. The habit of egg collecting was formerly very prevalent and is still sufficiently common to be a serious factor in the destruction of birds. It is unfortunate that many of our most valuable insectivorous and song birds are those which, from their habit of nesting near towns and in accessible places, are particularly liable to this form of persecution. The eggs of Bluebirds, Yellow Warblers, Goldfinches, Catbirds, Phoebes, Kingbirds, Woodpeckers, Swallows, and in fact of all those birds which are most valuable and worthy of protection, still find their way in large numbers to the pockets and other receptacles of the ubiquitous small boy. It should be the duty of every teacher to do what he can to prevent this. It is not sufficient alone to point out that it is against the law and punishable by fine or imprisonment, because, in order to make such a law effective, it is necessary to create a popular sentiment in its favor. Probably the most effective way to create such a sentiment is to call attention to the economic value of birds.

Aside from these very practical considerations, however, the study of birds has an educational value which is probably not exceeded by that of any other department of Nature Study. It should be borne in mind that the object of such studies is not the acquisition of technical knowledge; but, as Dr. Fletcher has pointed out, "to train the mind" and to aid the learner to become "self-dependent." That is indeed a valua-

ble system of education which, while accomplishing these important ends in the best possible way, also brings the student into close, even intimate, contact with his natural surroundings. If we "in the love of

Nature hold communion with her visible forms," we have an unfailing source of interest and recreation which is of priceless value to those possessing it.

Our Medicine Bag.

Although a few English sportsmen have, in recent years, found their way to Canada, the field is comparatively unknown to the great mass of English sportsmen, who have to be content with conditions far less favorable to the pastime they so dearly love, than can be found in any portion of the wide Dominion. Consequently, the publication of a series of articles, descriptive of Canada as a field for English sportsmen, in an important English daily paper, is an incident quite worthy of notice, and one which seems to have stirred up a considerable amount of interest. The paper in question is the "Western Daily Press," the most enterprising and the best paper published in the City of Bristol, which is the commercial capital of the West of England and a considerable seaport. It has a large circulation throughout the Western counties and South Wales, a district rich in residential estates, the owners of which would find their horizon much widened by a visit to Canada. This could be combined with an indulgence in sport such as would open their eyes to Canadian possibilities, and give this country a greater share in the stream of English tourists who now practically cover the world in their search for excitement and experience. The writer dealt largely with the West of Canada, but subsequent correspondence in the same paper has done justice to the claims of other portions of the Dominion. In particular is attention drawn to the wonderful country through which the Canadian Pacific new line runs from Toronto to Sudbury. "An earthly paradise" is an hackneyed form of expression, but no other words will fitly describe this country which from a sportsmen's point of view can only be left to the imagination. If English sportsmen will try this country for themselves, and as pioneers tell of their experience, they will

soon convince their fellow countrymen that all this is not mere exaggeration, but solid fact, as they can easily in these days of swift and comfortable travel, satisfy themselves.

Our attention has been called to an article in the London "Standard" to the effect that the attention of English sportsmen is being strongly directed to Canada for its sporting possibilities. The "Standard" is a great power in English public life by reason of its thorough reliability on all matters on which articles are admitted to its columns, and consequently an article in such a paper is of far greater value than in a score of others less important. The writer in the "Standard" is very enthusiastic about the splendid sport to be obtained in the Canadian Northwest, and his words will no doubt carry weight with English sportsmen. He states that he "has shot in North and South America, in South Africa, in India, Australia, New Zealand, China, and the islands of the Malay Archipelago," and with all this experience he is "prepared to assert that from West of Winnipeg to the Rockies there is no more enjoyable land for the sportsmen." After fully describing the varieties of game to be there found, he says that though this may seem like a fairy tale it is the "plain unvarnished truth." He gives particulars as to short and long trips and their cost, and presents such an ideal picture of things in the west as should cause a flood in the tourist traffic next season.



An American Sportsman's Weekly, usually thoroughly well informed, made a strange mistake in one of its editorial utterances of a few weeks ago. It was dealing with the report issued by the British Army Council, of December 7th, which sta-

ted that the new rifle had a figure of merit of 1.21 as against 1.29 for the French rifle, 1.62 for the German rifle, 1.72 for the present British Service rifle and 2.04 for the Italian rifle. The writer proceeded to draw the conclusion that this shooting would arouse a storm of protest from English marksmen, and it is therefore apparent that he did not understand how this figure of merit is obtained. We fail to see why a showing such as this should arouse anything in the way of a protest, excepting from the men who may possibly be shot at by British troops during the next big European war. The new British rifle is, according to this showing, the most accurate in the world, and the mean deviation at 1000 yards is little more than half that of the Italian Service weapon. If the new United States rifle does as well it should be a matter of congratulation to our cousins to the southward.

The figure of merit of a group of shots is, according to the British musketry regulations, the average distance of the shots from the point of mean impact; the latter is the centre of the group, and is at the intersection of the lines of mean vertical and mean horizontal positions.

The North American Fish and Game Protective Association will meet at St. John, N.B., on February 1st. This is to be the Fifth Annual meeting.

Prince and Princess Colleredo Mansfield, of Austria, accompanied by the Countess d'Etchehoyen, of France, aunt of the Countess, have visited and traversed the Dominion. The Prince made a hunting trip in British Columbia, and while the Prince was thus engaged, the Princess and her aunt visited the Pacific Coast cities. The

Prince is deeply interested in forestry and forest preservation, a subject to which both the Federal and Provincial Governments might with profit to the country, give a good deal more attention. What has been done at Stanley Park, Vancouver, met with the approbation of the Prince. He described the park "as a magnificent piece of forest—the best I have seen since I have left my native land, where," he added proudly, "the cultivation of forestry has reached almost its highest development." The journey across the continent proved so interesting to the party that they reached Vancouver a month later than they had intended, having delayed their journey at several points in order to gratify their curiosity and interest in the many new things they saw to attract their attention.

The reckless slaughter of deer in the Province of Quebec continues to furnish sportsmen with an endless topic of discussion, and the necessity for improving and enforcing the game laws is apparent on every hand. Amongst other reforms the adoption of the "two tag" system from Ontario is advocated. This system has received the endorsement of a convention of the North American Fish and Game Association, and has also the approval of the Quebec Game Association. The views of such experts should have weight with the Quebec Government, who ought to devote a part of next session to the conservation and preservation of a great national asset which they are now allowing to be wasted and lost.

The following petition has been presented to the Ontario Government:

We, the undersigned sportsmen of Woodstock, knowing that, owing to the decrease

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in our forests and swamps and to severe winters, rendered more severe by the absence of covers, our quail have diminished in numbers, and that they will undoubtedly be exterminated unless means are taken to increase their numbers, petition the Government to take their preservation under consideration, and beg to advise that a considerable sum of money from the fund accumulated by the Game Commission be spent in purchasing and turning out live quail each spring.

We beg to direct your attention to the following facts:—

That the quail is one of our best game birds ;

That it is the only game bird to be found now by the ordinary sportsman in many sections of the country ;

That, from its insectivorous habits, it is one of the most useful birds to the farmer;

The private sportsmen and clubs of sportsmen have for many years spent considerable sums of money in importing live quail.

That money has been spent by the Government in importing capercaillie ; and would advise, should the Government accede to this petition, that when the birds are turned out, say during the last week in April, notice should be given to the farmers about, that quail are insectivorous birds, and, therefore, worthy of their protection and care.

Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes for January is a capital number. There is a very amusing account of the "Old Soldier Servants," who are unknown to officers in this generation of short service ; the old-time batman was a genuine curiosity in his way and combined many excellent points with some qualities of doubtful value. There are some very entertaining anecdotes in this essay, and

Rifle Telescope Mounting, that is simple, and easily detached. The dove-tail blocks are screwed firmly on the top of the barrel ; one for the rear mount and one for the forward mount, and are held in place by thumb screws. The mounts and scope come off together, and with the short scope can be used in an ordinary grip, and the rifle put in its case. The blocks are left on

we shall welcome the future instalment indicated by "Part I." The paper on Major Richardson's War Dogs, or Ambulance Dogs, might have been longer, without overtaxing the reader's patience, for the subject has genuine interest and importance. Major Richardson we learn is trying to obtain the sensible and tractable dogs, ambulance work requires, by crossing a pure Scots collie with the produce of a retriever and an Airedale.

According to a correspondent of the Sherbrooke Daily Record a great many deer have been snared near Lake Megantic. This report should be investigated by the proper authorities, and if found to be true should be taken as proof that somebody is badly to blame. We are supposed to have game wardens, and a game warden who will permit any considerable amount of deer snaring is a fraud and a delusion. Snaring is much easier to prevent than mere shooting.

The annual Report of the Department of Indian Affairs, shows that although the rate of mortality among the Red Men of Canada is very high, there is an increase of one hundred and twenty-one in the Indian population of the country. The total number in the Dominion, given by Provinces, is as follows:—

	1902.	1903.
Ontario	20,983	21,091
Quebec	10,842	11,064
Nova Scotia	2,067	1,931
New Brunswick	1,644	1,691
Prince Edward Island	316	301
British Columbia	25,500	25,581
Manitoba	6,754	6,821
Northwest	17,922	17,641
Athabasca	1,239	1,231
Outside Treaty limits	20,845	20,845
Totals	108,112	108,233

the rifle, and do not interfere with the use of the ordinary sights. They are made for all styles of rifles, and will meet, we believe, a popular demand. After sighting the scope can be taken off and put on repeatedly with perfect accuracy, and in a few seconds. Screw holes in the dove-tail slot coincide with the old Ideal Mounts.

There were two thousand three hundred and eleven Indian births and two thousand one hundred and forty-three deaths in the last twelve months.

The present rate of mortality will exterminate one or two of the bands at no very distant date. Tuberculosis and infantile diseases continue to unduly inflate the

death-roll. The Department is pleased at the material progress, that the Red Men are making, but regrets that the spirit of citizenship is still lacking. They are loyal to the dominant race, but their spirit is rather that of alliance than of amalgamation.




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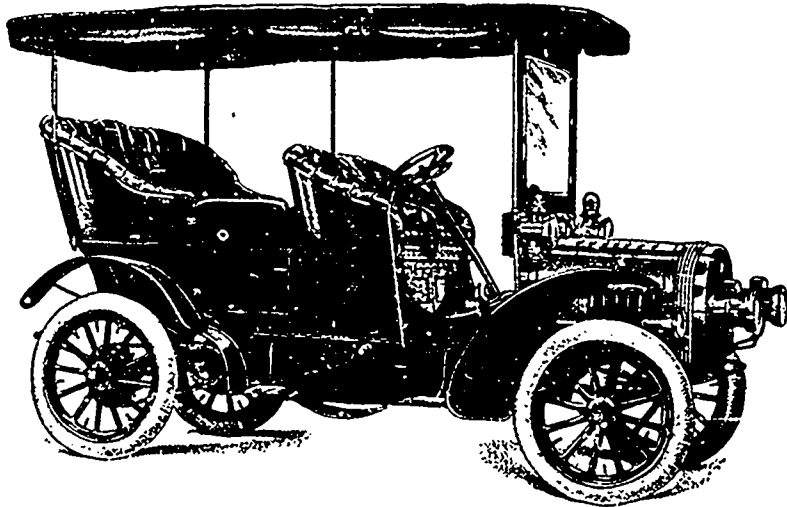
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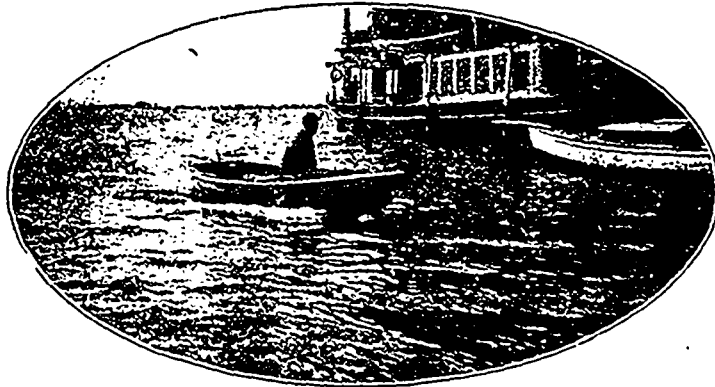
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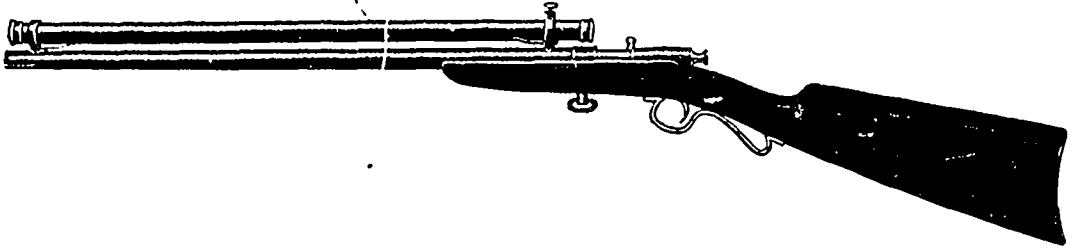
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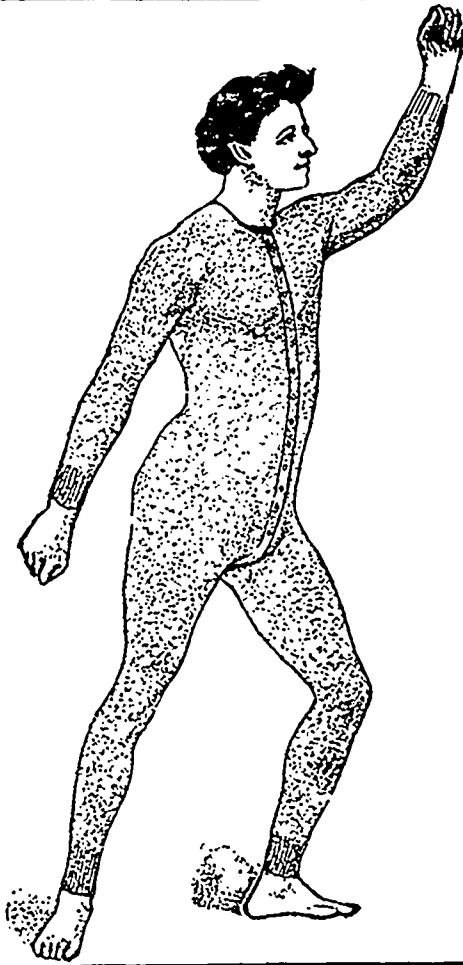


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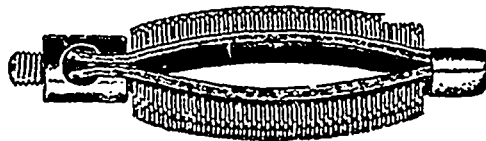
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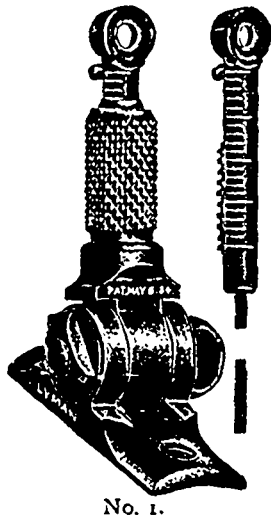


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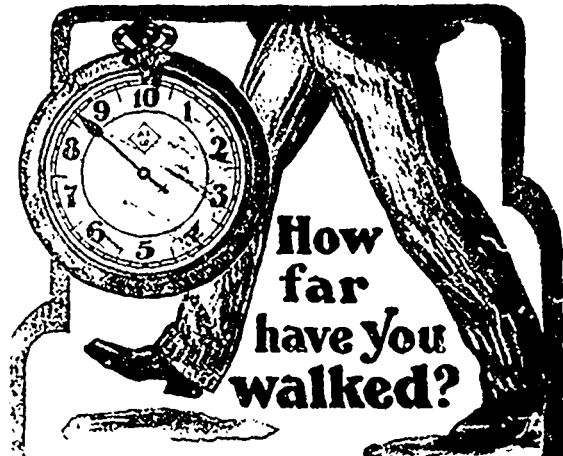
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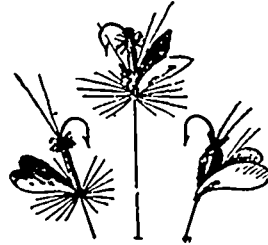
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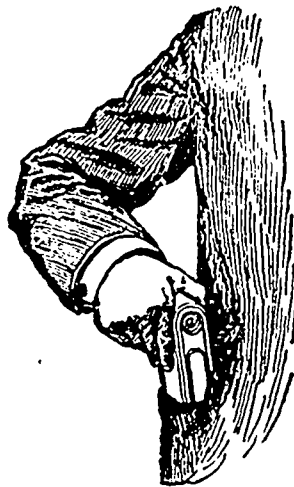
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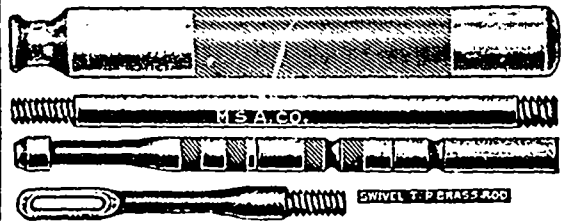
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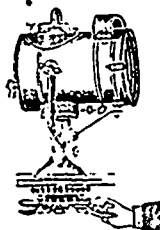
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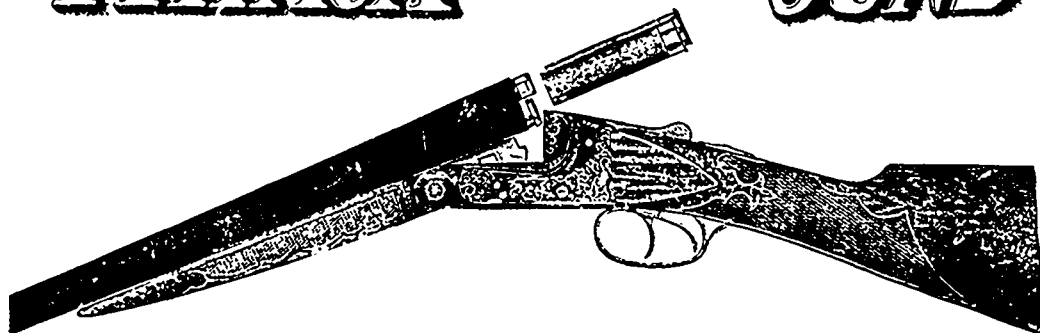
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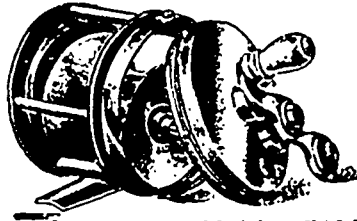
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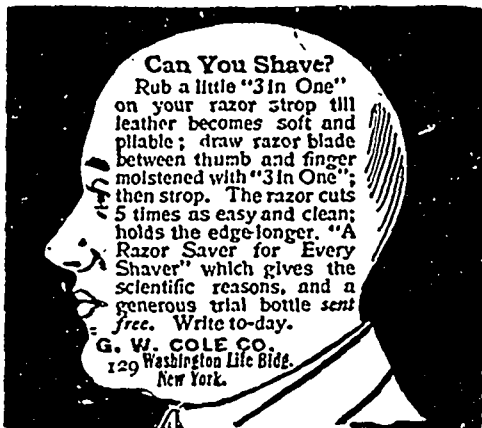
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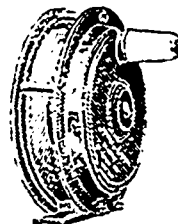
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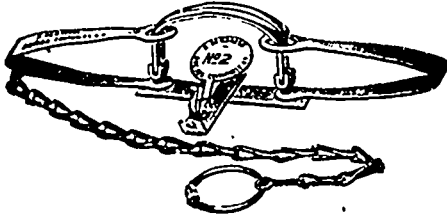
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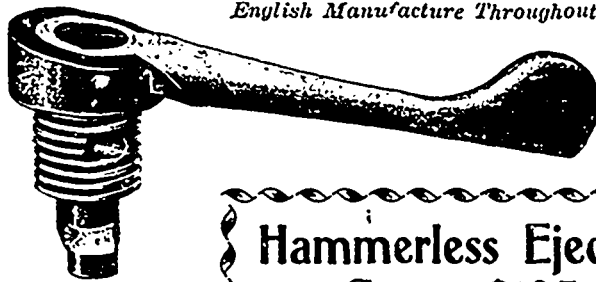
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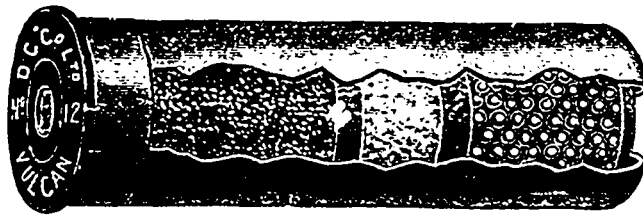
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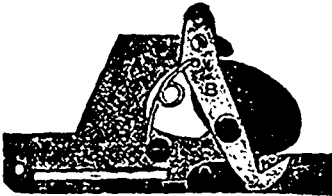
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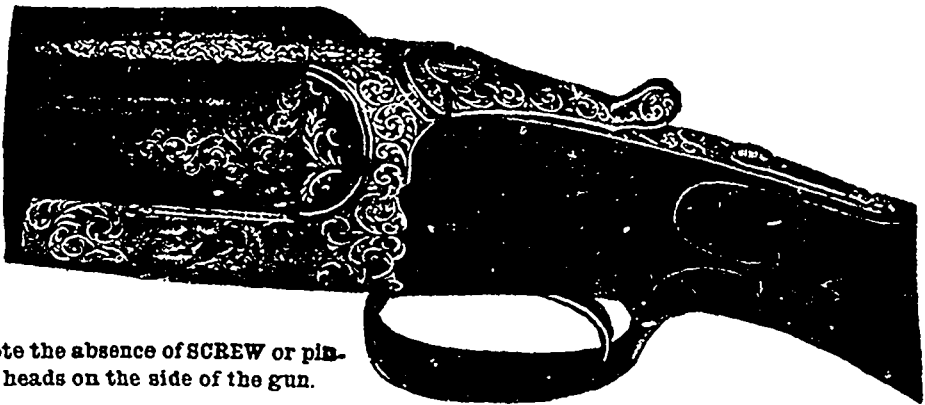
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