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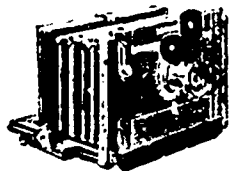
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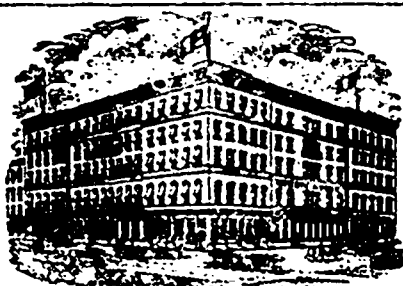
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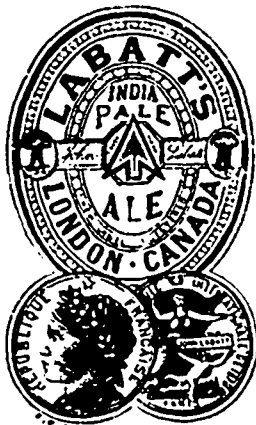


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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Frontispiece, "A British Columbia Mountain Stream".....	
Editorials	63-64
Export of Game—Fish and Game are Valuable Assets—New Game and Fish Laws of Newfoundland—Protection of Forests from Fire—Game in Newfoundland.	
Game in Dauphin District.....	64
A Camping Party's Adventures, by C. Edmund Lemieux, Illustrated....	65-67
The Claim and the Caribou, by W. F. B.....	68-70
The Professor's Perilous Bear Trapping, by C. C. Farr. Concluded..	71
"Coquitlam," Poetry, by T. R. E. McInnis.....	71
A Woman's Views on Camping Out, by Ella Walton.....	74-74
"A Call to the Northland," Poetry, by Colin McKay.....	74
Regulations for the Export of Deer.....	74
At the Kennels, conducted by D. Taylor.....	75-76
The Gun, conducted by "Bob White.".....	76-78



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803 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

EXPORT OF GAME.

The new Customs regulations of the Dominion respecting the export of deer, caribou, moose, etc., are printed on another page in full. The importance to Canada of this new law thus given effect to, can scarcely be over-estimated. Every moose is worth to Canada at least four hundred dollars (\$400.00), the money left here not only by the non-resident who succeeds but by him who fails. Hence it is of the first importance to induce the non-resident sportsman to come here, and having done so, make his path easy, so having enjoyed "one of life's concentrated moments" when the monarch of the woods succumbed to his skill, he is able hereafter to exhibit to admiring friends and would-be imitators the animal itself. Human nature is so much the same everywhere that seeing is necessary to believing, and it is not surprising that the embargo heretofore placed on exportation has deterred many who would have otherwise come.

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FISH AND GAME ARE VALUABLE ASSETS.

Senator Frye, of Maine, is an able exponent of the doctrine that fish and game are a "valuable asset of the State." He says that his State feels hard times

less than other States because of the very large sum of money left there annually by sportsmen. This amount is estimated at approximately four millions, and most of it is disbursed in the wilder and poorer districts where the value is felt the most.

It is interesting to note that in Maine, where game protection is reduced to almost an exact science, it is conducted apparently on non-political lines, and the able Game Commissioners seem to have a pretty free hand to go ahead on a business basis and make the best of a paying proposition. It is a good object lesson to Canadian Provinces, and that one of them which first adopts, as fully as practicable, all the Maine methods, will reap a rich harvest. Much has been done in some directions within the Dominion, but it is a big contract and needs handling universally on a broad basis.

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NEW GAME AND FISH LAWS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

The new game and fish laws of Newfoundland forbid the killing of caribou from Feb. 1 to July 15, and from Oct. 1 to Oct. 20. No person other than a licensee shall kill in one year three stags and one doe caribou. Non-residents need a license before hunting. Licenses are of three kinds: 1. To kill two stags and one doe caribou costs \$40. 2. Three stags and one doe caribou, \$50. 3. Five stags and two doe caribou, \$80. A license of the first-class is good for four weeks from date thereof; the second class for six weeks; the third class for two months. No licensee shall employ as a guide, laborer, or bearer in a hunting party any person not domiciled in Newfoundland, except under license.

Any person obtaining a license shall make oath that he will not violate the law, and at the expiration of his license return it to a magistrate, specifying the number of caribou killed by him.

The use of snare, trap, or pit to capture caribou is prohibited; dogs cannot be

used in hunting caribou, and firearms only are permitted in hunting.

Moose or elk are protected in the colony until Jan. 1, 1906.

Ptarmigan and all kinds of grouse are protected from Jan. 12 to Sept. 15. Curlew, plover, snipe, or other wild or migratory birds (excepting wild geese) are protected from Jan. 12 to Sept. 15. Rabbits and hares are protected from March 1. to Sept. 15. Beaver are protected from April 1 to Oct. 1.

The close time on salmon and trout is from Sept. 10 to Jan. 15.

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PROTECTION OF FORESTS FROM FIRE.

August and early September have brought their small annual quota of forest fires in Canada, a decreasing proportion we are pleased to say, owing to the excellent fire ranger system, which prevails nearly generally throughout the Dominion.

Every true sportsman is interested in preserving our forests. A burnt forest territory has lost all attraction for lovers of out-door life, and its gaunt rampikes, and general air of desolation are enough to make sad a heart of stone.

The following suggestions of the fire rangers are worth consideration by everyone:

"The greatest care should be exercised between April 1st and October 31st, and if a fire is made in the forest, or at a distance of less than half a mile therefrom, or upon any island, for cooking or obtaining warmth, the maker should

1st. Select a locality in the neighborhood in which there is the smallest quantity of vegetable matter, dead wood, branches, brushwood, dry leaves, or resinous trees.

2nd. Clear the place in which he is about to light the fire by removing all vegetable matter, dead trees, branches, brushwood, and dry leaves from the

soil within a radius of ten feet from the fire.

3rd. Exercise every reasonable care and precaution to prevent such fire from spreading, and carefully extinguish the same before quitting the place.

"Great care should be exercised to see that burning matches, ashes of pipes and lighted cigars, or burning gun wadding, or any other burning substance, should be completely extinguished before the sportsman leaves the spot.

"Too much care cannot be exercised in these important matters."



GAME IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

"Few countries can offer to the enthusiastic sportsman such a variety and quantity of game as can be found in Newfoundland," writes a correspondent. The greater portion of the island is covered with lakes and ponds which abound in fish of many varieties. The trout and salmon of Newfoundland are famous in size, are exquisite in flavor, and anglers from all parts of the world who have fished in Newfoundland waters unite in saying that nowhere have they found such noble sport.

Besides the trout and salmon which are indigenous to these waters, the lakes and ponds all over the country are stocked with loch leven gamey bass and other varieties.

Feathered game is abundant. The ponds are the natural home of wild duck, geese and other fresh water fowl. The barrens and marshy ground abound in the grouse or ptarmigan, curlew, plover and snipe, and sea pigeons and "turs" infest the islands and shores in large quantities.

The Arctic and American hare or rabbit swarm over the whole island, their quantities being so great that they are used as a staple food product.

In the interior vast herds of caribou offer noble sport to the hunter. The caribou or reindeer are larger and finer than those of Lapland or Norway, carrying antlers exceeding in size those of the above countries. Stags weighing 500 and 600 pounds are not uncommon. September and part of October are the months for caribou shooting, and one of the best stalking grounds is the "barrens" over-looking Grand Lake opposite the northern end of the island.

The "White Hills," near Halls Bay, an arm of Notre Dame Bay, is another famous stalking ground. Formerly caribou stalking was expensive sport, but the Newfoundland railway has opened up

the country and aids the sportsman in reaching the desired locality and lessens the expense. The caribou country covers an area of nearly 25,000 square miles.



Illinois has been added to the number of States which impose non-resident license fees for the privilege of shooting. It costs \$10.00 to the outsider.



Deer are to be raised in Norway for sale of their flesh, hide and heads; crows are said to be raised now for sale of heads and feathers to the millinery trade; near Labelle, Quebec, in the Laurentian Mountains, about 100 miles north of Montreal, there is a large skunk farm on an island, where my lady's (future) pure Russian sable muff now walks about in fancied and odoriferous security. Next!



The Sportsmen's Exhibition, open at St. Louis Sept. 10th. being the first of its kind in that city, will have several Canadian exhibits, intended to exploit our magnificent fish and game resources, and will undoubtedly result in attracting many St. Louisans, as well as others, to Canada. The Exhibition closes early enough in October to let those, who so desire, come at once during the open hunting season. We hope you will come early, gentlemen, the earlier the better, and avoid the rush.



A recent writer to a contemporary makes a remarkable statement regarding a certain smokeless powder. He says at a regular shoot of the Glenwood Gun Club he used fifty shells that had been loaded with this smokeless powder by the U.M.C. Co. and were so wet that he experienced difficulty in getting them into the chamber of his gun—net result—18 broken out of 50 targets shot at. There are still at least two chances for other writers to relate better results.



A correspondent, who withholds his name from publication, in writing of the proposed League of Canadian Sportsmen, speaks pointedly as follows:—

"I see that it is proposed to form a League of Canadian Sportsmen on the lines of the L. of A. S. I hope you will take higher ground and limit your membership to Sportsmen. The American League will take in anyone who will pay \$1.00 per annum. * * * I define a genuine sportsman as one who fishes and hunts simply for the love of

the sport; who respects the laws of the locality wherever he may be, that are in the interest of preservation of fish and game; who is content with reasonable bags; and who never converts into money the product of rod and gun. Anyone who kills more than he can use; or more than the legal limit; or out of season, or who sells the product, either as a market hunter, or simply to reduce the net cost of his vacation trip, is not (to my mind) a genuine sportsman, and he should not be entitled to any of the advantages that may accrue to membership in Sportsmen's Associations."

GAME IN DAUPHIN DISTRICT.

Owing to the rapid advancement of settlements through Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, during the past years, game is being driven farther afield, each year, though the advantages furnished by railway travel, in a certain measure, surmounts the difficulty, and to-day permits those living in the centers to indulge in a hunting trip with but slight extra expense, or loss of time.

It is doubtful whether any part of Manitoba offers more inducements to the sportsman than the country generally known as Dauphin. One with but little expense or trouble, can reach all sorts of game, be it prairie chicken, partridge, water fowl of all varieties, as well as moose, elk, jumping deer; while Lakes Dauphin and Winnipegosis will afford good sport with canoe, and rod or troll, and at almost any part of the shores of these fine bodies of water attractive camp grounds can be found.

Should a canoe voyage offer attractions to the prospective tripper, he can by taking rail to Dauphin embark on the lake of that name, and distant some eight miles from the town, paddle north to the Mossy River, some 12 miles, follow it to its mouth at Winnipegosis, and from there he commands miles and miles of lake and woods, where in the proper seasons his every wish so far as sport is concerned, can be gratified.

Should he desire to return by rail then at Winnipegosis he can car his outfit, and thus avoid the rather stiff work of ascending the Mossy, or if his time will permit, there is direct water communication into Lake Manitoba, by following which he could arrive at Westbourne. This trip would take him through some of the most famous water fowl shooting to be had anywhere in the west.

If one's ambition should rise above such trifles and big game is looked for,

the whole district is at his command, as owing to the protection for the past few years, all varieties of deer are plentiful, both in the Riding and Duck mountains, as well as on the lower lands, and good points can be easily reached from any of the stations north of Plumas. Last season the writer hardly knew which of the numerous invitations to help kill deer he should avail himself of, as settlers in all directions offered good sport; and the success attained by some who had had little or no experience, proved that deer were plentiful, some very fine heads having been secured.

If one's ideas run to upland shooting, then in most seasons, prairie chicken can be found in fair quantities through the more open parts of the district, the Gilbert Plains being a favorite resort of these noble birds, though no doubt there are other parts of the province where larger bags can be made. Still to the true sportman quantity is not everything, and so far as the pot hunter is concerned he is not wanted, nor will he find a very warm welcome from the settlers. It is somewhat more difficult to find birds owing to the fact that scrub prevails more or less all through the district, which renders it necessary to have well trained and staunch dogs, setters preferred, as it will try the patience of most shooters to have raw or partially broken dogs to work over.

Parties contemplating a trip through this district, and wishing to procure their outfits locally, could, with little trouble, arrange with some of the business men, at any of the stations, for all that would be necessary, with the exception of tents and canoes; these could not be had. Guides can be found as well. As to boats there are several on Lake Dauphin, but being private property could not as a general rule be hired. At Winnipegosis there are several fine boats owned by the fishing companies operating on that lake which could be chartered, or arrangements could be made with the owners of the tugs, to have one's boats or canoes towed to any part of the lake.

Trusting that any one who concludes to try his luck in the district will meet with as much sport as the writer has on many occasions, and return to his work prepared to make many more such trips, we will leave him to make his preparations.

MUSCOOS.

Dauphin, Man.

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A CAMPING PARTY'S ADVENTURES

By F. Edmund Lemieux.

Bush Fires in the Lake En Long District.

PRIOR to 1897 I had seen bush fires several times, but they were raging at a far and safe distance from the surroundings I happened to visit. In that year, however, circumstances favored me with an exceptional opportunity of witnessing an extensive conflagration of that character from almost its inception to its finishing

1897, with four enthusiastic disciples of the Benard Fish and Game Club, I camped at Lake En Long, twelve miles north of Graceland. For weeks the weather had been unusually warm; no rain had fallen; everything of a combustible nature was in prime condition for havoc by fire. With rod and line we had fared ill; poor luck had attended us, and but few black bass weighted our creels. Nevertheless reasonable enjoyment was obtained during the first part of our outing by



"Home."

touches. It lasted for over one week, and on its course of destruction swept over an area of about sixteen square miles. My thrilling experiences and impressions during those brief days can never be effaced; they are still so fresh to memory that I can easily bring back to mind the rapid extension of the fiery element and the sights of stirring magnificence presented to my eyes.

From September 25th to October 11th,

exploring the forest, mountains and lakes. We ascended Rogers' Mountain some five or six hundred feet in height, at the foot of which washes Morissette Lake. The flat rocky summit of that elevation afforded a splendid view of Blue Sea Lake, a large expansion of water dotted with numerous islands, and further away fourteen other lakes were seen upon whose surface the setting sun reflected its parting kisses at night's approach.

On arrival at the resort we had concluded arrangements with the keeper of the lakes to have meals prepared and served to us at his house, so that we might be free to take longer peregrinations and be relieved of a duty not the most popular with campers, in which poker and frying pan play an important part.

It was 12 o'clock on Sunday, October 3rd, when about to leave camp as usual en route to our host's table, that Morini called attention to a large column of smoke ascending on the opposite side of the lake, fully half a mile inland and a little to the west, at almost the extremity of a long bay. Everyone gazed with a kind of fascination at the place, and we were at once convinced that nothing—except rain, of which there was not the slightest sign—could master the destructive fiend whose grasp was extending with wonderful rapidity. Pellerin, the dean of the party, with an air of seriousness his facial expression seldom rendered with greater perfection, said: "Boys, oh boys, bush fires! Bush fires! We have a contract to git if it be made too hot around here." "All right, Pell., we will not be slow either, if it comes to that." This state of affairs did not satisfy our crying hunger for the next meal, and on this mission we then started. An hour later we returned to the tents. The fire had made perceptible headway; with a slight breeze it inclined north-westerly. The man at the helm of the crew (Pellerin, of course) summoned a council of war, at which it was decreed that each camper in turn should mount guard. Night and day a watchful eye was to be on the lookout in case of any emergency. Such a precautionary measure was necessary, as the wind might have changed its direction towards us, and driven the sweeping visitor to our quarters. We were not to run any risk; we had at stake several hundred dollars' worth of luggage, arms and other paraphernalia. Troubles we were well aware never come singly; we had no insurance agent in the crowd; but such is ever the irony of fate.

Some 500 yards to our right, in line with the bay above referred to, is Courchaine Creek, about 100 yards wide. It empties the waters of a lake bearing that name, and situate a mile to the northwest. This shallow creek, separating us from the mainland where the fire was angrily burning away, is a regular labyrinthine channel of weeds, shrubs, stumps, fallen trees in a decaying stage, with scores of lifeless cedars everywhere extending their long and sharply-pointed branches. It was a poor barrier to the fire had the wind changed its course east, but fortun-

ately it did not; and for the time being anxiety as to imminent danger was alleviated.

With my usual luck (I do not allude to lottery drawings) I was first to act as sentinel for the Sunday night. When my friends in Dreamland were snoringly enjoying the caresses of Morpheus, around the camp, I attentively guarded our common interests. With the exception of that continuous whizz of the burning timber, the silence of the night was broken only by the occasional hoot of an owl, the croaking concert of frogs musically disposed, or the jumping exercises of hungry muskrats near by. Now and then could also be heard the echoing sound of a forest giant conquered by its ravenous enemy and violently striking the ground on its deadly fall. Upon the lake was reflected the brightness of the burning area, with millions of giddy sparks on their aerial and erratic chase, many of them to vanish in the glossy and brilliant waters. It was a rare display indeed. During the night nothing occurred to create alarm, though towards dawn I gave free expression to my pulmonary powers in a very discordant tone; it was becoming monotonous. At once the boys sprang to their feet. When asked who was next on the roll of duty, the boss replied: "Ned, your term expires in two hours; it is now 5 o'clock." I resumed my functions until relieved at the appointed time. After a light breakfast I slept to 1 o'clock; then, partaking of refreshments, I canoed up to the creek, with Spoonoar, to investigate matters. We took with us an ax and a pail in case of need; these articles proved highly useful, as will now be seen. The fire was running a short distance inland, towards Courchaine Lake; the wind had turned slightly east, helping occasional sparks and cinders to fall on this side of the creek, from which a small streak of smoke was issuing. On examination we discovered a fresh fire some thirty feet square. To check its progress and put it out we immediately set to work. Pail after pail of water was brought to play on it, surrounding trees were felled, and we finally succeeded in conquering our enemy. Great was our jubilation, for it meant saving from destruction the beautiful bush of our camp. We had arrived at that fire just in the nick of time. It did not afterwards touch that spot, but continued its zigzagging course on the opposite shore.

In company with Young-Man-Afra, of-the-Wind (explanations further on) I again visited the creek late in the evening. Not a zephyr was perceptible; we breathed a sultry air as if the so-much desired rain was soon to come.

We were to be deceived in this expectation—nay worse; no weather prophet hovered around to give us an encouraging word. That evening the fire was eating away at what was left of trees, fallen giants and grass near the bay, on the opposite side of the creek, but the great burning mass was pretty far out to the northwest. During hours we leisurely paddled around the bay, again fairly well illuminated, and beheld desolation where a few days before all seemed alive with multicolored foliage. I feel I yet contemplate that panoramic sight of the fire, on a late evening, going up in a long and narrow line between two sinister mountains. It had the appearance though in a more sensible grandeur—of a Canadian toboggan slide lighted up for an eventful meet at the chutes. In the quietness of night could be heard with terrific noise the falling of immense trees on the sloping sides of the mountainous ravine. Now and then a loud detonation would take place; it was the splitting up of overheated rocks. Altogether we witnessed an unusual and frightful spectacle. We returned to camp at half past 12 in the morning. Spoonoar was walking up and down, with open eyes, an assurance that, happening anything out of the ordinary, the folks in peaceful enjoyment of rest would be awakened in ample time to make a hasty retreat.

When we first arrived at Lake En Long we engaged the services of a man in making a dug-out at Courchaine Lake, as we had no boat on those waters; it was finished on Friday, October 8th. Being a heavy pro-gue, we decided to all go thither—a mission of three hours at the most—to launch the newly-born traveller of the deep, no fear then being entertained for the safety of the camp, as the fire had now its berth a mile to the northwest. When we reached the lake, by land, the destructive element was burning not far from the head of the creek, though, on the opposite side. Spoonoar had brought his kodak, and after taking a view of the craft where it had been shaped, we joined forces and pulled it to the water's edge; it was then 5 o'clock. Here begins the most thrilling adventure of all. An immense volume of smoke, which the setting sun pierced in the form of a crimson disc, suddenly spread above us; the fire had crossed the creek; its ever-ready devouring rage found highly palatable food in the numerous cedars and gummy pines. With courageous determination Spoonoar again focussed his instrument on the brave expedition, and we hurriedly started to return home. Not 200 yards had been covered through the Indian path when we found, to our horror, that we could

go no further; our enemy had cut us off; he was master of the situation. It was no time to hesitate. We had no inclination whatever for scorching. It was a very embarrassing position, the more so as none of us had experienced difficulties of such circumstances. At last the craft-maker suggested making a circuit around the fire, at a reasonable distance ahead, and this alternative was decided upon. The bush included a tortuous ravine of a very dangerous description—in fact, one of the worst I ever travelled. Everywhere fallen timber, protruding brushes, entangling obstructions of all sorts, impeded our exit. However, the situation was far too critical not to spur us to surmount these difficulties. We forced our passage through with a creditable record. The agility we displayed was remarkable. I doubt if a fleeting deer which has just felt the scorching sensation of a leaden bullet would have been in it with us; our leaps, bounds and jumps were simply acrobatic feats. Success crowned our intrepidity; we reached our canvas home at last. Since that eventful episode we are known, amongst the club confreres, as members of the "flying expedition." I can vouch as a fact that we did fly on that adventurous run. When we reached camp everything was in good shape, except—ourselves. Regular rivulets of perspiration were streaming down our backs; we had little wind left, and were glad to rest for a while. Dr. Meddon prescribed a sponge bath, a light supper and a half cup of Perlini (home-made medicinal "set-me-up") with good effect, for next morning we felt ourselves again. I must not forget to mention that when we arrived at camp the guide, a very reticent talker, was heard to say he was not particularly anxious to undergo another such experience. Not a word to the contrary was even whispered. For my part I will long remember that escape from Courchaine Lake.

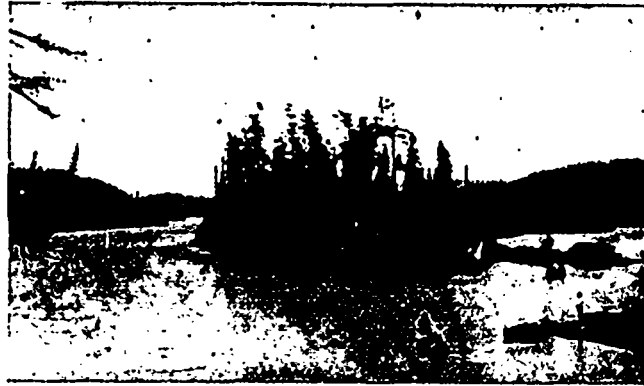
At about midnight on that memorable Friday it began to rain heavily. How pleased we felt at the arrival of this benefactor, whose visit had been awaited for days and days. That downpour settled our impatience and grumbling, and the fire question, too. It may be surmised that our troubles and fears were then at an end. No, not yet, for there is no rest for the wicked; our tempers had suffered wonderful changes. At 2 o'clock in the morning came on a hurricane, every moment a tree was heard to fall. Camped amongst tall giants, we entertained doubts as to our safety. One of these giants, not very far away, tumbled down with stupendous force and noise, causing such a deafening

crash that my comrade Ernie thought his last hour had sounded. He leaped out of the cot with even greater velocity than the wind travelled at, reached the lake shore and stood there on a log until morning, in contemplative admiration of celestial immensity enveloped in mourning color of the night. Morini, ever philanthropically disposed, brought Ernie a few blankets for comfortable use in his odd solitary attitude. This explains the misnomer of "Young-Man-Afraid-of-the-Wind."

It would be mean on my part were I not to relate en passant a little incident of mine. On the return from Courchaine Lake I carried my gun and four cartridges. In the excitement of the sudden cut-off by the fire I accidentally dropped the ammunition (like Pellerin on a previous occasion leaving the food sac on the road); I might say threw it away. About a quarter of a

Monday, not quite so enthusiastic a party as on arrival at the camp. Only those who have seen us we did, and at close quarters, the devouring element and its accompanying terrors, can realize how devastating and horrible are those forest conflagrations, though at times they present admirable spectacles of unique and unsurpassed grandeur.

From what could be learned, that great fire originated probably in this manner: A man coming from Lake Jos. Larche fired his muzzle-loading gun in the bush, and the paper wadding ignited the dry grass. Whilst at dinner with us on that Sunday, October 3rd, he frankly admitted having discharged his gun in the locality where the fire had started. I might be asked why we did not try to put out that fire in its incipency. For the reason that when we were first aware of its



A Typical Island—Lady Evelyn Lake.

mile ere we reached camp I came face to face with as plump and as docile a partridge as ever I met, and not ten yards off, on the limb of a maple. I had hoped the bird would not be seen by my friends, but alas, they discovered it. Imagine the remarks made at my expense. "Give it to her mildly, Ned;" "better coax her to come down." Many such expressions of doubtful complimentary meaning were showered upon me. Of course the bird stood perfectly still, seemingly interested in what was taking place below. Its silence and air of independence were even more sarcastic than the remarks of my companions. With a blush I swallowed the bitter pill with as little contortion as possible, but silently vowed revenge on some future occasion.

From the time rain fell no further danger was apparent, but then it was too late to change for the better, so far as we were concerned, for our vacation was drawing to a close. We packed up for home on the following

existence it had already taken large proportions, and we could not possibly have reached the place in time to be able to do anything.

Incidentally, a few words of caution to my camping friends may not be out of place. Too much care cannot be exercised in making fires in the bush. Certain precautions are necessary, and should be taken to avoid wanton destruction. Never leave camp without the assurance that the fire has been effectively put out. From smoldering coals fanned by a sudden favorable wind may originate the greatest of conflagrations in the forest. Again, do not burn more fuel than you actually require. Bonfires should be a recreation of the past. You will recognize the true lover of nature, the perfect sportsman, by the use he makes of the fuel around him in the bush. A sportsman, in the true sense of the word, will avoid any unnecessary depletion of the trees and foliage in the surroundings he visits.

THE CLAIM AND THE CARIBOU.

By W. F. B.

IT so happened that the greed for gold had seized my troubled mind. I had been in Kootenay for a few months and had been dabbling in the toils of the law on behalf of a prospector named Alec. — (I forget the rest of his name.)

Alec's banking account amounted to a few nickels; mine was a larger figure — on the debit side! Alec had a claim, a veritable bonanza, situated near the "divide" of some far-distant lofty and high mountain. He generously bestowed a half interest of this claim on me, giving me the privilege of paying the recording fees for the same.

I was but a tenderfoot, and a claim then represented to me untold gold. I imagined that I would have little difficulty in finding some wealthy speculator, or, more probably, a speculator in someone else's wealth, who would at once buy up the claim for a sum sufficiently large to repay me well for my legal labors and feel a fair balance in my pocket in addition thereto.

Alec gave me several chunks of quartz in which specks of gold could be seen, with the aid of a powerful glass. These I displayed with proper pride, qualified with the statement — taken on Alec's word of honor — that they had been picked off at random from the ledge. Strange to say, the bloated capitalists did not jump at my proposition, for I was not alone in the field; in fact, every one I met had a claim or claims of fabulous value to dispose of. Time wore on, and a year had almost elapsed since the claim had been staked, when Alec informed me that it was necessary for us to do \$100 worth of work on the claim.

Bless me! I never had \$100 in my life to spare!

Alec was equal to the occasion, however. He had two friends who, for a quarter interest in the claim, would help him to do the necessary work. I could hold on to my half share, provided I furnished the necessary supplies, tools and travelling expenses for the expedition. He further suggested that I should accompany them and act as chief hewer of wood and drawer of water, and so enable them to get through the work in as short a time as possible. He also told me that there were plenty of deer on the mountain, and also a band of caribou. The first

part of the programme hardly suited my tastes, though certainly there was an air of novelty surrounding it; but I dearly desired to slay a caribou.

Again came the unpleasant question of finance; but it chanced that a certain misguided magazine editor had been sufficiently ill-advised to accept an article of mine, and had moreover paid me fairly well for the same.

I thereupon resolved to sink the reward of my literary achievement in the claim, and then and there purchased the necessary provender and tools for the great work.

We borrowed blankets and a tent, which, with the food and a .45.90 Winchester rifle, completed our outfit, and one fine morning we started from the city wharf of Nelson, B.C., in a large four-oared tub of a boat, for a point some ten miles up Kootenay Lake, where we were to disembark and begin our journey up the mountain.

A stiff breeze was blowing, so we hoisted a nondescript sail, which belonged to the boat, and which, owing to our ignorance of sailing, nearly brought us to a watery grave. However, we managed to run the boat ashore when half full of water, and escaped with a ducking.

Then the storm wind rose and rain fell in torrents, so we unloaded our cargo and sought shelter in a deserted log cabin by the lake side. I forgot to mention a humble, though much loved companion, I had brought with me, namely, Buz, a wire-haired fox terrier who had followed my fortunes from England, and who hardly ever left my side. Buz helped to enliven our stay in the log cabin by killing two enormous bush-tail rats which had taken up their abode there.

In the afternoon the elements were more propitious, and we continued our voyage, making our destination, though, too late to commence the ascent of the mountain that day.

One of my companions was a great angler, so he and I went a-fishing and managed to secure about a dozen fair-sized trout, which came in handy for our evening meal. We camped that night in a "shack" belonging to a ranch hard by. The said shack had been recently tenanted by a party of prospectors, who had left behind them lively reminiscences of their visit in the shape of — well, never mind. Suffice to say

that my slumber was so greatly disturbed by the depredations of those "pilgrims of the night" that I preferred to make my bed under the stars.

We rose with the sun. I sneaked time enough for a plunge in the lake and a few casts over the trout, getting one or two small fish, which added to the breakfast table.

We hired a species of quadruped known in Kootenay as a cayuse — a diminutive apology for a horse — from the rancher, loaded the sorry animal with our packs, and, with hearts inflamed with the joint desire of gold and game, managed to make a start before the sun was yet high in the heavens.

The first three miles of our journey were fairly easy to travel. The route was up a canyon, down which a merry little creek tumbled and thrashed itself into foam. There was a moderately good horse trail, which we followed, and by 8 a.m. we had reached the first stage of our journey. We made some tea, and after a short rest, reluctantly left the horse trail and followed a steep narrow apology for a trail which turned to the right and led in corkscrew fashion to the "divide," i.e., the summit of the mountain. And now began trouble. The ascent was steep, in places almost perpendicular. It was all we could do, what with pulling and shoving, to get the cayuse up some parts of the way. Then we came to a tiny creek with a bright, treacherous looking patch of green moss beside it, into which the cayuse floundered and fell, finally rolling over and dumping our packs into the rich, black liquid mud. It took us some time to extricate the poor beast, and we were dismayed at the state of our blankets. However, there was nothing for it but to push along, so on we scrambled as best we could, determined to push the cayuse up somehow or other, the only alternative being that we should transform ourselves into beasts of burden, and allow the animal to find its own way home.

Our next difficulty was a forest fire. We had seen with dread the cloud of smoke in front of us, and fondly hoped the trail would skirt the fire zone. Alas! It inconveniently winded right into the burning timber. The fire had been lit some time ago, and we had only come in for the tail end of it. Still, it was unpleasant enough, what with the heat and blinding smoke, nor was an element of danger wanting, as we speedily noticed when a gigantic fir tree toppled down uncomfortably near us. Then for about an hour we had to cut a way with our axes through the fallen timber and charred tree stumps.

I am ashamed to own that I was half

Inclined to turn back for I did not think we would get near of the fire that day. However, the trail made an unexpected turn, and we were at last out of the region of the fire fiend.

The trail seemed now to become more profligate and overgrown with underbrush. It was some years since I had mountaineered at all, and I was beginning to get horribly tired when they assured me that after we had covered the next half mile the worst of our journey would be over.

That was one of the longest half miles I have ever travelled, but it had an ending, and, sure enough, Alec's statement was correct. We had reached, as it were, the backbone of the mountain, and the trail now followed the dividing ridge, gently ascending.

A great change seemed to have come on our surroundings; we were breathing a purer, fresher air. The trees seemed higher, and were of two kinds only, fir and cedar, while the undergrowth was thinner, with here and there patches of bunch grass taking the place of the dense tangle, which made the forest on the lower ground almost impenetrable.

Tired as we were, the delicious mountain breeze invigorated us, and we pushed on toward our camping ground with renewed strength.

A number of (to us) unknown birds flew from tree top to tree top; blue jays gabbled hysterically at the unwonted invasion of their fastnesses; now and then an enormous hawk or eagle would fly over the trail, casting a dark shadow on us in its passage.

We flushed several blue grouse, which fell easily to the rifle. They would fly a short distance, then settle in a tree awaiting patiently for me to come up with the rifle and transform them into welcome additions to our larder.

The trees now began to be more scattered, until at length we emerged upon open ground. We were now at almost the highest point of the ridge, when Alec commanded a halt. Our camping ground was about a quarter of a mile directly below us, and, as the mountain side was too steep for the cayuse to descend, we had to unload the beast and carry down the pack ourselves. I walked to the edge of the ridge, and, looking over, saw a beautiful black-tail doe with a fawn beside her, staring straight at me. Directly I moved she bounded away into the forest, the little one following her. My friends seemed distressed because I did not shoot her, but I explained to them that I would as soon have shot a prospector as that graceful mother.

The descent to the camping ground was unpleasantly precipitous, but we managed to slide down without much damage save to our clothes. Alec had

an ideal place whereupon to pitch our tent. It was a little level grassy plateau, fringed with blueberry bushes, which were laden with delicious fruit. Hard by a spring of the coldest water I ever tasted gurgled out of the rock bed, its walls, as it descended the mountain side, forming a small creek.

We were not long in rigging up our tent and soon the kettle was hissing over a glorious camp fire, the smell of the resinous pine logs, as they burnt, suggesting the incense-laden air of some European cathedral.

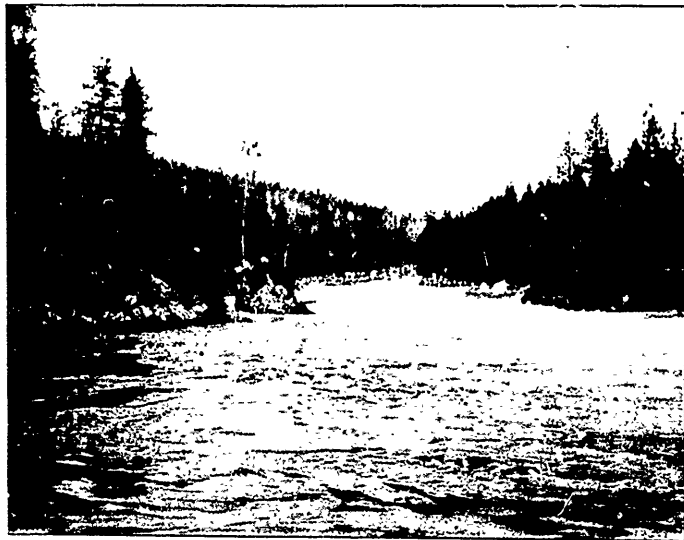
We played whilst (not according to Cavendish) for a while, then turned in early.

In the middle of the night Buz awoke us with angry growling. Archie (one of our crew) swore that he felt a heavy body rub against the side of the tent.

we found that a large piece of bacon, which we had hung up on a tree bough, had been removed. Grandpapa said that the thief was neither a bear nor a timber wolf, so we took his word for it.

Our first day was devoted to work. I cannot say that the claim impressed me very much. The ledge was but a small one, and I didn't see any specimens of quartz like to those which Alec had given me. However, Grandpapa assured us that the ledge would widen as we got down deeper, so we still remained hopeful. My time was pretty well taken up with fetching water and cooking during that day and the next, though I managed to shoot a few grouse in between whiles.

The ledge widened out after the first day's work. On the second day it dis-



Kootenay River.

Our fourth man -- an old prospector named George, but erroneously called grandpapa by us said it was a bear. I snatched up my rifle and ran out. Something crashed through the bushes, but I could not see what it was, and my bare feet prevented any attempt at pursuit. We had barely got to sleep again when we were aroused in a similar manner. Buz was on the alert this time, ran out and managed to stop our visitor, which turned out to be a large porcupine.

I had great difficulty in driving the dog off him; as it was he managed to get a few spines from the animal wedged in his face.

We passed the rest of the night without interruption, but in the morning

appeared entirely. Grandpapa explained that if we persevered we would strike it again wider and richer than ever. It turned out eventually that he was right, but I was sick of the game after two days, and would willingly have sold my interest for a caribou.

On the third day I made up my mind to take a holiday, so started off early in the morning with my rifle, attended by the faithful Buz. I scrambled up the steep mountain side to the ridge, for Alec had told me of a small lake on the other side of the mountain where caribou had been seen by him and other prospectors. For about two hours I wandered through the forest seeing nothing but an occasional grouse. The sun began to beat down

forcefully through the trees, so I sought a shady clump of firs in order to rest a while. Buz refused to rest, but took a deep interest in some fallen timber close at hand. After a prolonged investigation and much sniffing he began digging operations. Soon I heard growling, then sundry sharp barks, which I guessed meant business. I was just going to get up when I saw a long brown animal run along a fallen tree about fifteen yards from me. It stopped suddenly and I snapped at it with my rifle. Buz, hearing the shot, soon came up to me, and together we hurried up to the place where I had seen the animal disappear, and, on the other side of the fallen tree, lay a fine merik kicking in its death throes. I secured the skin, an operation which Buz watched intently, and, gratified with my lucky shot, started off again.

I did not find the lake until nearly evening. It was situated in a hollow on the mountain side, a small back-looking, almost round, patch of water, not more than 200 yards in extent, with a broad stretch of green moss circling round the edge. Far up the hollow, almost to the ridge, stretched an open space, almost like a road, covered with bunch grass, with a little creek in the centre running down into the lake.

On each side of the grassy stretch was a dense forest of graceful tamaracs (larches). The little creek gurgled into the lake, resembling in sound a fountain. The chattering of the blue jays dispelled any feeling of loneliness. I flung myself on the grass and revelled in the picture. It was more like some English park than a British Columbian mountain scene. How long I lay there, dreaming of days gone by, I know not, when I was roused from my reverie by a crackling in the underbrush. I seized Buz in order to prevent any demonstration from him and waited. The noise ceased, then began again, apparently nearer than before. Evidently the cause of the noise was descending through the trees towards the lake. Then came a long period of silence. I could hear nothing save the murmur of the water, the chattering of the jays, and, above all, the thumping of my heart, so great was my excitement. I thought I heard something that resembled faintly the snort of a horse. Turning my head towards the lake I saw, not thirty yards from me, the first caribou I had ever seen alive.

He was standing motionless by the brink of the lake, and appeared undivided whether to drink or not. I was astonished at the size of the animal, though his antlers were small and covered with velvet.

Presently he began to move slowly towards me. How to get my rifle up without scaring him was the problem;

it was impossible to stir just then, so I waited in the hope of a more favorable opportunity. Nearer he came until he was not more than a dozen paces from where I lay. By great good fortune Buz, worn out probably with his incessant hunting, was now sleeping the sleep of the just.

The caribou turned and began to wade into the lake. Slowly I raised my rifle, aimed at his shoulder and fired. He fell at once, but got up again. I jumped up and fired again, but, I fear, missed. Buz now joined in the fray. I ran to intercept the deer as he struggled out of the lake and pumped three shots into him point blank not aiming at any particular place. Still he struggled on and reached the trees, though blood was pouring down him, and managed to kick out at Buz, almost striking him. I had only one shot left in the rifle chamber, so followed the deer, hoping to stop him effectually with my last bullet. It was not necessary, however, for he charged, as if blinded, right into a huge tamarac tree, came down on his knees, then toppled over on his side. Buz was on to him at once, grabbed him in the back between the shoulders, and vainly endeavored to treat him like a muskrat.

A few faint kicks and then he lay still. Poor beast, he had such beautiful eyes that for the moment I felt like a murderer, and I could barely summon up courage sufficient to cut his throat in the orthodox manner. However, it was getting late, and I was some two miles from the camp, so necessity took precedence over sentiment. I am not much of a surgeon, therefore I could not undertake to thoroughly dissect him. I cut off his head, then skinned him partly so as to hack off some slices of meat from the flank for the morning meal, hung up the head on the branch of a tree and started back for the camp.

My companions were still at work when I returned, but, the fire having been lit, the smell of venison steaks soon caused them to cease. Caribou meat is much better than any other venison I have eaten, and hunger no doubt gave zest to the meal. A few blueberries stewed in a lard tin made an excellent sauce.

When our meal was finished Alec and Archie set out in the moonlight for the lake so as to save the meat from wolves or other carnivorous animals. They packed back to the camp as much of the flesh as they were able to, including the head, leaving the rest on the ground on the chance of its serving as a bait for a bear in the early morning.

I rose at daylight and made for the lake. There were marks of bear near the remains of the deer, but though I

waited some hours in hopes of Bruin's return, nothing came in search of food.

I did not get a shot at anything that day, though on the following I managed again to shoot a black-tail deer, with a good head on him, near to where I had shot the caribou.

I saw no more caribou, though the margin of the lake was covered with their footprints, and I waited patiently there both early in the morning and late in the evening. My thirst for blood had overpowered my thirst for gold; I deserted the claim—in fact, forgot all about it—and Archie had to be appointed chef for the camp.

On the sixth day I experienced the want of obeying the commands of the Creator of the world, namely, to rest on the seventh day.

The claim was, I thought, a fraud, but I had shot a caribou, and thought of filthy lucre vanished on the mountain side. Next morning I started homewards with Buz, leaving my companions to finish their work. I shot three or four grouse on my way down the mountain, missed a deer in a disgraceful manner, and reached the shore of Kootenay Lake about 4 p.m. The rancher from whom we had hired the cayuse provided me with a good square meal, and offered me shelter for the night, which offer I accepted.

The next morning I signalled one of the lake steamers to pick me up and got back to Nelson elated with my success as a sportsman, but cast down as to the state of my exchequer. However, the much-needed tonic of mountain air and the healthy exercise gave me fresh strength and courage for the struggle for existence.

I can heartily recommend the mountains of Kootenay as the best antidote in the world for all trouble, anxiety or overwork. And be it remembered that, should anyone desire to combine sport with the search for this world's "curse," my half interest in that claim is still for sale.

A PROPOSITION.

Not the least important part of Rod AND GUN'S mission among sportsmen is to give information to inquirers as to shooting and fishing locations. We know a good deal about the choicest spots for large and small game, and the best ways of reaching them, which knowledge is at the service of the public for a postal card.

But we do not know it all, and we invite sportsmen, hotelmen, tourists, etc., to communicate to us what they think may be of service to the fraternity.

The editor of Rod AND GUN solicits items of interest to all lovers of fish and game. Secretaries of gun and kennel clubs are particularly urged to correspond with us.

THE PROFESSOR'S PERILOUS

BEAR TRAPPING.

By C. C. Farr.

[Continued from August Number.]

About a week later all the good people were gathered together in church. Harry was the principal bass singer, and was at the moment rolling out his melodious bass notes when the door opened, and there appeared an excited face—also an arm wildly beckoning. Harry was a church warden, and obeyed the summons, somewhat indignant at the disturbance, especially seeing that it came while he was singing.

"What is the matter?" he asked of Jim Archer, for it was he.

"Haven't you set a bear trap?" asked Jim.

"Yes!" answered Harry, excitedly.

"In the creek about three miles away?"

"Yes, man; is there a bear in it?"

"You bet there is; you have her sure and sartin. I heard her a hollerin like blue blazes as I passed, and I've come for to let you know."

Others had instinctively caught on to the fact that there was something unusual happening, so that by this time quite a little crowd had collected outside the church. Of course, they all volunteered to accompany Harry, preferring the excitement of taking a bear out of a trap to staying in church.

The party set forth at once, Harry proudly leading the way. It is not every man that can catch a bear, and Harry was the personification of this idea, as he walked along. It was only a very privileged individual that would be audacious enough to walk even with him on the road—the bulk of them followed meekly in the wake of the conquering hero. As they neared the spot the sounds made by the beast became distinctly audible, and every man who carried a gun looked to see that he was prepared for an emergency. Those who did not carry a gun instinctively dropped still further to the rear.

"Now," said Harry, authoritatively, "let no man shoot until I give the word. This is my bear, and I have the right to shoot first."

Everyone acquiesced in subdued murmurs, and they crept along closer and closer.

"My!" whispered Jim Archer, "how she do howl more like a human being than a brute beast."

"Hush!" said Harry, imperiously; "no talking."

Jim looked abashed and said nothing more.

At that they came so close that nothing intervened between them and the bear but a clump of willows.

"Now, boys," whispered Harry, "are you ready with your guns? Only remember, 'I shoot first!'"

"Listen," said Jim; "the bear is a talkin' sure enough."

And sure enough it was talking, for a voice rose in a wall from behind the willows saying:—



White Creek.

COQUITLAM.

By T. R. E. McINNES.

I US'D to steal away in hot July
 At early dawn—thro' dell and over hill—
 To hear at last Coquitlam's purling rill,
 To whip the rippling stream with mimic fly,
 And tempt the gamey trout—alert and shy.
 I'd munch a bit of chocolate, to still
 My hunger as the day grew long, until
 The sun was shining low upon the sky;
 Then, proudly with the fish that I had caught,
 Go trudging homeward many a weary mile,
 But thinking of a mother's welcome smile,
 And how she'd choose the best that I had brought,
 And bid me tell her all about it, while
 She cook'd me up a supper smoking hot.

Victoria, B. C.

"Ah! Great Caesar's ghost! Why was I such an ass?"

Every one knew the voice, and by a common impulse there was a rush made towards it. The professor was caught in his own bear trap. With infinite care they extricated the poor man, Jim Archer taking the lead, while, so much had the mighty fallen, that Harry stayed quiet and silent in the background. It was a new order of things. The new had superseded the old, the first had become last, and 'he last first.

Luckily, it had been raining, and the professor had donned his long-legged boots in order to take a look at his trap, so that they had protected his leg. The teeth, of which he was so proud, had penetrated into his flesh, but beyond being stiff and sore, no material damage had been done.

Home they brought this warrior, not dead, but alive, and the professor swore that after this experience he would have no hand in trapping any animal. He knew now what they suffered, and he was determined to make no creature suffer as he had done. He would shoot them as men are shot, but he would never put a poor creature to the torture of the trap. He averred that the bear had passed him whilst thus caught, and that it had fairly laughed at him in its glee at seeing the bitter bit. No one believed this, however, for the professor had made noise enough to frighten away an army of bears.

It was many days before the professor and Harry heard the last of this adventure, and to this day the subject of bear-trapping is distasteful and distressing to both of them.

[THE END.]

A WOMAN'S VIEWS ON CAMPING OUT.

By Ella Walton.

CAMP life for a man has a peculiar charm and fascination, but few women really enjoy this kind of an outing. They like picnics, and rave over the beauties of nature, but this delightful way of having a picnic every day, and of studying nature in all her moods, is not as much in vogue as its advantages demand. Either it is undertaken under conditions where too many hardships and discomforts are endured, or a camp is made near home, where an imitation of life in a house is attempted, which is only uncomfortable housekeeping. Where daily supplies can be bought ready cooked from the city, the work is undoubtedly easier, but the change and rest of a complete breaking off from monotonous and fixed surroundings is lost.

A man will go into the unbroken solitudes of the forest, far from civilization, and in one week gain a vigor and strength that months of living at a fashionable resort could not give.

If a man can do this, why, under modified conditions, cannot a woman? Camp life, properly undertaken, is a perfect rest of mind for weary mothers, energetic housekeepers, brain-workers, and fagged-out society women. For a brief time care can be dropped, and the wheels of time turned back. It is not so much bodily rest that women need as a surcease from mental worry.

In order to gain the most beneficial results, a spot should be selected far enough from one's home to give a complete change of air. Home and its surroundings should for the time be put out of mind, and a simple mode of living entered into, utterly opposite from the complications of housekeeping and the turmoils of civilization, inseparable from life at a summer hotel or boarding-house.

Select, if possible, a place near enough a village or railway centre to obtain that prime necessity, bread, near fishing and bathing, and close enough to a farm-house to buy fresh eggs, butter and milk, which should form a larger share of the bill of fare than the usual regulation supplies of canned meats. When you begin looking for this favored spot you will be surprised how many are touched upon before one can be found filling all these requirements and often one or more will have to be given up.

There is little real enjoyment in going with a large party, where there will always be one or two discontented, fault-finding ones, ready to dampen the pleasures and infect the spirits of the rest. Nowhere is cheerfulness, unselfishness, and a disregard of ulterior conditions more to be cultivated than when the frail canvas is all that stands for a protection against storm and wind, and when the weather, wet or dry, hot or cold, is the one important thing to be taken and enjoyed. Even the gray sky of a rainy day is a thing of beauty when

a self-reliance and courage that years of travelling and mixing with the world cannot give. Not exclusively such sports as golf and tennis, etc., where dress, rules of etiquette, and the anxiety of competitive matches prevail, but fishing, hunting, canyoning, exploring, getting sunburned and dirty, and going into places where the only types of humanity to be met will be the rough and hardy, but interesting trapper, guide or fisherman, and rough and devoid of book education though they may outwardly be, they are men with whom a woman, alone and unprotected, can feel safer than with the polished men of society and learning. Note the women who recently have lived and travelled for months among the rough miners of the Klondike.

I will call attention to the advantages of camping for families, and as a means of recreation and change for women who earn their own living.



Upper Shawenegan Falls, Que.

you can see its whole expanse of dome and horizon.

The ideal camp for a man is where he catches his fish and cooks them over a fire made between stones laid around a hollow in the ground, with a tin pail of coffee boiling briskly as it hangs on a green stick, laid across two forked ones.

Primitive instincts are the same in a woman as in a man, and the woman who will best enjoy life is she who follows most closely in the footsteps of her gentlemen friends and relatives. The woman who does this will forget to be nervous and hysterical, and gain

Aside from its immediate beneficial results, nothing brings in after years sweeter memories than the few weeks spent by the city child with the exclusive companionship of its parents. The walk in the fresh, early dawn with the father, on some fishing expedition, or at night dreamily watching the sparks of the camp fire, as they rise to meet the stars that spangle the purpled sky, until sparks and stars are interchanged into a dream of fragrant spice-laden breezes, and unfamiliar sounds of twittering, chirping life in grass and tree.

Camping in the thick woods is not

desirable, as mosquitoes and black flies will be more troublesome than upon a hill with scattered trees. A situation like this, overlooking lake, river, or cleared country, is sure to catch every breeze that blows. If you pitch your tent on the side or bottom of a hill you run the risk of a deluge every time the rain falls heavily.

Camp beds are preferred by most people, but the bed I like best is made of boards raised a foot from the ground, with a thick covering of pine or balsam boughs. Nails in the tent poles will hold the heavier articles of dress. Smaller articles can be hung over a rope put between the two poles. Pincushions, small looking-glass, and bag for strings can also be hung on the poles.

Each person should have a small bag for her own exclusive possessions, and these should be as few as possible. Nowhere will superfluous articles or the failure to look after the ones at hand, bring greater discomfort than in a camp. Don't forget plenty of toilet soap, for in no place will dirt make your acquaintance more quickly than here. You have the satisfaction, however, of knowing that it is clean, healthy dirt, not the microbe-laden mixture of cities. Don't hamper yourself with one scrap of fancy work, or even that bit of sewing to "just finish." Embroider the silk flowers next winter, if you must, and can find nothing better to do, but now, in this perfect time, and chance to rest, just rest and look at the flowers and leaves about you.

A colored flannel night dress, or lined dressing gown, should be worn at night. A short jacket to put on nights and mornings, and a thick, long coat or cloth ulster to wear in colder or rainy weather are indispensable. All clothing taken should be new and strong, or in a week you will look like a tramp, or a rag-bag, and have to spend all your spare moments in mending. Sometimes one has a garment—otherwise good—discarded because it is out of fashion. These can be used to advantage. An old hat, afterwards to be left behind, should be taken to wear during the day time. As your boots must be strong and stout, a pair of slippers will be a great comfort to put on when you lie in the hammock or sit around the camp fire. Don't take light-colored clothes, but brighten up your black and dark dresses with some of those trifles of ribbons and lace that every woman hoards, but that are not fresh enough to be worn at home. Here they can do their duty and then be thrown away.

Lazily dream and think, instead of taking much reading. If you have, as

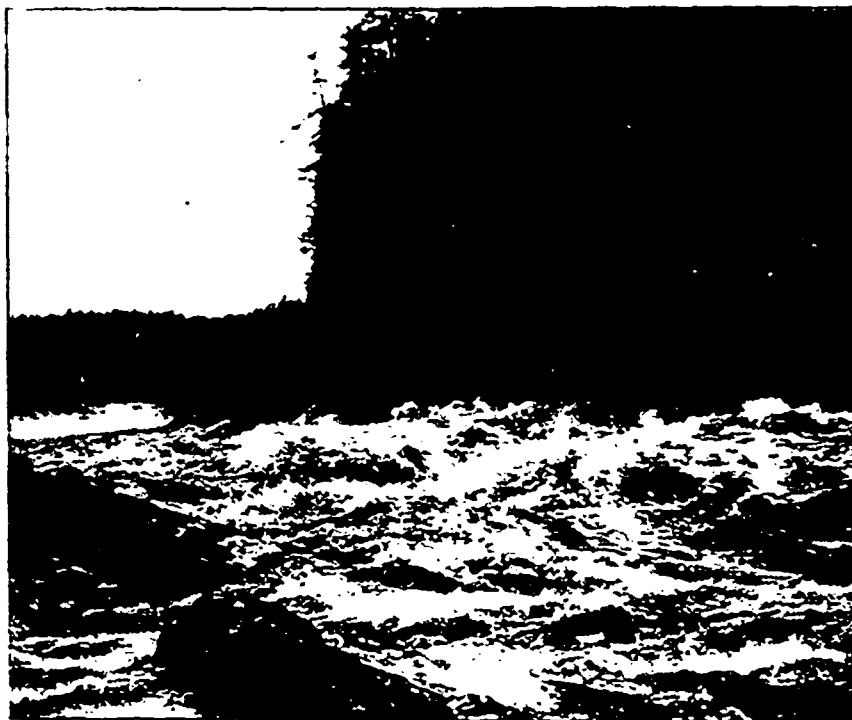
every woman should have, a pet hobby of science or art, take text books or material to enable you to classify or collect any new or interesting specimens, but don't make a labor of even this.

In conversation with women who have camped, I find that there are three bugbears to be overcome. The sleeping out is not liked. This is really where most of the benefit comes in, and if they know what a tonic it is for nervousness or mental depression, they would spend as long a time as possible sleeping outside dust-laden and dusty walls and fittings. Then, the thunder storms, but one is really safer from the electric fluid in a tent than in a house. Third, the little numberless things that crawl, and jump, and hop. Every woman has her pet aversions among these, which can be overcome by a determination not to mind them, or by making a study of them.

Canada, here opening out into a cascade, there bounded by a linked chain of mountains, its dark waters flecked with foam-bells, and carrying shoals of dark saw-logs down to the Ottawa, I went.

Passing Chelsea, Kirk's Ferry and Wakefield, and all the lovely spots, Kazakazina plain was selected as my destination. Here the Gatineau is two miles away; and the plain, twenty miles in circumference, bounded by mountains on all sides, is at first sight a desolate place to live in, as so many fires have swept over it that great tracts of country are left with nothing but straight and blackened trunks of trees.

But all kinds of heathery plants have carpeted the ground, and there is something about the place that one learns to like. Six hundred feet above the city of Ottawa, with the blue Laurentians all around, the air is pure



Rapids Below Shawenegan Falls, Que.

It is quite possible for two or three women to camp alone without a male companion, and perfectly safe. A dog, a revolver, which every woman should know how to use, and camp within call of a house, is enough protection.

Without any of these I had a delightful change, fifty miles above Ottawa, up the Gatineau River, among the Laurentian Mountains. Having tried camping with a large party, camping near the city, and camping where the meals were obtained at a boarding-house, I prefer this way. Up the Gatineau, the most winding, twisting, turning, and beautiful river in

country air and mountain air combined.

My tent, among small second-growth pines and poplars, was on a hill covered with winter-green, blueberry, and all kinds of aromatic smelling plants. A half a mile away Kazakazina Creek furnished the best of bathing and trout fishing. The lakes and brooks all up the Gatineau give the best of sport for fishermen, and are easily accessible.

Things new and strange met our eyes and ears. The whip-poor-will, regularly at eight o'clock, on the shores of a little lake near by, would give

his plaintive cry; two loons slept near us for two nights, and kept us wondering what the unaccustomed noise was: a little chipmunk would whisk in and out of his hole near the camp fire, to suddenly appear watching us from a stump close at hand.

I was asked many times if I was not lonely. Is it lonely to sit beside the dying camp fire and listen to the breeze that suddenly catches and rustles the quivering leaves, and then dies away in a sob and sigh among the pine tops? Is it lonely to hear, through the great silence, the far-off tinkle of a cow-bell mingled with the near-by chirp and chirper of cricket and grasshopper? Is it lonely to know that bear and deer sometimes come to the lake to drink? Is it lonely to stand and look all around, with shadows everywhere, and no lights except that above?

Oh, no, these things are gods, and bring not fear, but peace. With the wee ones, a fearlessness of what is below and a faith for what is above, I slept sweetly and soundly.

A Call to the Northland.

By Colin McKay.

Ye have riddled it round with rails,
Ye have beaded your land with towas,
And the White Man's Lodge or factory
frowns
O'er the last of the Red Man's trails.

Ye have felled your forests far and near,
Ye have ploughed and planted the earth;
The moose and the deer, the wolf and the bear
Flee from the smoke of the White Man's
hearth.

Ye have bridled and blitted the flow,
Ye have burthened the lakes with toil.
Till the fish have died in want and woe,
Where the weary waters meekly moil.

Ye have worked the wind and the white
sunbeam,
Hollowed the mountain and raised the
vale,
And down in your foolish hearts ye deem
Ye follow the trail of the Holy Grail.

Ye follow, ye follow a foolish quest,
In toil and trouble, sorrow and strife;
And the fruit thereof is wild, wild unrest
And weariness unto death of life.

But get you out of yourself, O Man,
Away from your work, far, far from its
sight,
Come, ponder the grim Creator's plan,
Where His wondrous works flash back
the light.

Come, brother, over the border line.
Come to the sacred Northland woods,
Where the maple sings to the sighing
pine
And the beaver tolls in the solitudes.

Where the bull-moose crashes through the
brake,
Where the red deer flees from the grey
wolf-pack,
Where the wild fowl scream along the
lake,
And the brown bear prowls round the
hunter's shack.

Where the Canuck's welcome, full and
frank,
Goes out to the men of rifle and rod,
Goes out to the easy-going Yank,
Who follows the chase o'er the Northland
sod.

EXPORT OF DEER.

The following regulations respecting the export of deer, shot for sport by persons not domiciled in Canada, have been made and established, viz.:

Deer when shot for sport under provincial or territorial authority in Canada, by any person not domiciled in Canada, may be exported under the following conditions and limitations:

1. The deer may be exported only at the customs ports of Halifax, Yar-



Island No. 349, Upper Ottawa River.

mouth, Macadam Junction, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Niagara Falls, Fort Erie, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, and such other ports as shall from time to time by the Minister of Customs be designated for the export of deer.

2. The exportation of deer in the carcass or parts thereof (except as to cured deer heads and hides of deer) shall be permitted only during or within fifteen days after the "open season" allowed for shooting deer under the laws of the province or territory where the deer to be exported has been shot.

3. No person shall in one year export more than the whole or parts of



Islands Nos. 350 and 351, Upper Ottawa River.

two deer, nor shall exportation of such deer be made by the same person on more than two occasions during one calendar year.

4. Deer in the carcass or any part thereof which has been killed in contravention of any provincial or territorial law shall not be exported, nor shall any deer in the carcass or parts thereof be exported without the per-

mit of the collector of customs accompanying the shipment.

5. A person, not domiciled in Canada, who has shot deer for sport and not for gain or hire, under provincial or territorial authority may make an export entry in duplicate of deer in the carcass or parts thereof so shot by him and allowed to be exported—upon subscribing and attesting before a collector of customs a declaration in the following form to be annexed to said export entry, viz.:

(As per form in appendix.)

6. The exporter shall produce his license or permit for shooting deer under provincial or territorial authority to the collector of customs before the exportation of the deer, and the collector shall endorse thereon a description of the quantity and parts entered for exportation.

The collector of customs at any customs port of entry designated for the export of deer, upon receiving the said export entries duly completed, may thereupon under the seal of the custom house, issue his permit for the exportation of the deer, if satisfied as to the identity of the sportsman and that the exportation is not prohibited.

APPENDIX

Form of declaration to be made in connection with the export of deer, shot for sport by persons not domiciled in Canada.

I,.....of.....
do solemnly and truly declare that the deer in the carcass or parts thereof described in the annexed export entry have been shot by me at.....
in Canada, for sport and not for gain or hire, under authority of the license or permit issued under provincial or territorial authority herewith exhibited; that I am not domiciled in Canada; that I have not exported directly or indirectly within this calendar year deer in the carcass or parts thereof, shot by me in Canada during the present season, except as follows, viz.:

(1)*.....

.....
that the deer described in the annexed export entry, together with the deer heretofore exported by me within the present calendar year are not parts of more than two deer; and I verily believe that the exportation of the deer described in the annexed entry is not prohibited.

(Signature of exporter.)

Declared before me at
this.....day of.....

Collector of Customs.

(1)* Parts exported and place of exportation.



THE TORONTO SHOW.

THE annual bench show in connection with Toronto's Industrial Exhibition was held on the Fair Grounds, September 4, 5, 6 and 7, and was from start to finish a howling success. The attendance of the general public was very gratifying, and the number of entries a record one, all parts of Canada being well represented and a number of the most prominent breeders in the States being also in evidence. To say the least, it was a remarkably fine show. Among the more celebrated dogs shown were G. M. Carnochan's champion Go-Bang and Claude Duval; F. F. Dole's Woodcote Wonder; Norfolk Kennel's champion Veracity (exhibition only), and Norfolk Victorious, and Coulson & Ward's St. Elmo.

The classes were very well filled on the whole, and among all the entries there were only two or three absentees. When the cream of Canada and the States came together, therefore, it is needless to say there was keen competition all through. The judging was conscientious, and very little grumbling was heard over the decisions. Of course it is not pretended that everybody was satisfied, still the kickers were few.

In the black cocker spaniels, Mr. L. Farewell, of Toronto, made a sensational win with his dog Willard, shown for the first time, beating out such fine dogs as Champion Black Duke, Jr., Black Knight of Woodstock and others of equally high grade. He is considered a perfect specimen of his kind. He won first in novice, limit, open and Canadian classes, besides three specials.

In Irish setters, that grand old dog, St. Elmo, from the kennels of Messrs. Coulson & Ward, Montreal, was away head and ears over anything shown. Besides winning first in the open, he, along with four kennel companions, won the Seagram cup for the best kennel of Irish setters, four or more, and the Hiram Walker & Sons' \$100 cup for the best kennel of four or more pointers, English, Irish or Gordon setters. Messrs. Coulson & Ward had indeed extraordinary success, winning first in novice with St. Elvan, first in limit with Shaun Rhue III.; first in open with St. Elmo; first in novice bitches with Nora, and first in Canadian classes with Chief.

There was a fine show of cocker spaniels, about sixty of all varieties being benched, as we said before, Willard taking premier position.

There were about thirty collies shown, which were generally of very superior quality. "Laurel Laddie," whose picture appeared in our columns two months ago, was shown in this country for the first time and carried everything before him, taking first in novice, limit and open, besides medal for the best collie dog in the show. He is the property of Mountaineer Collie Kennels (Messrs. McAllister & Hungerford), and deservedly won his proud position. R. G. Steacy's Don of Maple Grove, came second, and Mr. Reid, Logan's Farm, third, with Callendar Bruce. In bitches, Mr. Steacy took first in all the classes except puppy. In the puppy class (dogs) a local exhibitor, Mr. John Cumming, came second with Blooming Heather.

There were about forty bull terriers benched—one of the best exhibits ever seen—and all of exceptionally fine quality. The most successful were: In open dogs, F. F. Dole, with Woodcote Wonder, and J. G. Walters, Ottawa, in puppy and limit under 30 pounds. In bitches Harry Mooney's Ottawa Belle got first in puppy, first in novice, first in limit under 30 pounds and first in Canadian class. Newmarket Kennels did not meet with their usual success.

There was a fair show of Irish terriers, but in Skyes, Dandie Dinmonts, Scottish and Bedlington the competition was very limited. Mr. George Caverhill, Montreal, in the Skye terrier class, took first and second in both dogs and bitches and first in Dandie Dinmonts.

Black and tan terriers were a good show, and the same may be said of Dachshunds.

One of the finest exhibits, undoubtedly, was the fox terriers, smooth and wire-haired. There were about 70 benched altogether, and generally speaking were of a very superior class. In the smooth-haired class Norfolk Victorious got first place over Mr. Carnochan's Claude Duval. In wire-haired Mr. W. P. Fraser's The Druid, which was first in New York this year as a puppy, came to the front in novice and limit classes, Go-Bang being placed first in the open.

The judges were: Dr. T. Wesley Mills, Montreal, Great Danes and Dachshunds; H. Parker Thomas, Belleville, Ont., sporting spaniels; James Mortimer, Hempstead, Long Island, N.Y., all other breeds.

Meeting of the C. K. C.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club was held in a building on the Fair Grounds, Toronto, Wednesday, the 6th inst., under the chairmanship of Mr. John G. Kent, the popular president. There was a representative gathering of fanciers present. The annual report of the secretary-treasurer, Mr. H. B. Donovan, was read and adopted. The report showed the club to be in a prosperous condition financially, the receipts for the year, including a balance of \$74.49, having been \$1,054.99, and the expenditure \$521.99, leaving a balance of \$533. The report stated that of the money received, no less a sum than \$545.50 had been, or would be, returned to the membership in the shape of registrations, cash specials, medals, etc. The meeting adjourned after some informal business had been transacted.

When the small fee for membership is considered, and the fact that each member gets a copy of the Kennel Gazette free, it is surprising that the membership is not double. Every lover of a dog should become a member of the C.K.C.

Notes.

At the Hamilton Show, held on the 15th and 16th inst., Mr. Joseph Reid's Apple Blossom won special for the best dog or bitch shown, first open and first winner's class.

We regret that Petrolia bench show had to be called off for lack of entries.

Rhode Island State Fair Association, Providence, holds a four days' show, beginning October 10th.

International Field Trials at Chatham, Ont., on November 14. W. B. Wells, secretary.

At a recent meeting of the American Kennel Club, the following important resolution was adopted: Resolved, That the value of each show (except on the Pacific Coast) to be held in 1900 shall be fixed and determined upon the records of said shows for the year 1899, and each succeeding year, based upon the records of its previous show, in manner following: The winner of ten points in a winners' class shall have earned a championship. All shows to be rated upon the actual number of dogs entered, not including local classes: 1,250 entries or over, 5 points; 750 entries and under 1,250, 4 points; 500 entries and under 750, 3 points; 250 entries and under 500, 2 points; under

250, 1 point. On the Pacific Coast: 500 entries or over, 5 points; 250 entries and under 500, 3 points; under 250, 1 point. That the foregoing be the minimum rating, and in the event of the number of dogs entered in any show being in excess of the higher number for the division in which it is rated, then said shall be rated on its own merits. Specialty clubs holding shows not confined to their own breeds will be rated as regular shows. New clubs holding inaugural shows, having no previous record, shall be rated as one point as a minimum.

That well-known authority, Mr. Halden C. Trigg, in his excellent book, entitled, "The American Foxhound," contrasts the English and American dog as to his adaptability for the United States in this manner: "We have owned and seen many imported dogs, but have yet to see one the superior or equal of our best American animals. This country requires a different dog from England. There, the land is nearly all in a high state of cultivation; the coverts are small and the atmospheric conditions more favorable for holding the scent. The hunters ride to these small covert sides where the fox is known to be located and find him. With us, we must have dogs of superior nose and better ranging qualities, that will do a great distance in our immense woodlands in quest of the game. The large English hound of the same speed in the open would be outfooted by our smaller American dog in the brier fields and heavy undergrowth of our forests."

That well-known collie stud dog, Rufford Ossery (Mountaineer Collie Kennels) has just been sold to an Ottawa kennel for a good figure. As a sire, Rufford has made a great reputation for himself, which we have no doubt will be maintained under his new owner.

Auchearnie Kennels recently sold a very promising puppy out of their imported Scottish terrier bitch Nettie to a gentleman of this city. We understand the price paid was very satisfactory.

There is now no question of the success of the joint stock company, which it is proposed to form for the purpose of holding bench shows annually in Montreal, and for encouraging the raising of pure-bred stock. All the shares have been subscribed for, and among those who have subscribed are some of the most prominent fanciers in Ontario. The shares are of the par value of five dollars, fully paid up. A call has been issued to each subscriber for that amount, and as soon as all subscriptions have been received, incorporation will be sought for and a meet-

ing called to elect officers. The treasurer pro tem. is Mr. Jos. A. Laurin, Imperial Building, Montreal, who will be pleased to hear from any of those who have not yet taken up their shares.

Quite a large deputation of fanciers went from Montreal by the C.P.R. Saturday, the 2nd inst., to take in the dog show in connection with the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. They enjoyed the trip immensely, and there was a large gathering of "auld freends" at the Walker House.

• • • Dog Chat.

"They say a reasonable amount of fleas is good for a dog—keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog, meb-be."—David Harum.

The tattooing of pet dogs has grown to be quite a fad with New Yorkers, as it forms a reliable means of identification in cases of dispute as to ownership. One adept is making quite a lucrative business of it. Initials in India ink are much in favor by owners, the letters or monogram being placed usually on the under side of the dog's ear, or on the breast, where the mark cannot be seen except by close examination.

The trustees of Clayesmore School, Enfield, England, have formed a kennel in connection with the school, the building being recently formally opened by the Countess of Warwick. The keeping of dogs at school is a novel experiment, but has been tried at Clayesmore for the past three years with excellent results. Each boy who keeps a dog is obliged to groom and exercise his pet, and to keep its kennel in good order, the whole of the arrangements being in the hands of the school captains. Various breeds of dogs have been kept at Clayesmore, but the committee have found by experience that "terriers only" is the best rule. Fox (both smooth and wire-haired), Irish, Alredale and Bedlington terriers are kept in numbers, but bulldogs and others of that kidney are strictly tabooed.

There are many dogs walking about to-day with artificial legs as cunningly contrived as any made for human beings. They are made of many kinds of material—vulcanite, silver, wood and aluminum—and have movable joints, which make them almost as serviceable as the real legs they have replaced. Many dogs have artificial eyes, so cleverly made that they can scarcely be distinguished from the real ones. A fashionable lady in the West End of London has quite a "surgical kennel." One of her dogs has a glass eye, another an excellent set of false teeth, while a third ambles about on an aluminum leg. Within a single year this lady is reported to have paid over 200 guineas to a "vet." for looking after her pets.

There is a great deal of animal faking done nowadays, more perhaps than ever, the dog being a frequent subject for experiment, in order to enhance its value. An expert will paint a tan spot in a desirable place to stand two or three washings before the imposture is discovered. When a pup's ears refuse to drop in the approved fashion it is only necessary to run a needle

through the skin of the ear and keep the head in splints, when the necessary droop is secured. If this is looked upon as a cruel operation, a small piece of ordinary sticking plaster, in the centre of which is a small piece of lead, affixed to the inside apex of the ear for a week or two will effect the desired result. Moreover, it has this advantage—it cannot be detected by a too scrupulous judge. To make a toy spaniel's eyes protrude and look bright, he is kept in a dark cellar until the change is effected. The tails of puppies are broken to give them the desired kink, and the bulldog's skin undergoes a course of pulling every day until it develops the coveted folds and wrinkles.

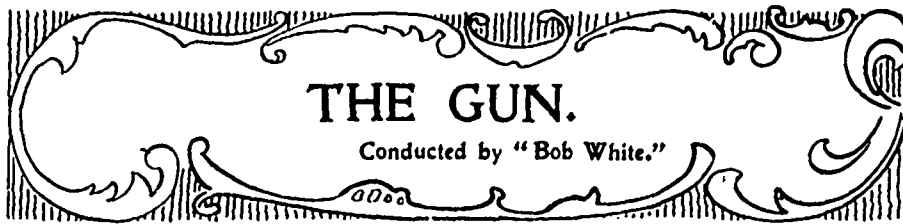
Recently a favorite dog belonging to a man living in Strada Acvila died, and so great was the grief of its master that he decided to bury the dog according to the rites of the Greek Church. Accordingly he had the dead dog clothed in a splendid dress and then laid out on an elaborate catafalque and surrounded with flowers, candles and incense burning. He also had a superb coffin constructed, and, finally, after the dog had lain in state for two days, actually ordered a hearse and four. The news got abroad, and thousands of people went to see the Christian dog. But the authorities interfered, and bade the man bury it in a rubbish heap without unnecessary ceremony. Sic transit gloria.

A Handsome Souvenir.

We have been favored, through the courtesy of Mr. R. S. Waddell, Cincinnati, Ohio, agent of the Hazard Powder Co., with a handsome souvenir designed to make known the merits of Hazard powder. Although this may be the case, it will be, from its artistic excellence, held in high esteem by those who are fortunate enough to possess one, as it contains beautiful photogravures, excellently brought out in the printing, of some of the best known pointers and setters in America. The souvenir is appropriately dedicated "to those who love the dog and gun for the pleasure and recreation they promote." The engraving on the front cover of this booklet represents the final scene at a field trial, and is made from a large painting by the late J. M. Tracy, Esq. The perspective is admirably shown by the judicious tint employed in the printing, while every figure is clear and distinct. In the booklet proper such famous dogs are shown as Young Rip Rap, Champion Rodfield, Plain Sam, Lady Webster, Hal Pointer, Minnie T., Sam T., Young Jingo, Champion Jingo, etc. The whole production reflects the utmost credit on the designer, engraver and printer, and as a work of art is well worthy of preservation.

Proprietors of fishing and hunting resorts will find it profitable to advertise in **ROD AND GUN**.

ROD AND GUN is the only exponent of the fish and game resources of Canada. We are trying to make it worthy the support of every true lover of sport, and solicit the co-operation of all.



The All-Round Shotgun.

THE man who has a gun that suits him in every particular is to be congratulated, if his idea of perfection has not cost him years of study and experimenting, many disappointments and much money. But is there such a thing as a satisfactory all-round shotgun. Leaving pigeon shooting out of the questions, there is. As that is a distinct branch of sport, we shall not touch on it, for it requires a special gun, little suited for the uses of the ordinary sportsman. The only difficulty the man with the all-round gun is likely to encounter is in goose shooting; but if he shoots over decoys—the only satisfactory or really successful way—this obstacle is not a serious one.

But let us see who it is that requires an all-round gun. The man who lives near the coast, and whose shooting is mostly confined to wild fowl, does not. Nor does the trap shooter, who goes afield but seldom. It is the majority of shooters; men who do not make a specialty of any particular branch of the sport. And particularly the younger sportsman, for, as a man advances in years, he is apt to become somewhat set in his habits of sport, as well as in business habits, so he does not care to hunt more than one or two varieties of game. Of course, he cares nothing for a gun other than the one best adapted to his shooting.

The man who keeps in practice through the summer by shooting with the local gun club, and who may take a day for woodcock or snipe, or later in the season try the early ducks or prairie chickens, and still later hunt the full-grown, strong-flying grouse, and ducks coming from the north with an armor plate of thick, downy feathers—he is the sportsman with whom there is always a crying demand for such a gun. And too often he thinks he has it in rather a heavy arm with barrels full choked. Fortunate is the sportsman who can afford two sets of barrels; but he is not in this argument at all—we rule him out. Nor does it appear how the repeater can come in. Frequent attempts are made to devise some arrangement or mode of loading whereby a full choke gun will be made to scatter, so that it may be used for brush shooting and other

short range work. Sometimes these means give very good results, but are not altogether satisfactory.

In the selection of a gun it is settled that it shall be a 12-gauge. The weight is a very important factor and should be well considered. The writer carried an 8-pound gun for several seasons, thinking it was as light as any man needed. For duck shooting it was good enough, but for field and brush shooting it was never quite satisfactory, and after a half-day's tramp it did not fit just right, and the balance was wrong. It never occurred to me that the gun was too heavy until a fortunate accident gave me a few hours' shooting with a gun weighing exactly seven pounds. It was a revelation, and convincing as nothing else would have been. For an all-round gun, however, 7 pounds is too light; 7 1/4 pounds is a safer minimum weight, and from that to 8 pounds should be the range, but it should not go above 8 pounds. Heavy charges will be used for duck shooting when weight is desirable, but the gun will be carried for hours without firing a shot, when weight is not desirable. And very often, when one's arm and shoulders are tired, he will be called on to make a snap shot. There are many things to be taken into consideration, so if one is not unusually strong or cannot borrow a gun for a few tramps to get an idea of the weight best adapted to his strength, let him limit the weight to 7 3/4 pounds. The length of barrels should be 30 inches, the trigger pull 3 pounds.

The length of stock depends, of course, on the length of arm of the shooter; but the drop of the stock has been discussed more and understood less than all other parts combined. It is a question full of interest, and one which many shooters of years of experience are still unsettled on. Others pay no attention to it, going on year after year, complacently shooting with the same old drop, but trying every new powder, wad, and shell, in the vain effort to improve their scores. Some time such a sportsman may stumble upon the truth by trying a strange gun, and learn that for years he had been shooting against a handicap. The tendency has been toward straighter stocks, some, undoubtedly,

going to an extreme in that direction. Many pigeon shooters use stocks having a drop of but two inches at the butt, though for game shooting the same men may use stocks with a greater bend. The best test for the stock, when a try-gun cannot be had is in shooting the gun at a large target having a small bullseye. Shooting quickly, and paying no more attention to the gun than if you were firing at a bird, ought to demonstrate, in a few shots, whether you are shooting above or below the point where you think the centre of the charge should be.

It is often thought by the inexperienced that a gun should be aimed as a rifle, the sight being aligned across the breech. This is a mistake, however, for the good shot pays no attention to the breech of the gun; and here lies the fundamental principle on which the correct bend of a stock depends. If the stock is right, the shooter need only point the muzzle right, and the shot are bound to go where the muzzle is pointed, provided the gun is accurate. Without knowing that a straighter stock can be used to advantage, it might be well to limit the drop to two and one-half inches at the butt, and one and one-half inches at the cone, and for the maximum not to go above 3x2 inches.

One barrel of a gun may shoot perfectly true to the point of aim, but it does not follow that the other will. A new gun should be tested thoroughly for accuracy. This may sound a little strange, and it is not going beyond reason to say that not one man in twenty makes such a test. Forty yards for a full-choke barrel, and twenty-five for a modified choke, is a good distance to shoot in testing, and the gun should be fired from a rest, standing position, the arms and body supported, but the gun itself should not touch the artificial support. It is very unusual to find guns that will centre each barrel alike, and this even among guns of higher grade. Theoretically, either barrel should throw the centre of its charge very close to the point of aim, and practically it should within a few inches, but when a barrel shoots out of centre a foot—as many will—the gun should be rejected. Many guns now in use could not successfully pass this simple test. It is better to have a gun throw its charge a foot above the centre than six inches below.

The pistol grip is of no use, nor does it impress anyone as being a thing of beauty. Some of the highest grade pigeon guns—the very acme of perfection in gun building—are made with straight grip. Personally I do not approve of a pistol grip, and think the straight grip adds much to the clean,

symmetrical appearance of a gun.

The all-round gun cannot have both barrels full choke, but one of them should be bored to give an even and very close pattern with coarse shot—No. 5, at least—for then it will shoot finer equally as well, but all guns will not shoot coarse shot evenly, though they may give wonderful patterns with fine. The open barrel should make a pattern at twenty-five yards equal to the pattern made by the full-choke barrel at forty yards. Such instructions sent to a manufacturer puts him in a corner, so to speak; but if you order a cylinder barrel, or modified choke, he has you in a corner, for his leeway is too great.

A study of the lock mechanisms, extension ribs, fastenings and safety blocks, is interesting and instructive, besides being a subject that all young shooters should inform themselves on. But it cannot be taken up in this paper; nor can the subject of loading cart-ridges and testing guns for pattern.

In summarizing, then, we find that the all-round gun should be a hammerless, 1 bore, 30-inch barrels, weight from 7-1/4 to 8 pounds, drop of stock, 2-1/2x1-2 inches to 3x2 inches; one barrel full choke, bored for coarse shot, the other slightly choked. As for quality of barrels and finish, why not make the advice given by Polonius apply to guns? "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy."—Jack Pine, in Shooting and Fishing.

Stray Shots.

The glorious twelfth of August opened on the moors of England and Scotland with fine weather, though somewhat warm, and fine, healthy birds. Fairly good bags were reported generally.

A very successful shooting tournament was held August 10th and 11th at Leamington.

High average prizes for the first day were won by A. Reid, Walkerville, 1st, with 74 out of 85, and W. A. Smith, Kingsville, second, with 71. A. Reid won the handsome silver cup donated by Mr. Jas. Greenhill, Leamington, for high average both days with a score of 175 out of 210. Second high average and 50 per cent. of high average fund was won by W. A. Smith, with 170; third and 30 per cent., F. H. Conover, 161; fourth and 20 per cent., — Clark, Walkerville, 158. F. H. Conover and J. Conover won the two-man team race, and A. Reid, T. Reid, Clark, Westcott and Holmes won the five-man team race. Straight scores were made by W. A. Smith in event No. 1 first day and event No. 2 second day, and

by F. H. Conover in event No. 3 second day.

The Walkerville Gun Club held their second annual tournament on Labor Day, when an attractive programme was shot off. The struggle of the day was for possession of a handsome tankard presented by Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons for high average. This was won by Mr. Andrew Reid (Walkerville), with 98 out of 120. The trophy must be won twice in five years, to become the property of any shooter. The other high average winners were F. Conover (Leamington), 96; Dr. Jenner (Essex), 94, and B. G. Westcott (Leamington), Geo. W. Muller (Detroit), and W. A. Smith (Kingsville), 91.

The prospects for quail shooting in Southwestern Ontario were never brighter, and good sport is anticipated when the season opens.

The Field (London, Eng.) has been making some experiments with a new patent cork wad lately put upon the English market. The result, as compared with the ordinary felt wad, is that, while the pattern with the cork wad is improved, there is a considerable falling off in velocity. In fact, 42 grs. powder (E. C. Schultze, S.S., Amberite or Kynochs) gave no better results with the cork wadding than 34 grs. with the felt.

On the second day of the Leamington tournament, Mr. F. H. Conover demonstrated the good qualities of DuPont smokeless by breaking 106 out of 120 targets.

Brant County Rod and Gun Club had a shoot at Brantford, Ont., Sept. 4 and 5. The shooting was over a magan trap. Messrs. Bang, Drayton; Quinn, Guelph; Horning, Waterford; Vanatter, Summerhayes, Cutcliffe, Scott, Montgomery, Westbrook, Brantford; Jarvis, Price, Marlatt, Simcoe; Kirkover, Fredonia, N.Y.; E. C. Burkhardt, Bennett, Buffalo, N.Y.; Robins, Reid, Dunnville, and J. S. Fanning, Batavia, N.Y., were participants. Mr. Fanning, who shot for targets to demonstrate the shooting qualities of Gold Dust smokeless, won high average.

John Parker's tournament at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 19, 20, 21 and 22 is of an international character. On the first day the Peters Cartridge Co.'s international target trophy will be competed for; on the second day the international two-man team trophy, and on the third day the international individual expert trophy. Each contest will be at 25 targets. On the last day the Gillman & Barns' international live bird championship trophy will be competed for.

Mr. Edward Banks, of the E. C. and Schultze Powder Co., thinks that the Rose system of dividing purses as equitable as any system we can get. It certainly is far superior to the class system, and could hardly be worse. At a recent shoot I noticed that in a 15-bird event 14 got \$7 and 13 \$1.75; in the next event 13 got more than 14. In a 20-bird event 18 got considerably less than 16. I firmly believe that the class system does more to kill amateur trap shooting than any other feature.

Last month a competition organized by the Scottish National Gun Club was held at the grounds of the Scottish Shooting School, at Stobhill, Springburn. It was open to teams of seven from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, but only England and Scotland were represented. The conditions were: 12 birds each shooter at ground traps and 12 birds at the tower, 70 feet in height, and the prize was a sterling silver cup. The scores were: Scotland, R. Campbell (Bonness), 24; D. Murchie (Glasgow), 22; T. Murdock (Glasgow), 21; J. B. Walker (Glasgow), 20; E. Doble (Glasgow), 18; J. Bell, Jr. (Glasgow), 18; A. E. Clapperton (Glasgow), 13. Total, 136. England: W. Ellicott (London), 23; R. Bolton (Glasgow), 23; S. H. Forrest (Glasgow), 22; F. W. Moore (London), 19; J. E. Greensill (Birmingham), 15; H. J. Whitfield (Birmingham), R. Birmingham (Birmingham), 9. Total, 125. Majority for Scotland, 11 kills.

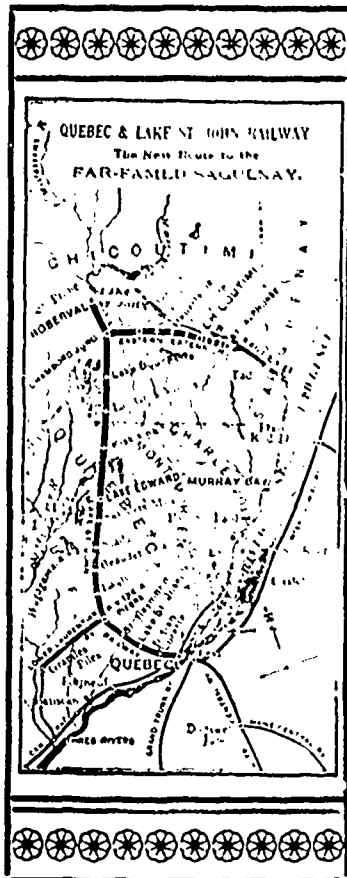
W. R. Crosby, Batavia, N.Y., defeated J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, in a contest for the E. C. cup and the target championship of America, August 23rd at Atlantic City, N.J., with a score of 139 to 128 out of 100 singles and 25 pairs.

On August 24 at Atlantic City, N.J., J. A. R. Elliott defeated C. A. Young, Springfield, Ohio, in a contest for the cast iron medal emblematic of the live bird championship of America, with a score of 95 to 93 out of 100.

A Large Nepigon Trout.

The largest speckled trout on record at Port Arthur was caught in the Nepigon River on June 20 by a Mrs. Taylor, of Drayton, England. It weighed 9 pounds, and was 27 inches in length by 15-1/2 in girth. The fish was weighed and the skin dressed and sent to England as a remarkable specimen of its kind.

Next month Rod and Gun will announce a great premium list to those willing to assist in extending its circulation. Watch for it.



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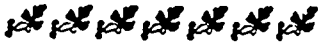
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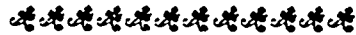
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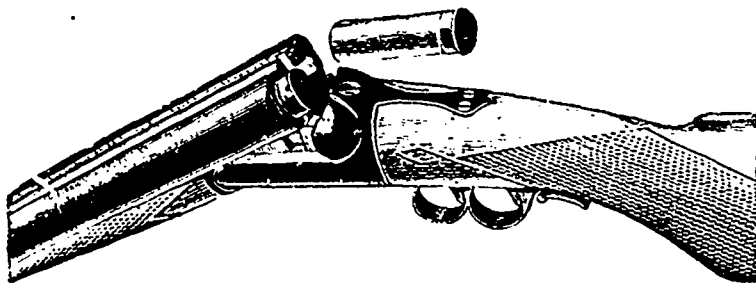
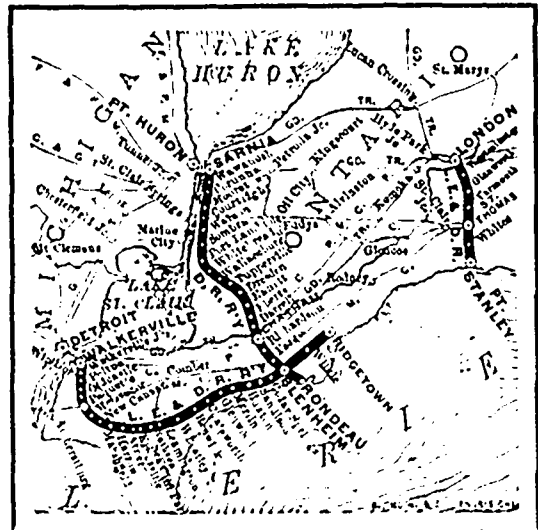


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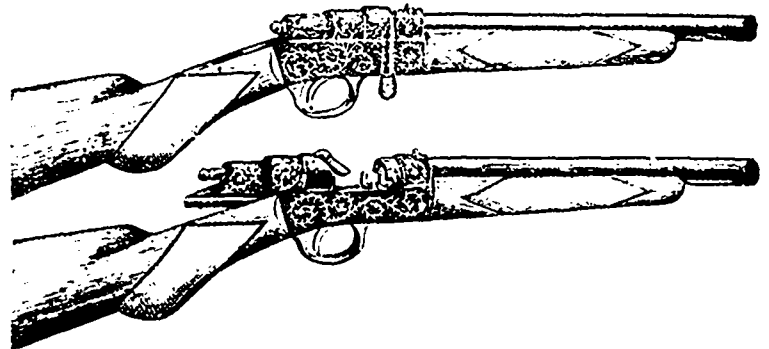
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