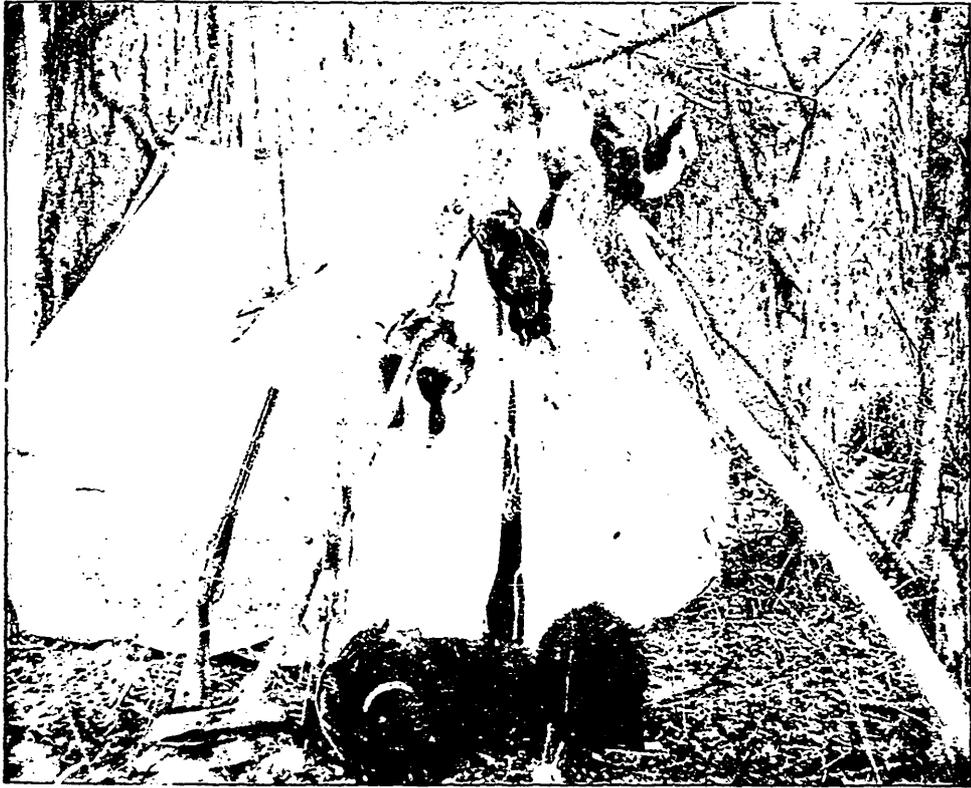


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DECEMBER, 1903

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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

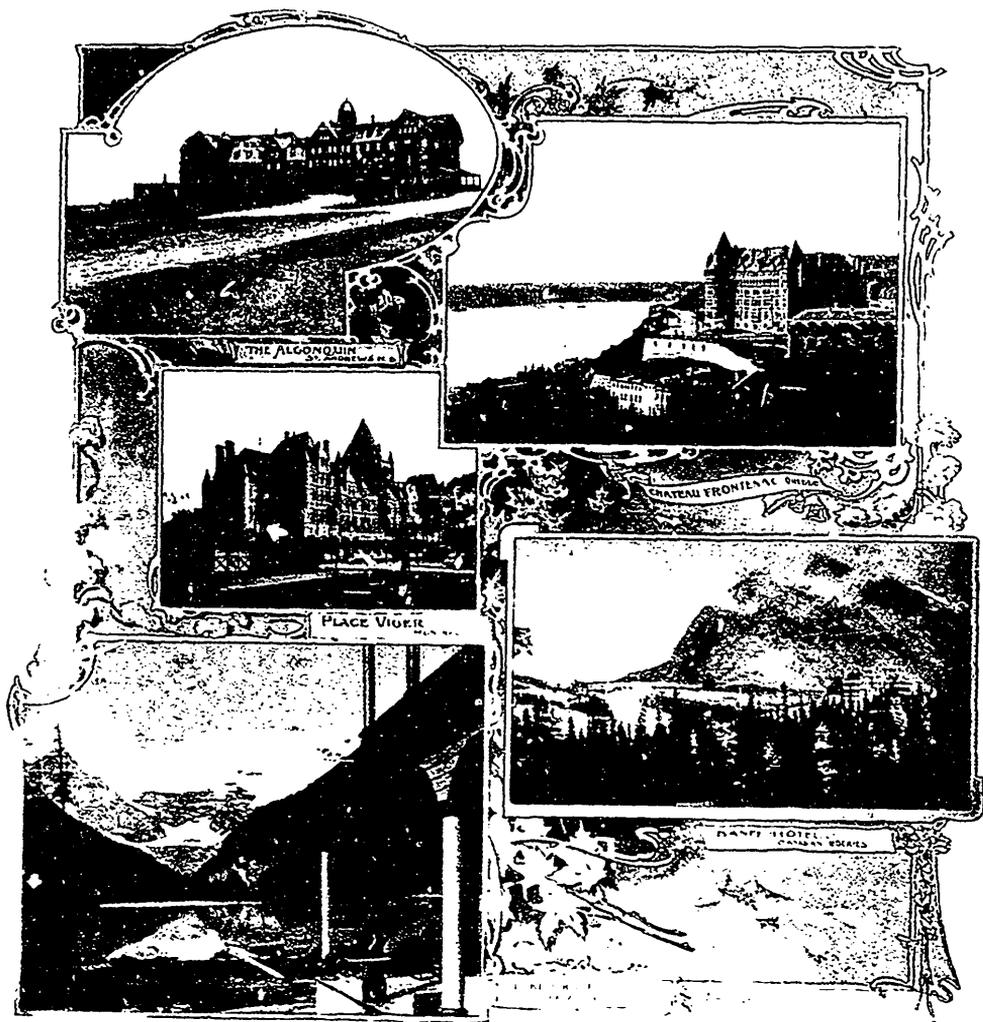


Ducks and Dogs

**A MAGAZINE
OF CANADIAN SPORT
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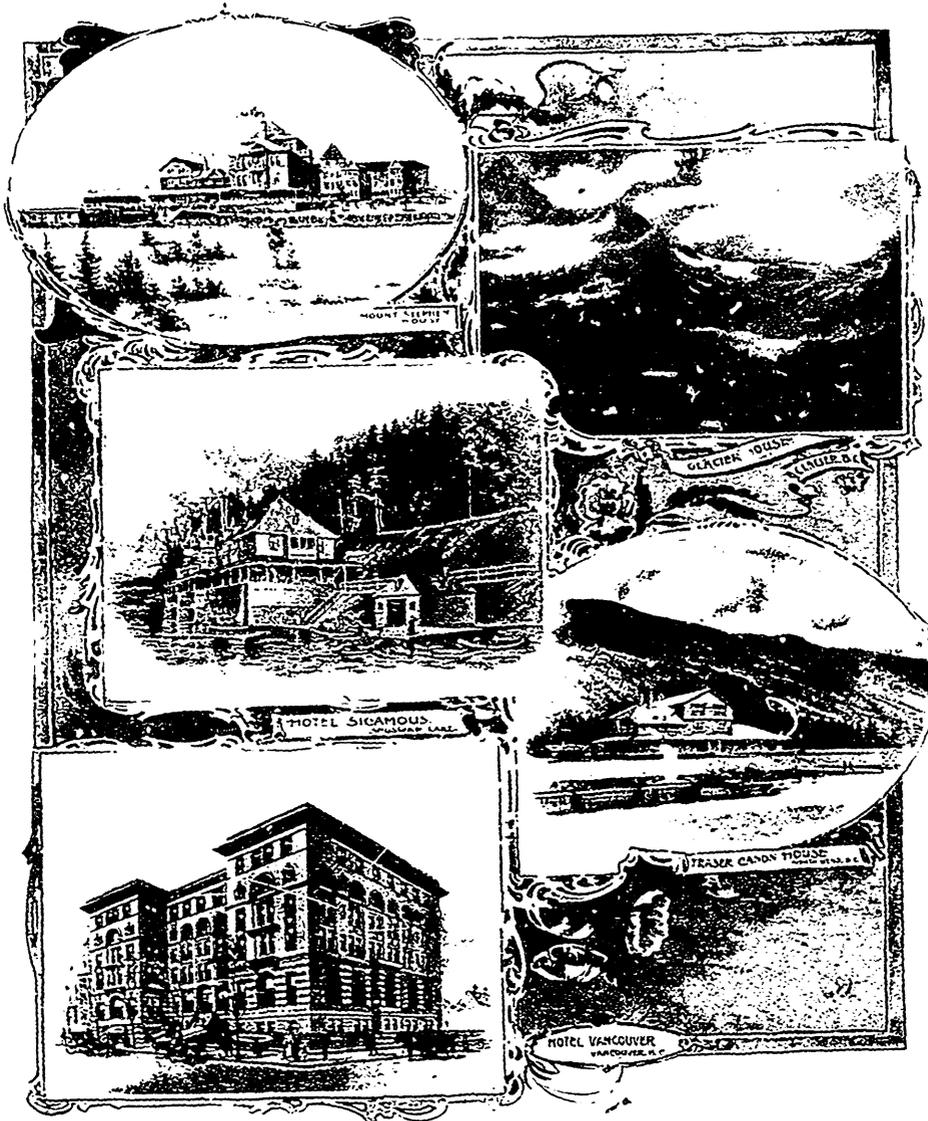


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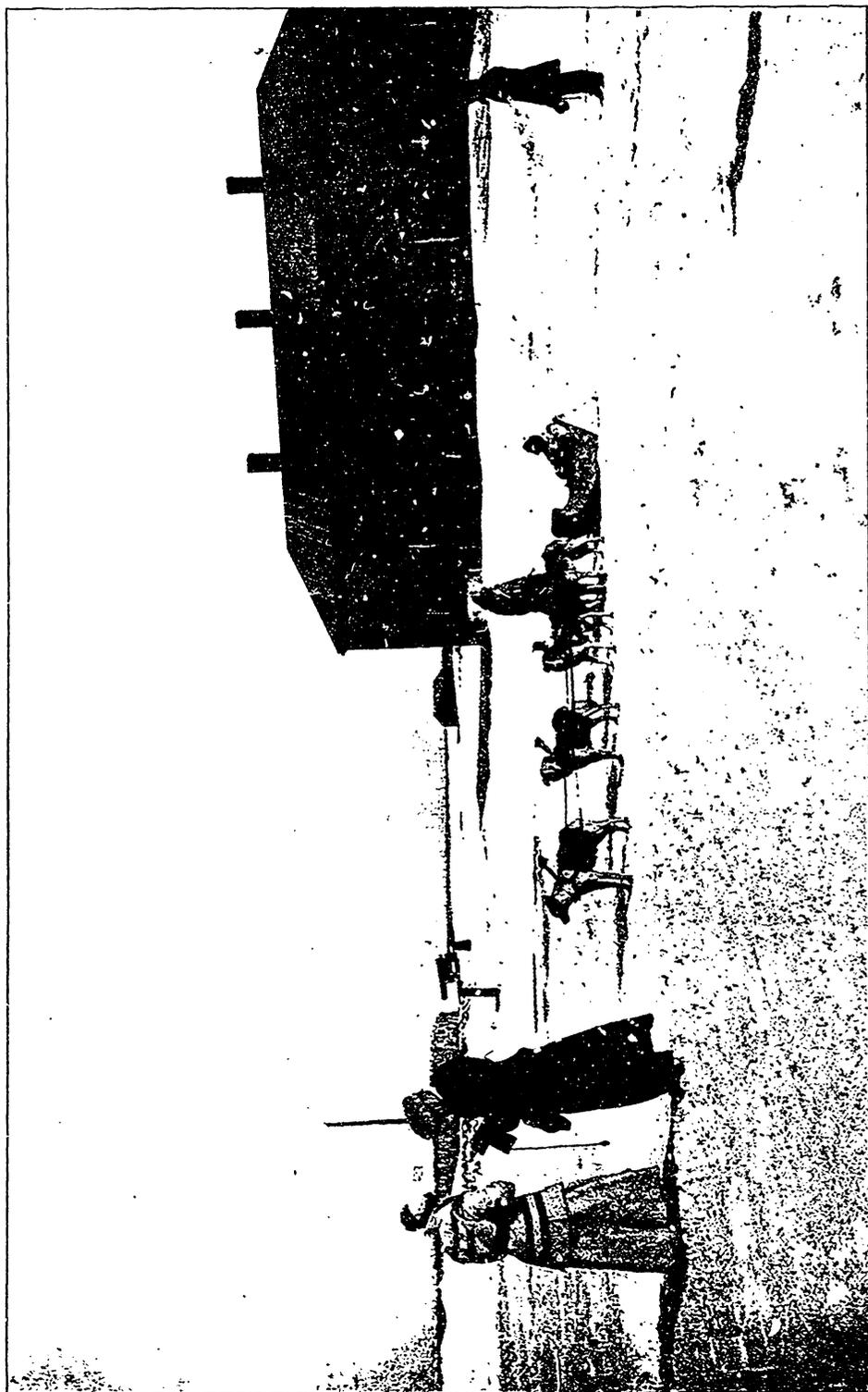
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READY FOR THE LONG TRAIL.

A winter scene, showing the interior of the old Citadel of Quebec

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. V.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1903

No. 7

Up the Gatineau.

BY "ARROW."

A merry party wait at the station for the outgoing Gatineau train in the cool of an August morning. August is not generally cool in Ottawa, but this year is an exception, and in order to keep ourselves warm a brisk walk is resorted to, not a lengthened one though, as the train may be in at any time. Counting the cracks and the number of boards in the station platform is the highly intellectual mode we take to while away the time until the train arrives. It is only a few minutes late after all, though it seems so long to us, and soon the screeching, black engine, with its train of carriages comes up, stops a few minutes at the station, then with another screech starts off again. Along the line of the Gatineau Valley Railway early in the journey it is explained to the writer that that is a "moccasin" train, and not being any wiser it is further explained that a "moccasin" train—called on the time table an "accommodation" train—is a train which stops for everything that comes along the line. "Even if a dog runs out and barks, they slow up that it may get on," my informant told me. I may be a greenhorn, but I could not quite "swallow" this as the unqualified truth. However, I am not yet in a position to contradict my friend's statement, as we did not see any dogs on the line, that I remember, and we certainly stopped often enough to warrant such a supposition, so I give the definition as it was given me, leaving it to you to accept or reject as you will.

On we went, past Ironsides, once a flourishing settlement, but now quite dead owing to the mills having been removed to Chelsea, which is the next station we come to, a pretty place, well-wooded and looking very inviting; past Kirk's Ferry, an exceedingly pretty spot, with rapids running swiftly in the river at its foot; the Cascades, another small summer resort; Wakefield, nestling among the mountains, while below the Gatineau River flows bright and sparkling with the Pêche River joining it near the station. There is a cave of blind fish to be seen here, and rapids a little above the station, as in so many places along the Gatineau.

From this point the scenery loses much of its beauty, owing to the fact that here we leave the Gatineau, which we have been following for some time, and only get glimpses of its sparkling waters now and again; but still the mountains rise on either side of us covered with green to their bases, and the air blows fresh and bracing. The "Canadian Adirondacks," these mountains are sometimes called, but why should not a Canadian say that the Adirondacks almost equal our beautiful Laurentian hills in their scenery and health-giving air?

The Gatineau road has certainly a lovely district to introduce the tourist to, and every station leads to a pretty village, well worth exploring by the geologist, the naturalist, or—the more usual traveller here—the sportsman. The lakes and rivers abound in fish—black

bass is to my mind the best—but it is not the only variety, pike, maskinonge, trout are also found. The dwellers on the seashore affect to despise fresh water fish, but when one comes to live about six hundred miles or more inland, one gets to think that fish do grow somewhere besides in saltwater, and not too bad ones either. Cooked, as our hostess cooked our fish for us, and fresh from the lake, an epicure would not have considered he fared badly. Game, too, is abundant, and many trophies reward the modern Nimrod.

The journey up is without incident. Now and again a little boy comes through the train with fruit, the morning paper from Ottawa, and choice literature of the ten cent type, sold for a quarter. Conversation is difficult, the noise is so great. We grow impatient at the frequent delays at little stations, delays which seem of no earthly use except to enable the people to get off and pick the raspberries which grow along the track, or the flowers and bulrushes which are also close by. There are not many passengers on the uptrain in the morning, unless it be an excursion day, and then it is crowded.

After four hours' travelling we hear the conductor cry out "Gracefield," and as this is the last station on the line we know the first part of our journey is completed. Out we get, feeling not at all sorry to stretch ourselves. Taking Ellard's stage we drive to his summer hotel for dinner, and to get horses to start on our fourteen mile drive. We have not time to add a stone to the traveller's cairn at the top of the hill, to which most tourists contribute dutifully.

At length, settled in the express, our pails, our boxes, and ourselves, prepared for rain, off we start. Our elaborate preparations for it have not kept off the rain, as we fondly hoped they would. As luck will have it, we also find ourselves forestalled in reaching the scow on which we have to cross the river, by a young man and his horse and trap, who are also bound for the other side. There is no help for it. There is only one scow, and first come, first served. As a matter of course the scow is on the other side, and our friend in front has to wait for the ferryman to cross before he can begin to

get out of our way. It is natural, we say, that the ferryman should be on the other side, as he happens to live there, but when the same thing occurs on our homeward trip we begin to think he crosses on the wrong side on purpose when he sees a passenger coming. So we wait, anything but patiently, in the pouring rain. Some of our party get under the trees for shelter, the rest remain in the express and wish it did not take so long to cross the river at this point or else that more than one scow plied between the two sides. Our ferryman is at last seen on his return voyage, and we go down the hill to meet him at such a curve, that the only wonder seems to be that we do not find ourselves in a heap in the water at the bottom. But, notwithstanding the apparent danger, we get down all right and soon are on the scow. Of course we untied the horses before starting, as there is always a danger of their becoming frightened and trying to run away, and though we have been declaring the rain only added to the fun of the drive, and we did not at all mind getting wet, we referred to rain water, and none of us have anything but dislike for a sudden plunge into the cool waters of the Gatineau.

Arrived at the other side, a matter of seven minutes only—it had seemed more like seventy while we waited—we climb another steep hill, almost of sand, and then have to back perilously near the edge before we can turn to go up the road to the lake. I wanted very much to get out and allow our Jehu to do that backing up by himself, but my friends had been there before and did not seem to think there was much danger, so I had to pretend I did not mind it either, though my heart was in my mouth during the whole performance. As we all know, accidents will happen, and one member of the party I can answer for at least was greatly relieved when we were fairly started on the road.

It rained on St. Swithin's Day, and the old saint is keeping up his reputation well, but now that it is the middle of August we have looked for better weather. In consequence of the rains the road is in a dreadful state. "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, downy," just as in the old

nursery rhyme, and we have no sooner exhausted all our energies in trying to lean to the right, to prevent what seems an inevitable turn over, when we find ourselves lurching to that side, and hastily throw our weight to the left again to balance things somewhat. Our driver is not very good humoured, and when asked to drive a little faster he makes a point of whipping up his horse when he comes to a particularly bad mudhole. All this time the rain is coming down in torrents, but we are a very good-natured party, with the exception of the aforesaid driver, and as we are driving for pleasure, and he because he can't help himself, he is not without excuse, and though the rain is running off my umbrella down my friend's back, she bears it patiently and cheerfully, and I do not grumble though I feel the water steadily coming in at my side and know I have a small rivulet running round my sailor hat, which is trimmed with red, from which I momentarily expect to be dyed a roseate hue. The rest of our party are equally philosophic, indulging in witty remarks as to our personal appearance, their feelings of general dampness, and the chances of fine weather; but it is a relief when the sun comes out and we can look round us a little to see the beauties of the road. It is an extremely pretty drive, along the bank of the river, through an avenue of great trees, with here and there a smooth piece of pasture ground, a picturesque log house, or a glimpse of the chain of lakes—Abitibi, Rat and Mud. Its beauties I freely confess I did not discover until ten days later, when we were driving homewards, for very soon the rain began again, and my chief occupation during the greater part of the drive was trying to keep my umbrella over my companion, who had not brought hers, without getting her wetter than ever. If you ask her, and promise not to tell, she may inform you that I was not so successful as she could have wished.

We looked rather like drowned rats when we arrived at "The Lodge," where my friends had invited me to spend a week or so, but it did not take long to change our wet clothing, and after a nice warm tea we were none of us the worse for our fourteen mile drive in the rain;

indeed, when it was over we had to allow it was rather an entertaining drive, and very exciting.

The next day breaks rather cloudy, but still fine enough for us to look round a little to see the beauties of the country to which we have come. The lodge is built on a little rise with a broad verandah on three sides. From the front we get a beautiful view of Lake Pemichangan, and glimpses are caught of Thirty-one Mile Lake through the trees at the back. We are surrounded by mountains, in fact there is little to be found here but mountains, trees and water. There are only about half a dozen families round, some of which "families" consist of a single man come up for the fishing. The lake in front of us stretches beautiful and smooth. It is some ten miles in extent, though this cannot be seen from the lodge, as islands intervene. Our first day's fishing takes us on this lake, and its beauty cannot be described by me. Lovely little bays are found, with wooded shores, exquisite bits of scenery, at once the despair and delight of the landscape painter. We have no lake poets here, but the lakes are poems in themselves, waiting only a human voice to tell them to the world.

Another day we spend on the big lake, starting in the morning and taking provisions for a mid-day meal. We could not go a very great distance, as we were fishing, and with two oarsmen in one boat and one in the other, we did not like to tax them too much—two of them were of the party as well, and, eager fishermen, did not intend to be done out of their day's sport because three women might have liked to be rowed round to pick water lilies and see the country quietly. The fish were there in quantities, we could see them plainly through the clear water; we could feel them taking off our bait in the coolest manner imaginable, but the greater number of the beauties refused to be caught; just when we thought we had them, they would swim quietly away. At one cove the perch came and bothered us so that we had to move off, for we were fishing for black bass, and nothing else was acceptable, and we did not want all our bait eaten by the cheeky little perch,

which we had to throw back again. On the whole, this day's fishing was not successful, only nine to the five of us, but they were fair sized ones. I am not an enthusiastic disciple of Walton myself, and the beauty of the place, wholly new to me, the pure fresh air and the pleasant motion through the water, without any exertion on my part, quite made up to me for the fact that I had not landed one single fish. Had we not on many occasions been fishing for our dinner, I do not think I should have cared whether we were successful or not, but I am partial to fish—cooked!

The big lake, so far as I have seen it, is not so pretty as the smaller one, having fewer bays and inlets, but as it extends some miles in length, too far to go in a rowboat, I am not competent to give an accurate opinion. At one place on this lake the water stretches for ten miles without a break. One could almost fancy himself on the broad Atlantic. In fact, the lake is so large as to need a steamer to take one properly over it, as one of the clubmen has discovered, an American who comes every year with his family and goes up the lake fishing in his yacht for three or four days at a time.

Another day our fishing terminated rather early, owing to a big thunder storm coming up. I never before viewed a storm from such advantage ground. It was simply magnificent. We were out on Thirty-one Mile and saw the black clouds creep up from behind the mountains which surrounded us. Soon they covered the sky in angry blackness. Then the lightning began. The sky seemed literally rent in twain by the fierce light, and the thunder rolled across the waters and was caught by the mountains on one side and flung back again in echo from all sides, for we were encircled by mountains. I have often seen worse thunder storms, and this was not very close, but I never heard anything like the thunder amongst the hills, nor saw anything like the lightning in the open. Two of our party were still fishing after the rain was falling heavily, but we who had landed and sought some low trees for shelter begged them to come

in out of the wet. They did so rather reluctantly, as they said the fish were biting beautifully, and there we sat for nearly two hours waiting for the storm to abate. The thunder and lightning did not last long, but the rain continued incessantly. We turned up one of our boats and rested one end on a tree to make a covering for some. One stood smoking under a big umbrella, telling us every now and then that he wished he had come by himself, and he would not have had to stand like a frog under a toadstool, just because it was raining a little! The two men settled themselves in various ways. Ned, who had been at a country dance the night before, and was tired out, curled himself up at the end of the boat and went sound asleep in the midst of all the thunder and rain. We envied him his easy conscience. For my part I would not have minded being at home, instead of out in that deluge.

After a while the rain ceased, and we soon got our boats out again and started on our homeward journey. We made a good pull for it. Ned's sleep had evidently refreshed him. He was a strong oar, though his only practice was when parties came up to go fishing, and the other boat with its two pair of oars had hard work to beat him on the run home. As we climbed up the hill towards the lodge, and looked to west, I saw some of the finest clouds it has ever been my lot to see, amongst all our Canadian sunsets. It was not so much the brilliancy of the coloring, for the clouds were dark, but the curious chocolate, mauve and purple clouds, with streaks of light here and there where the dying sun pierced them, gave an extraordinary appearance to the whole sky, which was still very threatening, and just as we reached the house, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, the rain began again.

Two of us varied some of the days by walks down to the river, or attempts to climb the hills, but we soon discovered that was not our forte and came back to something easier. From one hill which, though high was easily reached, we got most lovely views of both lakes, and longed for a camera that we might carry away something of their beauty, though much consisted of the coloring of the

trees, lakes and sky. The Italian sky may be blue, I have not seen it, but cannot believe it excels in richness of color our own Canadian heavens, on a clear summer day.

Many a time we made firm resolves to see the sun rise over the hills, but somehow never did, so we decided the sun did not rise, that is, in the orthodox way, up there, for nearly every day broke cloudy and when we did get up it was to see the white mist, which, "like a face cloth to the face, clung to the dead earth," rising in soft clouds from the mountains on all sides.

All too quickly the quiet days passed, and the last day of our holiday came. One at least left the lakes with much regret, for it meant going to work again, whilst the others were discussing the next trip to be taken up that way in September, when the hunting was good, and regretted we could not all be of that party. Nine deer to seven hunters rewarded that September week's work, and some very fine venison found its way to the one who was left behind.

On our return trip the hand of autumn has painted all the trees with gorgeous colors. Though cloudy when we start—our ten days have been only too well filled with rain—the sun comes out brightly, and we drive through a natural avenue burnished with red and gold. There is "something sad in all that's fair," and certainly an autumnal wood is sad, though beautiful, but the day is bright, our hearts are light, we have enjoyed our holiday despite the rain,

and the fourteen mile drive is only too short.

Back at Ellard's again, the old host welcomes us heartily and enquires about our luck, which has been good. We are carrying home some two dozen of the finny tribe, black bass, all over two pounds, some as large as seven, one day's fishing. The novice has caught the largest of the lot, and feels much "set up" in consequence. Soon the Gatineau train comes in. We exchange fish stories with some other fishing parties, of course our luck has been far ahead of theirs. The train is crowded. It is Saturday evening, when the line is always well patronized.

Soon the lights of Ottawa and Hull appear through the blackness of the night. There is the Parliament Tower, there are the lights along the avenue leading to the Victoria Park, where in the distance we hear the strains of some popular air.

The horses are waiting for us as we steam into the station, and a very substantial supper table, to which ample justice is done, waits our arrival.

While getting ready for bed, which we do early, for though a drive of fourteen miles is pleasant, it is also tiring on a country road in a country conveyance, we hear the never failing rain once more. 'Tis sixty days since St. Swithin's, and surely it has rained every day since; but we sleepily remember it is Jubilee year, and the patriotic old Saxon saint would fain bring his contribution to grace Her Majesty's long reign!



The name of T.leton H. Bean, Chief of the Department of Fish and Game, St. Louis, is one to conjure with as far as ichthyology is concerned, hence the latest work from his pen will be in demand by students and fishermen. It is called "The Food and Game Fishes of New York," and is issued by the Fish and Forest Commission of the State, and printed by J. B. Lyon & Co., of Albany, N.Y. This valuable work contains 460 pages of letterpress; nine colored plates and 132 text figures. Everything that

may be even remotely considered as belonging to either of the classes named is included; all the bass, trout, salmon and pike species are very thoroughly described and figured, while the least important species are also dealt with in a very satisfactory manner. There is very little that the enquiring fisherman may reasonably be expected to desire to know, which is not to be found in this very painstaking and lucid description by one of the greatest living authorities.

Bear Hunting.

BY H. A. CONROY.

According to promise, I am sending a few statements gleaned by myself from the lips of the natives of the Peace River country last summer. The Peace River country has been noted from time immemorial as the greatest bear hunting country in the great district of Athabasca.

One hunter, a white man, who was talking to me, said that in one season he had killed sixty-five bears. He is one of the most noted bear hunters in that country, and says that the right time to hunt the bear for meat is in the berry season, when the blueberries and raspberries are ripe.

The banks of the Peace River at that point of which I speak are very high—twenty-three or twenty-four hundred feet high. One can see for miles away from these high places, and from here the hunter watches for his prey. He can see the bear at a considerable distance; then he tries to get as close as possible before dispatching him.

Outside of the fruit season they hunt with dogs, and a dog that is a good bear hunter is worth a good deal of money.

In the spring of the year, when the bears are travelling, the female bear drives away the cubs that have wintered with her. Sometimes one will persist in following her, and the hunters have sometimes noticed that she kills it.

The bear is a very timid animal, and sniffs danger from afar. One has to be wary to get close enough to shoot at him; but he is a dangerous animal when hunted, notwithstanding this, for in his blind rage, when wounded, he will rush at the hunters. I have come into contact with a number of men who have been maimed by the loss of an arm, ear, or nose, which the wounded bear had torn off.

Apparently the bear come down from the Rocky Mountains in large numbers.

I have seen several of an evening along the bank of a river tributary to the Peace.

Among the Indian bands there is generally one who is noted as a great bear hunter. I am well acquainted with an Indian who is a famous bear hunter. He told me that when he was a boy he shot a grizzly bear, and, on his return to camp, his father secured a good water willow and gave him a good thrashing for having the audacity to shoot a grizzly. Now, most of the Indians are very much afraid of the grizzly, but this hunter told me that they were no more dangerous than the others, unless they had young. If attacked they will run away. He had chased after a bear day after day until he had shot him. They are very much stronger than either the black or the brown bear, and generally kill them if they come in contact with each other.

Last spring, when tracking up the Peace River, a tracker found a bear about two years of age that had been killed recently. When I enquired as to the cause the Indians told me that probably two males had met, and one being smaller and younger than the other had consequently been killed by the stronger; by the look of the ground they must have had a desperate scrap.

As you travel to the north of the Peace River the bears are not so numerous, still there are a great many.

Bear hunting is very profitable for the Indian, as he has double value in it. He gets a good price for the pelt and uses the meat. The meat is considered a delicacy with them.

The bear is found in the whole Rocky Mountain range, but I understand there are very few found on the north side of the Mackenzie River, or as far north as Great Bear Lake. However, Polar bears have been shot north of the Mackenzie. The black bear is not as large in the far north as to the south.



The Coming North.

BY EGBERT OWEN.

The old world is dying. Asia has had its day, and, like some glorious vision, only to be renewed in the mind of the dreamer, is sinking deeper and deeper into an abyss, which contains but memories of the days of conquest and splendor; though the East, the dead, the dying East, has its tale to tell. And in its recital one can almost hear the faint, low wail of a world that is aware—without power to alter—of the speed of its approaching doom.

To the observant traveller the East bears clear evidence of its over weariness—too heavy to be borne—with no hope of redemption. Listless, overburdened, patiently enduring the decrees of its million gods, it lies heavily inert, like some dying giant, in the pangs, the all-conquering pangs of death. To him who is accustomed to observe, with careful contemplation, the mere puny affairs of man, and to read and regard history with reverence, as an oracle of the gods, will generally—if his observation is sufficiently analytical, and his valuation of the evidence before him discriminating in character—arrive at fairly safe conclusions as to the primary cause or causes of the rise and fall of empires. But all this is incidental and indirect, and to those of us who are weary and impatient of the chronicles of the older days, and are anxious to visit no more the decadent East—the shrinking shadow of the ancient world-wide empires—but to get closer to the primeval conditions of nature, Canada, the future country of the world, peopled with a vigorous northern race, offers herself, disdainful of competition. Here, in a temperate northern zone, with perfect climates in both summer and winter, heat or dry, invigorating cold, according to the alterations of the seasons, Canada stands out in strong contrast to the enervated nations of the dying East. Sons of a proud and glorious people, children of an Island home, the giant of the North has obeyed the genius of the North and become submissive to the will of a

dominant race. The mighty range of the Canadian Rockies has bowed to the mind of the engineer, and its passes and apparently impassable heights no longer defy the approach of freight and passenger trains. And in the West, vast interminable prairies, yearning for population—

“From waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from a dying sun”—

have been made obedient to the plough, and yearly give of their fruitfulness an abundant stock.

But while in America, the advance of civilization has been extremely injurious to almost every species of game, Canada still remains the mistress of the world in this respect, standing unrivalled as the greatest game and sport producing country of the age. Her game flourishes in countless abundance, and almost every province of the Dominion offers advantages to the sportsman.

Intending tourists and sportsmen have imagined that the distance to be traversed is so great and the cost so high, as to debar them from entertaining for one moment, that for which they innately yearn. This idea, it is hardly necessary to point out, is entirely fallacious and can be refuted with the greatest ease. There is no necessity for the fisherman or sportsman to go Northwest in search of game. The north shore of the St. Lawrence, east of Montreal, will afford the fisherman splendid sport in fish of a moderate weight, and ample return for his patient toil. The Laurentians, which run parallel to the course of the St. Lawrence, and many other places too numerous to mention, are excellent fishing grounds, and all within easy distance of Montreal and Quebec. However, it is not within the scope of this article to mention each place in rotation, nor does space permit me giving directions and information, which may, moreover, be easily acquired by a study of the numerous guides and handbooks published annually.

Long ago, when Canada was but another name for the Hudson's Bay Trading Company, the prevalent idea was that the country, romantic and attractive in many ways, could offer no sufficient inducement to the settler and the sportsman, but the last thirty years have seen a remarkable change, a complete transformation of conditions and difficulties, hitherto supposed insurmountable. The interior was practically a "No Man's Land," being unknown and apparently beyond the reach of the white man's civilizing influence, except that of the occasional adventurer who went trading and passed his life in the grim but splendid solitudes of the unbending Northwest. This day, however, has passed, and with it the indefinite knowledge and hopeless inaccessibility of the west; territories, where nature was unconquered and defiant, reigning alone amidst the eternal silences, never broken by human voice, or undisturbed in its long, long sleep. At first sight it appears inexplicable that Canada should have been suffered to remain for so long a practically unknown country, whilst other portions of the British Empire were being exploited by merchant adventurers. The truth is probably to be found in the fact that the outward glamour was wanting, and that unlike India, its history had not yet told of those vast undeveloped resources, which needed but capital and population, to make it without doubt, immeasurably the richest country in the world. India had its wealth in glittering, tantalizing display, exceedingly tempting also, and it may be added rapidly demoralizing, because of its apparently easy acquisition; with Canada, potentially wealthy, this was quite different, and yet it only wanted a few determined men to show that the axiom that wealth is the result of hard work, and not necessarily of genius, was as applicable to the Dominion as to older lands. A dream, the dream of a few great men,—for most great men have been dreamers,—which rapidly, despite a formidable opposition and the scorn of many doubters, resolved itself into concrete form, and started on a stupendous enterprise, the connecting of the Atlantic with the Pacific Coast, by a railway

which was to be complete in every modern detail. A few years saw the final completion of this scheme, and the full establishment of a railroad, which is one of the greatest and best appointed in the world. So by this connecting link province has been brought into touch with province, and vast extents of sporting territory thrown open. The mountaineer has exploited Switzerland and its marvellous peaks; the Canadian Rockies still defy him and offer themselves as a tempting, but a by no means easy, prey to the adventurous climber. The vast range reaches northward in a treble line of peaks, many of them altitudes of at least 10,000 feet, and some perhaps 15,000 feet. Even Switzerland, the fashionable mountaineering resort of Europe, cannot equal in beauty and majestic grandeur the Rockies. Nor is that all, for mountaineering is not the only resource which the Rockies have to offer. Their slopes abound in streams and leaping brooklets, which afford fishing difficult to surpass, and the great, silent woods, huge dark bulwarks, in whose depths lie hidden many species of game, should divert the attention of the hunter and supply him with excellent sport. Much of the most superb scenery of the Rockies, it may be added, can be seen from the train as it rushes on its way to the Pacific Coast. Here then are attractions which should divert the mountaineer from the beaten path of Europe—Switzerland—and satisfy his sporting proclivities to satiety. Mr. Edward Whymper, the veteran mountaineer, wrote in a letter to the *London Times* "that though time may come when everyone of these unknown summits will have felt the foot of man, that time will scarcely occur during the lives of those who were addressed by Mr. Bryce, late president of the Alpine Club, or in the lifetimes of their sons. Now is the opportunity for the adventurous youth. At present he can pick and choose anywhere. It will be idle to complain a few years hence because some of the plums have been gathered in the interior." Unknown, vast, interminable, these giants stand as fortresses to the advance of the armies of civilization, and silently await the exploration of some intrepid mountaineer



A VERY DEAD MOOSE.

This is Innuwa — impaled — but, in other cases, it gives a fair idea of what usually happens after a successful shot.



PAGAN FALLS.

One of the most beautiful spots of the Superior's lovely Cullman Valley. P. G.

before they reveal the secrets hidden in their vast and gloomy recesses.

It has been said, without fear of contradiction, that the Canadian Northwest still reigns supreme as the first shooting ground in the whole of the American continent, and, indeed, can safely defy successful rivalry by any other portion of the British Empire. Vast as they are, the prairies offer every inducement to the hunter, and so many connections can, with facility, be made that the sportsman need have no fear as to the accessibility of any hunting section of the great Northwest. The hunter will find that the prairies and woodlands of Manitoba and Assiniboia afford superior sport, as these undulating plains, full of lakes and sloughs, are the homes of the migratory wild fowl that every spring leave the warm regions of the South and fly back to the far North, where they breed undisturbed by man. As is generally known, the prairies of western America once swarmed with game, and afforded excellent sport, but the terrible ravages of the market hunter have literally ruined those lands, and made many species of game as rare in those regions as the Great Auk. In the Canadian Northwest the conditions are quite contrary, for though settlers are rapidly establishing themselves in the country, the wild fowl are well protected in their accustomed haunts, and, as a natural consequence of this protection, are simply inexhaustible in quantity. But game of this description may be very tame sport for those who have been accustomed to other lands and to a certain amount of peril in connection with their hunting. For these the buffalo no longer roam the prairies in vast herds, and are now almost totally extinct: but the giant moose, elk, caribou, mule and whitetail deer, black and brown bear, grey wolf, lynx, and many other species are yet to be found in great quantities. In fact so endless is the variety of big game and wild fowl

that the mere recital of the name of each species would be a task.

Winnipeg is certainly the best centre for the hunter to work from, as it is practically on the edge of the prairie, and from there he can strike out with greater ease toward the four quarters of the globe, and find in each the variety which he himself desires to shoot.

In passing, I might mention that those who wish to take a riding tour over the country will find everything acceptable to their tastes, and the travelling perfectly easy and delightful. Horses are good and very cheap, and their keep costs nothing.

The Canadian Northwest—accurately described as the Sportsman's Paradise—still offers inducements unsurpassed elsewhere to the enterprising hunter and fisherman. But above all to the tourist, to whom the treasures of Rome and of Paris are as mere commonplaces. Sickened with the Old World let him try and satisfy his heart's longing with the beauties of the New. Rumor—many tongued—has now, at last, changed from the whisper of uncertainty to the loud, clear call of established truth, and proclaims Canada all sufficient to meet the needs of men of widely divergent tastes. No longer rough is the road for travelling, nor accommodation by the wayside insufficient, but from coast to coast, in safety and speed, beyond the wildest dreams of years gone by, the stately expresses fly on their unwearied way. On sites once supposed impossible of habitation, now stands stately hotels, with modern conveniences to meet every taste. So is the transformation complete. Far off can be heard the murmur of many voices, and the trampling of advancing hosts on their way to conquer the West, and some day, perhaps not so far distant, many stately cities will rise in the ancient haunts of the prairie wolf. The voice of the Northwest calls: "Come now, ere it be too late," and he who hears her call will obey the summons if he be wise.



Canadian Game Laws.

BY C. CARLETON.

The United States Department of Agriculture are responsible for a work which claims to be a summary of the Game Laws for 1903, compiled by the Biological Survey Department. The book embraces every Province and State in the Dominion and the United States, and would be of exceptional value, were it not for the glaring inaccuracies which appear in its pages.

We learn, for instance, that in the Province of New Brunswick a non-resident license is required by the visiting sportsman for the pursuit of game of any description. As a matter of fact such a license is only required for moose and caribou; and any other animals, as well as birds, may be hunted and killed in the open season by anyone, whether resident or non-resident.

Again, we are told that the cost of a license for all game is \$30, and for moose and caribou \$20. In truth, there is no \$20 license for any kind of hunting, and the license for moose and (or) caribou, the only hunting license required in the province, is \$30.

The Canadian Game Act permits one moose and one caribou to be killed under each license. The compilers of the above-mentioned work, however, inform us that a limited number may be bagged by each hunter with a permit. Such a delightfully vague term could be translated by each one according to his own desires and opportunities, and it is to be hoped that, when taking out a license, the prospective moose or caribou hunter will study its clauses and conditions most attentively.

Yet again, the compilers come to grief over the licensing of guides and camp-helpers. On page 40 we read that non-resident guides or camp-help are licensed at \$20, the truth being that no non-resident guides can be licensed in New Brunswick, and the non-resident camp-help's license costs \$30. The charge for resident camp-helper's license, which is only one dollar, is entered as \$2.00.

The Provincial or Dominion Governments should bestir themselves to obtain the correction of the compilation wherever mistakes appear as to any Canadian regulations.



Although our American cousins have only practically "discovered" Canada within the last three years, we, ourselves, have been doing a little exploration on our own account for two or three centuries—yet we have by no means exhausted the possible discoveries, especially in natural history. There have been many arguments as to whether the Queen Charlotte Group contained caribou or not. Mr. R. H. Hall, Hudson's Bay factor, in charge of the post at Prince Albert, is able to set the matter at rest, as he has seen the hides and heads of four killed in the islands and

eaten of the flesh thereof. He thinks they are not exceedingly abundant, but of this he is not sure, because the Haida Indians were exclusively a salt water folk, and rarely left the coast line, or ventured into the mountain vastnesses, where, alone, the caribou are to be found. In the same group there are very big black bears, almost as large as the grizzly, and having the same most wonderful coats. It is strange that bear from a moist, warm region should have pelts even better than others coming from the cold districts east of the Rockies, but such is the case.

A Ferocious Moose.

BY REV. W. C. GAYNOR.

It was rough footing. The tall dark pines and the slender saplings of spruce were rooted in what seemed a foundation of granite, so frequent were the boulders and so treacherous the numerous pitfalls between the rocks, concealed as they were by a light covering of moss and scanty soil. Overhead, the dusk of evening was gradually settling down, and the shadows of the pines were deepening; the solemn stillness of the forest was making itself felt, and only the metallic cadences of an evening thrush brought a message of life from the outer world. John, our Indian guide, led the way. There was no special reason for caution or silence in our present trip, so that from time to time, particularly after an especially hard climb to the top of some sudden rise, he would wait for the old captain and renew their confidential intercourse with a remark on the perennially interesting subject of moose and moose hunting. Again and again would the deep voice of the old sailor reach me as I followed at my ease in the rear, and I could divine without effort that, while moose hunting by the camp fire had its attractions, the actual experience of a trail as rough as the present one was not to the old man's liking.

"Say, Johnny," I could hear the old baritone voice above the noise of intermittent stumbles, "where's this Menzies Lake, anyhow? Appears to me we have been travellin' skywards ever since we left the camp, and these dashed rocks are not the best footin' for ——" Here a stumble of more than ordinary vehemence interrupted further inquiry, and I could see John turn and help the old man.

It would hardly be accurate to say that we were moose hunting that evening in late August. The season had not yet opened, and it was a question whether a bull moose would pay attention yet to the seductive call. Moreover, it was a doubtful experiment, this calling of a moose within ten miles of the city of St. John. We had only a few unsatisfactory

signs upon which to found our belief that a bull was in our vicinity. Some mouse-colored hairs on a leaning deadfall, one or two hoofprints in the bog between the rocks, a low rumble one evening, which John claimed he could differentiate from the siren of a distant train—this was practically all the evidence we had for the nearness of the moose. Still, the Indian felt so sure of the fact, and the old captain was so eager to believe him, and I had such pleasant memories of moose calling in real moose land, that I was nothing loth to acquiesce in their project—which they had come to entertain with such evident anticipation of sport—of making the effort to call him up. John had had to take a long trip to the foot of Ludgate Lake, in order to find a birch tree of sufficient size to supply bark for his horn; and the making of the horn or moose-call had been one of the notable events of our camp on Ludgate. John and I outdid ourselves in reminiscence of adventure in search of the giant elk of our New Brunswick woods. The old captain learned more of "signs" and "works" and "doin's"—all the vernacular of the moosewoods—than any one man ever learned in the same time. This new knowledge only whetted the edge of his expectations of the coming adventure, when the Indian was to employ all his native craft in giving the old salt a view of a bull moose, free and untrammelled in his forest haunts. It was agreed that, should we by good luck raise a bull, no harm would be done the animal consistently with our own safety.

Thus it happened that we were stumbling our way north to Menzies Lake, from our camp on Ludgate, that fine evening in August. In order to make himself heard over as large a stretch of territory as possible John wanted to reach as high a point between the two lakes as he could.

At last by dint of much effort and a good deal of hanging on by our toes (in which the captain's life-long experience

with ratlines stood him in good stead) we reached the coveted prominence. To the north and east of us glimmered in the growing dusk the waters of the St. John River, spread out in a broad sheet; while to the south, in the dim and seemingly measureless distance, the deeper blue of the Bay of Fundy waves rollicked in one parting slant of sunlight. Then the August night shut down and the broad harvest moon broke in upon it to relieve its darkness.

We had first to dispose of the captain. Big and heavy as he was, and not fleet of foot, it was contrary to all the canons of friendship to allow him to remain within reach of an angry moose. We had some difficulty in coaxing him into the fork of an ancient pine, but we did at length persuade him to it. John took his position on the top of a boulder within reach of a decaying birch, whose ragged yellow bark shone in the moonlight, and I sat on a lower limb of the captain's tree. Then drawing a long breath—and incidentally interrupting the captain's query as to how we should ever get back to camp—the Indian sounded that first wheedling blast. Gently and slowly, with the cadence of the first southing of a strong breeze ere the forest feels its full force and the trees sway and the storm rushes onward, rose that primeval cry on the soft silence of the night. Higher and higher the passionate coaxing of the call, yet deeper and deeper the bottom notes upon which it rested; raucous it was in places, coarse and rough, befitting the purpose and the animal from which it was supposed to proceed, but the love-story of its closing notes was as recognizable as the fondest syllables of human speech. My Indian John was a master player on the birch conch with which men imitate the pleadings of a love-sick moose. The first call was finished, and I could hear a distinct sigh of satisfied surprise from the old captain above me. Scarcely had John taken the horn from his mouth when the echoes of the call came welling back on every side. The distant hills, which edge in Ludgate Lake on the east, sent back the reverberating roar, and the granite background of the smaller lake at our feet acted as a sounding board for the message. Surely, if his lordship is

within hearing he must hear that cry. The echoes died slowly out in the night, and all was again still. John would not repeat the call, I knew, for some minutes, but, with ears attent to the slightest sound, would hearken for a reply. As I sat on the limb, my cheek resting against the trunk of the old pine, memory took me back to other moose-callings when no make-believe purpose carried us into the wilds of Canaan, with this same old Indian guide, and when it was a fight for life, no convenient pine tree being there to take shelter in, and no footing but the uncertain one afforded by a swaying muskeg. Again I could see the glance and ripple of running brook, could hear the distant hooting of the screech owl, and peer into the mysterious shadows of night in the forest. Suddenly, a familiar sound broke in upon my musings—a deep and unmistakable grunt. John heard it too, and I could see him wave the bark horn at me and again put it to his lips. This time the call was soft and silken, the mere coo of a wood dove in comparison with previous effort. The effect was instantaneous. Away down on the lake bottom, where the alders leaned over the cat-tails and blueflag, there was a rush and commotion, and out of the darkness and moonlight came a series of hoarse grunts and the shaking of antlers like the rattling of axe-handles in a bag. We had found his lordship surely. Openly and with no attempt to follow the shadows, he came out on the plateau of rock. The hillside, bare of aught but scrub, with here and there a dead and branchless pine, afforded us an uninterrupted view of the lake below. We could see the glint of moonlight on his great antlers as he swayed on the ledge, trying to make sure that his ears had not deceived him. It was now up to John to lure him to us. I expected to hear him give the cow-call once more, but he did not—and herein lay the secret of our after misfortunes. Instead of the coaxing call of the cow, some demon of the woods tempted him to give out the hoarse cry of defiance of a bull; then, without waiting to watch the effect, he began to tear the curling bark from the birch tree by which he had been sitting. He made all the noise he could and

punctuated his gymnastics with subdued grunts from the horn. They very devil of mischief seemed to have possessed my old Indian.

No self-respecting moose, in the face of such overt provocation, could refuse this gage of battle. With a snort and roar, the echo of which, methinks, is still resounding along the shores of that silent lake, he charged up the hill. As I watched the great beast zigzag his furious course up the declivity, I could not help wondering how things would come out. We had our rifles, of course, and the ancient mariner was stowed away in a place of safety, but beyond these facts I could not speculate. Nor did I have time or pressing inclination to do so. In a shorter period than it takes to write these words, the bull was charging in upon us, believing evidently that our clump of trees concealed his enemy. As he swirled in among us I realized that a few more feet of higher altitude would help my case most considerably. In his furious onset, our friend the moose had almost shaken me from the limb on which I stood with a stroke of his horns. Now, a bull moose, when charging into a thicket, will instinctively lay his antlers back upon his shoulders, a fact to which I owed my safety on this occasion. Had he acted as if he were in the open, I certainly would have been swept from the branch. I hastened therefore to clamber beyond his reach, which brought me close to the captain.

"You call this moose huntin', do you?" he enquired with a shake in his voice, caused by the fact that the sudden swaying of the tree under the impulse of the bull's attack had almost dislodged him. "Shoot the thing, can't ye?"

I started it to explain to him that shooting was out of the question, since it meant a heavy fine in case of detection, when suddenly things began to happen. The Indian, on the first onset of the moose, had sought safety in the birch tree, but the lower stubs, which once were branches, being rotten gave way with him. The rustling which his excited efforts to climb the tree now made attracted the attention of the bull, and as it was in kind like the sounds

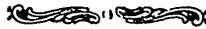
which he had construed into a challenge, he charged on John's tree without further ado. From my position I could witness the Indian's frantic efforts to shin up to the heavier branches, where he could be beyond the reach of his adversary. He clung to his rifle, holding it out from him as he climbed. The split hoofs of the moose rattled viciously on the stones as he projected himself in John's direction, and the next moment he was beneath the birch. Then I saw an unusual sight. The Indian went up the tree as if some friendly hand had given him a hoist in the desired direction, and the moose passed out into the open. In his hurry to catch a branch John lost hold of his rifle, which came clattering to the ground. He afterwards assured me that he found for a swift second a foothold on the palmated antlers, and thus gave himself the necessary lift upward. My own impression was that the moose did the lifting and that John had only the luck to travel in the right direction. I remember registering mentally an act of thanksgiving that his gun had fallen; for I knew that if he once got angry no protest of mine would avail to save the moose. The bull was not yet done with him, however; circling round, he came back to the charge, bellowing forth his peculiar battle grunt. Again the unusual happened. I had seen on the famous moose ground, known as the "Popple Knoll," in Canaan, a herd of moose feeding in early winter; and I had sat and watched them while the bulls reached up and with their fore feet drew down the birch saplings within reach of the young cows, and straddled the trees to keep them down. But I had no idea that an angry bull would adopt the same tactics to get at an enemy. That is just what he tried to do, nevertheless. Standing on his hind feet, his great head with its long, horse-like muzzle pointing upwards, he plied his fore feet in the attempt to reach John. In that mirage of moonlight he looked to me like some giant beast of the antediluvian period, some belated *Megadon* from the Pleistocene. But John was now in real danger; he had by this time reached the highest branch that would sustain his weight, and yet the lunging brute below came

nigh striking him at each jump; the air was full of flying knots and splinters, and the trunk of the tree, which was neither large nor sound, was already showing the effects of the pounding it was receiving. And yet the bull gave no sign of fatigue or relenting.

Perhaps it was the novelty of the spectacle that held me spell-bound, but the old captain found no entertainment in the sight. Snatching my rifle, which lay near him—he did not carry one of his own, being considered a poor shot—he blazed almost perpendicularly down in the direction of the moose. Whether his aim was good or not, we never had

evidence to prove one way or the other; for the bull, doubtless with the memory of previous experience of gun-powder before him, toppled over as if he had been hit, and then recovering himself made off in the moonlight down the hill. The captain sent a parting shot in his wake, but it was a shot at random, the bullet ricocheting on the rocks till it splashed into the lake.

"A mos' vorashus animal," was the Indian's solitary comment, as he stood examining his rifle at the foot of the tree. But I noted with what care he assisted the old captain as we stumbled and groped our way back to camp.



*"The Woodlot" is the title of a pamphlet recently issued by the Bureau of Forestry of the United States. This pamphlet relates to Southern New England, the trees in which are mainly hardwood, such as oak, chestnut, maple, hickory and ash. Among conifers are found white pine, pitch pine and hemlock, and in the swamps, white cedar. The woods are mostly second growth, and under sixty years of age. Second growth hardwood forests are composed principally of sprouts from stumps, with the result that the trees are frequently crowded and in bad form, and also are early subject to decay from the rotting stumps. The rate of annual decay is often so rapid in old sprout woods that the amount of wood added each year by growth is more than offset by the decay, and if a sprout forest is allowed to grow older than 40 or 50 years, many of the stumps send up only feeble shoots, and others do not sprout at all.

Improvement cutting is the first work to be done. The general rule for thinning is to remove all dead and dying trees, suppressed trees, and such individuals of the intermediate class as are crowding the dominant trees or the more thrifty intermediate trees. The trees left standing grow more rapidly and reach a merchantable size much sooner than when the woods are left untouched until maturity. It is estimated that through this kind of thinning the time

required for forests to grow from seed to merchantable size may be shortened from ten to twenty years.

There has been reported through the newspapers recently a most remarkable story of the suicide of the entire village council of Peszer in Southern Hungary, consisting of seven persons, all related. It appears that the Council, without other authority than their own, disposed of a forest which was the property of the village and pocketed the proceeds. For a considerable time, and by the exercise of extraordinary ingenuity, they were able to keep the transaction secret, but disclosure finally came, with the above mentioned result. This is a somewhat unusual denouement of hoodling operations, but possibly the chief actors were only anticipating events, as the disposal of a communal forest would be a serious enough matter to arouse violent feelings. When the taxpayers of Canadian communities understand that the dwellers in villages happy enough to own forests are sometimes not only immune from taxes, but even have obtained dividends from this source, they will begin to realize with what a feeling of personal loss the news of the financial operation above outlined would be received by the community, and their indignation might rise to such a pitch as to render a hasty exit from the scene the happiest for those who were the objects of it.

* Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

“Pet Gaulan.”

BY MARTIN HUNTER.

When I first went to reside at Weymontachingue, the man who was in temporary charge awaiting my arrival, received orders to proceed to Coococache to assume charge there. The latter post is about fifty miles south of the former, down the river St. Maurice. One of his children, a boy of twelve, had a tame sea gull which he had boxed up the morning of their departure, ready to take down with the rest of the family's belongings. The canoe was so very much overcrowded that his father ordered the boy to leave his pet behind. The poor little fellow shed tears, but was obliged to obey, and by the father's own hands the slats were torn off the box, and the gull given his liberty there on the beach.

After the canoe had left, and disappeared around the bend of the river, I noticed the bird floating about off the place of departure, and turning I went up to the house. For several days after the gull kept coming back to the post; food was repeatedly offered him, but he would not even taste it. He used on these occasions to waddle about the yard, and all places frequented formerly by his little master, and evidently much puzzled at his non-appearance in the usual places. At last the gull failed to return for several days, and we thought no more about him.

Had a canoe been going down to the other post about that time I would certainly have boxed him up, and sent him down to the little boy, who no doubt grieved for his feathered pet, as much as the bird plainly showed sorrow for his master. But, unfortunately, no canoe went to Coococache until I had occasion to visit that post on business some three weeks after the family had left Weymontachingue.

The second day after my arrival down there (I must explain the post is built on

a small lake off the St. Maurice, and joined by a sluggish creek connecting the two) I was standing outside talking to the manager, when I noticed a gull alight on the surface of the lake a couple of hundred yards from shore. As a rule, gulls in the interior are only seen about large lakes, and this one settling on such a small body of water as Coococache struck me as peculiar. The thought occurred to me probably this was “gaulan,” the boy's pet, but it seemed too absurd to think the bird could find its way down fifty miles of river and alight on a lake off at right angles.

I mentioned my thought to the boy's father, but he said, impossible. However, we could soon prove it by getting little Joe to run down to the beach and call him; if it was his gull he would come at once on hearing his master's call, “Gaulan.”

Joe was summoned from the house, and the bird pointed out to him. He sprang away towards the sands with glee in his eyes. As I watched the boy running I thought should it not prove his gull what a disappointment it will be to the little fellow. It was his gull, however, without a doubt, for as soon as Joe began to call “Gaulan! gaulan!! gaulan!!!” the bird rose on the wing and came and lit quite near the shore, and with the continuance of some further endearing words from Joe, he swam to the sands and permitted his master to pick him up in his arms and carry him to the house. The other children and the mother made as much of the gull as if it was a long lost brother.

Now, when the writer assures the reader that the foregoing is an actual fact, witnessed by him, what conclusion can we arrive at? Was it accident, or instinct, that brought the gull to where his master lived? Be it as it may, it was very pathetic to see the affection between the bird and boy.



A Big Game Country.

BY E. C. S.

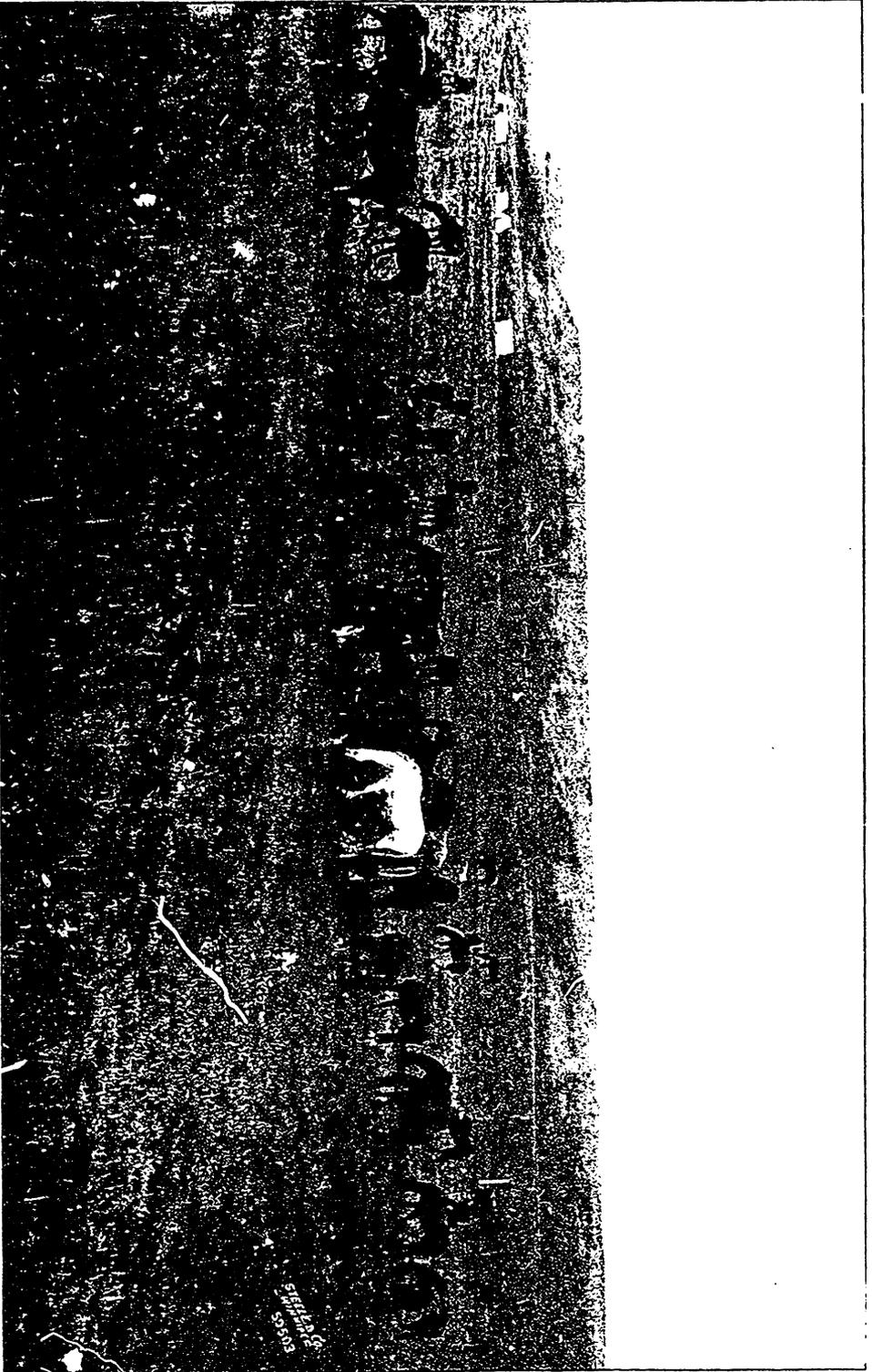
In a late issue of *ROD AND GUN* reference is made to the Mississaga River, Algoma district, as being a favorable locality for securing big game. I have lately returned from a trip up the west branch of that river, having gone in by way of Thessalon, which is forty-six miles east from Sault Ste. Marie, on the Algoma branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. From Thessalon I went overland twenty-five miles by road to the west branch of the Mississaga, at the Cheney mine, which is above the river from what is known as the "Tunnel," a long rapids rushing through gorges in the rocky formation. The falls at the Cheney mine are picturesque. The Mississaga River above those falls has long reaches of very swift water, alternating with distances of less rapid current. In the swift reaches progress in canoes can only be made by expert poling, and then it is very slow and arduous work and entails careful navigation when canoes are heavily loaded. The depth of water, in those swift places, varies anywhere from one foot to five feet in depth. The bottom of the river is, of course, gravel, with some boulders. The further up the river the swifter the current is experienced. The return journey is, of course, correspondingly quick and easy for canoe travel. This

country is well stocked with big game. On my trip up a black bear swam across the river a short distance above our canoes, and I fired at it with a .38 calibre revolver, the effect, however, only seeming to be to accelerate the movements of the bear, the Indian guide remarking the following day that "he believed the bear was running yet." We also saw a mother deer with two fawns standing in the shallow water on a shoal of gravel almost as far out as midstream, enjoying the bright sunlight and the refreshingly cool air. On several occasions members of my party saw red deer and moose, and the tracks of red deer, moose and caribou were frequently observed. The district is a favorable one for tourist travel, many lakes, not shown on our maps, affording excellent transportation by canoe. A canoe trip from Biscotasing via lakes and the main branch of the Mississaga, which empties into Lake Huron, would be most interesting to the tourist and explorer. In fact all that district lying between the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway to the north, and the Algoma branch to the south, covered as it is with numerous lakes, will be a region of interest to sportsmen and explorers, as it abounds in big game, timber and minerals, and is of easy access from various points on the railway.



One would think that the .450 cordite express is sufficiently powerful to kill any living creature, and yet in practice our fine-spun theories of velocity making up for lack of weight, in projectile as well as for striking surface, are sometimes not borne out by experience. Only recently an English sportsman shooting in Africa, was seriously mauled by a lion, though he had placed several .450 bullets from one of these rifles in the beast's body. Another accident is

chronicled in the Indian papers. A Mr. Pelham Rogers, in the Indian Civil Service, wounded a large tiger with a .450 cordite, but the animal had sufficient vitality to charge home and maul him so that he eventually died. It seems that for the dangerous felidæ, whose soft skins and bodies have not sufficient resistance to absorb the enormous energy of the .450 bullet, a different shape or composition will be necessary for the latter.



IN THE ANTELOPE COUNTRY:

hundreds of pronghorn are seen almost daily by the men on this ranch

5-17-1915
S. P. HARRIS
1915



BREAKING A BRONCHO.

A typical Alberta scene. These are the men and these the horses we breed there.



INDIAN FISHERS.

This snapshot was taken on Okanagan Lake.

Laurentian Lakes.

A correspondent sends us the following list of lakes in the neighborhood of the branch line from Montreal to Labelle. While it is probable the list is neither complete nor exact—seeing the enormous difficulty in the way of such a compilation—nevertheless it should be of very considerable value to fishermen desirous of exploring the well-stocked waters of the Laurentians.

ST. JOVITE REGION.

POPULATION, 1850. 3 HOTELS. TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH. 4 HOURS' RUN FROM MONTREAL.

Name of Lake.	Distance to Station.	Distance from Village.	Kind of Fish.	Area.	Remarks.
Long		1½ miles	Lake trout		
Pike		2 "	Pike, perch, etc.		
Ouimet	2½ miles		Various		Many Islands.
Love		2 miles	"		
Clear		5 "	"		
Desmarais		5 "	"		
Sam		7 "	"		
Tremblant	7½ miles		"	2x9 miles	"
Huot	7 "		Mascalonge		
Gauthier	8 "		Small red trout		
Equerre		9 "	"		
River du Diable	near stat'n		Various		
" Cachée		7 miles	Lake trout		
Noir and Clair Creeks		near vil'ge			

LABELLE REGION.

POPULATION, 800. 3 HOTELS. 100 MILES FROM MONTREAL.

Name of Lake.	Distance to Station.	Distance from Village.	Kind of Fish.	Area.	Remarks.
Trout		15 acres.	Lake trout, small	6 acres	
Caribou	20 acres.		Brook "	½ x 2 miles	2 islands.
Vert	¼ mile.		" "	1 x 1 "	3 "
Reck		½ mile.	" "	½ x ½ "	
Baptisie	3 miles.		Brook & lake trout	½ x 1 "	2 to 4 lbs.
Mitchell		4 miles.	Trout	1 x 2 "	2 to 3 "
Clair		4 "	Pike	½ x 1 ¼ "	
Labelle		4 "	Trout	12 "	6 to 10 "
Brochet		4 "	Pike	15 acres	1 to 2 "
Miron		5 "	Trout	½ x ½ miles	1½ to 2 "
Dauphinois, small		5 "	Small trout	½ x ¾ "	
" large		6 "	"	¾ x 1 "	
Caché, small	8 miles		Trout	½ x 1 ¼ "	1 to 3 "
" large	10 "		"	½ x 5 "	1 to 6 "
Des Frères		11 miles.	"	¾ x 1 ½ "	2 lbs.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

STE. AGATHE-DES-MONTS.

POPULATION, 2,120. 5 HOTELS. TELEGRAPH. 60 MILES FROM MONTREAL.

Name of Lake.	Distance to Station.	Distance from Village.	Kind of Fish.	Area.	Remarks.
Lac des Sables.....	12 acres		Trout.....	15 miles...	½ to 3 lbs.
Manitou or Morin.....		3 miles	".....	20 "	
Brulé.....		3 "	".....	12 "	
Trout.....		2 "	".....	½ x ½ mls.	
Noir.....		5 "	".....		
Brulé.....		5 "	".....		
Long.....		6 "	".....	¼ x 3 mls.	
Lac des Sables, small.....		2 "	" large.....		
Taillefer.....		2½ "	" small.....		
Gore.....		3 "	".....	1½ miles	
Grand Maison.....		5 "	".....	2 "	
Fer à Cheval.....		4 "	".....	1½ "	
De la Grise.....		6 "	".....	2 "	
A Vital.....		6 "	".....	2 "	
Quenouille Wolfe.....		11 "	".....		
Castor (Howard).....		"	".....		
Vert, En Cœur et Sapin / (Wolfe).....		9 to 10 miles	Large trout and lake trout		
Quareau.....					
Archambault } Co. Mont- Pembina..... } calm.		24 to 30 miles	Lake trout.		
Croche.....					
Grosse.....					
Croix.....		4 to 6 miles	Trout.		
St. Joseph (in Tp Howard).....					

There are also several small nameless lakes, with red trout in abundance.

NOMININGUE.

POPULATION, 500. 1 HOTEL. 18 MILES FROM LABELLE.

Name of Lake.	Distance to Station.	Distance from Village.	Kind of Fish.	Area.	Remarks.
Nominingue, Grand.....		15 acres..	Lake trout.....	35 miles...	
" Small.....		3 miles..	".....	3 x 3 miles.	
Bourget.....					
Lafèche.....					
St. Joseph.....		Few acres.	Pike.....		Good roads.
Ste. Marie.....					
Charlebois.....		2 miles..	Trout.....	½ x ¾ miles	
Beaubien.....		4 "	".....		
Blanche.....		4 "	Lake trout and pike	¾ x 1¼ mls.	
Gaumont.....		4½ "	Trout.....	½ x ¾ "	
Des Cœurs.....		4½ "	".....	½ x ¾ "	
Duprez.....		5 "	".....	½ x ½ "	
Grandes Bates.....		5 "	" large.....		
Noir.....		5 "	Lake trout.....	¾ x 1½ mls	
Des Isles.....			" & pickerel		
Vert.....		6 miles..	" pike.....	1 x 1 miles..	
Sawga.....		7 "	".....	Large.	

There are about thirty more lakes, between two to five miles from the village, nameless, but well stocked with fish.

STE. MARGUERITE.

POPULATION, 725 2 HOTELS. 4 MILES FROM STATION.

Name of Lake.	Distance to Station.	Distance from Village.	Kind of Fish.	Area.	Remarks.
Masson			Trout and lake trout	2 x 3 miles.	
Charlevoix		4 miles.	" "		
Lacs des Isles		4 "	Large trout.....	2 x 3 miles.	

LA MACAZA.

POPULATION, 200. 10 MILES FROM LABELLE.

Name of Lake.	Distance to Station.	Distance from Village.	Kind of Fish.	Area.	Remarks.
Osina	9 miles.		Small trout.....	3/4 x 1 miles	
Macaza		15 acres	Pike	3/4 x 2 "	
Brochet		1 1/2 miles	do	1/2 x 1 "	
Chaud		4 "	Lake trout.....	1 x 5 "	
Sapin		10 "	"	1/2 x 1 1/2 "	
Macaza River			Trout		
(Between the Lake and Rouge River, 2 miles)					
Chaudi Creek			Coarse fish		
(From Macaza River to Lac Chaud, 6 miles)					
Froid Creek			Lake trout.....		
(From Lac Froid to Riv. Macaza, 10 miles)					

"MONTIGNY REGION."

POSTE MAILLÉ HOTEL. 11 MILES FROM NOMININGUE

Name of Lake.	Distance to Station.	Distance from Village.	Kind of Fish.	Area.	Remarks.
Montigny			Trout & lake trout.	3 1/2 mil. long	
Des Isles			Trout	5 " "	17 islands.
Pie IX			"	1/2 x 1 miles	
Leo XIII.....			"	1 x 3 "	1 to 5 lbs.
Serpent			Lake trout.....	15 ac. x 3 "	5 to 20 lbs.
Maillé			Various	20 ac. from house.....	1 to 5 " 3 miles around

There are fifty other lakes in this township.



The Black Walnut.*

(*Juglans nigra*.)

BY E. G. JOLY DE LOTBINIERE.

This magnificent tree (one of the most valuable and now one of the rarest of our forest trees), which at one time grew so plentifully in certain sections of the United States and Western Canada, has now become so scarce that it is likely to disappear before long from the category of our native timber trees, unless steps are taken to reproduce it on a large scale from the nut.

Fifty years ago, or even less, its value was so little appreciated that it was used not only for building purposes in some sections of the country where it grew, but also for shingles, fence posts, rails and even fuel.

The condition of things has altered since then. To-day it is worth, in car lots, from \$85 to \$100 per thousand feet board measure. The retail price must be considerably higher. Enormous prices are paid for any particularly fine piece of wood fit for veneering. Such pieces are generally obtained from a crotch of large limbs or from the stump and large roots, and sometimes from burls or excrescences that are found on the trunk of the tree.

Such a valuable tree is certainly worthy of cultivation, especially as it is hardy, and, under good conditions, of rapid growth.

The black walnut derives its name no doubt from the color of the heart wood, which is of a dark tinge. When freshly cut the sap wood is quite white and the heart of a delicate violet color, which, after exposure to the air, assumes a more intense shade and becomes almost black. The tree grows to a large size and attains sixty or seventy feet in height, and from three to seven feet in diameter. It grows best in a rich, deep, and fairly moist soil, though it will thrive well but not grow so rapidly upon dry and rocky lands. When isolated it forms a magnificent ornamental tree, assuming most graceful proportions. The leaves emit a

pleasant aromatic odour when crushed in the hand, and the nuts also, when green, have a most delightful perfume. The natural range of distribution of this tree, in Canada, does not extend east of Kingston, and even there the species was never abundant. The country drained by the St. Clair River and its tributaries was, I believe, the section where it was found in its greatest perfection and abundance.

The reproduction of this valuable tree from the nut should be an easy task when undertaken in Western Canada, its native home, but it has been successfully grown as far east as the city of Quebec and its environs. Such being the case, there is no reason why it should not be cultivated with satisfactory results in the various provinces of the Dominion. The winters about Quebec are as severe as can be found anywhere, and yet the tree does not suffer from the intense cold and frost, and when planted in a congenial soil grows vigorously. The nuts also mature thoroughly and reproduce as readily as those grown in the west.

The nuts should be planted late in the autumn—the later the better. The object of this late planting is to allow the nuts time to mature thoroughly before putting them into the ground. This is most important, for if the kernel of the nut is yet in the soft milky stage when planted, it invariably rots. In Eastern Canada the nuts cannot be allowed to winter on the surface of the soil, for the frost destroys them. They must either be planted as I have said above, or kept until the following spring in a cold garret, but one free from frost. When kept over until the spring, plant as soon as the snow has left the ground. The nuts should be planted in a sheltered position in light rich soil that has been thoroughly well worked over. I plant them in rows twelve inches apart and three inches deep. Between every three

* Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

rows I leave a space two feet wide, so as to permit of one's moving about the plantation to attend to the weeding and care for the seedlings without danger of crushing or injuring them. At each end of a row I place a little post, so as to know where to look for the seedlings when the time comes for them to make their appearance. I often take the trouble to plant a little stick near each nut, as I sow it. This saves a great deal of trouble and one is sure of not injuring the little tree when weeding.

The seedlings can be left in the nursery until they are about three feet in height. They should then be transplanted. Transplanting should be made in the spring, about the middle of May, before the buds open.

The ground in which you intend making your plantation should previously be ploughed, thoroughly harrowed and rolled, the trees planted about four feet apart. Great care should be taken when removing the young trees from the nursery to damage the roots as little as possible. If the soil is adhesive a ball of earth should be removed with the young tree, thus saving all chance of mutilating the "radiculae" or small roots. A notable feature of the black walnut is its extraordinary long taproot. Should it be broken or badly injured in the removal, cut it off above the wound with a sharp knife.

The grass in no case should be allowed to grow up to the stem of the trees, and to avoid that they should be mulched whenever necessary. The young trees should be carefully pruned until their

heads meet. Nature afterwards will do that work herself. Do not prune your trees late in the season. June and July are the proper months. The earlier you prune the better, as it will give the "callus" time to form and mature before the frosts of winter. Should you prune late in the season (in Eastern Canada) the "callus" will almost invariably be destroyed by frost, and the wound made by the removal of a branch will never heal over properly. Prune as closely to the stem as you possibly can with a sharp knife. Should you use a saw, freshen the edges of the cut with your knife so as to leave a clean smooth surface.

Do not be discouraged if a tree should appear to die after transplanting. Though the stem of the tree may die, the root as a rule will not. Before long you will see shoots forming on the stem of the tree, near the ground. Select the shoot nearest the ground and remove the others. This shoot will grow with great vigor and will make as fine a tree as any in your plantation. Your plantation should be made in as sheltered a position as possible.

I trust that these few elementary hints may be of some slight service to those who intend growing black walnut. Let all such be well assured that the time and money they may expend is time and money well invested. All may not live to reap the pecuniary benefits resulting from their labors, but in the meanwhile they have done a useful work, one of national importance, and one that future generations will bless them for.



The Art of Forestry.*

BY A. HAROLD UNWIN, D. OEC. PULL.

Forests as they occur naturally reproduce themselves on large or small areas, according to the weight of the seeds of the individual tree species. It is the business of Silviculture, or wood growing, to assist and alter this process to the

advantage of the economic requirements of mankind. Timber, which will most likely be of general utility, must be produced or perpetuated. A very good illustration of this is afforded by German forestry practice, which about sixty

* Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

years ago started converting extensive, nearly unprofitable, beech forests into those of very paying spruce.

The Germans foresaw that any coniferous timber, and especially that of spruce, would in the long run be used more extensively and rise higher in value than hardwoods. Their prediction has come true, and those forests to-day are beginning to be the most paying of any in that country.

The character of the soil, of course, sometimes distinctly limits one as to choice of tree in a great many parts of any country. For instance, it is a well known fact that it would be better policy to let the common Norway or red pine grow on a very poor, sandy soil, rather than introduce the more exacting white pine.

In Europe, at least in the most highly developed countries, natural regeneration or reproduction of a forest by its self-sown seed, unaided by the hand of man, is gradually being superseded by artificial methods such as sowing of seeds and planting of seedling trees. Here the former method, though generally occupying more time, is in place, as the forests are not of such value that one could or should expend a great deal in insuring their continuity. With care this can be done as effectively, if not more effectively, than with planting. In one way it requires more skill in handling the present growing trees than with the other system. One great point to be noticed is that the soil must be kept in a receptive state for seeds, *i.e.*, free from weeds, moist and loose. This is as it is under a dense growth of old trees as is seen in any piece of bush or forest. If the forest under consideration has been left in its natural condition, such will be the case, otherwise it will take longer for the new growth to get started once the original growth has been removed.

The gradual, and hence partial, removal of the first crop of trees is the safest way to get a fresh growth, rather than clear the area entirely and let seed fall in from the surrounding forest trees. In the former case the seeds find a splendid bed for germination, and receive just the amount of shade and shelter which they require in their earlier stages of growth. Finally, when the young seedlings have got thoroughly established the old trees

are removed with little damage to the new crop. With the latter system the ground is liable to become hard and dry and covered with weeds, including undesirable seedling trees, such as poplar and birch. In the course of time the parent crop is reproduced, but in some cases the poplars, etc., have got such a start that the conifers never catch them up but grow underneath and only dominate finally by the fact of their being longer lived trees; others again, which have not got such a start, get caught up by the spruce, etc., which outgrow them and so insure a fresh crop of what is wanted. This is not entirely satisfactory, as one does not get a full crop of the trees especially required. Modifications of both systems occur, such as clearing very small areas which are partially shaded by surrounding trees and so cannot become covered with weeds before fresh seedlings have come up. This is called the group or strip system, and the before-mentioned the shelter system. These are the chief methods of natural regeneration of a forest. These, especially the latter, do not entail a decrease in the cutting areas, as might be supposed, but on the contrary a very large portion of any forest or timber limit can be treated in this way each year. It is with this, the group method, that one attains the best financial results, otherwise the cost of drawing the individual logs together (under the shelter system) would be so great that it would diminish or leave no profit on each at all.

With the conifers, such as spruce, the group generally takes the form of a long narrow strip, which facilitates the cutting and marketing of logs. This method is very satisfactory and insures a good crop of fresh seedlings. In a level country it is possible to make the strips one-half to one mile long and three-quarters to one tree's length in width. If made wider part of the area remains unseeded, as the majority, *e.g.*, of spruce seeds fall within the length of the height of the tree, of course if it is windy a great number of seeds will be blown further away but this is not always the case.

Planting, the other great method of forest reproduction, tends in Europe, at

least, to supersede the various systems of natural regeneration. During the last thirty years it has steadily been on the increase, despite very substantial advantages of the other system. Artificial sowing of seed has been practically given up, except in some special cases where seed is very cheap and the soil easily worked. Years ago the Government of Saxony, Germany, started some experiments as to the best distance to plant trees in order to get clean stems and the greatest amount of growth, both in height and diameter per year and acre. For the one species, Norway spruce (*Picea excelsa*) with which they were conducted, three and one-half to four feet turned out to be the most satisfactory distance. This distance, though, only yields the best results combined with judicious thinnings, beginning with the twentieth year and continued once in ten years until maturity.

Reproduction of trees by stool shoots, after the tree has been cut down, gives good results with some trees. Permanently practiced it does not tend to produce good timber, but only scrubby firewood of small size. According to European results hickory treated this way grows rapidly into very flexible poles and small trees. This special means of perpetuating a piece of woodland has been given the term, coppice or copse, practiced largely on this continent in the New England States and in Europe in nearly every country. A rapid return is a great point in its favour, but of course only certain species are adapted for it, of the conifers only pitch pine (*Pinus rigida*), Japanese cypress (*Crystomeria japonica*), and red wood (*Sequoia sempervirens*), are the chief trees, whereas, most broad-leaved species send out stool, or root, shoots more or less abundantly.



Charmette.

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

[Copyrighted]

Away off back on de mountain side,
 Not easy t'ing to fin' de spot,
 W'ere de lake below she's long an' wide,
 A nice leetle place I got
 Mebbe ten foot deep by twenty-two,
 An' if you can see it I bet
 You'll not be surprise w'en I say to you
 I chrissen dat place Charmette.

Dat's purty beeg word Charmette, for go
 On poor leetle house so small,
 Wit' only wan chimley, a winder or so,
 An' no gallerie at all.
 But I want beeg word, sode wor!' will know
 W'at de place it was mean to me,
 An' dere on de book of Jean Jacques Rousseau
 Charmette is de nam' I see.

O ma dear Charmette ! an' de stove is dere—
 (Good stove) an' de wood pile too,
 An' stretch out your finger mos' any w'ere
 Dere's plaintee for comfort you—
 You're hungry, wall ! you get pork an' bean
 Mak' you feel lak' Edouard de King—
 You're thirsty, jus' look dere behin' de screen
 An' mebbe you fin' somet'ing.

Ha ! ha ! you got it—Ma dear Charmette,
 Dere's many fine place, dat's true
 If you travel aroun' de worl', but yet
 W'ere is de place lak' you ?

Open de door, don't kip it close—
 W'at's air of de morning for ?
 Would you fassen de door on de win' dat blows
 Over God's own boulevard ?

You see dat lake ? wall I always hate
 To brag, but she's full of trout,
 So full dey can't jomp togeder, but wait
 An' tak' deir chance turn about—
 An' if you was campin' up dere above,
 De mountain would be so high
 Very offen de camp you'd have to move,
 Or how can de moon pass by ?

It's wonderful place for sure, Charmette—
 An' ev'ry wan say to me,
 I got all de pleasure a man can get
 'Cept de wife an' de familiee.
 But somebody else c'n have ma wife,
 De familiee too, also—
 An' I'll stick to Charmette so long ma life
 Was spare to me here below.

For we can't be happier dan we been
 Over twenty year, no siree.
 An' if ever de stranger come between
 De leetle Charmette an' me,
 Den all I can say is kip out de way—
 For dynamite sure I'll get—
 An' affer dat you can hunt all day
 For me an' ma dear Charmette !

Our Medicine Bag.

"The Approaching Timber Famine" is the title of an article in a contemporary, by Mr. E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry, and is an able presentation of a timely subject. Mr. Stewart calls attention to the increasing demand for timber and the decreasing supply, quoting conclusive statistics from leading European authorities to show that a timber famine is among the possibilities of the even near future. Then discussing the capability of Canada to meet the demands upon its forest resources he states as follows:—

"Regarding the first, it has been estimated that this country has an area of 266,000,000 acres of timbered land. This is certainly too low an estimate if taken to represent the whole area of land on which any kind of timber is growing, but may safely be taken as embracing the area covered by timber of merchantable value, including pulpwood. Putting the quantity growing on such land at 2,000 feet board measure per acre, we have a total area of 532,000,000,000 now ready for use. Besides this we have covering this same area an immense quantity which has not yet attained a sufficient size for cutting. This growth varies in size from the young seedling just shooting from the ground up to the young tree of 10 or 12 inches in diameter. Let us consider the value of this younger growth. In those countries where a regular system of cutting has been practised for a number of years the annual growth increment has been established with great accuracy, but to apply their figures to our forests would undoubtedly be misleading. Three hundred and fifty feet board measure per acre has been estimated as the annual growth in the United States. If we put ours at, say, two hundred feet to the acre we will have an annual growth of 53,200,000,000 feet. This, however, would include limbs and branches and very rough timber that would not be used in this country except for fuel. Deduct for such timber 30 per cent. and we have still left 37,240,000,000 feet as

the yearly product. At the lowest the stumpage, that is, the value of such timber standing in the tree, may be put at present at \$1.00 per thousand, which would give in the first case a revenue to the State, provided it was all in the hands of the Crown and subject to Government dues, as most of it is, of \$532,000,000 for the virgin forests of to-day, and a yearly return for that of the maturing timber of \$37,240,000. But this only represents what might at present prices be asked by the Government as a royalty, and forms but a small part of its value to the community as a whole. Possessing not only the raw material, but also the motive power right at hand, Canada should be without a rival in the manufacture of all articles in which timber forms the chiefs ingredient."



To the Editor of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.

DEAR SIR,—The interesting account of "Canine Vaccination," which appeared in the November number of ROD AND GUN, while showing the value of vaccination as a preventive of distemper in dogs, suggests the query: How far this dreaded disease may be avoided with ordinary care, at any rate by house dogs and dogs kept about the house as pets?

It is almost incomprehensible how apparently reasonable persons will permit their dogs the run of the house during the day and chain them up for the night in a back-yard kennel, which, in nine cases out of ten, must from its construction and location be dangerously damp. Probably the dog has spent its last hour or two indoors, stretched asleep before a warm fire or stove. Dogs treated in this manner fall an easy victim to distemper, in the same way that a human being suffering from a cold, however slight, and the fever which accompanies a cold, both with dogs and men, are more prone than their stronger neighbors to any serious disease to which they may be exposed.

The writer has owned, during a period of ten years, three fox terriers, two being



A SIWASH LASSIE

A 10-pound, six-foot-long smok-nag of the coast caught on spinning but by this little miss.



ANGLING IN B.C.

Everyone in the western province of the Dominion goes a-fishing, and some pass most of their waking hours rod in hand.



N. W. MOUNTED POLICE.
Garrison of the Peel River post, Mackenzie River
The lean white bear hath seen it — *Kipling*

smooth-haired and one a rough-haired dog. The first named was the son and daughter of "Carlton Lad," the foremost prize winner of his day, and the rough dog was of exceptional breeding. All these dogs were taken from the litter as early as possible, and, from the first, slept in a warm corner of the kitchen in a dry bed of hay, which was always selected with great care. Not one of these dogs ever had distemper, although there was mortality from this cause among the pups remaining in each of the three litters. The smooth-haired bitch lived four years without a day's sickness, before falling a victim to the poison fiend. Her brother died at two years of age from the same cause. The rough-haired dog we have had for five years, and is the strongest and most active terrier we have ever owned.

It should not be difficult to keep a house dog, which is well under control, away from infection, when distemper is known to be in the neighborhood, and, except in the case of a wide-spreading epidemic of distemper throughout the district, the full-grown or adult dog should be practically immune. Distemper, like measles, is most often confined to the young, but is more dangerous to the adult than to the infant, given equal care and good nursing in both cases.

Dog owners are apt to consider that, by allowing their pets to sleep within doors, they weaken their constitution and make them fit only for drawing-room ornaments. Nothing of the kind, provided always that sufficient exercise be given.

Yours truly,

Toronto.

E. W.

The seasoning of wood is a question of economic importance, as it has an important bearing on the life of the material and on its physical adaptability. For construction and other purposes complaints of warping and shrinkage in timber are more frequent than some

years ago, the result probably of the use of unseasoned stock owing to the pressure for supply. The publication of a report on this subject by Hermann von Schrenk, of the United States Bureau of Forestry, is timely. Seasoning is ordinarily understood to mean drying, but it implies other changes than the evaporation of water. It is very probable that one of these consists in changes in the albuminous substances in the wood fibre, and possibly also in the tannins, resins and other incrusting substances. The rate of evaporation differs both with the kind of timber and its shape. Air drying out of doors takes from two months to a year, the time depending on the kind of timber and the climate.

The advantages of seasoning are: (1) Seasoned timber lasts much longer than unseasoned. Since the decay of timber is due to the attacks of wood-destroying fungi, and since the most important condition of the growth of these fungi is water, anything which lessens the quantity of water in wood aids in its preservation. (2) In the case of treated timber, seasoning before treatment greatly increases the effectiveness of the ordinary methods of treatment, and seasoning after treatment prevents the rapid leaching out of salts introduced to preserve the timber. (3) It is believed that by proper treatment timbers which otherwise could not be used for ties, poles, posts, bridge timbers, etc., can be made to serve longer than the untreated timbers in use up to the present time. The cheap and porous wood, which may be more easily treated, will, when well treated, outlast the other in every instance. The short-lived, porous beech, which ordinarily lasts but four to five years, has outlasted the oak several times over. From the experiments so far completed it is concluded that green timber should be piled in as open piles as possible as soon as it is cut, and so kept until it is air dry. In the case of ties the pile made with seven ties one way and two across alternately was found the

We are in receipt of a very full, useful catalogue, issued by Caverhill, Learmont & Co., wholesale hardware merchants, Montreal. This firm carries

a very full line of shotguns, rifles, revolvers and ammunition. The catalogue is well illustrated and is a useful work of reference.

best, and the only difference in cost in comparison with solid piling was the space required. The lodgepole pine (*Pinus murrayana*), which is found in Canada in the Cypress Hills and westward, was one of the woods experimented with. This is a poor wood in the natural condition, but it is expected that with proper treatment it may be made a very useful material for ties.

The value of civilian rifle clubs has been well demonstrated in England. Mr. John Seeley, M.P., wrote to the London Times, giving an account of a match held between long and short range shots :

"The contention of those who have started the many short range rifle clubs now existing in England is that practice at the short range with reduced charge is almost as valuable as practice at long range, the problem of judging distance being one which cannot be solved by shooting on any range, whether short or long, and the recoil of the rifle with full charge being so small as to make but little difference. By the courtesy of the military authorities, I was enabled to arrange for the following experiment being conducted with a view to seeing whether these contentions were well founded or not. Four men were selected who had never fired with a rifle with a full charge at long range in their lives, their shooting having been confined exclusively to practice with the service rifle, fitted with either Morris tubes or adaptors, at fifty yards and under on a small open-air range in the Isle of Wight. Then they went to the range at Eastney, near Portsmouth, on a day when a strong and gusty wind was blowing, and when frequent storms of rain and hail interfered with the practice. The scores they made were as follows :

—At 400 yards (lying down) out of a possible 28—26, 12, 18, and 18. At 500 yards (lying down) out of a possible 28—21, 20, 22, and 24. The practice was superintended by the usual military authorities, since men of different branches of the service were firing at the same time. Your readers will understand that the scores made by these four men would be regarded as good scores if made by men who had had frequent practice at these distances. It should be added that it seems unlikely that similar results can be obtained by practice at an indoor range, whether the full or reduced charge be used, since the difficulties of varying light and wind are there absent. The range at which these men were trained cost £35 to erect ; a similar range where a full charge could be fired could not have been put up at all within three miles of the place, and when so put up would have cost many thousands of pounds. The results obtained have seemed so very remarkable to the military authorities to whom I have submitted them, and the whole problem of ranges and rifle shooting is so much affected by the possibilities disclosed, that I have ventured to trespass on your space."

From this it is evident that practice at short range with a 22 calibre will make a very fair rifle shot of any man with good eye-sight and good nerves.

To the Editor of ROD AND GUN.

SIR,—I take pleasure in sending you the following information regarding fishing and shooting in Japan. I enclose a translation of the police regulations regarding shooting, and also a translation of the law published by the Japan Mail in 1901. Like all translations of Japanese regulations they are somewhat

The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have sold all their machinists' tools, patents, goodwill, etc., to the L. S. Starratt Co., of Athol, Mass. The Stevens Company found it necessary to restrict themselves to the manufacture of firearms, as the demand for these weapons has become so

great that all their time, space and energy will be absorbed in their manufacture. The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company will immediately occupy the space thus given in increasing their output of firearms, and also that of automobiles, into the manufacture of which they have gone extensively.

vague, but will, perhaps, give you the desired information.

The shooting license costs yen 2.00, yen 10.00 or yen 20.00, according to the amount of income tax paid by the applicant in Japan. In the case of a tourist, the police advise that the highest rate would be charged. The only restricted areas are the Imperial preserves. The country around the Treaty Ports is, of course, pretty well shot over, and to obtain good sport it is necessary to go off the beaten tracks, when a guide is necessary and provisions have to be taken, as the small Japanese inns in the interior furnish only Japanese food. The northern part of the main island and the Hokkaido (Island of Yezo) are the best parts of Japan, both for shooting and fishing.

The following is a list of the principal game to be had:—

Snipe, woodcock, pheasant, mallard duck, teal duck, widgeon, geese, quail. Plentiful all through Japan.

Grouse. Only in the Hokkaido.

Hares.

Small deer (deer not allowed to be shot in the Hokkaido).

Small brown bear, large black bear, grizzly bear. Only in the Hokkaido.

Cartridges, loaded with the best English powders and chilled shot, in English made cases, can be obtained here in any quantities, and costs yen 7.00 per 100.

There are no restrictions or regulations as regards fishing, and no license is required. On the main island fishing is no. particularly good; small trout can be had in some of the lakes, but the sport is not considered good. In the Hokkaido good salmon trout fishing can be had with a fly in June and July, and also salmon, but the latter will not rise to a fly, and a "spinner" is generally used.

Sea fishing can only be had by those owning a private boat, as the native

fishermen are not disposed to allow Europeans to go out with them in their boats.

I need hardly say that we shall at all times be glad to render every assistance in our power to those coming out here.

Yours truly,
W. T. PAYNE.

A correspondent writes:—"In view of the wanton slaughter of wild birds of all descriptions, which goes on year after year in many localities, it is about time that some action was taken by the proper authorities to enforce the laws regarding the carrying of arms, and the destruction of birds which are nominally 'protected.' The worst offenders are young lads who have no business with fire-arms of any kind, and these little nuisances love to sally forth in couples or in bands to the woods or the lake shore, and 'pot' any living thing, be it bird or beast, that comes within shooting distance. I have seen a party of ten or twelve boys leave an Ontario village for a 'shooting' expedition, and the weapons carried included rifles, breech-loading and muzzle-loading shot guns, air guns and revolvers. They returned with a miscellaneous bag of jays, robins, woodpeckers and plover (the latter 'protected' at that season under the Game Acts). The son of the village constable accompanied the party with his father's 12-bore, and was considered the best shot in the party. Such scenes may be observed in many other towns and villages where the district is thinly populated and the laws laxly administered.

"A pair of brilliantly-hued 'black-winged canaries,' very rare in that part of the province, chased each other on the outskirts of a certain village on a bright June morning. By noon their exquisite plumage was being proudly exhibited by

At the Individual Rifle Championship Match for Greater New York and vicinity, which was shot on November 3rd, Dr. W. G. Hudson won the championship, breaking the 50 and 100 shot records, his score being 1154 and 3301 respectively.

Dr. Hudson used the Stevens-Pope barrel, 33 caliber. Mr. Kelly was second, using a Stevens-Pope and Mr.

Fred G. Ross, third, using a regular Stevens 32-40.

Nearly all of the records during the past two years in rifle contests have been made and broken with either a Stevens or a Stevens-Pope. The word "Stevens" on a rifle is considered by all expert riflemen as meaning extreme accuracy.

their murderers—two boys under fourteen years of age.

"The plea of the true sportsman and lover of nature is simply incomprehensible to these young savages. Possibly at a future date, when insectivorous birds have almost disappeared, and the farmer is confronted with the ruin of his crops, he will, when asked by his young hopeful to hand down the old gun from its nail on the wall, reach for a stout strap instead, and find his way to the feelings of the youngster by the only certain road."

A very erroneous stand has been taken by the Vancouver World with regard to a new automatic shotgun, which, rumor has it, will be placed upon the market some time next year. That journal says, editorially, that the repeating shotgun is a weapon which will lend itself to the designs of the pot hunter and contribute to a rapid decrease of our game birds and wild fowl. Truly a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. We do not believe in making sportsmen by Act of Legislature, and we are very sure that the automatic shotgun, should such a thing be produced, will not, as a rule, be found in the hands of the market hunter and the game butcher. More game has been killed by "family shots" from a big-bored muzzle-loader than from any other weapon, and even were it the case that the perfected mechanism of the automatic shotgun would have a disastrous effect upon the game supply, how could manufacturers be prevented from placing such a weapon upon the market? No legislation would be legal that could be passed for such a purpose. The world moves—the bow and arrow was replaced by the flint-lock; the flint-lock by the

percussion gun; the percussion by the breech loader, and in all probability the double barrel will, within the next ten years, give place to the automatic. In Great Britain, where the ethics of sportsmanship are, as a rule, considerably higher than they are on this continent, crack shots use three double barrels upon driven game, and we believe that for rapid shooting the automatic gun will be in great demand, but we do not think that it will turn decent sportsmen into game butchers any more than we consider it will reform the market hunter or the greedy shooter. Sportsmen, and their name is legion, that delight in perfected mechanism, and the smooth working of cleverly constructed machinery will be certain to avail themselves of any improvements that may be put within their reach, notwithstanding the ignorant or ill-natured strictures of certain disgruntled scribes.

Reports from the hunting camps in Quebec are that unprecedentedly good sport is being enjoyed this season. One small party of Ottawa sportsmen in the vicinity of Coulonge, secured five fine deer in forty-eight hours, and equally good accounts have been received from other camps in the district, writes an Ottawa correspondent. The Waltham section of the Ottawa, Northern and Western Railway, or the Pontiac and Pacific Junction, as it was formerly known, traverses a country unrivalled for picturesqueness, and within a few miles of the line there is to be had some of the finest hunting and fishing in western Quebec. Its road bed has been improved until now it is quite up to the standard, while the train service is ad-

The Longman Gun Sight Corporation, of Middlefield, Conn., have sent us their 1903 catalogue; it is a very full and useful little pamphlet. In it are figured all the ingenious sights manufactured by the corporation. It may not be out of place to say that the prejudice once existing against peep-sights for actual sport has now almost passed away, in consequence of the admirable devices put upon the market by the Longman

Company. In Great Britain the very extensive miniature target and rook rifles, so much in demand since the impetus to rifle shooting caused by the late struggle in South Africa, are in most cases fitted with Longman sights. They are of especial value to those who from one defect or another in their vision are not able to focus accurately; at the same moment the rear and fore sights and the objects aimed at.

mirable. The present terminus at Waltham is within a few minutes' walk of the famous falls where the Black River tumbles over a sheer precipice of eighty odd feet, and whirls in a mass of creamy foam through a deep canyon down to the broad, open channel a few hundred yards below. There is a saw-mill above the falls, owned by Mr. David Rochon, who is the proprietor also of a fine brick hotel overlooking the rapids, but it is likely that before long the waterpower will be developed on a large scale for manufacturing purposes, as surveys of it have been made by engineers for two or three parties during the past few weeks.

When the railway is extended westward, as it will be next summer, it will cross the Black River quite close to the falls. Fine trout and bass fishing is to had in the Black River in the vicinity of the prospective railway crossing. Quite

a number of Ottawa people enjoyed their holiday outing at Waltham last summer.



What very mistaken notions some people have as to temperatures in the north and west of this great Dominion. The writer has been more inconvenienced by the heat in latitude 60, on the border of northern British Columbia, than he ever was from the cold in winter, and on the 28th of September last, near Prince Albert, the temperature at mid-day in the shade was within a few degrees of that registered at New Orleans.



The Pine River Pass is at present an excellent point for elk (wapiti) and bear. How long this will be the case remains to be seen, as there are at present a couple of surveying parties in that region.

HOW FAR DO YOU WALK?

Of all the various forms of exercise there is none more healthful, none which gives a greater variety, or from which more real, lasting enjoyment can be derived than walking.

When studying nature, either in her wilder aspect on mountain top or rocky pass, one realizes that on foot, and only on foot can she be thoroughly studied, appreciated and enjoyed.

It is a regrettable fact that, owing to the rush and hurry of the strenuous life of the twentieth century, with its electric cars, swift mail trains and the new terror, the automobile, walking has in the past fallen very much into disuse among the American people. Thanks, however, to golf and the growing spirit for outdoor sport, walking is again becoming the national pastime.

To those who enjoy walking for walking's sake, next to the enjoyment of the scenes through which they may pass, the all-pervading question is, "How far have they walked?" This, upon well-kept turnpikes where the milestones are regular, is a comparatively easy matter to keep track of; but where the tramping is done along city streets or in country by-lanes, the pedestrian has no

means of accurately totaling the miles he has covered.

Interesting experiments have recently been conducted along this line with a most remarkable American invention called the American Pedometer. It is a simple, accurate, well-made little instrument, the size of an ordinary watch, which it very much resembles, and can be regulated to the step of the wearer. It is carried like a watch in the vest pocket or attached to a belt, and it carefully and methodically ticks off and registers every mile or fraction of a mile walked. The dial is very similar to that of a watch, the figures representing miles. The movement, too, is like a watch, the pendulum within swings to the rhythm of the stride, ticking off the steps as a watch ticks off the seconds, and the hand points out the miles walked.

Apart from the pleasure of registering the number of miles tramped in a given walk, it is also deeply interesting to note the number of odd miles covered in the course of one's daily business. The man about town, in and out of office buildings, up and down corridors, etc., would be surprised at the grand total of steps which he takes in the course of a day. This the pedometer registers just as

If you wish to shoot antelope, go to some station between Moose Jaw and Morley, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the month of November; antelope migrate in the spring and fall and a good many cross the track. In the winter they wander down to the shelter of the Cypress Hills, while in the spring they journey north to the great sand hills along the course of the South Saskatchewan, in the perfect seclusion of which they rear their young unmolested by man. The antelope is an animal of most curious disposition. At a single bound it can clear the track, ditches and all, yet it will hesitate sometimes for weeks before making the spring; it is a famous "long jumper," but a fence three feet high will stop it effectually. Some days it is tame, so tame that you may kill it by a shot from a revolver; on others the best long range rifle will be none too good. It is extremely probable that most of the successful hunters, about whose exploits we read so much, secured their game on one of these easy days, but, of course, this supposition is not susceptible of proof, and the testimony of the

persons most vitally interested would probably be dead against this assumption.



How few of us realize the wonderfully interesting life that surrounds us, as we stroll along the wet sea sands when the tide is out. It is probably correct to say that a dozen amateur naturalists could be found with a fair working knowledge of birds and fishes, to one that knows even the rudiments of invertebrate paleontology, and, therefore, we welcome with pleasure the balance of the third edition of "Animal Life of our Seashore," by Professor Angelo Heilprin, of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia. This little manual will be found a thoroughly satisfactory guide book to the animal life of the much frequented Atlantic Coast, as far north as Cape Cod. It is divided into chapters, dealing with the shell fish of the coast, polyps and jelly fishes, star fishes, sea-urchins and sea-cucumbers, carcinological friends, worms, sponges, etc., and some coastwise fishes. The publishers are J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

accurately as it does the straight-away walk.

Learn to walk—walk often—and walk far. No one should let a day go by without walking at least two or three miles, five to fifteen would be better.

A good walk will add zest to your life and walking regularly will promote it many years.

Walk more and you will find the habit will grow upon you, and that you will be able to walk longer distances without fatigue.

Walking has become a popular pastime in England, and hardly a day passes but what some long distance race or long walking feat is accomplished.

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, the kennel and amateur photography, will be welcomed and published, if suitable. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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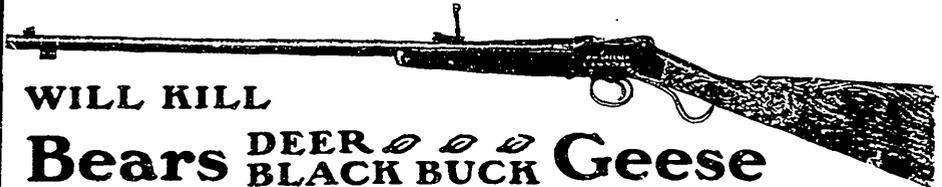
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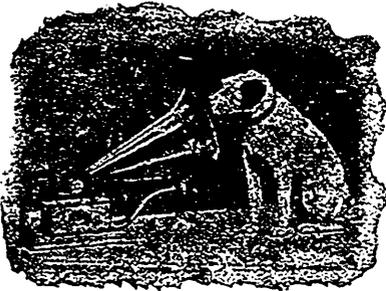
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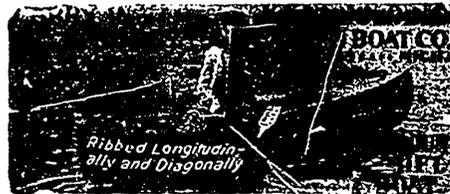
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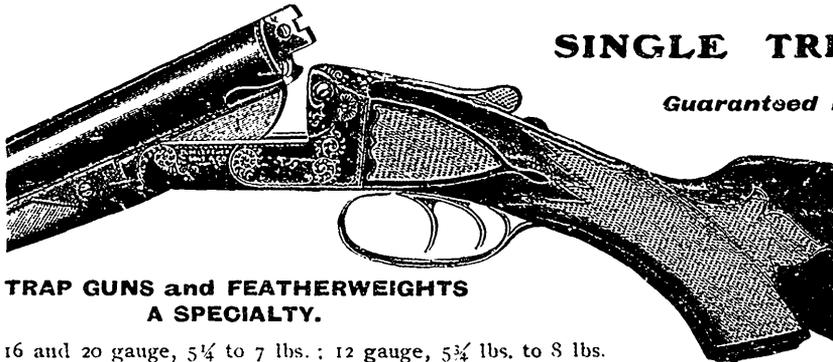
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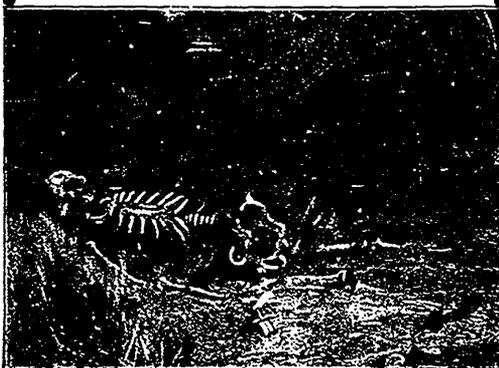
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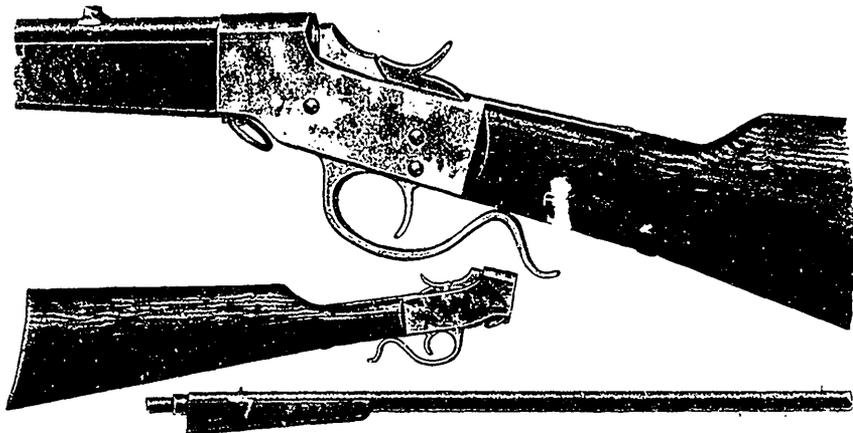
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