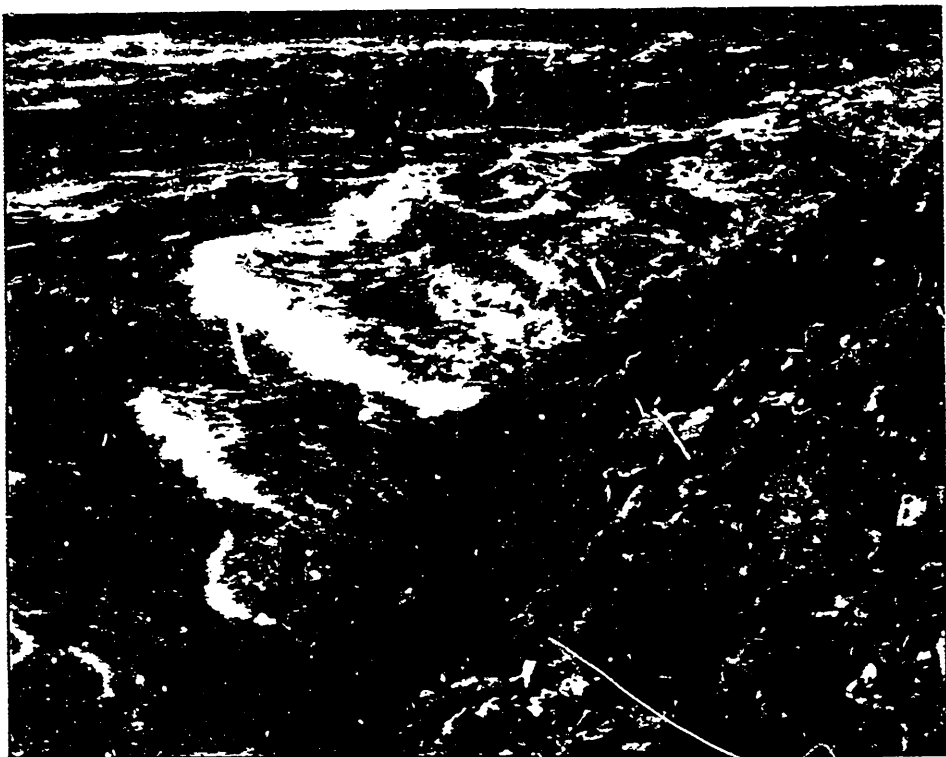


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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

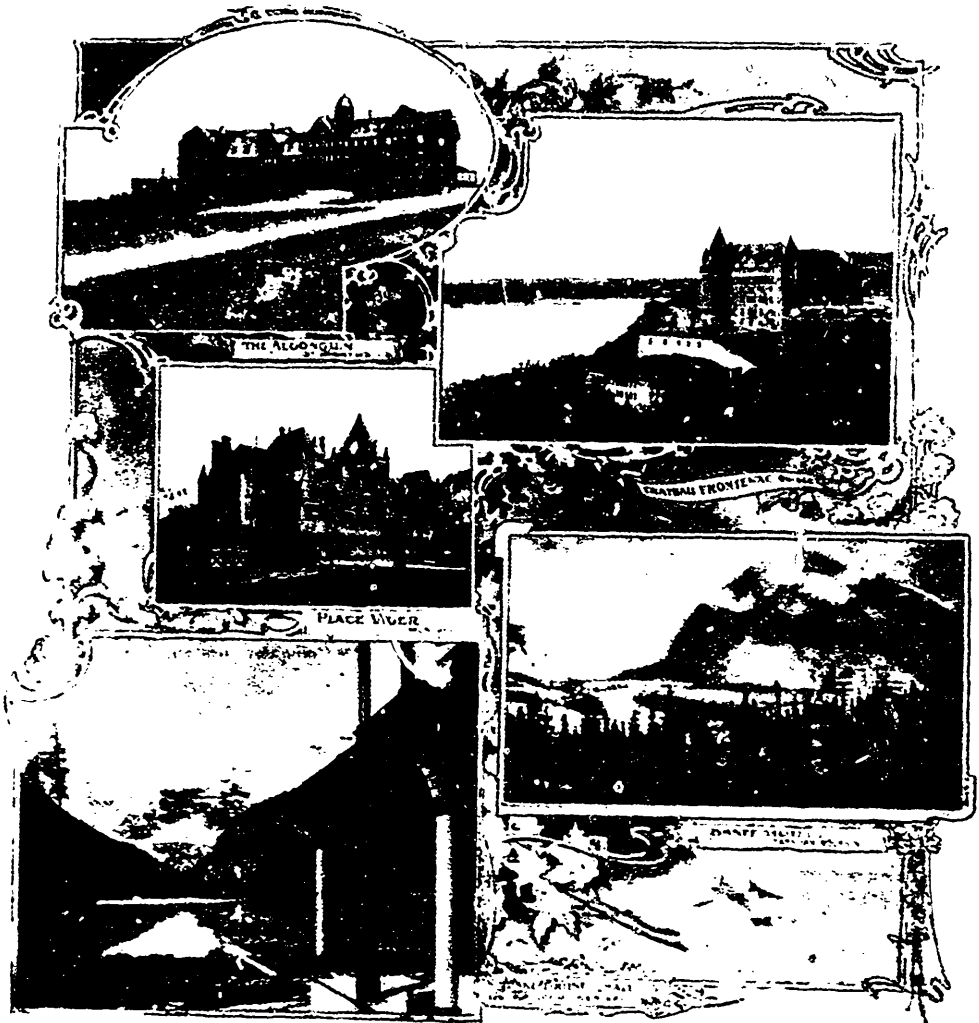


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AN INDIAN VILLAGE.
This view was taken near Spence's Bridge, B.C.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. V.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JULY, 1903

No. 2

Over the Selkirks on Foot.

BY ARTHUR O. WHEELER.

I had just read Sir Sandford Fleming's charming book, "England and Canada, a Summer Tour between Old and New Westminster," and, in previous years, had made several trips over the C. P. R. from the Canadian Capital to the Coast. The outcome was an intense desire to travel over the railway route through the mountains, on foot, and attempt to picture nature's strongholds, as yet untrodden by the foot of man; likewise, the early days of railway construction, when the stillness of the virgin solitudes was first broken by the shout of the surveyor and the echoing ring of the axe, as the path for the iron horse was being gradually picked out and forced through the trackless forests filling the deep gorges lying between the snow-clad mountain summits.

Fortune favoured me. I had received instructions to commence a topographical survey of the Selkirk Mountains adjacent to the line of railway and, in order to obtain some knowledge of the ground and formulate an effective plan of campaign, decided to go over the road-bed on foot and take in the salient features of the work.

It was advisable to go on foot, for the glimpses of fairyland seen from the train, the weather gods being propitious, are far too fleeting to leave much scope to the imagination. The necessary arrangements were soon made—a leather knapsack, containing a change of clothes, a pair of field-glasses, an

aneroid barometer, Paddy, and my dog, Fritz. Paddy was a cow-puncher, young, active, clear-eyed and a nice boy. Fritz, a black setter, who had been a constant companion in camp on many a trip.

We arrived at Banff one Sunday morning early in June. By the same train arrived Mr. Edward Whympfer and staff, about to do the Rockies in the interest of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

With some timidity, I introduced myself to the famous mountaineer, who had first conquered the Matterhorn; a typical Englishman of medium height, smooth face, clear, sharp-cut features, steady blue eye, and mouth and chin of immense resolution and tenacity. One has only to see him to understand why, after seven failures, he reached the actual summit of the Matterhorn upon the eighth attempt. Mr. Whympfer was courteous and friendly, introduced me to his assistant, Mr. Franklen, and the four Swiss guides in his employ; showed me his equipment and instruments and had the guides set up one of his specially designed Alpine tents.

Banff, the Beautiful! Thy glories have been said and sung in prose and poetry; and yet how feebly have they been portrayed. To realize, one must be there to see. From the summit of Tunnel Mountain, north, south, east and west, the landscape is glorious beyond description; mountains, forests, lakes, rivers, interspersed with golden

meadows and park-like prairies, seen in ever-changing colors as the sun rises and sets and the clouds shift to and fro.

However, Banff was by the way. A day to see some old friends and on to Revelstoke, nestling in the Columbia Valley at the Western base of the Selkirks.

It was a glorious sunshiny day. Everything looked its freshest in the garb of early spring, for in these regions spring commences little before June.

The observation car, one of the features of the trains on the Mountain division, was well filled by sightseers and exclamations of delight and inquiries crowded one on the other, fast and furious.

Having been through the mountains several times and presuming upon the knowledge then acquired, I attempted to reply to some of the numerous questions, pointing out the prominent peaks and rare bits of scenery. Suddenly, I heard a voice behind me exclaim, *sotto voce*. "Ha! Another blooming Englishman, who knows it all from the guide book." Turning sharp round, I beheld a trim little chap in a leather coat, with spectacles and a felt slouch-hat turned up at one side, gazing into vacancy. Not being positive that the voice belonged to this person, I refrained from noticing the remark but, on reaching the Roger's Pass summit, he addressed me as follows; "Sir! do you know your heathen mythology?" Somewhat nettled by his previous remark, I answered shortly "Apropos of what?" "Well, sir! There are the Three Fates, Diana, Luna and Hecate" pointing to the Swiss peaks, now towering above us like creations of white sugar against the blue sky. "Pray, sir! How do you know?" I remarked. "Well, I ought to, I see them often enough, I am the resident engineer for this section." Laying the mythology of the section on the side as questionable, he turned out to be a first-rate fellow, introduced me to lots of people along the line and obtained for me much kind attention from the C. P. R. officials of the Division.

Over the summit and down the western grade at a glorious speed, the crowd enjoying themselves immensely and snapping their cameras at every

striking object or bit of landscape; though what they expected to get with the train moving from forty to fifty miles an hour, I do not know. This propensity for taking snap-shots from a fast moving train reminded me of a story told by a friend, who was somewhat of an adept with the camera:

He was standing beside a green-looking youth, who had been industriously snapping at everything under the sun as the train rattled along. "What have you got there?" said my friend, feigning ignorance. "Don't you know; that's a camera. You have only to turn a screw and press a button, and you get any picture you like. You see—taking out the roll and stretching a good yard of film in the brilliant sunshine—"they're all on that, and when I get home, I just give them to a photographer, and there you are, all the pictures you want."

Revelstoke is a pretty and well-ordered little town, although it did not always enjoy so enviable a reputation.

It is beautifully situated in a bend of the Columbia, a noble stream, from four to five hundred yards wide, dotted with green-clad islands shimmering in the distant violet haze.

To the east lie the Selkirks with their dense forests of pine and cedar, above which rise the bare, snow-capped summits of Mts. Mackenzie, Cartier and Clach-na-Coodin, and, at their base, like a black funnel against the rising sun, the shadowy depths of the gorge of the Illecillewaet. To the west are the less exalted summits of the Gold range, with its rounded snow domes and the Eagle and Jordan passes reaching into obscurity. To the south rises the majestic mass of Mt. Begbie, its glistening crest and shining glaciers glancing in the sunlight; and beyond, ice fields innumerable. The natives of Revelstoke tell, to the new arrival, a story of a certain prospector, who had wandered up to these glacial heights. He was heard of no more, until one day his body was seen imbedded at a depth of some twenty or thirty feet in the clear blue ice of the Begbie Glacier. Neither history nor the inhabitants appear able to explain how such a phenomenon came to pass.

The Hotel Revelstoke is a good house. It is owned by the C. P. R. Co., and ably

managed by a well-known caterer to the comfort of the travelling public through the mountains.

The day following our arrival, we ascended Mt. Mackenzie with two prospectors and camped for the night on a plateau, a thousand feet below the summit. It was Selkirk weather with a vengeance, and climbing through the wet brush and along slippery logs proved very trying and disagreeable. The summit is six thousand feet above the town of Revelstoke; we considered that we had done well to climb five thousand feet by one o'clock, and so set to work to make a comfortable camp.

It rained and snowed all the next day, but a huge fire in front of the tent made life endurable. The morning broke fine, though cloudy, and we decided to make the ascent in the hope of its clearing. A stiff climb over banks of snow, and up in the clouds to the top. There is an indescribable charm in climbing on snow, the more defined when the clouds are banked below and around you. It seems like fairyland, a complete isolation from everything earthly; and when, as in the present case, the stunted pines are hung with icicles, the erie feeling is much intensified. Arrived at the top, it was indeed fairyland; below, around, everywhere, white billows of cloud, tossing to and fro as on an ocean. Every now and then a break in some direction would disclose unfathomable depths—cliffs, crags, vistas of trees, farm houses, a town, (Revelstoke), a long straight streak, (the railway), snow-clad peaks and glistening glaciers; then, curiosity keenly aroused but unsatisfied, the billows would roll together and our straining eyes again gaze into vacancy.

On Sunday morning, a bright sunshiny day, we commenced the walk over the Selkirks, knapsack on back, with hearts light as feathers. Luncheon time found us beside a rushing mountain torrent, and devilled ham and pilot bread, washed down by ice-cold water, furnished a sumptuous meal. On again past snowy peaks, over rushing torrents and through giant pines; the scarred and ragged cliffs rising sheer, thousands of feet, from the mass of debris at their feet. It would have been bliss but for the endless monotonous track. Arrived at Albert

Canyon, some twenty-three miles from the start, we put up for the night. Such a put up! It took all the poetry out of the grand day.

Having passed some hours at the mercy of the wild beasts with which the "hotel,"—God save the mark!—was infested, we rose early and, shaking the dust off our feet, walked six miles to Illecillewaet for breakfast, where we obtained a very fair meal and regained our good humor. Soon after leaving Illecillewaet, the snow-sheds were entered, the pleasant gloom and damp coolness after the blinding glare and heat of the road-bed, added to the trickle of unseen running water, had a most soothing effect. On, past the extremely picturesque but deserted mining camp of Laurie; on, between dense timbered slopes, so eloquently described by Sir Sandford Fleming, crossing and re-crossing the Illecillewaet on every form of bridge, we at length reached Glacier House, having, alas for the sum of human resolutions, done the last five miles by freight train and so missed a close inspection of that triumph of engineering—the Loop. But, as a celebrated American humourist truly observes, "How can a man write poetry when he has the toothache," and we had been tramping ties all day. What a change! We found ourselves, suddenly, in the lap of luxury; white napery, attentive waiters, pretty flowers, hot baths, a smiling hostess, romantic surroundings, picturesque Swiss guides, soft beds and—oblivion. "*O tempora, O mores!*"

Next morning—a beautiful day—we rested. Lunch at 11 a.m. Then, with two of the guides, Edouard and Carlos, I ascended the great Illecillewaet Glacier and Mt. Lookout.

It was quite exciting as a first experience. We trudged easily up to the foot of the glacier through heavily-timbered woods and across the terminal moraine of piled rock, boulders and other debris; then up some snow slopes and so, on to the ice. Here the ground became treacherous and caution necessary. The guides stopped, adjusted their putties, looped a long rope around each waist, with a distance of twelve or fifteen feet between, lit their pipes, gripped firmly their ice-axes and proceeded onwards.

The danger lay in the crevasses—cracks reaching transversely across the glacier, varying in width from one to twenty feet or more, often without perceptible bottom. One moment you stood on the brink of a black gulf, lined by walls of blue ice, and away below in the darkness could hear rushing water; the next you were scaling a steep snow-slope and resting for breath at the top; an imperceptible streak on the crusted surface and Edouard would plunge his axe to the head in vacancy. Above the ice-fall the crevasses are often choked by snow, and on this account more dangerous. Arrived at the slopes of Mt. Lookout, the rope was discarded, but again adjusted on reaching the crags. An hour's climb, but little dangerous, brought us to the summit.

I freely confess the view surpassed anything I had yet seen. On all sides immense snow-fields and glaciers; valleys and gulches, thousands of feet below, dwarfed by the very immensity of the surroundings, seemed almost at hand; streams, like glistening silver threads, wound their way through masses of dark green timber, the roar of their cataracts rushed by the depths at which they flowed; above, snow-girt peaks and towering rock crags; while, capping them all, rose the sharp pyramid point of Sir Donald. Even as we looked at the great monolith, a rush of snow broke from near its top and thundered in a white cascade far down into the valley below. Woe betide the luckless adventurer caught in that rush. It did not look very great in the distance—probably two miles—but the roar that shortly came, reverberating among the peaks, spoke for its volume. The scene was awe inspiring and instructive. It was a memorial ground of great men, the living and the dead; Sir Donald (Lord Strathcona), Mt. Macdonald, Mt. Tupper, Hermit Mountain, the Swiss Peaks, Rogers Peak (after Major Rogers), Mt. Sultzner (in memory of the first ascent of the Swiss Peaks), Cheops, Mt. Abbott, Mt. Green, Mt. Bonney, Mt. Dawson, Mt. Deville, Mt. Swanzy, Mt. Macoun, all in grand and lasting array; Mt. Donkin and Mt. Fox (after well-known Alpine climbers, who lost their lives in the Caucasian mountains). It was a les-

son worth the learning, and one that remains indelibly impressed.

There is no time on these immortal summits. The sun rises and sets, the snow falls and melts, and the silent, gentle clouds wrap them in slumber, that's all—one moment of ecstasy and it was time to descend.

A descent is the reverse operation of that known as an ascent; and yet, the method is so different, that it deserves some slight description. For example: An inviting snow-slope reaching right down to the *névé*, or snow-field above the glacier, presents itself, tilted from the horizontal at an angle of sixty degrees. "Ha!" exclaims Edouard, "Dat make goot glissade." Instructions are given me to sit down on the snow and, at the word, let myself drop into space. I reflect that as we are roped together, it is no worse for me than for the others, so do as I am told. A little push from Edouard and I plunge into Carlos' back, or would have, had he been there, but he wasn't; instead, he was flying down the slope, apparently sitting on nothing, and I came flying after him. A warning call from Edouard, "Keep your feet up! Keep your feet up!" came too late; my feet caught in the snow, my ice axe stayed behind, a frantic effort to retain my equilibrium and I am careering down the incline, head first, at fifteen miles an hour. A whoop from Edouard as he digs his heels into the snow, plunges his ice-axe to the head, ditto Carlos, and everything is a whirl of flying snow, legs, arms, ice-axes, hats, caps and general anatomy; all of which, at length, becomes motionless, suspended by a rope around Edouard's waist, while on either side of the stoppage two moving streams of snow go sizzling by. Alpine climbers call this "*a glissade*." A full grown, properly matured glissade is devoid of several of the features that crowned my first attempt. A series of more successful efforts, some of which are accomplished standing up, take us to the bottom of the glacier. A short tramp over rocks and through deep pine and hemlock woods brings welcome recollections of awaiting supper. A refreshing bath and change of clothes adds zest, and a voracious appetite does the rest. Oh,

bliss! a pipe of fragrant tobacco and to dream it all over—and what a dream! Words fail me, but I no longer wonder that there are mountain climbers.

During my absence Paddy had not been idle. He had been teaching the remaining guides to throw the lariat, so that they might rope tourists who should be unfortunate enough to fall into a crevasse, and thus haul them out. In return he had learned to swear gently in Swiss. His cowboy hat was looped up at one side by a button made from the horn of the chamois—a *la Swiss guide*—and similar buttons were distributed over his attire. His general appearance was that of the hardy mountaineer, who had just completed a term at cow-punching.

The following morning we were up at 2.30 o'clock to do Sir Donald, the "Star Peak." Had breakfast in the "ordinary"; three guides in attendance; lunches galore; cold meats, bottled tea, oranges, not forgetting a small flask of Scotch, everything, in fact, that the most excellent of lady-managers could conceive as vital to the expedition: Mrs. Young is perfect at arrangements of this sort. We stepped outside to start; Edouard scanned the horizon; Karl shook his head; Carlos imitated "Br'er Rabbit" and said nothing, but looked wise. Finally, to my disgust, we went back to bed, having put the ascent off until the morrow. They said Sir Donald was dangerous at this season, and the weather looked ominous. The morrow never came. Three intentions were frustrated, and finally we shouldered our knapsacks and started East along the track for Beavermouth.

This day excelled all others. The forenoon's tramp lay over and through snow-sheds and snow-sheds and snow-sheds. Travelling on the train, one exclaims, "Drat the snow-sheds!" You get a peep and then are in darkness and smoke. On foot, you exchange the heated track and glare of the sun for the delightful damp coolness of the tunnel. What wonders of engineering they are! As the eye runs over the network of huge beams and girders, it comes in your mind, "Can all this combination of strength be required?" The answer is not far to seek. Immediately

upon leaving Glacier the path for half a mile lies along the top of the sheds. Here may be seen huge blocks of rock, weighing tons, upon and below the sheds. Imagine one of these striking the little cockle-shell yclept "an express train."

Glancing upward, the long lines of alder bushes, choked at their base by rock, earth, giant tree trunks and all manner of debris, readily explain the reason for the apparently enormous strength of the structures. Each shed is equipped with two or more hydrants, fire hose, telegraph and telephone communication, and a perfect system of water-works runs through them all. Indeed, as we passed, one was still smouldering from a recent fire, caused probably by a spark from some engine.

Down the Beaver river to Beavermouth, various items of deep interest present themselves, chiefly the Cascade near the mouth of Bear Creek, and some beautiful steel bridges spanning mountain torrents. One, that at Stony Creek, is three hundred feet above the torrent it overlooks. Standing to one side while a train is crossing, you marvel to think that a thing of such gossamer appearance could hold up the iron horse and its dependent trail.

Near Beavermouth the river is contracted by jutting crags until it passes through a gap, barely thirty feet wide. The rock strata are tilted nearly vertical, and the whole has the appearance of a gateway, which could, if necessary, be barred by dropping a stone slab in front of it; but what a slab it would take! As in the case of the avalanches, the forces of nature are not to be measured by the puny structures of man; and though they may, by the application of skill and science, be temporarily broken and saddled, or, to use a western ranching term, "be gentled," they are liable at any moment to break loose with a roar of indignant fury and sweep the flimsy structures out of existence. When this occurs, the havoc created can often never be repaired. The moment of fury exhausted, nature again assumes her smiling blandness, rubs her eyes and exclaims, "Dear me! what did I do? You brought it on yourselves, don't you know!"

Beavermouth, by supper-time, brought a delightful trip to an end.

Little has been said of the wonders of the actual summit and the route down Bear Creek; the great steeps and precipices of Mt. Macdonald, scarred and seamed in every direction by the paths of avalanches and rock-falls; the towering crags and pinnacles of Mt. Tupper, with the many surrounding snow-fields and glaciers; and of the deep, dark gorge followed by the railway, between the two. Description, at its best, is feeble and commonplace in the face of these great wonders of nature. You must be there to realize. If you have a holiday at your disposal, first read the work of Sir Sandford Fleming, mentioned above, and

the Rev. William Spotswood Green's "Among the Selkirk Glaciers"; then go and see for yourself. Attempt to picture this great factory of the world as they found it. Go farther, and picture it as seen for the first time by white men. Ail honor to men like David Thompson, Dr. Hector, Sir George Simpson, Walter Moberly and Major Rogers, who first entered these wilds in the interests of some of the greatest projects the world has known. It will be neither time nor energy wasted on your part, and you will be the more keenly alive to the great charm of the books referred to; for it is by the simple earnestness of men like these that the great wonder of it all is brought home to you.



The Stocking of Inland Waters with Black Bass.*

BY S. T. B.

(Concluded from the June issue.)

The most convenient way to distribute the fish, where there is a steamboat plying on the lake or waters to be stocked, we have found to be from a scow towed alongside a steamboat. Upon the scow are placed a sufficient number of tanks or barrels to conveniently hold the fish without crowding. Flat-bottomed boats, where these can be obtained, answer admirably. For carrying fish, ordinary washtubs (new, of course,) are considered much better than cans or pails, as more can be carried at a time. A few inches of water should be placed in the tub. In transferring the bass to the water, we place a dozen or so, as may be desired, in a tub and dump them quickly but carefully at suitable spots. This plan we find preferable to depositing with dip nets, as the fish are not so likely to become separated. We know the parental instinct is very strongly

developed in the bass, and why not the social habit and other domestic qualities also?

Discretion is, of course, exercised in regard to the waters which are being stocked. The department has been criticized somewhat for placing bass in a certain lake which at one time had been inhabited by speckled trout, on the ground that it should have been restocked with trout instead of bass, or the trout remaining therein given the protection which would have resulted in their increase in due time. The waters referred to are waters which are being extensively visited by holiday-makers. They were clamoring for fish. The residents desired that we stock with fish that would re-establish themselves in the shortest possible time, and afford sport during July and August. They said: "There may be trout in the lake, but we

* From the Fourth Annual Report of the Department of Fisheries of the Province of Ontario.

cannot get them ; we want a fish that will bite during July and August, otherwise people will not come here ; let us have bass." The council of the municipality unanimously appropriated a sum to assist in the work, realizing its importance, and bass were accordingly introduced.

Of course, we did not approve of putting bass into streams or small bodies of water which are inhabited by brook trout, or in waters where there would be a possibility, however remote, of restoring the trout fishing ; but in large bodies of water, several hundred acres in extent, in which the trout are practically exterminated, and which we wish to stock with the greatest possible expedition, I claim that bass are the proper fish. The opponents of bass may also be too apprehensive with regard to the effect on trout which the stocking of large bodies of water with bass will have. Henshall, in his "More About the Black Bass," says : "The black bass gets the best of other game fish, not by devouring the fishes themselves, but by devouring their food. For this reason, more than any other, they should not be introduced into the same waters with brook trout "

I should like to mention that I am acquainted with a gentleman who has a fishing preserve in Muskoka, in which he tells me he has trout and bass, and that they are thriving equally well : that the trout are not only holding their own, but are increasing rapidly. He showed me last season three trout taken in his preserve which measured $19\frac{3}{4}$, $19\frac{1}{2}$ and $18\frac{3}{4}$ inches respectively, the largest of which weighed three pounds. He had frequently, he said, opened bass to ascertain upon what they were feeding, and had never in a single instance found a trout. The food consisted principally of crawfish, minnows and perch, which abound in these waters. The preserve comprises three hundred acres. There are no screens to prevent the trout and bass from intermingling. I have also been told that in some of the lakes along the St. John Railway in Quebec bass and brook trout have naturally and always co-existed.

There are some who look with contempt upon the black bass as a game fish. Indeed, I remember hearing a delegate

at the Montreal meeting say that a man would not be seen going up a back street in his country with a string of bass. There are many, however, who consider the bass quite the peer of the brook trout. Henshall speaks of the salmon as a king, the brook trout as a courtier, and the black bass, "in his virescent cuirass and spring crest, as a doughty warrior whose prowess none can gainsay. He is plucky, game, brave and unyielding to the last when hooked. He has the arrowy rush and vigor of the trout, the untiring strength and bold leap of the salmon, while he has a system of fighting tactics peculiarly his own. He will rise as readily to the artificial fly as the salmon or the brook trout under the same conditions. I consider him, inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamiest fish that swims. The royal salmon and the lordly trout must yield the palm to a black bass of equal weight."

Parker Gilmore, an English authority, whose writings appear over the *nom de plume* of "Ubique," and whose statements on sporting subjects are received everywhere without question, has this to say of the black bass : "I fear it will be almost heresy to place the black bass on a par with the trout, but I am bold and will go further. I consider he is the superior of the two. He is equally as good as an article of food, is much stronger, and is untiring in his efforts to escape when hooked." Many other recognized authorities might be quoted to the same effect.

It is not, however, the purpose of this paper to discuss the relative merits of the trout and bass as game fish. I have myself been a bass fisherman for many years, and I have enjoyed to the full the exciting sport it has always afforded, for in our cold waters the bass are most active and vigorous. I have also whipped the far-famed Nipigon, which many have declared, and properly so, to be the finest trout stream in the world ; and I should not like to say that the black bass is the peer of the trout as found in the Nipigon. But I think I have supplied testimony sufficient to satisfy the most exacting sportsman that if the waters of Ontario are not being stocked with the gamiest of fresh water fishes, we are

introducing the next best, and certainly one which none can honestly despise, and the only one, I may say, which, under existing conditions, we are able to utilize, as the Government has at present no brook trout hatcheries, and no resources upon which we can draw for trout.

I shall not attempt either to discuss in detail what appear to me to be the relative advantages and disadvantages of stocking in the manner which we have been adopting, and that of pond culture and the introduction of the fry. Each, no doubt, has its advantages in some respects, and each its drawbacks. Indeed, I think that better results could be attained where practicable by a combination of the two. Especially would this be so in the case of small lakes and rivers, where a full carload would not be required, and to which a can of fry could be readily dispatched; and there are a great many such places in this province. The work could probably also be carried on to a later period. But it is gratifying to us to know that the success of transplanting the parent fish has been demonstrated wherever they have been introduced. As I have already intimated, lakes which were stocked some few years before a department was established, now afford excellent fishing; and those into which bass have since been introduced are said by our officers to be literally swarming with the young of these fish. But pond culture would appear to be yet in the experimental stage, judging by the reports of States which are propagating in that way, and I have, therefore, refrained from recommending any appropriation for the construction of ponds until the results of pond culture appear more certain. Michigan, I suppose, has more nearly solved the difficulty than any other State. But even from that State I have a communication in which the writer says he has for twenty years or more given the black bass considerable attention, and that the result of his own experiment, and what he can learn from others is, that he is not enthusiastic on the subject of raising black bass for stocking other waters, for many reasons, one of them being that a given number of adult fish will not

produce one-half as many fry in artificial ponds as in the wild state. They spawn too late in the season, in artificial ponds, to be of any use. The fry must be planted before they are properly weaned, or as soon as they begin to eat, as the young bass do not take kindly to liver or other artificial food, as in the case of brook trout. There are many other reasons equally good on which to base the statement that all that has been accomplished in the experiments is to demonstrate the necessity of giving the black bass the necessary protection during the spawning season. I firmly believe that Dame Nature has done about everything that can be done for the fish."

In lieu of the construction of ponds, I have thought of recommending the experiment of screening off small areas at appropriate points on the shores of lakes which we are desirous of stocking, and placing therein a few breeders. The fish would then spawn naturally, and without disturbance, the parent fish could be removed when desired, and the fry when old enough could swim out into the lake. The mesh of the screen could be fine enough to prevent the encroachment of other fish, and strong enough to withstand the force of the sea. The cost would be a mere bagatelle. At the end of the season, the screens could be packed away for use again. An almost unlimited number of pens could be so erected. I have never heard of the experiment being tried, and I should like to hear an expression of opinion as to the idea.

I do not know that I need relate to a gathering such as this the manifest benefits which will accrue to the whole community from having our inland waters well stocked with game fish. It goes without saying that every dollar spent in the work will be returned to the people manifold by the thousands of persons whom good fishing will attract.

The recently inaugurated work has been confined to those waters where tourists have congregated in largest numbers, and where the drain has been heaviest; but it may be extended until all our suitable waters are in a condition to afford the greatest amount of pleasure to the angler. This, of course, cannot



W. G. C. MANSON.

A well known British Columbia hunter and guide



"A BIG ONE."

Fraser River Indian with a tyhee or spring salmon he has just caught.

be accomplished without an active public sentiment to uphold the department in requiring a strict observance of our laws. To promote the creation of such a sentiment, we have encouraged the formation of anglers' associations, as it is believed that these may exercise a

potent influence in that direction. But our legislation prohibiting the taking of bass with nets, and their sale, will, no doubt, prove the most effective safeguard for their preservation. It has greatly removed the incentive to take the fish illegally.



Hiawatha Land.

BY I. M. SLUSSER.

If any one doubts the Indian's love of the beautiful in nature let him spend a month in these northern woods and waters. No one can go in and out among these shadowy channels with their everchanging, many tinted shores, now piled high in rocky grandeur and seamed by storm and frost; now creeping gently to the water's edge in deepest green; again offering a panorama of rocky hill and darkening glade to tempt the explorer; the whole hushed and silent as when "the morning stars sang together"; and not feel his whole being thrill with awe and adoration. Who shall say that the superior development of the Ojibways, their high sense of honor and the sacredness in which they hold all family relations is not due somewhat to the influence of the scenes of their chosen home. When nature spreads a picture of such surpassing beauty it should be easier to look up into the wide sky and say "Our Father."

Human nature has its practical side, if not its ideal, and Indian nature is no exception to the general law. There may be other places on this topsy-turvy earth where game is as plentiful, where lake and stream yield as fine bass and where the business of decoying this gamy fighting fish offers as much pure pleasure as does this region adjacent to Desbarats. If there are such the American Indian never found them, but having found this one he showed his good sense by staying there. Here is one place

where nature's supply has always been in excess of the demand. Here at Desbarats canoeists gather by clubs, and pairs and singles. For into this region a man may go alone, secure in his skill with paddle, hook and line. Never a lover of Cooper who has not mourned the disappearance of the age and condition that could produce a Hawkeye. Yet here is a land rivalling anything Cooper ever saw—and scarcely more than twenty-four hours ride from the great centres of commerce and civilization.

The Indian has put his stamp upon everything in this wonderful country. Push your canoe out into the water at Desbarats. Before you and near you, and just beyond you lie the Nipissing River and Lake, the Mississaga River and its chain of lakes, Timagami, Timiskaming, Monjamagosi, Obabika, Metabetchewan, and so on in a limitless musical line. All within reach of your canoe, and with just enough portages to give a balanced physical exercise. Think of a canoe trip of a hundred miles. A hundred, yes, twenty-five hundred miles have actually been travelled by the Hudson Bay officials. From Lake Huron to the Pacific, and from Lake Huron to the Atlantic have been often travelled by canoe. And the record is not yet closed. Ah! it is hard even to stop talking about it.

When the Ojibways became acquainted with the poem of Hiawatha it at once

became to them a kind of national anthem, a voice from the past, now precious because so faint and far away. So when the white man came among them with the proposal that they make Hiawatha their own, that they bring back to their people and their children something of the pride and glory of the old national life, they entered upon the undertaking with enthusiasm.

Without the help of their faithful white friend, however, they could have done very little. Many of their ancient customs and modes of dress had become but a faint memory in the minds of the oldest of their people. To restore perfectly these ancient customs agents went to Washington and made a most thorough and careful study of the Indian collection at the Smithsonian Institute. So that Hiawatha given by these Ojibway Indians is not only a display of the patriotism of the present generation, but a faithful picture of the dress and customs of a very remote past.

In the beautiful but little known "North Channel" of the St. Mary's River, "Pauwating," the Ojibways still call it, a spot was chosen for the enactment of a dramatized form of Hiawatha. Hither the daughters of the poet came, in 1900, to witness the first public effort of these children of the forest. A cottage was built for them on an island near by, which now is, and always will be, known as "Longfellow Island." Longfellow is the popular poet of the entire English-speaking race. Hiawatha Camp and Longfellow Island are on British soil. It is on the Canadian shore, not far from the little hamlet of Desbarats (pronounced Deborah), a point long known as "Kensington Point" has been christened "Hiawatha Camp." Here a lodge has been built for the accommodation of guests, and here the play is given. The Indian village occupies the near back ground.

About fifty feet from the shore a little island has been levelled and transformed into a stage. There is no retiring room, no curtains, nothing to mar the naturalness of an Indian camping ground "in the forest primeval." The shore opposite has been fitted up with rustic seats under a canvas canopy and makes a natural amphitheater so delightful that

to sit there amid the silence and expanse of primitive forest and rippling water seems like a dream of fairyland. Over many of the rustic seats big, handsome robes of moose, deer and bear, are thrown—the trophies gathered from many an eventful day by Mr. Armstrong, the manager, and his faithful ally Mr. Linklater, the famous moose hunter and genius of the Lodge.

Last year the play was given every day from July first until the first of September. When we were there in August, the playing seemed so enthusiastic, so wholly absorbing, that we remarked upon it and were told that it was always so.

"Never once has the interest seemed to flag," said the genial host and manager, "when the season opened they once played to an audience of three strangers, but every part was sustained as perfectly as you saw it to-day."

It hardly seems a play to the forty or fifty full blooded Ojibways who carry the parts, but rather the living of the old life over again. Indeed the play of Hiawatha occupies very much the same place in the minds of this ancient race that the Passion Play holds in the minds of the peasants of Oberammergau. And Hiawatha (or Desbarats) Camp may yet become the Oberammergau of America.

To attempt to describe the play seems both futile and presumptuous, and yet it is so wholesomely delightful, so inspiring, that one cannot help wishing to extend the knowledge of such a pleasure. Fortunately for the public the company is being managed by persons who are in thorough sympathy with the Indians.

When the play opens the stage is empty save a handsome wigwam at its western end. A slow, blue spiral of smoke curling upward from a high cliff near by is the first sign of life to the waiting audience. Soon from all sides the warriors begin to gather. Canoe after canoe cuts its way through the water; some come on foot and some on horseback, and the gathering throng glare at each other with menacing looks and actions as they wait expectantly to find out the meaning of the signal to gather together. Suddenly from a distance a voice rises in a slow, pleading melody, and the Great

Spirit is calling to them in Longfellow's beautiful words—

"O my children! my poor children
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life who made you."

They listen in wondering silence, and one after another drop their weapons and draw nearer together. At the words—

"Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,"

they with one accord step to the front of stage, and, stooping, wash together in the clear water that ripples along the edge of the platform. The peace-pipe is lighted by an old Indian who was born on the site of the city of Chicago when there was nothing but a trading post, tepees and "the dew and damp of meadows" to mark the spot, with flint and punk, as in the olden times, and the whole company sit in a circle and solemnly smoke the pipe of peace. The pipe used is one of great historical interest.

While the Indians smoke, old Nokomis appears at the door of the wigwam singing a lullaby to the infant Hiawatha swinging in his linden cradle. Nokomis is a fine character—strong, tender and motherly—and the melody she croons as she hangs over the sleeping babe seems like the breath of the night wind in its even cadence.

The Ojibway language is used throughout the play (Hiawatha has been translated into Ojibway) save when the Black Robe, the missionary, speaks to them. But an acquaintance with the poem enables one to easily follow the acting, and Mr. Armstrong sends an explanatory sentence occasionally from his megaphone.

Following the lullaby the child's grand-parents, Nokomis and Iagoo, teach the boy Hiawatha how to use the bow and arrow. The warriors are much interested and every lucky hit is greeted with loud cheers. Dancing is another important part of an Indian's education, and so skillful is the little fellow that the audience adds round after round of applause to the cheers of the braves. The drum which furnishes the time for all

the performance is said to have been used at Queenstown Heights in the war of 1812. A deer skin rattle—a bit of dried deer skin filled with pebbles—one of the oldest musical instruments on the American continent, and the slow chant of the singer who handles the drum completes the orchestra.

Great consternation is in the camp when Hiawatha announces his intention of seeking his father, Mudjekeewis. Not only Nokomis, but the old chiefs, seek to dissuade him. Putting them all aside, he steps into his canoe and, taking up his paddle, speeds swiftly out of sight.

In his absence the tribe pursue their various avocations quite unconsciously, polishing weapons, dressing skins, etc. To beguile the time Pau-Puk-Keewis is asked to sing his laughing song for them. Pau-Puk-Keewis is the only actor who is not an Ojibway. He is an Iroquois and a handsome specimen of perfect physical development. He has a voice that would be worth a fortune to any manager, and his acting is beyond criticism. But his laughing song is something that cannot be described. Long before he is through the audience is convulsed, and frantically calls for more.

In a small promontory to the left and some distance from the stage is the Land of the Dakotahs, the Falls of Minnehaha (a life-like canvas done in oil and partly hidden among the trees) and the tent of the old arrow maker. Hither Hiawatha comes, after being seen several times in the forest background, and lays the deer he has killed at the feet of the lovely Laughing Water. The acting here is unusually good. Hiawatha would be a handsome man anywhere. He is of the royal family of the Ojibway chiefs, and bears the marks of his high character in his face. Minnehaha is a pretty little Indian maiden, with a round, sweet face framed by heavy black braids of hair. She is richly dressed in embroidered deer-skins—the beautiful colors that the Ojibways have for ages used so effectively. With unconscious grace she brings "the bowls of basswood," and, dipping them in the clear water, offers refreshment to her guest. Then, entering the wigwam, she sits just within the door, while her father discusses with Hiawatha affairs of interest.

We felt from the first that there was a delicate touch of the reality in the lingering of the guest over his errand; the peculiarly confiding manner of Minnehaha.

"Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
I will follow you, my husband,"

we were not surprised therefore to learn that they were betrothed lovers. It was a pretty concession to the audience, that Hiawatha should lead his bride along the pebbly shore just before us, and they never failed to receive a hearty burst of applause.

The welcome which the Indians give to the returning Hiawatha and his bride is both noisy and enthusiastic. Nokomis has decked her wigwam with some very handsome pieces of Indian work, and the softest rugs are brought out in honor of the occasion. At once the festivities began. At once but without haste; nothing is done in haste. There is no stage manager, no cue is sounded, but one part follows another with the utmost ease and naturalness.

"Then the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the handsome,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them."

Indian dancing is at once the admiration and the despair of all who see it. The Ojibway foot is small, and they dance in their deer-skin moccasins. But their feet slip and glide in and out in the most difficult steps with an ease and lightness that scarce disturbs their lithe swaying bodies. Hold the feet close together and try to glide around a room keeping time to the measured *tap tap, tap tap, tap tap* of a drum, and see what kind of work it is. And yet Pau-Puk-Keewis, who weighs perhaps two hundred pounds, does this and many other equally difficult steps with apparently as much ease as did the little Hiawatha.

Following the Beggar's Dance are others shared by all the actors. Even old Nokomis, whose weight must be more than two hundred, and her husband, who is eighty-six years old, join the dances and keep step with the same even lightness.

Perhaps the Indians themselves are conscious of their skill in this pastime. Calling one day at the wigwam of Nokomis, who speaks very good English, I was invited within. Iago, who was busy putting the finishing touches to an arrow, presently took up his precious old drum and crooning the usual accompaniment began the *tap tap, tap tap*, which is the only system they ever use. Immediately his daughter took the floor and entertained me for five minutes in a most artistic manner.

The bridal dance, which Hiawatha and Minnehaha dance together, is very pretty and full of stately grace, and again we catch the same tender meaning in eye and hand.

Gambling, or games of chance, was ever a human weakness, and these ancient brethren of the forest seem to have had their fair share. "The cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis" seems at his best here, so much so that one cannot help a fear that this splendid creature might easily become a wreck—the victim of his own magnificent but misguided strength. Indeed the gambling scene in intensity and excitement may be said to be the climax of the play. The players kneel, facing each other upon the ground, and the juggling goes on by means of three moccasins, under one of which a stone is hidden. Pau-Puk-Keewis wins one after another of the handsome furs that are put up, and at last the boy, which his frenzied opponent reluctantly stakes. This is plainly an innovation which the warriors find it hard to permit, and they withdraw to discuss it in savage groups and with averted faces. Pau-Puk-Keewis meanwhile struts offensively up and down the stage, and presently fills the measure of his misdeeds to overflowing by frightening Minnehaha and old Nokomis into screams of terror. Not only Hiawatha, but all the warriors throw themselves into a mad scramble to catch the defiant fugitive,—and here the acting is very real. The Indian is thoroughly at home in a chase, particularly a canoe chase, and it may be doubted whether any other set of men could work so hard and make so little speed as these Ojibway warriors do in the next ten minutes. The water is thrown from their paddles in a white

spray that seems to drench them, and their frantic cries fairly rend the air. But the lone canoe outstrips their united efforts, and Pau-Puk-Keewis disappears among the trees. As the panting runners lash past the audience, the perspiration is seen streaming from their faces, the veins on their temples stand out full and knotted, and every nerve seems quivering in the intensity of their rage.

Pau-Puk-Keewis manages to show himself occasionally in most difficult places, always flinging back new shouts of defiance. At last he springs into full view at the very top of the cliff and throws back at his followers derisive peals of laughter. Again he disappears, and when the baffled warriors reach the spot he is seen changed into a beaver and making off from the shore below. It is a moment of intense excitement. Howls of rage roll down from the cliff, and the most daring of the pursuers leaps from the rock into the water—a sheer fall of more than thirty feet. A thrill of horror runs through the audience but in a moment he reappears and battles with the transformed monster. He kills Pau-Puk-Keewis in the form of the beaver.

Just how Pau-Puk-Keewis manages to appear next on the stage without so much as the turning of a feather is one of the mysteries. But he comes up serene and smiling, and Hiawatha forgives him and restores him to his place in the tribe.

The story telling of Iagoo, "He the marvellous story teller," is perfect proof of what can be conveyed by tone and manner. Ojibway is quite unintelligible to the average listener, yet there was no doubt of the largeness of the stories that were being told nor of the derision with which they were received. Credulity has never been a strongly marked quality of the Indian mind, but ridicule seems to be a highly developed trait.

When it is remembered that the drama of Hiawatha is not yet three years old, the wonder is not that anything should be lacking but that so much should have been done.

But it is impossible to give the full details of the play. Only one more scene can be touched upon,—the mystical departure of Hiawatha.

"In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple of the evening,
To the region of the west wind,
Of the north-west wind, Kee-way-din,
To the islands of the blest,
To the land of the hereafter."

Again his people gather around him to dissuade him. Very real is their sorrow. Dejection—almost despair—speak in every movement, every attitude. With face lifted to the glowing sky and hands outstretched in pleading prayer for his people, Hiawatha chants his farewell song. Mournfully it is taken up by the deep-voiced warriors as he steps into his canoe. From before him the water sweeps out in a wide silvery sheet that melts its way between the high shores of Campment d'Ours and Sapper Island. Breaking the long lines of light are two diminutive green isles buttressing their lengthening shadows before the western sun. St. Joseph Island lies along the horizon in the dim distance like a purple wall. This is what Hiawatha faces as he steps into his canoe; this is what the audience behind him faces; in all the glory of the waning summer afternoon. And then the singing, the solemn, tender, thrilling Indian melody, floating out over the water now from a score of deep voices, now that one lone voice speeding so mysteriously westward without touch of oar or breath of wind.

"And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness;
Burned the broad sky like a prairie;
Left upon the livid water
One long track and trail of splendor.
Down whose stream as down a river
Westward, Westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset;
Sailed into the purple vapors;
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And they said farewell forever,
Said farewell to Hiawatha."

It is impossible to describe the sublimity of this closing scene. The place seems cut off from all common things. The deepening shadows of the forest behind, the shining expanse of waters before, the lone figure standing stately and solemn in the swiftly speeding canoe. In the pauses of the music the sighing of the pine trees can be distinctly heard, as if a vast silence waited sound. The voice of the singer dies away in the distance, and the canoe

is finally hidden from our sight by distance.

Never had play such a setting. Never had actors such splendid distances, such a glorious background. The picture stamps itself indelibly upon the mind of every beholder, a perpetual memory, odorous with the unnamable fragrance of pine and cedar and balsam, and shelving rock and shimmering water.

The melodies which the Indians sing are unlike anything known to the musical world. Mr. Frederic Burton, author and musical composer, has been studying their music for some time, and he says that, judged by the highest standards, Ojibway music must be admitted to a place among the classics. Some of their melodies he has harmonized and more of them will be. No doubt they will be sung by the finest

voices on the platform. But nothing can equal the effect of this chorus of untrained children of the forest in this farewell song. Perhaps it is the air here that gives the peculiar resonance, but their voices are carried out over the water with all the sweetness of deep toned bells.

The play of *Hiawatha* received a very liberal patronage during the season just past. In fact it may be considered a permanent feature of the Ojibway summer encampment, which for years, —nay for centuries—has gathered about the Lake Huron region in the neighborhood of Sault St. Marie. As there is and ever will be only one *Passion Play* and one *Oberammergau*, so there is and can only be one play of *Hiawatha*; that given by his friends and kindred in the land they love.



Terriers and Collies.

BY D. TAYLOR.

Strange are the whims of dog fanciers, but stranger still are the vagaries of fashion, which, as in everything else, dominates at intervals the popularity of certain breeds. One day it is the noble-looking Great Dane stepping in lordly style by the side of an aristocratic dame; the next it is the dainty little spaniel being led with a chain of gaily colored ribbon by his fond and admiring mistress. It is a true saying that "every dog has his day," yet there are certain breeds which seem to retain their popularity amid all the changes of fashion. What, for instance, so dear to the heart of an Englishman as the fox terrier? It is found with him wherever he goes,—whether on the burning veldt of South Africa or on the fertile plains of Manitoba, he is the faithful and loving companion of all his master's wanderings. The Irishman, again, dotes on the Irish terrier, which has all the best characteristics of the race—courageous, kind and true, withal a born fighter and willing to tackle anything, no matter what the odds against him. On the other hand the Scotchman's affections waver be-

tween the collie and the Scottish terrier, with the balance in favor of the former. The latter is, perhaps, a too faithful reflex of the recognized type of Scottish character—rugged and dour, but brave and dogged to the bitter end—to be altogether pleasing. But the little "die-hard" has qualities above all others which endear him to his master, and these are his sterling honesty and undying devotion. No matter whether the "commons" are long or short, he is always the same—steady, reliable, true and affectionate.

At one time the collie was reputed uncertain of temper and altogether unfitted for domestic life, but he has lived down that reputation, and for many years past has been a great favorite with all classes. The theory entertained by good authorities that the original domestic dog was a sheep-dog is quite plausible; but the shepherd's ally in early times must have been a very different dog from the sheep-dogs of the present day. Having duties of a different kind to discharge, in the way of coping with wild animals, they were

probably larger and fiercer, but in all probability less intelligent. There can be no doubt that, for breadth of intelligence, the collies, rough-coated or smooth, and the old English bobtail, are superior to any other breed. The poodle, for instance, displays greater aptitude for learning tricks, but for sound, practical common sense these dogs easily stand first. Their mental powers have no doubt developed from their intimate association with men in whose special craft the dogs are continuously employed. Under favorable influences the collie is a dog of high principle, but is, unfortunately, not more proof against evil communications than other dogs or—men. If led from the paths of rectitude to taste the joys of sheepworrying, the collie, by reason of his extraordinary sagacity, wreaks greater havoc among a flock of sheep than other dogs, and his cunning makes him much harder to detect. This extraordinary sagacity of the breed has also not infrequently been taken advantage of by men whose conception of the ownership of property was of a negative kind. In the good old days when sheep-stealing met with "short shrift and a long rope" numerous instances are recorded where the collie, unaided and unaccompanied, would enter a flock of sheep, detach a few of the best from the flock and drive them to a spot miles away from the scene of the depredation, where he would be met by his unscrupulous master and the result of the raid taken to the nearest market town to be sold. Though naturally honest he was thus made, through devotion to his master, a participator in a dishonest act, the consequences of which, sad to relate, often resulted in his own destruction.

It is only within recent years that the rough-coated collie has become a fashionable pet, and he owes his social distinction to his good looks, for his smooth-haired brother, not one whit his inferior in intelligence, has not shared his good fortune. The collie is not quite so demonstrative as many dogs, but his beauty and intelligence atone for the lack of extravagant display of affection. Since he came into the fashion very high prices are reported as having been paid

for the ownership of dogs which have won distinction on the show bench. In some cases these fancy prices must be taken with a grain of salt, but still there are several well authenticated instances of large amounts being paid. Mr. Pierpont Morgan at one time gave \$7,000 for two, namely, Rufford Ormonde and Sefton Hero. Mr. Megson, of Manchester, England, gave £350 stg. for Caractus when a nine-months' old puppy, and an American fancier, Mr. Mitchell Harrison, is said to have given Mr. T. Stretch £700 cash and two dogs valued at £150 each for Christopher.

The old English sheep-dog (or bobtail) is a totally different breed from the collie, and he holds the same rank in the southern counties of England that the collie does in Scotland. The drover's dog, as he is often called, is a dog of high antiquity and his wonderful intelligence affords another proof of the influence of hereditary occupation. Some authorities claim that this was the dog to whom the herdsmen entrusted the care of their flocks when the "tight little island" was principally primeval forest and "infested with wolves, bears and the lesser carnivora." However that may be, the modern bobtail is both staunch and courageous; he is not by any means a decorative animal, having the appearance when in full coat of an animated doormat, but his intrinsic merits are fully equal to those of the collie. The authorities are opposed concerning the peculiarity which gives this dog its name, some holding that the young were born without the caudal appendage, others insisting that the docked tail was thrust upon them. That the tails of dogs were cropped close under the cruel forest laws which at one time prevailed there seems little doubt, as a tailless dog is at great disadvantage in turning at speed when pursuing game; but, old as is the breed, the progeny of the bobtail are not invariably born without tails. Had the peculiarity been intermittent the difference of opinion in regard to cause could hardly have existed. The breed is only beginning to be seen in America, but as its qualities as worker and companion become known it will be better appreciated.

Our Horse Show.

BY C. J. A.

Horse Show week, with all its glamor and excitement, is ended, and every event, from the trial between the hunters to the children's little pony carts—in which failure to take a ribbon resulted in a flood of tears, was keenly contested and called forth deep interest.

The weather of this unusually beautiful spring was charming during the whole six days, and the number of those attending, although not as large as might have been desired, was uniform and fashionable.

There was the expected display of the perfection of the milliner's art, the choicest samples of exquisite tailoring, and the bewildering combinations of silk, lace, chiffon and sequins which go to make that charming mystery pronounced by reporters of the society columns—"a smart gown." The front seats of the boxes were filled with beautifully attired women, the brilliant effect being accentuated by the background of well-dressed men, forming rows of the strictly correct top hat. In some of the exhibitions the *tout ensemble* was highly picturesque, more especially in those where hunt costume was *en rigueur*.

To the lover of horses there is an intense gratification in being able to witness a gathering together of the best specimens the country affords, and a positive delight in following them around the ring, as they show themselves off to the best of their power, whether in harness or the saddle. Even to those who do not profess to have any special judgment of horseflesh, except in so far as it pleases the eye, an enthusiasm is awakened by the grace and excellence of the performers. It is evident that this is the case more especially where the exhibitors are local, as, even though personally unknown to the spectator, a certain pride is felt by him in seeing the cups and prizes won by citizens of our own city or province.

There is in human nature an innate love for trials of skill and excellence which calls for gratification, and in pro-

viding lawful means to this end a laudable object is attained. There have been times when unless blood was shed and human or animal life jeopardized, or even sacrificed, the popular taste was not satisfied, but ours is a different era, and, although in some countries, such as Spain and Mexico, there is still a remnant of this morbid desire, we happily do not share in the wish for this kind of sport. It is probable that there never has been a time when the culture of physical development was more universally understood and practised than in the present, and the public taste is therefore keenly alive to its desirability both in man and animals.

The horse is capable of arousing feelings of the most intense regard and admiration by his attractive qualities,—his intelligence, docility, sagacity, beauty of form, color and a certain companionship which man finds in him. Every man is not so fortunately circumstanced as to be the possessor of the animal himself, but there are few, if any, who do not look with pleasure at his performances. It is an enjoyment which the Horse Show offers to all, rich and poor alike, and is one of the few entertainments where both extremes of society can meet on equal terms. True, there are distinctions even here; there is the elegantly attired holder of the costly box and the man in the twenty-five cent gallery; but pleasure fortunately is not measured by what it costs, so that the enjoyment to the one in no wise surpasses that of the other.

The prophets of evil who predicted that motor locomotion meant the extinction of the horse's use and desirability find that their prognostications have proved as unfounded as the star-gazer who periodically promises us a comet that is going to restore us to the original atom. There never was a time when so much care and money were lavished on his culture and development as at the present day, and so much of the labor once borne on his willing back being now

IN THE SELKIRKS,
This range is heavily timbered and an exploring party has to do a lot of trail cutting to get through.





BISHOP'S RANGE.

One of the wildest scenes in the Scarpss. Photo by Mr. A. O. Wheeler.

performed by machinery results in his being kept for better purposes than mere drudgery, and the more this is attained the more opportunity is there for his development along the most desirable lines.

While the annual Horse Shows are growing in favor, there are a few conditions evolving which perhaps it would be well for their management to consider. It can be asserted with safety and certainty that the amateur performance always awakens a keener interest than those partaking of a professional character, and, while the good performance and appearance of an exhibiting animal is worthy of appreciation under any circumstances, there is a growing desire all over the country that the strictly professional and amateur ex-

hibits should not come into immediate competition.

If there were champion classes for those who have already won their spurs, and others purely amateur, it would result in greatly increasing the number of entries and stimulating local interest, which must not be allowed to flag.

Another matter which our own Montreal committee should consider is, that were the Arena open for ten days or two weeks before the exhibition, for the use of intending exhibitors, as in former years, it would result in more confidence among them and consequently better results. The judging was unquestionably the best that has been seen at any horse show in Montreal, and gave more universal satisfaction than in any preceding year.



In Old Ontario.

BY 'CHATHAM.'

The Canadian Pacific Railway, between London and the Detroit River, runs through a level country, yet one rich in game, and in the fall season, when the close season for quail is off, a hunter's paradise. Of the larger game the fox is the only representative left, and many a day's sport can be had during the fall and winter chasing Reynard. The game, however, to be relied on is quail. These birds afford the best sport of any of the feathered tribes.

The clearing of the land and cultivation of the farms have tended to an increase in the numbers of quail and rabbits. The former find the food they need in the cornfields, in the stubble fields and in the weeds that grow in summer fallow, and in sections that have been cleared but not cultivated. The grouse, too, is plentiful in the slashings south-west of Chatham, along the Lake Erie Division of the Pere Marquette, and north of Chatham in the vicinity of Wallaceburg and Dresden.

Quail are plentiful in all the western counties, namely, Essex, Kent, Lamb-

ton, Middlesex and Elgin. In Essex and Kent they can always be found in sufficient numbers to afford excellent sport. In these two counties they are wonderfully prolific, and eastern sportsmen think nothing of coming to Chatham for a few days and bagging 100 quail. Fair sport can always be had at almost any point more than thirty miles west of London. The dogs frequently point woodcock and grouse while the enthusiast is beating the coverts in pursuit of a bevy of quail he has flushed; while rabbits are exceedingly plentiful, and every quail-hunter expects to shoot more in a day than he is either willing or able to carry home.

Chatham is a good central point for the quail-hunter to locate. From this city he can reach the coverts of the quail by driving eight or nine miles or by rail. Accommodation can be secured at country hotels or at farm houses.

The law forbidding the sale of quail has been in force some years, and has done much in increasing the numbers of the quail. From Chatham the Lake

Erie Division of the Pere Marquette affords transportation to Eriean, on Rond Eau Harbor, where two hotels, the Lake View House and The Bungalow, afford splendid accommodation during the fishing and duck-hunting seasons. Rondeau Harbor was once the greatest resort for ducks in the country. The Eau and surrounding marshes are still the home of thousands of ducks in the fall, but they are wild; still, on good duck days, splendid bags can yet be made. There are plenty of quail in the neighborhood, too, and good plover and curlew shooting along the bar. The fishing at the Eau during the summer months is variable, but the finest black bass in Ontario are taken. The black bass of Eriean are famed amongst sportsmen for their size and gameness. In weight they range from four to six pounds, and a string of a dozen of these black beauties is considered a fair day's catch. Both large and small mouthed bass, pike, pickerel and maskinonge are secured. Taken altogether, Eriean is one of the best points for a holiday with rod and gun.

Below Chatham are the Lake St. Clair marshes, so frequently referred to by "Frank Forrester" in his works on shooting, but more appropriately dubbed the duck-hunter's paradise. These marshes and muddy plains are famous snipe grounds, and they can still support their name. Both in spring and fall, but more particularly the spring, wild geese stop here for a few weeks when on their way north, and the members of the many club houses that dot

the marshes have a try for a wild goose, and their success varies. Woodcock are frequently found in the wet cornfields that border the marsh, and, later in the season, in the dry thickets of the uplands, where the quail winter. Rabbits are everywhere. Good bags of snipe, quail, rabbit and ducks are made by one gun in a couple of days. Plover are always numerous, especially in the bright October days. About the mouth of the Thames and its adjacent creeks and marshes, and upon the St. Clair Flats are any number of ducks. The finest portions of these marshes are strictly preserved. Several splendid club houses have been erected on the preserves, and those who so desire may very often buy shares, and thus get fine shooting with every comfort. If the sportsman has good dogs, he can have an entire day of sport tending to the duck in early morning and in the evening, and the quail during the middle of the day. Fishing, both trolling and spinning with minnow or artificial bait, in and about Jeannette's Creek and Baptist Creek, and from the piers, at the mouth of the Thames, is good, the catch including black, rock and speckled bass, pike, pickerel and perch. This point is reached by steamer from Chatham, and you can camp upon the beach or find accommodation at the light-house.

At Mitchell's Bay, on Lake St. Clair, reached from Chatham by stage, there are two licensed hotels, good fishing, duck and quail shooting, and any amount of opportunities for a splendid outing.



"Many people are unaware that a forest reserve has been made in the Counties of Addington and Hastings, in Eastern Ontario, which is best reached from Kaladar, Mountain Grove and Sharbot Lake stations on the Canadian Pacific Ry., and Lavant station on the Kingston & Pembroke Ry. It is in a virgin state, having been fished and shot over very little. In his annual report Mr. Thomas Southworth, Director of Forests for the Ontario Government,

says: 'This reserve contains eighty thousand acres. It is full of game, including ducks and partridges, while in many of the lakes contained within its boundary the fishing is also excellent.' Sharbot Lake has a fair hotel and Lavant also has a hotel. At Kaladar arrangements may be made for teams to drive inland to Dr Price's hotel on Massanaga Lake, near where there is said to be fishing for trout—brook, speckled and lake."

Doubtful Wisdom.

BY "FANCIER."

At the recent meeting of the American Kennel Club (or was it the Executive only?) a very important change was decided upon in regard to the rating of shows for points towards championship honors. Hitherto the method has been to allow points according to the actual number of dogs entered, not including local classes, namely, 1,250 dogs or over, five points; 750 dogs and under 1,250, four points; 500 dogs and under 750, three points; 250 dogs and under 500, two points; under 250 dogs, one point. This, so far as we know, has worked very satisfactorily, and was certainly an inducement to breeders seeking championship honors for their dogs to send entries to small shows even if only one point was to be gained. It also had a tendency to encourage the formation of kennel clubs in cities and towns where circumstances were against giving large sums as prize money. We have an instance of this in the case of Montreal, where two very successful shows have been held under A. K. C. rules with little or no prize money offered, except in the open classes, and yet the fact of it being possible to make three points towards a champion record was sufficient inducement for breeders and fanciers at a distance to enter their dogs. What effect the new rule will have upon the future of Montreal shows time alone will determine, but it appears to us that, if the Canine Association desire to have American dogs entered it will have to offer greater inducements than it has hitherto done, which means that the members must go deeper down into their pockets.

The new system of rating which, according to the resolution carried at the meeting, goes into effect August 1st, 1903, provides: "That at shows giving at least \$2,000 prize money in regular classes the rating shall be one point; at

shows giving at least \$2,500 the rating shall be two points; at shows giving at least \$3,000 the rating shall be three points; at shows giving at least \$4,000 the rating shall be four points, at shows giving at least \$5,000 the rating shall be five points." It will be readily understood by those who have had any experience in the running of dog shows how difficult a matter it is to secure the necessary guarantee fund for even a ribbon show in a city like Montreal, where those who take an interest in canine matters are mostly men to whom a ten or twenty dollar bill means something, and who cannot therefore be expected to assume risks in providing for the general public an exhibition that in many respects is of great educational value. What will it be then when the promoters have to guarantee \$2,000 in prize money before they can even get a one point show? It means that the class of people who are able to put up the money to guarantee this and other necessary expenses have not yet been enrolled in the Montreal fancy, and it also means a death blow to a great many small shows scattered through the different states of the Union. It looks much as if a few members of the A. K. C. desired to "corner" the dog show business, as the new rule is obviously in favor of such wealthy concerns as the Westminster Kennel Club and the Ladies' Kennel Club.

But the worst feature of the business is the suddenness with which the question was raised and the undue haste with which the motion was carried through. The question ought to have been submitted to the affiliated clubs and a reasonable time allowed to obtain an expression of their opinion, but in spite of an appeal for delay the mover insisted upon a vote being taken at once and it was rushed through with two only dissenting.



Canadian Forests and Forestry.*

BY MR. E. STEWART.**

Let us consider for a moment the tree itself and the manner of its growth. Dr. Fernow says: "Plants are made of various tissues and these are formed of cells. The material of which the cells are composed is largely carbon. This carbon is derived from the carbon dioxide of the air, which enters into the leaves and, under the action of light, air and water, is there decomposed; the oxygen is given off and the carbon is retained and, combined with water from the roots, forms starch, sugar, gum and other plant foods." Of the water thus taken up only a small part—less than one per cent.—is retained in the tree. The remainder is exhaled into the atmosphere, which is thus rendered more humid, this purpose, as well as the upbuilding of the tree, being served by the same process.

This is one of the great methods of distribution of moisture, second only to the evaporation and precipitation which in the tireless round of nature are drawing up the waters of the great oceans and carrying them over the land to descend as rain, hail, snow, etc. The greatest evaporation and precipitation will be where the largest bodies of water are situated. A good illustration of this is afforded by the large rainfall of the east and west coasts of this continent and also in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes, and the very light annual precipitation on the great plains of the interior, where summer droughts are constantly feared and where in many cases irrigation is necessary to plant growth. The precipitation is greater on mountains than on the low-lying land in the vicinity.

What object has nature in this process culminating in the deposition of moisture in great quantities at a high elevation? The evident object was to supply the great valleys with an even and perpetual flow of moisture, and, in order to do this, and prevent disastrous torrents at one time and droughts at another, she

weaves a network by means of the forests that in a natural state always grow on the mountain sides, by which a natural reservoir is produced just as we construct artificial reservoirs for our water in towns and cities.

In the forest the shade and consequent lower temperature and the absence of strong air currents retard evaporation, and the absorbing qualities of the forest floor are much greater, while the water is carried along the roots down deep into the soil. In this way a great natural reservoir is formed, whose outlets are the thousands of perennial springs and brooklets that evenly and continuously go to feed the larger streams and then again the great rivers of the country. Now consider the effect if this timber is removed. There is perhaps not much difference in the quality of water precipitated, but, instead of being absorbed as before, the greater part of it, being obstructed in its course, rushes down the mountain side in torrents, disastrous floods follow, often carrying away bridges and inundating fertile low-lying valleys, and carrying away alluvial soil down to the mouths of the streams, where it is deposited in great bars, there impeding navigation and annually entailing large sums of money in removing it.

As an example of the result of deforestation, take a large portion of Europe bordering on the Mediterranean in Spain, Italy and Greece, as well as large tracts in Northern Africa and in Asia Minor, where in the Middle Ages were to be found fruitful valleys and the homes of a prosperous rural population, but which to-day is almost a desert, where the inhabitants are reduced to beggary by the drying up of the country consequent on the denudation of the forest on the mountain sides.

In the United States and Canada the same forces are at work. The changes in this respect within recent years in the older provinces is very marked. The

* Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

** Summary of an address delivered by Mr. E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry, at the city of Quebec.

breaking up of the ice in spring causes great anxiety every year to those living along such streams in Ontario as the Thames, the Grand and the Moir, etc., and the great floods occurring annually in Pennsylvania are directly attributable to the clearing away of the forest in that mountainous region.

There is nothing that demands greater public attention at the present day than a wise policy regarding the preservation of a fair percentage of forest in the country, and especially at the sources and along the upper valleys of our rivers. Not one day should be lost by the provinces, as well as the Dominion, in setting aside timber reserves where necessary for this purpose and withholding from settlement the territory within their limits. This does not mean that lumbering operations should be prohibited, but that the forest should be maintained.

In this connection I would like to make a suggestion to the governments of the several provinces and to that of the Dominion as well, that in all future patents from the Crown of timbered land a stipulation or proviso should be inserted that at least ten per cent. of the area conveyed should be left in the forest, that the timber growing thereon should be the property of the owner of the land, but to be cut only under the direction and supervision of the Government.

Immigration is increasing and settlers should be directed to the land suitable for agricultural purposes, while those fitted only for timber growth should be retained in forest. This applies with special force to the sparsely-timbered lands of Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The husbandman of the plains no longer fears the summer frost half as much as he does the summer drought. The Riding Mountains, set apart as a timber reserve, form a great watershed and reservoir for Manitoba. Denude these mountains of their timber and the result would assuredly be disastrous to one of the most fertile sections of the North-West. The Assiniboine would be a raging flood for a few weeks in the spring, and after that—not a deluge, but a water famine would ensue. The springs, brooklets and wells would fail and we would no longer, as at present, look with confidence year after year

to the great Portage plains, and other districts as well, to produce rich harvests of golden grains. The east slope of the Rocky Mountains is not less important, and on the preservation of the forest in this case no less depends the wealth and fruitfulness of the great District of Alberta.

Neither the use of other material for structural work or for fuel has decreased the demand for wood. The manufacture of pulp and cellulose alone is now consuming immense quantities of spruce and other woods. The position of Canada in relation to the world's supply of timber is thus stated by Dr. John Nisbet, a high English authority:—

“It is a fact that, in the northern hemisphere, Canada is rapidly becoming the only country which can afford to export timber. The other countries which possess it in excess of their manufacturing requirements are Russia, Norway and Sweden. . . . The forests of Russia may for the present be regarded as commercially inaccessible. Norway and Sweden, which do export timber, are hardly able to support the deficiency of Germany. All other nations requiring timber of the sorts grown in the northern hemisphere must look to Canada for their supply.”

Dr. Schlich, one of the best authorities in the world on the same subject, says: “The great standby for coniferous timber will be Canada, if the Government does not lose time in introducing a rational management of her forests.”

I fear that the duty of the Government in regard to the management of national resources such as those of the forest is not realized to its fullest extent in this country. The wise forester is not one who desires to prohibit the cutting of timber, but it is in the interests both of the country and the lumbermen that this should be done on rational methods, and, above all, that the young growth should be preserved for future use. Of all the enemies that our forests have to contend with, the forest fire is the most destructive, for it kills both the mature timber and the young growth as well. It would be impossible to estimate the enormous loss that Canada has sustained from this cause, which might have been to a very great extent prevented by a system of

forest patrol and guardianship, such as is now being to a certain extent put in practice.

Of the many gifts bestowed by nature on the North American continent, that of the forests stands foremost. By wise methods, following the example set by

European countries, by India and more recently by the United States, Canada may preserve and utilize this great resource, while still increasing its value and productiveness and it is time that the question should be given its due share of the consideration of the public.



Forest Fires.*

The forest fires which have been so numerous during the months of April and May, and which have caused such great losses in timber and settlers' effects, certainly should demand some consideration to see whether any further measures can be taken to prevent their occurrence. No one will attempt to argue that fires are absolutely preventible in such a season of drought as has just been experienced but that their prevalence and destructiveness is due largely to the carelessness and indifference with which they are regarded in their initial stages cannot be doubted. When the fires became threatening they were fought desperately but often with little success and, as a last resort, prayers were offered for rain. The rain certainly came and the fires have been brought under control, but this will not repair the damage done nor replace the settlers who have lost their all in the position of comfort which they occupied before the advent of the fires. The fires, so far as reported, did not occur in uninhabited districts, and the losses to settlers have been mainly in organized municipalities and have been the result of fires started by other settlers for the purpose of clearing land. The American and the Canadian settlers have a poor reputation in this respect compared with colonists from Europe, and the fact that during such dry weather as has recently been experienced fires were set out by some in utter indifference as to the safety of the life and property of others, shows that, either by moral suasion or by stronger

measures, it is desirable that the necessity for greater care should be impressed and that means should be taken to restrain the criminally careless.

If those who speak with authority and influence as preachers or teachers, or in the public press, would urge upon those to whom they so address themselves the necessity for care in the handling of fire at a time when everything is dry and inflammable, much of the after efforts to relieve distress might be dispensed with. In the midst of a dry season, such as has just terminated, the setting out of a fire was nothing less than criminal. But even in a season when the conditions are not so extreme there does not seem to be any valid reason why a fire strip of sufficient extent to ensure safety should not first be thoroughly cleared around the brush heap to be fired. It would involve more labor, but such is the price of safety.

Inasmuch as May, and even April, proved themselves dangerous months for starting fires, it would seem advisable that the restriction on fires started for clearing purposes should begin at the 1st May. This is the regulation in Fire District No. 1 in the Province of Quebec and the Superintendent of District No. 2 has recommended that a similar provision should be made for his district, in which the prohibition now dates from the 15th June. A similar recommendation is made in the report prepared by the Forestry Commissioner.

The fire ranging staff is on the whole efficient, but the districts which some of

* Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

the rangers have to inspect are so large as to preclude any possibility of their doing effective work, and provision for a service which will be fully adequate should be made as speedily as possible.

It seems strange that the municipalities in which these disastrous fires occur do not take some steps to deal with the question. It is surely the duty of the council of a municipality to take an interest in the prevention of the destruction of life and property, and to see that the careless action of a few do not endanger others. An Act of the Province of Ontario, passed in the year 1889, provides that the council of a township may, on the petition of one-third of its ratepayers at its first meeting in any year, appoint by by-law not less than two resident freeholders for each polling subdivision to carry out the provisions of the Act, the persons appointed to be known as fire guardians and to hold office until the appointment of their successors. No person is permitted to set

out or to set fire to any brush heap or other combustible material in any field, clearance or place in such township, where the same would be likely to spread, between the 1st July and the 1st October in any year, without first having obtained leave in writing from one of the fire guardians. Such leave cannot be pleaded as an extermination of carelessness, but the absence of such permission shall, in any action, be deemed prima facie evidence of negligence. On application being made to the fire guardians they are required to examine the place and adjoining property, and either give or refuse the privilege asked for as in their judgment the safety of such adjoining property demanded. Very few municipalities have, however, taken advantage of this Act.

There is room for municipal action, and a provision such as that arranged for by the above cited Act would probably be welcomed by those who have suffered financially and otherwise by the carelessness of others.



The Mossy or Overcup Oak.*

Of the oaks the most commonly distributed in Canada is the Mossy or Overcup Oak, being found as far east as New Brunswick and westward, extending through Manitoba and even into Assiniboia. The oaks of Canada are not of the same species as those of Great Britain, from which were formed those wooden walls which through many years of stirring history were the bulwark of the nation's safety, and whose fame is enshrined in many a song and story. *Quercus pedunculata*, the tree having its fruit on peduncles or stems is the most useful and valuable of the British oaks, and the other species is known as *Quercus sessiliflora*, the acorns being without stalks or sessile. The Canadian oak mentioned obtains its common name from the fact that the rough thick cup is

fringed with a border of mossy points on the edge of the upper row of scales, and that it covers the greater part, and sometimes even the whole of the acorn. It is sometimes also known as the Bur Oak.

The scientific name is *Quercus macrocarpa*, the former being the classical Latin name for the oak, while the latter is a compound of *makros*, large, and *carpos*, a seed, in allusion to its large fruit. This genus belongs to the class of trees which produce inconspicuous flowers, the sterile being in slender green catkins and the fertile or fruiting flowers solitary or clustered, and appearing in spring, and its fruit, the acorn, is the chief distinguishing feature which differentiates it from all others. The species *macrocarpa* is of the class known as White Oaks, from the light color of their

* Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

wood. The twigs are winged or margined. The leaves are large, often on young trees attaining a foot in length, and are broad and rounded at the outer end, narrowing toward the base, with the margin deeply lobed or broadly sinuate. The lobes are in no case sharp or bristle-pointed, this being a characteristic of what are called the Black or Red Oaks. This is not, however, *the* White Oak of Ontario, although in some localities it bears that designation and is also sometimes known as the Blue Oak. The wood is heavy, hard, tough, and is the most durable of any oak when in contact with the soil, making it useful for piles, railway ties, &c. Its height varies from where in the West it is known popularly as "scrub oak" to locations in the East

where it will average about seventy-five feet, and it has reached even to twice that height.

This oak is remarkable as the only one whose adaptability is sufficient to enable it to flourish in Manitoba, but there it grows quite freely in all parts of the plains, some of the old trees reaching a diameter of three feet, while the forest was in many places largely composed of oak of eighteen inches in diameter. These trees were quite a source of revenue to the early settlers, being disposed of at prices up to fifteen cents a running foot, and there was then no fear of the timber inspector before their eyes. This timber was used for piling and bridge timber in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



Climbing Sulphur.

BY R. J. BURDE.

The first mountain climbing party of this season started a few mornings ago for the snow-covered summit of Sulphur.

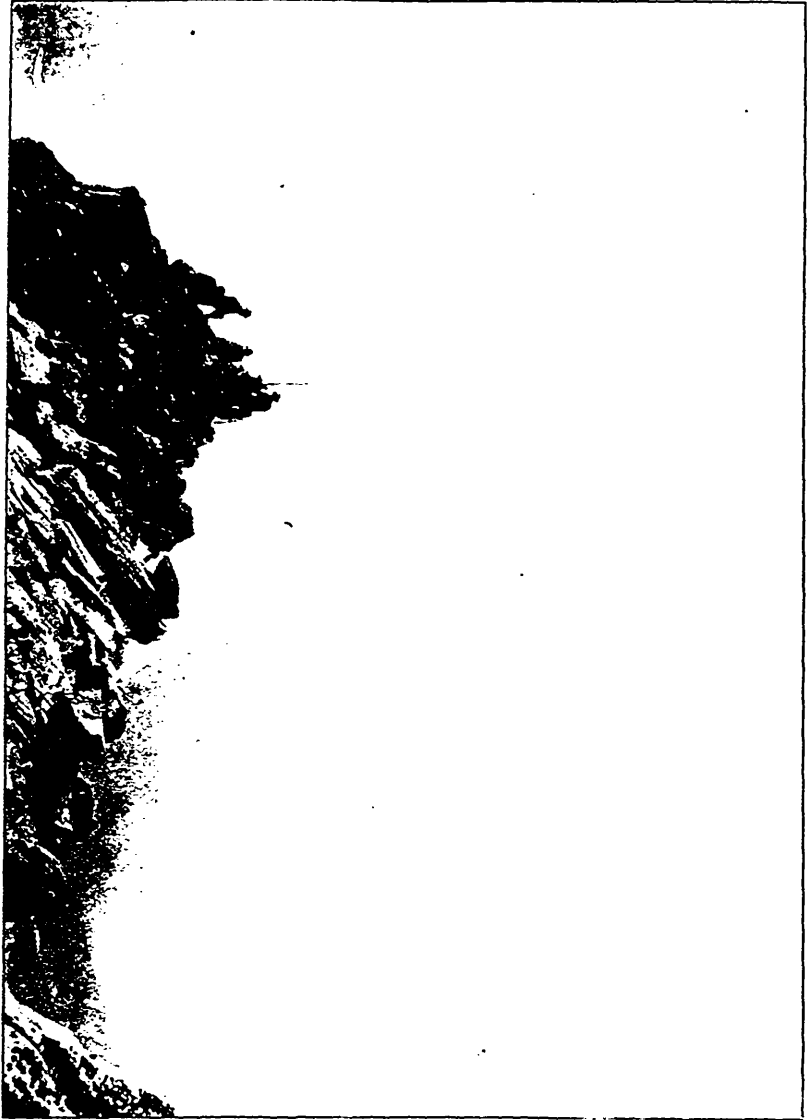
A report that an ascent was difficult, yet not impossible, tempted a few adventurous pleasure-seekers from the United States who were guests at the Banff Springs hotel.

A climb to the summit of this mountain is one of the many delightfully exciting pastimes of the summer season, and as many as have made it have enthusiastically attempted to describe the experience. Grant Balfour, a well-known author, who was here last summer, has this to say of it:

"The climb is commenced at the Upper Hot Springs. At this point I met a party of four, a lady and three gentlemen, making the ascent on hardy ponies. Following them, I wound around a switchback bridle path that seemed to have no end. Up, up among the pines, then up, up among the hardier spruce trees, till sometimes I did not feel easy in looking down the steep slopes to the receding pine-robed valley far below. Taking a short cut, I got ahead of the

ponies at one stage, but they beat me at last. They were a little above me, when, the bridle path ending, I climbed the nearest peak. Two ponies were left behind on the bridle path till the return of the party. Walking over a bare rocky ridge to the right or north on the crest of the mountain, I scrambled up among the rocks and found myself, not among big horns or grizzly bears, but among courteous fellowmen.

"But what pen could tell of the vision all around, and of the sky above, where great glacier clouds hung in azure glory! It was one thing to see the mountains with our eyes looking up to limited outlines, grand as they are, from the valley beneath. It was another thing to stand up among the heights and to look across rugged ranges to ranges beyond, and from towering cones to cones beyond, as if we were on the broad prairie, with no limit to the herd of mountain tops but the far encircling horizon. What a billowy sea of snow-flecked peaks! It was delightful to survey them, yet not too pleasant to look down into the grand canyons on both sides of the mountain



SCALPIT OF SIR DONALD,
Taken by Mr. A. O. Wheeler, of the Dominion Topographical Survey.



MOSSY OR OVERCUP OAK.

Quercus macrocarpa is a tree whose chief virtue is its great tolerance of drought.

peak on which we stood. The rushing white falls of the Bow River on the north below seemed almost solid ice from our exalted point of view. The forests of the Spray Valley on the southeast, and of the Sundance canyon on the southwest, both forests spreading far up the mountain sides, appeared to be immense carpets of olive green plush. And this, perhaps especially, held the admiration of the lady of our party.

"But what language could convey to mind the grey granite-like metropolis of smokeless mountains, the boundless scene filled with the streets and towering mansions of the clear city of God! Oh, the unutterable silence of these waters; the stillness and the majesty, the delight, the loneliness, and the dread! Surely the Most High is not the human-like being of the kindergarten thought, but the Infinite, who fills yet transcends heaven and earth! Terraces and crescents all around, ranges near and ranges behind ranges far away. Peaks stretching out as if in skirmishing order, peaks lining up to peaks in imposing display,

and peaks compact, crowded, in solid phalanx, peaks predominating, countless. What an army of mountain peaks. What a marshalling of the hosts of God! The brilliance of the setting sun in the west, over exceedingly high mountains, grand, broken, dark! The gold-crested, snow-flecked cones, south to east! The sweep of light north to south and farther round, and the fulness of light among and all over the huddled, grey, giant cones southeast, far, far away. The great pall of shadow from the mighty Bourgeau range, down over the dark green forest of the Sundance canyon on my right, and a similar pall thrown down from Sulphur mountain on which I stood, down over the dark, verdant valley of the Spray River on my left, and up the slope of the majestic Rundle range! And now a contrast—the vast prairie and luxuriant fields of wheat gave the thought of the bounteousness of God. But here, flanked by canyon depths, and on a high crest surrounded by a sea of ranges and towering peaks, came the throbbing spirit of awe and dread."



Our Medicine Bag.

"Big Game Fishes of the United States," and "Bass, Pike, Perch and Others," are the titles of two recently issued volumes of the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney, and published by the Macmillan Company of New York. The first was written by Mr. Chas. Frederick Holder, who has become identified with the big game fish—as he very aptly calls them—of the United States waters. We have all heard of the gigantic tuna of the Pacific Coast, and in this book will be found a capital account of angling for fish that weigh up to 251 pounds, which was the weight of one caught by Colonel C. P. Morehous, off Avalon. Perhaps the chapter that will appeal most to Canadian anglers is that on the "Chinook" salmon of Monterey, because later in the season those that escaped the California anglers find their way up the

Pacific Coast, and offer the same chances to Canadian anglers in the Straits of Georgia that they gave a few weeks earlier in more southern waters.

Dr. Jas. A. Hensall has made the black bass his special study; he is the author of the "Book of the Black Bass," and "More About the Black Bass," and now he gives us yet more about the black bass, and serves it up in such delightful style that we are by no means sure that we could not stand a fourth instalment. Almost all that is worth knowing about the black bass, from the ordinary angler's standpoint, is told in this book; and after an exhaustive discussion of black bass fishing, the author goes on to tell of pike, mascalonge, dore and other delightful fish that we know so well in our own clear, cold Canadian waters. The other day, after reading Dr. Hensall's description of the mascalonge, we

walked down to the bank of the St. Lawrence, and were fortunate enough to meet a friend who had just landed a 10¼-pound mascalonge he had hooked within a mile and a half of the Montreal post-office. This was not a large fish, as mascalonge go; but then we have another friend who is prepared to swear that he was once either hauled into the water, or else *almost* hauled into the water (this detail is immaterial), by a mascalonge that he estimated at eighty pounds; and if any one doubts this story, the remnants of the canoe from which he fished may be seen any day by appointment.

These books are quite up to the high standard set by the previous volumes of American Sportsman's Library, and it will be good news for all educated sportsmen to hear that it is the intention of Messrs. Macmillan, the publishers, to thoroughly cover the field of American sport in the succeeding volumes.

Some little time ago we had our attention drawn to the fact that in the Windermere country in East Kootenay, British Columbia possessed one of the finest natural big game parks in North America, abounding in moose, elk, and big-horn. It was news to us that there were moose in Southeastern British Columbia, but our informant is something of a nimrod himself, and thoroughly acquainted with the country, says a writer in the *Victoria Colonist*. He was filled with righteous indignation at the way in which the game was being exterminated without any attempt being made to protect it, and told some almost incredible stories of wanton slaughter by Indians. He pointed out what is perfectly true that a big game preserve of this kind in which game flourishes if left alone is a very valuable provincial asset, and is growing more valuable every year, as big game is becoming scarcer in North America. Such localities should be most carefully preserved. Wanton destruction of the game should be prevented and regulations adopted which would make our game parks sources of great direct and indirect revenue to the province. It is rather absurd that when we are insisting all the time upon the

attractiveness of British Columbia to the hunter and tourist that we should allow one of its main attractions to be annihilated just as soon as it becomes generally accessible. We are not discussing the question from the sportsman's point of view, but from the commercial point of view. Not that the sportsmanlike point of view should be ignored, but because the commercial point of view appeals to a larger number of people. Few of us either desire, or are ever likely to hunt big game. But we should not forget that those who do enjoy big game hunting are generally men willing and able to pay for the gratification of their taste. The big game hunter is a source of revenue, and this country is not so rich that it can afford to neglect any source of revenue which can be profitably exploited. [We should like to hear more about these moose (?)-*Ed.*]

Dr. W. G. Hudson is a recognized authority upon rifle shooting; he has long been known as a safe guide for less experienced shooters. He it was who wrote the very valuable series of articles, that were published in "Shooting and Fishing," upon the "Krag," so that he probably needs no introduction to our readers. He has now written, at the instance of the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., a little work on "Modern Rifle Shooting from the American Standpoint." The object of the Rifleman is, of course, identical with that of the British or Canadian rifleman—to hit the mark, and in the main his methods do not differ from the methods of others who use the groovel barrel; but, with the thorough-goingness of his race, he has taken to the sport in a business-like way, and whatever he has learned has been set forth by Dr. Hudson in characteristically clear sentences. Few, if any, works upon the rifle have contained more "meat" than this little work. Copies of it may be obtained on application to the Laffin & Rand Powder Co., New York, if \$1.00 is enclosed.

Mr. Edwin Sandys is a well-known writer on outdoor sports, who has been for many years connected with "Outing." Usually he has written for the instruc-

tion and edification of the grown-up, but he now comes before the public as the author of "Trapper Jim," a book for boys. Few better books of its kind have been written than "Trapper Jim," and there is an astonishing amount of useful information of the kind to stir the blood of any male person between the ages of ten and—but we will not set any limit to the age in which boys, young or old, will be interested in "Trapper Jim." Jim is a fine, manly lad, who fortunately falls under the sway of a young man by the name of Ned; and what Ned does not know about sport is, apparently, hardly worth knowing. He naturally finds a willing and apt pupil in Jim, until, in the end, the pupil almost rivals his master; and we believe that any boy who studies these words of wisdom, which come to him from Mr. Sandys through the mouth of Cousin Ned, will know far more about shooting, fishing, taxidermy, trapping, and even sparring, than most men. The book is issued by the Macmillan Company, London and New York.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. P. G. Laurie, of Battleford, Vice-President of the Canadian Forestry Association for the district of Saskatchewan. Mr. Laurie was not for a very long time connected with the Forestry Association, but he took a great deal of interest in its work. He was the pioneer newspaper publisher in Battleford, having gone in over the trail with his printing outfit, and has carried on the "Saskatchewan Herald" successfully since that time. This was a task of no small difficulty in a new and isolated settlement; and the fact that it was carried through successfully for so many years bears strong testimony to the energy and ability of its manager and editor. Mr. Laurie had reached a good old age, but it is regrettable that after having waited for so many years for the development of the Battleford district he was not permitted to see its full accom-

plishment, which will undoubtedly take place in the near future with the advent of a railway line.

"Camping and Canoeing" is the name of a very useful little book that has been written by Mr. Jas. Edmund Jones, B.A., of Toronto, and which bears the imprint of William Briggs, of that city. A good idea of the subjects with which it deals will be found by studying the table of contents. Among other paragraphs we find the following: What to take; how to carry a canoe; paddles, and running rapids. Mr. Jones has compiled a useful book, and any of our readers who take an interest in the things of the forest will do well to procure a copy. The price is not mentioned anywhere that we can find, which is a mistake; also, "Timagaming" is spelled "Temogamingue," which is also very bad.

"Brush, Stubble and Marsh," is the title of an illustrated pamphlet issued by the E. I. DuPont, de Nemours & Co. Not only is it printed in a manner to attract sportsmen, but there is a considerable amount of useful information between its covers; hints as to the localities in which to find the various species of game and water fowl are supplemented by particulars of the loads preferred by experienced men when seeking them. This pamphlet will be sent to any sportsman making application for it.

Labrador has an area of 516,000 square miles. It forms an immense peninsula, extending 700 miles between Belle Isle and Hudson's Straits, and stretching back 600 miles from its Atlantic seaboard to the head waters of James Bay. Its total extent is about twelve times that of New York State, and except on the seaboard it is absolutely unpeopled, save for a few wretched tribes of wandering Nascopee and Montagnais Indians, branches of the Cree race, woefully reduced.

The J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have added to their line of double barrel guns, No. 260, which will be the same as the No. 250, except that it has twist barrels and lists at \$27.50. Also No. 270,

with Damacus barrels, taking at \$30.00 list. These are ready for shipment. They have also added to their line of single barrel guns twist barrels, which they will be able to furnish to special order, at a slight advance over blued barrels.

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

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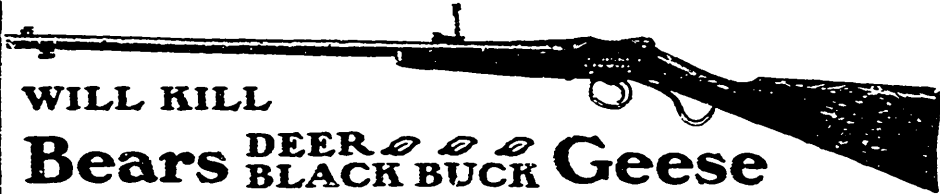
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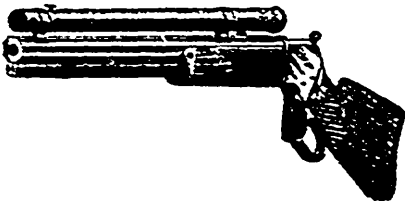


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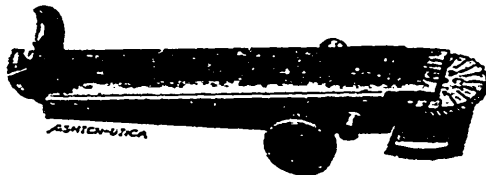
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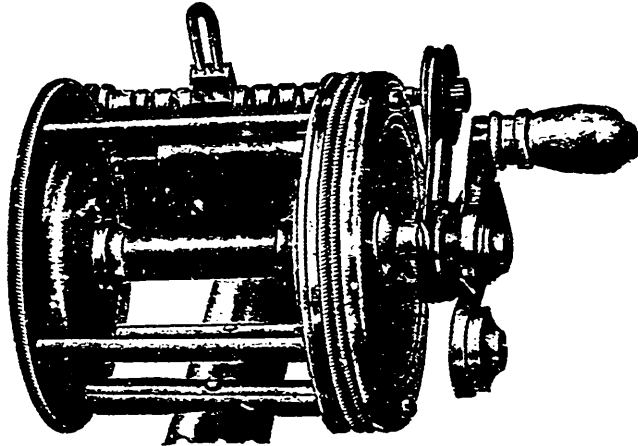
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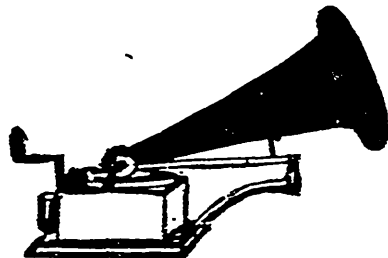
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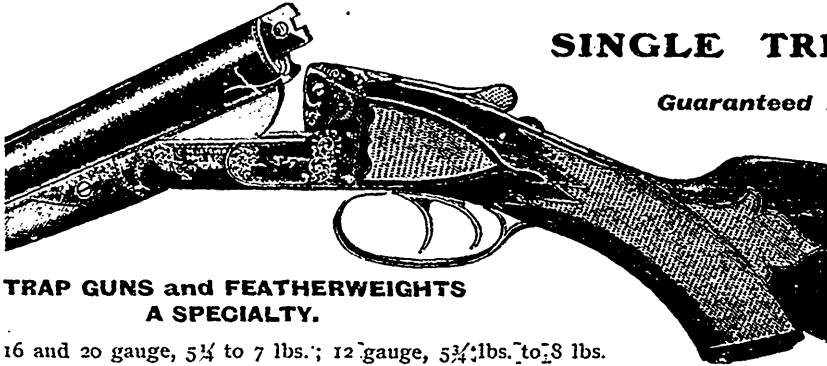
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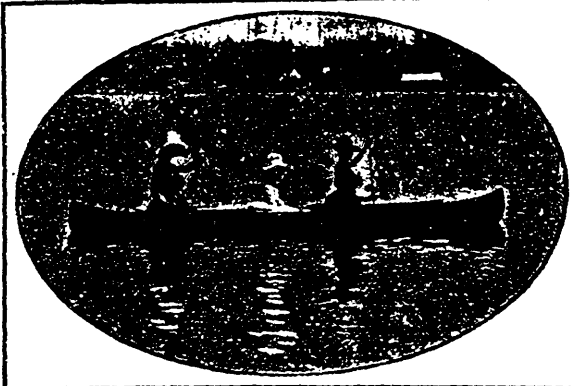
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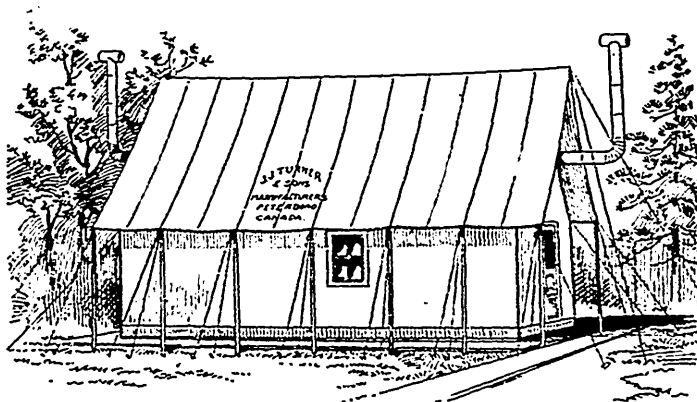
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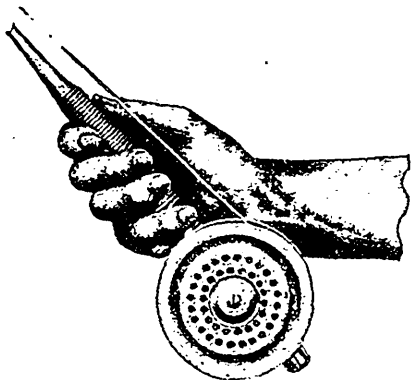
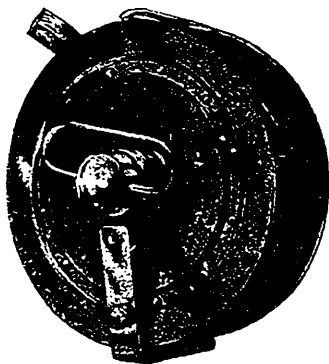
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