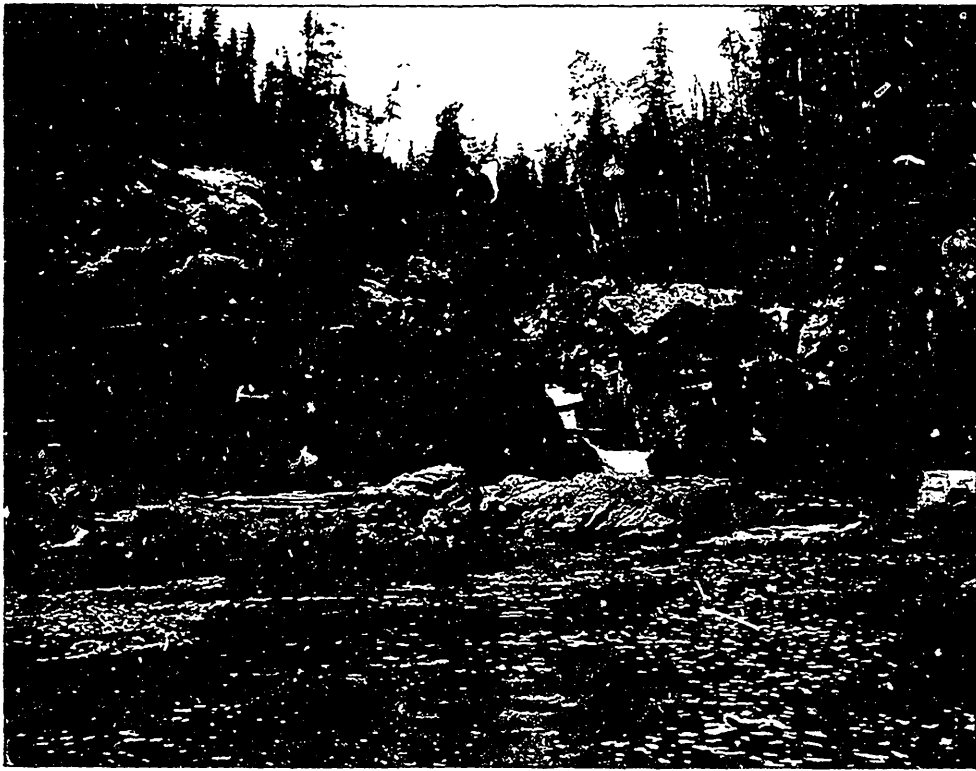


109.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA



Black River

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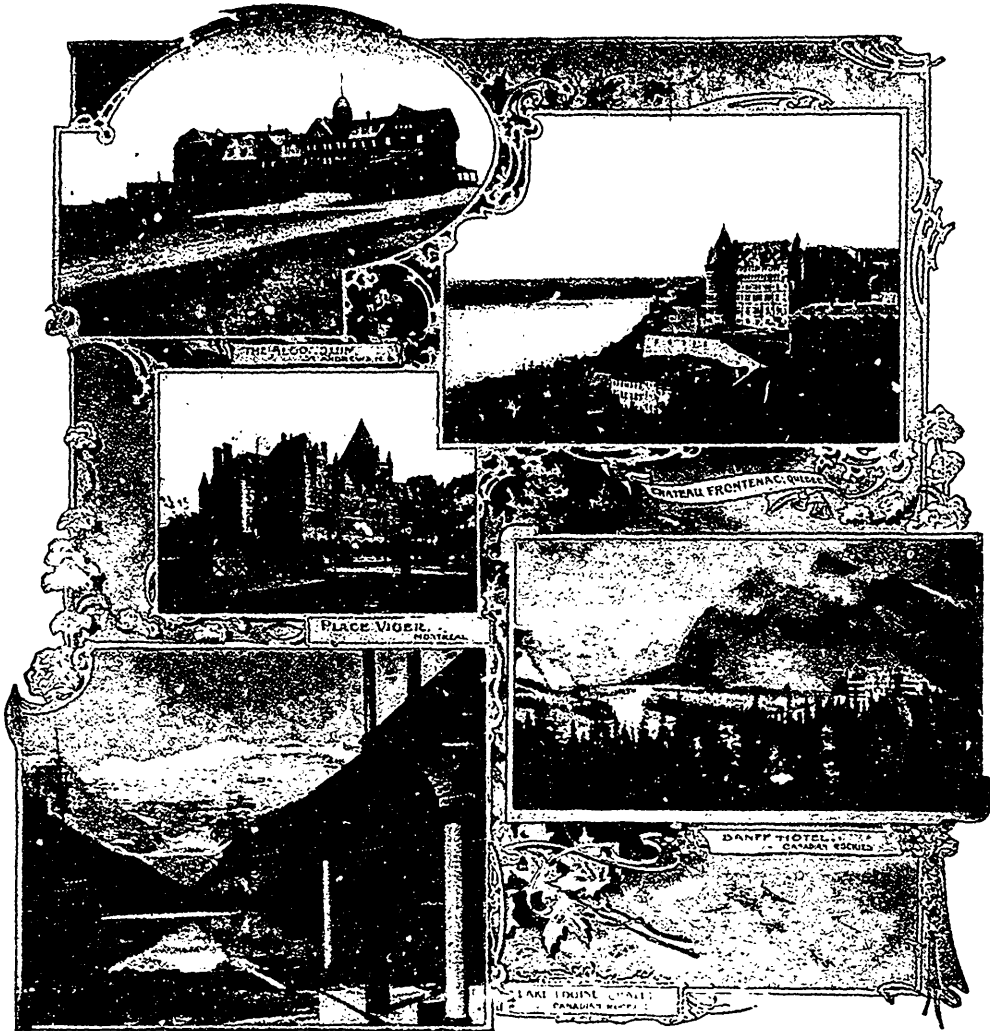
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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. V.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, MAY, 1904

No. 12

Shooting a Chute.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

When I look back over the many years I have passed in the wilds of Canada and realize the numerous narrow escapes I have passed through, I call to mind, with vividness, the running of the log slide at the High Falls of the Du Moine, and consider we had a most providential escape from a fearful death.

To reach the frontier of civilization from the head waters of the Ottawa, we came down the river Du Moine. Besides myself, there was a youth of seventeen and a big, burly Iroquois. The Indian was the guide, having in previous years worked in shanties on the Du Moine and boated up supplies in the fall as far as the Big Lake, but the young half-breed and myself had never gone down this river.

The Iroquois, being the guide, was in the bow of the canoe and I steered for him, the boy paddling in the middle.

The canoe (a bark one) was really large enough to require a crew of four, but as we expected to have two extra men on the return trip we undertook to do down short-handed.

The day before we got to High Falls we had run numerous rapids in passing through some of which we shipped considerable water. We would go ashore occasionally and bale out the canoe, but being wet so continuously made the canoe heavy. We camped that night at the head of the Falls near an old abandoned mill, that had been erected in the first place to saw the deals whereof the slide was built.

The Iroquois, although a big man and very strong if he liked to exert himself, was, if circumstances would permit, very lazy, and that night about the camp fire already anticipated the trouble and hard work we would have on the morrow to carry our heavy canoe across the portage which, he said, was three-quarters of a mile long, with the trail along the side of a burnt mountain all the way.

He said if I was not afraid we would send the boy over the portage and we would run the slide. Somehow from the way he spoke I gathered there was considerable danger and I asked him if he had ever run. "Oh! yes," he said, "I run a boat here once with a barrel of pork in her and I was alone."

In those days I considered what another man had done I could do, and his saying, if I was not afraid, nettled me to the point of taking almost any chances, so before we turned into our blankets it was settled we should go by the slide, instead of carrying the canoe over the portage.

At the head of the slide was a gate, as it is called, with grooved sides, and the depth of water was regulated by taking out so many plank of nine inches high each. The Indian took out two of these and while water was running out and into the slide we carried our canoe to the edge outside the mill and started the boy on the portage.

The slide was built of three-inch deals throughout, bottom about six feet wide

with two planks high on each side. For the first couple of hundred yards we were running almost on the level of the ground, and we went along splendidly. I was just thinking what fools people must be to carry over a long, tiresome portage, when they had such an easy route as the slide; but in the same minute as these thoughts were passing through my mind the Indian turned a scared face as we shot out around the spur of the hill and said, "The water is jumping the side of the slide, hang on to the upper side with your paddle for your life." We were in a moment running down a steep at lightning speed and that across a chasm on the level of the pine tops.

The water had forced off a plank at the most dangerous part of the slide, where there was a very decided crook and exactly in the middle of the gorge, and here the water was foaming over with force enough to carry the canoe and us with it. The Indian called back to me in the stern to hang on with all my might to the upper side of the slide with my paddle. It was a frightful moment, the taking of that turn. I actually felt the stern of the canoe lift towards the break as we swept around the bend, but the weight of the Indian and three parts of the canoe, prevented it from going over, but for one single moment from the crest of that wave of water I looked down with a sickening feeling to the rocks over one hundred feet below.

We breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness for the danger we had passed, but neither the slide, nor all the excitement, was yet passed. Clear of this high trestle work we shot around the spur of another mountain, always at railroad speed, across another gully, and then a straight length ahead of us. We lost the contour of the slide by a foam of water ahead of us and the Indian, whose nerves were strung to the highest tension, called out, "A log across the slide, keep her straight."

There was nothing else to do, to stop the canoe was impossible, to jump over the

side was death and ahead of us looked like death, still there is always a chance in the unseen and besides there was no time for further thought, we were on it. As we rushed to the inevitable, we saw the water was passing over, not only the obstruction in the slide, but over both sides also.

The canoe jumped the log safely and we were running now in slower water and almost on a level again with the earth. Ahead I could see the river and knew the end of the slide must be near.

The river at that season being low, the lip of the slide was fully seven feet from the water. We shot out into the air for a few moments and struck the river with a sound that echoed on the surrounding hills like a cannon shot.

The force with which the canoe struck the water was so great that the bark split from side to side in the middle and she began rapidly to fill. Luckily the beach was close and we managed to paddle ashore before she sank.

Here we lost the rest of the day, having to go back into the green country for a bark patch, gum and roots, to sew the canoe. It was late at night before we had her fit to voyage again, and again I had it brought forcibly before my mind that sometimes the "longest way round is the shortest way there."

Yes, we had indeed shot the chute, but what fool-hardy risk had we not run. They told us at the mouth of the river (the oldest inhabitant) that it had never been done before in a bark canoe, and I have never heard of anyone emulating our exploit.

By questioning Mr. Sweezy, the boom master, I found the slide is one and a half miles long and where the break occurred in the chasm, the trestle work from the rocks below is one hundred and ten feet high.

I am yet pretty "nervy", but no money would induce me to again "Shoot the Chute."



A Four-Year-Old in Camp.

By M. W. P.

Loring was four years old when his father and mother decided to take him into the real woods in Canada. Much anxiety was expressed by his friends and relatives. They asked all sorts of questions. What can you get for him to wear? How do you think he will get along with the food? How can you make him comfortable at night? What if it should rain? What if he should be sick? How will he get over the hanging portages? How will you keep him quiet in the canoe? What pleasure will he get out of it anyway? But Loring's grandfather loved the woods and was one of the proprietors of a hunting and fishing preserve, far away in the Canadian wilderness, and he knew that it would be all right. So they started. And I am going to tell you how all these problems, suggested by the people who did not believe in taking children into the woods were solved, just to show you that it was not so difficult after all. And perhaps some other little boy or girl would like to do just the same thing, and perhaps Loring's experience would suggest how easily it could be done.

With his father and mother and three Indian guides from Indian Lorette, the small sportsman left the Laurentide House at Lake Edward on a cloudless afternoon at the close of August. He was filled with wonder at all the sights and sounds of lake and woodland life and the world was fair and Loring was happy.

He wore flannels and heavy stockings, a "rough rider" suit, a soft visor cap, and "boots savage." "Boots savage" were very nice in the woods even for a civilized little boy, but they seemed to be the only pair in the whole city of Quebec that were anything like small enough for a four-year-old. With rubber coat and hat, a change of clothing, plenty of stockings, a warm, heavy coat, two eiderdown wrappers for night, warm slippers, a flannel night cap, and a pillow case, all packed together in a brown canvas portage bag, Loring's wardrobe was quite complete.

The food problem was easiest of all, be-

cause that solved itself even as soon as the first whiff of mountain air came through the windows as the tram steamed along beside the swift flowing Batiscan. But when the dining room was the out-of-doors, the table a mossy knoll or a rock that tried to be flat or even a portage bag, and the orchestra the sighing of the wind in the branches above and the singing of the rapids at our very feet, then the trout just from the water, the cakes with real maple sugar, the berries fresh from the lake shore, the partridges and the ducks had just the right flavor and Loring enjoyed everything.

The nights were always welcome. The cozy tent was pitched on high ground with the opening away from the lake, so that the smoke from the big fire in front might blow away from the tent, not into it. Loring always watched the guides clear the ground and put up the tent, and cut down the trees and cut and bring in the big armsful of balsam boughs to make the fragrant bed. They laid the branches just like shingles on a roof only many, many layers deep and beginning at the back of the tent, instead of at the lower edge of the roof, so that the bed was always soft and had no sharp sticks to make the night miserable. Then came the rubber blankets, then lots of woollen blankets pinned together with the largest safety pins that could be found. With a warm wrapper and a night cap like a monk's cowl, Loring, tucked between the blankets, stayed awake hardly long enough to close his eyes, and all the while the fire was crackling and the looms were calling from the lake, and the birches were rustling and the balsams were swaying and the stars were keeping silent watch above them all. And, when the morning came, the little fellow woke with the daylight, ready for the trout that the guides were cooking over the fire by their tent, ready for the breaking of camp and for the long day's journey. If it rained, there were plenty of rubber blankets and the rubber coat and hat, and, if the day must be spent in camp, Loring

could always find an ingenious Indian who could make all kinds of wonderful things from birch bark, or he could amuse himself with pencil and paper, or watch the pictures in the fire, or the mouse who smelled a crumb, or the mink who wanted some dinner, and the day was quickly gone. And he was not sick except one day when he ate unlimited quantities of blueberries and that illness was neither alarming nor long continued.

No one had thought that portages had been cut for grown-ups and that the brakes and small underbrush would be as impassable for a four-year-old as the tangled branches of a laurel thicket were for his elders. Still the little fellow pushed on bravely, making more sturdy his small legs and saying "this is a hard place for me," and getting pig-backed by some devoted Indian, or by his father. The portages were full of excitement. Frequently Loring saw a partridge shot for the next day's dinner, and for some time he thought that the noise of the gun had made the partridge fall; and he wondered, after he knew, that a bullet could go so far and that he could not see it. The rod and the line and the hook and the captured trout were easy to understand, but there seemed to be some missing links between the gun and the flash and the big bang and the falling partridge. The long stretch over the springy cranberry swamp was far more entertaining than a city pavement, that could not be moved one bit by small feet. Then he was constantly looking out for the cold spring and watching the tree blazes, because, you see, part of this country had really never been seen by people before except by the Indians, who had gone over it to cut the path for us, and their only way of showing these woodland routes is by chopping with their axes little chips from the trees on either side, so that the white wood shows plainly against the dark bark even from a long distance, and these are the guide posts that tell the traveler where to go.

In the canoes there were many interests, the shadows on the lake, the best place to find the echo, the Indians drinking from the rims of their hats, the crazy laugh of the loon, that was not a "choo-choo car," the new rod that really caught trout, the

chase for ducks and most wonderful of all two bear hunts. One day, when we were far away from the world where men were living, we were paddling across a lake that had no name and Achille said "sche" and pointed. Everybody looked and away on the other side of the lake, walking along the sandy shore, were "the mother bear and two baby bears." There was only a shot gun and we were too far to shoot. So we paddled noiselessly across the lake and the brave hunters of the party went on shore and searched all over the big blueberry patch into which the bears had all disappeared behind the trees. But it was September and the underbrush was thick and the trail was soon lost, and Loring felt very sorry about the bears and he named that lake "The Lake of the Three Bears." The next day, on another nameless lake, as we came round a point of land, Achille again said "sche", and from the wooded shore two hundred yards away down walked a big "father bear" into the water. It was very warm and the flies were troublesome, so he sat down in the water and seemed to be enjoying his bath. After a few minutes he turned his face with curiosity and watched the two canoes coming nearer and nearer. He had never seen a man before and he was plainly interested. As we slowly and quietly came closer, we could see more and more plainly the white streak down the middle of his face. "He's a big one," Felix said, and Felix knew. Loring was in the canoe with the gun, his father and Adelard, and he sat as still as a mouse, only said, "Don't shoot me, papa." The canoes were seventy-five yards away and Adelard said "now," and the shot rang out. The bear, startled by the noise and thinking a hail storm had struck his head, jumped and started for the "bush." Felix said "Shoot again, quick, quick, too hard, too hard." Another shot in the flank and the old bear stopped two or three minutes on the brow of the bank, then disappeared. "We've got him after all," Felix said, "but I thought Adelard knew better than to let him shoot at a bear's head." We paddled quickly to the shore and three excited Indians and one jubilant sportsman jumped from the canoes, sure of their prey, and disappeared in the woods and all was still. And Loring

and his mother patiently waited until, after a long time, four disappointed men came back with sorrowful faces, bringing leaves stained with blood. They had followed the trail for a quarter of a mile and then lost it in the underbrush. And a gloom fell over the party. And Felix kept saying, "Too hard, too hard, I wouldn't have felt so hard if I didn't know he would die in an hour. He must have been hurt hard, or he would never have stopped like that. Too hard, too hard." And Loring said, "I didn't frighten the bear, did I?" And he had no bear steaks for the next day's dinner, and no bear rug to carry home as a trophy, and in his play hunts ever since he has always lost the bear. And he called that lake "The Lake of the Lost Bear."

Saturday afternoon Loring had left the station on the shore of Lake Edward, and he had not seen another house until a week from the next Wednesday, when he came out at Lake Kiskisink. He had travelled over a hundred miles by canoe and

portage. And over part of this trip no white man had ever been. He had seen on one lake the Castle of Jack and the Beanstalk's Giant, and of the Queen of the Golden Mines, but he had been sorry not to see anywhere about the Giant, or Jack, or the Queen, or the Dragon, or even the Beantock. He had shot many rapids, which he had expected to do with a gun. He had seen the beautiful Falls of Saint Agnes on the Bostonnaïs River, and had thought it "just that same Niagara!" He had named lakes and rivers and waterfalls, and had thought everything was "nice." The vacation holiday had passed all too quickly, and Loring with the others felt sorry to leave all that had made their journeying so pleasant, but he carried away with him five pounds more of himself, and added strength and self reliance, and a new love for nature as she is in "No Man's Land," and many happy memories of those few happy days among the woods and waters of the Canadian wilderness. Surely it was worth while.

Papegouche's Ghost.

By C. C. FARR.

Papegouche lay a-dying, and the women were gathered together to see him die. None knew what had befallen him, for he had been brought home to his wigwam, speechless. It was whispered that he had been done to death by a *Wendigo, and the people were sore afraid, for each man was filled with dread lest he should be the next victim, well knowing, as all Indians do, that when once the Wendigo begins his deadly work, one life serves but to whet his appetite for more. Kinabikokomis (The old snake woman) had seen dread tokens of evil to the band. She had seen a huge black arm protruded from the water in the narrows, where the black current gurgled ceaselessly, and as the arm slowly sank beneath the surface, she heard a cry so awful, and so full of agony, that she had buried her face in her agoneewin (covering, shawl) and groped her way along the well known path to her assohagan (winter

camp), where she lay, trembling in every limb, unable for a space to frame into words the awful portents that she had witnessed.

Then only the bravest dared the solitude of the bush; the more timid gathering together about the doors of their tents, and whispering in awestruck tones. Papegouche had been too brave; he had dared to laugh at those who spake of these things, and the Wendigo in his wrath had slain him.

That night he died, and Winiwaya, daughter of Kickendatch, affianced bride of the dead man, was sorely stricken, for she had loved Papegouche, and now that he had been taken from her, she wept with inconsolable abandon in her father's wigwam. Now these things took place many years ago; when the coming of the Wabaskeewatch (the white man) from out of the East was but a vague, indefinite rumor; when the fierce, predatory, Nahtaway

* The Wendigo is the Indian's giant, half man and half spirit, both cruel and malicious, a terrible personification of his superstitious fears.

(Iroquois), patrolled the lower stretches of the Ottawa River, so that few men dared to journey many days towards the rising sun, and fewer still returned; and when the Indians of Matachuan worshipped their own gods, even as their fathers had done before them. Therefore was Papegouche buried according to the rites of the tribe. His body was laid within a huge birch bark coffin, and by his side were placed, within easy reach, his tomahawk, his pipe, his hunting knife, and sufficient provisions to last him some days; nor were the necessary cooking utensils forgotten, for it is a long journey to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Then the young men lifted him up, and slowly bore him to the grave, which had been dug in the soft sand, beneath a monster pine. The grave was not deep, for it is not well that the spirit should suffer too much in the struggle of extricating itself. In front of the procession walked Kikendatch, the chief, and after him, at a respectful distance, his Chimahgans, (spears, lieutenants). The dead man's faithful little dog lay in the coffin, upon his breast, ever and anon, raising its poor little head and giving vent to its feelings in a prolonged howl of misery. Immediately behind the corpse walked Geetchinodin (Big Wind) Papegouche's brother, with bowed shoulders, and stern-set face, for he was thinking deeply; next came the men of the band, walking in Indian file, with Wahgouch (The Fox), at their head; after them, and last, came the women, wailing forth the death chant, at times so soft and low, as to scarcely be distinguishable from the sighing of the wind through the pine tops, and with which it harmonized; at other times rising to a sweet toned wail that rent the air and which was echoed back in many tones by the dogs left behind in the camps. Even thus they buried Papegouche, and when the last rite had been performed, when his faithful little dog had been slain, and laid at its dead master's feet, ready to accompany him on his long journey, and when the last word had been spoken, in the same order, but in silence, the Indians wended their sorrowful way back to their camps.

The dread caused by this mysterious death lay heavy upon them all, and Kiken-

datch, the aged chief, gathering the people together, spake to them as follows:—

"My children. The evil thing has laid its hand upon us, and though I would speak words of comfort and of consolation to you, I cannot, and I dare not. He that is dead will not lack for company upon his journey, for we know that a Wendigo hath done this thing. Long, long ago, when I was just a little fellow, I saw the work of a Wendigo, and three of our best warriors lay, even as *the dead one now lies beneath the pine*, before he stayed his hand, therefore, my children, watch, for death follows death, until his appetite is glutted I have spoken."

A murmur almost amounting to a groan followed this pessimistic speech of the aged chief, and the people appeared paralyzed with fear, but at length Wahgouche, son of Kinabikokomis, arose, and holding up his hand, in token that he would speak, thus addressed them:—

"The words of my father are true. A Wendigo hath indeed done this. He that was alive and is now dead, despised my mother's warnings, and the Wendigo killed him, as he will yet kill others, unless they obey his words. I could tell many strange things if I were pleased to do so, but much talk is for nothing, therefore am I silent."

With which enigmatic speech he sat down, burying his face in his hands; but the people's curiosity was aroused, and they shouted with one accord: "Speak Wahgouche, and tell us the things that you have seen."

Wahgouche again rose, but for many moments he stood with head sunk upon his breast, plunged in deep thought; then suddenly flinging up his arms, as one who, after deep deliberation, has resolved upon a course, he spake as follows:—

"I saw not the Wendigo, but I saw his tracks that he had made in the snow which fell during the night, and which the sun licked up in the morning; they were like unto those that are made by the snowshoe of a man, and they were wide apart, fully the length of two men. I also saw a tree, which the Wendigo in his rage, had torn up by the roots, and cast by the side of the path. These things I saw, and whilst I stood uncertain, and minded to turn back,

suddenly a voice like unto thunder, only more deep and awful, called me by name; then was I altogether afraid, but I answered, 'Ohomah (here am I); 'Ondass' (come here), cried the voice, and yet I saw nothing. 'I know not where to go' I said, and my knees trembled, while the sweat of fear poured off my face. 'Here on this rock', said the voice, and then I knew where to go, for I saw, close by me, a large bald head, protruding through the moss, and what a man might cross in thirty steps, therefore I stood upon the rock, in the centre, and waited for the voice to speak again. At length it spoke, and the sound thereof seemed to come from beneath my feet, right from the very bowels of the earth, and it said, "I have slain him that is dead, the unbeliever, but to Winiwaya, his affianced bride, I would do no harm; rather would I befriend him, and for that reason have I taken from him his breath. Do thou, therefore, Wahgouche, take her to thy wigwam, to be thy wife. Now go and tell her these things, and if any man withstand thee, I will slay him even as I have slain ——" * (Here Wahgouche hesitated, then bracing himself with an effort, he shouted more than said: "Papegouche!")

Hardly had the name left his lips, when a shriek of concentrated agony arose among the pines where the dead man had just been laid. Again and again it rent the air, each time, if possible, more awful, and more piercing than before. When at length, those fearful sounds had ceased, and the panic amongst the people had somewhat subsided, a few of the bravest amongst them cautiously approached the newly made grave. The sight that met their gaze was enough to cause the stoutest hearts to quake, for the grave had given up its dead. The coffin remained in the grave, but the body was sitting with its back against the trunk of the big pine tree, with eyes staring vacantly, and with hanging jaw. The little dog lay curled up at the corpse's feet, and there were some who averred that it growled audibly at their approach. There was nothing to be done but to replace the body in the coffin, and rearrange everything into proper order, which was hastily done, for they

were all sore afraid, and did not tarry amongst those uncanny surroundings longer than was absolutely necessary.

Again they gathered together around the camp fires, discussing in awestruck whispers this last supernatural manifestation, at times looking askance at Wahgouche, to whose reckless naming of the dead man, the shocking catastrophe was by some attributed, but he heeded them not, for his mind was intent upon securing the weeping Winiwaya for his lodge, and with this object in view he again stood forth to speak.

"My father," he said, addressing Kikendatch, the chief, "perhaps I erred in speaking of the dead by name, but those were the exact words spoken by the Wendigo, and if I have erred, it is because I have spoken the truth. But there is something more that is in my heart to say, which should put strength into the hearts of the fearful. The Wendigo is still enraged with the dead one, and will not let him rest, even in his grave, unless his commands are obeyed, and those commands are that I, Wahgouche, shall wed thy daughter; for by that alone will the band have peace, and escape the wrath of the Wendigo."

Thus spake Wahgouche, the fox, and the people applauded his words, for they craved for safety, and for immunity from the wrath of the offended Wendigo, which Wahgouche had promised them.

Kikendatch therefore arose and spake as follows:—"My children, Wahgouche has spoken good words. It is not well to disobey the voice of a spirit, therefore (turning to his daughter) go to the lodge of Wahgouche, Winiwaya, and be to him a dutiful and faithful wife. I have spoken."

With which Kikendatch, well satisfied with his own wisdom, sat down amidst murmurs of applause, but Winiwaya wept the more bitterly, crying out in her misery. "Kahwin, Kahwin." (No, no.), and when she saw that her protests were in vain, she wailed forth the word of woe, which is "Aio," so that there were many whose hearts were filled with pity.

Now while all these things were being said and done, Geetchinodin, the twin brother of Papegouche, had said nothing, for he was still thinking deeply, but when the voice of the girl wailed forth the word

of woe, he started to his feet, and in a voice of thunder cried.

"Kish. Kish." (Stop, stop) Have you all gone crazy, or have you the brains of rabbits? You Kikendatch, chief that you are, should be able to think, and should not be trapped like a simple muskrat by the lying words of a fox. A Wendigo has not done this thing, but it is the work of a Maniioch (a grub, an evil, contemptible thing). Bad Indians are abroad, and as my father has indeed truly said, it behoves us to watch. If Wahgouche finds my words too hard, let him stand forth, and we will soon supply his Wendigo with another victim, but I waste words; look at his face, gone grey with fear. Foxes will not fight. They run, steal, cheat, and lie, but for all that, men trap them, and this one shall be trapped. Now my father, I have somewhat to say unto you regarding your daughter: I, Geetchinodin, would take Winiwaya for my wife, but it is not

seemly that a maiden should transfer her affections from one man to another in the time that a Wahwashkisie (red deer) would jump over a log, therefore let her stay in her father's lodge for the space of three moons, and at the end of that time give her to which ever of us is alive, for Wahgouche's Wendigo must not be disappointed." Thus spake Geetchinodin, and his words brought comfort to the heart of Winiwaya, who ceased her sobbing and gazed upon the young man with kindly eyes, but Wahgouche snarled until his teeth gleamed white in the gathering gloom. Then the old man arose, and though more agitated than is the habit of an Indian, put an end to the discussion with these words:—

"So be it, as Geetchinodin desires. My daughter remains with me for the space of three moons. May the Geetchumaibou befriend the right.

(To be Continued.)

The Big Bass of Springwater.

By J. A. MacKENZIE.

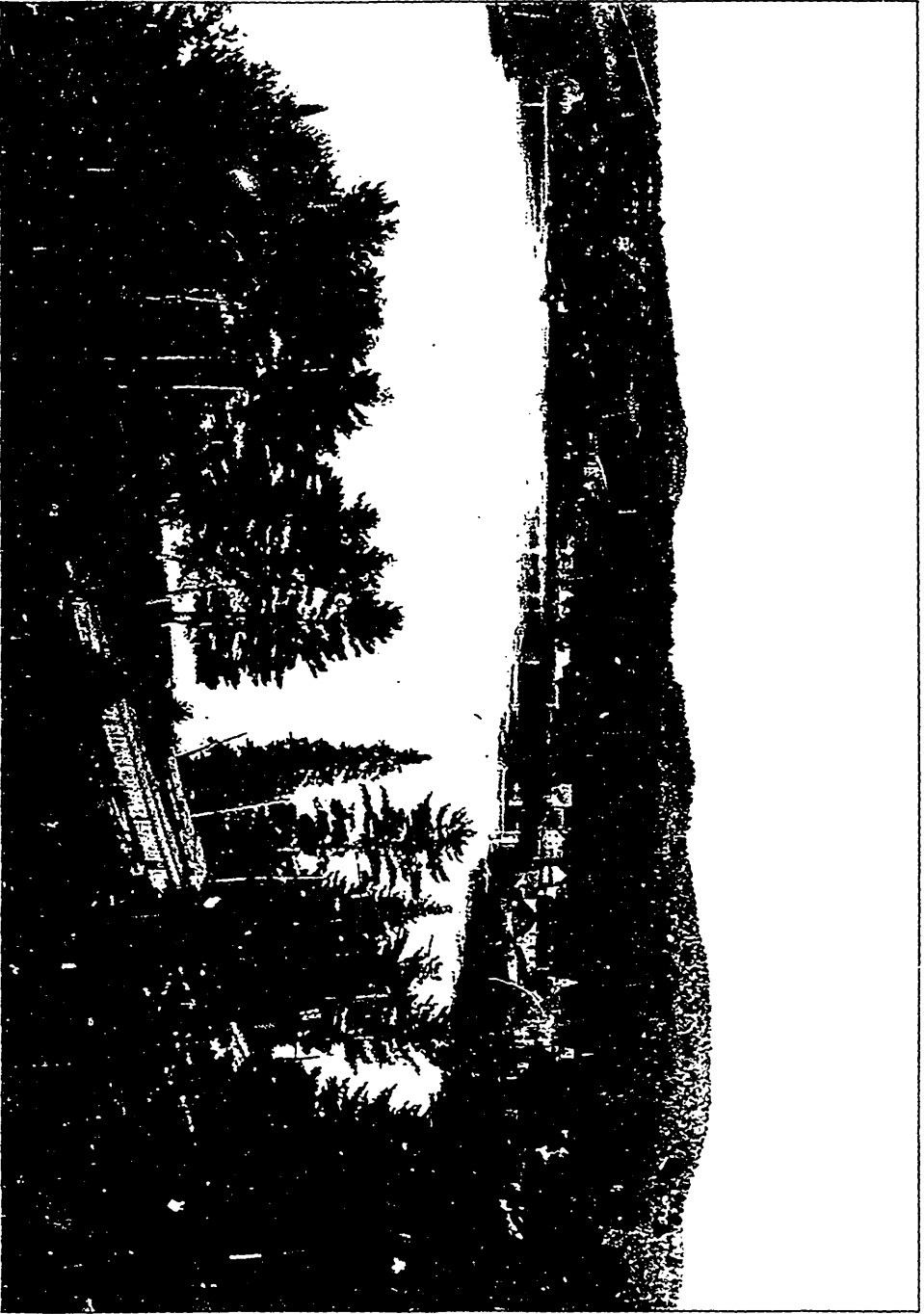
Springwater is the name given to a collection of little mill-ponds in Southwest Ontario. As the name implies they are fed by cold spring creeks, and as they lie in a large wood with plenty of overhanging pine and maple, and submerged roots and logs they form ideal bass grounds. Some twenty-five years ago they were stocked with small-mouthed bass, from Lake Erie, and today the ponds are fairly well supplied. But abundance of food and constant fishing has so educated the bronze backers that a good knowledge of their hiding places and critical tastes is necessary to ensure success to the angler.

That the deeper pools contain some monster fish is admitted by all local fishermen. Indeed, most of them can tell of exciting experiences and great damage done to tackle by large, broad fish, whose vague shadowy forms can occasionally be seen in the deep depths of the brown waters.

During my first two seasons at angling I used the fly and minnows, rarely getting

any fish larger than two pounds. But one lovely August day the awakening came. I was paddling a friend up the larger pond, when we were startled by the frantic shouts of another fisherman, who had evidently connected to something, large and lively, in the bottom of the pond. The angler was very much in earnest and alternately danced and shouted, played out line and reeled it in. A swallowed hook and stout tackle secured the prize—a three pounder. My companion and I were most interested in the bait, which was a green frog. This bait was very scarce near the ponds, the bass evidently having gobbled up every luckless batrachian. My companion went ashore, and after much chasing, secured a rather large green back, which was taken with a boil by a big bass almost before it struck the surface, and not more than twenty feet from the boat. But his cast was faulty and before the slack line was recovered the bass bore down and tied up to a convenient log, and a disap-

ON 'THE GATINEAU',
Wakefield, near which is fine fishing and good shooting





LORING'S HUNT.
A four-year-old in Camp.



RAPIDS ON THE BOSTONNAIS.
A scene typical of the great Quebec wilderness.

pointed angler had to console himself for the loss of a big fish and many feet of line.

Since that day I have taken many of these large fish, and I will now endeavor to give fellow-anglers some idea of the methods employed in their capture. It is useless to fish on a clear, calm day, when the bass can see all that goes on above the surface. A fresh breeze and merry ripple is an absolute necessity in these dark, clear waters, where the bottom can be seen at six or eight feet, and where, owing to much fishing, the game is very shy. For similar reasons the angler should sit low in the boat, or keep well down along the shore. As a rule cloudy days are better than bright, and the fish bite most freely from four o'clock until dark. A change in the weather also seems to favor biting.

The method of presenting the bait is an all-important condition. Long casts from a free running reel, in which the bait alights with a splash, seem only to frighten these keen-sensed fish, and even when hooked fifty or sixty feet from the boat he is sure to wind the line round a stump or log before he is checked in his first mad rush. In these ponds each bass has his own lair under a stump, log or bunch of weeds, where he lies in wait for a passing prey, except when out feeding in the evening, when they are sometimes taken in open spaces away from such obstructions.

The most successful anglers are the most cautious in approach and have the best knowledge of their likely hiding places. As you fish the ponds, season after season, each stump, submerged log, or overhanging tree acquires a history of its own, recalling to your memory a brave fight hardily won, or an opportunity carelessly lost. For such casting we have found no method so accurate, delicate or easy on the bait as casting as you would a fly from a stiff fly or Henshall rod. After each cast the bait is allowed to swim about for a few minutes before being slowly worked towards the boat. The slack is taken up in loose coils in the left hand ready to go out as the frog is cast to the opposite side. This is known in fly fishing as shooting the line. It enables you to fish over more water,

the bait is lifted carefully from the surface on a short line, and can be placed exactly where desired. The boat is punted slowly and quietly along, or allowed to drift with the wind. The angler casts underneath the overhanging bushes, or beside the roots that line the shore, and out into the pond, among the weed beds, or over submerged stumps and logs. When a fish is hooked, the boat is paddled out into deep water away from obstructions, the use of which the bass knows so well. Many fish are lost to the novice by not letting them have the bait sufficiently long before striking. This game fish has a vicious habit of following its prey and seizing it by the tail or crosswise in its mouth, thus holding it for some time before swallowing. Give him line on the first intimation of a bite, and wait a few seconds before reeling up and striking. Of course if the bait is taken with a rush strike at once. Occasionally a bass will take a frog with a boil, and hook himself when you have two or three coils of slack in your left hand. Then you must play him from your hand, without making use of the reel, a foot or two of slack line will enable him to throw out the hook, unless it is well set, and get away. Always, however, kill your fish on the rod by keeping it well bent and only check him hard when too near a stump or log. Give him a chance and he will display the wonderful fighting powers that makes him one of the gamiest fish that swims, peer even to the beautiful trout.

On these ponds the landing net is rarely used. The large fish are completely exhausted and lifted in by hand, the smaller ones on the line, not, however, by the rod. To keep up the supply, all fish under $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds are carefully returned to the water.

In the matter of rods, the long, heavy typical bass rod of a few years ago, is a thing of the past, thanks to the writings of Dr. Henshall. A short, light rod will deliver a bait much farther by modern methods of casting, besides being much handier in playing the fish. It should be limber and yet have sufficient back-bone to tire a big bass, and check his wild rushes for freedom. Elasticity, lightness and balance are the principal qualities, and ash and lancewood rods possess these in a marked

degree. But for elasticity and quick steel-like spring, no wood can surpass bethabara. My rod is home-made, of the Henshall pattern, 8 feet, 3 inches long, non-dowel joints, ferrules good honest brass, $\frac{3}{8}$ and 15-16ths, weight nearly 8 oz., ash butt, bethabara second joint and lancewood tip; bethabara would be better in the tip also. When first made the second joint was ash, which was broken by a two-pound bass exerting every muscle to get under a stump, from which he had been lured by a green frog, cast right in the mouth of his den. He no sooner felt the hook than he turned straight for his secure retreat, with the line over his shoulder. One desperate plunge as I gave the butt and checked the reel snapped the joint close above the first ferrule. Seizing the line, a No. 6, hard-braided silk, the smallest size made, I pulled him from that dangerous spot and played him out on a six-foot tether. Vainly he objected to such rude handling, but the frog had been swallowed deep and the hook was well set in his throat. Shortening the line as his plunges grew weaker, after two or three attempts, I succeeded in grasping him behind the head and lifting him into the boat.

The lighter the line, the less likely to be seen by the fish. Even the lightest are much stronger than is necessary when using a light, pliant rod, the spring of which neutralizes every sudden jerk and gives the game nothing solid to pull against. The strain is remarkably small, although from the leverage of the rod on the hand it seems great. The angler can readily test this for himself, by lifting weights of one-quarter to one-half pounds attached to the line on the rod.

A good click reel, narrow between plates, with a deep barrel, will, when nearly full, take up line nearly as fast as a multiplier, without requiring such careful attention to prevent bunching. Its first cost is not great, and it is not liable to get out of order when the repair shops are out of reach. With an adjustable click and steel spindle, very fair casting may be done. My Featherlight will make twenty-two to twenty-five revolutions with one twitch of the handle. If some maker would place on the market such a single acting reel, with steel conical, compensating bearings, so

that they would run just as smoothly and wear just as long as the high priced multiplier, it would be a great boon to anglers, who, like myself, cannot afford to put \$20 or \$25 into a reel. Such a reel is not necessary for the style of casting described above, and most in vogue here. But there is one pond where casting from a free running reel has many advantages, the water being deep, clear and nearly free from obstructions, and the wooded shores shutting out the breeze necessitating long casts, which enable the angler to keep out of sight of the fish.

One hot day last July, the fleecy, white clouds and southwest wind, lured me away from business cares and the close gallery to beautiful spring water. To my wheel was strapped the rod and box of frogs, and the five or six miles o'er the hot, dusty road sped quickly by, not without some discomfort, but once there the merry ripple on its' dark waters, dispelled all thought of heat and dust, with the promise of spring sport. Several small spring creeks flowing among the pine-clad hills have been damned back into a series of ponds, which supply power to grist, saw and oatmeal mills. Some of the more secluded are stocked with trout, in the fry of which the owner does a large business.

The two largest ponds, the saw mill and the old pond behind the farm, are the homes of the hard-fighting bass. Brought twenty-five years ago from Lake Erie. Placed in the old pond, they multiplied and became fairly numerous. From here they were transplanted into the larger saw-mill pond, where they afford the best sport today. These were the light green bass of the lake, but under the influence of the dark spring water they soon changed their coat to black. This change of color to match their environments is another evidence of protective Nature's care for her children. It enables them more readily to secure their prey and elude their enemies.

The saw-mill pond is the largest, if not the prettiest, of the watery gems that comprise spring water. Stretching out before your view, in a succession of wooded points and pretty bays, it reminds one of a northern lake, and this, resemblance is increased by its dark spring waters and sombre pines, which stand like sentinels on

the outstretching points and in the dense forest at its head, lifting their dark spreading tops above the smooth beeches and the rugged maples. Jump into the canoe and paddle around yon point, and what is there to indicate the near abode of man. On the south it is densely wooded to the water's edge, with many beautiful flowering shrubs, peeping out from among the surrounding green foliage. Little creeks and narrow bays stretch away into the heart of the big woods. On the lower northern shore stretches of green sward, shaded by clumps of small pines and maples, make an ideal spot for a summer picnic. In the late summer, when the water is low, beds of weeds and large stumps just coming to the surface may be seen here and there in the pond. When the tops of the pines glow in the setting sun, and all the air is still, how perfect are the reflections from its glassy surface. Points, trees and flowering shrubs, appear in its cool depths, another world rivalling ours, with its calm sky and twinkling stars, its fleecy clouds and rising moon, and fire-fly lamps around the verge. Nor does it only appeal to the eye. The "bob-white" of the quail and the drum of the partridge, have given place, as the shades of evening settle down, to the deep bass of the frog and the mournful "whip-poor-will." From the depths of the forest hoots the owl, while the tinkling of distant cow bells comes up from the meadow. The quavering whistle of the small cat-owl fills you with thoughts of the dreary winter, of sighing winds and moaning pines. But all this world of sound vanishes before the heavy splash of the leaping bass. Sweetest of all sounds to the angler's ear it makes him eager for exciting sport with his favorite game fish feeding near. If he deftly drop a big, white miller over the swirl of the rising fish, skipping it across the surface, quick and sharp will be the response. And then look out for hidden log or tangled growth, keep a tight line and play him hard, or the tinselled fraud will be rejected, and with a saucy flap, the fish will depart to his dark lair under the stumps, or in the depths of the deepest pool. Not always in vain are the leaping summer-saults of the bass. Many a hook has been thrown out with a vicious jerk, as he

cleaves the air, and many a minnow or frog has been sent skipping across the surface in these desperate efforts to regain liberty.

On this July afternoon, a skillful paddler was not to be had, and I had to make use of a young boy, who had never been in a boat before. He needed explicit directions as to which side and in which direction to stroke to keep the boat broadside to the wind, as we drifted up the pond. I sat on the forward thwart of the flat bottomed punt and cast to right and left, dropping the frog alongside the weed beds, or over submerged stumps and logs. The bait, hooked through the lips, is given plenty of time to swim about and hunt up a fish, before being worked toward the boat, ready for the next cast. In this manner we fished near the dam, and passed the boom, which, doubled back in the shape of a V, holds in the logs for the saw mill. Out in the middle of the pond we were drifting, urged on by a steady breeze, which raised a little sea, that concealed our movements from the sharp sighted bass. In the dark waters about twenty feet to my right front was a large fungus or sponge-like growth, just discernible beneath the surface, and looking very much like a large straw-colored rock. Softly the little frog dropped a foot or two beyond this likely spot, and began to swim about in frantic efforts to get free. In a few seconds, however, he settled down out of sight beside the growth and we looked anxiously for a strike. Soon the line ran out a few inches and then stopped, and then ran out again with a jerky motion. I freely played it off the reel, and at the same time instructed the boy to keep the boat in a long lane of free water that ran up the pond, and by no means to let it get too near any stumps or logs. Judging that the fish had had plenty of time to swallow the bait, or get it well into his mouth, I reeled up the slack, gently felt him, and with a firm, but slight upward movement, set the sharp sproat hook in his tough jaw. It reminded me of getting snagged when trolling from a canoe, in fairly rapid motion. There was absolutely no give and this snag became very animated, going straight up the lane for some thirty feet or more, in spite of the drag of both click and thumb on the

spool, and the little rod arched in a semi-circle. The shrill scream of the reel and hissing of the line through the water made fit music for such a fight. The boy, though greatly excited and eager as myself, did his best to carry out my commands. Turned in his first mad rush, the fish made across the channel for the dense weed beds, but not having the line over his shoulder we managed to turn him from the tangled growth and again he crossed our bows, keeping deep down in his native element. The rapidly moving line and a faint, dark shadow in the black depths alone serving to indicate the direction of his flight. Foiled in several such attempts he sulked at the bottom of the channel, and it took several serious pulls on the rod to start him out. But away he went again, taking out many feet, though gradually being forced nearer to the surface. In vain we checked him all we dared; he made a desperate effort and reached the weeds, here altogether too plentiful for comfort, when your light tackle and a big bass is at stake. He got a turn or two around a small birch, but soon shook himself loose, and the little rod was bent in a dangerous curve as we forced him nearer to the surface. Back and forth on the shortened line he darted, lashing the water into foam at each turn, and occasionally giving us a glimpse of his broad, gleaming side and bronzed back. Eager before, we were now doubly anxious to save our prize. Slowly the boy worked the boat away from the weeds, and nearly exhausted, the bass lay panting upon the surface. With raised rod I towed him up to the boat, but the sight of his captor lent new life

to those tired muscles, and the reel purred softly a short note. This rush was his last, and we soon had him in the boat. There he lay, too tired to flap, displaying his broad, muscular body, which could take such a hold of the water and keep up such a hard struggle for so many minutes. He just went three pounds, but by the way he fought, we would have sworn before seeing him that a five-pounder was attached to our line. The boat had drifted one hundred yards or more up the pond, and my arm was thoroughly tired. We fished until the gathering shades warned me that it would soon be too dark for wheeling, but caught none that would equal the first in fight or weight. One two-pound fish fought long and deep, in a large pocket among the weeds. It was a case of check your fish constantly or lose him, and often was the tackle tried to the utmost limit. A small log lay supported by a few limbs about a foot from the bottom. Several times he strove to get under this, but we gave him the butt and bore hard, thus keeping him just above it, as he darted across the pool. At last he joined his companion in the boat, the only two fish that were not returned to the water during this glorious afternoon's sport. Two or three good sized fish were lost by striking too soon. One made several rushes and tugged quite strongly before giving up the dangerous morsel, which was badly chewed about the hind legs. Two carried off the frogs, and many good bass came to the boat, but we had enough and preferred enjoying the sport another day to taking a large string to town to show and brag about.

White Goat Hunting.

By W. A. BREWSTER.

We had been planning the trip for some time and at last decided we would start Oct. 5th. There were four of us in the party, beside our guide, "Old Tom," an expert packer, and a Stoney Indian, who rejoiced in the name of "Moses Bear."

It had been planned that we should start from Banff, and Mr. Howard Sibbal, his

brother Frank, and the Indian, arrived on the passenger train in the morning from Morley. The guide having horses and outfit ready, we soon made arrangements for an early start, when I received a message, which prevented me from leaving for another two days.

However, it was decided that the rest of

the party should go without me, and I would overtake them two days later at Laggan, which is about thirty-four miles west of Banff.

Two days later I found myself on the train bound for Laggan, with my rifle, fishing tackle, and dunnage bag. Arriving at Laggan station, I met my friends, who had arrived the night before and camped about a mile out on the Bow Lake trail. They helped me to carry my things to camp, but as it was 4 p. m. by the time we reached there, we decided it was too late to move camp. The rest of the afternoon was spent in taping our rifles, until each man was sure his own rifle was the best, and that if a goat was to show up anywhere within a mile, he was certain to become "meat."

Our guide was up before daylight next morning, made up the fire, which was still burning, and started out after the horses. The horses were all caught, tied up and saddled before we sat down to breakfast. After breakfast Howard and I washed the dishes, and packed the grub boxes, while Luxton and the Indian took down the tents and folded the blankets. Frank and Tom were busy packing, so with everyone working, we managed to get an early start and were "hitting the trail" by 8 o'clock.

The trail here leaves the C. P. R. track and goes in a northwesterly direction, following the valley of the Bow River. We travelled through a country covered with a small growth of Jack-pine for nearly seven miles. Then we came down to the river bottom, which was more open. We followed the river about eight miles and found a pretty camp ground, where we stayed for the night.

Howard and I started to get supper ready, Tom hobbled the horses, and washed off their backs with salt and water to prevent them getting sore. Frank and the Indian sat by the fire talking Stoney, while Luxton amused himself trying to put up one of the tents alone. He soon gave it up as bad job, however. Luxton being the only tenderfoot in the crowd, he afforded us lots of amusement before we were home again.

After supper everyone had a smoke, then we put up our tents and cut balsams for our beds. By this time it was dark, so we built a big fire and sat around it tell-

ing stories of the "Little Black Man." This is a superstition of the Stoney Indians of an evil spirit roaming through the mountains, which means death to anyone seeing him. We all decided to go to bed early and if possible get another good start in the morning.

We were on the trail by 8.30 a. m. and about noon we saw a mountain to our left that looked as if it might be a good range for goat, so we crossed the river and made camp. After dinner we prepared to climb. Leaving Tom in camp, we took the Indian and started up the mountain. We had not gone far when we decided to make two parties. Frank and I taking the small draw to the left, leaving Howard, Luxton and the Indian the right, which would be an easier climb for Howard, who was too fat to climb anything very difficult. Frank and I had a hard climb before we reached the top of the ridge, but we succeeded at last, and from there got a fine view of the valley on this side, which was full of glaciers and small streams.

We followed along the ridge, expecting to join the rest of our party, but when we got to where they should have been, we found they had not yet arrived. On looking down we saw them looking into a small valley to the north of the one they started to climb. We knew from the position they were crouching in that there was something in sight, so we started, intending to be in at the death at least.

We soon came down to where they were, Howard and "Moses Bear" had gone down to the foot of the draw, leaving Luxton where we had first seen them.

We asked him what was doing, and he told us to crawl over to the brow of the hill and take a look, but to be careful not to show ourselves. We did as told and saw a beautiful little valley, three-quarters of a mile wide, with a little lake in the centre. About four hundred yards across the lake the water was very blue, showing that it was also very deep. Fifty yards up from the lake an old Billy goat was feeding, with no suspicion of the danger he was in.

As we lay watching the Billy, Luxton crept up to us and we were all three watching the proceeding, when we heard two shots. Howard and Moses had taken

a shot each; both missed, however, so we decided we might just as well have a hand in the fun. We opened fire, although we were over eight hundred yards away. You could hear nothing but shooting for about five minutes, but no harm was done, as Billy was making tracks up the mountain as fast as his short legs would carry him.

Luxton and I started off up the mountain, intending to head him off before he went over the ridge. But he succeeded in getting over before us. We took up his trail and found him standing on a ledge of a rock overlooking a steep precipice.

Luxton took a shot, hitting him this time through the neck and making him start towards us on the run, intending to pass us to get on to a higher cliff to our left. We both shot at him at the same time, and both shots taking effect, he rolled over, kicking so violently that he went over the ledge and landed on another ledge five hundred feet below. This made it impossible to get at him from either way, so we just had to leave him and return to camp. We felt rather bad about loosing our first game, but after the good supper which Tom had ready for us, we became more reconciled and made our plans for the next day's work. •

We got away early, passing the Upper Bow Lake about 10 a.m. Crossing the Bow summit, we started down the valley to Bear Creek. We followed the creek to the Waterfowl Lakes, making our camp after a long day's march at the end of the Lower Lake. Every one was tired and went early to bed.

The next day we made new plans for the hunt. Luxton and Howard had spotted some goat from the camp by the aid of their field glasses, so of course they took the lead. Frank and I followed the bed of the creek until we came to the foot of the ridge, that we intended to climb. We found it was much farther from camp than we had at first supposed. We had climbed only four hundred feet when we came upon fresh goat and deer tracks. However, we kept on climbing until we were nearly two-thirds of the way to the top. Then we struck around to the north, keeping about the same height that we were then. We had only gone three hundred yards when I stopped. Looking down below us we saw

about twenty goat. They had not seen us yet, so we retraced our steps to a place of shelter, where they could not see us after our first shot. As goat will sometimes stand for a second or third shot, if they cannot see where they are coming from.

We got behind a rock, and I took a shot, missing altogether, and hitting in the ground thirty yards on the other side. Frank then fired a few shots, but he also missed. By this time the goat had bunched up and looked down the mountain. We waited a few minutes to see if they would not start up the Mount, as is usual when shot at from above, but they stood still. I rested my rifle on a stone and took a steady aim at the largest Billy and fired, hitting him in the front foot. This started them, but down the Mount, instead of climbing up, much to our surprise. We followed, and soon found out why they had gone down. A short distance down was a precipice, which cut off sharply down to Bear Creek, a distance of about one thousand feet.

Scattered along the face of the cliff were the goat, on little shelves of rock that one would scarcely think it possible to stand on. We could not get down to them from where we were, so had to go around the end of the bluff. At the foot of the bluff we ran on the pack trail and Frank went back to camp. I wanted a goat pretty badly, so I went on. At the foot of the wall there was a little draw, which probably carried water in the spring when the snow was melting on the mountain side. I followed this for some time, but it was hard and dangerous work. After climbing for some fifteen minutes more I stopped for a rest. Just before starting again I heard a few loose stones rattling down the hillside. I climbed a little bank and found a big Billy, a Nannie and one kid. I fired down, taking good aim at the Billy. He went rolling down the hill four hundred feet. I started down to where he lay, and dragged him down to the trail. By this time it was getting dark, and I was yet four miles from camp. I bled the goat, but left him where he lay and started for camp. After an hour's tramp, I reached camp, tired and hungry, and found that the others had not yet arrived. It was a beautiful night. The moon was shining

brightly, so I knew the rest of the party would not have any trouble finding the trail. They reached home shortly after, and had had great success. They had killed two big goat and were carrying most of them to camp.

They were very tired. Luxton, our tender-foot, was slightly bruised, having slid down the mountain quite a distance. After shooting his goat, he tried to draw it across a snow bank. The weight of the goat pulled him down, and he and the goat rolled over one another down the hard, smooth surface for nearly one hundred yards, and almost twenty yards across the loose rocks at the bottom, before he could stop.

By nine a.m. the next morning the rest of the party left camp. I went out to the horses, caught "Baldy" and led him into camp. I put a riding saddle on him, and with a lash rope and cinch, started back over the trail, to get the goat I had shot the afternoon before.

I found him and proceeded to load him onto the horse. After getting him on, I used my lash rope and cinch to secure him to the saddle. I started back to camp, leading the horse and all went well until the Billy began digging "Baldy" in the flank. Then there was something doing for a while. After bucking around and drag-

ging me with him over logs and rocks, he decided it was no use trying to shake us.

We started on our way again. Baldy gave a few jumps and snorts to let us know he still had a grievance to be settled. However, we reached camp and I spent the rest of the day stretching the skin, skinning the head, and mending some clothes, which were beginning to show the wear and tear of camp life. The other boys came in later, without bringing any trophies of their day's hunt. They saw a bunch of goat, but were not near enough for a shot.

Next day was Sunday, and as usual, everyone had a little mending and washing to do. We spent a very interesting hour and a half talking to four Stoney Indians, who came to visit us that afternoon.

The boys went out again on Monday, securing three goat, making six in all. They could have killed several more, but, being true sportsmen, and each one having killed one goat, they left the rest for the next hunter. Tuesday morning bright and early we were on the trail for home. Nothing of any account happened on the way home. It rained the last day, but did not spoil our trip. On arriving in Laggan, we all, with the exception of Tom, boarded the train for Banff. Tom arrived two days later by trail with the horses.

Forestry in Quebec.*

The report of the Forestry and Colonization Commission of Quebec has been submitted to the Government and the Legislature and although publication is only partially completed at the present time, sufficient information is available to show the general trend of the report. The Commissioners are Senator Legris, Chairman; Canon Thiverge and Mr. J. T. Brodie, with Mr. J. C. Lengelier as Secretary, and the report has been prepared after making investigations and receiving evidence in different parts of the Province.

In the main the findings of the Commission are as follows:—

There is no conflict between settlers in good faith and the timber limit holders. As a rule they are necessary to each other and work harmoniously together, all the trouble coming from speculators who seek to obtain possession of the lots for the timber on them or to sell them again at a high price to settlers. The limit holders do not strip all the timber from lots under location ticket, but almost invariably have sufficient for the settlers to build and to sell for the support of their families during the first year.

In the overwhelming majority of cases speculators are at the bottom of all com-

*Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

plaints in connection with colonization, which they use as a pretext to advance their own objects. Speculation in the lots and in timber on them has reached such a pitch as to endanger the stability of many great pulp and paper industries, especially in the Eastern townships, by depleting their timber limits.

The law making free land grants to fathers of twelve living children has been grossly abused by speculators who have a regular organization, especially in the Eastern Townships, which makes it a business of hunting up such fathers, buying their rights from them for the merest trifle, picking out the most richly wooded lots in the timber limits, applying for them in their name, and then selling at a large profit, instances being known of lots which were obtained in this way for \$30, and from which \$20,000 to \$25,000 were afterwards netted for the timber alone. One of these organizations has actually applications for seventy lots pending before the Department. Settlers, under location ticket, who have no right to sell the timber cut outside their clearings until their lots are patented, nevertheless do so to speculators, often getting \$860 to \$900 for the cut, and this traffic is carried on so openly that it is often recorded in notarial deeds and registered.

The consequence of the Ministerial circulars of the 18th April and 3th May, forbidding agents to sell lands before submitting the applications to the Department have been grossly exaggerated and any falling off in colonization about that time was mainly due to the rise of wages in the cities, which prevented a certain number of intending settlers from going on the land. The responsibility for the whole unfortunate situation, compounded of fraud, speculation, misrepresentation, and enormous loss to the province and the limit-owners, rests chiefly upon the negligence and carelessness, if not worse, of the land agents who failed to make the register and necessary inspections, to enable the department to order the sales to settlers without delay.

There are enough surveyed and divided lands in the province to supply the demand for seventy years to come, and enough of colonization roads to suffice for

all the wants of settlers, if the work of colonization was properly managed instead of being carried on in a scattered fashion as at present. With the present system of scattered settlement it would call for an outlay of \$1,000,000 a year to satisfy all the demands for colonization roads, especially when a large part of this expenditure is appropriated for the objects of politicians to the mending and making of roads in the old parishes. Except the Quebec & Lake St. John Colonization Societies, these societies do very little good generally toward the promoting of colonization and should be suppressed.

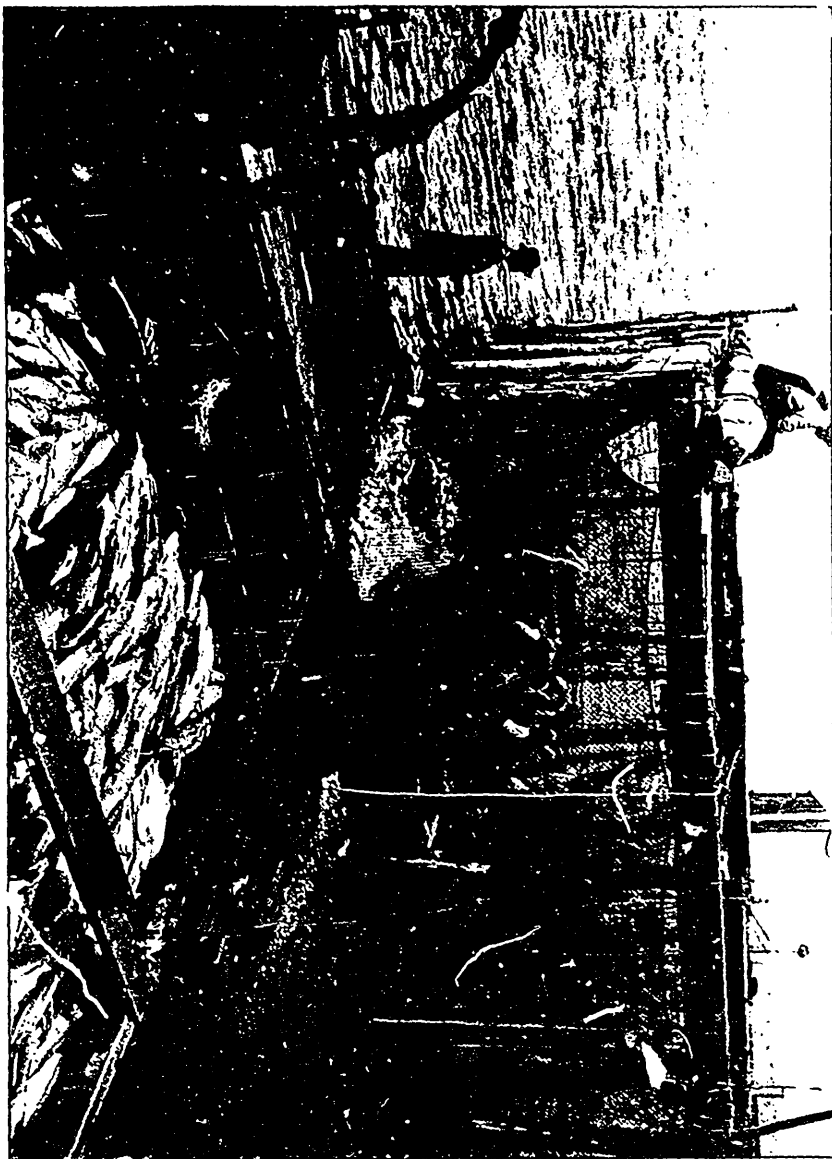
Forest fires annually cause enormous losses to the province and private interests, and the fire ranging service is ineffective. The law for the protection of forests against fire should be amended in order to change the seasons when settlers are forbidden to set fire to their choppings, and such fires should not be made on any of these without the sanction of the district fire ranger.

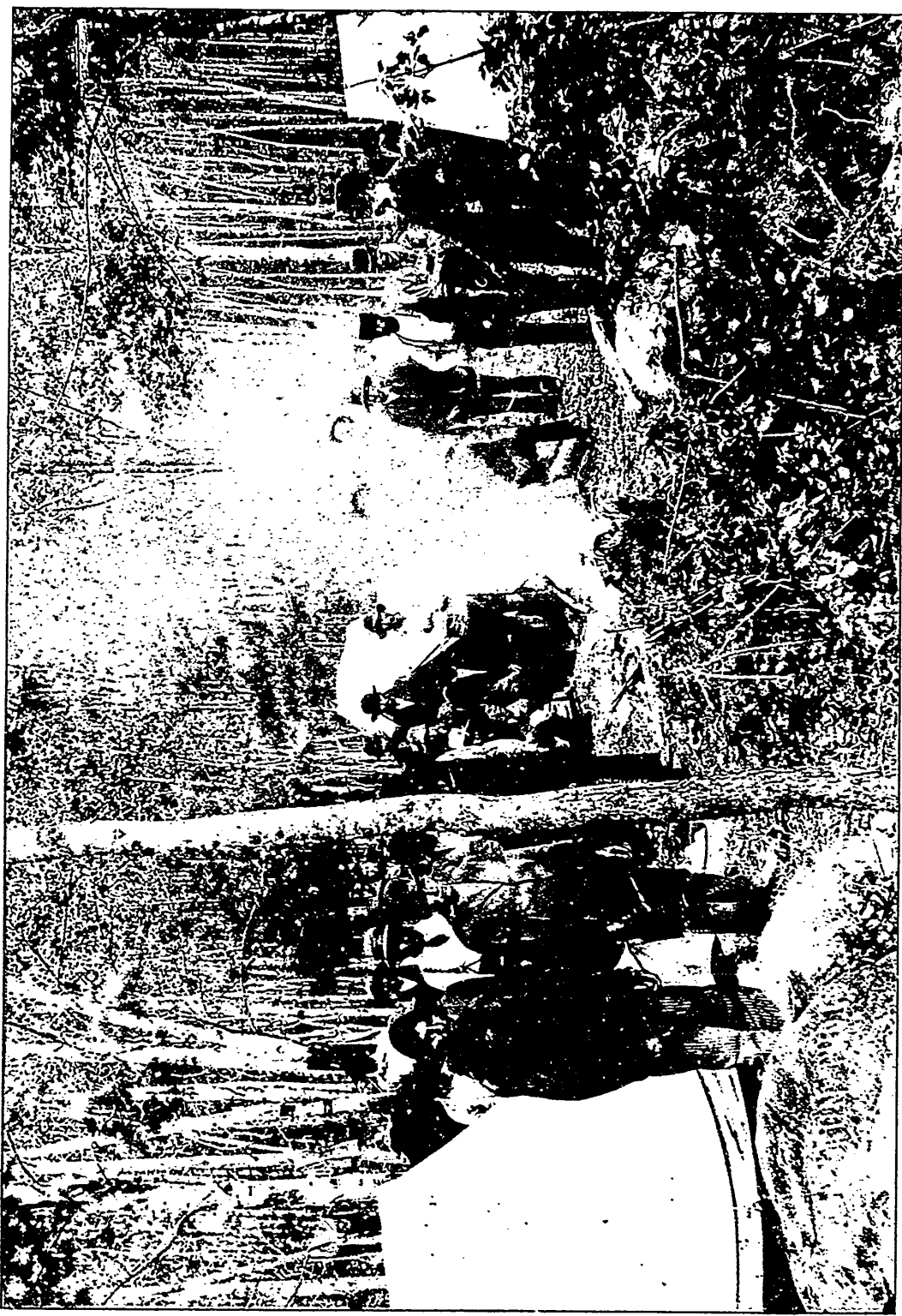
Absence of classification of public lands renders the tenure of license-holders uncertain and hampers them in their operations, as well as contributes to the scattering settlements, and causes all sorts of embarrassment to the progress of colonization. The quantity of land sold annually for alleged settlements is far in excess of the real demand, and steps should be taken to prevent this loss to the province. Clandestine and unregistered transfers of rights on lots and timber are common, and one of the greatest sources of speculation and fraud to the detriment of the province and license-holders. There is a demand for competent, honest and reliable guides, paid by the Government, to direct settlers in the choice of their lots. One of the most flagrant grievances complained of by the settlers, and a cause of obstruction to colonization, is the bush rangers, who are usually appointed through political influence, and as a rule located too far from their field of duty to be useful to the settlers.

The recommendations made are the following:—

Classification of the public lands into settlement, or farming lands, and timber lands, the former to be reserved for set-

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.
A snap-shot at a British Columbia "fish-pound."





AN OJIBWAY GATHERING.
Mr. Colin Rankin, H. B. C., and some of the hunters of the Tim-laming district.

tlement, and the latter exclusively for lumbering operations. Automatic cancellation of all lots for non-fulfillment of settlement conditions, such cancellations to take place without Government or political interference of any kind.

Regulation of all transfers of lots, or cut of timber thereon, in order to quickly detect and prevent speculation. In the case of grants of lots to fathers of twelve children, the grantees to be absolutely forbidden to sell or dispose of their lots or timber thereon under penalty of immediate forfeiture of all rights. Immediate cancellation of all lots upon which settlement conditions are not fulfilled, and return of the same to the public domain, to become available for other applicants. Repeal of the law concerning the sale of firewood lands as an occasion of speculation and fraud, and the substitution thereof of a system of reserves on which the Government should sell to the settlers the necessary firewood and building timber for their requirements, at so much per cord, or thousand feet. In order to secure forest protection against fire, the naming of fire rangers mainly from the employees of the license holders is recommended, the latter to pay them, but the Government to control them and give them the powers of justices of the peace. Water powers to be kept as long as possible and sold with the timber limits by public auction, in order to secure and maintain a proper wood supply for pulp and paper mills. Payment of a bounty on all exports of paper manufactured from pulp wood cut in the province and in the public lands, as the most practical means of encouraging the development of the pulp and paper industry.

The report deals extensively with very interesting and instructive descriptions of the best settlements and best timbered regions in the province, and especially of the

territory and resources of new Quebec, and concludes by pointing out that so long as the attraction of the timber on Crown lands, which is continually increasing in value, is held out as a bait to the speculators and pretended settlers, so long will those classes of interlopers more or less successfully frustrate all means and efforts to promote bona fide colonization.

The most important principle which this report lays down is one that coincides exactly with one of the main principles of the platform of the Canadian Forestry Association, and it is another strong evidence in support of its inherent reasonableness and fairness, namely, that public lands should be examined and classified so that they may be devoted to the purposes to which they are best adapted, thus helping the bona fide colonist to settle upon the locations suited for agriculture, and keeping the settlements close together, so that the inhabitants may be mutually helpful and the expenditure for roads and public works may be made most economically. The statement that there are enough surveyed and divided lands in the province to supply the demand for seventy years to come, shows the utterly unscientific manner in which colonization has been carried on up to the present time. It is to be hoped that the result of this report will be to convince the public that the permanence of the lumber industry and the settlement of agricultural lands are not antagonistic, but that each has its sphere and they are naturally the complement of one another. The Government should be strongly supported in any action to take the control of the work of colonization into its own hands, and to conduct it on proper principles, such as will be to the advantage of the settler, and to the revenues and future prosperity of the province.



The White Birch.*

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summertime is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha,
In the solitary forest,

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots he cut it,
'Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded.
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the birch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow waterlily,

So sings Longfellow of the hero Hiawatha and the building of his birch bark canoe, and any one who has had the pleasure of travelling by this mode of conveyance through any of our northern waterways will feel a responsive thrill to the poetic chords thus touched by a masterhand. The lightness of the canoe of birch bark upon the water, and its almost living response to the stroke of the paddle give a sense of freedom and power that is as exhilarating as the exercise of paddling is invigorating. To the Indian the canoe was his faithful friend and his only mode of conveyance. With it he threaded the numerous waterways that formed the chief means of communication through the pathless forests, finding his way through the intricate mazes of the swamps, running the rapids with a skill and daring born of long training and practice, skirting the borders of the great lakes, crossing the numerous

portages from stream to stream, carrying his light bark. Not more indispensable to the present day are the steam locomotive and the railways, which have become the great modern means of travel and communication.

Longfellow very accurately describes the process of stripping the bark from the tree for this purpose. It is cut below the lower branches and above the roots, or of such length as may be required. From another cut made lengthwise of the trunk it is gradually raised by wedges and stripped off in one piece and unbroken. Lying on the ground, it is then shaped over a frame of hardwood, the ends being drawn together, sewn with the fibrous roots of the spruce and made watertight with resin from the balsam. The upper part was steadied on a frame of cedar, with cross pieces of the same, and the interior was sheeted with thin pieces of the same wood bent into proper shape. The whole formed a boat of great lightness and strength, buoyant in the water, light on the portage, and capable of carrying loads such as would hardly have been conceived of from its lack of weight. The first canoes were probably crude enough affairs, but the shape and workmanship were gradually improved till a craft was produced that has never been surpassed by any other for the purpose for which it is required. The usual form is broad and flat in the middle, curving gracefully to a narrow point at each end, which rises higher than the centre. They were made of varying sizes, from the small canoe to be used by one or two persons, to the large canoes capable of carrying a large number of warriors or, later, voyageurs. That such light craft could be handled so steadily is remarkable. It is recorded that La Salle transported the machinery for a mill, including a forge, from Quebec to the mouth of the Illinois River, wholly by canoe and without misadventure. A great advantage possessed by the canoe for wilderness travelling was the fact that the materials for repairing it

*Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

were always at hand in case of accident, they being entirely supplied by the forest.

But it was not only for his canoe that the Indian was indebted to the birch tree. His four great requisites were the canoe, the wigwam, the bow and the snowshoe. The wigwam was usually constructed of birch bark also. Poles were slanted in from a circle on the ground to a point at the top. On these successive strips of bark were laid from the bottom upwards and fastened together by vegetable fibres or animal sinews. A space was left for the doorway, which was covered by the skin of an animal, and at the top a hole was left for the escape of the smoke from the fire in the centre of the erection. The bark was also used for the manufacture of pails and dishes of various descriptions for carrying the supply of water for domestic purposes, for holding sap in the sugaring season, and for general purposes. Both sap and water were boiled in such vessels by the Indians, and if any one doubts the possibility of employing such an inflammable substance for this purpose, let him try the simple experiment of boiling water in a dish made of paper over a spirit lamp, when its feasibility will be abundantly demonstrated. The lightness of the separated sheets of the birch bark and the ease with which it could be stripped loose caused it to be used for giving light in the wigwam, or for providing fuel for the torch with which the Indians guided his operations when he was out on a fishspearing expedition. In so many ways did the bark of this tree come to the aid of these primitive Canadians that an old writer felt compelled to make the following quaint remark in regard to it:—"Birch bark is almost proof against decay. It seems to me to have been a provision of the Almighty for the Indians' good, for without it I cannot see how they could have managed to get along."

In modern days leaves from the bark of the paper birch have been made the vehicle of many a sentimental message, or the memorial of some pleasant outing, and many tender recollections are enshrined in the pages of such rustic volumes. As Lowell says:—

"Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers,
Thy white bark has its secrets in their
keeping."

The use of birch bark for record purposes is not altogether modern however, as according to Pliny, the celebrated books which Numa Pompilius composed seven hundred years before Christ and which were buried with him, were written on the bark of the birch tree.

The white canoe, or paper birch (*Betula papyrifera*, Michx., *B. papyracea*, Ait) belongs to the order *Betulaceae*. The leaves are ovate, taper-pointed, smooth above, dull and hairy below, especially on the ribs and at their angles. The margins are doubly and coarsely serrate, the base rounded or even heart-shaped and the stem short (one-third to one-fourth the length of the leaf) and often downy. The new shoots are dark in color, but before long assume the characteristic white and laminated bark, which distinguishes this tree. The flowers are in catkins, the fertile being long and drooping, and opening their golden flowers with or before the leaves in spring. The fertile catkins are also drooping and mature their seeds in July. The heart wood is reddish and the sap wood beautifully white. It is soft, smooth and takes a fine polish, and is fitted for ornamental works. It is used principally for spools, bobbins, boxes, howls, and other wooden-ware, shoe lasts and pegs. It is also employed in the manufacture of furniture and for interior finishing. According to Macoun's catalogue, no other tree in British North America has such a wide range as this one. If the western form is included, the limits of its growth are bounded by the Atlantic on the east, the Pacific on the west, and on the north by the limit of deciduous trees, while it extends southward beyond our border. The British Columbia form has much shorter and thicker leaves, and a very different bark, so that it may be a distinct variety. North of the Height of Land, in Eastern Canada, the birch does not grow sufficiently large to be suitable for the manufacture of canoes, and the Hudson's Bay Company have to import birch bark from the south for the canoes used in Labrador. The inflammability of the bark makes this tree a dangerous one in

the forest in case of fire. The fire takes hold easily of the light, loose ends and runs swiftly up the tree, thus being assisted to become a top fire, the most dangerous kind. Burning pieces of the bark also break loose and fly through the air, causing new conflagrations far beyond the confines of the original one.

A tree which greatly resembles the Paper Birch, is the white or grey birch (*Ber-*

tula alba var *populiolia*, Spach). Its leaves are more triangular than those of the former, are smooth and shiny on both sides and long-stemmed, and it is generally more light and delicate in texture and appearance. This tree is confined to the Eastern Provinces and St. Lawrence Valley, but its range is little known outside of New Brunswick.

The Service Rifle.

By ST. CROIX.

The tendency has been to shorten and lighten military weapons ever since the day of the Brown Bess, and since the South African War the necessity of having larger forces of mounted men has become so apparent that every military nation is striving to produce a rifle, that, while possessing the range and accuracy essential to modern tactics, may yet be sufficiently handy for the use of a mounted trooper.

The American Government has now adopted a barrel twenty-four inches in length, but the more conservative British government seems to have decided on one between twenty-five and twenty-six inches long. If the American government is right, the British have not gone far enough, but when we remember the lamentable failure of the .236 adopted for the American navy, we are disposed to think that perhaps our authorities were wise when they made haste slowly in this direction. Few of the new pattern Lee-Enfield have been served out as yet, but it is said that at the next Bisley meeting competitions will be held between squads using the new and the ordinary rifle. The only accurate and detailed description of the new arm is that given in a recent issue of the "London Field." The writer says:

Soon after the question of modifying the service rifle was referred to the Small Arms committee it became known that the committee had not been empowered to adopt an entirely new service rifle, the area of their labors having been circumscribed by the terms of their mandate in such a

way as to bind them rather to shorten the old form of rifle than to consider the question *de novo*. The specific instructions which the committee received were merely to introduce such modifications into the design of the existing weapon as were shown to be necessary as a result of the practical experience gained in its use during the recent war. Paramount among these needful alterations was that the rifle should be of greatly reduced weight and bulk, in order that it should be par excellence a weapon for mounted troops, and one that would be especially useful for quick snap shooting. Only those who have experienced the difficulties of maintaining troops on active service can appreciate the advantages of a single type of weapon for all branches of the service. The improvising of mounted troops from infantry would at least not involve a change in the weapon with which the soldier has been trained. Other minor changes which were demanded included the modification of the bolt fastening, so that the bolt should not be liable to fall out of the rifle. More than this, it was considered necessary that a system of charger loading should be adopted, experience having shown that time was lost in charging the magazine with single rounds of ammunition. It was also found that the single cartridges were apt to fall out of the pouches, and that when the soldier placed a small pile of cartridges by his side, so as to reach them the more easily when occupying a prone position, he often left the unused ones behind

when the progress of the engagement required him to advance or retire. A sample of the new rifle was deposited some time ago with the Gunmakers' Association, who asked us to conduct certain tests. We are pleased to state that no objection is now entertained to our speaking of the rifle from the first-hand knowledge so gained.

Mechanics and experts have for many years been aware of certain points in the structural formation of the rifle and its ammunition which were in need of modification, notwithstanding the fact that they were not of a kind that would be specially apparent in time of war. The Lee system of bolt action is characterized by the fact that the bayonet method of locking the breech is effected by projecting lugs at the back of the bolt, whereas it is open to argument that the proper place at which to locate the fastening mechanism is as near the front of the bolt as possible. The present system of breech closure places a limit on the ballistics of the ammunition that can safely be used in the rifle, while with bolt locked at the front the margin of strength is so increased as to justify a pressure some twenty-five per cent. in excess of the present maximum limit. There is, however, no present intention to raise the pressure above the existing limits for which the strength of the rifle is sufficient. To increase the pressure with a view to raising the ballistics of the ammunition would, in the presence of the heavy British Service bullet, introduce the difficulty of a recoil in undesirable excess. The only apparent difference between existing military arms shooting high-pressure ammunition as compared with others dealing only with cartridges of medium strength would arise in the relation of recoil to weight of rifle and bullet, and in the relative flatness of the trajectory. While this latter would influence the accuracy of the shooting, its true proportional value would be disguised in practical service by the personal factor of the soldier's marksmanship. War service again would not emphasise the fact that the mechanical form of many parts of the rifle introduces needless difficulties of manufacture. The soldier cannot, by looking at a rifle, tell how many processes have been entailed in the making of its different component parts, and as few, even among

our officers, are familiar with the best types of foreign service rifle one might easily fail to appreciate many special features of the rifle which would be apparent to an expert.

Furthermore, as regards the ammunition, few persons are so well acquainted with the principles of its use and manufacture as to be aware that the extended rim is a disadvantage now that clip loading is essential, nor that the amount of metal left in the head of the cartridge is insufficient for withstanding anything higher than the exceptionally low pressures, which are regarded as a speciality of cordite, whereas they result, in reality, from the low range of ballistics for which the charges are adjusted. Another desirable improvement in the design of the cartridge is concerned with the shape of the shoulder, which would be all the better for a slight alteration in form. One would wish, therefore, that the committee had been free to deal with these matters; but, as they were not, it is only fair to judge the new rifle from the point of view of the changes which they were instructed to make.

The fact that the new rifle is five inches shorter and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lighter than the older type represents a bold development, for which the Small Arms Committee do not appear to have received the full measure of credit that is their due. The weary marching and counter-marching with rifle in hand, in addition to a total weight of 42 lb. of clothing and equipment, must be greatly alleviated by a marked reduction in the weight of the rifle itself. Other nations without our practical experience have, with but one partial exception, retained the cumbersome rifle which has hitherto been treated as an irreducible value. Our own Small Arms Committee have arrived at the conclusion that a far handier weapon can be produced without seriously militating against its efficiency. Critics of the new rifle have stated, amongst other things, that the recoil will be excessive. That it must be greater than with the old weapon we frankly admit, but it argues a woeful absence of technical knowledge to say that it will be excessive. We have fired one of the new service rifles in our recoil gauge, and the results obtained may be accepted as beyond ques-

tion. We suspended the rifle from two cords, and fired it under conditions that gave it absolute freedom of recoil. The velocity of its backward movement was meanwhile measured by means of a chronograph, and the comparative results obtained showed that the new rifle has a recoil 13.4 foot-pounds as against 11.9 foot-pounds for the old rifle. This represents an increase of 11.2 per cent., which is insignificant in view of the fact that the ordinary shot gun gives a recoil of about twice the energy of the new service rifle. On the subject of ballistics, it is possible to absolve the committee from the error of judgment which has been so freely imputed to them. The actual tests we have made show that the velocity of the new rifle is distinctly higher than that of the old. We cannot say that this is likely to be repeated in every pair of arms examined, since it is well-known that the velocity of a rifle varies a good deal according to the characteristics of the boring and the period during which it has been in use. It is, however, reasonably certain that with the new rifle the trajectory will not be markedly different one way or the other from that of the old.

Turning now to the question of sighting, it has been laid down that accuracy in this respect has been sacrificed by diminishing the distance between the front and the back sight. This admittedly is quite true in a relative sense, but, on the other hand, the distance between the sights of the new rifle is 19 inches, and with the finer sighting employed and its capacity for minute adjustment it is more than likely that the standard of marksmanship registered will be fully equal to that of the old rifle. With sights the above distance apart a carefully sighted rook rifle will throw a series of ten shots in a space of two inches square at one hundred yards. A great part even of this divergence is naturally due to the ammunition. Hence it must follow that the sighting arrangements of the new rifle are decidedly in advance of the shooting powers of the average marksman.

The stumpy appearance of the new rifle is due to the wooden cover that has been extended over the whole length of the barrel. This very important modifica-

tion has been called for by the high temperature that results as a consequence of even moderately rapid firing. Fifty rounds of service ammunition may be fired from a magazine rifle in a period varying from two to five minutes. Even when so long as three and a half minutes is spent in the firing of the above number of rounds the woodwork is practically on fire by the time the last cartridge has been discharged. While this rate of firing is not reached in practice, we can well understand the importance that has been attached to protecting the hands of the soldier from the possibility of coming into contact with the barrel at any part of its length.

Among marksmen the chief interest in the new rifle will centre around the question of sighting. In this respect the Small Arms Committee can be congratulated upon the adoption of a combination of sights which is far ahead of anything previously seen in this country. The old ladder form of leaf is a thing of the past, and the well known form of notched stem which now takes its place will be accepted as a vast improvement. No longer will the Vernier be required at the range. The marksman will move the slide till it engages in the appropriate notch cut in the leaf, of which there is one for every 50 yards from 100 yards to 2,000 yards. All intermediate adjustments can be effected by the Vernier screw, which raises or lowers the notch to any midway position that the conditions of the moment require. More than this, our soldiers will for the first time be provided with a horizontal wind-gauge adjustment, which enables them to alter the position of the V-notch laterally. The bar contains a saw cut enabling the soldier to feel with the finger nail in the dark whether the wind-gauge is in the central position. Each division on the wind-gauge and on the fine adjustment represents 6 inches per 100 yards. The fore-sight has been similarly perfected, so as to afford the greatest possible degree of accuracy in shooting. It is mounted in a dove-tail slot, which allows for the separate adjustment of each rifle at the factory, so as to obtain an exact grouping of the shot around the point of aim. To prevent the foresight from disturbance as a consequence of rough handling of the weapon, and to protect the tip

from deformation, the entire sight is guarded by the substantial projections for this purpose. To provide an appropriate height of fore-sight for all rifles three sizes of barleycorn will be manufactured, and each rifle will be fitted with the one which shooting tests show to be most nearly in accordance with the fixed mounting of the back-sight bed. A further refinement in the shooting capability of the rifle is provided by a double pull for the trigger, the first portion of the pull being succeeded by another working at a different leverage, the effect of which is to give a clean sharp movement for the final release.

Among the more important changes in the breech mechanism the superior method of retaining the bolt in its bed may be specially characterized. The safety catch has also been considerably improved. It locks the rifle, both at the cocked and fired positions, so that the bolt cannot be turned. Although the divided stock has been retained, special precautions have been taken, as in modern editions of the old rifle, to minimise the liability of the holding screw from becoming loosened in use. The barrel is made smaller in diameter externally, and is fitted with a band which carries the fore-sight block, the whole being keyed and pinned to the barrel. The charger contains five cartridges, and it is so arranged that the rims of the adjoining cartridges lie alternately over and under one another.

The following particulars relating to the new rifle may be of interest:

Length of barrel 25 3-6 inch.
Calibre303 in.

Rifling Enfield
Number of grooves 5
Depths of grooves at muzzle0065 in.
Depth of grooves from breech to within 14 in. of the muzzle..... .005 in.
Width of lands0936 in.
Rifling: left-handed twist, one turn in 10 in.
Distance between barleycorn and back-sight 19 1-3 3-2 in.
Length of rifle..... 3 ft. 8 9-16 in.
Weight of rifle with magazine empty 8lb. 2½oz.

The above dimensions relating to the barrel will show why the weapon has been described as bell-mouthed. That is to say, the depth of the grooves is increased by 1½ thousandths of an inch at the muzzle, the taper starting 14 in. back. This does not seem to involve a very considerable change of diameter, but, on the other hand, it is very difficult fully to appreciate its influence in the absence of a full explanation. Generally speaking, it seems reasonable to suppose that the committee have been at great pains to ascertain the formation of barrel best suited for increasing the ballistics to a level equal to what is obtained with the greater length of barrel, and at the same time to minimize the mechanical friction on the bullet in such a way as to reduce the tendency for nickel fouling to accumulate in the bore. The same cause is probably responsible for shortening the lead from the chamber to the rifled portion of the bore. In summing up the rifle as a whole, it may be truly said that it has been subjected to a great amount of undeserved censure.

The barking of the grey geese, early Sunday morning, says the Manitoba Free Press of April 19, announced their return westward from the "turn-about" southward that they executed in consequence of the cold weather of some days since. The writer heard the birds and saw one flock flying over the city toward St. Charles. The intending goose hunter will have some difficulty in getting near the wary birds at this early season. The weather is so bright and sunny that the keen eye of the sentinel birds will cover a long distance.

The stubble fields have still some sustenance for the broad bills, and the low-lying lands give them, for a short time, immunity from the sportsman. Still doubtless there are quite a number of the plump fellows who will not reach their nesting places, but will fall by the way. A flurry of snow, some day during the flight, will enable the hidden man with the decoys, to get within shot, for the birds can see but poorly during storms, and cannot keep proper guard by means of their bird outposts.

Our Medicine Bag.

A volume on "The Sporting Dog" is the seventh of the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Mr. Casper Whitney, and published by The MacMillan Company, the Canadian agents being Messrs. Morang & Co., Toronto. The author, Mr. Joseph A. Graham, has produced one of the best books on the sporting dog that has been issued on this side of the Atlantic. He has not made up his book with scissors and paste-pot, but has written out of his own intimate knowledge and large experience. The result is, naturally, a book each admirer of the dog will read with interest and find a place for in his library.

The author is convinced the British dogs and British methods are not exactly the best for America's sport, but gives full credit to these breeders and sportsmen that have made the British Isles the Mecca of those seeking the best blood in dogs, horses or cattle. "It is foxhounds and shooting dogs which have become under American conditions, something essentially different from what the British sportsmen established, and have maintained as filling their conceptions of utility and good looks."

Setters, pointers, greyhounds, foxhounds, beagles, Chesapeake Bay dogs, and wire-haired fox terriers are all described, their good and bad points discussed, and modern field and bench show winners considered. Mr. Graham knows his subject and is able to speak with authority. This latest volume is fully equal to any of its predecessors in the American Sportsman's Library. The price is \$2.00.

"Mr. H. Irving Hancock, author of "Life at West Point" and other books, has pub-

lished through G.P. Putnam's Sons, a work on "Japanese Physical Training" that will doubtless find a ready sale, now that everyone is talking of the wonderful little fighting men of the Mikado's services. The science of "Jiu-Jitsu" has been developed and practised exclusively; it may be summed up as the art of enabling a quick, strong, but small man to overcome by sheer science a heavier and more powerful antagonist. Mr. Hancock has given us a fairly good text book on the subject, and one that young athletes will do well to study carefully—but we do not think he has said the last word on the subject, nor do we agree altogether with some of his statements. For instance, it is permissible to doubt whether the photograph of "the arm of a sample student of jiu-jitsu" does not rather represent the arm of a youthful Japanese student at some American college, where he attended very conscientiously to his gymnasium work. Jui-jitsu does not give big muscles—though it does give quick muscles and an admirable physical control. Then the glorification of a diet of rice and dried fish seems a mistake, seeing that the Japanese eat all the flesh they can get, and merely diet on rice and fish because meat is beyond their reach.

Having pointed out these blemishes in the book, justice compels us to say it nevertheless contains a great amount of interesting information as to jiu-jitsu. The price is \$1.25.

Editor Rod and Gun in Canada:—

The "Ideal Spot" illustration opposite page 544 of your April issue, is apparently well named. Such locations are not

During the St. Louis Exposition Mr. Marble, Jr., will be in charge of the exhibit of the Marble Safety Axe Company, space No. 37, Fish and Game Building. A very full collection of this company's well-known sporting goods will be in his charge, and no doubt sportsmen will be more than usually interested in the exhibit.

IT IS WORTH WHILE

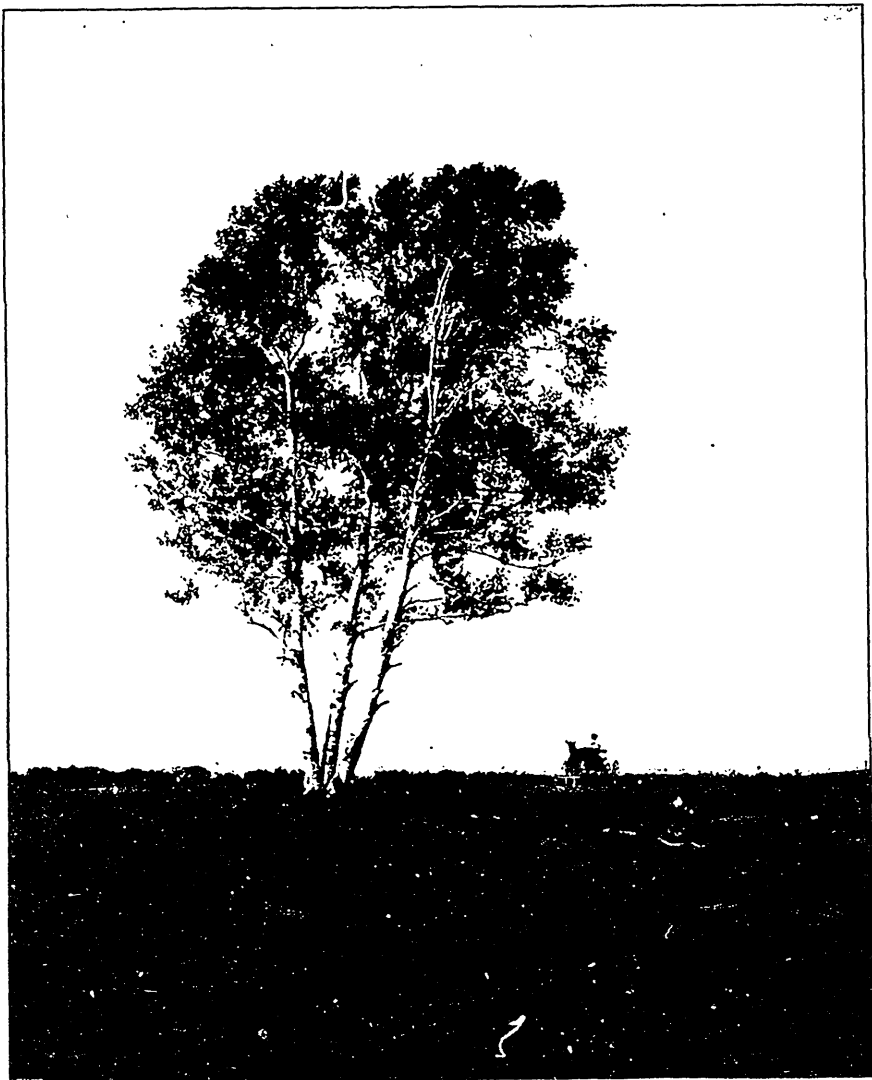
to send for the dainty little booklet which has just been issued by the Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., describing and illustrating three popular styles of their rifles. This little booklet will be appreciated by all those interested. It will be sent free on request by The Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., Norwich, Conn.



WHERE DUCK SWARM.
Uchielet, west coast of Vancouver Island.



EAST AND WEST.
Two cow-punchers and a tenderfoot. An Alberta scene.



THE WHITE BIRCH.

Perhaps the most useful tree of the Canadian forest.

many. I recollect a similar camping place on Sand Lake, about sixty miles northwest of Kipawa. One where my party was some years ago, and from which we brought back a magnificent moosehead. Perhaps you will tell us something about the Okanagon Lake country, and how much a month's outing will cost approximately for a man who has some experience, and is not inclined to carry useless stuff with him, or expect other than reasonable camp fare and life.

AMERICUS.

Boston, Mass.

A correspondent sends us in the following:

"Nestling down in the first great valley of the Rockies after crossing the plains is the village of Golden, B. C., on the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"Leaving the train and taking the steamer from Golden, we travel comfortably and in the full enjoyment of the best of the scenery the Rocky Mountains can give, to Windermere and the other mother lakes of the Columbia River, with the jagged snow capped peaks of the Rockies on the left and the ponderous ice-clad masses of the Selkirks upon our right as we journey southward.

"Leaving these beautiful lakes, in which is the source of the mighty Columbia, a portage of three-quarters of a mile enables us to drop our canoes into the rapid waters of the Kootenay, which run in a contrary direction to those of the Columbia.

"From Canal Flat (a spot full of modern historical interest) to Kootenay Lake, there is only one easy portage, that of Albany Falls.

"What a rushing river and what scenery all the way! It is a rainbow trout country, too; at the mouths of all the rivers running into the Kootenay Lake, you are likely to hook the gamiest fish that swims.

"Capt. E. P. Armstrong, of Golden, B. C., is the man who knows all about the country. He is a sportsman of the old school, who is willing to tell a brother sportsman where to go and whose information can be relied upon."

Under the new Land Act, recently adopted by the Legislature of British Columbia, some changes have been made in the administration of timber lands. Leases of unpreempted Crown Lands may be granted, after public competition for a period not to exceed twenty-one years, subject to the payment of a royalty of fifty cents per thousand feet and of an annual rental of twenty-five cents per acre. By the previous Act, public competition was not required, and the annual rental was only fifteen cents per acre. In the new Act provision is made that the rent may be reduced to the old figure, if a mill is operated in connection with the limit, for at least six months in the year.

Special licenses may be granted for not more than 640 acres, for a period up to five years, at an annual rental of \$140 in the coast district, and \$115 east of the Cascade Mountains. The former Act fixed the rental at \$100 per acre and also provided that the license should not be transferable. This latter restriction has not been re-enacted.

An important provision is that a tax shall be collected upon all timber cut within the province, except that on which royalty is reserved, according to schedules incorporated in the Act giving a scale of rates. A rebate of the greater portion of this tax is, however, allowed on timber manufactured in the province and its evident intention is to encourage home manufacture.

A resolution has been introduced into the New Brunswick Legislature, urging that the Government should take steps to secure the manufacture within the province of all logs cut on Crown lands. The St. John lumbermen favor the motion, but it is opposed by the lumbermen of the upper St. John river, where it forms the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine. Logs can be taken from this district to mills on the American side free of duty, and these mills are many of them owned jointly by Americans and Canadians.

Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, Jr., joint master of the Whaddon Chase Hounds, is the sub-

ject of the portrait and biography in the April issue of Bailey's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes. Mr. Selby Lowndes has been a traveller in out-of-the-way parts before he settled down in England, and has enjoyed wonderful sport with the rod in Anticosti. An unsigned article on "Old Sporting Tools" is extremely readable, and contains among other matters an account of panther spearing in India, a sport full of exciting possibilities. The remarks on the need of practice in using field glasses are much to the point. Colonel Anstruther Thomson's recently published book, "Eighty Years Reminiscences" is reviewed at length, as indeed the reputation of the author suggests it deserved. Mrs. Baillie-Graham continues her essay on Ancient Hunting Horns and Music, reproducing a couple of curious old woodcuts of hunting scenes. "Crooked Powder" is written in a sympathetic spirit for those who are unable to account for the falling off in their shooting form, and who may find a solution of their difficulties in the consulting room of the oculist. An article on the Measurement and Sale of Timber will appeal to landowners; timber is not the valuable asset it was in the days when a wit described trees as "excrescences of nature made to pay gentlemen's debts," but a little more attention to woods and plantations than is usually bestowed upon them would probably repay the owner. Mr. Ogilvie's verses, "Come Along Coronet", are written with a verve and go that hunting men will appreciate. "Q" writes critically on "Some Features of Recent Test matches"; and after the always interesting selection of notes from the Sporting Magazine of "A Hundred Years Ago", we come to the last of the Twelve Best series, which is devoted to "All Round Sportsmen." The text is one that requires the editor to determine first, what an "all round sportsman" is, and rightly, as we think, he accepts the popular reading of the phrase, holding such an one the man who takes personal part in the greater number of sports and games, irrespective of the measure of his skill.

Dr. A. Harold Unwin has severed his connection with the Dominion Forestry

Branch to accept a position in the Imperial Forest Service in West Africa. He will be in charge of work in the rubber forests. Dr. Unwin's knowledge of scientific forestry, gained through his thorough course in Germany, was of great assistance to those with whom he was associated in the advancement of forestry work in Canada, and as that assistance was always most cheerfully given, his departure will be felt as a serious loss. However, the wider field of the Imperial Service and the larger opportunities for scientific investigation presented advantages that could not be well passed by, and the best wishes of his Canadian associates will follow him in his distant field of labor. We have Dr. Unwin's strong assurance that he will continue his interest in the Canadian Forestry Association, and may still be depended upon to give it such assistance as may be in his power.

Mr. Roland D. Craig has been appointed on the staff of the Dominion Forestry Branch. Mr. Craig is a native of the county of Middlesex, in the province of Ontario, and is a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College. He took a special course in forestry in the New York State College of Forestry, and has for the past year been employed by the Bureau of Forestry of the United States, doing special forest investigation work in California. It is pleasing to know that such opportunities for young Canadians are opening up in our own country.

The Hudson's Bay fur sales took place in March in London. Owing to the loss of the "Lady Head" and other minor reasons, a number of the skins offered was less than was the case last year. The following table gives the actual figures for 1903 and 1902:—

	This Year Skins.	Last Year Skins.
Otter	6,452	10,273
Fisher	2,580	3,223
Fox, Silver	422	491
Sea Otter	1	—
Fox, Cross	2,208	1,970
Fox, Blue	43	90

On Tuesday, March 15th.

	This Year	Last Year
	Skins.	Skins.
Marten	54,395	78,629
Fox, Red	6,185	6,200
Fox, White	5,549	10,717

On Wednesday, March 16th.

	This Year	Last Year
	Skins.	Skins.
Mink	55,455	66,360
Lynx	19,189	9,031
Wolf	1,279	1,790
Wolverin	627	695
Skunk	5,427	5,206
Raccoon	717	1,024
Badger	447	824
Ermine	15,902	33,883
Beaver	3,830	1,413
Musk Ox... ..	333	246
Hair Seal... ..	1,112	2,509
Musquash	1,386	5,617

On Thursday, March 17th.

	This Year	Last Year
	Skins.	Skins.
Bear, Black	6,086	6,444
Bear, Brown	640	726
Bear, Grey	188	246
Bear, White	55	96

And sundry skins and furs.

"The Still Hunter," by Van Dyke, is one of the classics of American sport. It ranked with Caton's book on deer, Hallock's "Gazetteer," Bogardus's "Trap Shooting" and one or two others, but seems to have outlived them all, and Messrs. MacMillan & Company have done well to bring out a new edition. Moreover, they have had it illustrated by Carl Rongius, perhaps the best animal painter in the States today.

Van Dyke learned how to hunt in the days when it was no trick to take the old Winchester down from its peg on the wall, stroll out into the back lot and find fresh deer tracks within half an hour. Few indeed are the places within the territory of the great Republic where this may be done today, though here in Canada we have lots of them within one hundred miles of the cities of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa, and there are places in the Northwest and British Columbia, where it would be almost an indignity to offer the hired man venison more than twice a week.

The art of deer hunting cannot be learned from a book, but there is no doubt that a painstaking study of Van Dyke's work, combined with plenty of practice, will turn any man with an aptitude for field sports, into a tolerable hunter. The book is sold in Canada through Morang & Company, Toronto, the price being \$1.75.

Reports from the north and the surrounding country give every indication of a good take of fur and game. Already several large consignments of furs have arrived down at Edmonton, Calgary, Selkirk, Rat Portage and other points and it has all been of a quality well above the average. Trappers and Indians who have come down from the northern districts report that fur bearing animals are more plentiful this year than they have been for many years past.

To Rod and Gun in Canada:—

Dear Sirs.—I should be much interested if you can call forth opinions on the original meaning of the word maskinonge. Your always interesting contributor Mr. C. C. Farr ought to be able to say something as to this. There is no question as to -kinonge, which means pike. But mask- means great, usually, while mask- means deformed or, possibly, different. Both meanings, as applied to the fish named, have support from students, and the question is what do the Indians of the maskinonge region consider the real derivation of the prefix.

A certain stigma would seem to go with the meaning "deformed or different" as often quoted, and as the maskinonge is superior to the pike in all respects, the term would seem to fail considerably of the usual aptness of Indian descriptive names. On the other hand mas- as meaning great is exceptionally fitting to the case. Eastern Indians have told me that the word means "big pike," but they are out of the main habitat of the fish.

I should be quite indebted for light on this question.

Yours very truly,

W. B. CABOT.

Boston, April 18th, 1904.

In reply to a deputation which inter-

viewed him recently in regard to the establishment of a School of Forestry and other matters in connection with the University of Toronto, the Premier of Ontario stated that he would like to see it, but thought that his interviewers were not on the right lines, as the country was not ready. There were two propositions—old Ontario and New Ontario. As to old Ontario, the Province ought to start with the farmers, 130,000 of whom could be reached at once through the farmers' institutes. Instructors could be chosen from the graduates of the University of Toronto or of the Ontario Agricultural College and sent at the expense of the Province to Germany, or one of the Colleges of the United States to learn forestry. He wanted to educate every farmer to care for every shrub and sapling, and they could all be reached in this way. Then this staff could look over New Ontario during vacation. Here was a new proposition, and the Crown Lands Department, with its rangers, its forest reserves, its relations with lumbermen, could cover a larger area than any chair at a University. Kingston had received only one applicant for the course. Where would Toronto find the applicants or occupations for them?

We unfortunately omitted the name of Dr. A. Harold Unwin, as the author of the very capital paper on the "Art of Forestry," that we published in the April number of "Rod and Gun in Canada."

A dispatch to a Western Canada newspaper from Dawson says:—

Sixty tons of caribou have been killed up the Klondike river for the Dawson market. The greater number killed are one hundred

Rod and Gun Pub. Co.—We have just learned that the indoor pistol championship of the U. S. Revolver Association was won by Dr. E. H. Kessler, of St. Louis, Mo. The latter party scoring 450 points out of 500 at 20 yards, using a Stevens Lord Model pistol, .22 long-rifle cartridges.

Very truly yours,
 J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
 Per Chas. A. Stein.

and fifty miles up the Klondike river. The greater number were killed by a party of hunters who ran into a bunch of hundreds if not thousands. The caribou were so numerous that the hunters shot them down as rapidly as they could load until all ammunition was exhausted. Men who have just arrived from up the Klondike on hunting expeditions report the game now scarce there. It may be that the caribou have been driven back, or that they are scattered and are hard to find in the old localities.

Last year we heard of similar destruction of game, and at the time representations were made to the Dominion Government about this slaughter, and it was understood that measures would be adopted to prevent such butchery; but it seems that the arm of the law is too short to reach thus far. Sixty tons of caribou; and some day this great waste of the North will be as devoid of animal life as the Sahara itself.

The following interesting letter was received by the E. I. DuPont Company:—

Dear Sirs.—I have in my possession some DuPont powder that was bought about fifty years ago by my uncle and grandfather; they owned two rifles and did lots of shooting, so they bought a considerable quantity of powder and stored it in a large stone heap on my father's farm at a safe distance from the buildings. Uncle took to fever and died; grandfather never shot much more and died not long after. My father was no gunner, so the powder or portion of it was left until about fifteen years ago. I went and dug it out. There was a large flat stone over the box and about two dozen $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cans, round cans, I think, with an Indian's picture on each one. They were badly rusted; I picked the rusted can from around the caked powder, broke it up and sifted out the dust, leaving the powder looking quite natural but for some red grains that showed the rust. I saved four pounds. I never tried it till last fall I loaded 38-72 shells with it and some with some DuPont bought recently. The old powder shot fully as strong as the new.

Yours truly,
 (Signed) W. A. CLARK.

It has been said by some that the days for big game hunting in British Columbia are over. This is entirely erroneous, and Mr. John Hyland of Telegraph creek, who is at present visiting the city, gave the Colonist yesterday* a few facts respecting big game in the vicinity of his home which are worth making public. He says that within sixty miles of Telegraph creek big game abounds, and that he keeps a staff of experienced guides ready for service at all times. These men are thoroughly conversant with the country in every direction, can pack, cook, make camp, find the game, and when shot, skin and cure the hides. They also thoroughly understand getting the heads, claws, etc., ready for transportation to the taxidermist and to a man with means, a big game hunt can be made very simple and certain of results.

The game laws of British Columbia prohibit a non-resident of the province from shooting big game unless a license, which costs \$50 is first obtained from the provincial government. This license entitles the holder to shoot and preserve double the

number of moose, caribou, and big horn as the ordinary resident, who can shoot without a license, is allowed to.

Telegraph creek is accessible both winter and summer. In summer the Hudson's Bay Company operate a river steamer on the Stickeen from Wrangel, and when the river is frozen dog teams and sleighs are used. Mr. Hyland's last trip out in two days and eight hours reported in last Friday's issue, shows how quickly the trip can be made with good material.

The season for moose, caribou and big horn starts in September and heads are good until about the 1st of January, when the males lose their horns and the heads consequently are worthless as trophies of the chase. Moose are found in abundance towards Dease lake, a distance from Telegraph creek of about sixty miles.

There are excellent trails everywhere and pack horses can be taken and the hunters can ride. The guides know exactly where the game can be found and hunting in this country is a matter of pure and unalloyed pleasure. Caribou are found in much the same locality as the moose, only higher up the mountains. Big horn can be obtained nearer and are in abundance within thirty miles of Telegraph creek.

Grizzly bear are very numerous on the Stickeen river and at Shesley lake, north of Telegraph creek. All other species of bear abound and magnificent sport is obtainable all the year round. The skins are good from September to May and it is an easy matter for a good shot to obtain specimens of brown and cinnamon bear, while persons who do not mind taking a chance at a grizzly can always get out if so minded.

"There is no better fishing in the world," said Mr. Hyland. "Trout abound in the rivers and the lakes are full of good edible fish. In the spring and fall geese and ducks are on the rivers and marshes in immense quantities and the pot can be always stocked with such dainties. There are also ptarmigan, blue, ruffled and Franklin grouse in abundance. The ducks and geese can be knocked over with sticks in moulting time and the Franklin grouse, or, as it is called in the up-country, the fool hen, can be killed with stone or stick at any time. Of course, it is not sport, but the

A physician of great standing in New York recently advised one of his patients who was suffering from a nervous disorder, to spend a few weeks shooting, either in the fields and woods or at target practice. He maintained that the concentration brought about by trying to hit a mark acted as a tonic on the nerves.

To further prove his claims he said that the mere fact that all gunners continued to improve their marksmanship with constant use of firearms, was convincing enough.

The boy with a rifle is therefore sure to be benefited. But the first point to look after is the gun. The most prominent makers of firearms in the country is the Stevens Arms & Tool Co. of Chicopee Falls, Mass., and their "Stevens" rifle is almost as well known as gunpowder itself.

A boy with a "Stevens" and an understanding of its use is a benefit to any farming community where crop-destroying animals are at large. And incidentally he is making for himself a nervous system that will stand him well in the wear and tear of old age.

larder has got to be kept going when a party of guides and hunters are on the trail and these delicacies help very materially. The Indians, who are usually sent as guides, can make a most appetizing dish out of porcupine. They skin and clean the animal and roast it over a big fire suspended from a pole, keeping it spinning all the time it is cooking. They also make most excellent soup out of the dish."

Mr. Hyland says the country is simply full of game and that a visit from any real game hunter would prove this to be the case.

Mr. Hyland says that all he requires is a few weeks' notice of the desire of a party to hunt and everything necessary will be provided.



The following extracts from the 1902 report of the Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society should prove of interest to our readers:

"Regarding moose, I can say that they are holding their own fairly well, a condition of things which is largely due to legislation passed at the instance of your Society.

"Forty years ago dogging was much practiced by the country people, many of them keeping from one to three so-called moose dogs, a cross between the smooth-haired Newfoundland and the bull dog, for this purpose. Happily this style of hunting our noble game is almost, if not quite, a thing of the past.

Snaring has been more in vogue of late years, and is still carried on in out-of-the-way districts; but by perseverance on the part of our agents in continually destroying the snares, and always, when possible, bringing the law-breakers to justice, this evil also will, I trust, be stamped out ere long.

"Judging roughly from the agents' reports, I should say that about three hundred and fifty moose have been legally killed during the year.

"I regret to have to differ from my venerable friend, Commissioner Crooker, and others who think the license fee for non-residents too high. I do not think there is an American sportsman worthy of the name who would object to the forty dol-

lar fee for an all game license, nor do I believe that lowering the fee would increase the number of visiting sportsmen one per cent.

"Agent Kelley is to be congratulated on his success in convicting the gang of snarers at Oak Park, Barrington. These men have been carrying on a wholesale destruction of moose quite unhindered, as the men of this vicinity, appointed by the Society to suppress this practice, were afraid to act.

"Caribou have left our peninsula, with the exception of a few small herds. These should have a close season of some years. In the Island of Cape Breton, the caribou have greatly benefitted by the close time enjoyed by them some few years ago, and in some districts are quite numerous.

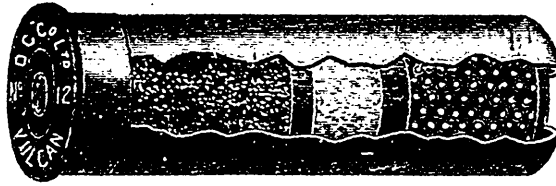
"The manner in which the red deer have multiplied during the few years since their introduction is most gratifying. They are now to be found in nearly all the counties of the peninsula. In Yarmouth and Queens counties, where last year only a few of their tracks were seen, there is now quite a good showing of them, some quite near the farms. Our Yarmouth agent reported a herd of eleven, while Queens reported as many as seven having been seen at one time. Not one has been killed during the year, as far as can be ascertained.

"The Society must not forget that the close time for red deer will expire in 1904. Therefore it should ask the Legislature to further protect them.

"The country is well stocked with hares, excepting some places where disease has diminished their numbers. I think that the open season should begin on the fifteenth of October, as the hare is only then clear of ticks and fit for human food.

"You will see, by referring to the agents' reports, that there are still a few beavers left in Nova Scotia; but if they do not receive immediate and prolonged protection, there will not be one of them remaining after a year or two.

"Ruffed grouse were very scarce in most of the counties in spite of their recent rest of three years. Undoubtedly the principal cause of this scarcity is the unusually cold and wet weather experienced by them for the last three or four years during hatching period."



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

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THE objects of the CANADIAN FORESTRY ASSOCIATION are:

The preservation of the forests for their influence on climate, fertility and water supply; the exploration of the public domain and the reservation for timber production of lands unsuited for agriculture; the promotion of judicious methods in dealing with forests and woodlands; re-afforestation where advisable; tree planting on the plains and on streets and highways; the collection and dissemination of information bearing on the forestry problem in general.

ROD AND GUN is the official organ of the Association, which supplies the articles relating to Forestry published therein.

This Association is engaged in a work of national importance in which every citizen of the Dominion has a direct interest. If you are not a member of the Association your membership is earnestly solicited.

The annual fee is \$1.00, and the Life Membership fee \$10.00.

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Secretary,

R. H. CAMPBELL,

Department of the Interior.

OTTAWA, ONT.

THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion Trap-shooters and Game Protective Association of Canada. All communications for this department should be addressed to Editor "The Trap," Rod and Gun in Canada, 414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

The officials of the various Canadian Gun Clubs should bear in mind that ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is prepared to publish in its Trap Department, everything of interest concerning Trap Shooting. If you have the interests of your Club and the welfare of trap shooting at heart, you will see to it that reports are sent in each month. Any practical suggestion that our readers can offer, whereby the usefulness of our Trap and Gun Department can be augmented, will be appreciated by the publishers. We will endeavor, at all times, to look after, to the best possible advantage, the interests of Canadian Trap Shooters, and give as clear and complete reports as possible. We want every trap shooter in Canada to feel that this department in our paper is his own.

The Editor of the Trap Department of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is in receipt of a valuable letter from Mr. L. H. Collinridge, proprietor of the Queen's Hotel, Guelph, Ont. Under date of April 7th he writes: "I have received copy of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA, and am much pleased with the Trap Dept., and think all good sportsmen should encourage you by sending in their orders and enabling you to still further add improvements and provide lovers of trap shooting and hunting with a paper that is interesting, instructive and full of items of interest. I will do my best to further interest here with the Guelph clubs."

The Clinton Gun Club.

The Clinton Gun Club was organized a-way back in the seventies and has continued to shoot till the present. It has also



H. GRAHAM,
President Clinton Gun Club



J. E. CANTELON,
Secretary Clinton Gun Club

grown to be one of the strongest in Canada in shooting material, as well as financial. It was up-hill work for quite a while,

owing to price of ammunition, guns, etc. To Mr. Wm. Foster is due the credit for continuation as well as organizing of the club, and although near seventy years of age he can yet make the younger members go some in the shooting game, and can discount the best of the club members in the bush. The first trap to be used was the glass ball trap, then the Niagara, which used to throw targets with paste-board points; then the Standard, and lastly, and the ones in use at present, the Cleveland experts. At one time the boys used to make their own birds, remolding the old broken targets and buying a little fresh material, when it would become too stiff to work over. The Club used for years the Recreation park for shooting purposes, until the residents objected to the noise and the broken targets on the

ground bothered the ball players, so the club had to move. It was then that our club was organized as it is today, and we have just passed our tenth birthday as the Clinton Gun Club Limited, being incorporated by letters patent and owning a beautiful park, the finest exclusive shooting park in Canada. The grounds are situated near the G.T.R. station and upon which has been erected a modern club house. The background is perfect and the Club today has a membership of above fifty and the most of them are live ones. The Club has always been fortunate in having members who could keep their end up in the best of company, among whom in years gone by have been W. Forbes, J. E. Blackall, J. McMurray and W. Greigg, the last named now deceased. "Peace to his ashes." At present we have J. E. Hovey, winner of the aggregate prize at the last shoot of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooters Association shoot held at Toronto on August 12, 13, 14, 15, 1903. He also won the Parker gun event and high average for the 3rd day's shooting. At present he holds the Robin-Hood Trophy, which is subject to challenge, and is emblematic of the championship of Canada.

J. E. Cantelon, 1st Vice-President of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooters Association, and Secretary of the Club, better known as "Shorty", who tied for first place in the Canadian Handicap at Hamilton in January, 1900, with a perfect score and later (Dec. 10, 1903) tied for first place at St. Thomas with another perfect score. The above scores were at live birds. He has also held the Robin Hood Trophy and won the best average of the Clinton Gun Club for 1902 and 1903. W. G. Doherty, who scored 49 out of 50 in Toronto last August 15th, the best score made in a 50-bird event at the sournament. Others worthy of mention are R. Graham, President of the Club, Dr. G. E. Holmes, "Dollie" and lots of young blood coming up, the kind that make top-notchers. At the annual meeting of the Club held Jan. 29, 1904, the treasurer's report showed the Club to be in a strong financial condition, having a cash balance on hand of \$75, and assets valued at \$1,000; liabilities nil. Over 20,000 targets

were shot at last season. The officers elected were as follows:—

President, R. Graham; Vice President, J. Ireland; treasurer, J. E. Hovey, Secretary, J. E. Cantelon; directors, E. Foster, Wm. Foster, G. Hinchley, J. Powell, O. Johnson.

MAPLE CITY GUN CLUB SHOOT.

Friday, April 1.—The following are the scores at the shoot of the Maple City Gun club at Riverside park:—

Event No. 1, at 10 targets—J. Moore 10, W. Paullucci 6, A. C. MacKay 8, F. Bedford 6, W. Boyd 7, W. Nichol 2, J. W. Aitken 6, T. Nichol 6, J. Edmondson 4, A. Hutchinson 6.

Event No. 2, squad III., No. of targets 15—Dr. Perdue 9, T. Nichol 8, J. McCoig 5, J. G. Kerr 7, Rankin 7, J. Oldershaw 13, John Aitken 11, Dr. Tye 11, J. Edmondson 10, J. McLean 0.

Squad I., targets 15—J. Moore 15, F. Bedford 11, W. Paullucci 7, W. Boyd 10, A. C. MacKay 12.

Squad II.—J. W. Aitken 11, W. Nichol 3, J. Edmondson 10, A. Hutchinson 7, J. Oldershaw 11.

Event 3, squad I., targets 15—J. Moore 12, F. M. Bedford 12, W. Paullucci 12, W. Boyd 8, A. C. MacKay 10.

Squad II.—J. W. Aitken 14, W. Nichol 5, J. Edmondson 5, A. Hutchinson 11, J. Oldershaw 9.

Squad III.—Dr. Perdue 9, T. Nichol 6, J. McCoig 7, J. G. Kerr 12, Dr. Tye 10.

Squad IV.—John Aitken 12, W. B. Wells 13, J. McLean 3, Taylor 1, Rankin 7.

Event 4, squad I., targets 10.—J. Moore 9, F. M. Bedford 8, W. Paullucci 8, J. W. Aitken 6, A. C. MacKay 8.

Squad II.—John Aitken 5, Hutchinson 5, J. G. Kerr 6, Wells 9, Dr. Tye 7.

Squad III.—J. G. Kerr, 8, Taylor 3, Dr. Tye 10, J. McLean 4.

Oftentimes a trap shooter may have a gun or some other contrivance that he may wish to exchange or dispose of. The advertising pages of ROD AND GUN IN CANADA are open for his use. Our rate for one inch space, one month, is \$2.00. Two months, \$4.00. Three months, \$6.00. Six months, \$9.00.

SPRINGWOOD GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

The Springwood Gun Club of London will hold their second annual tournament on June 16th and 17th. The officers and members of this enterprising Gun Club extend a hearty invitation to all trap shooters to participate in the several interesting events that will take place at this tournament. Programmes will gladly be furnished on application to B. W. Glover, Secretary of the Springwood Gun Club, Box 346, London, Ont.

WOODSTOCK GUN CLUB.

Woodstock has a Gun Club that is a credit to the city. Although an old established body, it was not until recent years that it became a successful club. Their grounds and club house are located three miles west of the city. Although not yet in the best of shape, the members look eagerly forward to the establishment of one of the best club properties in Canada. The Club is made up of the right kind of stuff and big accomplishments in the way of scores are anticipated during the coming season. In next month's issue we hope to be able to publish a more comprehensive account of the Woodstock Gun Club.

The Woodstock Gun Club held their first shoot of the season on Good Friday. Although the weather was not all that could be desired the attendance was good. The prospects for a good season for the club are excellent. The following are the scores:

Event No. 1—20 blue rocks—H. McIntosh 9, John Hartley 11, Jos. Maynard 20, Harry Hampson 14, M. Virtue, Jr., 13, W. J. Bonnett 10, J. E. Thompson 16, Alf. Hopkins 12, C. J. Mitchell 16, M. Dawes 14.

Event No. 2—10 blue rocks—John Hartley 3, Harry McIntosh 6, W. J. Bonnett 8, Alfred Hopkins 8, Joseph Maynard 6, Lew. Walters 7, C. J. Mitchell 10, M. Virtue, jr., 4, Hy. Hampson 9, M. Dawes 8.

Event No. 3—15 blue rocks—W. J. Bonnet 11, M. Virtue 12, Hy. Hampson 9, Jos. Maynard 11, C. J. Mitchell 8, Lew Walters 14, Douglas Thompson 8, J. E. Thompson 11, Mr. Walker 6.

Event No. 4—10 blue rocks—Harry McIntosh 4, W. J. Bonnett 7, Douglas

Thompson 8, Alf. Hopkins 7, J. E. Thompson 9, Mr. Walker 4, Lew Walters 8, M. Virtue, Jr., 7, Jos. Maynard 7, Mr. Dawes 7.

Event No. 5—10 blue rocks—W. J. Bonnett 7, Alf. Hopkins 3, C. J. Mitchell 7, J. E. Thompson 7, Mr. Walker 5, Harry Hampson 7, Douglas Thompson 6, W. J. Bonnett 6, Jos. Maynard 9, Mr. Dawes 9.

QUEBEC GUN CLUB.

A good day's sport was enjoyed by the members of the Gun Club at their first quarterly trap shooting tournament on their grounds at Kent House Monday afternoon, April 11. There was a good attendance of members and a crowd of spectators were present to see the different events take place, which were keenly competed for by the shooters. The Rose system was used for the first time for dividing the money amongst those who had made the highest scores.

1st event—(open)—R. O. Montambault, Chas. Fremont, Mc. G. Burroughs.

2nd event—(open)—"Lunch Kitty"—Chas. Fremont.

3rd event—(members only)—"Foy Cup"—R. O. Montambault, highest score; Charles Fremont, 2nd highest score; J. K. Boswell 3rd highest score.

4th event—(open)—R. O. Montambault, J. K. Boswell, E. R. Pepin, St. Bazil.

5th event—(members only)—J. B. Matte, E. A. Evans, Felix Turcotte.

6th event—(open, miss and out)—1st, Chas. Fremont, 2nd, F. Turcotte, 3rd, J. B. Matie.

7th event—(Kent House match)—Open — Prizes presented by Field Capt. C. W. Baker.—1st, R. O. Montambault; 2nd, F. H. Wood; 3rd, Capt. de Lotbiniere Panet.

8th event—(open)—Rev. R. Wright, C. E. A. Boswell.

Extra event—(open)—"Sweepstake"—1st money, M. J. Hawkins, 2nd money, R. O. Montambault.

BALMY BEACH GUN CLUB.

The shoot held between the Balmy Beach Gun Club and the Nationals on Saturday afternoon, April 16th, resulted in a victory for the latter.

AT THE MONTREAL TRAPS.

The results of the shoot at the Montreal Gun Club Saturday afternoon, April 16, resulted in Redman winning the club championship, and Kearney the spoon.

Event No. 1, fifteen birds, unknown traps—Redman 13, Kearney 12, N. Candlish 11, Landriault 10, Rainville 10, McDuff 10, Cooke 8, Edward 8, Murray 7, Cote 7.

Event No. 2, twenty birds, known traps—Kearney 18, Rainville 17, N. Duff 17, Hogan 16, N. Candlish 16, Landriault 16, Redman 15, Cooke 15, Edwards 15, Alexander 13, Murray 12, Cote 8.

Event No. 3, twenty birds—McDuff 18, Edwards 17, Alexander 17, Kearney 15, N. Candlish 14, Redman 13, Hogan 9.

Event No. 4, twenty birds—McDuff 18, Redman 17, Kearney 17, N. Candlish 15, Alexander 12.

Event No. 5, twenty birds—Edwards 19, Kearney 18, N. Candlish 17, McDuff 15, Alexander 15, Landriault 13, Redman 12.

Event No. 6, five pair doubles—Landriault 9, Kearney 8, Redman 7, Rainville 5, Cooke 5, Hogan 4, N. Candlish 4, Edward 4, McDuff 4.

THE TORONTO ROD AND GUN CLUB.

The members of the Toronto Rod and Gun Club to the number of a score assembled at the Woodbine on Saturday, April 16. The occasion was one of interest, inasmuch as the presentation of prizes was to be made to the successful contestants of the live bird events for the past season.

The first prize was carried off by the president, who also captured the first prize for aggregate.

The afternoon was signalized by a match at twenty-five bluerocks between sides chosen by the President and Vice-President, resulting in a victory for the Vice-President by eight birds.

After a supper at the Woodbine Park hotel and due honoring of conventional toasts, short and interesting speeches were made by various members, and a number of capital songs were contributed.

The prime motive of this club is to inculcate proper and sportsmanlike methods in trap shooting. They believe that a

man's position at the trap should be that of a sportsman in the field under normal conditions, that is, the gun stock of a contestant at the traps must be held below the elbow. The genial referee, Mr. George Briggs, takes particular interest in the enforcement of the very letter and spirit of this regulation. The doctrine is sound, and the example of the Rosedale Gun Club and of the Toronto Rod and Gun Club, it is hoped, will be followed by all the leading gun clubs of the Province.

It was unanimously decided to continue the bi-weekly meetings during the summer.

GOOD SCORES MADE BY HAMILTON CLUB.

On Saturday, April 9th, a merchandise shoot was held at the Hamilton Gun Club's grounds at Hamilton. Although the weather was very unfavorable to go shooting, the scores made were good. Messrs. Hunter, Thomson and Cline were the winners. The merchandise prizes were for three 15-bird events. The balance of the programme was made up of ten-bird events. Averages made were as follows:—

Hunter .844, Hunt .844, Thomson .800, Brigger .800, Johnson .800, Graham .767, Wilson .766, B. Smyth .720, G. Cline .720, Upton .711, A. Smyth .709, Coffin .700, J. Cline .688, Frank .680, Green .675, Bowron .673, Dunham .650, Crooks .618, Briggs .491.

MERCHANTS' GUN CLUB.

The Merchants' Gun Club of Hamilton held its first shoot of the season on the grounds at Dynes' hotel on Saturday afternoon, April 16. The recent storm kept the attendance down, but the grounds were in good condition, and good sport was enjoyed. The principal events were the three 15-bird merchandise events, the first two being won by W. Thomson, and the third by "Dr. Wilson." There was also a high average prize for the best three series in these events, for which Upton and Thomson tied, Upton winning in the shoot off. The high averages were:

Upton .878, "Wilson" .838, Bowron .773, Maxwell .769, Green .767, Thomson .767, Crooks .688, "Frank" .640.

BOLTON'S GOOD FRIDAY SHOOT.

A match was shot at Bolton on Good Friday, between the Bolton Gun Club and the Shoe Pack Sporting Club of Toronto, at 20 clay birds per man, the latter winning by 27 birds. The score:—

Shoe Pack Club—G. Evans 17, H. Williams 15, A. Wolfe 15, G. Wolfe 13, R. Shepe 12, O. Whinton 11, E. Williams 10, W. Davison 7. Total 100.

Bolton Gun Club—E. Elliott 13, T. D. Elliott 12, H. Sheardoune 11, W. Lister 11, W. Beamert 10, A. Clayton 7, A. Nayler 5, G. Vesner 4. Total 73.

A challenge match, three men aside, at 20 birds, was won by the Shoe Pack Club by this score:—

Shoe Pack—G. Evans 14, E. Williams 16, G. Wolfe 13. Total 43.

Bolton—A. Clayton 9, T. D. Elliott 9, W. Beamert 4. Total 22.

After the shoot, the local club invited the visitors to a banquet at the Queen's Hotel, where a most enjoyable time was spent.



STANLEY GUN CLUB GOOD FRIDAY SHOOT.

The Stanley Gun Club held their annual target shoot for prizes on their grounds on Good Friday. The shoot was a 50-bird event, handicap by distance, ranging from 14 to 22 yards. The day was fine, but a strong wind made shooting somewhat difficult, especially those on the long mark. After a spirited contest Mr. Thomas won first prize with a score of 40. After the prize contest sweep shooting was indulged in. At the close of the day's sport all retired to the club's parlors, where the prizes were presented to the successful competitors. The following is a summary of the scores:—

No. 1, 10 targets—Hulme 9, McGill 9, Dunk 8, Dey 8, Wilson 7, Frame 6, Herbert 6, Mason 6, Kingsdon 6, Thompson 6, Hogarth 5, Thomas 5, Ingham 4.

No. 2, 50 targets, handicap—Thomas 20 yards, 40; Dunk, 19 yards, 38; McGill 22 yards, 38; Ingham, 14 yards, 37; Thompson, 20 yards, 35; Green, 22 yards, 84; Hulme, 22 yards, 33; Lucas, 17 yards, 30; Townson, 19 yards, 29; Hogarth, 17 yards, 29; Pearsall, 18 yards,

28; Dey, 22 yards, 27; Mason, 18 yards, 27; Kingdon, 19 yards, 27; Wilson, 16 yards, 26; Herbert, 18 yards, 26; Frame, 19 yards, 26; Hiron, 14 yards, 24; Moser, 19 yards, 22; Jones, 17 yards, 20.

No. 3, 15 targets—Green 13, Dunk 13, Kingdon 11, Moser 11, Lucas 11, Thomas 10, Pearsall 10, Dey 9, Hulme 7.

No. 4, 15 targets—Green 15, Dey 13, Kingdon 13, Dunk 12, Mason 9, Hogarth 8, Ingham 6.



MCDOWALL'S GOOD FRIDAY SHOOT.

McDowall and Co.'s Good Friday shoot at the Woodbine was well patronized. After several practice matches the following events were shot off. Ten to fifteen competing. All events were class shooting, ten targets; \$1.00 entrance:—

Shoot No. 1.—Asling 7, Mollen 7, Heatherington 5, Wood 5, Wallace 5.

Shoot No. 2.—Wood 7, Mollen 6, Asling 5, Davis 5, George 4.

Shoot No. 3.—Mollen 8, Hoovey 7, Meyers 7, Davies 6, Tompkins 6, Wallace 6.

Shoot No. 4.—Skey 8, Meyers 7, Mollen 7, Wood 7, Hoovey 6.

Shoot No. 5.—Cashmore 9, Mollen 9, Skey 8, Asling 8, Meyers 7, Harbottle 7, Eley 7, McQuillien 7.

Shoot No. 6.—Harbottle 9, Skey 9, Cashmore 9, Blatchley 8, McQuillien 7, Eley 7.

Shoot No. 7.—Moller 9, Harbottle 8, Skey 8, Davis 7, Blatchley 7, Eley 7.

Shoot No. 8.—Anderson 9, Cashmore 9, Asling 9, McDuff 8, Harbottle 7, Heatherington 7.



JUNCTION BEAT STANLEYS.

The return match between teams from the Stanley Gun Club and Toronto Junction Gun Club was held on Saturday, April, 16, on the Junction grounds, and resulted in a win for the Junction Club by 16 birds. The weather was unfavorable, and consequently the scores were low. As each team has won a match the deciding one will be shot on Stanley grounds some time in May. The following are the scores:—

Team shoot at 25 birds each:—

Junction Gun Club—C. Burgess 21, P. Wakefield 21, J. H. Thompson 20, G. Mason 20, H. D'Eye 17, J. Hardy 17, J.

Townson 12, E. Turp 12, D. Walton 15, W. Wakefield 11, H. Playter 10, R. Roberts 8. Total 181.

Stanley Gun Club—A. Hulme 19, A. Dey 18, T. Martin 17, W. Kingdon 17, J. Ingham 13, J. Sawden, jr., 13, — Hogarth 13, R. Fleming 13, Fritz 13, Wilson 10, Hiron 10, Buck 9. Total 165.

Shoot No. 1, at 10 birds—Thompson 9, W. Wakefield 6, F. Martin 6, Fritz 3, Hiron 3.

Shoot No. 2—D'Eye 8, Townson 7, Patterson 5, Hick 3, Hardy 3.

Shoot No. 3, 10 birds—Ingham 7, Dey 6, Mason 5, Sawden 4, Hogarth 3.

Shoot No. 4, 10 birds—Ingham 8, Buck 6, Sawden, jr., 5, Williamson 5, Hulme 5.

Shoot No. 5, 10 birds—Wilson 10, Kingdon 8, Hulme 7, Paterson 4, Abrey 4.

Shoot No. 6, 10 birds—P. Wakefield 9, Fleming 8, Hampton 8, Thompson 8, Mason 7, Hulme 7, Sawden, jr., 7, Hogarth 6, Dey 6, Kingdon 5, Townson 8.

Shoot No. 7, 10 birds—Sawden 10, Townson 9, Kingdon 8, Thompson 7, Hampton 6, Hogarth 5, Mason 5, P. Wakefield 5, Fleming 4.



GOOD FRIDAY EVENT OF SPRINGWOOD CLUB OF LONDON.

The second annual club shoot of the Springwood Gun Club was held at their grounds on Friday, April 1st. At the outset the weather did not look as if it would be possible to pull off the programme, but as the day went on the sun came out and made shooting possible, although the sky line was not favorable for high scores. There was a large attendance of shooters, both from the city and outside. Among those present were Messrs Coffey, Emslie, and Butler of St. Thomas; McColl, of Fingal; Wallace, from Brantford, and T. H. Conover of Leamington, the representative for the Dupont Powder Company, who gave a fine exhibition of shooting.

The committee in charge of the shoot was as follows:—J. Nicholson (president), D. A. Breckon, C. Bowman, A. Tillmann, W. E. Robinson, W. A. Brock (treasurer), B. W. Glover (secretary). The referee was M. Graydon. The scores:—

Event 1, 10 targets—Webb 7, Guard 6, Glover 6, Nicholson 4, Bryce 9, Harrison

3, Simcox 5, Conover 9, C. Bowman 9, Winnett 7, Breckon 7, G. Bowman 6, MacBeth 7, Fortner 5, Sreaton 8, Robinson 8, Gibson 10, Wood 6, Anderson 8.

Event 2, 15 targets—Webb 12, Conover 13, Sreaton 11, Robinson 11, Breckon 10, Nicholson 6, Glover 9, Brock 7, Woods 7, MacBeth 10, Anderson 12, Gurd 9, Winnett 13, Reid 10, Arnott 12, Fortner 8, Bryce 11, Harrison 8, Gibson 9, G. Bowman 8, C. Bowman 8, Balkwill 10, Hughes 9, Simcox 9.

Event 3, 5 pairs—Webb 4, Conover 6, Sreaton 5, Robinson 3, Nicholson 3, Breckon 6, Glover 6, Reid 4, MacBeth 7, C. Bowman 5, Winnett 3, Balkwill 3, G. Bowman 5, Arnott 4, Anderson 4, Gibson 5, Fortner 5, Brock 0, Dinnen 5, Bryce 5, Simcox 6, Hughes 0, Wood 6, Emslie 4, McColl 4.

Event 4, 10 jack rabbits—Webb 1, Conover 5, Sreaton 7, Robinson 5, Nicholson 3, Breckon 3, Glover 5, Reid 5, Anderson 2, C. Bowman 8, Fortner 1, Bryce 3, G. Bowman 5, Brock 3, Hughes 4, Gurd 5, Simcox 3, Winnett 7, Gibson 5, Dinnen 6, Balkwill 7, Arnott 3, Emslie 7, McColl 3.

Event 5, 15 targets—Webb 7, Conover 9, Fortner 8, Sreaton 12, Robinson 9, Breckon 9, Glover 12, Reid 8, C. Bowman 9, Nicholson 8, Hughes 5, Winnett 7, McColl 8, Emslie 10, Anderson 7, Gibson 12, Coffey 6, Harris 4, Butler 8.

Event No. 6, 25 targets—Webb 16, Conover 22, Sreaton 23, Robinson 15, Breckon 14, Glover 17, Reid 7, Nicholson 10, Coffey 13, Fortner 14, McColl 11, Emslie 14, Anderson 14, Butler 12, Gibson 15, Darch 6, Burns 3, MacBeth 12, Ward 9, Fefield 11, Rennie 12, Woods 6, Dinnen 14, Brock 17.

Event No. 7, miss and out—Coffey 6, Conover 5, Robinson 4, C. Bowman 4, Sreaton 3, Reid 3, Glover 2, Fortner 2, MacBeth 2, Emslie 2, McColl 2, Dinnen 1, Brock 1, Wood 1, Rennie 1.

Event No. 8, 10 targets—Harris 5, Webb 7, Conover 9, Sreaton 5, Robinson 5, Breckon 4, Reid 4, Nicholson 4, C. Bowman 4, Glover 6, Rockett 1, McCormick 3, G. Bowman 2, Bryce 3, Rennie 2, Harrison 4, Fairfield 4, Finnen 5, Burns 4, Anderson 6, Brock 7, MacBeth 5, R. Coffey 8, Graydon 6, Wood 5, McColl 4, Emslie 8, Butler 7, Fortner 5, J. Coffey 1.

Kidd 9, W. Mullis 9, C. J. Packham 9, J. McCague 8, J. Burrell 8, W. J. Campbell 7, J. Dent 6, W. Smeaton 6.

Event No. 4. — For championship of Brampton Gun Club. Silver medal. Miss and out.—S. J. White 18, T. Henry 17, J. Burrell 4, C. J. Packham 2, W. J. Campbell 2, W. Mullis 2, J. Dent 2, J. Kidd 2, J. McCague 2, W. Smeaton 0, B. Dyer 0.

Event No. 5—10 birds—C. J. Packham 10, W. Mullis 10, T. Henry 9, J. McCague 9, S. J. White 9, H. A. Watson 9, J. Kidd 8, W. J. Campbell 7, B. Dyer 7.

Event No. 6—Novice—5 birds—H. A. Watson 5, B. Dyer 4, F. Peaker 2, J. Birss 2, A. Ashley 2, H. Pratley 1.

THE WOODSTOCK GUN CLUB.

The Woodstock Gun Club held a very successful shoot Saturday afternoon, April 23, at their ranges on the Beachville road. Over 350 birds were used. The following are the scores:—

Event No. 1.—10 birds—Walker 4, Hopkins 3, Lane 8, Dawson 9.

Event No. 2—10 birds—Dawson 4, Maynard 9, Thompson 6, Meadows 4.

Event 3—White 2, Walker 7, Lane 7, Bonnet 7, Hopkins 3.

Event 4.—Thompson 7, Meadows 3, Maynard 7, Dawes 7, Dawson 6.

Jack-Rabbit shoot—5 birds—Bonnett 3, Meadows 3, Walker 1, Dawes 2, Dawson 2.

2nd Jack-Rabbit event—Lane 2, Maynard 4, Thompson 3, Hopkins 3.

Doubles—10 birds—Maynard 6, Bonnett 6, Dawson 4, Dawes 8, Hopkins 5.

Bryce 5, G. Bowman 5, Graydon 7, Coffey 5.

The professional high average for the day was won by Forest Conover, Leamington, representing the Dupont Powder Company, with a score of 86. The amateur high average was won by S. M. Sreaton with a score of 81. B. W. Glover was second with a score of 70, Messrs. Conover, Sreaton and Glover all shooting with L. C. Smith guns.

Event No. 9, 15 targets—Webb 11, Conover 13, Sreaton 10, Breckon 3, Reid 6, Nicholson 10, C. Bowman 8, Glover 12, Harrison 4, Brock 7, McColl 9, Emslie 13, Butler 11, Fortner 4, Bryce 11, Wallace 9, Dinnen 7, MacBeth 6, Graydon 7.

Event No. 10, 10 targets—Webb 8, Harrison 2, Fortner 7, Nicholson 4, Reid 3, Brock 7, Gibson 5, MacBeth 5, Breckon 5, Dinnen 8, Burns 1, Glover 7, Harrison 4,

BRAMPTON GUN CLUB SHOOT.

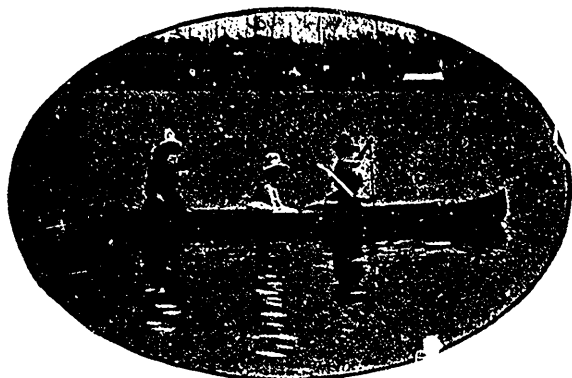
Brampton Gun Club shoot on Good Friday was well attended, and the different events well contested. The following is the score:—

Event No. 1.—10 birds—C. J. Packham 9, W. J. Campbell 9, J. McCague 8, W. Smeaton 8, W. Mullis 7, J. J. White 7, J. Burrell 6, J. Kidd 5, J. Dent 4, G. Dickey 4.

Event No. 2.—5 pair, double rise—J. Kidd 9, C. J. Packham 8, W. Smeaton 7, W. J. Campbell 7, B. Dyer 7, W. Mullis 5, J. Burrell 5, T. Henry 5, J. McCague 3, J. Dent 2, S. J. White 2.

Event No. 3.—10 birds—T. Henry 10, J.





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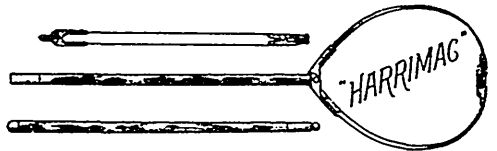


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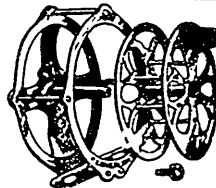
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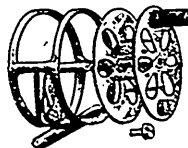
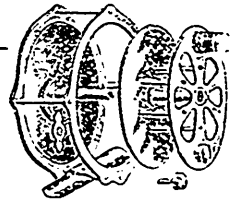


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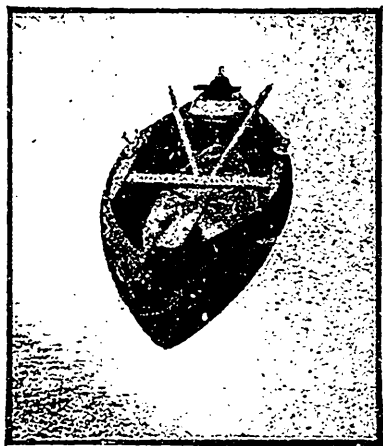
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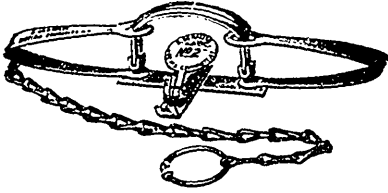
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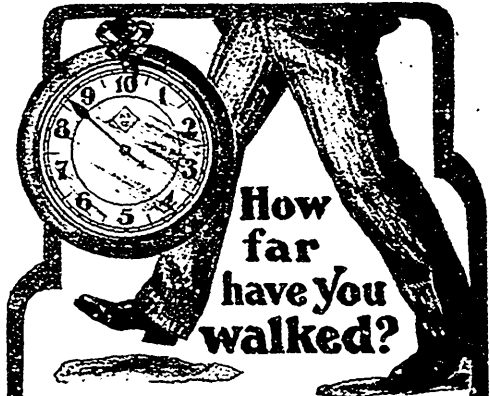
Name of River	No of Rods	Probable No. Salmon
Birch	1	40
Manitou	1	25
Sheldrake or Sawbill	1	40
Thunder River (trout only)		
Magpie	1	60
Bear or Victor	1	30
Corneille	2	100
Pishteebee	1	50
Minacoughan Quettashoo	1	50
Little Watischoo	2	60
Napissippi	1	25-40
Agwanis	2	75
Mingan	2	200
Manitou, tributary of Mingan	1	75

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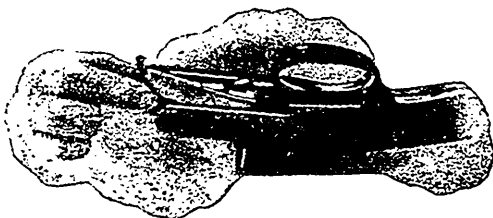


Fig 1.

Note the absence of SCREW or pin-heads on the side of the gun.

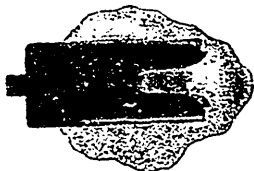


Fig. 2.

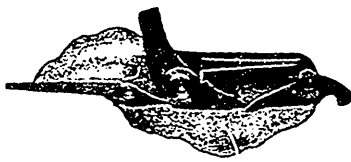


Fig. 3.

Fig. 1 shows the simple manner in which the lock is detached or replaced. Fig. 2 shows the bottom cover plate with spring catch at end to secure it in position. Fig. 3 shows the detachable lock, containing hammer, mainspring spring, sear, sear spring and cocking lever.

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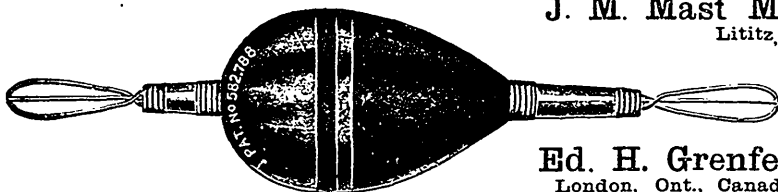
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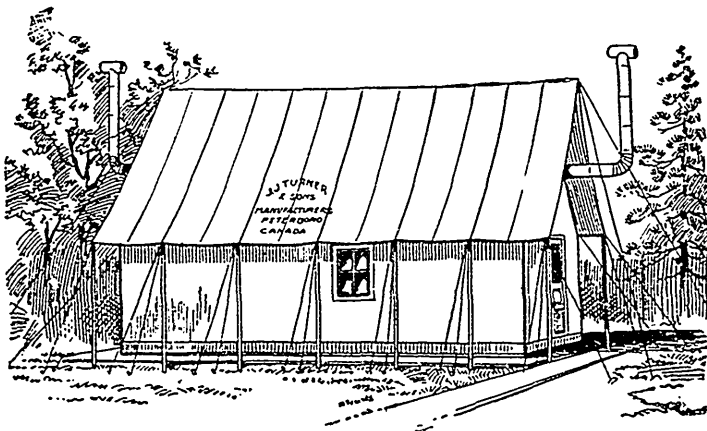
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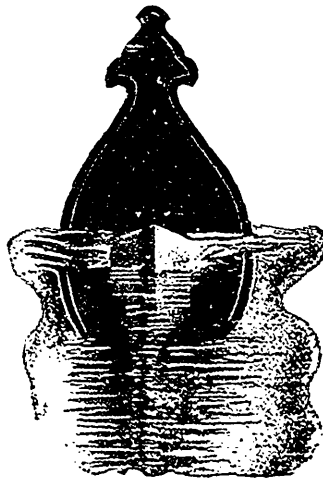
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