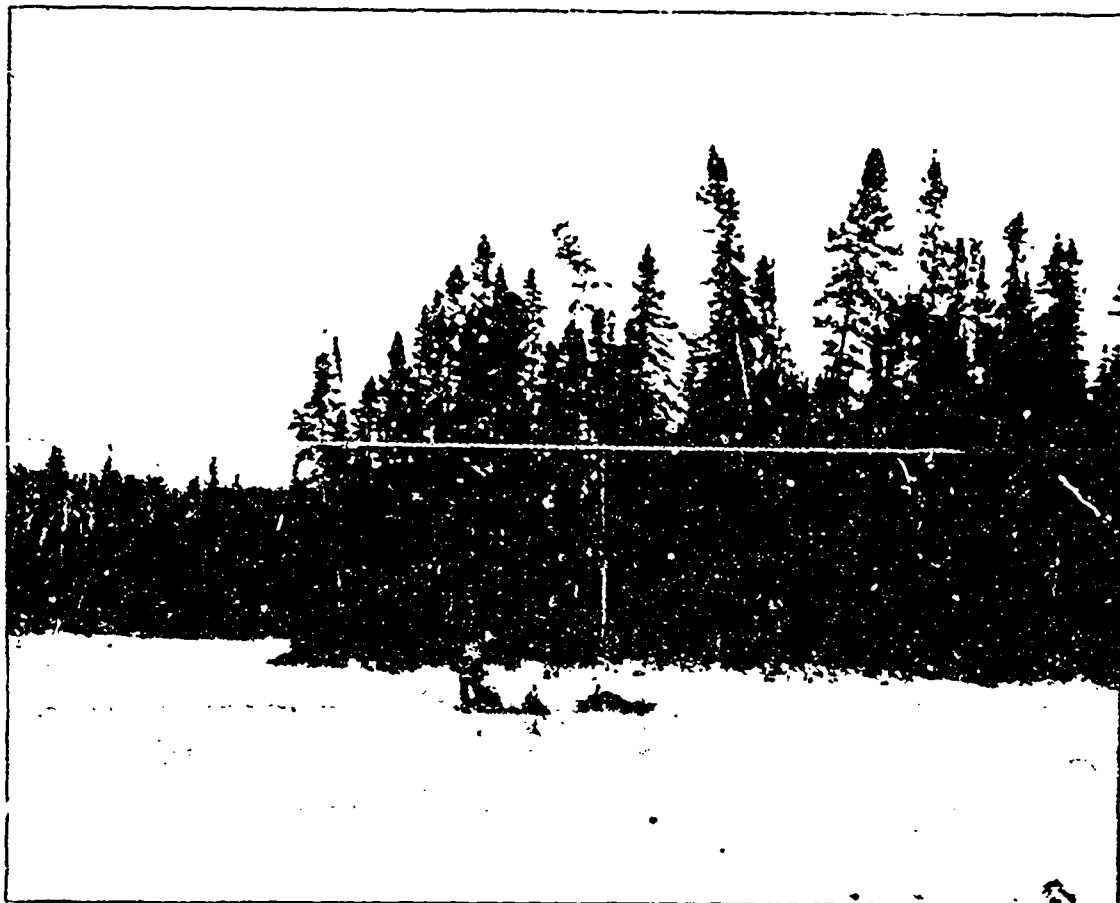


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OF CANADIAN SPORT  
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**NORTHERN TRAVEL.**

This view was taken in Cassiar, B.C., where even the dog must carry his proportion of the outfit.

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, MARCH, 1903

No. 10

## Northern Ontario.

BY H. BARNARD.

Having taken a short holiday in the Timiskaming locality last season, our party, then consisting of three, secured guides and a camping outfit more or less complete and made a flying trip, portaging across from Haleybury to Sharp Lake (six miles), and thence down some smaller lakes to Lady Evelyn Lake, and on through Lake Timagami, around by Bear Island, where there is a Hudson Bay post, and on through Rabbit Lake and the Bass lakes, striking the Metabechewan River, which took us out to the mouth of the Montreal River on Lake Timiskaming, where we caught the down steamer, having travelled by canoe a distance of 130 miles. The trip, though hurried, was so pleasant that I determined that if it were possible another season I would indulge in further travel of the kind—I would go further north over a less travelled path.

My guide on that occasion was Tom Polson. Tom has a good proportion of Indian in him, is thoroughly reliable in a canoe, a muscular fellow who can put 200 pounds of freight on his back, sling a canoe over his shoulders, and walk off over a portage a mile long; a willing worker, who can paddle all day and all night if necessary; a great hunter, and is acquainted with every river, trail and lake in the Nipissing district, and from Timiskaming north to James' Bay. Having arranged to have him accompany me, I felt confident of being able to accomplish a trip north to Lake Abitibi this season. I left here, accordingly, on

August 10, well equipped for the journey, my base being The Head, or North Timiskaming, Que., and the route from there by the Quinze River and lake, thence up the course followed by the Hudson Bay canoes to their post on Lake Abitibi.

Polson had just finished a trip up the Metagama River, and was returning by way of Mattawa, where we met, and proceeded by C. P. R. to Timiskaming. I may here state that I set out with the intention of being alone with my guide during the whole trip, but on the same train from Mattawa I encountered a gentleman and his wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Beworth (this is not their real name, but it is near enough to it for all practical purposes). They were from Chicago, and, as it proved, were looking for just such an adventure as my trip would afford.

The gentleman is a man of genial, taking manner, with a fund of good humor, good companionship, and good stories, always reserving for himself the privilege of changing his mind; is wholly devoted to the happiness, pleasure and well-being of his charming better half, and ready to make any sacrifice to gratify her desire to exercise her sporting proclivities in search of something to shoot, large game preferred.

The lady is young, decidedly prepossessing in appearance, and of that American type having lots of snap and confidence in her own energy and ability to do what anyone else could in the way

of travel. She had a first-class No. 12 hammerless shotgun, shooting jacket and other necessary paraphernalia, and I judged from her conversation on shooting topics that she knew how to handle both shotgun and rifle with considerable detriment to anything in the shape of game which might have the misfortune to come within the scope of her vision. She was agreeable in manner, and possessed a good store of common sense.

As a rule I do not take up with strangers readily, but here was an aggregation of good qualities pretty hard to ignore, so that when Mr. B. expressed his desire to go on such a trip I did not hesitate to say that I would be happy to have them join me. I had no doubt that an extra tent and other necessary outfit for their accommodation and comfort could be obtained and extra guides secured. This being the case, they decided to come, and thus the party was formed. We proceeded by steamer to the Head, having stopped over night at Baie de Pere of necessity, the steamer not running after dark: but we made use of the time by visiting the little town to do some shopping, Mrs. B., with great foresight getting a toaster, which afterwards proved very useful.

Next morning the boat started early and we called at Haleybury. There we secured a tent and some bacon. Leaving Haleybury, the boat proceeded to Liskard with freight and passengers, and thence on to the Head. Having arrived, we at once set about completing our outfit, extra canoes and provisions. We were fortunate in getting big Bill Polson, as good if not better than Tom in some respects, and who is a cousin, and the third guide, a younger brother of Tom's, completed the personnel of the party. Teams had been engaged for the long portage to be in readiness for the morning, and our labors here ceased for the time.

The 14th dawned bright and clear. Our guides were on hand early, and the teams ready. Our provisions consisted of bread, bacon, tea, coffee, flour, canned goods, sugar, pepper and salt, etc. (no meat; we depend upon our own exertions for supplies of fish, flesh and fowl), are loaded on the wagons, together with tents, baggage and other impedimenta.

Our canoes are taken to the river, and we start to meet the wagons two miles up at the foot of the Quinze rapids. Here the canoes are loaded on the wagons, a seat is provided for our fair companion, where she is destined to get some acquaintance with rough roads and have ample time to determine between walking and riding in a springless wagon, as to which is the most desirable. For my own part, I decided in favor of walking and covered the whole distance, sixteen miles, afoot. The others all experimented with the wagons, and perhaps they displayed good sense in so doing. At any rate we arrived at Klock's farm at about 4 in the afternoon, pretty tired, but still enthusiastic.

Here we expected to spend our first night under canvas, but better fare was in store for us. You are not allowed to suffer any discomfort at Klock's farm. Mr. Klock, the kindest and most affable of gentlemen, met us, and insisted upon our accepting the hospitality of his summer residence. We must have looked pretty tough in our camping attire, but that did not matter; we were taken to the house, and introduced to his charming wife, who at once by the magic of her grace and amiability placed us at ease, and made us feel thoroughly at home. After enjoying a splendid dinner, and spending a very pleasant evening, we retired early, glad to seek repose and rest for our weary limbs in the enjoyment of a comfortable bed.

I was astir early, and with canoe and trolling line sought to ascertain the kinds of fish to be had. The result was that in an hour's time I landed eight pickerel, two pike and one black bass, all good-sized fish. We thought that after breakfast we would be allowed to depart on our way; but not so: Mr. Klock does not do things by halves. Instructions had been given to have his steam yacht in readiness, and it was intimated to us that just by way of seeing us off an excursion would be made to the Barriere portage. Accordingly our traps were all put aboard, room made for the guides, the canoes taken in tow, and together with Mr. and Mrs. Klock, four charming young ladies and two gallant young gentlemen, guests at the farm, we all got aboard, and it will easily be im-

agined that the first sixteen miles of our water journey was accomplished under the most delightful and pleasing conditions imaginable.

Arrived at the portage, our effects were carried across by the guides to the opposite landing, where our first dinner was prepared, which being disposed of, our canoes loaded, and ourselves comfortably ensconced therein, we began to glide silently away, but not before Mrs. Klock appeared on our landing like a guardian angel to say a final farewell and wish us a pleasant and safe trip. The exceeding kindness accorded to us will always remain with me and be productive of memories of the most pleasant nature.

Our first camp was pitched at a point near Lonely River, some sixteen miles from the Barriere, and on Barriere Lake. The scenery consists of wooded banks covered by a growth of spruce, poplar and white birch. There is considerable pine suitable for logs, but the timber has long since disappeared, and while it is pleasant to paddle along in the fresh atmosphere, and see the numerous islands, rocks and crags that abound along the route, there is nothing to go into raptures over, and the sameness of the scene, were it not for the exhilarating air and change, would be apt to strike one as somewhat monotonous. The attention of a new-comer is constantly on the alert to discover a moose or a bear or something that you read about in the guide-books. There is a possibility of seeing a moose as you go along, but very little probability. I will take up the moose question a little later, when I arrive at the time when I stood face to face with them.

The guides do all cooking, washing dishes, etc. Each person has a tin plate, cup, knife and fork and spoon. First the bacon is fried—not as you would get it at home, crisp and dry, but in fairly thick slices, and just cooked enough to make it juicy and fat. After the bacon is taken out the fish is put in, and a lot more fat (lard?) is added, so that the fish still has a chance to swim. In the meantime potatoes have been boiling in a pail, and tea has also been made. Perhaps you think boiling water has been poured over the tea as you would draw

it at home. Not at all. A pail of cold water is put on the fire, a sufficient quantity of tea or coffee having been added, and when it has boiled the tea is made. The whole meal is prepared in half an hour, and your appetite, which will generally be found equal to the occasion, will do the rest.

The water in nearly all the lakes on this route is of a muddy hue, and the fish, which consist of pike, pickerel and a few bass, are not as good as those caught in some of the other lakes which I will refer to again. There are whitefish in nearly all of these lakes, but can only be caught with gill nets, which the Indians use for the purpose. They are whitefish all right enough, but are dull and muddy-looking: the flesh is soft and of poor flavor. Our Lake Ontario whitefish would not recognize them as cousins removed to the forty-second degree.

Our way now is up the Lonely River, which is a muddy stream or channel about eight miles long, forming a connection with Opatatika, or Long Lake.

We arrived at the Lonely River in the morning, but decided to camp at a point a mile beyond before entering it, in order to visit a deep bay to the right into which a creek empties, and is known as a good place for moose and red deer, a sight of which we were anxious to obtain. While the others went fishing and gunning for small game, I, with my guide, started off and reached the scene about 5 o'clock. We paddled two miles up the creek, expecting to return as soon as darkness set in, hoping to interrupt the game when they were out feeding in the night.

In unfrequented places a moose may be seen at any time of the day, but along the line of travel, or in those places hunted by the Indians, the moose very rarely comes out to the water till after dark. It then comes in search of the leaves and roots of the common yellow pond lily, familiar to most people. The moose is a great swimmer, and its habit of feeding in the water makes it an easy prey to the hunters. It walks into the water till its back is perhaps a foot only above the surface. It will then crop the large round leaves, and put its great head down to the bot-

tom, secure a huge mouthful of the large, round, succulent root, which being eaten, the performance is repeated; and so quietly is this carried on that you are likely to get close before discovering them. The cow moose, having no horns, makes less noise than the bull, with its immense antlers, which make more disturbance when being brought up out of the water. The quick ear of the practised hunter will at once distinguish between the presence of a bull or cow. The moose is not quick-sighted, and will pay little attention to an approaching canoe so long as there is no noise made or motion of the occupants, so that a hunter stealing up to the animal will, as soon as its head is submerged, paddle fast, and, as the head comes up, suspend all motion. I have been told that it is possible to get close enough to hit them with the paddie.

At dusk the sharp eyes of the guide detected two red deer in the long grass bordering on the creek. Their ears were just sticking up over it, but nothing escapes him. They were two hundred yards distant and took alarm, doubtless having sighted us as soon as we did them. The only part I saw of them was their white tails bobbing up as they bounded through the grass, and when they reached solid ground, with a snort they were off as fast as a bullet would follow.

Darkness set in quickly, the air got cool, and plenty of able-bodied and sanguinary mosquitoes pounced down upon us. The noise of the muskrat as it dived off the bank, the wake of a beaver swimming along the calm surface, and the astounding splash it makes when diving would startle any one. These, coupled with the flight of large bats dodging past, made the situation weird and uncanny in the extreme. A moose would probably have put in an appearance had we remained later, but we had enough for this occasion, and left a little after 10 o'clock and got back to camp by 11, the others of the party having caught plenty of fish, and our lady friend had bagged three ducks. We did not see the moose this time.

Next morning we proceeded up the Lonely River, which well deserves its name. It is a channel some nine miles

long connecting two lakes. Its banks are high in some places and low and swampy in others, and the shores a soft, clinging kind of mud. A tall growth of spruce, poplar and birch lines the banks and casts strong shadows on the placid surface, suggesting at once to the mind that here is a capital place for the camera fiend in search of shadow pictures.

We saw moose and bear tracks, and "signs." The quick eye of the hunter and guide will notice every indication of the presence of game. "See the pond-lily leaves snipped off, leaving the stem standing up: That is the work of the moose. If bitten off recently, the end will be fresh; if longer, it will have dried. See the bush with the clusters of white berries. Notice the leaves are disturbed and turned over. A bear has been after the berries." We push in to the shore, and there, sure enough, are the bear tracks, plain and unmistakable. There are "signs" for everything—to discover the whereabouts and habits of animals, whether muskrat, beaver, otter, marten or mink, or other fur-bearing animals, or game such as moose, caribou, bear or red deer. The practised hunter can read them like an open book, and it is not possible to evade their relentless enemy, man.

Ducks are not plentiful, at least the kinds known as marsh ducks, such as black and grey ducks, teal, mallard, wood duck, etc., there being no wild rice growing in these parts, and consequently little food for them; but I have no doubt that later in the season there would be considerable numbers of deep-water ducks here, red-heads, blue-bills, whistlewings, widgeon, etc. We saw a few black ducks and easily got within range of them, under the skilful management of the guide, who, as soon as he sights the quarry, seems to get rigid in his position; but you know it is not so; motion is reduced to the minimum, but his paddle is working; you feel it like the throbbing of a screw propeller, and you are filled with surprise to see how rapidly you approach the ducks and they do not seem to realize their danger till it is perhaps too late.

I was told by Mr. Klock that some wild rice had been planted last fall or winter, but that it had not taken, and

was regarded as a failure; but remembering the time when wild rice had been planted in the Dundas marsh, and which did not seem to grow the following season, but a year or two after, I am inclined to think it takes a year or so to germinate; and, having mentioned the fact, hope was awakened that the seed planted would eventually come to something. There is a total absence of snipe and woodcock in this country. I looked for both, but found no trace of either.

Once through the Lonely River, we get into Lake Obikoba. The water is of the same dull color. We catch plenty of fish to supply our table, trolling as we go along, and stop at noon for dinner, and get started again at 2 o'clock. There is nothing striking about this lake, unless it is the vastness and continuousness of these inland waters. The shores present the same high character, covered with a dense growth of small trees, and in some places they are rocky and bare. We go through some narrows and get into Long Lake, which is 20 miles long. My canoe is always in advance, for I keep up my share of the work. Our friend, Mr. B., has dubbed us the "Abitibi Express."

Away in the distance the guide notices a canoe. I thought I could see pretty far, but I am "not in it" with him. It is one of the Hudson Bay Company's big freight canoes. These canoes are splendidly built, and will carry two tons of freight, which is their regulation load. They are handled by six men, a bowman, who is the man in authority, a steersman next, and four who might be called deck hands. All work from daylight to sundown, receive two dollars per day, and get four meals thrown into the bargain—breakfast two hours after starting, in order to get up an appetite. Their food consists of good fat salt pork, dumplings made with flour and baking powder, and tea, which is indispensable. Time is allowed for a smoke, and they are off again. Diet is varied by having pork and dumplings for one meal, and dumplings and pork for the next, and so on alternately. They seem to get along all right, and work constantly at the paddles. It certainly is interesting to see the large canoe slip along with six paddles working incessantly in rapid and perfect rhythm. As we pass the guide

utters a friendly "Qua-qua," or "How do you do." A few words are exchanged in Indian, for they do not understand a word of English, and we go on our way. This is their down trip, light. In three or four days' time they will come back loaded with merchandise in boxes, bags and barrels of pork weighing 100 pounds each, which must be loaded and unloaded and carried over the portages eight times, for that is the number of portages on this route. A load for each man to carry across a portage is 200 pounds. Each man has a long leather strap, having a broad part in the middle; each end is tied around the load, the broad part of the strap is adjusted across the front part of the head, the load being supported on the back. The strap is called a tump line. These men cross a portage at a quick pace with such a load, and have no use for rubbernecks.

We camp on a nice sandy beach near the end of Long Lake, and there decide to "cache" part of our provisions till our return, to save carrying so much weight. We did so accordingly on a small island, and proceeded to our next portage, which takes us into Little Lake. Here the scenery is grand. The shores are rugged, precipitous and wild looking. Two large mountains, called the Swinging Hills, stand out in gigantic proportions, and the Kettle Mountain, with its flat top, forms a striking picture in the distance. The Swinging Hills are so called because the Indian can tie his rope from the top of one to the other and swing in the middle. This would require two great stretches, one of rope and the other of imagination. These mountains can be seen from a very long distance, their immense size conveying the impression that they are quite near.

We pass on to the Height of Land portage, which is the longest and hardest, as a considerable hill has to be climbed. At the top of this hill is a log house, the owner of which is apparently a maker of canoes, as the material for such is all there. There are also the skins of a cow moose and calf hanging near by, while hoofs and bones litter the place, which has a decidedly unsavory smell. The owner is away, and we are at liberty to inspect the premises, and fully gratify our curiosity. I did so,



and will give my impression regarding the matter later on. We cross the portage and get into the Labyrinth Lake. This is really a beautiful lake, studded with many islands where one would easily get lost; but our guides are quite familiar with the place, and we strike for an island off to the left to camp for the night. On a point opposite, some 500 yards distant, is a hut, where some Indians live; and as our tents spring up a good-sized boy puts out in a canoe to take stock of us. He approaches suspiciously until "Qua" and a couple of guttural sounds escape one of the guides, and the boy knows it is all right to come ashore. He answers a few questions put to him, and then hangs around. He is invited to take supper with the guides, and is allowed to do full justice to some plum jam which we had, and which proved a drug on our hands, but which henceforward ceased to trouble us.

After supper we visit the Indian camp. Everything is squalid, poor and in disorder about the place, and you wonder how they live. If they have any beds they are carefully concealed. In one corner huddled up is a young woman who has been sick for a month. I judged from her breathing, and what they said was the matter with her, that she had pneumonia, but was getting better. I told them through the guide to give her a little fresh air, and they said they were going to do so, as they intended starting down the river to camp and would take her along. How would this style of treatment suit in this region? There are no doctors here, and if you get sick you have to get well again. If you don't, you die, and that is all there is to it, so the guide tells me. Happily, there is very little sickness in this land of pure air. The tepee with the aperture in the top to let out the smoke is the winter house of the Indian. A great many of them occupy canvas tents the year round. Wrapped in a rabbits' skin blanket, the native will go to sleep on the ground in a tent and defy the cold, even when the thermometer is 40 degrees below. Rabbit-skin blankets are said to be very warm and are curiously made; the skins are cut in strips circular-wise, so as to make a long

length; these are twisted and tied together till they look like long ropes of fur; these ropes are netted like a fish net with a small mesh, and the result is a thick mat of fur well adapted to the required purpose. They are valued at \$3 to \$12, according to size. Mrs. B. got a very nice one for \$5. We secured a couple of birch bark baskets as souvenirs. When we were departing we were asked if we did not want a little dog, as they had a surplus. I liked the look of the little animal, and said I would call for it on our way down.

Next morning we proceeded on our way. We have three short portages close together, after passing which five or six miles of river is to be covered. Here the character of the land changes, being lower and apparently more level, and judging from the dense growth of poplar here to be seen, the ground must possess considerable fertility. Pine is not noticed, but for many miles the poplar is in great abundance, and if it extends back, as doubtless it does, there is a supply of this wood which will meet all demands for a long time to come, and which will likely be valuable for a great many purposes, when it can be transported, which will require railway communication, that sooner or later will be made. We have another short portage, and some 14 miles more of river, till we strike Upper Lake, about six miles long, at the end of which, with three miles of river added, we come to the last portage, called the Dancing portage, because the Indian feels so happy at getting through without further portage on the route that he manifests his approval by indulging in a dance.

Five miles from Dancing portage we round a point, and find ourselves at the entrance of Lake Abitibi, with the Hudson Bay post in full view three miles away; and, after a stiff paddle against wind and tide, we finally arrive there, glad to get a rest and some dinner. Mr. Skene, the chief factor, was away, but Mr. McKenzie, a genial Scotchman, who was in charge, invited us to pitch our tents in an enclosure, so that we would not be troubled with the dogs, which we did, and reference to which I shall leave for the next occasion.

*(To be continued)*

## A Rough Experience.

BY J. A. TEIT.

A year or two ago we had a winter when but little or no snow fell in the mountain valleys on the north side of the Thompson River, and even at Christmas and at altitudes of 2,000 to 3,000 feet the mountain sides were practically bare of their usual white mantle. Under these circumstances neither the Indians on the reserve adjoining my ranch nor I, felt the least apprehension for the safety of our horses, which were lying out. One day, however, towards the end of January several Indians who had been searching for their horses came into camp and reported an extraordinarily heavy snowfall on the higher levels. So heavy was the fall, and so deep the drifts, that they were unable to proceed on horseback or even on foot without snowshoes, which nine years out of ten are not required on any part of the mountains below the 4,000ft. line. As soon as this serious news became known those having horses running on the mountains became very anxious about them, and the Indians at once decided upon sending out a search party next morning, and asked me to join them. As I had a considerable number of horses out I decided to put up with the discomfort, hoping that with their assistance I might save, if not the whole, at all events the great majority of my animals.

A day or two previously two young men had arrived at Spence's Bridge and asked me to take them out after deer, as they had never seen any, and were most anxious to kill some. They had brought Winchester repeaters with them, and were really very good target shots, cutting off the necks of bottles at fifty yards or more with rarely a miss. As soon as they knew I was going out for a few days with the Indians to search for horses, and incidentally to procure some fresh deer meat, they made up their minds to join the party at all hazards. Nothing I could say about the discomforts they would have to endure on the trip had the slightest weight with them; go they would, unless the Indians

positively refused to allow them to join the party. I told them we should camp some nine or ten miles back, and advised them, as they were unused to sleeping out, to be sure and bring an ample supply of blankets, and also to hire snowshoes of the Indians. They turned up to time next morning with snowshoes, big overcoats, and one pair of blankets between them. When I reminded them of what I told them overnight, they replied that as we were going some distance, mostly uphill, they thought they would only carry what was absolutely necessary, and refused point blank to take anything more. I said nothing further, only shook my head; but at the same time felt quite sure they would gain a little experience by the following morning. The party consisted of our three selves, four Indians, one half-breed, and three squaws, wives of some of the Indians. We followed the regular trail to the Tswal valley, where we struck snow two feet or more deep, although until we arrived at this point, there had only been an inch or so.

Here three Indians put on snowshoes and went on ahead, whilst the remainder of the party followed in Indian file on foot, thus making a deep trail. Our visitors expressed their surprise at seeing the women carry, with tump lines over their heads, not only all the camp outfit, but a week's grub for the crowd, and their own blankets, whilst their lords were only encumbered with their own blankets, rifles, and ammunition. I took three blankets, but the Indians had only two each. After proceeding a couple of miles further we found the snow quite three feet deep, so the Indians, after selecting a suitable place, prepared to camp, and as we had no fresh meat, and it was still early in the afternoon, we proceeded to a gulch some two miles distant to hunt deer, leaving the women in the meantime to erect a suitable lodge. One man in every Indian hunting party is always selected, or recognized for the time being, as chief hunter, and he di-

rects all the operations of the party. The Indians who run along the ridges of a gulch to cut off the escape of the deer that way are called "runners," those who sit to intercept them at various points, or lie in ambush for them at such places as they might escape at, are called "sitters" or "shooters," and those who start the deer are called "drivers."

When we arrived at the bottom of the gulch we stationed our visitors there to watch for any deer that might be driven out that way. Some of the party ascended the ridge on the right, where one hunter was left to guard a slope about half-way up, another was left at a similar place some three-quarters of the way up, and two hunters went along the ridge on the opposite side to cut off the deer if they tried to get out that way. When all were stationed at their posts the two drivers (myself and the chief hunter, a fine athletic young Indian) descended into the gulch to start the deer, which happened to be high up, and by some mischance they sighted us before we sighted them. They ran straight down the gulch, and got out through a slope on the right before the "runners" could get down to intercept them, and thus escaped. However, as they crossed an open bench a "runner" fired and wounded one of them. Two Indians were at once sent off to track it, whilst the remainder of us returned to camp. We found the women had cleared away the snow and erected a brush lodge large enough to accommodate the whole party. It was of the ordinary kind, oblong in shape, and of a framework of poles, overlaid thickly with pine branches and snow banked up all round outside. A roaring fire was built running right down the centre of the lodge, the smoke escaping through a long narrow opening in the roof. The ground on each side of the fire was laid to a depth of about six inches with small ends of fir branches all placed the same way, thus making a fairly comfortable couch to either sit or lie upon. As the women had not found time to cut sufficient firewood, our friends busied themselves with the axes, cutting down dry trees and splitting them into logs, and very soon we had a huge pile of firewood for consumption during the night and next day. Those

unemployed with axes were hard at work carrying or dragging the logs to the door of the lodge, where they were piled up handy for use. The squaws meantime were busy cooking supper, which consisted of fried bacon, dried fish, boiled rice, bread, tea, etc., and before long they had everything ready for our meal, when, having eaten nothing for so many hours, we sat down fully prepared to do ample justice to it. It was quite dark when the trackers put in an appearance: they said they had followed the trail of the wounded animal for a long distance, but as darkness was coming on and they were of opinion the deer was only slightly injured they gave the chase up as a bad job. After supper we sat round the fire talking and smoking, and as our young friends were very anxious to know what the Indians were saying, especially the substance of the hunting tales, etc., told by some of them, I had to translate a summary of the conversation for their benefit. The fire was now roaring fiercely, and the lodge felt comfortably warm, although before morning the thermometer dropped to 25 below zero. I could see my young friends were greatly struck with the novelty of their surroundings; the roaring, blazing fire, the crackling of the logs as now and again they threw out a shower of sparks, the flickering light playing on the faces of the Indian hunters as they sat round the fire telling tales and legends of by-gone days, the women silently gliding about, putting everything in order for the morrow, all combined to form a weird and striking picture of Indian camp life, and accompanied as it was by the almost ceaseless and unearthly howling of the coyotes outside, could not fail to impress itself on the memory of our guests for many a long year, possibly even for a lifetime. About ten p.m. we banked up the fire, rolled ourselves in our blankets, and with our feet to the blaze, dropped off to sleep. When the fire burned somewhat low our friends who slept huddled together, very soon discovered that one pair of blankets and big overcoats were not sufficient to keep them warm, so shivering with the cold they at last got up and built a huge fire, but still I fear they spent an uncomfortable night, only dozing for short periods



**SPORT IN MANITOBA.**

These Arden boys caught the birds at the morning flight, and burnt straight powder



**GUIDES AND TROPHIES.**  
A glimpse of the "wild" north land.



**MAKING GOOD TIME.**  
The guide Willie Ellison in an 18-ft. bich-bark.



**AT LAKE MIKINARSAJANY.**  
Messrs. Daniels and Quimby, with George Crawford and  
W. Ellison making camp.

and then turning over, toasting first one side and then the other before the blazing logs. All arose before daylight, when the women at once started cooking, and the men, after washing their faces in snow or snow water, carefully wiped out their rifles and made ready for an early start. Breakfast was soon served, and consisted of the same homely fare as sufficed for supper. Before starting I asked the leader of the hunt to station our visitors in a good place, telling him they were fine shots and very anxious to kill some deer. He replied that he would give them the very best places. All being now arranged, we put on our snowshoes and started in Indian file for the hunting ground, the two young men bringing up the rear. Progress was, however, very slow on account of our having to wait now and again for our visitors, who were floundering about in the snow and generally toiling slowly along some distance behind. After travelling about three miles we brought up on a flat at the foot of a gulch. The Indians who were to drive had left us when about a mile from camp, making a detour over the mountains to the head of the gulch. The chief of the hunt now posted our two visitors on a low knoll on the flat, where they were sheltered and partly hidden by some large trees, and where the deer, to reach the open valley, would be compelled to pass within fifty to seventy yards of them whichever side of the knoll they might take. The rest of us ascended the ridge on the left side of the gulch to guard some slopes where it was possible the deer might try to escape. Soon after we had all taken our stations we heard two or three shots at the head of the gulch where the drivers had entered, and shortly after I saw a band of thirty to forty deer pass the foot of the slope where I was standing, making towards the exit at the bottom of the gulch, and shortly after shooting was heard in that direction where our two friends were stationed, which continued for a few minutes, as if a small battle was raging there. The Indians posted above came hastily down to me and said, "Did you hear the shooting? Over twenty shots"; others said nearly thirty shots. "They must have killed at least eight or ten

deer, or certainly not less than five or six even if they shot ever so badly," and I felt bound to agree with them, although I had very serious misgivings as to the probable number killed, having often seen how very badly it was possible for novices to shoot, especially when a large band of big deer came charging down on them. We all proceeded as quickly as possible towards the bottom of the gulch, the Indians in high glee, expecting shortly to be busily engaged dressing the deer and carrying the meat to camp. On arriving at the outlet we discovered our two friends in a state of great excitement, moving around examining the tracks for blood. A hurried survey of the ground by the Indians and myself confirmed my worst fears. Not one deer had they killed! No, nor even wounded one, and it is hard to say whether our two friends or the Indians felt the worse. The latter could hardly realize the fact that no deer had been killed after having heard so many shots fired. It appears our two friends had commenced shooting at the deer as they came towards them on emerging from the canyon, down which the wind was blowing strongly; therefore, when they heard the shots the frightened animals did not seem to know from whence they came, so continued to advance in a direct line for the knoll, on reaching which the band split, some passing on either side, several within twenty yards of the guns; indeed, one must have nearly run over them, as one of the unfortunate tyros admitted he fired at a deer not more than seven yards distant, and made a clean miss. Presently the drivers arrived on the scene, when, after some talk with the other Indians, they all started to bully the chief hunter for putting untried men in so responsible a position; and he, I suppose in self-defence, turned to me and said, "We have been good friends for many years, and have hunted together for a number of seasons, and we know you to be a good hunter and speak no lies. Why, then, did you tell us your friends were good shots? You know how badly deer meat is wanted in our lodges, and it was not friendly of you to make fools of us as you have done." I assured him they were undoubtedly good shots, as I had

seen them shoot really well at a mark, and was very sorry and greatly surprised to find how badly they performed at deer. Another Indian was very angry, and said they might be very good shots at a mark, but they were no hunters, consequently through them the whole morning had been wasted, and all their hard work had gone for nothing. Then, pointing to the two young men, he added the best thing they could do would be to go back to the lodge and stay there and help the squaws. Evidently it was a very bad case of buck fright, and although our visitors could not understand what the Indians said, they fully realized the fact that they were both angry and greatly disappointed, and they looked, and no doubt felt, terribly crestfallen, more especially so, as they had, through the half-breed, who spoke a little English, led the Indian to suppose that given the chance they would kill nearly every deer they shot at. The two young fellows standing by themselves looked so very sheepish that I felt quite sorry for them, and by way of consolation assured them I had seen other novices, good target shots, perform quite as badly at big game as they had done, and suggested they should return to camp, have some food, and a good sleep, when very probably they would shoot better on the morrow. They thanked me for my advice, and started at once on the back trail.

The drivers had killed two deer at the top end of the gulch, and three Indians went back to dress them and bring in the carcasses. Having now provided some fresh meat, we started to search for the horses, and were successful in finding several, which we drove down the mountain to below the camp where the snow-

fall was comparatively light and where, consequently, they could find a little grass. When we arrived at the camp we found our visitors had simply called for their blankets and then started down the trail for the Thompson River, reaching Spence's Bridge, as we afterwards discovered, before dusk. No doubt, after their tall talk they felt somewhat ashamed, and thinking the Indians were still angry, decided the best thing they could do was to go home. We spent the next two days looking for horses, and found a considerable number, including all my own save two; they were all driven down below camp, with the exception of a few which were snowed up in a bad place and were too weak to walk, so we put a bullet through them and left them. The Indians on their snowshoes overtook two deer, which they drove into some deep snow and clubbed, and several more were shot. On returning home we took what meat we could with us, and the remainder, which was frozen hard, we cached in a heap inside the lodge, placing over it some tall poles to which were attached several scarlet streamers torn from one of the blankets to keep off the wolves and coyotes.

We started for Spence's Bridge next morning, slowly driving the horses before us, well pleased at having saved nearly the whole of them. When I saw our friends in the evening they said they were perfectly satisfied that the country was a splendid one for deer, and that it was well worth all the trouble and fatigue to have seen thirty to forty big deer charging down on them, but if ever they went hunting again it would be during milder weather, and they would prefer to dispense with the presence of witnesses.



## How One Grizzly Died.

BY JAMES BREWSTER.

It was the 15th of November, which is rather late for travelling with horses in this part of the country, owing to the cold weather and chances of heavy snow storms, but I had a party out north hunting big horn, and we were just returning. There had been four or five inches of snow on the ground for three days, and the temperature had been hovering around zero for a week or more—that is at night, of course; in the day time, when the sun was out, it was fairly warm.

Now, to come down to our story. We were just about to break camp. I was rounding up the horses, and the cook was making up the packs. As I was crossing a small flat to where the horses were, I noticed in the snow the tracks of a large grizzly. I examined them closely, and made up my mind that they were at least twenty-four hours old. The gentleman I was out with had been saying that he would like to see a grizzly, or one's tracks, so I went back to camp and reported what I had found. We went off immediately to look at them. On seeing the tracks he said:

"We must get that fellow, Jim." I told him the age of the tracks.

"How far has he gone, do you suppose?"

I answered that he might be one mile away, or he might be twenty.

"All right; we will give him one day's chase, at any rate."

We went back to camp and began making preparations for the hunt.

Of course some of my readers will wonder why this bear happened to be wandering about in such weather; and so, before proceeding further, I will try and explain. The bear is fairly cunning in selecting a place to den up, but sometimes he is unfortunate. Usually they get a place in a small narrow valley, fairly well timbered, with very few if any avalanche runways in it. There they find a cut bank on the creek that runs in the bottom, and in this cut bank pre-

pare an abode for the winter, and sometimes they make a bad mistake in their choice. When we get cold weather here before any snow comes, the small streams freeze up solid and keep overflowing, until I have seen them piled up nearly twenty feet high with ice. Thus the water continues to rise until it reaches the residence of Mr. Bruin, which, shortly, becomes half full of water, and makes things so cold and uncomfortable for him that he has to get out. Then, after hanging around for a day or so, he makes up his mind that there is not much chance of any more sleep in that hole, wanders off, and tries to find heavy fallen green timber, or makes straight for some hole he has wintered in some previous year. I do not say that this is the only cause of a bear leaving his den in cold weather, but it is one, and it would take up too much space to explain the other possible reasons. I think this was the cause of the bear whose tracks we saw in the snow leaving his winter quarters. Why I think so I will explain later.

After arming ourselves with a good rifle apiece, plenty of shooting material, one blanket, and enough provisions to last us a day or so, we started off on the track of our friend the grizzly, my dog also accompanying us. We struck the trail at 8.30 a.m., and, after following it for two miles down a small stream that ran into the Clearwater River, we found a place where he had lain down and slept during the sunshine of the previous day. We were now just one night's travel behind Bruin.

Leaving this place he started in the same direction as he had been travelling before, but apparently at not a very fast rate. Travelling about ten miles, we reached the Clearwater River, but still the bear's trail continued. Crossing the river, he had headed for a small valley coming in from the north. Before we reached the mouth of this valley the sun had gone down behind the peaks of the mountains, and things had begun to look



pretty cold and bleak. Determined to find a sheltered camp, we pushed on to some green timber we could see ahead, and on reaching this the marks of a place where the bear had put in that day could be seen on the sunny side of a small willow brush, but he had left again, only about an hour's start of us now. We quickened our pace, and, between walking and trotting, soon reached the head of the small stream, at the foot of a high, bare-looking summit. Darkness was beginning to draw in around us, so we sat down on a log to size up the proposition before us. On careful examination we could see a dark object moving along in the snow almost at the top of the ridge. This we had no doubt was the grizzly, but it was impossible for us now to overtake him before darkness had set in, and then we might find more trouble than we were looking for. So we decided to camp in some timber, and hold a council of war as to further proceedings.

I rustled together some dry brush, and soon had a rather cheerful looking camp fire started. We opened our packs and dug up what grub we had and proceeded to eat; for the first time since breakfast.

After finishing our meal we made plans for the morrow; then we decided to turn in and find out from experience how it felt to sleep in a snow-bank at ten degrees below zero. I had tried it a good many times before, but the gentleman was not sure he could stand it. I made a good bottom of spruce boughs, as close to the fire as it was advisable to get. We then took it, each in turn, to look after the fire, while the other tried to sleep, but it was very little either of us obtained that night—and the dawn was welcome. As the grey streaks of light stole over the mountain tops, and warned us of the approaching day, I shook my companion, and together we finished what grub we had left, and after consulting each other between mouthfuls of bacon and bannock, we decided on a plan of operation. We were to leave in camp our blanket and tin pail, and climb to the top of the ridge, which was about 1500 feet higher than the camp; from there, with the aid of our field glasses, I knew we could see about five miles or more down the valley, on the side which

was known by the Indians as "Stick Ceepeeseeses" (Mt. Sheep Creek). This valley was destitute of timber, with the exception of a small strip of spruce about a mile from the foot of the summit. I knew that with glasses we could see if the tracks had left this timber, and if so there would not be much use following, as it might take a couple of days to overhaul him, and at the same time we could get back to the camp, we had started from the morning before, that day if we made good time.

It was barely light enough to see when we started for the summit, and after about an hour's climb we reached the top. By this time the tracks of the bear had almost drifted full of snow (which was about two feet deep here). Taking the glasses we could make out tracks entering the green timber at the foot of the slope; but do our best we could see no sign of them leaving the wood at the farther end. We were now convinced that our friend was having another sleep. We began to get ready for battle. There was an open ridge running along the east side of the timber, which was about two hundred yards wide. On this ridge we proposed to make a stand. There we could send the dog down into the bush, and wait developments. After about half an hour's slipping, sliding and falling, we lowered ourselves down to the ridge, and followed it until we were opposite the centre of the strip of timber. No sign of bear could be seen; stillness reigned in the wood; yet he must be concealed in it somewhere, for no tracks but the ones entering could be found. Seating ourselves on a log, for we were pretty tired after our early climb and small breakfast, we started our dog down the ridge into the wood. He had not left us long before we heard a loud barking in the lower end of the woods. Running along the ridge for fifty yards we came in view of a large grizzly sitting under a root, the dog baying furiously thirty feet or so in front of him. My companion dropped down on one knee so as to get a steady aim and fired; the bear gave one bound and dashed straight for the dog, who on being chased headed straight for us. When they had got within seventy-five yards from us, and

almost straight below us at the foot of the hill, we both fired. The bear dropped to the ground this time, but regained his feet almost instantly, and instead of following the dog, made straight for us, covering the space between us by long bounds. Things were getting very interesting with a thoroughly enraged grizzly rushing straight for us, and now about fifty yards off. We both fired again, the bear dropping the second time, only to get up as before, and continue his rush towards us. We fired our third volley together at a range of not more than fifteen yards. The bear drops on his side, lies silent for a moment, then struggles to his feet, but just as my companion brings his rifle to his shoulder to give him another shot, he reels back and dies.

On examining the fur our attention was drawn to the amount of ice that was collected in it, and this went to show that my theory of how and why this bear had left his den was probably correct. After skinning him we found that six out of the seven shots had entered the body and one had gone clean through his heart, which one it was we were unable to determine, but it was most likely one of the two last. It was about twelve o'clock when we finished skinning, and were ready to return to our own camp. The long weary walk I will not attempt to describe. The skin of this grizzly measured a trifle over eight feet from tip to tip, and was exhibited in the camp of Brewster Bros. in the Sportsman's Show, New York, during the month of February.



## Luck.

BY W. K. KENNEDY.

There is no such thing as "chance," philosophers tell us. This old world of ours acts on in accordance with inexorable laws. We, as individuals, too, are governed by the same exceptionless rules, acting outside of us, acting upon us, giving to each, as compared with his fellow, his equal share of good and of evil,—laws impartial in their working, laws bringing inevitably the same results to each.

One sometimes wonders if all this is so. The plans of one are successful, those of another are disappointed, not for a day, not for a month, but during all of life. It is answered, the plans of one are matured, the circumstances are weighted, everything is taken into consideration—hence their success, the plans of another are ill considered—hence their failure. This would satisfy us as an answer were the plans of one or the plans of another accomplished or frustrated by the action of the circumstances that could be reckoned upon in the making of them. But what when the one is successful, not once or twice nor three times, but in the great majority of instances, by the action of what we call luck, another disap-

pointed by the action of what we call bad luck? Let me illustrate: You are a sportsman—a high compliment, by the way—and you give, each year, the reins of your business to another, and you wander off to the woods or to the lakes. The weather favors you, the particular days that you occupy are of the kind that are needed in the locality that you choose. You return with a good bag, and bring with you the memory of a glorious time. I, also, am fond of sport, and I go. I have thought carefully, considered carefully, my time and place, and clearly, if these inexorable laws work impartially, I have the same chance of success as had you, and I start in happiness in consequence. But some way, somehow, I am unfortunate, as we say. I am just too late, or too early, or the weather is very bad, or my guide has taken ill—something happens that ought not to happen, some element is missing that should be present, and I, too, return, but with an empty bag and the remembrance of a disappointing holiday. But then, of course, the next season will bring me sport and will bring you failure. But it does not do anything of the kind,

nor does the next nor the next. Why? Because I have not inherently that ingredient of a successful sportsman, luck. But I am reminded that it is non-existent, this thing they call luck. Perhaps, but nevertheless, I shall continue to say that I am unlucky and that my friend is lucky, until philosophers supply me with some better term to describe my invariable failure of pleasing results in my hunting trips and my friend's success.

Lately, I took with me upon a duck shooting trip a friend. A good shot and a fine fellow he was, but unlucky. He informed me of the fact when I invited him. "You take awful chances," he said, "something will happen. I have been shooting for years in the places where my friends get sport, I get none." But I assured him that no nemesis of bad luck could ruin the place that I knew. But he did, nevertheless.

We arrived upon the evening before All Saints' Day. At two o'clock in the morning I knocked at the door of my guide's cabin and told him to call for us at five o'clock. He refused to go on All Saints' Day, he said it was sacred. I offered him what financial weight I thought sufficient to counterbalance his scruples, but it was of no avail. We started out alone, my friend and I. We paddled a Lake St. Peter canoe, six miles towards our hunting ground. A six mile paddle is nothing?—No, it is not, in a canoe or in a skiff or in a jolly boat, but have you paddled a Lake St. Peter canoe with a Lake St. Peter paddle; a paddle ten feet long, that weighs rather more than an average crowbar? You must stand in the stern, and you find that you have sadly neglected the muscles that are here called into play. The wind slews the bow, and you paddle for dear life merely to keep the boat straight. It is hard, hard work, and profanatory.

We found the blind ready built, made of stakes with rushes twisted about. It was placed three-quarters of a mile out in the lake. Lake St. Peter is eight miles wide, and so long you cannot see its further end. We placed some fifty-six wooden decoys and awaited the daylight and the duck. Daylight came, and a frowning, threatening look it bore.

The wild duck were in the water around us. They were everywhere. With the daylight came a breeze, which had in tow a wind, which in turn was attached to a gale. The waves sprang up quickly in the shallow water of the lake, and our decoys drifted sixty, seventy, one hundred yards away with the action of the breakers. The duck flew low. They wheeled as they saw our decoys and swept in little bands into the water among their wooden imitators. It was very exciting, but valueless. What could be done with duck eighty yards away? We gathered in our decoys with endless trouble, for the boat was all but unmanageable in the high wind and swelling waves. We took the anchors from half of the decoys and attached them to the remainder, thus giving weight enough to hold them against the force of the slapping waves. But the wind increased, the boat danced inside the blind like a grain of pop-corn in a wire cage, pounding the wooden stakes and all but jumping out of the enclosure. The waves slapped the sides of our boat and washed over it until we had a couple of inches of water in the boat with us and the cartridges. Clearly this sort of thing could not be tolerated. We had great difficulty in getting the canoe from the blind, and still more in picking up the decoys. Four of my hollow ones, that I prized most highly, had slipped their anchors and were bobbing about two hundred yards away. It was impossible to recover them.

We turned the boat to the nearest shore but could make no progress against the wind. For a full hour we struggled without gaining one hundred yards. At length a charitable lull in the storm permitted us to gain a low sandy island, where we remained the rest of the day. The next day a howling "north-easter" kept us in the Club House. We could not even gain the snipe marsh separated from us by a half mile of water. The third day turned out clear and hot, and absolutely still, but for some unaccountable reason the duck would not fly. They rafted up in huge flocks in the middle of the water, going off together when disturbed to another spot.

This was our last day, and we reluctantly gathered our decoys in the evening and turned towards home. My

friend was unmoved. This was his usual experience. He had started from home expecting little, and he was not disappointed. Experience had made a Stoic of him.

Next week a man, who possessed what is technically known as "bull headed luck," returned from shooting in the blind which we had used, with so large a bag that he should have been ashamed of himself.

So it is with the more serious side of life. Misfortune surrounds some people as with a mantle. Everything they touch crumbles to ashes in their grasp. Their cherished schemes are blasted so often, that even the world remarks the fact and points to them with the

comment, "There's an unlucky beggar," and becomes fearful of this presence in its schemes. The world, of course, is not a philosopher—and reasons only by results.

But, luck, whatever its nature is—whatever the law that brings it as a result—is an asset in the hands of whoso possesses it, though an uncertain one. The proper way to use it, is so to act as if it existed not, and only after everything has been done that can be done to accomplish a desired result, and every precaution taken that can be taken, to depend upon it to carry you through, provided always you are one of fortune's favorites and she has bestowed upon you—luck.



## Genre Pictures.

HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSON.

The genre branch of photography is a section of the art that is far too often forgotten. And yet, perhaps as in no other kind of work, is it possible to secure such striking results, and so full of human interest. A winter landscape, robed in downy white, or a midsummer view with all its masses of luxuriant foliage, is interesting no doubt, but put alongside it a photograph of fishermen mending the nets, or firemen fighting the flames, or any one of a hundred and one other different things, and you will discover that they contain a human interest that is entirely lacking in the others. The reason is very simple, of course. In the one there is only the rolling stretch of country to be seen, while the other is a picture of people doing something. The one picture is inanimate; the other has a little story to tell. Why should the depicting of the life around us not prove worthy of our best and highest efforts? It cannot be for lack of material, for the every moment changing tide of humanity simply reeks of stories full of both pathos and humor.

Possibly it would be difficult to discover a better lesson in genre photography than a study of the pictures of

famous masters. The painters of olden days, made fully two-thirds of their paintings to tell some story or another. Even if they painted a landscape, they introduced figures into it that would give interest to it, and supply it with a point it would otherwise lack. And right here, in looking at these pictures, the tyro will run up against a very important point, though at the same time a point that is quite frequently overlooked. A mere picture of human beings occupied in doing something, such as mending nets or selling fish and so on, is not necessarily genre photography. The meaning of the expression "genre photography" is pictures that have a story to tell, and do it. Suppose, for instance, that instead of simply having the men at work on the nets with his fisherman's needle and ball of twine, you show him ruefully holding up the mass of cordage to one of his fellows and showing him the extent of a hole; or again, you might depict him in the act of examining a broken needle or looking for more twine. But at any rate, have him doing something more than only passing the twine through the meshes of his nets. What made me think of the

example of a fisherman was the fact that the most striking genre picture that I am able to remember having ever seen, was that of a fisherman so employed. But he had dropped all his work, and with his hand shading his eyes, was intently gazing out to sea. To his right lay the implements of his craft, while on his other side were the unmended nets. Like all good genre pictures, it did not require a title, and told just as plainly as words could put it, that he had sighted the sail of some boat he was anxiously expecting. The artist had seized and carried through his idea so that his impression was accurately shown on paper, as he had intended it should be.

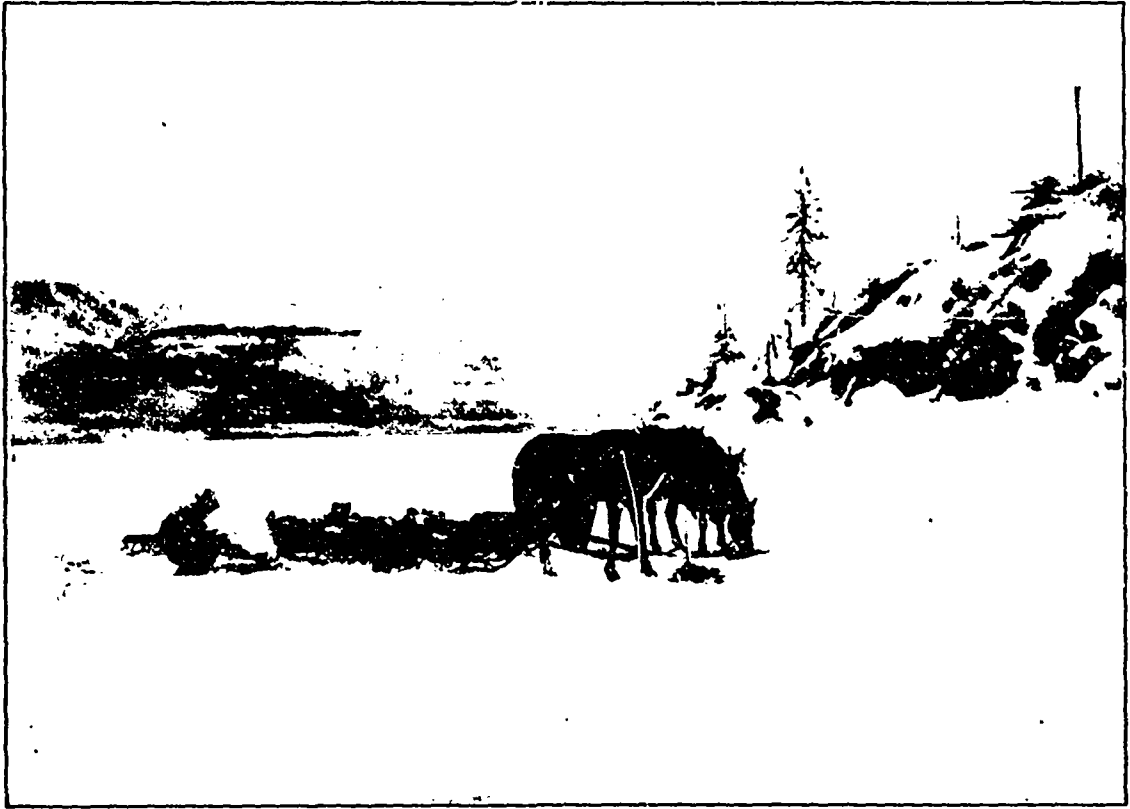
Perhaps in genre photography, as in no other branch of the art, is it necessary that the worker should have in mind some definite aim and a set method of arriving at his preconceived end. In landscape work, chance is often as important a factor as anything else, and though we all know that this should not be, even the very best landscape workers must admit that it is true. But in genre work it is a story-telling picture that we are after, and having decided on what that story is to be, it must of necessity follow that there is only one best way to tell it. That, then, must be the way that we tell it.

In selecting the theme, there are two things that one ought to guard against. The first is imitation of something someone else has done, and the second is of attempting too much at once. The first may be dismissed in a word. No one who has any self respect would even dream for a moment, of stealing an idea. The average beginner, however, usually falls into the error of trying to include a whole novel in what ought to be only a paragraph and not even a short story. It takes very little to make a genre picture. A few clothes, and perhaps an implement or two supplied by the "property-man," combined with an expression to fit the case, are all that is required. And perhaps, of these, the expression is the most important. Clothes and properties are after all, a mere back-ground for the face in such a picture, and it is in the features that the chief interest must lie. A week ago I was looking at a genre picture of a miser leaning for-

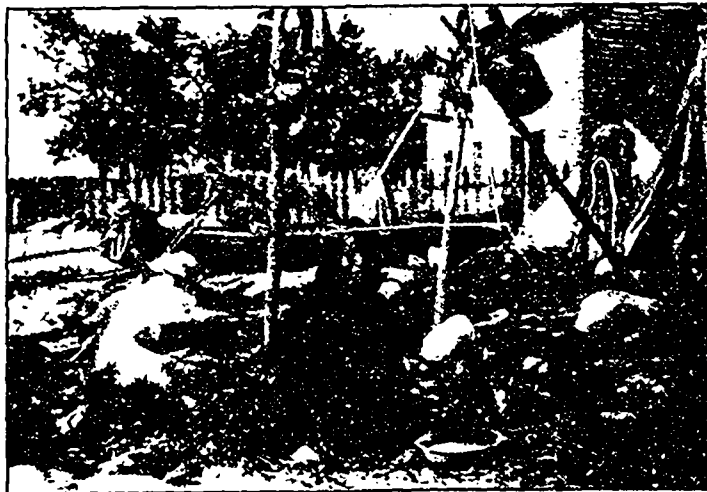
ward on a table and gloating over his wealth. With long, bony fingers he clutched at it as though some one were trying to take it from him. His shirt was open at the throat, and a long grey beard swept his bony breast. But it was on the interesting expression of his countenance that one's gaze rested. The eyes were turned to the left, and in them could be seen the look of fear that one might imagine would come there at the slightest noise. The expression was as if he had heard something and feared an intruder. In short, it was a real genre picture.

To make a thorough success of genre work, it is necessary that one be constantly on the look out for new impressions and methods to interpret them. In no other kind of work does one find his ideas playing out so quickly as in genre photography, and unless you are constantly making notes, you will very soon find that just when you want to make a picture, you cannot get anything worthy of your work. The ideas for the very best genre pictures have not come in a moment, and no matter how simple they happen to look—the simpler the better—they are most likely the result of a considerable amount of study and thought.

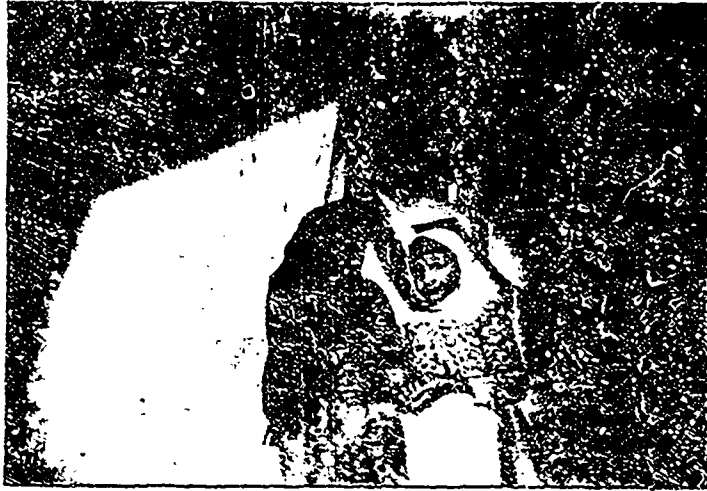
The choice of models is an important question, and the advice which the late H. P. Robinson used to give in landscape figure work, ought to hold very good here. The subject will bear the most careful training, but more than that, ought to possess a certain amount of natural ingenuity in make-up and ability to take the pose you want. Of course, there is the question of getting a person to understand your idea. Once you are able to get your aim fixed before the subject you happen to be working with, there is more prospect of your getting good results. Half the battle is won when you have a model whose ideas work in accordance with your own. It is a most excellent scheme for every pictorial photographer to get on the right side of as many of the old characters about town as he is able. After they have posed a few times and have had explained to them the requirements of the work in hand, they will usually enter into the idea very heartily and are frequently as anxious to give satisfactory results as



“ BOILING THE KETTLE.”  
A frugal luncheon in the far North-West.



A DOMESTIC WOMAN.  
An Ojibway housewife at Abitibi post.



**ABITIBI BELLES.**  
Two Ojibway maidens, pleasant if not fair to look upon



**WHERE THE DAYS ARE LONG.**  
At Abitibi in June there is hardly any darkness, and everyone lives out-of-doors.

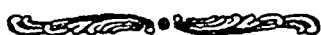


**MANAGER SKEENE, H.B.C.**  
In charge of Abitibi post.

you are to get them. Usually they are well paid for their trouble by a copy of the picture, though if you should happen to find it necessary to lend some old codger five cents for "street-car fare" you will not find it necessary to look upon it as a loss.

In conclusion, let us think about what we have seen in connection with such models as may chance to be at our command, and also as to the proper settings, pictorially, until the picture is complete before us in our mind's eye. When we start to make the exposure, we will find

difficulties enough cropping up to tax all our ingenuity without worrying beforehand as to what they are going to be. Nevertheless, once get started and you will find that the study of genre photography is one of the most fascinating branches of the art you could well run across. Moreover, it is something that one does not have to go outside to practice, and for the months of March and April, when out of door work is associated in our minds with wet feet and sore throats, it ought to possess attractions.



## The Ash.

BY N. M. ROSS, ASST. SUPT. FORESTRY.

Of our many native hardwood trees, the ash is one of the most important, the toughness and elasticity of the wood, combined with light weight, making it of value for many different purposes. Under this genus there are several varieties native to North America. Perhaps the most common of these are white ash (*Fraxinus Americana*), red ash (*F. Pennsylvanica*), green ash (*F. viridis*), and black ash (*F. nigra*).

The main characteristics of this genus are:—Generally large trees with rough bark and comparatively open crown. The leaves are opposite on the stem, are odd pinnate consisting of four to fifteen leaflets. The flowers are small and inconspicuous and generally dioecious, that is, the staminate or male flowers are borne on different trees to those producing the pistillate or female ones. The seeds are borne in persistent clusters, the seed, including the long narrow wing, varying from one to two inches in length.

Of the varieties noted above, the white ash is by far the most important from an economic standpoint. This tree reaches the height of one hundred feet, and three feet in diameter, and ranges from Nova Scotia to Western Ontario. It is nowhere very abundant, but occurs in greater numbers in the western portion of its range. The ash never occurs in pure forests like the spruce. The open

nature of its crown would not enable it to preserve a sufficiently dense ground cover in a pure stand, and varieties of trees which are not so light demanding would gradually become mixed in with it. It thrives best on rich, moist soil.

The wood of the white ash is very largely used in the manufacture of agricultural implements, cabinet work, inside finishing, and wherever a light, tough wood is required. Its specific gravity is 0.6543, and weight 40.77 pounds per cubic foot. The wood produced from second growth or stool shoots is considered to be the best. The ash is a rapid grower, and would be of value for planting on the better soils in mixture with other trees with more shade enduring qualities.

The black ash is more abundant than the white ash, and ranges further west into Eastern Manitoba. It is essentially a swamp tree. The wood is often used in place of that of white ash, but is specially fitted for barrel hoops, basket and cabinet work. Its specific gravity is 0.6318, and weight 39.37 pounds per cubic foot. It would be useful for planting in swampy places where other hard woods would not thrive.

The green and red ash are very similar, the former being considered but a variety of the latter. They seldom reach a height of more than forty or fifty



feet. The chief characteristic distinguishing the green ash from the red is the dark-green shiny appearance of the foliage, the leaves and petioles being smooth, while those of the red ash are more or less downy or hairy. In their western range it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other, although the variety growing further west is generally known as the green ash. In the prairie districts it is found growing along creeks and river bottoms, and ranges considerably west of Fort Qu'Appelle, on the Qu'Appelle river in the North-West Territories.

The wood very much resembles that of the white ash, but is heavier and more brittle. Its specific gravity is 0.7117, and weight 45.35 pounds per cubic foot.

In the West it is particularly valuable for planting on the better soils. It is very hardy and easily propagated. The wood furnishes excellent fuel, and makes very good fence posts, for which it is used a great deal in the West, where it can be obtained.

The ash is very easily propagated from seed. This ripens in the fall, and after

being picked should be thoroughly air dried. When stored in bags in a dry place it may be kept three or four years and still maintain a large germinating percentage. In moist climates, where it is not possible to thoroughly air dry, the seed should be stratified in sand and left outside during the winter in a well drained spot. The seed can be separated from the sand by sifting. Sowing should be done early in the spring or late in the fall. In a dry season seed sown in the spring will often lie dormant in the soil, not germinating till the following year. Stratified seed, or seed soaked in water before sowing, will generally come up the first spring. The seed should be sown thickly in drills about one to one and a half inches deep, the distance apart depending on the method of cultivation it is intended to give the seedlings. During the first season the seedlings will make an average growth of six to eight inches, and in the second should reach two feet or more, when they should be transplanted from the nursery to the permanent plantation.



## Estimating Timber Content.

(URICH'S METHOD)

BY A. KNECHTEL, N. Y. F. & G. C., N.Y.

This is the same in principle as Draudt's method, but takes a sample tree for the same number of trees, and thus endeavors to avoid the small error occasioned by rounding off the fractions resulting from multiplying by the rate per cent.

By this method the trees of the stand are arranged in groups so that each group contains the same number of trees. For each group a mean sample tree is then reckoned.

As in Draudt's method, the sample wood is all worked up together, and the volume of the stand, as well as the division of the same into sorts, is reckoned by multiplying the volume of the total sample wood, or for the latter requirement that of the particular sort, by the quotient.

*Sum of the cross areas of the stand*  
*Sum of the cross areas of the sample trees.*

The method does not insist upon any fixed number of groups; still they should not be too few, at least not fewer than three, lest the trees with mean cross areas may not possess the mean contents of the group. Too large a number of groups is inconvenient, as it involves repeated separation of the diameter classes, and since for each group a sample tree must be reckoned.

The Association of German Forestry Experiment Stations, which in 1889 adopted the method, prescribes the number of five groups. This number meets the demands in both directions, and need be increased only in stands with great differences between the diameter classes.

Here, as in the method of the mean sample tree, several sample trees should be felled for each group. Experience has shown that correctness of result with an insufficient number of sample trees cannot be expected. Less than two for each group is sufficient only exceptionally. It is better to take from three to five, and in poor stands even more.

Here, also, deviations can be made from the reckoned diameter in choosing the sample trees. They may even be chosen freely from the group, if only

the sum of the basal areas approximates closely that of the calculated sum.

The objection is raised against the Draudt and Urich methods that as the sample trees are chosen in proportion to the number of trees, and not in proportion to volume, the groups containing the smaller trees have more than their proper share. Moreover, in those groups a deviation in choice of sample tree is more noticeable. These objections can be overcome by choosing so many trees that in any case, even in the strongest groups, the required accuracy is reached.

URICH'S METHOD

Specie	Diameter	Number of Trees.	GROUPS.				Mean sample tree		Real Sample Trees				Volume of Stand		
			No. of Group	Number of Trees		Basal Area		Basal Area	Diameter	No. of trees	Basal Area			Cu. ft.	B. M.
				Detail	Total	Detail	Total				Detail	Total			
White Pine	8	22	I.	8	22	Sq. Ft.	Sq. Ft.	Sq. Ft.	10	10.1	.5564	1.1239	667.3 2368. 103771.62 368246.96		
	9	77		9	77	312	34.04	171.18		.548	10.2			.5675	
	10	97		10	97		52.90								
	11	162		11	116		76.56								
	12	40	II.	11	46		30.36			3	12.9	.9077		1.8871	
	13	100		12	40		31.42				13.1				
	14	115		13	100	312	32.18	290.40	.930		13.4	.9794			
	15	88		14	115		122.94								
	16	160	III.	15	77		94.49			5	16.2	1.4314		2.8103	
	17	182		16	160	312	223.41	436.12	1.397		15.9	1.3789			
				17	75		118.22								
	18	45	IV.	17	107		168.66			7	18.7	1.9072		3.7738	
	19	67		18	45		79.52				18.5	1.8666			
	20	88		19	67	312	131.92	584.12	1.872		18.5	1.8666			
	21	110		20	88		191.99								
	22	86	V.	21	105		252.56			9	22.8	2.8352		5.5718	
	23	22		22	22	312	63.47	876.78	2.810		22.7	2.7366			
	24	14		23	22		43.98								
	25	85		24	14		289.75								
	TOTALS		1560		1560		2358.60					15.1669			

$$\frac{2358.60}{15.1669} \times 667.3 = 103771.62 \text{ cu. ft.}$$

$$\frac{2358.60}{15.1669} \times 2368 = 368246.96 \text{ ft. B.M.}$$

## Canadian Canine Breeders.

BY D. TAYLOR.

Noting the marked success of so many Canadian kennels at the recent show of the Westminster Kennel Club held in Madison Square Garden, New York, a comparison is naturally suggested between the fanciers of the Dominion and those of the United States. When it is remembered that those who take up the fancy on the other side are largely men of considerable wealth, who can afford to, and who do, spend large sums in importing the very finest specimens obtainable of the various breeds, it is surprising that Canadians get a look in at the prize-money at all. Yet it is true, nevertheless, that they do get there and very often to some purpose, as the records of any show of any pretensions held in the northern portion of the States will amply bear out. This fact is all the more gratifying when the comparison in numbers is also taken into account. For every dog fancier in Canada there are a dozen or more in the United States, so that the Canadian who has the temerity to enter his dog at any of the American shows bucks against both the wealth and numbers of that country. Thus there is all the more credit in a Canadian winning, especially at such an important fixture as the Westminster Kennel Club's show, where the cream of all America and the latest prize-winners from Great Britain, purchased and imported especially to win, are to be met with. In looking around for a reason for recent Canadian successes one may easily find one in this: that Canadians give more attention, from necessity perhaps, to the mating qualities of sire and dam than do wealthy Americans, who are too much inclined to mate to the latest prize-winning freak, apart altogether from considerations of the fitness of the selection, the only motive being to be in a position to boast of having a litter sired by so-and-so. In nine cases out of ten the figure for the service of such freak is too high for the average Canadian even to think of, and therefore the prohibitive price comes to be, in some respects, a blessing in disguise. Not being able to gratify the whim of breeding to the latest fad, he is compelled to look

nearer home, and is liable to find in his neighbor's backyard a sire possessing the very qualities in which his dam is deficient or whose progenitors were noted for these qualities, and which are liable to reappear again in the second or third generation. However judiciously mated the direct influence not infrequently fails to appear in the litter, but as blood and breeding will always tell it is liable to break out when least expected.

There is yet another obstacle, and not one of the least either, in the way of Canadians exhibiting at shows on the other side, namely, the annoying and unnecessary restrictions and formalities of the American customs, which frequently causes delay in the transportation of the animal, and entails on it much suffering. There have been instances where a dog has been delayed at the port of entry for two or three days, through neglect, perhaps, to make some formal declaration, and this, added to the long and fatiguing journey already undergone is bound to have a very serious effect upon the constitution and temperament of the dog.

Among those who have brought honor to Canada under the circumstances, and against the fiercest kind of competition, may be mentioned: For St. Bernards, Messrs. Fred. T. Miller, Trenton, Ont., and F. & A. Stuart, Montreal; wolfhounds and greyhounds, Terra Cotta Kennels, Toronto; Irish terriers, Rev. Father O'Gorman; fox terriers, Norfolk Kennels, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Toronto, and Messrs. Fraser & Lindsay, Toronto and Montreal; collies, Messrs. Joseph Reid and W. Ormiston Roy, Montreal; C. B. McAllister, Peterborough; Balmoral Kennels, Ottawa, and J. T. Reeve, Toronto; cocker spaniels, Geo. Bell, Toronto; George Douglas and "Pop" Dunn, Woodstock, Ont.; and H. Parker Thomas, Belleville; bull terriers, Newmarket Kennels, Montreal; Airedale terriers, Mr. Joseph A. Laurin, Montreal. These names do not exhaust the list by any means; indeed they could be added to very considerably did space permit.

## Our Medicine Bag.

The course of lectures delivered by Dr. B. E. Fernow, Principal of the New York State College of Forestry, at Queen's University, Kingston, from the 26th to the 30th January, marks an important forward step in education, for this is the first occasion on which forestry has been made a subject of instruction in a Canadian University. Queen's University, as appears from a brochure issued over the signature of Hon. Wm. Harty, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the School of Mining, gave consideration to the question of the commencement of teaching in forestry as far back as 1895, and in January, 1901, a lecture was given by Dr. Fernow at Kingston, followed by a conference on the subject. The present course is a development of the idea, and it was intended only to be the preliminary to the making provision for the inclusion of forestry in the regular programme of instruction. The attendance at these lectures was large and steadily maintained, and the interest shown by the students and the general public was very satisfactory, and the enthusiasm aroused culminated in the formation of a committee of leading men to consider the question of the establishment of a Chair of Forestry.

Queen's University has shown a great deal of enterprise in connection with this movement, and deserves great praise for the efforts made by it, which have done much to place the question of forest management in the forward position which it occupies to-day. The governments and the holders of timber lands, recognizing clearly at last that non-agricultural lands should be maintained under timber in perpetuity, are desirous of making the best possible use of and obtaining the highest returns from them, and are, therefore, beginning to enquire for expert assistance so that the establishment of a School of Forestry is a necessity to meet the demand for persons equipped with such special knowledge which is now arising and will, undoubtedly, steadily increase.

The lectures by Dr. Fernow are to be published in pamphlet form, and copies

may be obtained from the Secretary of the School of Mining at Kingston, at twenty-five cents each.

Announcement has since been made that a School of Forestry will be established in the calendar of studies for the next college term.



TO THE EDITOR OF ROD AND GUN :

DEAR SIR,—During the summer of 1901 I tried to describe in your magazine a fish that was caught in Timiskaming Lake, and the like of which "I never did see."

I explained that it was a heavy fish, something of the shape of a bass, with large white-scales. I happened to mention this fish to an Indian (John Egwina) the other day, and he at once recognized it as being what he calls the "Waba-Sheegan" or White Bass.

He says that these fish are rare even in Timiskaming, and that he knows no other lake where they are found, and even then that they are taken in only one particular part of Timiskaming, namely at the mouth of the Montreal River. This fish that I saw, as a matter of fact, was caught near the high rocks about four miles

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A most unique catalogue comes from the Peterboro Canoe Company, of Peterborough, Ont. An artistic cover design is printed on a dark blue cover paper. At the top is printed in gold the word "Canoes." At the left hand side is an illustration of a lady in a canoe. Between each page is pasted an insert showing a canoeing scene. These little inserts are printed on a light green coated paper, and are of triangular shape. The idea is an original one. The booklet contains valuable information concerning racing canoes, war canoes, juniper canoes, canoe skiffs, cedar skiffs, steam launches, tugs, etc. The Peterboro Canoe Company is one of the largest manufacturers of canoes in Canada. Its goods are known throughout the English speaking world, as well as in other lands where the English tongue is not spoken. The prices of these canoes and boats are in keeping with their quality. Purchasers may rely upon the quality of the canoes of the Peterboro Canoe Company. Send for a catalogue.

south of Haileybury, and twenty-five miles north of the mouth of the Montreal River.

There is another strange thing that this man tells me about the Waba-Sheegan, and the telling recalls to my mind that I have heard about it years ago, only I never saw the fish until I saw this specimen. It is, that this is a singing fish. It follows, or rather swims under, a canoe, and gives forth a humming sound, which, though I have never heard, I have an impression is somewhat uncanny to listen to.

It sometimes accompanies the canoe for a long distance.

It rarely takes a troll, being more often caught in a net.

As the deepest water of Timiskaming is opposite the mouth of the Montreal River, and that of the upper part of the lake at the high rocks where this fish was caught, can it be that it has an affinity for deep water and hence not so often caught as other fish are? Yours,

C. C. FARR.

Haileybury, 17th Nov., 1902.

Without claiming to make a certain identification of Mr. Farr's rare fish from Timiskaming, we will hazard the guess that it was *Aplodinotus grunniens*. This fish is abundant in the Great Lakes, although it has not been recorded from Timiskaming. It is a bottom feeder; its flesh is coarse; it has been taken weighing fifty pounds; its color is greyish silvery, dusky above, sometimes very dark, and the back is sometimes streaked with oblique dusky stripes along the scale rows. Its local names in those parts of Canada where it is known are Sheepshead, or fresh water drum.



The enterprising and graceless Ottawa penny-a-liner is getting in his fine work. Each winter as soon as the snows become deep, this industrious, but misguided person, starts up his wolf story manufactory. His victims are the editors and readers of sundry American yellow journals. On the 7th of February the Ottawa scribe sent a yarn to the New York American and Journal, which they thought good enough to put a scare head upon. It described at some length the terrible doings of an imaginary pack of wolves near the town of "Lewis," which it appears is situated on the eastern bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite Quebec City. The inhabitants are described as "in a fever of excitement." The ferocious beasts seized a child, according to the Ottawa

correspondent, and were about to devour it, when the father of the little one came to the rescue with his axe.

We are willing to wager a small sum that the inhabitants of Levis, which same is on the eastern shore of the St. Lawrence, opposite the City of Quebec, are suffering far less this winter from wolves, than from the high price of coal.



The fourth annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association will be held at Ottawa, on the 5th and 6th of March next, commencing at 10 a.m. The morning and afternoon sessions will be held in the Council Chamber, City Hall, and the evening session will be held in the Assembly Hall of the Normal School, on the 5th of March.

The following papers have already been promised:—"Forest Conditions in New Brunswick," His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Snowball; "The Growth of Forest Trees at the Aboretum of the Experimental Farm," W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist; "Tree Planting in Manitoba," A. P. Stevenson, Nelson, Man.; "Forestry in Relation to Irrigation," J. S. Dennis, Irrigation Commissioner of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. A report on "The Forest Fires of 1902" will be submitted in accordance with the resolution passed at the last annual meeting. Other papers relating to Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and British Columbia are being arranged for, but it is not possible at the present time to make a definite announcement in regard to them.

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Those who are thinking of purchasing a new canoe for the coming season should send to the Canadian Canoe Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont., Canada, for a catalogue. Everything they make is of the best quality and built to last. This company manufactures paddling, racing, sailing, hunting, fishing and surveying canoes, and having had an unusual amount of experience in manufacturing crafts suitable for each of these purposes, it is able to guarantee satisfaction. A comprehensive and attractive catalogue will be sent upon application.

Secretary-Treasurer Robt. McAllen, of the Ottawa Kennel Club, sends us the following: "The O. K. C. never had a brighter future than at the present time. The organization is very strong indeed, and we are getting arrangements under way for our fall show, and expect to eclipse all previous efforts. With the best judges, good management, and care of dogs, together with an attractive prize list, we expect the dog fanciers' support with substantial entries. The officers of the Club are: President, A. B. Brodrick; Vice-President, F. M. Birkett, M.D.; Secretary-Treas., Robt. McAllen; Executive Committee, Dr. R. E. Webster, A. Z. Palmer, F. C. McLean, Geo. Easdale, R. H. Elliott, F. A. Armstrong, J. J. Gleeson, Geo. Thomas."

EDITOR ROD AND GUN IN CANADA:

In that very interesting article in your last issue, "Another use for the Hand Camera," I find this advice: "Advise anyone by all means to get a field instrument, or at all events, one that will admit the use of a tripod." Having always been an admirer of nature in its varying forms, and a devoted lover of its photographic shadows, and, moreover, having packed my impedimenta many weary miles in all weathers, my experience may prove a blessing to others as it has to myself. A tripod such as you buy is generally too light, or frail, or cumbersome. Whereas the substitute I employ (necessity was the mother of my invention) has neither weight nor space room—weighs perhaps an ounce and can be stowed in the innermost corner of a pocket.

All that you need carry is the usual jack-knife or what is better, one of Marble's safety pocket hatchets, three small pieces of cord and two cotton bags, say 12 or 14 inches square. When a picture looms in sight all you have to do is to cut three light poles about 6 ft. long, tie a string around the bunch about a foot from the top, spread out the lower ends tripod fashion; then fill your two bags with earth, sand, stones or anything heavy, place the larger one on the upper forks of the tripod, leveling the top to

A good tent is a thing of joy and a very pleasant refuge in wet weather,—that is to say, if it has been made by a trustworthy firm, and will shed water. J. J. Turner & Sons, Peterborough, Ont., have established a great reputation for their tents, flags, sails and waterproof goods. Those desirous of securing the best that is going in these lines should write to the Messrs. Turner for their latest catalogue.

place camera on, and place the smaller bag on top of the camera to steady it. By this means you can in a couple of minutes make a stand to suit any conditions, and catch a good view in quite a stiff breeze. After pressing the button you empty your bags, untie the string, and keep both for future reference—the discarded legs showing the point from which the view was taken. I use the two bags in travelling as an extra covering for my camera. When the "liquid lens" has arrived at perfection and cheapness, what delightful reminiscences those who "love darkness better than light" will be able to secure in the weird solitudes of our forests and lakes.

A. L. RUSSELL,  
Dominion Land Surveyor.  
Port Arthur, 8th Feb., 1903.

To the Editor of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA:

DEAR SIR,—I was reported by quite a number of prominent newspapers of both the Upper and Maritime Provinces as having said, at the meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association in Ottawa, on Thursday, 22nd, when referring to this Province:

"The game and fish laws of that Province are holding their own; big game are decidedly increasing, although sportsmen seldom secure the coveted moose and caribou heads."

What I really said was this:

"There is an undoubted increase of big game animals—particularly of moose and caribou. The sportsmen of both the United States and Great Britain are finding their way into our Province in larger numbers each succeeding season, and it is a rare thing for any hunter to fail in securing the coveted heads. If he does so, it is, in nine cases out of ten, not the fault of his guide, or of the game he fails to bring down."

You will perceive that the synopsis of what I said, as it appeared in the papers referred to, did New Brunswick a great injustice, to say nothing of the awkward position in which it placed me, as speaking for it at the time in regard to its wonderful game attractions, in which it is our pride that we stand second to no other part of Canada.

If you will assist in correcting the error to which I refer I will be grateful.

Truly yours, D. G. SMITH,  
Fishery Commissioner of the Province  
of New Brunswick.  
Chatham, N.B., Jan. 24th, 1903.

The railway companies have arranged, as in previous years, to specially aid The Canadian Forestry Association, and the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Canada Atlantic, Ottawa & New York and International Systems have agreed to allow members of the Association and their wives accompanying them, attending the Annual Meeting from points east of Fort William, return passage at single fare, provided a certificate is obtained from the agent at the point where the ticket for Ottawa is purchased. Members should purchase a single fare ticket to Ottawa, and a certificate, a

being signed by the Secretary of the Association, will entitle the holder, on presentation to the ticket agent at Ottawa, to free return. A receipt from the ticket agent will not be sufficient. The certificate must be on the standard form. This privilege will only be allowed commencing three days before the meeting, and three days will be granted after the meeting to take advantage of the free return.

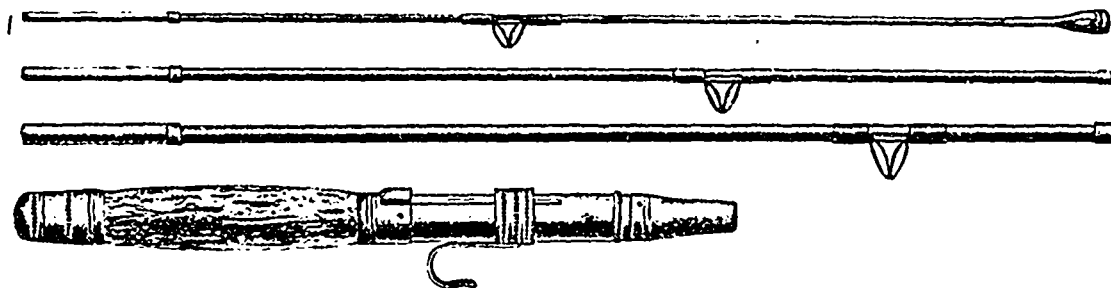
The Secretary should be notified regarding any papers, resolutions or other matters of importance requiring discussion which any member may wish to bring before the meeting, in order that arrangements may be made for giving them consideration.

The importance of the subjects to be dealt with should ensure a large attendance. A suc-

cessful annual meeting will give a great impulse to the work of the Forestry Association, and will do much to establish it on a firmer basis and to advance the great objects it has in view. It is hoped that every member will make a special effort to be present and endeavor also to get others interested in the subject, to become members and attend the meeting.

In cases where members may not be able to attend the meeting on account of distance from Ottawa or otherwise, it is suggested that steps might be taken to have their districts represented by persons who will be able to attend.

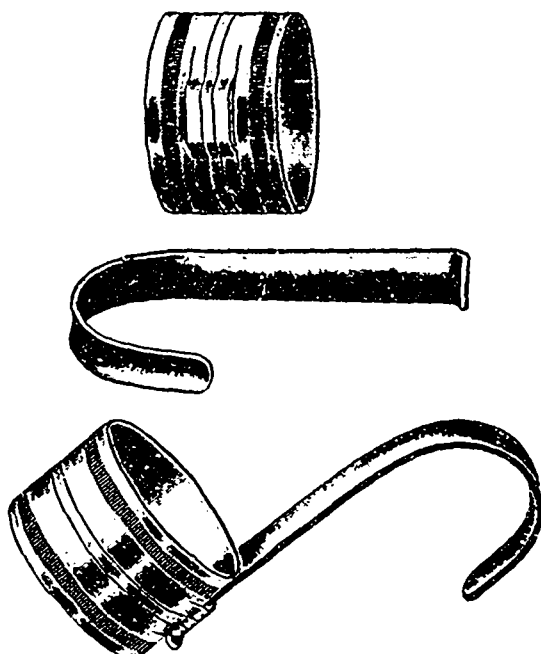
Notice is hereby given that resolutions will be submitted to amend the constitution to provide for changing the date of the Annual Meeting. The question of an allowance to local circles of



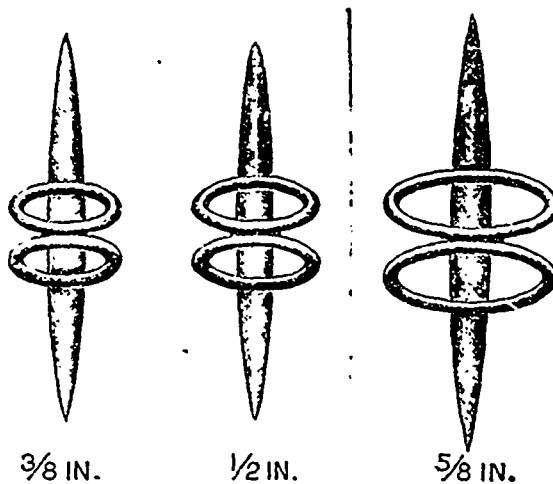
THE KALAMAZOO BAIT CASTING ROD.

Three specialties now being brought to the notice of fishermen by the Horton Manufacturing Co., of Bristol, Conn., makers of the celebrated Bristol steel fishing rods, are the Kalamazoo bait casting rod with short handle, patent detachable finger hook, large polished German silver 2-ring guides, and solid agate

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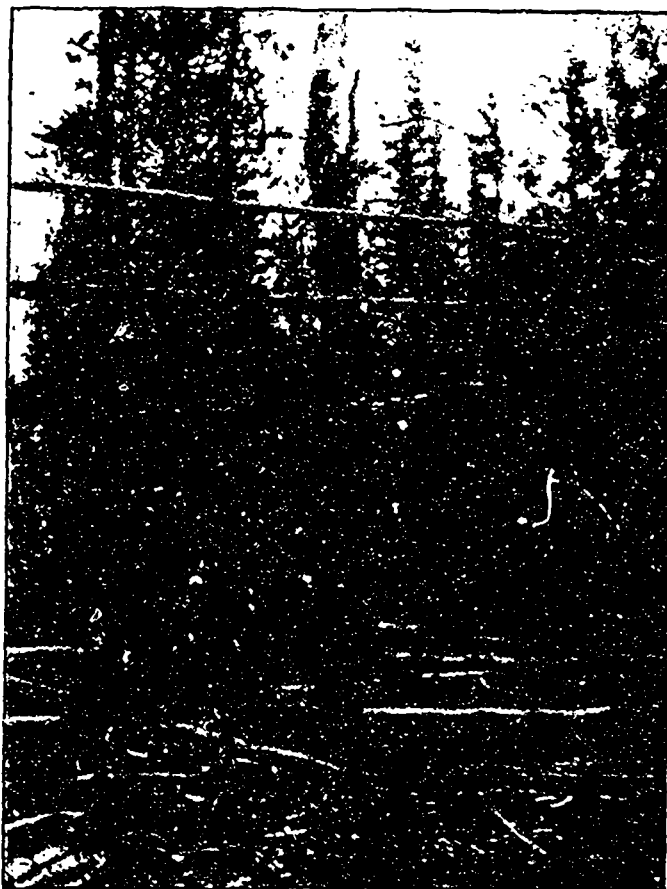


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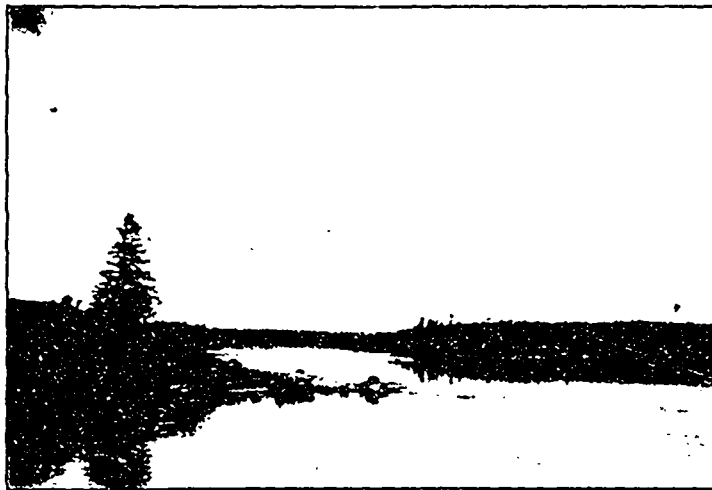
A snapshot taken in a hunter's camp, Jilloot, B.C.





A SICAMOUS TROUT.

The weight of this fish was seven and three-quarters pounds.



BEYOND THE CLEARINGS.

View of the Ottawa River from North Timiskaming.

the Association for local expenses will also be submitted.

The attention of the members of the Association is called to the fact that membership fees for 1903 became due on January 1st.

E. STEWART,  
 Department of the Interior, Secretary.  
 Ottawa, February 10th, 1903.

Professor Penhallow, of McGill University, lectured recently before the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club, on "The Pulp Industry in Canada." The lecture gave a great deal of information in a very interesting way, and showed the importance of the pulpwood forests as a national asset. This industry has resulted in the creation of towns such as that at Grand Mere, where no population previously existed, and has increased very much the value of the spruce throughout all our northern districts. The views with which the lecture was illustrated gave clearness to many points, particularly those which showed microscopic sections of pulpwood and wood fibre. The manner in which the fibre is broken in the mechanical process, as compared with its perfect condition as separated by the chemical treatment, was brought out by a number of specimens thrown on the screen. This lecture is one of a series primarily for teachers, which has been established at McGill University under the superintendence of Professor Penhallow, and any responsible person may obtain the lecture and views for use in any part of Canada by addressing Professor Penhallow, McGill University, Montreal.

Baily's Magazine for February contains the proposed alterations in the Hurlingham polo rules. There are some very important changes, especially in the off-side and crooking rules. Baily's is always interesting, and the issue in question will be found quite up to the average.

The Live Stock Journal Almanac for 1903, published by Vinton & Co., 9 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, has been received. This is an almanac that deserves to be better known in Canada, as all breeders of live stock will find it a most useful publication. We consider it will be especially interesting to

our readers in the Northwest. Some of the articles sure to interest Canadian breeders are: "Horses for the Army," by Mr. Stein, who gives some valuable advice as to supplying a reserve of horses for military purposes. A good many Canadian remounts were sent to South Africa, and we are looking forward to a steadily increased demand in the future. The Irish wolf-hound is discussed at considerable length by Mr. F. Gresham, and an excellent cut is given of Champion Dermot Asthore, owned by Mrs. Laura Williams. If the Irish wolf-hound is really able to catch and kill his wolf, he should be in extreme demand in the Territories. Up to now, we have discovered no better dog than the old Glengarry deerhound, as the Russian borzoi, when put to the test, failed lamentably. This almanac contains 266 pages of excellent reading matter, and yet is sold for one shilling.

The American Annual of Photography for 1903, the first annual issued by the Anthony-Scovil Co. since the consolidation of the firms of E. & H. T. Anthony and Scovil & Adams, both of New York City, is on the market. The year-books of these two firms are so well known to the amateur photographic fraternity as to make it almost superfluous to say that the present book is a good one. Combining as it does the work of the very best photographic writers and the cream of the illustrators from both volumes, it is almost a masterpiece so far as annuals are concerned, and can be honestly recommended as being a valuable book, teeming with practical suggestions and earnest pictures in the art pictorial. It ought to be in the hands of every photographer, whether he be amateur or professional.

Montreal has now two dog shows in sight, that of the Montreal Collie Club on the 14th inst., for collies only, at which Dr. Wesley Mills will judge, and the annual show of the Montreal Canine Association in May. In addition to the judges already mentioned for the latter, it is announced that Mrs. J. L. Ker-nochan will judge Irish terriers, and Mr. Lynn, of Port Huron, Mich., fox terriers.



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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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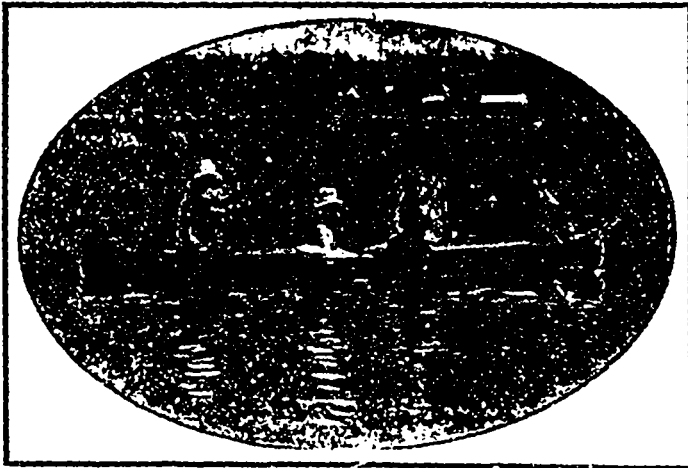
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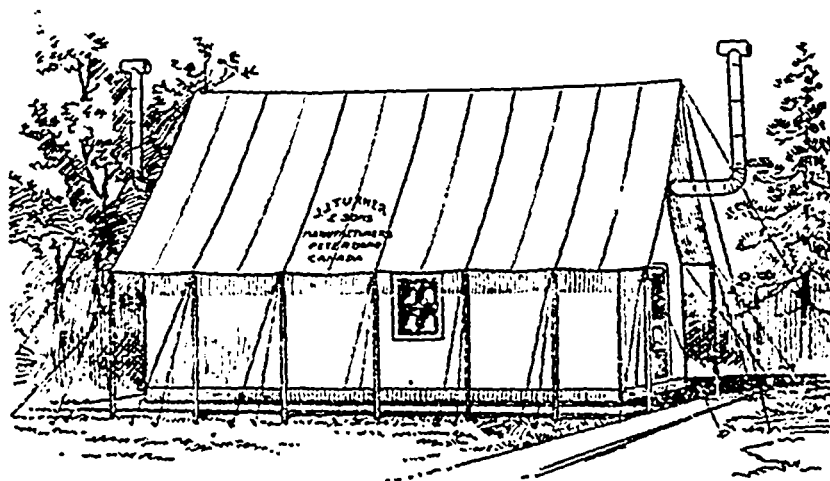
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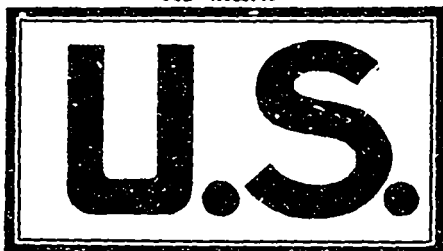


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