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# Le Vieux Chasseur

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

He's alway ketchin' dore, an' he's alway ketchin' trout  
 On de place w'ere no wan else can ketch at all,  
 He's alway ketchin' barbotte, dat's w'at you call boule-pout,  
 An' he never miss de wil' duck on de fall.

O! de pa'tridge do some skippin' w'en she sees heem on de swamp!  
 For she know Bateese don't go for not'ing dere,  
 An' de rabbit if he's comin', wall! you ought to see heem jomp!  
 W'y he want to climb de tree he feel so scare!

Affer two hour by de reever I hear hees leelle song  
 Den I meet heem all hees pocket foule of snipe,  
 An' me, I go de sam' place, an' I tramp de w'ole day long  
 An' I'm only shootin' two or t'ree Ba Cripe!

I start about de sun rise, an' I put out ma decoy,  
 An' I see Bateese he sneak along de shore,  
 An' before it's comin' breakfas' he's holler on hees boy  
 For carry home two dozen duck or more.

An' I'm freezin' on de blin' me, from four o'clock to nine,  
 An' ev'ry duck she's passin' up so high!  
 Dere's blue-bill an' buttersball, an' red-head, de fines' kin'!  
 An' I might as well go shootin' on de-sky!

Don't see de noddee feller lak Bateese was locky man,  
 He can ketch de smartes' feesh is never sweem,  
 An' de bird he seldom miss dem, let dem try de hard dey can  
 W'y de eagle on de mountain c'n't fly away from heem.

But all de bird an' feesh too, is geev' up feelin' scare,  
 An' de rabbit he can stay at home in bed,  
 For he feesh an' shoot no longer, ole Jean Bateese Belair,  
 'Cos he's dead!



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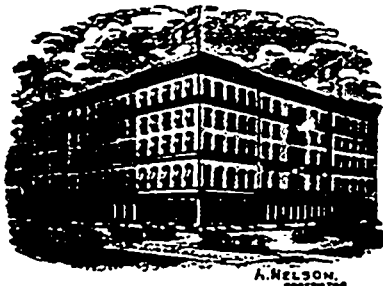
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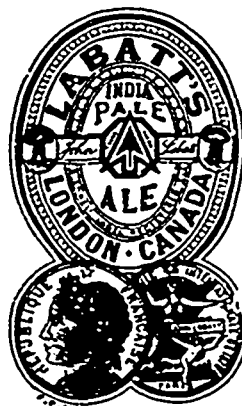
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603 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

## DESTRUCTION OF BIRD LIFE.

A recent fire on Long Island destroyed a factory which was engaged in the business of making feather ornaments for ladies' hats. Among the losses we read of the breasts and wings of 10,000 sea-gulls, and the heads and wings of 30,000 other birds. These figures are merely relative, as showing the actual stock at the time of the fire, and take no account of the immense numbers used annually by this and other factories engaged in the business.

What a commentary on civilization. These little birds by the hundreds of thousands are slaughtered, not because they are destructive, not for food purposes or even because a mistaken idea of sport might palliate such wholesale destruction, but simply that the fair sex may decorate their hats!!!

We men are prone to look to woman-kind for all those gentle qualities which sweeten life; we are gently chided for our desire to fish and shoot—it is cruel to impale a worm or a grass-hopper on a hook,—to shoot, because we frequently wound and do not always kill,—and those amongst us who are properly trained hang our diminished heads in shame and meekly acknowledge our fault. What, therefore, must we say to my lady, it having been proved that her penchant for so-called artistic decoration of her

hat is causing such a serious diminution of bird life as to cease to keep in check noxious insects, and our crops and fruit trees suffer each year with increasing severity? Shall we merely plead with her, knowing full well that the modern ear of Juggernaut, fashion, has to roll unceasingly forward, and she must prostrate herself before it or cease (for society) to be; or shall we rise in our might, while the machinery of the law-making power still remains in masculine hands, and pass drastic measures that shall stop the evil? Laws that seek to interfere with the liberty of the individual are generally undesirable and frequently difficult of enforcement, especially if not backed by a strong public sentiment, and should be resorted to only where other means have failed and the end sought to be obtained is of real importance to life. We believe this is an instance where the end justifies the means, and the very storm of feminine indignation that at first may be aroused will clear the atmosphere so as to show woman-kind, as never before apparent, what a real danger confronts us.

◆ ◆ ◆

We are informed that the lamentable chapter of fatal accidents in the Maine season just closed is responsible for a movement, commenced by some sportsmen who go to that state each year, with a view to adopting a bright color, such as scarlet, for cap and coat, so that no more mistakes may be made. While this may have the desired effect where the sportsman is in view, it will not provide for those cases where the moving bushes are fired at, apparently with utter disregard of repeated warnings, and instead of the expected deer some poor fellow receives the bullet. Everyone interested in shooting is vitally concerned in an educational crusade. The rash man who shoots without seeing the game must be taught better. Possibly a few indictments for manslaughter would reach the desired result quickly.

Those who like to carry a belt axe to the woods will appreciate the miniature edition of a full grown chopping axe, a representation of which is given here. The weight of head with handle is 27½ ounces. Length of handle outside of head, 16 inches; total length, including head, 18½ inches. The benefit of such a shaped handle is that the axe, while light and handy, can be used effectively for chopping trees of 3 or 4 inches diameter, whereas the straight handle belt axe is of comparatively small use. Of course the weight can be increased or decreased by using a heavier or lighter head.



◆ ◆ ◆

Although only one year has elapsed from the commencement of work, the great New York Zoological Park is rapidly assuming shape and a large portion of it is not only ready but occupied by a portion of its four-footed and other population. About \$300,000 so far has been expended and the annual maintenance is expected to be over \$75,000. Great pains have been taken to provide not only the best accommodation for its denizens, but also to place them so that they can be easily viewed by the public. Canada is naturally looked upon as the place to obtain beaver, of which it is intended there shall be fifteen specimens.

◆ ◆ ◆

We are glad to learn that the recent change in Ontario Crown Lands Commissionership does not involve a change in the head of the game interests. Under the able administration of the Hon. J. M. Gibson, many excellent reforms have taken place, and it is satisfactory to know that the good work will go on under his auspices.

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Conducted by Eusibus Jaxson II

*"Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and Hiawatha."  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha."*

—HIAWATHA.

### WHEN YOU GO.

**I**N the October '99 number of Rod and Gun, there appeared a short article by Frederic Irland entitled "Why Don't You Go?" which struck my fancy.

Evidently, Irland knows a good thing when he sees it. Last summer I put in the season in a tent on the shore of Lake Huron, far enough from civilization not to be bothered by "summer girls and men who fool around—and who wear red coats and do various idle things." I can kick at red coats because I didn't wear one. But about the "various idle things"—Well—. Anyhow, I don't think they were very idle, and now that I think more deeply on the matter I am sure they were not. To rise with the sun and go to the lifting of the nets on the fog-laden bosom of the lake, to eat good fried herring, fresh from the water for breakfast when summer hotel people are just turning over in their beds to see their watches, to go with a shot gun back into the bush and spend the morning, to photograph that morning's work in the afternoon, and to lie around a roaring fire (lie in more senses than one) and watch the sparks as they dance upward and throw a light on the tall pines so that they look like a miniature theatre's scenery—that is not idleness. That's sport.

Just one mistake Irland makes. He says "devote ten years to the wilderness from Labrador to Lake Superior and you will never care much for any other place on earth." Why didn't he say devote ten weeks to it and you'll never care at all for any other sport. Then he would have been right. But one other thing. Go when you will—summer or winter, spring or autumn—go when the grass is just taking on it's green coat fresh, or when it is knee deep on the meadows, or if you will when it is covered with the brown of the mighty oaks and poplars; go where you will, to New-

Brunswick, to Newfoundland, to Ontario or to the Northwest Territory and British Columbia; and go for any purpose that you like, to shoot, to fish, to see the moose or the caribou, or the sturgeon or the salmon, or to see the sun set in the golden west, as it sets in no other country on the face of the earth, but when you go take with you a camera.

This is not advice from one who does not know what he is talking about. I've done it. O, amateur, amateur, why waste your good plates and time lying around Newport and Long Branch, taking snap shots at the summer fools who wear red coats, when you might be out tramping through the bush with a chum and a dog or canoeing down the Ottawa or the St. Lawrence and at the same time adding to your stock of photographs, pictures that would not only interest yourself and all your friends for the next year, but, sent to your acquaintances across the border, and in other countries would show them that Canada is far more than the "Lady of the Snows," and would bring them over here next year, armed with cameras and plates galore to take back impressions more vivid than Kipling could ever give them.

That's what you should do, and then you'll be ready to say with Frederic Irland: "Land of the sunshine and snow, how big and splendid, how sweet you are, my sweetheart! Sure'y God of all the earth never made any other country like you." Or you will feel like singing that new Canadian song:

"Land of the best, garden of the West,  
Queen of the Summers, Lady of the  
Snows,  
Hip! hip! hurrah! for our native Can-  
ada,  
Where the wild flower blossoms  
And the sugar maple grows."

Another thing, amateur, you want to remember that Canada is a growing country. Towns and villages and even cities are springing up with alarming rapidity in the west, and the east is taking care of itself all right.

Now is the appointed time. Photograph the rivers and streams, the mountains and hills and valleys and

meadows. Photograph them this way and that, or anyway you fancy you'll get pretty pictures—and with such material as you have to work on, it will be your own fault if you don't. Ten years from now you won't know the places.

When you go to take them, by all means try to be one of a party, for though every new snapshot is something new (that is where the fascination comes in) the chief interest connected with a photograph in looking at it in after years are the associations we group in our minds around the taking of it.

And for goodness sake don't let the mythical beauties of other countries turn you from your purpose of going. This is the only pebble on the beach. Canada is "de hull push."

### Stray Snap-Shots.

In presenting this department to the "foto fiends" and other readers of Rod and Gun, we might just state that while we will always be pleased to receive communications from anyone, on subjects of interest, we don't pretend to know everything and will only answer queries to the best of our ability. We would also like to hear from secretaries of camera clubs anywhere in the Dominion.

Amateur photographers seem to be horribly afraid to trim prints and evidently imagine that because their plates and paper are cut in certain sizes, that in consequence their pictures—no, photographs—must be the same. This is a big mistake.

It is very rarely indeed that a photo is really a picture and in the great majority of cases it can be vastly improved by a judicious slashing of the sky or foreground or ends, or perhaps all four.

A very good method of determining just how much, or how little, photo one wants left is to place pieces of cardboard around it and move them in until it can be seen what looks best. Then cut it down, even if there is only an inch of surface left.

Other people will soon notice it. And by the way just remember it rarely happens that it looks best to have the horizon exactly in the middle of the photo.

Here is a good acid fixing bath. 5 parts sodium sulphite (cryst.) 100 parts water.

Accidulate with 1 part concentrated sulphuric acid and then add 20 parts sodium hyposulphite.

Did you ever have a negative spoiled by libation? For instance, now, a pretty sunset that you wanted to use for a moonlight effect.

Weil, when you do it again, or if you have any negatives affected that way now, rub firmly and decidedly the parts affected, with a soft cotton rag, soaked in alcohol until it is sufficiently reduced. Try it.

Eighty-nine years ago when the first Krupp opened his little iron works, the town of Essen had only 4,000 inhabitants. Last year Essen had over 100,000 residents. In 1872 Alfred Krupp owned 414 iron ore diggings, and his son and successor now has over 500, and all but a small part of the Krupp steel is made from Krupp's ore, smelted by means of the coke he makes from his own coal. It has been Krupp's policy for many years to be entirely independent of fluctuations in the prices of ore, pig iron and coal, and so Krupp has not only acquired the ownership to the lands which supply most of his raw material, but has also laid in large stocks purchased abroad. His works at Kiesel employ 7,000 men, and those at Magdenburg, Buckau, 3,548, and over 10,000 men are employed in his foundries. In 1858, Krupp had 1,047 men in his service. On January 1, this year there were on the pay rolls of the present Krupp the names of 41,750 men, of whom 25,133 were employed at the works at Essen, and the rest were scattered among his various manufacturing and mining enterprises. In 1895 there were in the cast steel works at Essen over 458 steam engines with a total of 36,561 horse-power. The length of the belting used in transmitting power was over 40 miles. The 12 Krupp blast furnaces on the Rhine consumed daily 2,400 tons of iron ore and produced 1,200 tons of pig iron. In 1895-96 over 1,000,000 tons of coal and coke were consumed, or 3,650 tons a day, of which 3,500 tons a day were the product of Krupp's own coal mines.

W. Feistead lately defeated W. McDowell, in a final contest for the Toronto Sporting Goods gold medal and championship of Toronto and suburbs, with a score of 89 to 87. The contest was at 100 artificial birds.

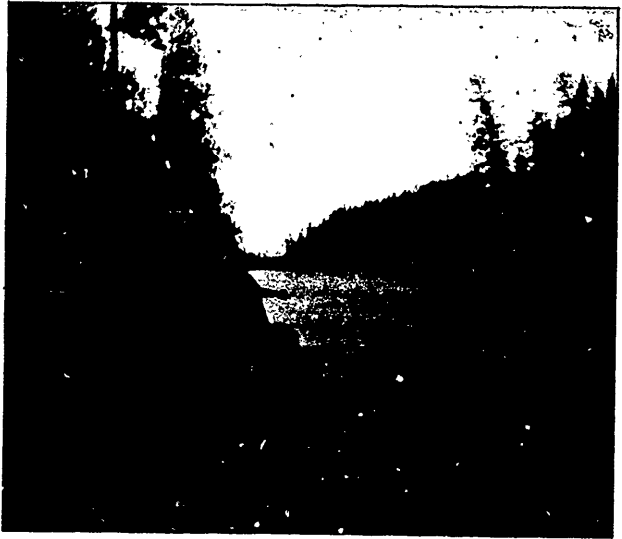
Commencing with January, 1900, the New England Sportsman, will thereafter be known as the National Sportsman and as its field will then become the entire United States, it will have a scope that has been impossible heretofore. We wish our contemporary every success.

## The Woodcock

By Reginald Gourlay

This excellent but eccentric game bird, now rapidly passing away in both the States and Canada, has the double merit of being one of the most difficult birds for the sportsman to capture by fair shooting, and the most excellent of birds for the table when once brought to bag. His range is limited, as he is never found in any of the Pacific coast states or territories; and indeed, seldom far west of the Mississippi. To the north, his extreme range is a

lar shafts or "bores" by which the bird obtains his food. The plumage is rufous in the under parts, deepening to a beautiful chocolate color, exquisitely stencilled with darker and lighter tints, on the back and wing covers. The eye is placed very far back, enabling the bird to see behind him without turning his head, a gift which the pursuer of the wily woodcock soon learns to deplore. He has two distinct methods of flight, being sometimes a very easy, and sometimes a very hard bird to shoot. He feeds by night, and rests by day; and is even said to complete and round out his character as the "eccentric" among game birds, by carrying his young about on his back. This, however, is



Kippewa River near Lake Kippewa, Que.

certain portion of southern Ontario and Quebec, while to the south, he never ranges as far as Mexico. So he is being completely hemmed in, and his covers destroyed everywhere, and will in consequence, be the first of American game birds to be exterminated, with the exception perhaps of the wild turkey. The American woodcock is about half the size of the European species, the latter weighing from fifteen to eighteen ounces, while it is a very large specimen of the former that weighs nine ounces. In plumage the two birds are precisely similar, and have the same original and eccentric habits. The bill is long and slightly curved, being admirably adapted for sinking the singu-

cannot vouch for. As he only frequents certain localities, and certain species of cover, and cannot by any possibility be preserved in a semi-tame state as the quail is, for instance, in many parts of the United States, this strange and beautiful game bird will soon be as extinct as is the dodo, as far as this continent is concerned; a fact much to be regretted by sportsmen.

The steamship *Mona* sailed from San Francisco on November 1st for Australia laden with 250,000 salmon eggs, besides some live quails and prairie chickens, the whole being a gift from the United States Government to the people of Australia. Our cousins of the Southern Cross will, no doubt, appreciate Uncle Sam's kindness.

## WHERE THE WILD GEESE MAKE CAMP

By Bleasdel Cameron

THE doctor and I had been planning this outing for months. He had expatiated on the glories of the sport to be had at Brightwater Lake until I began to feel that I had only one great and unflinched purpose in life, and that was to visit it. It was a bright young morning in September when we at length got away. Only the man who has been harnessed to an office desk for many, many weeks can appreciate the delicious sense of abandon with which we saw the unattractive chimneys of the Queen City of The Plains disappear behind us and thought of the hundred and sixty miles of unfettered freedom stretching before, and of the long days of autumn sunshine which would be consumed in covering it. Not that any slight is to be put upon Regina, which is the capital of the Northwest and a town with business blocks, schools, churches and private residences that would be a credit to any place. Besides, it is the metropolis for one of the best wheat growing districts in the whole country. But to one who loves the sniff of powder and the sight of a tumbling bird, all towns and habitations of his kind become, at times, mere prison-bounds; and when the fields are golden and the leaves upon the poplars crimson-stained by the first nipping frost, when the berries on the rose bushes and the bois bleu hang like beads of ivory and drops of blood amid the long, rich, yellow grass and the soft haze and smell of parting summer lies like incense on all the land—then deep loathing of brick walls and girded streets seizes upon him, and unless he can leave them all for a short holiday afield, he comes to hate them with a bitter and enduring hate.

Our outfit consisted of a single buckboard, on which was packed our grubbox, blankets, cartridges, guns and an assorted dozen of drinkables. I do not think that we required all the liquids for our own consumption, but it was in the old "permit" days of the Northwest and we were going into a country where we should meet other fellows who were thirsty. And then our trip was to consume the bigger half of a

month. At noon we reached the broad, deep valley of the Qu'Appelle. The Prince Albert branch of the railway was begun in 1889, and we had dinner with one of the contractors near what is now Lumsden Station. As we rattled up along the valley in the afternoon, we flushed a bunch of prairie chickens and got our first taste of sport. The doctor killed two and I one. We camped for the night with another outfit of railroad-makers and duly appreciated the luxury of sleeping on the ground between blankets instead of in a bed between sheets, for the first time in many months. We then began to realize that we had actually left civilization behind us and were at liberty to snore if we felt inclined. That first night under canvas or the stars—what thoughts and recollections it brings—how deep and soul-refreshing the sleep! Any old camper knows the feeling.

It is not my intention to detail our progress on the trail to Brightwater Lake. The country is rolling prairie, and it was then perfectly wild. We had shooting along the road, but we did not loiter, for we had an objective point. One day was much like another. So were the nights, which we spent under the deep, deep, dark sky, with the countless stars twinkling like diamonds strewn on a broad sea above our beds and the fragrant, matted grass stretching away, league upon league, around us. By day we drove beside the picketed line marked by the engineers, and watched the graders with their teams and plows and scrapers paving the way for the iron horse. And we knew that soon there would follow other men with plows in their hands, and that in place of the unbroken, waving grass of the prairie, future travellers would look out of cushioned carriages upon broad fields of waving grain. But they would not see the antelope that we saw on the way to Brightwater.

I do not remember how long we were in reaching Brightwater Lake. What I do know is that the time occupied in the journey passed quickly and that when we did arrive we were well repaid for the distance travelled. The doctor had brought his dog, a fine Lav-

erack setter, and we both had plenty of sport over him among the poplar bluffs and the sand hills in the vicinity and filled several bags with prairie chickens. The lake was literally covered with ducks, but we did not shoot many. We had not come for ducks; they were to be had nearer home, and we expected to load our buckboard with other game. And we did—but later.

We spent a pleasant time in camp and then started on our homeward way. The days passed pleasantly again and we were nearing the Qu'Appelle—we had reached the region where we hoped to load our buckboard. It was a bright, warm morning when we at length turned from the line of the railroad and drove eastward for a couple of miles. The land was rolling prairie without a bush and soon we came upon a long, clear lake among the hills. We had seen geese flying over it on our way up, and we had not driven far along its shores before several large flocks rose some distance ahead and flew toward the Qu'Appelle valley. They were wild. We camped and had dinner; then I started with the rifle to try to crawl close enough to a flock feeding warily on a long point for a shot. I got the shot—but no geese, and returned to camp infinitely disgusted. Then we put the horse in and drove to the farther end of the lake, a mile away. The remnants of a fire and some lately-stripped bones were what we discovered there.

"Indians," I remarked. "And antelope. I wish we could come up with a band. We don't seem to have any luck with the geese."

"Don't get discouraged," said the doctor. "This isn't the only lake. Antelope's good game, but I'm afraid it's not for us. But we will get geese."

We left the lake and drove five or six miles to the southward, when we came upon another small clearwater lake, perhaps a mile in diameter, and almost round. Thicketed gullies ran down to it between the hills in places. It was covered with ducks, most of them too far from the shore for a shot. A few geese rose from a marsh at the upper end.

"I'm going to try to bag some of these ducks," said I, taking the rifle: "The geese are too shy to encourage me."

I killed four ducks at long range and waited for them to drift ashore. A big redhead was swimming within fair range off some rushes a short way down the lake. I took my shot gun, walked toward the spot and then stole up under cover of the reeds. When I raised my head I found that he had swum

further out. It was a long shot. He rose and I fired, but he flew on, down the lake, apparently unhurt. I watched him as I placed fresh cartridges in the gun, and soon I saw him wheel and come directly up the lake again. I lay down on my back and waited.

I wonder if it was curiosity that prompted him to turn when opposite my hiding place and fly straight over me? It was an unfortunate plan of procedure for the redhead. Perhaps he thought I couldn't shoot because I missed him the first time, and wished to show his contempt. Or perhaps it was mere bravado. At any rate I put the gun to my shoulder as I lay face upwards in the grass, and when he was almost over me I pressed the trigger. Then I sprang to my feet and he dropped like a bullet on the spot where I had laid. Poor little beggar! I felt rather sorry for him. He lay on his back, with his splendid barred-gray breast heaving painfully and his brave bright eyes blinking reproachfully up at me from between their yellow lids, as the life died out of him. I think he was shot through the heart—a single pellet. I was rather proud of that shot, for he had been high. He was a beautiful, strong bird.

Then I turned to the ravines. Whirr-rr!-rr! Chickens. I got ten before I realized that the afternoon was waning, or I had explored many of the gullies. They rose and rose and I shot and shot and they fell. My aim appeared to be perfectly satisfactory, this afternoon, and I experienced none of that disappointment which all of us—any of us—have felt when the guns go "Bang! Bang!" and the birds fly on. The day was passing all too quickly, even if there were no geese. But the best of our sport was to come; and perhaps it was all the better because I, at all events, had given up expecting it.

The doctor had gone down the other side of the lake with the horse and I now hastened to rejoin him. The hills surrounding the lake were burned and black and bare—the work of a prairie fire. As I hurried along the slope of one of them, I saw something which made me rub my eyes and look again.

I could not make out what it was. I discovered later. Evidently a bird, but of what sort? It sat, flat on its belly, on the top of the bald, black butte and, clear cut against the sky, it looked as big as an ostrich. I stood as if petrified—for a long time as it seemed to me, but of course only for a few seconds. Then it rose and with a deep, familiar cry, swiftly vanished behind

the top of the hill, and I had lost the opportunity of bagging one of the biggest geese I ever put eye on. I went on, mentally chastising myself and saying things to the scenery which it is unnecessary to put down on paper.

But the day was not yet over and other surprises were in store. At the end of the lake was a narrow ruck of low grassy land, and to my astonishment, just the other side of it, yet another lake. Unlike the one I had just left, which was pure and fresh, this was alkali and white like milk. It was not so large as the other and it was quite shallow, so that here and there the salt-encrusted boulders stuck their heads above the surface. No geese were to be seen about. I found the doctor engaged in earnest conversation with a group of Saltcoat Indians, who were camped on the bank of this little lake a short way off. At a Northwest election trial a halfbreed witness was asked what language he spoke. "Melee," was the reply. The doctor's argument reminded me of that; he was speaking the "mixed" language—English, French and Cree. There were some half dozen lodges in the Indian camp, with one or more of the old wooden Red River carts before each lodge, and when I came near enough discovered that each cart was literally draped with geese! They hung from the frames, from the axles, from the shafts. I asked in Cree where they had shot them. They were not over-communicative. They gave me to understand that they were not familiar with the speech of their kinsmen, the Crees. Later they understood it well enough.

The sun had set as the doctor and I loitered about, casting covetous eyes upon those loops and festoons of geese. Also upon a dead antelope. Then I saw one after another of the Indian hunters take his gun and march away. Some crossed the neck of land and went down the other side of the alkali lake. Others went down on our side. The light began to fade and then I heard the same sound as my goose of the hill-top had made a short time before. Only now the sound came in chorus from far away and from the long muscular throats of tens and hundreds of approaching geese. Soon the Indians' guns across the lake began to talk.

"Come on!" yelled the doctor, wild with excitement. "We're not in it." We soon were. We jumped in the buckboard and hurried down the lake. The Indians posted there were blazing away cheerfully; half a dozen geese lay

about on the sand. I sprang out. My fingers twitched.

"I'll stay here," I said to the doctor. "You can go on a little further if you like."

How can I begin to describe the sport of that evening? I have never seen anything like it, before or since, though that is not the only time I have shot geese. They came in endless procession, flock after flock, and what do you suppose was their destination? Why, nothing but this miserable little bit of an alkali lake. They flew round and round it. The dusk grew and the guns flashed and muttered round the circle in the gloom until it was utterly dark, but they could not be driven away. They had been feeding all day in the wheat-fields along the Qu'Appelle valley, twenty miles away, and now they had come home to roost—home to this little alkali lake, for it was their camping-place.

It grew so dark as I fired that I could not see the birds coming. But I heard their deep, resonant cries, and I stood straight up on the sandy beach and gazed at the faintly luminous sky and listened for the beat and rush of flapping wings upon the soft night air. Then, directly over me and scarce five lengths of my gun barrels high, the great bodies swung dark against the stars, and then the fire leaped from the muzzles with a roar and a mighty bird fell heavily upon the sand at my feet. I cannot describe the exultation of those moments. It was all over at last, but twenty birds had fallen to my lot. The doctor had put one of his gunlocks out of service and did not have quite so many.

That evening the doctor and I walked over to the Indian camp for another look at the antelope. He was a fine animal and we admired him very much. Sundry negotiations of an unimportant nature, in which tea, tobacco and perhaps a little money figured, passed between us and the aborigines. Then we drove half a mile out on the prairie and spread our blankets beside the buckboard. We took an extra horn before turning in, to celebrate our success.

I was tired and I slept well, but never have I heard such a delightful babel as I listened to in my waking moments that night. It was like the beating of a thousand melodious gongs—the deep-throated, reedy clangor and concert of those hanking geese, now resting undisturbed on the dirty bosom of the little lake.

We did not get much shooting in the

morning. We rather overslept, and it was already fairly light before we reached our stands. I got one. Then I moved out to the end of a wooded point. A single goose came sailing over, high. I fired when he was directly above me. He flew on till he reached the very centre of the lake; then dropped like a stone.

The morning was fresh and I did not feel that a bath in that muddy water was what I particularly needed. There was an Indian boy close at hand. He had also shot a goose. I beckoned to him.

"I'll give you ten cents and trade geese with you," I said.

It was a bargain. The sun had now risen, the geese were flying in long, waving lines toward the Qu'Appelle, and the last thing I saw as we drove away was the brown, bare body of the young savage, up to the thighs in the middle of the lake, retrieving his goose.

We arrived in Regina the same evening, with the hind wheels of our buckboard "all spraddled out," like the legs of a man struggling under the burden of three fingers too much; and the best of it was that our load was topped by the carcass of a very fine antelope. No; you needn't ask. I'm not going to say who shot it, the doctor or I. That wouldn't be fair.

I stood the other day on the rear platform of a coach on the Regina and Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Pacific. The land was mellow with sunlight; the air as pure as heaven. It was a beautiful day. I had just come from the raw cold of the East. I was entranced. I saw the long lines of geese—legions of them—sailing swiftly over the sweeping billows of yellow grass, and I thought of the little ugly-white lake lying two miles to the westward and of the night I shot and camped beside its shores. Ten years is a long time, but I have no doubt that if you are inspired to go there when September comes again you will find the geese just as numerous and as determined to roost upon that dirty bowl of milk as I found them in 1889.

William S. Jackson, of Boston, is said to believe that game laws should be amended so as to allow the use of dogs in deer hunting, not for the purpose of dogging deer, but for retrieving wounded deer; that most hunters wound several deer for every one they kill, and that the retrieving of wounded deer by the aid of dogs should be compulsory, and would be a humane act.

## IT'S REAL LOCATION

By Welford Beaton

IF your various correspondents did not display such a woeful lack of geographical knowledge, it would be unnecessary for me to trouble you, but, as they do, will you kindly allow me a little space to correct a wrong impression which was created long ago in your columns and which has not yet received attention from anyone familiar with the matter. I refer to the "Sportsmen's Paradise." I have been an interested reader of "Rod and Gun" since it made its first appearance, but have been surprised that your contributors have so many opinions as to the location of the Sportsmen's Paradise. As I was thoroughly familiar with the spot myself, and know its location, the discussion and claims of your various correspondents provided amusement for me. But I think they have had possession of their harmless illusion long enough and, much as it pains me to do so, in justice to this country, I must snatch the toy from their hands.

Therefore, know ye all men by these presents, that the old original and only genuine Sportsmen's Paradise on earth is in the Kootenays. How do I know? Well, that's easy. I believe every sportsman likes a back ground of good scenery when he is shooting or fishing. We have every kind of scenery, but the last magnificent spectacle that I witnessed will be sufficient as a sample. We had scrambled up the almost perpendicular side of the Kitchener glacier, which is situated in the very heart of the Slocan country, and is its highest point. By dint of making steps with our snowshoes, but being compelled to move very slowly owing to the difficulty of breathing at such an altitude, we reached the immense undulating surface of the mighty glacier. In summer it is a sea of shining bluish green ice, but last month (October) it was covered with ten feet of snow. A light, but very cold wind greeted us as we made the last advance on our hands and knees. Three miles away, in the middle of the ice, Kitchener peak raises his seared and scarred head proudly above every towering mountain in the country. That was our objective point. Many dangers beset our way, for the surface of the glacier was dotted with huge crevasses

and to fall into one of these, down hundreds of feet between walls of ice, meant instant death. But it seems to me that one gets frightened at the dangers of mountaineering only after they are passed. I shudder now to think how close I was to some of those yawning death traps, but at the time I congratulated myself that I went close enough to get a good view of them. Our progress across the glacier was rapid, for the winds had made the snow excellent for snowshoeing and the only incidents that interfered with our tramp were the detours, one of them nearly a mile, that we had to make around the big slits in the ice. The scenery was grand, but we had eyes only for our path for we knew that soon we would be on a peak that would unfold a stupendous panorama. It was a stiff climb up the side of Kitchener peak. It was possible to take only a few steps at a time on account of breathing, and the air was so light that my snow glasses did not keep things from dancing before my eyes. On the north side snow lay drifted almost half way up the mighty peak, which, reaching so far into the air, winds had blocked the snow storms in their progress, and during the centuries that have elapsed since the ice settled down and left his head to first get the kiss of the morning sun and to be the last of that mighty concourse of snow-capped monsters to turn crimson in the dying day. The snow had continued to drift until there were hundreds of feet of it clinging to Kitchener peak. You will understand that we were in the region of peaks, having spent already two days mastering the mountains themselves. But it was too steep to climb and a long tramp around brought us to the rocky south side. Here we put our snowshoes on our backs—we had already left our rifles at the foot of the huge drift before we started around—and commenced to scramble up the rocky side, getting a foothold as best we could and pausing at every step for breath.

One false step, one little piece of rock, on which we sometimes depended for a foothold, becoming loose, and all



would have been over with us. But it is only now that I think of that. We were too busy blowing and puffing to think of anything else. Two hours hard work brought us to the top. That was pretty good time, but we had been in the hills for about a month and were getting hardened. Besides we had acquired that knowledge, soon learnt in the mountains, of how to size up a peak at one glance and determine just how and where it is to be tackled.

"Look at that scenery!" said my companion; "Scenery be blowed!" I responded, "let me look at the luncheon first."

Then we sat down on the highest peak in the Slocan, which is composed of little else but peaks, ate the mashed remains of what had been an excellent lunch prepared at sunrise by the cook at the camp, miles below in the last clump of pine trees, and stared in awe at the scene before us.

Just here I wish you would kindly put "to be continued in our next" and let me quietly drop out of sight. This article, which starts out to be a geographical study and a severe rebuke to some of your poor deluded correspondents, has wandered to the highest point in the country, and I don't know how I am going to get it down again. The truth is, and I tell you this confidentially, I am no more able to describe that scene than I am to write Hamlet, but as I have taken the readers on a six-hour tramp up mountains and across miles of snow and ice, I am afraid I will have to show them something before I take them back, so I will try. There were miles, and miles, and miles of snow-capped peaks, looking above us, not a cloud was to be seen, the sun shining brightly from the clearest blue sky I ever saw (it seems to grow bluer the nearer you get to it). In some of the valleys the sun was kept out by clouds that drifted lazily about the tops of the lower mountains. But we were above everything, above these mighty mountains that for a year have seemed to me to be insurmountable, above the snow, above the rain, above the clouds. Look up and we saw nothing but the sun and sky, look down, the world lay at our feet. Those peaks farthest away are of the Rocky range, three hundred miles separate us from them—Nelson, Slocan City, Silvertown, Sandon and Kaslo lay at our feet. Look up your map and see their location. Yonder peak shelters Rossland, those away to the south are in the States of Idaho and Washington, while those behind us guard the towns of thriving East Kootenay, a day's jour-

ney distant. Between are thousands and thousands of peaks and ranges. We can see over three hundred miles in any direction, and everywhere is that immense sea of mountains with its whitecaps glittering in the midday sun. They have a majestic appearance as they rear their jewelled heads into that vast solitude. There is not a sound in the Great Kingdom of Peaks, the wind even has gone below to play hide and seek among the stalwart pines with the cloud fragments that are sulking there in awe of the monarchs of that glorious region above. It is the day of the peaks; they wink and smile at one another over countless leagues of space; they sparkle and shine and perspire as the sun plays havoc with

valley thousands of feet below. Those same silent peaks then howled and roared at one another, sang terrible war songs as the raging storm caressed them and playfully removed one crown of snow and placed it on the brow of a neighboring peak, only to return a minute later with a greater one gathered from the low hanging clouds. The elements were holding high carnival and we felt like intruders as we plunged along the treacherous floor of the home of the Goddess of Storm.

But it is only to-day that concerns us now. We drank to our fill of the beauties of nature and then commenced the descent. In going down we took the north face of the peak, for we had a short cut in sight. It was a more



Upper portion Kippewa River Falls, Que.

their snowy eyebrows. It is a region of silence; we light our pipes and gaze at it in silent admiration.

But do not be deceived by the peaceful and innocent look of the old masters. Two nights ago, when we were crossing yonder divide between the sister peaks now below us, snow from this very glacier swept across that valley, swirled around the rocky points as we made our way along the dangerous path, blinded us when every minute was precious, for we must needs make the camp before darkness could settle down and leave us to sit in the storm until daylight appeared again, made treacherous pitfalls of otherwise harmless irregularities in the winding path and froze stiff the clothes that had been drenched by the day's rain in the

dangerous path, but we reached the top of that mighty drift without mishap. Then we unstrapped our snowshoes, lashed them together, sat on them and reached the surface of the glacier in a shorter time than it takes to write this sentence. It was just like being shot out of a cannon, and—

But, by the way, talking of shooting—it reminds me that this article is supposed to be on sporting topics. That's unfortunate, for I have only one sheet of paper left. But meantime, if you will take my word for it, that you can shoot anything from a squirrel to a caribou, from a chipmunk to a grizzly, and from a snipe to a goose, that you can catch anything from a wee brook trout to a thirty-pound charr, and within very few miles of Nelson, and have the most magnificent scenery in the world to boot.

I will write you again shortly and show that it is all Gospel truth.

## AT THE KENNELS

Conducted by D. Taylor

THE directors of the Montreal Canine Association have resolved upon holding a show early in the spring of next year. The date is not yet definitely settled, but it is presumed that it will be fixed so as to fall in with those of the eastern circuit. It is also proposed to hold a general meeting of the Association about the middle of Jan when a number of collies will be exhibited by members of the Canadian Collie Club and a short "talk" on the points, characteristics and rearing of this favorite breed will be given by an expert for the benefit of those present. Should this talk be patronized by the members as it ought to be others will be given at intervals, until at least the better known domestic and sporting dogs have been illustrated. The Association is open to any lover of a dog and the secretary, Mr. F. C. Saunders, Imperial Building, Montreal, will be pleased to receive applications from those desirous of joining and to give all necessary information as to the aim and object of the Association.

The past few weeks have been prolific of dog shows on the other side, the most important of which were Philadelphia, (November 22 to 25); and New York Pet Dog Club's, (November 29 to December 1). At the latter, over \$4,000 were offered in cash prizes, besides numerous valuable specials. These inducements, of course, brought out a large entry, reaching away above one thousand, and in consequence, competition in nearly all classes was exceedingly keen. Although the number of entries from Canada was limited, we are glad to note that those who did exhibit were very successful. In the front, at Philadelphia, came Norfolk Kennels, Toronto, with four firsts in fox terriers, besides carrying off the special for the best bitch representative of any breed in the show, with Champion Norfolk Handicraft; also American Fox Terrier Club cup for best smooth in novice class, with Norfolk Ruby; special for kennel of best four smooths; special for best in limit, with Norfolk Clorita; home-bred puppy stakes, Norfolk Tartar. It was somewhat singular that in both the dog and bitch classes in this competition the

honors should have gone to fox terriers. Mr. G. M. Carnochan's celebrated champion, Go Bang, securing the award for dogs as well as special for best terrier in show, although, in the latter case, it must be said that many of the fox terrier men held that this honor should have gone to Mr. Gooderham's bitch from the fine form in which she was shown. In cocker spaniels Mr. George Douglass, of Woodstock, Ont., had two seconds, three thirds, and a reserve, while Terra Cotta Kennels, East Toronto, had two v.h.c.'s. In Russian wolf hounds, Terra Cotta Kennels scored in the limit class with Kordan.

We notice with pleasure the distinguished success of a local lady exhibitor, Mrs. J. A. Pitt, of Westmount, at the New York show with her handsome Blenheim spaniel, Little Swell. He was placed first in novice, 1st in open and 1st in winners' classes, besides carrying off the Waldorf-Astoria silver trophy, value \$150, as the best Blenheim exhibited. Mrs. Pitt naturally feels elated over the success of her little favorite against the best that New York could produce, and is more in love with him than ever. Little Swell was sired by the celebrated English champion Lord Tennyson, and well deserved the premier position, as he is an almost perfect specimen of the breed. Another local exhibitor, Mr. Joseph Reid, of Logan's Farm, was also very successful, getting four prizes and a v.h.c. out of five entries. Other Canadians made a good showing, amongst them being Terra Cotta Kennels, with first and second in greyhounds; Norfolk Kennels' Handicraft got first place, thus confirming the judgment passed upon her at Philadelphia; the same owner being also awarded several first and specials for others of the string. Bay View Kennels, Trenton; Mr. Charlesworth, Toronto, and C. Y. Ford, Otterburn, Kingston, in cocker spaniels; Mrs. Ford in pugs. The show was held in the Metropolitan Opera House, the swellest place in New York City, and was made quite a society event. Everything was on the most lavish scale, and it is said the Show Committee were responsible for

an expenditure of something like \$15,000 in prizes, rent and other etc. Over \$5,000 were received for entries and the patronage of the public was on a scale that will leave the club considerably in pocket.

The modern beagle, with the exception of the head, ears and throat, should have all the points of the foxhound. The head is larger, proportionately, in width and height, there is more throatiness, and the ears are large and pendulous, set low on the head, falling below the neck. Chest deep and capacious, with ribs well sprung. The back and loin (latter slightly arched) should be strong and muscular. Forelegs should be straight and strong in bone, and the feet round and cat-like. Color and coat are not regarded as very important, so long as the former is a "hound color" and the coat dense and hard in texture. The tail is well fringed with hair and carried gaily. There are generally two standard sizes: that is the height from the ground to the shoulder, but the most serviceable range from 14 to 15 inches, small by comparison with the foxhound, but large enough for the purposes to which they are used. Speaking of the beagle, Bradford S. Turpin, in the Southern Fancier, says: "The great popularity which the beagle has won for himself in recent years is well deserved. As a pet he is handsome, affectionate and intelligent, and as a hunting dog he is active and strong, with the keenest nose and the sweetest voice of any of the hound family. His patience and perseverance in seeking his game is tireless, and his energy and courage in pursuit of it unbounded. At home or afield he is always a gentleman and an agreeable companion. The beagle is particularly adapted to the sport which is to be found in the more thickly-settled portions of the country. He is quiet, well-behaved, and rarely quarrelsome. He lives at peace with his mates, and the pack, be it large or small, can be kept together in the kennel yard without danger of disturbance. His diminutive size makes it possible to stow a half dozen of the little fellows away under the seat of the hunting waggon. It costs but little to feed him, and his game is at home in every thicket and swamp. The fascination of hunting with beagles is unending. One can take his pack afield every day from the beginning to the close of the hunting season and not tire of the sport. He may become weary of shooting and willingly leave his gun at home, but never will he tire of watching the work of

the hounds and never will he hear sweeter music than that of the driving pack."

A good, simple, inexpensive form of outdoor kennel, which has been proved by experience to be admirably adapted for those varieties which are of hardy constitution, is thus described by a well-known breeder: The kennel may be erected against a garden or any other wall, and consists of a series of compartments which closely resemble the stalls of a stable, and possessing a front of wooden or iron railings. I can vouch for the many good qualities of this kind of kennel, having erected

to sleep on it, at all events in cold weather. Three pieces of board each a foot wide and one yard long firmly nailed crossways on a couple of pieces of three-inch quartering forms an admirable bench of this description. The roof should be of weather boarding, covered over with the best felt, well tarred and sprinkled with coarse sand or gravel. Corrugated iron roofing is most objectionable, for in summer the extent to which it attracts the sun renders the life of the unfortunate creature underneath it simply intolerable. Lime-washing is essential, if the dog's health and general comfort are to be considered: when properly done, it not only

her by express, after banking hours. She was a widow, lived alone, and was afraid to keep the money over night. Shortly afterwards her milkman came around on his evening trip, and having been acquainted with him for some eleven years, and knowing him to bear an excellent reputation, she confided to him and asked his advice as to what she ought to do. The milkman readily agreed to help her, stating that he would bring his watch dog, and assured her that she and the money would be perfectly safe. An hour later the milkman returned with the dog, a white English bullterrier, and told the lady to keep the dog in her own room over



Blenheim Spaniel—Champion Little Swell  
(Owner—Mrs. J. A. Pitt, Westmount.)

Winner of three first prizes and Waldorf Astoria Trophy, value \$150, at American Pet Dog Club's Show, New York.



Japanese Spaniel—Little O Kiku

This fine dog, which died recently, won many prizes in his day, was also the property of Mrs. J. A. Pitt, Westmount.

many for the accommodation of my own stock; and the dogs always seemed to do well in them. The size I built each stall in my kennel was ten feet deep by eight feet wide, and the dogs which inhabited them were bulldogs and bullterriers, of from 25 to 50 pounds weight. I mention this, as it is desirable to explain to inexperienced readers as nearly as possible what arrangements were made so as to enable them to judge for themselves of what size to erect their kennels; as, of course, this depends upon the variety of dogs they propose keeping as well as upon the accommodation at hand. The stalls should be covered in by a lean-to roof for at least three-quarters of their depth from the wall, as wet ground is one of the worst things possible for a dog to stand on for long; and a portable wooden bench must be provided. There is no occasion for this bench to be raised high from the ground, for in the present instance the dog is not expected

renders the kennel clean and tidy in appearance, but has the effect of destroying the innumerable insects which are sure to infest the abode of every sort of dog, unless very stringent measures are taken for their extermination.

Among certain classes of people the impression prevails that the bullterrier is not a good watchdog, that he is not a success in guarding property or protecting life. This impression, however, is altogether erroneous. Give the bullterrier the same training and the same opportunities as other animals chosen for this duty and the result will be that the bullterrier is not a disappointment. He will abundantly fulfill all requirements. Here is an illustration proving that the bullterrier, as a faithful and sagacious dog, is worthy of the highest trust: In the borough of Norristown, Montgomery County, Pa., a certain lady unexpectedly received a large sum of money—about \$1,500—being delivered to

her by express, after banking hours. She was no lover of dogs at least at that time, yet she followed the milkman's advice. She slept soundly that night, having implicit confidence in the milkman's word that the dog would protect her and the money. On the following morning when she awoke she was shocked to see lying on her bedroom floor the dead body of a man—her milkman—with his face and throat frightfully torn by his own faithful watch dog. It was clearly evident that the milkman's intention was robbery. Whether the dog recognized his master at the first leap, is of course not known, but he probably did not. The milkman gained an entrance through a window, immediately inside of which the body was lying, showing that the dog awaited his opportunity and then performed his work in a manner that was swift, sure and terrible, yet commendable.—F. W. Spang, in the Dog Fancier.

## NOTES.

A show of collies will be held in St. Louis, January 1st, and indications are that there will be a good exhibit.

Mr. Henry Jarret, of Chestnut Hill Kennels, Philadelphia, has lately imported the smooth collie bitch, Busybody, from England.

The well-known Canadian fancier, Mr. R. McEwen, of Byron, Ont., has lately imported a son of that famous collie, Leek Chancellor, a grand, strong, finely marked sable and white.

The Norfolk Kennels, Toronto, are offering \$50 for the best dog and \$50 for the best bitch sired by any of their stud dogs during 1900, the prizes to be awarded at a fall show in 1901.

One prominent society woman in New York made 27 entries of Pomeranians at the American Pet Dog Club's show, importing three different color kennels at a cost of some thousands of dollars.

Dr. A. E. Metzger, of Clyde, O., reports the arrival of what is more than likely a record litter, namely, seventeen blood'nd puppies, all to appearance strong and healthy from his Queen Lil. Can any other breeder duplicate this?

The popular Winnipeg sportsman, Mr. Thomas Johnson, has been selected to judge the Pacific Coast Field Trials, which take place at Bakersfield, Cal., in January. Mr. Johnson is well and favorably known among field trial patrons and his selection will no doubt give entire satisfaction.

A New York evening paper publishes the picture of a hunting dog wearing a pair of eyeglasses. The story is that Simeon Hackett, of Oldtown, Me., was told that his favorite setter was near sighted. A pair of spectacles were made for the dog, which at first tried to get them off, but soon came to know their value. He now refuses to go hunting until his master has fastened them on him.

The latest thing in company promoting comes from Paris, where a dogs' cemetery company has been floated, with a capital of \$70,000. The promoters of the concern are ladies, who are determined that their pets when they cross the bourne, shall have decent interment. Should the company be formed, and we have no doubt it will, one may expect to see a new field of enterprise opened to artists and designers in the decoration of the graves of the dear departed by emblematic headstones.

The Rhode Island Kennel Club will hold a two-day show (January 10th and 11th) at Providence with the entry money at the popular figure of \$2. Premium lists are now out and can be obtained of the secretary, Mr. J. A. Boustelle. Entries close December 27. The following will judge the various classes: Mr. James Mortimer, Hempstead, N. Y.; Mr. German Hopkins Hempstead, N. Y.; Dr. J. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn.; Mr. W. C. Codman, Providence, and Mr. Thomas Shallcross, Providence. This will be the first show under the new point rule of the A.K.C.

An English contemporary, *Our Dogs*, says: "Mr. Norman Read has had a very tempting offer from America for Champion Wellesbourne Conqueror, but has declined it, and the dog will, therefore, still remain at the service of English breeders. A great factor in assisting Mr. Read to decide not to sell is that unless rumor is terribly wrong Mr. H. Ainscough has a young dog by Conqueror ex Parbold Pinafore, who, when he makes his appearance on the show bench, is expected to create something of a sensation."

The *Southern Fancier*, published by Mr. F. J. Skinner, Baltimore, Md., is an excellent paper for the dog fancier. The December number just received is full of good things and plentifully besprinkled with half-tone cuts of notable dogs of different breeds, which gives to the paper a very attractive appearance. A very interesting series of articles on the collie by Mr. James Watson, the well-known secretary of the American Collie Club, is at present running in the *Fancier* and should be read by every admirer of this breed. The little beagle has also been treated of exhaustively in previous numbers by Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, and so much appreciated that publication in book form has been decided upon. Another important feature of the paper is the department on cats and cattries and other pet stock.

The largest sum ever paid for a dog collar was £50, which large sum was in 1896 paid by a wealthy nobleman for a gold band to encircle the neck of a valuable dog, upon which he is said to have spent altogether between £3,000 and £4,000. A dog-collar of silver, with four small diamonds, was in 1832 sold in London to Lady Mackin for £219, and was placed round the neck of her pet pug dog. Some people spend small fortunes on their dog pets. Mrs. Gillig (daughter of Mr. Croker, the great railway magnate), for instance, has three pet dogs, known as the Bat-eared Babies, and valued at £7,500, who have a special maid to watch over them, and a special footman to exercise them on the terrace and in the grounds of the owner's palatial residence. They are provided with four suits of clothes a year at a cost of £100, and each dinner they get costs about 5s. The dogs' footman gets £100 a year and his uniform, and the dogs' maid's salary is £75. Mrs. Gillig had a miniature of the three dogs' heads painted by the famous animal artist, Mrs. J. C. Chandler, and set round with diamonds and pearls.

## INTERNATIONAL FIELD TRIALS

The annual meeting of the International Field Trials Association was held at the Hotel Rankin, Chatham, Ont., on the evening of November 13th, the vice-president, Dr. Totten, in the chair. After routine business the annual election of officers was proceeded with, and resulted as follows: President, Montague Smith, Forest; first vice-president, T. C. Stegman, Ridgetown; second vice-president, J. B. Dale, Petrollea; secretary-treasurer, W. R. Wells, Chatham; executive committee, A. C. McKay, Thomas Guttridge, I. L. Nich-

olls, W. D. Tristem, A. Wells, George Klme, Chatham; L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Dr. Totten, Forest; A. J. Smith, Detroit; H. M. Graydon, London. The trials were to have taken place the following day on the Club's preserve near the village of Mitchell's Bay, but a heavy downpour of rain prevented them being commenced until Wednesday. The finish took place on Thursday, and following were the results:

In the Derby there were 23 entries. It resulted as follows: 1, Bella Pointer, Hal Pointer—Belle of Hessen, owners, Marcon & Morton, Windsor; 2, Selkirk Milo, Selkirk Dan—Selkirk Tana, W. B. Wells, Chatham; 3, Coquette, King of London—Fanny, H. Marshall Graydon, London; 4, Dan Thiers, Thiers-Dido III., J. B. Dale, Petrollea.

In the all-aged stake there were nine entries: Noble Chieftain, by Dash Antonio, by Rose Rapid II., owner, G. W. Davis, New York, won first; Cleopatra, by Mingo II., by Cambrina, owner, W. B. Wells, Chatham, was second, and Joseph M. owned by Dr. McCintock, of Detroit, and handled by Mr. Hodgins, of Pontiac, won third money. This makes the third win for Noble Chieftain in the all-aged stake.

## MY DOG AND I.

When Autumn's glories tint the trees  
With golden brown and red,  
And 'neath the frost's first wint'ry touch  
The summer flowers are dead;  
At sunrise, over hill and dale,  
With eager steps, we hie,  
To hunt within the green woods' shade,  
My good dog Stub and I.

Stub, watchful, darts now here, now there,  
With many a joyous bark;  
Investigates each shady grove,  
And every cavern dark.  
So on we go, through thick and thin,  
And swift the hours fly,  
Till noon tide: then we share our lunch,  
My good dog Stub and I.

The grassy river banks we seek,  
Where, on its waters still,  
The wary duck glides to and fro,  
Nor fears the hunter's skill.  
My rifle echoes o'er the fields,  
The wild fowl rise on high,  
We bag our bird, then on we stray,  
My good dog Stub and I.

Then 'neath the birch tree's shade we search  
The partridges' retreat,  
With ear intent and cautious step,  
As every bush we beat.  
And now, perchance, a rabbit starts,  
We give him chase, full cry;  
He disappears and 'wildered leaves  
My good dog Stub and I.

The sun is sinking in the west.  
Homeward we wend our way  
With hopes of future times when we  
May hunt another day.  
Away from city life and cares,  
Beneath the clear blue sky,  
Together may we often roam,  
My good dog Stub and I.

CHAS MCINTYRE.

St. John, N.B.

## On Lake of the Woods and the Seine River

BY PHIL. WALES

**T**HE popular question appears to be "Have you seen, or been to," some particular place mentioned by the friend with whom one is at the time. If the answer is in the negative, you are sure to be told that you have missed a great deal; in fact, the prettiest spot there is to be seen; and that you have lived utterly in vain.

Unfortunately everyone has some particular tree, or stone, which they think represents the ideal of beauty.

My question will now be, "Have you been to Rat Portage and the Seine River?" thus hoping to have an opportunity of retalating.

I started with no preconceived ideas, and ready to enjoy whatever came in my way. However, I was more than agreeably surprised.

Mix Temagaming, Parry Sound and the Thousand Islands well together, flavor with a dash of Constantinople and the Isle of Wight, and the result is Rat Portage! A very pleasing result it is. I assure you, and well worth tasting. It was early autumn when I arrived, and so had the pleasure of seeing the country at its best—the most vivid coloring adorning the trees everywhere. I was much struck by the hilly nature of the place, and also the magnificent view of the Lake of the Woods looking so dazzling and blue, on the surface of which floated innumerable gorgeously-colored islands, which looked like gems. The whole morning was spent wandering about, trying to take in as much of nature's handiwork as possible; but at every turn something fresh attracted my eye. In some cases the houses were built right on the edge of the water, thus suggesting life in Venice.

Nestling amongst the trees, down in a valley, church steeples peeped; the roofs of the buildings just showing through the richly colored foliage of the thickly grown trees.

Main Street, a busy thoroughfare, will soon be graced with a charmingly designed postoffice, now in course of construction; and a new railway station will also shortly testify to the growing demands of this prospering town. The public intellect has not been neglected, for a free library and a reading room offer attractions for

all who have time for that kind of recreation.

Lumbering and mining (principally gold) are the great industries which keep the place going. But for the tourist, or summer visitor, there are many attractions in the adjacent islands and suburbs. A steam ferry runs at regular intervals to Keewatin, calling at Norman on the way. I took advantage of this boat and found the trip all too short; the route winding in and out amongst the islands through narrow channels, round rocky corners. The islands in most cases were well wooded. Pale yellow foliage, deepening to beautiful orange, betokened the presence of poplars, while saffron washes of vivid scarlet, and pink, suggested maples and the ever graceful sassafras. The pines and firs gave, as usual, a typical touch to the scenery. Here and there prettily-designed houses appeared, and were covered with a rich growth of Virginia creepers, which had succumbed to Autumn's subtle touch and donned their richest and best colors. Landing at Keewatin, I at once gave myself up to a sense of deep and pure enjoyment: it seemed so good to be alive and to have eyes to see with. This spot is well chosen, right on the slope of a hill overlooking the lake, and surrounding islands; close by the flour mills sounded busy, and having a look of general prosperity about them.

After wandering about, peering at nooks and corners of this charming village, I started by the road, which winds in and out, up and down hill, giving an opportunity here and there of admiring sudden peeps of the lake. Norman I found to be a dainty little hamlet about half way from Rat Portage, also commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. After gazing to my heart's content, I started up the side of the hill on my way to the dam; quite one of the sights of the place, and which reminded me somewhat of the barrage at the mouth of the Nile. Close to Rat Portage are some falls, which are well worth visiting. The water power is used by the Electric Light Company, and the falls themselves, though not very high, are very fine; the river here widens almost into a lake. The time was drawing near

for the arrival of the Keenora, which was to convey her passengers to Fort Frances, so once more continuing my journey I arrived in Rat Portage in time to see the sun set in a flaming sky, the whole lake looking like living fire. The day was done, and I had not visited any of the mines; but the official reports as to their progress show what valuable properties they are, and I had to satisfy myself with accounts from others, more fortunate than myself, who had visited them.

The steamer leaves at 9 p.m., so the first part of the lake is missed, and one has to trust to the return journey for a glimpse; but the sight which greeted my sleepy eyes next morning made up for anything which the darkness had hidden. As a rule, I do not see the sun rise; however, on this occasion something awoke me in time, and whilst luxuriantly reclining in my berth, a panorama of myriads of fairy-looking islands, floating in a misty vapor, tinted with the most delicate colors, glided by, framed by my cabin window.

After all, early rising has its rewards!

Anyone travelling by the Keenora certainly has a good time, as she is a well-fitted-up, comfortable boat, with plenty of space for stretching one's legs. Whilst crossing the great Traverse we were not troubled with contrary winds, so no one felt any the worse for wear, and a sense of peaceful enjoyment fell on all around. The very fact of being on the water is so pleasant that during the short time land was out of sight we found ample occupation for our thoughts. The gradually appearing, low-lying banks, and reedy spots, betokened the mouth of Rainy River, and a small settlement consisting of a few wooded huts, and fishing boats, gave evidence of life. Here the steamer stopped and landed one passenger, who no doubt felt very important!

The banks of the river were well grown with a variety of trees, now looking their best; numerous wigwams, picturesquely placed amongst them appeared to be part of the surroundings, and even the frail birch bark canoes, everywhere to be seen, were more like autumn leaves floating on the water than anything navigable. As the river went winding in and out through this lovely wooded country, fresh beauties constantly appeared, and the various stopping places on the way provided mild entertainment for those on board and on shore. The most interesting

part of the journey is when the Saulte Rapids are reached. Here the steamer has to be towed up by means of a rope, fastened to a small pier, built in the middle of the river and worked by a steam windlass on board. The Indians on shore, after catching the rope and conveying it to the pier, are rewarded with a sack of flour. For those on board, the sight is a very interesting one, as the steamer moves inch by inch, up the rushing water, the strained rope showing the immense power of the rapids. A sense of relief must fill the captain's heart when the pier is reached, and he is able to proceed ahead in an ordinary straightforward course. On the banks I saw what looked to my uneducated eyes like a row of beehives, but found that they were Indian graves! I was more careful after that before commenting on any passing sights.

The journey to Fort Frances occupies about nineteen hours, and there the passengers have to tranship, as further navigation is prevented by the Koochiching Falls, which are very attractive from all points of view. The Hudson's Bay Company have a fine store here, and one can buy everything from a pin to a sack of flour.

The air is most invigorating and pure, and, as usual, good fishing and hunting can be had. The site is a good one, so it is likely that Fort Frances will in comparatively a few years have grown to quite an important town. The water power is so very convenient that that alone forms a good opportunity for mills. After a comfortable night's rest and a hasty breakfast, I stepped on board the *Majestic*, which was busy sounding her warning whistle, telling the passengers that time waits for no man. A good deal of freight necessitated a call at Bear's Pass and thus we had an opportunity of seeing some of the prettiest parts of the Rainy Lake. The channels amongst the islands are in some cases so narrow that the most skillful navigation is required, the rocks appearing so close that it seemed possible to touch them, and gather some of the wonderfully tinted mosses and lichens which adorned them. But the feeling of absolute confidence in the captain's skill is very comforting. On the way there are two small rapids to shoot, which give a little temporary excitement. When entering the Seine River (or Insane River, as it might well be called) I was much struck by the sight of the huge rocks and boulders on all sides, lofty pine trees also helped to give a wild appearance to the surroundings. This is the most beautiful Canadian river I have

seen, and its twists and turns are truly marvellous. Everywhere we were greeted with "purple mists and mellow tints." Looking back, it all seemed like a beautiful vision or dream. Near the entrance to Shoal Lake the remains of a few wooden houses mark the spot where once Selma City flourished. When, I do not know. Our five hours' journey was nearly at an end, and Mine Centre appeared looming in the distance, where the hotel stood out prominently with open portals waiting to welcome the visitors from other lands. Here one positively breathes gold; the air seemed filled with quartz and gold mines. I succumbed to the infection, but as an antidote the various views from the windows of this hotel, overlooking the lake, kept me busy for a while. The office walls were well hung with fine heads of moose and caribou; one moose head especially, the largest on record, the horns having a span of 61 inches and 30 points. (I counted them.) It was impossible to visit all the mines, so I chose a good specimen, and after a very muddy walk of some miles, arrived on the scene of action. The whole process was carefully explained, and personally I felt remarkably wise at the end of it all. An aerial cable tramway conveys the ore from the shaft to the stamping mill, about 300 or 400 yards off, on the shores of Bad Vermillion Lake. This of course saves a great deal of time and labor. Apart from mining interests, Mine Centre is a very attractive place, as the boating is good, and fish have been caught in the lake. The fact of my falling to get a bite is no criterion. Fish never bite when I am anywhere near. Snooting, of course, there is plenty of, and as such good accommodation is available, no one who has regard for creature comforts need be deterred from fear of having to "rough it." The great attraction during my visit was the presence of three young moose belonging to someone in the town—beautiful little creatures and as tame as dogs. The bull had just started growing his beard, and was very conscious of the fact. He was evidently much pleased at my noticing it, though a little nervous if I happened to pull it, no doubt for fear it might possibly come out. Not unlike a youth with a budding moustache, which he strokes so lovingly, yet with so much care. An old squaw also interested me; her get-up so jaunty and frisky, did not prevent her from handling a huge oar in an antiquated barge with most extraordinary skill. There are, as you see, other attractions besides gold ore. It was all too soon that

the visit ended and the *Majestic* once more sounded her warning whistle. This time the lake was rough and many were the antics performed by the steamer. It was most tantalizing, after being called to dinner, to rush down and find all the dishes calmly resting on the floor. However, the cook rose to the occasion, and after a short delay another meal was concocted; though the remark that "we was very nearly not having any dinner" gave us an idea of the danger we escaped. This time the course was a more direct one, and when Fort Frances was reached, it all had a familiar and home-like look. I decided to skip a boat, and have a look round; so once more took advantage of my friend of the Alberton, and no doubt made the landlord's life a burden by asking him innumerable questions regarding the place. All around, the walks are charming, and koochiching, across on the American side, smiles on Fort Frances visitors. A delightful row 'up a little back water suggested cosy nooks for cosy couples, whilst broader streams afford opportunity for fishing. It was by no means cheerfully that I received the news that the *Keenora* was once more in sight. The return journey was uneventful, and the river had risen several feet, so all danger of sticking fast was over. Our genial captain's thoughts were free of care and thus gave the passengers a good opportunity of hearing various anecdotes and tales. The morning that we arrived in the Lake of the Woods was perfectly superb, and as the steamer performed complicated manoeuvres amongst the rocks and shoals we sat and blissfully breathed the crisp autumn air. Close to Rat Portage the Devil's Gap is to be seen on one side of which a rock with a most hideous face painted on it, bears the name of the Devil's Rock—by no means flattering to his majesty. A short time ago some school children who were on board passing the spot rather startled their elders by shouting, "Three cheers for the Devil!" so the captain told us. Rat Portage had quite an air of importance as we steamed towards the pier, and I realized with sorrow that the charming trip was just over. Now, looking back, I see before me a vision of beauty, "a season of mists and yellow fruitfulness," genial companionship, moose heads and gold quartz, and, last but not least, the old squaw busy rowing the barge. Rather a queer mixture, but still a very pleasant recollection. The fact that the train was ready to bear me eastwards away from all this brought me to my senses, but not even the beautiful shores of Lake Superior keep me from remembering as pleasant a fortnight as I have ever spent. To anyone who meditates this trip, let me give a word of advice: remember the little back water on the Rainy River near Koochiching; I can recommend it. A canoe is better than a boat, but the latter will do.

## FOX HUNTING

By C. Jno. Alloway

Circumstances led us to state in our last number that fox-hunting in and about Montreal had been brought to a rather sudden termination owing to the frost and snow which made its appearance in the early part of November. This, it now gives us pleasure to state, was only temporary, as almost immediately the snow disappeared and hunting went on as merrily as ever, and has continued without abatement up to Saturday, the second of the month. Both the Montreal and Canadian Hunt Clubs hunted their regular days without any interruption into December, a circumstance which has not been chronicled on the island of Montreal for a great many years.

The hunting enthusiasts of the Montreal Club, certainly had their quota of sport this season, as they began their cub-hunting in August and have continued ever since the glorious sport, three times a week, up to within a few days ago. The sport has been remarkably good in the case of both clubs, as on the whole the ground was in excellent condition, the weather favorable, fields large and the game most plentiful. Of casualties there were quite a few, but fortunately none of them were of a very serious character. Now that the season is over, those suffering from having come into too emphatic contact with the ground, will have ample time to comfort themselves with the compensations of the pleasant memories of many excellent days' sport which the exceptionally fine season of the past autumn afforded them, and to anticipate the zest with which, on the return of spring, they will once again follow as hard and fast as if broken bones and bruises were not again among the possibilities.

Although the out-door features of the club must be suspended during the winter, yet its social character will be uninterrupted, as the Club House at Cote des Neiges will be the scene of a round of functions, more or less informal, but which promise to be both gay and enjoyable.

The Canadian Hunt Club, whose headquarters are on the south side of the river in the vicinity of St. Lambert, has had an exceptionally successful season. The country over which they have hunted is less interlaced with barb wire than on the is-

land proper, and this, together with the fact that the section had not been hunted over for a great many years, made the task of the finding of plenty of game a comparatively easy matter. It was not an infrequent occurrence to find one, two and sometimes three foxes in the same covert, and this is what may almost be described as "too much of a good thing." The hunting during the season with this club was from its inception, one continued series of pleasure and enjoyment. If hard riding, plenty of game, good horses, stout hearts and unbounded enthusiasm can in any way contribute to the furnishing of good sport, then the Canadian Hunt Club has unlimited success in store for them in the future.

We are pleased to note that Mr. Collin Campbell has sufficiently recovered from his recent accident on Kingston in the "Hunt Cup," to be around among his friends once more.

## SMOKELESS POWDERS.

To the Editor Rod and Gun.

Permit me to submit a brief sketch and a few hints relative to the merits of a true Nitro smokeless powder. As a sportsman, and as all true sportsmen should do when they have found a good article, I wish to make it known to my brethren. My experience, since the advent of Nitros, commenced some fifteen years ago. The main point is a Nitro that gives the most advantages; in this is combined economy, the total absence of smoke, the greatest penetration with the least recoil, uniformity of pattern with the lowest breech pressure, and the absence of changes owing to atmospheric effects. At the close of the nineteenth century sportsmen, as a rule, are seeking a powder with the above advantages, and black powder, the old kicking mule, is almost a thing of the past with the up-to-date sportsman.

The failure of Dittmar powder to accomplish these much desired results, caused all new candidates for sportsmen's favor to be looked upon with suspicion, and wrecked guns, torn hands, and other accidents were numerous. All powder manufacturers were anxious to be first in the field with their goods. Admitting those good qualities their powders possessed, exacting sportsmen soon discovered the apparent difficulties, and they became generally known. Only those who were familiar with the subject were favored with successful results.

A Nitro with soft grain will not give satisfactory results. The reasons are obvious. The inexperienced loader will

give too little or too much pressure. If too little, not enough penetration will be obtained; if too much, excessive recoil, sufficient to injure a cheap made gun. A soft grain nitro is susceptible to dampness, to heat and to cold. A perfect smokeless powder should, first of all, have a hard grain, be very quick, should be loaded as easily as black, give but little recoil with great penetration, with always a regular pattern, leave no residue in the barrel, and contain no acid which will corrode or cause rust, and which will give the highest results with ordinary wadding.

Knowing the requirements, Messrs. E. I. Dupont, De Nemours & Co. spent years of time experimenting and investigating, with every convenience and apparatus that science could produce at their command, biding the time when they could put a smokeless powder before the sportsmen of America that would withstand the severest tests in the field and at the traps, or in any climate, and not be affected by atmospheric changes. When the time came for the development of smokeless powders, the same painstaking attention to details was carried into the early experiments as is now used in its production on a gigantic scale. That the old house of E. I. Dupont, De Nemours & Co. has not been behind in entering the field is shown by the fact that the eldest son of Eleuthere Irène Dupont, as early as 1845, exhausted the subject of gun cotton, as then known. His experiments on the new explosive were carried as far as could be at that time and the subject of smokeless powders was never lost sight of by his descendants. As each of the modern explosives was brought forward it was examined and its defects noted,—Schultze, among the first in Europe; next the powder of Reid and Johnston, in England; and in France the "poudre" B of Vieille, and the ballistite of Noble. The powder made by Carl Dittmar, the first smokeless made in the United States, lacked uniformity and became dangerous by keeping and storing. The Duponts were the first to make a powder of pure gun cotton, the safest and best basis for a reliable smokeless powder, and to-day claim to have produced a powder as near perfection as can be produced. The factory of E. I. Dupont, De Nemours & Co. is in Salem Co., New Jersey, on the banks of the Delaware River at Carney Point, adjacent to Wilmington, Delaware. Here may be found one of the most extensive and best equipped powder manufactories in the world.

The powder burned on the largest battle ships of the great fighting nations

is Dupont. A powder bought for a nation's use in war is subject to the most severe tests. These tests are frequently repeated; the powder must not only be the best, but it must remain so. Every American battle ship burns Dupont. Among them is the "Indiana," one of the most formidable American war ships, the weight of one gun being 136,000 lbs.; 39 feet 9½ inches long; the full charge of powder is 560 lbs.; weight of projectile, 1,100 lbs., which will penetrate 23 inches of solid steel at three-quarters of a mile. It costs to fire this gun \$700.00, and a shot can be delivered every six minutes. The "Indiana," with full armament, is capable of consuming 160,000 lbs. of powder in one hour, at a cost of \$40,000. The same house that makes the powder for the nation's use makes smokeless powder for all purposes of shooters.

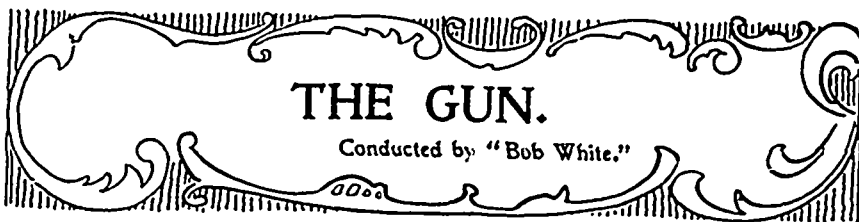
It is not necessary to argue with a genuine sportsman about the advantages of using smokeless powder. A good formula for targets is from 2½ to 3 drs. Dupont smokeless in either U. M. C. smokeless, W. R. A. or imported Ely shells; 1 grease proof card wad, 1 ¼-inch black edge and 2 common ¼ thick 12 ga. wads, and 1½ oz. No. 7 chilled shot with ¼ in. crimp. Above load for a 12 ga. gun using 2½ inch cases. For a 2½ in. shell, 3 drs. powder, 1 card wad and 2 black edges, with same load shot and crimp, will be found to give most excellent results from Ely shells with moderate firm pressure, from 30 to 40 lbs. For quail, same load as above with 1 oz. No. 8 chilled shot. For partridge or grouse use No. 7 shot; one oz. shot will give a much quicker load than 1½ oz., and increased velocity in choke 12 bore guns, one and one-eighth oz. in cylinder and half chokes. A good load for live pigeons, 3½ to 3¾ drs. Dupont smokeless in 2½ in. cases, 1 trap or field wad, 1 ¾ in. white felt, 1 black or pink edge wad, 1½ oz. No. 7 chilled shot, about 325 pellets to the oz., with thin card wad over shot and ¼ in. crimp. A three dram load is 36½ grains. Any good paper shell with a No. 3 primer will give good results.

F. H. CONOVER.

Leamington, Ont.



Every Sportsman is interested in anything that will prevent rust on guns. The "3 in one" Oil manufactured by the Geo. Cole Company, of New York, is a foremost claimant for popular favor of sportsmen. A sample bottle sent by the manufacturer to anyone enclosing a 2c. stamp.



### ON LOADING NITROS.

**I**N the days of black powder and muzzle loaders, when a gun performed equally well whether the wadding consisted of a page of the Sunday Times or the Police Gazette, and was sometimes called upon to do the work, without the formality of placing any wadding, between the powder and shot, the two being thrown in together, a carelessness in the manner of loading was encouraged which plays one false in the present day of breech loaders and smokeless powder.

I suppose almost every sportsman who has passed from black to smokeless powder, has, on the start if he has done his own loading, as most of us do, been met with disappointing results. If he has not, at once, become disgusted and gone back to his first love, declaring that black powder was good enough for him, he has succeeded in getting satisfactory results only after a more or less extended period of blind experiment, forgetting that after all it is better, if possible, to learn from the experience of others and that many serious accidents to individuals and guns would be avoided if less experimenting, on one's own account, were indulged in.

Three essentials for a good nitro load are a strong primer, a good stiff crimp, and half an inch, at least, of snug fitting felt wadding. By a strong primer I mean one equal in strength to the U. M. C. No. 3, used in their "smokeless" and "trap" shells. In my own shooting I have got the best results with this primer and shell and for a cheaper load, good results with Ely's shell. With other shells and primers, such as U. M. C. nitro, with No. 5 primer, U. M. C. Primrose, W. R. A. Repeater and No. 6 primer, W. R. A. Blue Rival and No. 3 W. primer, etc., I got a distinctly "slower" load than with such powders as Schultze, Dupont, and other bulk nitros, and that this was not imagination on my part was shown by the tests of Armin Tenner, Superintendent American Testing Institution. With 3 drams, Dupont powder, in the different shells named, he found that the times elapsing be-

tween the moment of pulling the trigger, and the moment the shot column quit the muzzle, as measured by the chronograph, were as follows, the figures representing fractions of a second: Climax shell, .0768; Leader shells, .0754; Nitro club shell, .0720; Rapid shell, .0675; Ely shell, .0660; Smokeless, .0600.

The weakness of the primer persuades the shooter to load up heavier, in order to get the desired force, leading him sometimes on to a dangerous length. I have seen 3 1-4 drams, of a popular nitro, in a nitro club shell, recommended as a good load for targets, and for ducks 4 drams, a load out of all reason. And this for a 12 gauge gun. The evidence of all the experts is against such loads—2 3-4 drams being an ordinary charge and 3 1-4 drams the maximum under all ordinary circumstances, if not under all circumstances. Nitro powder, though quicker of combustion is slower of ignition than black, and with a moderate primer the ignition is still further delayed. The consequence is that the bursting force of the explosive is exerted in a greater degree, at a point farther from the breech than under ordinary conditions, and consequently, at a point in the barrel less capable of resisting any extraordinary pressure.

Another fact with regard to nitros should be remembered and that is, that according to the quantities used, entirely different results are recorded as between it and black powder. In a 12-gauge gun, nitro and black powders are said to cross at about 2 1-2 drams, that is, this load of either will give about the same penetration, but should this load be decreased the nitro load becomes comparatively weaker until you reach a point where a load of black powder that would make a good pattern at 40 yards would scarcely drive the shot out of the barrel with nitro. On the other hand, as you increase the load above the crossing point, the reverse is the case, and it would be safer to use 6 grams of black powder than 4 drams of nitro. This is a fact, it is well to keep in mind, when inclined to "load up heavy" with a nitro powder.



Resistance and compression, (synonymous with firmly pressed, snug fitting wads, and a stiff crimp) are absolutely necessary to develop the force of a nitro. It is possible, with poor ignition by a weak primer and powder loosely loaded, to burn the powder in a shell without disturbing the shot charge to any extent, so that the necessity for the rapid, powerful attack of a strong primer upon the closely confined powder is apparent. Guns of the black powder; era were bored larger and many of these require wads a size larger than the bore to give best results, but a gun bored for nitros has the bore reduced, and should handle wads of the same gauge satisfactorily. I have found 11 1-2 wads in a 12 gauge satisfactory, and this would probably suit most guns. For loads to be used within a reasonable time a good wadding is a couple of 1-4 inch black edge wads firmly seated with a pressure of 20 to 40 pounds; or if not for immediate use, one blue nitro card, one 1-4 inch pink edge and one black edge wad in order named over the powder, the nitro card protecting the powder from the action of the grease in the felt wad. Substituting "Field" or "Trap" wads for nitro card increases the quality of the wadding and is especially desirable for maximum loads.

Hand wadded shells are, I believe, preferable to any machine loaded shells on the market, provided the loading is done by someone who has made an intelligent study of the business. By doing one's own loading, one can adapt his load readily to the kind of shooting he expects and he soon acquires a confidence in his loads that he does not have in the ready made article. Besides, what is also important, a Canadian can load his own shells very much cheaper than he can buy the imported load shell.

The St. Thomas Tournament.

Mr. Thomas Donley's tournament at St. Thomas, Ont., was held December 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th. The weather was bad and the attendance, though not large, included several of the professional crack shots of the States. The shoot being open to all, it is not surprising that the Canadian amateur was not present in very large numbers, he, evidently, not being eager to run up against men whose business it is to break records and win medals, and incidentally, cash. Those Canadians who did take part gave a good account of themselves, the international championship trophy, the big plum of the whole tournament, being won by a Canadian, Mr. H. Bates, of Ridgetown, Ont., who is to be heartily congratulated on his good shooting. The following is the score in the principal events:—

THE SCORE

Event No. 1.—Five live birds, two moneys, \$88.75 guaranteed, class shooting—Tripp 5, Donley 5, Budd 5, Kirkover 5, Hallowell 5, Young 5, Bates 5, Tyro 5, George 5, Marlatt 5, Norton 5, Graham 5, Gilbert 4, Sconce 4, Werk 4,

Helkes 4, Fanning 4, Emslie 4, Price 4, McCarter 4.

Event No. 2.—Seven live birds, two moneys, \$100 guaranteed—Tripp 7, Gilbert 7, Werk 7, Budd 7, Kirkover 7, Helkes 7, Young 7, Dart 7, Wheller 7, Sconce 6, Donley 6, Hallowell 6, Fanning 6, Bates 6, Norton 6, Emslie 6.

Event No. 3.—Ten live birds, \$200 guaranteed, three moneys—Tripp 10, Donley 10, Werk 10, Young 10, Tyro 10, Wheller 10, Gilbert 9, Sconce 9, Fanning 9, Parker 9, Emslie 9, Bates 9, George 9, Norton 9, Fletcher 9, Budd 8, Kirkover 8, Helkes 8, Price 8.

Extra, \$3, miss and out—

Gilbert...	.1	1	2	1	1	1	0	out
Werk...	.2	2	1	1	1	1	1	0
Kirkover...	.2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Helkes...	.2	2	2	2	1	2	1	2
Fanning...	.1	1	2	1	1	1	1	1
Hallowell...	.1	2	2	2	2	2	1	0
Donley...	.2	1	2	2	1	1	0	out
Young...	.2	2	0	0	0	0	0	out
Norton...	.0	0	0	0	0	0	0	out
McCarter...	.2	2	2	2	0	0	0	out
Parker...	.1	2	2	2	1	1	1	2
Tripp...	.2	1	1	2	1	1	0	out
Wheller...	.1	2	2	2	2	1	2	1
Sconce...	.2	1	1	0	0	0	0	out
Emslie...	.2	0	0	0	0	0	0	out

Extra No. 2.—Five live birds, \$3 entrance, high guns—

Tripp....	.1	1	1	2	1
Gilbert...	.1	1	2	1	1
Sconce...	.2	2	2	2	2
Werk...	.2	2	0	1	1
Hallowell...	.2	2	1	1	1
Fanning...	.1	1	1	1	1
Kirkover...	.2	2	2	2	2
Helkes...	.1	2	2	1	1
McCarter...	.2	2	1	0	0
Donley...	.1	0	2	1	1
Parker...	.1	2	2	1	1
Bates...	.2	1	2	0	0

4th event, 10 targets, \$20 guaranteed four moneys—Blake, 10; Young, 10; Sconce, 9; Tripp, 8; Marks, 8; Graham, 6; McCarthy, 6.

5th event, 15 targets, \$30 guaranteed five moneys—Blake, 14; Kirkover, 14; Young, 14; Tyro, 14; Sconce, 13; Tripp, 13; Marks, 12; Price, 11; McCarthy, 11; Dart, 10.

6th event, 20 targets, \$50 guaranteed five moneys—Sconce, 19; Tripp, 17; Young, 17; Wood, 17; Dart, 17; Blake, 16; Kirkover, 16; McCarthy, 15; Price, 14.

7th event, 10 targets, \$20 guaranteed, four moneys—Kirkover, 10; Tripp, 9; Emslie, 9; Sconce, 8; Black, 8; Young, 8; Marks, 7; Wood, 7; Dart, 7.

8th event, 15 targets, \$30 guaranteed five moneys—Tripp, 15; Young, 14; Dart, 14; Black, 13; Kirkover, 13; McCarthy, 13; Sconce, 12; Marks, 12; Emslie, 12; Wood, 10.

9th event, 20 targets, \$50 guaranteed five moneys—Kirkover, 19; Sconce, 18; Tripp, 17; Blake, 17; Young, 16; Dart, 16; Fletcher, 16; Marks, 15.

10th event, 10 targets, \$20 guaranteed, four moneys—Kirkover, 10; Sconce, 9; Tripp, 9; Young, 9; Tyro, 8; Blake, 7; Marks, 7.

11th event, 15 targets, \$30 guaranteed five moneys—Tripp, 14; Sconce, 13; Blake, 12; Young, 12; McCarthy, 12; Kirkover, 10; Price, 9.

Extra, No. 1, 10 birds (live), entrance \$10, three moneys—Fanning, 10; Kirkover, 10; Gilbert, 9; Budd, 9; Helkes, 9; Marks, 9; Parker, 9; Hallowell, 9; Donley, 8; Tripp, 8; Wood, 8.

Extra No. 2, 10 live birds, entrance \$10, three moneys—Gilbert, 10; Helkes, 9; Budd, 9; Hallowell, 9; Wood, 9; Brady, 9; Kirkover, 9; Werk, 8; Fanning, 8; Donley, 8; Young, 8; Marks, 8.

Extra, No. 3, 10 live birds, entrance \$10; three moneys—Helkes, 10; Gilbert, 10; Fanning, 9; Hallowell, 9; Kirkover, 9; Tripp, 9; Budd, 8; Donley, 8; Brady, 8; McCarthy 8.

THE TROPHY CONTEST—\$700.

Rates, 25; Tripp, 24; Sconce, 24; Wheller, 24; Budd, 23; Young, 23; Hallowell, 23; Graham, 23; Marks, 23; Wood, 23; Tyro, 23; Gilbert, 22; Blake, 22; Kirkover, 21; Fanning, 21; Parker, 21.

Extra No. 1, private match, 10 live birds—Sconce, 10; Tripp, 9.

Extra No 2, private, 10 birds—Sconce 9; Tripp, 7.

Extra No. 3, \$5 entrance, 10 live birds, high guns—Emslie, 9; Marks, 9.

Stray Shots.

The Grand Canadian Handicap and 10th annual tournament of the Hamilton, (Ont.), Gun Club, will be held at that city on January 16, 17, 18 and 19, next. The principal event will be the grand Live Bird Handicap on the first day, at 20 live birds, entrance, \$15 including birds, surplus added, divided: 1st, \$125; second, \$85; third, \$65; fourth, \$55; fifth, \$45; sixth, \$35; seventh, \$35; eighth, \$35; ninth, \$25; tenth, \$25; eleventh, \$25; twelfth, \$15; thirteenth, \$15; fourteenth, \$15. Second day, this event will be continued followed by a live bird handicap, and on the third day a 10 live bird handicap, \$100 guaranteed. On each of the first three days there will be 5 20-target events, \$2 entrance, with \$50 guaranteed in two of these events on the 1st and 2nd days. The last day will be devoted to an open handicap at 25 live birds, \$20 entrance, divided, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent, surplus added to high guns. All events except as above will be class shooting. Manufacturers agents and paid experts are excluded from the money in all events except the open handicap. The Hamilton tournament has for years been looked upon as the principal Canadian trap shooting event and it will no doubt sustain its reputation this time.

I have just received a neat gun catalogue recently issued by Mr. Wm. Cashmore, Birmingham, England. Mr. Cashmore's guns, like most English made guns with a reputation to sustain, are built "on honor" and besides being well made are good shooters, and comparatively cheap.

# Great Premium Offers

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SEVEN subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at \$5.00, or a boy's Nickel Watch, listed at \$3.50.

TEN subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listed at \$6.00 or less, or a Yawman & Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at \$6.00.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Stevens Ideal Rifle No. 41, listed at \$10.00.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Premo Camera, 4 x 5, listed at \$15.00, or a Winchester Repeating Rifle, model 1890, listed at \$16.00.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Winchester Repeating Rifle, 30 calibre, model 1895, listed at \$25.00, or a Winchester Repeating Rifle, 30 calibre, model 1894, listed at \$23.00. Both these rifles use smokeless cartridges and are the most modern big game guns.

FORTY subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a Winchester Take-Down Repeating Shot-gun, model 1897, 12 gauge, listed at \$27.00.

FIFTY subscriptions at \$1.00 each, a No. 2 grade Syracuse Hammerless Double Barrel Shot-gun, 10 or 12 gauge, listed at \$40.00.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at \$1.00 each, an Ithaca Hammerless Double Barrel Shot-gun, quality No. 3, 10, 12 or 16 gauge, listed at \$80.00.

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# PLACE VIGER HOTEL

## MONTREAL.



Facing Place Viger, a pretty open square, named after the first Mayor of Montreal, is the Place Viger Hotel, erected by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—the latest addition to

its chain of magnificent hotels which extends from Quebec to Vancouver, and includes, amongst others, those charming resorts in the mountains of British Columbia—Banff, Field and the Great

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

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

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

There is accommodation for 350 guests.

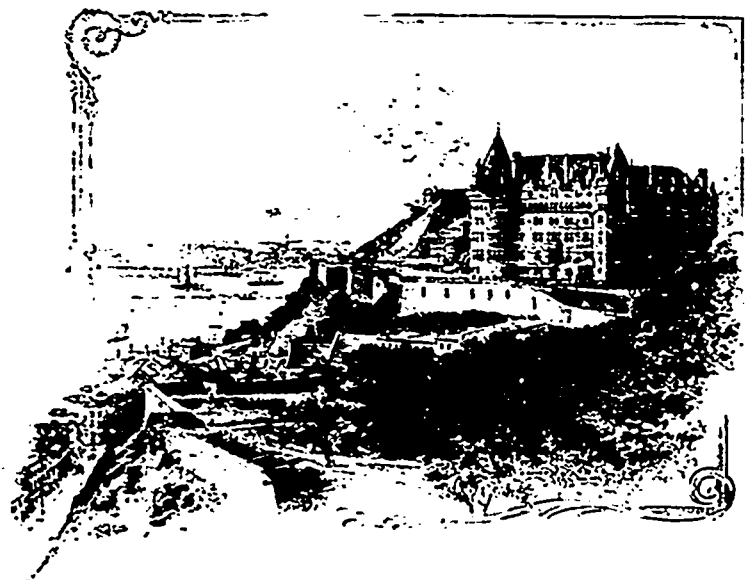
The rates are from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day, with special arrangements for large parties or those making a prolonged stay.

For further particulars address Manager, Place Viger Hotel, Montreal.

The Chateau Frontenac, a magnificent new fire-proof hotel, erected by a number of capitalists of Montreal, stands at the eastern end of a splendid esplanade known as the Dufferin Terrace, just below the King's Bastion of the Citadel, commanding delightful views of the St. Lawrence as far as the eye can reach—down past the Ile d'Orleans, across to Levis and beyond, up stream to Sillery, and, to the left, the country along the beautiful valley of the St. Charles River. The grandeur of the scenery is indescribable; it is matchless in diversity and charming in effect. No grander site for such a structure could be found on the continent and it would not be easy to combine the advantages it possesses in any place the world over. This elegant hotel, on which nearly \$1,000,000 has been judiciously expended, and which has been enlarged to meet the increased demands of travel, is erected on an historic spot of more than ordinary interest—the site of the old Chateau St. Louis, so famous in Canadian history and once the vice-regal residence of the Governors of Canada, both before and after the conquest.

# CHATEAU FRONTENAC

## QUEBEC.



The rates are from \$3.50 upwards per day, with special arrangements for large parties or those making a pro-

longed stay. For further particulars address Manager, Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.