

WINCHESTER



REPEATING RIFLES FOR HUNTING.

Shoot a Winchester once and you will shoot a Winchester always: That's because Winchester rifles after a test of over thirty years represent today in accuracy, reliability and quality, the highest development in gunmaking. Whatever your preferences may be, some one of the nine different Winchester models will surely suit you; for they are made in all calibers, styles and weights. Use Winchester guns for all kinds of shooting and Winchester cartridges for all kinds of guns.

See our Exhibits at St. Louis in Manufacturers and Fish and Game Buildings.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., - - - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The Alaska Sleeping Bag



WEIGHT FIFTEEN POUNDS

ADOPTED BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT AS THE ONLY SATISFACTORY SLEEPING BAG

Outside section is made of closely woven Khaki Duck, centre section of patent, double-banked Eider Down, the warmest and lightest material known to commerce. The inner section is an all-wool Kersey. Many of the best-known sportsmen in the United States and Canada have written us that they would not go out again without one.

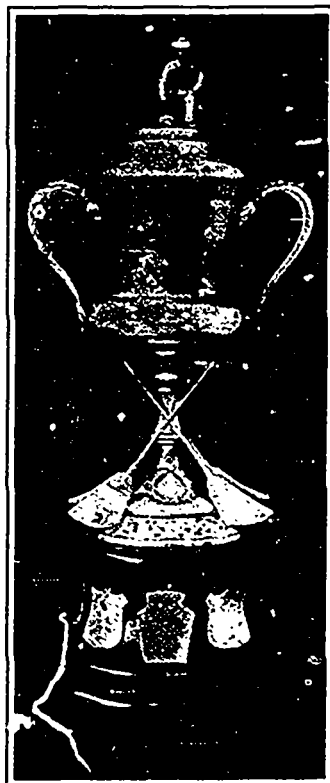
Write for particulars and prices.

The Alaska Feather and Down Co.,
Limited, Manufacturers

Also for sale by Woods,
Limited, Ottawa

WINNIPEG AND
MONTREAL

TROPHIES



For
Curling,
Shooting
Hockey
and every
branch of
Sport.

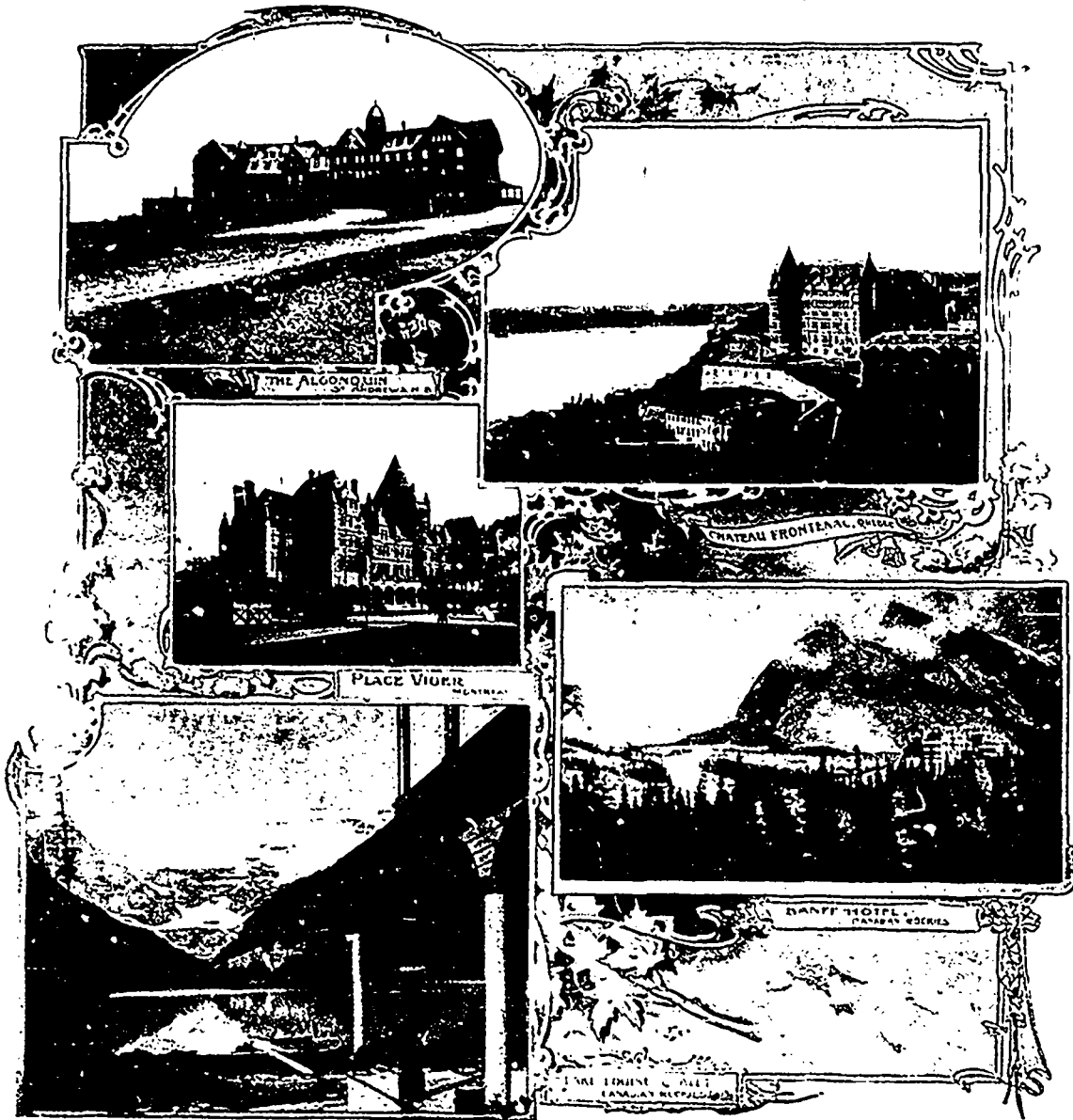
WRITE
for
SKETCHES.

As well
as a full
Jewelry
Line
Carried
at prices
15 per
cent.
lower
than the
regular
shops.

Jas. D. Bailey,

Jewelry Parlors
75 Yonge St.,
Toronto.

Canadian Pacific Railway



Algonquin,	- -	St. Andrews, N. B.,	- -	from \$3.00 upwards
Chateau Frontenac,		Quebec, P. Q.,	- -	" 3.00 "
Place Viger,	- -	Montreal, P. Q.,	- -	" 3.00 "
Banff Springs,	- -	Banff, N. W. T.,	- -	" 3.00 "
Lake Louise Chalet,		Laggan, N. W. T.,	- -	" 3.00 "

For further particulars as to any of these hotels, apply to the respective managers or to any of the company's agents.

Robert Kerr, Passenger Traffic Manager, MONTREAL.



THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
Mt. Bielby from the Summit of the Abbott Pass.

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, JANUARY, 1905

No. 7

"In the Indian Country."

By G. M. RICHARDS.

On a warm afternoon in July, we stepped from the Pacific Express, upon the station platform at Bisco.

A group of French river drivers and half breeds leaned against the station, smoking, and watched the unloading of our baggage.

From the steps of the Hudson's Bay Co. store across the track, a dozen Indians regarded us silently, as we passed on our way to the one hotel of which Bisco boasts. This hotel or rather boarding house, is built of hewn logs, and is somewhat crude in its appointments. As we entered, Napoleon Moujoir, the French proprietor, was busily engaged, shaving himself in the dining room.

That evening, and the early part of the following day were spent buying supplies and securing an outfit. Potatoes, flour and tea were our principal provisions, rice, raisins and some dried peaches were luxuries.

All these supplies were finally gathered in a pile on the floor of the Company's store, together with our blankets and other apparently indispensable articles, and a formidable looking pile it was. Old Aleck the head guide eyed it silently for a few moments, and at last in answer to our inquiring glances, said, "Too much."

Then began a weeding out process, extra rods, fishing tackle and articles, which an hour before it seemed we could not do without, were discarded as useless; for every pound counts, on the long portage.

At last the packs were made up, the tump-lines tied, and we were ready.

Our party consisted of Messrs. Hayes,

Metzger, Russi and Dr. Miles.—the guides, Aleck, Spaniel, a full blooded Ojibway Indian, Pete Marcoux, a sturdy little French trapper, Alec Longevin, a giant half breed, standing six feet, five inches, in his moccasins, and myself.

We had four canoes, three fifteen foot birch barks, and one "Peterboro."

Hayes, by the way, was the only one of the party, excepting the guides, who had ever been in a canoe before. What this means, only a canoeist can understand.

On Wednesday morning, July 27, we left Bisco bound for the Hudson's Bay Company post, Fort Matagami, one hundred and twenty miles to the Northeast. For ten miles we paddled on "Bisco Lake" threading our way through winding channels, between rocky islands, and past Indian camps where the children fled at our approach, and the men watched us until we passed from view behind the next point.

At noon we reached our first portage, where we had dinner. While washing dishes, on the shore, a large pike, evidently attracted by the strange proceeding, swam up into the shallow water, within a few feet of us. The Doctor shot it through the head with his revolver.

After dinner we made the portage, but a few hundred feet, to a small nameless lake, about three quarters of a mile across. Another portage awaited us on the opposite shore, and this time it was a mile; here the tenderfeet had their first real experience, in packing by means of a tump-line.

It's strange how difficult it is to adjust that simple leather strap, with its broad band passing over the head. One's sure to tie it too long or too short, and on the steep rocky trail, the pack has a way of slipping to one side and twisting the neck.

About half way over the portage we were caught in a heavy shower, but by sitting under the overturned canoes we managed to keep dry. After the rain we continued over the trail and had gone but a short distance when we met an Indian returning to "Bisco" with a deer he had just killed. From him we secured enough meat for supper.

We soon reached the end of the portage on the bank of the Spanish River, which at that point was about 75 or 100 feet wide. The scenery is delightful, but the water is of a dirty brown color, as is most of the water in the North.

Loading the canoes we proceeded down the river; it soon began to rain, but we continued paddling, until, late in the afternoon, we reached the first rapid. Here we went into camp. We were wet to the skin, the ground was wet, the trees were dripping and every blow of the axe, brought down a fresh shower. But it is never too wet to build a fire in the bush, and with a blazing camp-fire, broiled venison and a soothing pipe, we soon forgot the rain.

We began the following day with a 200-yard portage, and after that came six more; the last and longest was three-quarters of a mile over a steep ridge to the junction of the Spanish River and a branch that flowed in from the North. Here we trolled for a short time, landing several large pike. Russi who was in my canoe hooked one. When the excitement was over, the fish was fast to a snag in the bottom and the canoe was half full of water.

After this little incident, we started North on the branch of the Spanish River, which enlarged into lake after lake, the pine covered shores often rising to a height of two hundred feet.

Off on the rocks we heard a bear cub crying—we were entering the wilderness.

On one of the lakes we passed a big five fathom bark canoe. Painted on the bow were the letters H.B.C. It was the Company's brigade from Fort Matagami. Go-

ing with the wind, a large four point blanket raised as a sail, the Indian paddlers lay back against the thwarts, smoking. As we came within speaking distance,—"Bo-jou", "Bo-jou" came across the water, then,—"On-in-di-ah-si-in", "Where are you going?" "Matagami", responded Aleck,—and we left them.

That night in camp, I learned by experience what I had been told long before by an Indian, that is, "Never try to dry your moccasins by the fire." I burnt mine and had to wear a pair of tennis shoes to Fort Matagami.

The next day we continued up the Spanish River, or rather through a series of twelve lakes, which form the river. These lakes average perhaps two miles in length by five hundred yards in width and are connected by swift narrow streams, where the water swirls and paddles bend. About ten o'clock we reached Phillips' House, a little two room cabin, once occupied by an old trapper. It is fast falling to pieces. A half-tanned moose hide, a pair of broken snow-shoes, and the pegs where the rifle once hung were all that remained to tell the story of the past.

Leaving Phillips' House, we finally came to the source of the Spanish River, at the Height of Land. There are two lakes on the Height of Land Plateau, the water in both, unlike the Spanish River, is very clear and deep. A portage of a quarter of a mile brought us to the first lake, which is about one mile across. On coming down the trail to the second lake, we were just in time to see a large bull moose. He was walking out of the water, on the shore of a little bay about four hundred yards away. After seeing us, he trotted a short distance through the marsh grass, and then disappeared among the tall spruce and tamarac which grew almost to the water's edge. Crossing the lake where we had seen the moose, we came to a two mile portage and decided to camp, as it was late.

While Pete attended to the supper, the two Indians and myself went over the trail, each carrying his canoe. As we neared the farther end of the portage we noticed here and there a small sapling stuck upright in the earth; at the upper end of each dangled a little noose of thin strong cod-line, and on the ground beneath

wound the narrow runway of wapoos, the rabbit. These snares are found near every Indian camp in the north, for the rabbit always stands between the Indian and starvation.

While we were resting on the portage, young Aleck and I bent down a couple of the saplings, and trimmed the snares, thus assuring ourselves of a change from "sow-belly" the next day.

At the end of the trail, on the shore of a small lake, stood the bare tepee poles of a deserted camp. Near the charred remains of the camp fire, a cleft stick was planted firmly in the ground and in the cleft was a piece of birch bark, on which were scrawled these symbols.—

1 2 3 4 5
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20
 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Aleck read quickly in Indian and then translated slowly into English.

Sam Chicken, I am writing to you
 We saw your snares
 We ate two rabbits
 We fixed them again
 We saw six snares
 We trimmed two new snares
 Sam Chicken we thank you for the snares.

My name is
 Jos. Moore.

Courtesy is not entirely lacking in the North.

*That night it was cold, and in the morning a drizzling rain was falling. At noon it ceased, and then for two miles we strained at the pack-strap: over a trail worn smooth and deep by the moccasined feet of the Indians and Voyageurs who serve the Company.

The lake at the end of the portage, the waters of which flow indirectly into the Moose River, has an unpronounceable Indian name, which in English means, Little Sucker Lake. Metzger, whose back still ached from the weight of a hundred pound pack, thought the name painfully suggestive.

From the lake we ran a very narrow and shallow rapid into a second lake which proved to be but the first of a chain of thirteen lakes, the last and largest being Lake Muskegogama. Several miles down

a river, which has its source in Muskegogama Lake, and we came to a portage. Two miles over a good trail winding through a grove of Jack Pines brought us to Minnie-sin-a-qua Lake.

It was early morning, as we made our way between rugged cliffs and pine clad shores; the steady swish of our paddles was the only sound that broke the silence of the wilderness. It was one of the times when words seemed out of place,—we all understood and we were silent.

From the Northern end of Minnie-sin-a-qua Lake flows the Matagami River. Down this we started, but had not gone far, when on the shore ahead we noticed a thin blue column of smoke curling upward through the still air, from the centre of a clump of spruce. We landed and found a family of Indians encamped; they had killed a moose the day before and everyone was feasting, even the emaciated dogs, for once, seemed satisfied. Before the two small tents a hardwood fire was burning, and from the platform of poles above the strips of moose meat hung, drying. A little bargaining on the part of young Aleck secured for us a hind quarter of the moose, in exchange for which we gave a cup of sugar and two small pans of flour. While we were at the camp a thirty foot bark canoe, loaded with supplies for Fort Matagami, passed close to the shore. It was manned by four half breeds, and the big canoe with its brilliantly sashed voyageurs made a striking picture as they paddled off into the North, singing an old French boating song. Farther down the river there was a rapid, with a mile portage around it, where we came up with the big canoe and its picturesque crew. To see these men carry a 250 pound pack by means of a tump-line over a narrow rocky trail is one thing,—to imitate them is another. We learned afterward that they make the trip from the Fort to the railroad, and return, a distance of 200 miles, in seven days. They bring back a load of two thousand five hundred pounds, beside the canoe, which weighs about two hundred more. This load they carry over portages aggregating fourteen miles. For this service the Company pays them \$10. each,—and they are happy.

Late one afternoon we rounded a point in

Matagami Lake. Away on the opposite shore the setting sun shone on a little group of white buildings, and high above the largest floated the red flag of the Company. The little clearing beside the Fort was dotted with tents and tepees. There the Indians were encamped with their children and their dogs. They had been there since spring, when they brought in their furs and paid their last year's debt to the Company. There they would remain until the trapping season came again. In the meantime they ate, slept, and ran a "debt" with the Company.

That night we camped on a high bluff, overlooking the lake, where a hundred years ago stood the old Fort Matagami. The present Fort is located on the opposite shore on a site known as "The Battlefield." In the old days when the "Northwest Company" had a trading post at Matagami Lake, this was the scene of the bloody conflicts between the Voyageurs and Indians of the rival companies.

The following day we spent at the Fort, taking photographs and buying supplies. Salt pork is twenty cents a pound at Matagami, and is pure fat; flour costs \$12. a barrel, prices of other articles are in proportion.

During the day we witnessed a chase in which seventy-two of the seventy-three half-starved huskie dogs at the Indian Camp participated. The seventy-third dog was running away with a bone. In the evening a brigade arrived with supplies, and that night there was to be a dance in the Company's kitchen.

We were there early. The kitchen was built of logs; tallow candles placed here and there, on shelves and beams, shed a flickering light around the smoke-blackened room. Although it was in August, there was a blazing fire in a stove in one corner; a second corner was occupied by a box containing a litter of huskie pups.

After a while the dancers began to arrive. Indian girls, their heads covered with bright shawls and wearing dresses of gaudy calico; the men with colored handkerchiefs knotted at the throat, beaded moccasins of moose hide, and long brilliant sashes, the fringed ends of which dangled to their knees.

A half breed sat by the stove, producing

strange and awful sounds from a fiddle, while the excited dancers yelled and pounded the floor with their moccasined feet. As soon as one set became exhausted others took their place. Now and then an old squaw, with a baby at her back, would enter quietly and sit down in a corner on the floor. We went back to camp at 3 a. m. and at daybreak we could still hear the yells across the lake.

From Fort Matagami we were going to Flying Post. Old Aleck had been over the route fifteen or twenty years before. We asked the Indians at the Fort about it. "No one ever goes that way", they said,—later we learned why. Then we asked Millar, who has been Factor at Matagami for twenty-six years. Millar shook his head, "It's a hard trip", he said,—and Millar knows.

In order to reach Flying Post, we had to retrace our course to Minnie-sin-a-quaa Lake. In going up the river we were obliged to pole up two rapids, which we had run, coming down. At the first rapid Pete and the Doctor got their canoe across the current, it filled rapidly and they had to jump, the water being only waist deep. The bread, salt and tobacco were submerged and were not improved thereby. The second rapid is larger than the first, and flows into a deep black pool. Last spring a Government Fire-Ranger tried to run down, his canoe struck a rock and overturned. Now there is a little wooden cross on the shore and the rapid has a name. They call it, "Dead Man's Chute".

From Minnie-sin-a-quaa Lake we paddled to the Northwest, following the course of a small creek, which had its source in a little pond, almost overgrown with marsh grass. This was really the beginning of the road to Flying Post. Hitherto we had travelled a route used by the Company's canoes and the portages had been comparatively smooth and well defined. Now we were following a course traversed but seldom by a solitary Indian. The trails, when there were any, between lakes, were overgrown with bushes and blocked by fallen trees, the mosquitoes tormented us incessantly.

Leaving the creek we crossed two small lakes. Twice we had to resort to the tump-lines, the last time for a mile, over

ridges of rock and through "muskegs" where we sank knee deep in the soft moss. Bert under the weight of our packs, we could see but a few yards ahead. Once, hearing a crashing in the bushes, we looked up in time to see a moose disappearing in the underbrush that lined the trail.

Moose signs were everywhere, and now and then we would pass a rotten log, torn apart, and still showing the claw marks of a bear.

One afternoon after passing through two lakes we were paddling quietly along a shallow creek, when suddenly rounding a bend in the stream, we saw two hundred yards ahead, knee deep in water, two moose, one a large cow, the other a yearling calf. For a moment they stood, calmly regarding us, then, as the canoes approached, they turned and walked slowly into the forest.

After making two short portages on this stream, we reached Macaming, or Beaver Lake, a beautiful body of water, perhaps fifteen miles in length and a mile across at its widest point. At the mouth of a deep bay, rising abruptly from the water to a height of almost one hundred and fifty feet, is a circular island of solid rock. From a distance this island resembles an immense Beaver House, from which fact the lake receives its name. From Beaver Lake we travelled up a narrow and shallow creek, almost filled with driftwood. For three miles we poled up this stream. Often we had to wade, one of us at each end of a canoe, over a bottom of slippery round stones, which bruised our feet through the soft moccasins.

All along the creek in the soft muddy bank, were tracks of moose, bear, mink and otter. From the source of the creek we portaged to Kop-a-kai-og-a-mog Lake. As we came down to the shore we noticed two red deer, feeding among the lily pads, on the opposite shore of the bay. Although it was closed season, we were in need of meat, for it was a long way to Flying Post—That night we camped early, and dressed the deer, a fine two hundred pound buck.

All the next day we paddled in a cold drizzling rain, passing through Trout Lake and nine smaller lakes. The scenery for the most part was magnificent, but we

were too wet and cold to appreciate it. During the day we made eleven portages and at night camped on the shore of a diminutive lake with a three-quarter of a mile trail ahead of us for the next day. The following afternoon, after crossing two small lakes, and packing for two miles over trails, on which, judging by tracks, moose were the most frequent travellers, we launched our canoes on Kenogaming Lake. This lake of many islands and winding channels, is eight miles long, and is but sixteen miles, by land, from Flying Post. In the winter the dog sleighs from the Post cross the ice on Kenogaming Lake, on the way to Fort Matagami.

From Kenogaming Lake we followed a small creek into Lake Aquesqua. This creek is very shallow, and just as we were entering the lake we ran on a submerged snag which penetrated the bark of the canoe. Water entered rapidly through the hole, and we were obliged to go ashore, build a fire and repair the canoe with spruce gum, which we always carried for the purpose.

A portage of half a mile brought us from Lake Aquesqua to Opishingquaqua Lake, a long narrow sheet of water, with low spruce covered shores, indented here and there by little bays, where the wild rice and water lilies flourished. On the upper end of the lake we came upon a camp of Indians who were busy drying the meat of two moose, which they had killed. From Opishingquaqua Lake we paddled up what in civilization would be called a ditch. In the North it is called a creek. We called it various other things. It was narrow, shallow, overgrown with marsh grass, and so winding that it was almost impossible to make the sharp turns with the canoes. This, however, was but the beginning of our troubles. Leaving this creek we portaged through a marsh, to the Weasel River. The Weasel River looks nice and straight on the map, but stream with a more tortuous course cannot be imagined. Twisting and turning through one of those almost limitless muskegs of the Northland, it finally finds its way into the Ground Hog River.

We had gone but a short distance when our way was blocked by a veritable abatis of dead trees, which had fallen into the

river. Progress was impossible, and worst of all, we did not know just where we were. Old Aleck himself seemed at a loss, he would only say, "The country has changed since I was here." No one doubted that, and we all felt sure that it had changed for the worse. At last we found a semblance of a trail, and after following it for two miles, came to a stream almost as bad as the one we had just left. About every thirty yards it was necessary to use the axe to clear a passage for the canoes through the fallen trees. I will not dwell on this part of the trip. Making portages through mud and "muskegs", for three days we continued on the Weasel River and throughout those three days it rained almost continuously. The mosquitoes were as numerous as the leaves of the trees, and the fly grease we used seemed but to whet their appetite.

On the afternoon of the third day, as we were crossing a small marshy lake, we heard two shots, in quick succession. In a little bay we met an Indian, who with his wife, three dogs, a cat and all his camp outfit, was travelling to the Post, in a twelve foot bark canoe. He was armed with one of the Company's old muzzle loading trade guns, which had just failed to kill a muskrat at a range of fifty feet. Muskrat flesh, by the way, is considered quite a delicacy by the Indians, who always carry a few small traps, which they set at night along the shore of streams where the little animal abounds.

That night the Indian made his camp beside ours, and early next day we reached a three mile portage. For four hours we struggled along that trail, over ridges, through mud holes and thickets, and around fallen trees, till at last we reached the Ground Hog River. At that point the stream is about two hundred feet wide and quite deep. The waters teem with pike and pickerel, but there are no bass.

Then came two days of paddling up the swift water and portaging around the many rapids of the Ground Hog. The evening of the second day found us camped near the outlet of Koukatouch Lake, within two miles of the Post. That night it rained, and as we sat mending our clothes preparatory to our visit to the Post, the patter of the rain on the roof of the tent

had a very cheerful sound, so different from those dismal nights on the Weasel River.

The following morning, after an hour's paddling, we reached the head of Koukatouch Lake, and in a deep bay, sheltered from the winds of winter, stood the Flying Post. Three or four long low log buildings, the tall flagstaff, the camps of a few Indians, who still lingered from their trapping grounds—that was all. Aleck McLeod, the Factor, has been at Koukatouch Lake twelve years, and he gave us a cordial welcome—for visitors are rare.

Of all the things at Flying Post the interior of the store is the most interesting. There every article helps tell the story of the long trail, its hardships, its privations and its joys. From the ceiling hang smoke tanned moccasins of moose hide, huskie hoots of sealskin, brought down from Moose Factory, the long snowshoes filled with caribou hide, and steel traps of every size. On pegs along the wall are the 44 calibre Winchesters, the favorite rifle of the Indians, which here sell for \$35. Piled in a corner on the floor are the heavy white four point blankets, on the shelves, boxes of plug tobacco, bright calicoes and sashes—and above all there floats a peculiar aroma, suggestive of the woods, the trail, and smouldering camp fires.

Leaving Flying Post, we paddled up the river to Matagaming Lake. On the way we passed a rapid, where, two years ago McLeod's daughter lost her life, when the canoe struck a submerged rock and capsized. Such things are soon forgotten; it is but the price the conquerors of the North must pay for their victory.

From Matagaming Lake, a fourteen mile stretch of water, backed in the distance by a long blue range of hills, we reached Sahkawatich Lake. That night it was very cold. Shortly after we were rolled in our blankets, we heard a noise outside among the kettles, and upon investigating found a woodchuck trying to get into the box in which we carried our bread. Young Aleck threw a stick at him, and he fell directly into a large campfire, emerging all ablaze, from the opposite side, amid roars of laughter from the Indians.

The following day we passed through seven lakes, the largest being Lake Opepeesway. On the map these lakes are all

connected by pretty little creeks. Here and there where a creek was lacking, the imagination of the draughtsman evidently supplied the defect. As a matter of fact, some of the lakes are connected by creeks—about five feet wide—which twist and turn through acres of tall marsh grass, where paddling becomes a farce.

There is only one way to proceed along these streams that is, by slow and laborious poling. We made our last camp on Dismal Lake. The country for miles around has been swept by forest fires. As far as the eye could reach lay bare ridges of rock, strewn with the charred trunks of trees,—a mute reminder of man's carelessness.

It was a Dismal Lake indeed, and a dismal camp. In spite of all this, that night, as we filled our pipes and sat round the

camp fire, scenting wood smoke for the last time, listening to the low musical voices of the Indians, the little hardships of the trip were all forgotten. Once more the wild spirit of the North stole over us, and with it came that indescribable longing for the forest and the trail, that every woodsman knows.

The next day, August 15, after a twenty mile paddle, we reached Bisco. We had travelled between three and four hundred miles and had made seventy-two portages.

Now it was all a thing of the past. Silently we landed at the little wharf; once more we tied the tump-lines and started for the Company's store, on this—our last portage.

Manitoban Duck Shooting.

By A. R. DOUGLAS.

Far up in the northern portions of the prairie province is to be found a region unsurpassed for game and here especially will the sportsman in search of the aquatic species of the feathered tribe be amply repaid for a visit to that section of the country. Natural feeding grounds abound where thousands of ducks and geese congregate annually prior to their migration towards southern climes. Through the kindness of F. K. H. I had the good fortune to spend a few days on the shores of Lake Dauphin during the duck season and the pleasant experiences of that trip will ever remain fresh in my memory. After a drive of ten miles to the mouth of the Wilson river, through mud unequalled in its tenacity, we embark on the good ship "Cutty Sark" and set sail for the northern corner of the Lake, arriving at our destination late in the evening. Here our host has erected a comfortable log cabin on a high and dry portion of land not far from the vast marshlands bordering portions of the Lake shore.

A few ducks having been shot during the trip up, we proceeded to roast them, and not long after this was done, little remained save an inert mass of bones, our appetites having already reached alarming proportions.

The following day just before sunrise we set off in the direction of the big marsh and after hastily constructing rude blinds of reeds wait impatiently for the morning flight; at last a small dark speck is discerned on the horizon gradually becoming more distinct and almost before we are aware of the fact, with a whirr of wings, a flock of mallards pass rapidly overhead; two loud reports break the stillness of the morn and simultaneously two mallards, describing a series of circles, strike the water with tremendous force.

And now the flight has begun in earnest, hundreds of ducks of all varieties, from the handsome mallard to the rapid flying teal pass overhead on their way to the feeding grounds, while high above can be heard the "honk" of geese. Under such conditions as these a large bag can be obtained in a short space of time, but the true nimrod ceases to shoot when a reasonable number of birds have been secured; if not then content with the morning's bag let him return for the evening flight and he will again have an opportunity of warming the barrels of his gun. On a cold October night what is more delightful than to sit around a cheery camp fire, over which the

ducks are roasted in such a manner, as to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious. A few yarns after the evening meal, when the pipes are lighted completes a day of keen enjoyment, and as the last glowing embers of the camp fire begin to wane we seek our comfortable bunks and soon all are fast asleep, that restful state of mind and body which only those who live an

active outdoor life can fully appreciate. Thus we lived in perfect contentment, not merely finding satisfaction in the slaughter of game, but enjoying every phase of life in the realm of nature undisturbed, and loath indeed we were to break up camp and return to the artificiality of everyday life in the city.

Indian New Year Calls.

By MARTIN HUNTER.

I cannot but think that the reception of the Indians at a Hudson's Bay Post (and the day is observed pretty much in the same way at all their establishments from Labrador to the Pacific) would be interesting to the readers of "Rod and Gun."

My opportunity of witnessing the gathering of the Bersimis Indians on this, their greatest day of the 365 was part chance and part owing to the kindness of the Hudson's Bay Factor at Bersimis, in asking me over to spend the day and see the natives.

I had been sent down by the St. Lawrence Lumber Co. to their establishments on the west side of the river Bersimis to do the final closing up of their business there and the Indian reserve being just across on the east side nothing was more natural than I should make the acquaintance of the Factor in charge of the Post.

The Indians began the day at 7.30 by attending their beautiful little church in a body to offer up thankful prayers for having been spared to the opening of another new year. This church and mission was established by the Rev. Pere Arneaud forty-seven years ago, and he still resides amongst the red children of the forest. Father Arneaud is one of those loveable old men that one cannot fail to respect and honour for his kind ways and his life long work to christianize the Indians.

Besides Father Arneaud there is another old priest that deserves equal notice having come on the coast along with his superior and laboured with him ever since. He resembles in appearance what we would picture to ourselves "La Hire" in "Joan of Arc" looked like, rather than a priest,

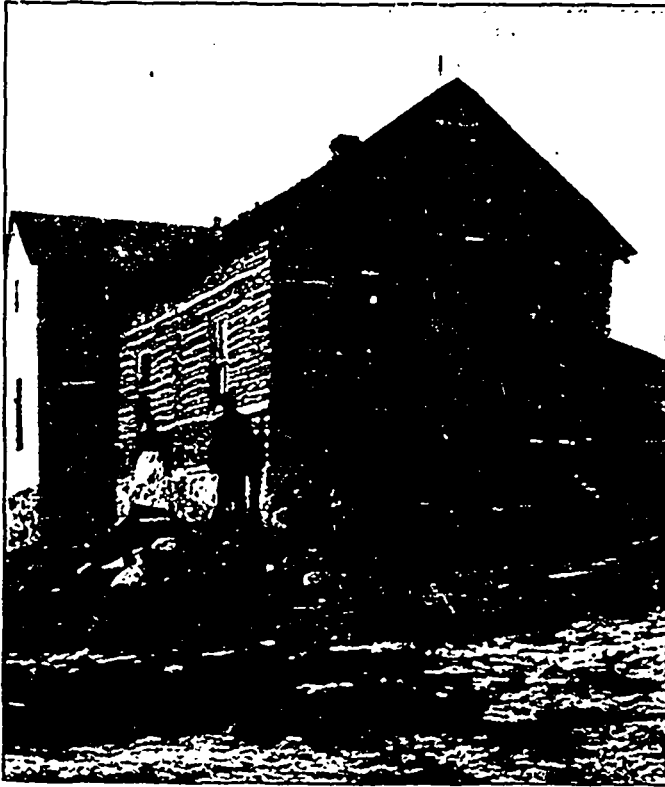
but, notwithstanding his rough exterior, he is a sincere old man and does good work amongst the Indians. He is what we would call a muscular minister of the gospel, and when necessity arises he cuffs the young ones and cudgels the older ones into good behaviour.

After the religious service is over the Indians troop over to the Presbyter where men, women and children receive a kindly greeting from the fathers. At last one of the Factor's younger boys comes bounding in saying "The Indians are coming." This tidings does not cause the same consternation it did a hundred years ago at a frontier settlement.

All the available chairs in the house had been brought into and lined three sides of the large dining room, at the other end where the massive table had been shoved out of the way were trays of mixed biscuits, apples, and candies. These were for the women and children; there were other trays of tobacco, clay pipes, and matches for the men.

They came in by the back door and when the dining room was full to overflowing the remainder squatted about the kitchen floor to the number of, I suppose, a hundred or more. The Factor with his family and your humble servant stood just inside of the dining-room door. The men shook hands as also the women but the latter, each and every one, held up her face to be kissed. Where they were good looking and passably clean this was not a hardship. But (there is always a but) the good looking ones were sadly in the minority.

When I saw one of the unsavoury ones



A QUEER DWELLING

This house was built in Assiniboia of cordwood, every stick being brought by train.

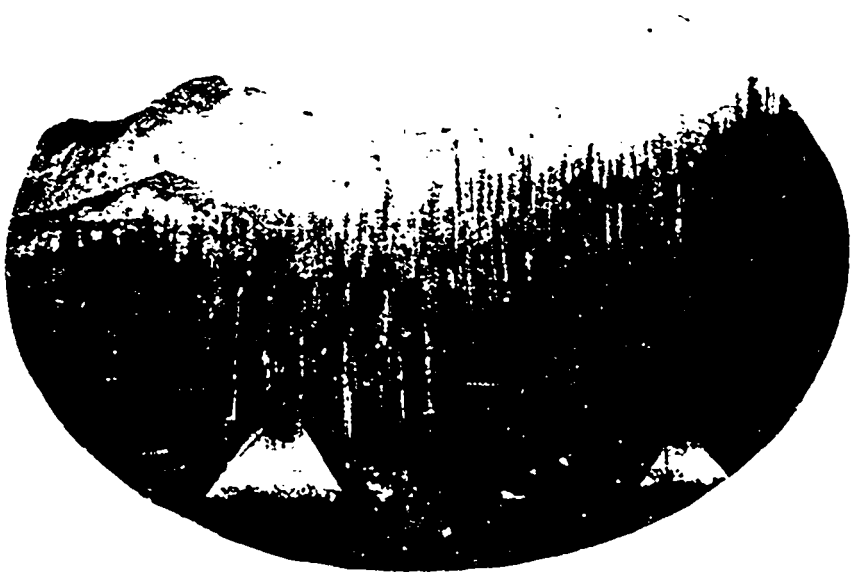


MINTAGNAIS GROUP

Mere Tough, her three daughters, grand-daughter, and infant girl—four generations.



WILDERNESS TRAVEL.
Fording the Smoky River, N. W. T., with a pack train.



A HUNTER'S CAMP
Lodges on the Smoky River.

coming I would simply rub cheeks and kiss the atmosphere. After all were seated, that the apartment would hold, the refreshments were handed round by the servant and the Factor's little daughter. The men each filled and lit his pipe, puffed away in silence, except for an occasional grunt of satisfaction, for several minutes, when the Factor arose. When the Factor arose it was an event of labor and determination, because he weighed two hundred and seventy pounds. This weight does not get out of a chair with alacrity.

If he was slow in his bodily movements, his tongue was flexible to a degree. During the speech or harangue he gave the Indians I think he must have averaged one hundred and fifty words a minute.

There was nothing peculiar about the men, except that I noticed quite a number of very old ones, one especially, who was helped into the room supported on either side by a great-great-grand-son, was the oldest person on the reserve. Authentic records held by the priest placed this man at ninety-six years of age.

I had no trouble to believe his reputed age, for his face had a thick veneer of old mortality all over it. Some little extra gifts were given this old man, which he received one by one with a fervent *Ke-nis-ka-mi-ting* (thank you) and deposited in a large bandana kerchief which he had evidently brought for the purpose.

The women, however, deserve more than a passing word of description. Like their Parisian sisters, in fact all the daughters of Eve, they appeared to like finery. The prevailing material of their dresses was coburg and the colours most to their hearts were light blue, cardinal and purple. Each and every one wore a bright tartan shawl which was, in all cases, the most opposite colour to the dress. There was only one exception to this glaring display of brightness and she was dressed in black from head to foot. I learnt she had just lost her husband by the universal complaint that carries off ninety per cent of the Indians, consumption.

I must however qualify my former statement where I said the widow was in black from head to foot, because she had on the customary "Capine" or headgear that the Montagnais women have worn for over a hundred years.

I will take a paragraph to describe this cap. There are six pieces of superfine cloth used in the making, each being about a foot long, three inches broad at the base and tapering off to a perfect point. Three of these pieces are black and three scarlet. These are joined with piping cord, the cord being of sky blue silk, and when complete make a perfect tuque. The cap is generally lined with some soft material and around the bottom are eight or ten rows of silk Russia braid each one eighth of an inch broad. The cap is worn with the upper part drooped over the forehead and, to some, is very becoming.

Such a cap the widow had on. It made quite a contrast to the deep mourning of the rest of her dress.

Their hair is parted evenly in two portions from the nape of the neck, up and over to the brow. These are brought up into a tight knot or fold over each ear and is bound tightly with black Llama braid. This part of the toilet is done about once a week I am told, the hair being drawn so closely all over the head that there is no possibility of its being deranged.

The first instalment in the dining room seeing there was nothing more to expect began to fidget. The Factor arose and extended his hand and they were shown out through the front door.

I do not know how many times the dining room was filled and emptied because after the second batch I retired to the library with the eldest son of the house.

About noon our curiosity was aroused by hearing peels of boyish laughter from the kitchen.

When we got there we found Mrs. McDonald had cornered up about a dozen boys from eight to fourteen years of age. These were scrambling for apples and the excitement increased by alternate handfuls of mixed candy.

The greatest fun, both for the boys and onlookers was having them duck for apples. One persistent little fellow whose mouth appeared to open from ear to ear carried off the greatest number of apples, till I suggested substituting larger ones.

Other small batches dropped in from time to time while we were in the kitchen but these got their greetings and presents there and did not stay long.

In the evening the Indians had a dance, single reels and breakdowns, finishing off with the dance of their forefathers, the "Drum Dance". One old fellow played the Tom-Tom and the dancers going round in a

circle the grunts emitted keeping time to their stamping, and the thumps on the drum were varied every now and again by howls of ecstasy from their united voices.

How to Mount Plants.*

By W. T. MACOUN.

(Continued from the November issue.)

There is considerable art in the mounting of plants, and much individual taste may be shown. Plants should not, however, be mounted with the main purpose of making them look attractive on the paper. Where possible, flower, fruit and root should be shown on the one sheet of paper, but never more than one species; and, if the flower only is obtained the first year, space should, if possible, be left for the fruiting plant. Another important point to be taken into consideration, is the way the plants will lie when piled together. If the roots are always put at the bottom of the sheets, the pile will not be level, but by placing the specimens now on one side and then on the other, or by mounting the specimens in various places on the sheet and, when the plant is large, having the roots sometimes come at the top of the sheet, the pile may be kept level, which will make the collection much easier to handle. The standard size of mounting paper is $11\frac{1}{2} \times 16\frac{1}{2}$ inches; but a more economical use of paper may be made by having it 11×16 inches, as, at this size, one large sheet of paper will just make four sheets of mounting paper. There are many grades of white paper, and, if the collector can afford it, it is wise to get it good, the kind known as Bristol-board being very satisfactory. With experience, plants can be mounted quickly and neatly; but, when beginning this work, the greatest care should be taken, as otherwise one is liable to daub the paper with glue or not get the specimens firmly fastened. Chase's and Le Page's liquid glue are very satisfactory for mounting, but both of these preparations should be diluted with vinegar before using. To mount most plants, place the specimen on

blotting paper, under side up, then hold the specimen with one hand, and with the other glue the stem, leaves and flowers or fruit; then, pick the specimen up, turn it over and place it on the mounting sheet in the position it is to go; now take three or four newspapers, and with them press the specimen down with a gliding movement of the hand. If one is expert and can mount rapidly, three or four specimens may be mounted and then placed under a light weight, it being very important to have the weight as large or larger than the sheet, so that the specimen will be pressed evenly; but, if one is only beginning to mount, it is wise to put each specimen as mounted under the weight. A large book placed on a sheet of heavy paste-board makes a very good weight. Plants which are not easy to handle, such as delicate ferns, may be laid on a clean sheet of blotting paper under side up and the glue applied as before; but, instead of lifting the specimen, take the mounting paper and lay it on top of the specimen and then press it. In order to make specimens with large stems more secure, strips of thin gummed paper about one eighth of an inch in width are used to hold the plant. This paper may either be bought prepared or be gummed by covering it with mucilage, which is let dry and the paper then cut into strips as needed. The gummed paper is usually made as wide as the mounting sheet, as some collectors hold down the grasses and carices with long strips of gummed paper, rather than attempting to glue them. Many collectors, however, use only small strips of gummed paper only an inch or an inch and a half in length.

Each mounted sheet should be neatly

* Reprinted by Permission From the Ottawa Naturalist, August, 1904.

labelled with a white paper label about 2x4 inches, and on it should be written the name of the species, the date of the collecting, the collector's name, the habitat and place where the plant was found growing, and the date. The label is glued to the sheet at the lower right hand corner, but only attached lightly at the outer end so that it can be readily removed if necessary. If labels are not used, the required data should be neatly written on the sheet. When collecting each specimen, it is important to write the name of the plant, if known, the place where it was collected and the date, on a piece of paper which is kept with the specimen until the regular label is written. It is not a good practice to trust to the memory, as after a season's collecting one cannot remember all the particulars. Plants of each genus are kept together in what is known as a genus cover, which is a folded sheet of strong paper, a little larger than the mounting sheets (12x16½ inches); and, for the outside of the genus covers, genus labels may be obtained on which is written the name of the order and genus to which the plants belong. The label is attached to the lower left hand corner.

The genera should be arranged in botanical sequence in a cabinet, which should be kept closed to prevent injury from dust and insects.

No herbarium is complete without a list of the specimens contained in it, and a check list of Canadian plants or of the plants of Ontario will be found of great use in marking the species which have been collected and at a glance seeing those which are still to be procured. A check list of Canadian plants has been published by Mr. James M. Macoun, Ottawa, and of the plants of Ontario, by Mr. W. Scott, Normal School, Toronto.

PRACTICAL RESULTS FROM THE STUDY OF PLANTS.

It may be asked, what practical benefit can be derived from the study of plants? This is a very pertinent question; for, in this age of keen competition it is as well, if possible to obtain something that will be of use to us in life, even from what may appear at first sight merely a delightful

pastime. When Prof. John Macoun explored Manitoba and the North West Territories in the seventies and travelled for hundreds of miles without seeing a white man nor a cultivated field, he was as certain that this great territory would eventually produce millions of bushels of wheat as it is now certain that they have been produced, and, when he was laughed at for his enthusiasm, he said, "You will see that I am right." Why was he so certain? Because of his knowledge of plants. He knew what wild species of plants grew in sandy soil, loamy soil, clay soil and gravelly soil, what kind would not thrive where the soil was alkaline and which kinds would. He was also able to tell whether the soil was wet or dry by the plants which grew upon it. He also knew what plants required a certain amount of heat to mature seeds. Thus he was able to draw his conclusions as to what proportion of the country would produce wheat and what would not. If a plant were found which took as long as wheat to mature, required as good soil to grow in, and as great heat to make it develop, it was quite safe to conclude that the soil and climate were suitable for wheat. This same knowledge of plants has been used more recently by Mr. Jas. M. Macoun in exploring the Peace River District. How great a service it would be to the farmer if he were familiar with the habits of plants and knew more of the commoner species! The knowledge would be of the greatest value to him in the purchase of land; for he would be able to tell at a glance whether a soil was poor or not, or whether it needed drainage. A knowledge of the root growth of weeds would make the eradication of them much easier for him, for he would better understand what system of culture was necessary. Few farmers know that every kind of weed has a seed which is quite distinct from every other kind. If he knew at sight the seeds of the worst weeds, it would be of the greatest possible service to him in helping him to keep his farm clear of them. While those practical applications of the study of plants are especially valuable to the farmer, they are useful to the market gardener and townsman as well; but there are other ways in which the latter may gain know-

ledge which will be useful to him. There are many species of fungi which are very useful as food; but the intense ignorance which prevails, makes them of comparatively little value except to a few. The study of fungi would soon lead to a knowledge of the edible kinds and to a larger consumption of this nutritious and wholesome food. To the amateur gardener the study of plants and their habits affords an inexhaustible field. He learns the time of blooming of the different species and varieties, the kinds which require wet soil and those that do not, the height to which

each one grows, and he gets an endless amount of knowledge of plants which is of the greatest value to him in his gardening operations. There are many other practical applications which might be mentioned, but there is not room for them here and, in addition to all this, there remains the great fact that the more knowledge we have, the better is life worth living, and the knowledge which can be obtained in such a delightful manner as by studying plants and their habits, is sure to have no other than beneficial results.

(To be continued.)

The Old and the New.

By C. C. FARR.

(Continued from the December Issue.)

While I was ruminating on the past, the present blew right into my teeth in the shape of an ordinary Kipawa blizzard, from the north. The scooping out of the basin of the Kipawa is a result of the peculiar action of the ice a few hundred thousand years ago—the exact time is a chronological question we may safely leave to the geologist. It was scooped out in such a fashion that a few points of the compass were ignored, and if a wind is blowing from the north, the wind is north in any bay, narrows, or stretch of water that has the slightest trend in that direction, and of course, 'vice versa'. For the hollow that forms the lake acts as a funnel, and the exact direction of the wind is modified by the configuration of the shore-line. Hence, we suffered, for we were travelling north, and all that we could do, was to pull up our fur collars and anticipate the comfort that awaited us at the end of our day's journey.

In spite of the howling storm, I could not help noticing places that were familiar. First the Roche Corbeau, the Raven rock, or as the Indians call it, 'Kah-kah-kee-wah-bik.' This is one of the landmarks of this part of the Kipawa, and associated with it are tragedies, both human and equine. Here men have been drowned, for it is a dangerous place to pass in a bad wind. Indians know the place

and have some weird tales concerning it, for among these rocks, dwell the 'Peccud-jeesie', 'The little people'. These are the Fairies, and there is an interesting history attached to this lore that cannot be given here, but, I might say, in passing, that they, the Fairies, are worthy of consideration. A wise Indian does not ignore their existence, and placates them, on every possible opportunity.

I have seen here many noble horses drowned, for the ice is treacherous, and though strong today, tomorrow is but a shell. One of the most pitiful things to see in this northern land of ours is a team 'in the ice'. The poor beasts seem to know their probable fate, and will, sometimes, fairly cry out, in their agony of the fear of death.

The man who knows, when his team falls through with a sickening crash, rushes to the traces and unhooks them, first, and orders the other man to go to their heads and loosen the snaps of the lines, moreover, if possible, disengage them from the neckyoke. Once that is all done, there is a hope for the poor beasts, and a little assistance, that is by pulling at the head, acting as it were as a fulcrum, will enable a smart horse to get out, but great care has always to be taken to see that the head of the horse does not sink beneath the water, for in such a case a horse will in-

hale water into his lungs, and that means death, even if, subsequently, he is pulled out. The horse that is first pulled out, if properly handled, will be able to pull out its mate, and thus two lives are saved instead of one; but I hate this subject, for I have seen too much of it.

There is one thing connected with this particular spot, which though belonging more to the present than the past, can never be forgotten.

I was travelling up one night about twelve o'clock, fifteen years ago, I think, and just as I reached the 'Kah-kah-kee-wah-bik' the whole sky was suffused with pink. I wondered what it was blushing about, for I am somewhat of an observer of meteorological phenomena, but my wonder soon turned to awe, for the suffusion became an illumination, and the heavens shone with a glory that I had never seen before, and have never seen since. Wave after wave of glorious colour spread out over our heads, so that though I pride myself in being the personification of the prosaic, in my inmost soul I wondered if there were not something in it, portentous, for superstition is one of the commonest attributes of humanity. For, in that place at that hour the display was weird beyond description, and though it shortly faded and gradually vanished, I thanked the chance that had enabled me to see, under such conditions, something that it is not often given to mortals to see.

Our course took us north from there, so that I was fain to content myself allowing my memories to wander through those narrows, and on up the lake towards Hunter's Lodge, that familiar route, by which I so often travelled many years ago. I just caught a glimpse of Dog-bone Island, that tiny island with a history. I have a recollection of having related that history somewhere many years ago. It is an Indian legend, and has its pathetic side. 'Anemoosokunisie', if I remember aright, is the Indian name of the isle, being composed of 'anemoos' 'dog', 'okun' 'bone' and 'menisie' 'island'.

The legend dates back to the days when the Ojibways were harried by their hereditary enemies the Iroquois, and, as I have before said, took to this labyrinthine lake, playing games of 'hide and seek' in

which the penalty of being found was often death, or failing that, a loss of all their valuable assets, their furs, their trinkets, their spears and arrows, and sometimes, their wives and daughters, for those were strenuous days for this poor persecuted tribe.

One night, a band of Ojibways, fleeing from their pursuers, had doubled through the narrows of the 'Kah-kah-kee-wah-bik' trusting that their enemies would head down towards the outlet of the Kipawa River (the place which I hoped to reach by hard driving in the afternoon), or that, baffled, they would give up the chase and turn back. Vain hope, as the sequel will show. It was a foggy summer's night, and not a breath of wind stirred the surface of the lake, and moreover, there was no moon, so that it is needless to say that it was as dark as Erebus.

These people knew every inch of the ground, and as they were weary, it was decided to make their camp upon this island.

They had all landed, and were making noiseless preparations to snatch a few hours' rest, when one of their number, either by chance or design, strolled to the foot of the island. On such a night sound travels afar, the fog acting rather as a conductor of sound than a muffler. Suddenly the sound of a paddle caught his ear, an ear attuned to keenness, by ages of hereditarity and dire necessity. He rushed back to his companions and imparted the dread news. Every smouldering vestige of fire was at once extinguished, for they determined to trust to darkness instead of flight. When, lo, the awful thought struck them—the dogs! They were sure to bark, and thus, as the Iroquois passed the island, betray their presence. There was no hesitation, for the case was desperate, and thus the fiat went forth that the dogs must all silently and swiftly be slain, in such a manner that would allow not the slightest whimper to escape them. An Indian is rather fond of his dogs, so it must have been a task accomplished with a heavy heart, but there was no alternative and the deed was done, so that the enemy passed in the darkness, and the band was saved, but at the cost of the lives of their faithful little four-footed companions, and friends.

The bodies were gathered up into a pile, and there remained until nothing was left of them but a pile of whitened bones, and hence the island received its name, a lasting memorial of a tragedy enacted in the dim and distant past.

As my mind travelled further southward I could not help thinking of the many hard trips that I had taken down that long stretch, on water, on ice and even on land, when the ice was so bad that no man could travel on it, and how glad I used to be, when on a homeward journey, after days of weary paddling or walking, I would reach the 'Equay Menisie', 'The Woman's Island'. Some times I would count my steps from there home, in order to try to make the distance shorter, and to take my mind off my hunger and weariness.

The reason why this island received its name is also from the past, but of slightly more recent date. It was here that the Indians of Grand Lac used to leave their wives, when making their yearly trips down to Moose Factory, with the large canoes; for in those days all business of the Hudson's Bay Company was done at Moose Factory, the North West Company having possession of the southern portions of the Ottawa River, and even when the Companies amalgamated, for some time the Hudson's Bay Company followed their old route.

This 'Equay Menisie' has a legend attached to it, which is but fragmentary, that is, it has only been spoken of in my presence in a vague manner, but as far as I can gather it was an exciting one, for it is practically the scene of the last raid made by the predatory Iroquois on the Kipawa. I think that it must antedate the union of the two rival fur companies, for had such a thing occurred since, it would have been historical.

As far as I could learn, the Indian women were gathered together here, in daily expectation of the return of their husbands, brothers, and sweet-hearts, when the familiar 'thud' of the paddles was heard. Everybody was on the alert, for it was a long journey that the men had taken, and, naturally, in spite of the phlegmatic nature of the Indian, hearts began to beat more rapidly at the prospect of meeting the loved ones. Fires were stirred up, so as to

afford a beacon to the home-comers, and in this case, even the dogs took share in the turmoil.

Nearer and nearer drew the sound, and the women began to crowd around the landing place. Suddenly a shriek rent the air, and the dread cry of 'Nahta yay, Nah taway' reverberated through the island. It was a canoe manned by the Iroquois that arrived, and only defenceless women were there to drive off the invaders, who, knowing that the men were away, had taken this mean advantage of the opportunity. Women ran, shrieking through the underbrush, pursued by warriors of the hated tribe. Little girls and boys hid themselves beneath logs and in rock crevices, even as a young brood of partridges will do, for the instinct of self-preservation, stimulated by fear, is very strong in the young.

Altogether it looked very black for that band of women, and salvation seemed afar off, but salvation came in the shape of a young woman of ready wit. She saw that by a combined effort there was a chance to 'overpower by force of numbers, for there were not men enough in that one canoe to pursue all the women encamped upon the island; so she rallied some of those who had simply tried to hide and keep out of the way, and then the pursuers became the pursued. Sticks, stones, hatchets, and even cooking utensils were brought into play, and master Iroquois found himself encompassed by a horde of infuriated demons of the female gender, and that is the worst kind of demon, as they quickly discovered. Fortunately for them, so intent were the women in combining for the attack, that they omitted to stave in the canoe, so that the Iroquois, with bleeding heads and generally dilapidated anatomies, succeeded in regaining their canoe, and paddled away for dear life, cursing women, and no doubt mentally resolving that, in future, they would try to lead more respectable lives.

This island was the place where, in case of head wind, one had to stay and wait for a change of wind, or a calm. Also when the ice was going out, it was here one had to stay until the lake was clear. I remember, years ago, waiting for the ice to move at this very place. My wife was with me, there-

fore I could not take the chances that I would have done, had I been alone. We simply had to wait, and when you are waiting on ice, you think that the wind never changes, for a change of wind means disaster to the ice, and a free channel for yourself. If I remember aright, it took three days to change the wind, and before the expiration of three days, my wife wanted to go back; but I have always hated to go back, and I won my point, a point for which I had to pay, in a manner that only those who are married know. I tried to make the way pleasant by trotting out my Indian lore, but I failed and wished that the blooming wind would turn. Finally it did and then the excitement of a few hair-breadth escapes, restored the harmony that should exist between man and wife.

But we were travelling north, and we are now mentally travelling south. To the left of us is the Turtle Portage, 'Kah-meeek-in-ah-kee-on-i-gum'. A very long word to express a short portage, and we will leave the ramifications of that route for some future time, and now we are nearing Hunter's Lodge, but before we get there, another place arrests my attention. It is a tiny bay, on the left. It was there that I caught the big pike, and Kipawa pike are no piccaninnies. I was as usual fishing with my wife in a very small canoe, and though the little canoe was full of small fish, comparatively, I thought that I would have just one try in that little bay before going home. It was deep, though not large, and land locked except for a passage that one could almost jump over, through which I paddled with shortened line, letting out more line when I reached the wider and deeper portions. I was about to haul in my line in disgust, as I neared the end of the bay, when my troll caught on something that I thought was a log. I was about to throw over my winding stick, as is my custom so to do if caught on log or bottom, when I felt a perceptible 'give', so I pulled as much as the line would stand, which fetched the canoe back. The trend of the line was down deep, so that I might still have thought that I had hooked a log, only there was that steady lateral swing that betokens a fish, and I knew that I had hooked a big

one. But it was a long time before the fish gave me a chance to see it. Finally it made a swirl near the surface, so I knew that it had seen me, for immediately it dashed away, so that I was obliged to give it more line. It towed the little canoe along, as if it was accustomed to towing canoes.

I was in dread lest it should get the line entangled by making for some of the tops of trees that had fallen into the water, but it acted in a most gentlemanly way, in that respect and religiously—if there is any religion in a fish—held to deep water. Round after round we sailed, but at length the fish began to tire, and then I caught the first sight of it. It appeared to me a veritable monster, and I dreaded the possibility of losing it, for there are few fishermen who have not experienced that agony of soul which comes to a man when an especially fine fish is brought to the surface, and then by the breaking of a hook or line, or by the former becoming detached the latter becomes limp and without strain, while the fish, in sight, but out of reach, swims slowly away—so provokingly slowly that one feels inclined to jump in and grab it.

I well knew that it would be a case of upset to bring that great floundering fish into the canoe, and in any case I had no gaff, so I looked but looked in vain for a sandy bay where I could tow it shore. I knew then that my only chance was the paddle, and I took that chance. I brought the fish along side, now thoroughly tamed, and with the top of its head just peeping out of the water. I raised the paddle taking my time, and holding my breath, took good aim, and struck that broad head with the edge of the paddle, and the fish lay quivering upon its side, on the top of the water. I promptly slipped my fingers into its eye-sockets, and slid it into the canoe. Then I paddled for shore, without waiting to take out the hooks, jumped out, and seizing the fish again, threw it safe on shore, where it could kick and be hanged; and it did kick, but a few blows with a stick gave it the necessary quietus.

The weight was a little disappointing, for I could hardly stretch it to nineteen pounds, though, as a matter of fact, a Kipawa pike of nineteen pounds will put up

a fight equal to a twenty-five pounder from other places. These Kipawa pike are certainly extraordinary in this respect, in their lustiness, and besides, they are such a firm fish in the eating, more like bass, which is probably the result of the pure, deep water, and absence of muddy flats; for it is a rock-bound lake, and the water is wonderfully clear, seeing that it is not in a limestone region.

And now my mind travels to the familiar narrows, on which the old post stood, where I spent nine years in learning the art of Indian trade. It is still beyond the point, and invisible, but I can see it, in my

mind's eye as it was, when I knew it. It was full of life then, Indian life. There were many fine buildings, all 'posted' buildings, that is, made after the fashion of most Hudson's Bay Company buildings, which is this way. Logs of about eight feet in length are 'sided' and tenoned at the ends. Then a frame of squared posts is set up, and slotted to receive the tenoned ends of the logs, which are all slipped in from the top, and that is one reason why they are cut so short, and the fact that the logs have to be carried out of the bush to the building site, on men's shoulders.

(To be continued.)

A Bear Hunt.

By JAMES CREWSTER.

"Well everything is ready for the trail" I remarked to Mr. H., who with his hands in his pockets had been leaning leisurely up against a friendly poplar tree, watching the operation of catching, saddling and packing about nine head of Indian ponies with enough provisions to last us, a party of three, during a four weeks' cruise in the mountains.

"All right," he says, "I am ready," and walking over to the horse that had been prepared for him climbs on. I pick up the rope that is connected to the halter of the bell mare, struggle onto my own horse and 'lead out'.

Looking back, I see the cook persuading the pack-horses along with a large club, while Mr. H. rides quietly along, puffing away at his pipe and keeping well in the rear, for fear he might get in the way of the pack horses which were not very anxious to leave. We soon get clear of the corals and pass up through the main street of the village of Banff. A few well kept curs come rushing out and bark. This attracts the attention of the inhabitants, who immediately swarm to their windows and doors and watch the procession go by, not because it is an unusual sight to see a pack-train go through the town, but because they haven't much else to do.

Once through the town we cross the

Bow river bridge, and then turn west following the well-made road by the cave and basin. The smiling good humored Scotchman, who is caretaker of this famous watering place, gives our parting salute.

On crossing Sundance Creek we leave all traces of civilization, and soon enter a thick mat of fallen and standing timber, anything but delightful to travel in. After jumping logs and pushing through short strips of muskeg for a couple of hours, we reach Healy Creek, which owing to the earliness of the season is very much swollen, but after some little difficulty we manage to reach the other side in safety.

We followed up the stream for about four miles and struck an old camp ground, where we decided to stop for the night, having covered about 15 miles. The horses were unpacked, their loads piled up neatly and covered with pack covers in case of rain, saddles were taken off and the cayuses turned out for the night to feed. The cook now turns his attention to feed. The fire and preparing supper. Before Mr. H. and I have the tents pitched and the beds made, the pots are simmering merrily over the fire and the fumes from the frying bacon make us realize just how hungry we really are.

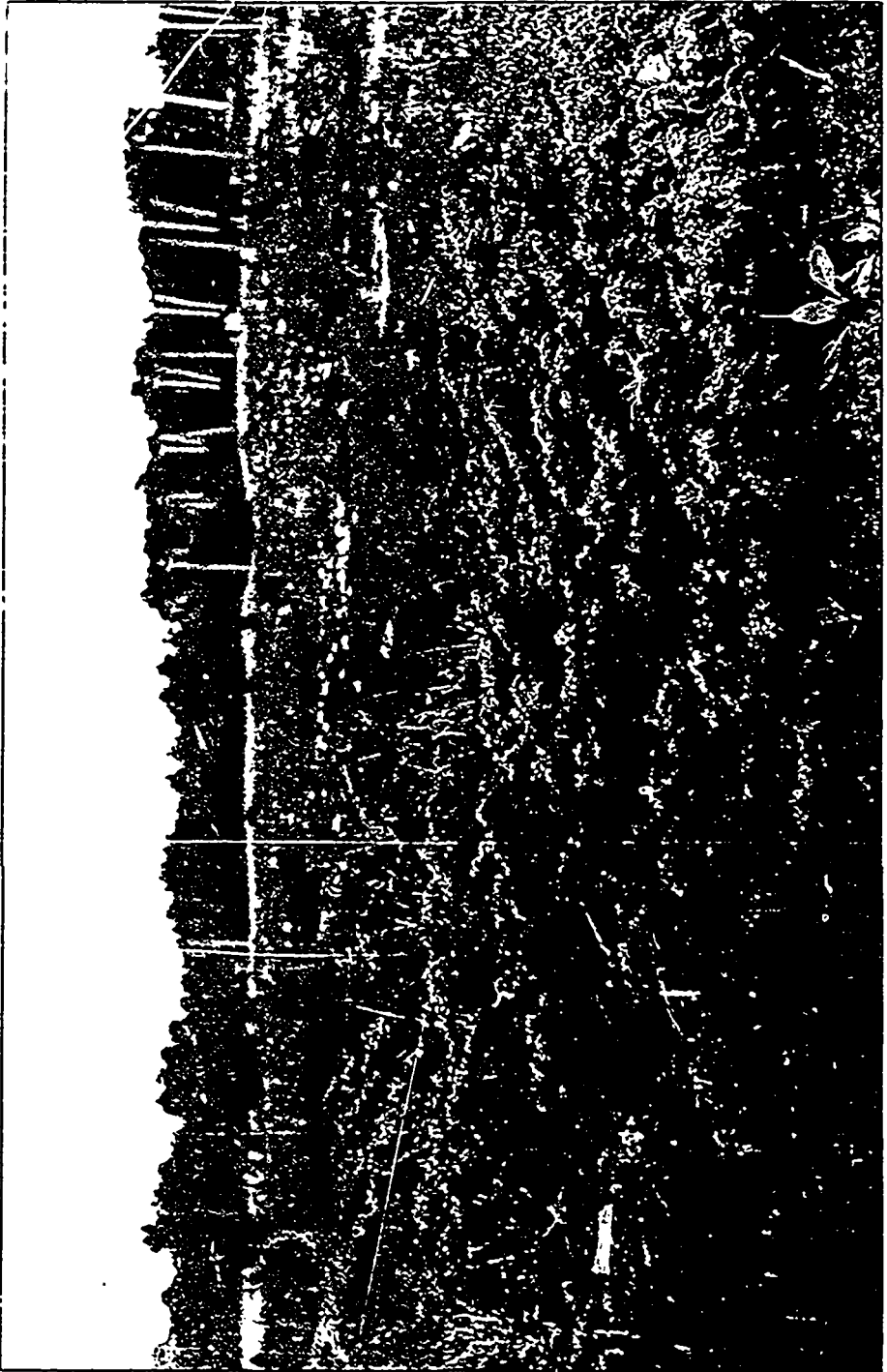
From the time the pack train stops after a hard day's travel until supper is served



ON THE ARROW LAKES
A Canadian Pacific Railway Steamer leaving Haleyon, B. C.



IN THE FAR NORTH
Shack at the mouth of the Nelson River, N. W. T.



THE COMMON JUNIPER
Juniperus communis.

is the cranky period of the party. Everybody is hungry and tired and willing to fight on very slight provocation, but after they get up against the "grub pile" for a few minutes, conversation begins to loosen up, bear, mountain sheep and fish stories start to float around, and as the hannock, bacon and strong tea disappear some really good yarns ooze out. Before the after supper pipe is finished, the tourist thinks (if he has not been there before) that he has really got men along with him that would tackle any grizzly with a common pocket-knife or ride a bighorn over a hundred foot cliff, if for nothing more than to illustrate to the tourist that the mountain sheep does not use his horns to land upon.

Of course our first evening in camp was spent in the usual way, "stuffing the tourist" (or trying to), and as the evening grew into night and our yarns grew poorer and poorer, the victim began to yawn,—a pretty good hint he had soaked up about as many lies as he could stand for one evening. So we all adjourned to bed and slept as only those who travel in the beautiful cool, clear air of the Rocky Mountains can sleep.

First streaks of the morning light found the camp alive and full of activity, preparing breakfast and rounding up horses, pulling down tents, and folding them and the sleeping blankets.

In less than an hour and a half after the first sign of life in the camp we are all packed up, and the pack train is winding its way through some heavy timber on a narrow pack trail towards the high summit of the Simpson Pass.

Three hours tedious climb over fallen timber and sharp rocks brought us to the top of the summit, an open, but hilly ridge that separates the waters of this great continent. The small streams that rush down the east side eventually find their way to the Atlantic and those on the west to the Pacific.

The scenery from this point is superb, small lakes of various colors are scattered about among the hills and a few scrubby mountain larch mark the almost extreme limits of vegetation.

Off to the west huge mountains rear their snow and ice crested peaks, while on either

side deep ravines have been cut to the valleys below. We halted here for a few minutes to give our horses a breathing spell and to admire the beautiful surroundings. Then we proceeded along the ridge about a mile until we struck a narrow, steep draw which led to the valley below. Following down the gulch, we arrived at the bank of the Simpson river and a good camping ground, just as the sun sank behind the mountain peaks in the west.

The next day by noon we had reached the head waters of the Simpson river. Passing over a small summit we enter what is known as "Hell Gate Pass", a small narrow valley full of all manner of broken rock and large boulders, and after about three miles of rough trail we emerge into another rolling strip of country very similar to the Simpson summit. Here and there small lakes are scattered among the hills, clumps of stunted spruce and mountain larch appear at intervals, while the whole surface is covered with short, fuzzy grass found on nearly all summits where there is any vegetation at all. As a background to this beautiful sight Mount Assiniboine appears, rearing its proud head high above the surrounding peaks.

This famous mountain baffled the persevering attempts of many a noted mountaineer for years, until Rev. James Outram succeeded in conquering it in 1901. Several days were spent by the party at the foot of this proud monster photographing, hunting and resting.

Shortly after our arrival at Assiniboine the lack of fresh meat began to tell on the party, so it was decided that Mr. H. and I should go out and see what we could kill, the only game in the immediate vicinity being grizzly bear and mountain goat. We decided on hunting the latter. Early in the morning armed with our rifles and a light lunch we set out for some low mountains about five miles to the north-east of us, where we had located a large bunch of goat through the glasses.

Before leaving the camp we were careful to secure our dog to a small tree with a good stout cord. I knew that he was a good bear dog, but was not sure about his goat abilities, so we decided to leave him at camp for fear that he might spoil a

good opportunity after a hard climb. We had not gone more than about two miles, when we heard some furious barking a short distance behind us. I knew that it must be our dog, and hurrying back found that he had cornered a good sized grizzly bear. We crept up to within about 75 yards of the scene, Mr. H. took careful aim and fired, striking the bear in the shoulder. The pain made him furious and he immediately dashed after the dog, but he had not gone far when Mr. H. gave him another volley, this time breaking his back. He struggled about for some time, but soon had to give up. We advanced very cautiously until we were very sure that he was quite dead, and when everything looked favorable we went in and skinned him and then returned to camp, as it was too late to continue our goat hunt.

The next day we leave Assiniboine and follow down Bryant Creek. Just before noon I sighted a small bunch of goat on the mountain to the left of us, and as the bear meat that we had killed the day before was too tough to eat we decided to go out and try our luck at goat once more. Stopping the pack-train we unloaded the horses and turned them loose; then we left the cook to fix up the camp, while we went after fresh meat. We left camp about 11 a.m., and returned again at three, carrying the carcasses of two fine goat. A few days later as we were travelling down Bryant Creek, we saw a very large bull elk, but as we had plenty of fresh meat and were not on a hunting trip we did not shoot him, but procured some very good photographs.

Bryant Creek flows into the Spray river. About four miles below the mouth of

Bryant Creek there are some very pretty falls on the Spray river, in which trout are in great numbers. Here we camped for a few days and fished. During the time we were here I caught a trout that measured 18 inches in length. I had a hard time to land him as he fought desperately to get away, and I only had a tepee pole for a fishing rod.

Leaving the Spray Falls we followed down the river a couple of miles further, then crossed over the river and proceeded up a small creek about a mile to what are known as the Spray Lakes. The fishing here can not be equalled in America in my estimation. The readers of this article probably will not believe me when I tell them that one time I was passing by these lakes and was very short of "grub", so I decided to stop and catch some fish. In an hour and a quarter I caught as much as a pack horse could carry, which would be about 200 pounds. This may sound like a game hog's story, but I think anyone else in my position would have done the same thing. The fish in this lake range in weight all the way from one pound to 40 pounds.

At this point we stayed for a couple of days, then broke camp and pulled into Canmore, a small mining village on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 15 miles east of Banff. There is a more direct way to the Spray Lakes from Banff now, as the Government have cut a trail up the Spray river to the old White Man's trail. By this route it is not more than about 12 miles from the Canadian Pacific Railway hotel to the Lakes. In my next article I will give a description of the country to the south of Banff, which for scenery and sport I think will not be easily beaten.

Winter Sports in Canada.

By STRAW HAT.

There are many men who consider themselves wise, and who would be very much surprised to be classified amongst the ignorant. For instance such are those who compare unfavourably the winter climate of Canada with that of the middle States of America, or even the more northerly of

the Southern States. As a matter of fact the Canadian winter climate is infinitely superior for many reasons, of which I would like to name two.—

First, in its possibilities of enjoyment.

Secondly, in its healthfulness.

Let us compare the every day life of the

New Yorker with that of the Canadian. If we take the New Yorker with four thousand dollars a year to live upon, he is compelled to live in the suburbs somewhere, or in a flat, or its equivalent. If he lives in the suburbs, and his business is in the city, he rises in the morning between half past six and seven, breakfasts hurriedly, leaves home between seven and eight o'clock, has an hour's ride on trains, and after half an hour spent over connections and street car rides, he arrives at his office. He spends the morning in his heated office, has a rush luncheon in a crowded heated, and probably badly ventilated luncheon room. The afternoon is spent like the morning. At six o'clock he leaves his office, and has a ride in a crowded car, changing to a heated and crowded train, and arrives home at half past seven or eight o'clock to a late dinner. After dinner perhaps he has time enough for a game of cards or a little music. But he has not much time for this as he has again to rise early the next morning. During the whole of that day he has perhaps had not more than one hour of fresh open air experience. The dweller in the small towns may have a little more walking and a little less rush. But compared with either of these the life of the Canadian in the smaller towns is much preferable. He rises at half past seven in the morning, takes his bath, reads his newspaper, breakfasts, and very frequently walks to his office. Many take the heated and pernicious street car even in Canada. The Canadian takes an hour or more for luncheon. He leaves his office at six o'clock and sits down to dinner between six thirty and seven. After dinner if he is wise, and many of the Canadians are wise in this respect, he takes his snowshoes, his skis, or his toboggan, and has a two hours' tramp or slide, covering the ground so imperceptibly that he gets over five or six miles without knowing it, so great is his enjoyment of the exercise in which he is indulging. Next morning after a very sound sleep, he awakes with an amazingly good appetite. All Saturday afternoons are spent in this way, and on Sunday several miles are covered whatever the weather may be. It is a rare thing from the end of November to April to have a rainy day—very often there is not more than one day and sometimes none during

that time when the Canadian cannot go where he will.

Here comes in the second part of the argument. The result is that the average Canadian is stronger and healthier than the average American to the south of us. About fifty per cent of the nurses in the hospitals in the United States are Canadian girls, taken because of their healthfulness and stamina, and not for patriotic reasons. This is a remarkable proof of the healthfulness of the Canadian winter for those who use it aright. The Canadian winter sports are many in number—snow shoeing, skiing, skating, curling, ice boating, tobogganning, the many forms of driving, and the travelling snow-shoe dog train and toboggan camp life. These not only afford infinite enjoyment but add greatly to the healthfulness of the Canadian, and they afford a most interesting and exhilarating programme of winter life. They are all open air entertainments, and it follows necessarily that they are healthful. All of them give exercise tending to the development of the muscles. They afford indeed the most pleasant and effective method of practising physical culture. All these exercises except driving demand from their votaries that they wear comparatively light clothing and make the muscular action brisk and continuous. As there is no over heating and the air breathed is the purest in the world, the result is generally to be seen in the building up of stamina and the development of muscle to an extraordinary degree. Long snow shoe tramps by parties who carry light tents and have their provisions hauled by dogs on toboggans are very popular and possible to a degree that surprises the outsider. It makes certain journeys possible in winter that are not so in summer except in parts that are accessible by canoe. All swamps, rivers, and lakes, are passable in winter. There are no insects, and there is no malaria. It is quite common to find a man who can travel sixty miles per day following dogs for several days in succession on snow shoes, which is a better record than that made in Japan, because while there are often no roads here, there they are very good. Here on a snow shoe tramp a man, to a very large extent, beats out his own road, through more or less soft snow.

The Canadian Pacific Railway is so convinced of the truth of these statements that they are systematising the promotion of these winter sports. Camps are to be established at various points, and everything necessary for the enjoyment of these sports will be placed at the disposition of the public. Experienced men and guides will give lessons in the few sports—such as skating, curling and skiing—in which some practice is necessary. But most of these games can be learned in a very few minutes. The forest will be preserved in certain accessible localities along the line of the railway so that people may enjoy the real thing in the woods, and not under artificial conditions.

It used to be that Canadian invalids were sent south, and particularly was this the case with consumptives, in the hope of relief for their maladies. But this no longer obtains. The invalids who are able to do so are made to join in as many winter sports as they can, and consumptives are kept out of doors as much as possible. This is the case all day long, and they sleep at nights with their windows wide open. Such courses of treatment have resulted in great benefit to consumptives. The south may help some of the weak and delicate, but it is enervating and in the great ma-

ajority of cases there is nothing bracing for the patient, nothing to increase stamina and develop muscle.

There are still many in Canada who do not know of the marvellous benefits of an open air life. There are many who dress so absurdly that they cannot enjoy being out of doors. Our forefathers were hardy and robust to a degree. But they dressed right—i.e., warmly when necessary. In those days they wore hats by means of which they could cover a large portion of the face, and the ears if necessary; and coats that were made with collars that could be turned up, and thus form a real protection against the occasional biting winds. Now our people wear billy cock hats perched on the top of their heads, and seem to try to see how little clothing they can wear. They freeze ears and noses without reason or against the dictates of reason, either on account of the vanity of fashion or to flatter the self-conceit that they are hardy to an astonishing and extraordinary degree.

Those who know how to enjoy it and who have had experience of more southerly climates than the Canadian, infinitely prefer the Canadian winter from Xmas to March to any other.

The Kawartha Lakes.

By L. O. A

The sportsmen of Toronto and district, and those from the United States for many hundred of miles south west, south, and south east from Buffalo, have for years been looking for a short and quick route to Bobcaygeon. The reason is obvious from a first glance at the map. The beautiful Kawartha Lakes, situated in the counties of Victoria and Peterborough, have Bobcaygeon for their exact centre. From this point east and west run several comfortable steamers, some of them electrically lighted. These ply to the mouths of many rivers, up which are good canoe routes to smaller inland lakes, and also afford many other delightful excursions. The Kawartha Lakes together form a very large body of water, and the well enforced laws of On-

tario have preserved the fishing so that it is to-day almost as good as ever it was. These lakes are, comparatively speaking, but little known to the summer tourists. The chain is composed of Lakes Koshkabhoyamog, Clear, Stoney, Buckhorn, Chemong, Pigeon, Bold, Sturgeon, Cameron, and Balsam, making a yacht route of seventy miles. A very beautiful combination of scenery is enjoyed here, as some parts are wild, bold, and picturesque to a degree; while others have the quiet beauty of smooth grassy lawns and old trees, well underbrushed. A few summer cottages are dotted along the shores, but not two per cent of the land is taken up.

At the centre—Bobcaygeon—is the best fishing, and every lake mentioned can be

reached from there by steamer. Here also arrangements can be made for canoes and guides, and by correspondence beforehand with the hardware stores camp outfits of every kind can be provided. A large lumbering firm at Bobcaygeon has recently gone out of business. Though they have done very little lumbering for some time, their stoppage has had the effect of depriving a number of experienced men of employment, and these men, owing to their work and their knowledge of the woods make very good guides. In some parts it is long since the deer have been disturbed, and the hunting therefore, as well as the fishing, is very good.

Bobcaygeon is situated on an island in the short river between Sturgeon and Pigcon Lakes. Steamers run to and from Bridgenorth, 20 miles; Buckhorn, 17 miles; and Fenelon Falls, 15 miles. It will be the central point of distribution for passengers and freight for all points on the northern lakes, and to the lakes of this chain. The hotel and boarding house accommodation is very good indeed for people, who are content with plain fare at reasonable rates. There are natural parks which are to be developed next season, and the accommodation will be very much added to. It is proposed to erect a Camp village. Bobcaygeon is essentially a camping proposition. It is the best objective point both for the settler and the sportsman as it contains within itself all that they may need. The conveniences, and even some of the luxuries of life are there. It possesses many of the advantages of civilization while being yet in the wild.

The Lindsay branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, on which Bobcaygeon is a station, is built on an elevated plateau, giving absolute immunity from hay fever, and giving very delightful climatic conditions, including the best of drainage, the soil being dry and porous. The town is now only a little over three hours from Toronto, and the journey is through one of the most interesting portions of the beautiful Province of Ontario. There are two trains daily each way, and special privileges are given to fishermen and sportsmen, in the season, from May till November. On leaving the main line at Burketon one is struck with the great change in the air between that point and Toronto. Insensibly

the traveller has climbed to an elevation where the air is extraordinarily clear and bracing.

Quite near is Lake Scugog, where many record fish have been taken, and where a good bass river can be followed all the way to Lindsay. All along the line, at every station, the traveller finds himself within easy distance of good fishing, and all the land is available for summer homes. There are several points from which the Scugog River can be easily reached. Up to the present the line is so new that there has not been an influx of summer visitors.

Emily Creek, an outlet of Emily Lake, gives canoe connections to Sturgeon Lake. Through the north are rivers like the Mississauga, the Nogey, and many others, which can be reached from Bobcaygeon in quick time, and where hunting and fishing can be obtained.

These facts, taken in conjunction with the modest prices asked for land as compared with other parts of Ontario, a great deal further away, and where many times the fishing is not so good, ought to make it a very desirable place indeed. The cost of living in Bobcaygeon is very considerably less than it is in the cities. The canoeing, boating, yachting, hunting, and fishing are unsurpassed. The rivers, sheltered bays, and even the open stretches are not subject to heavy squalls. This renders Bobcaygeon as far as the water attractions are concerned second to none.

The churches are well represented, having comfortable edifices and good congregations. Now that Bobcaygeon is so accessible, its growth and development as a summer resort in the near future is certain, and summer places that can now be had for a trifle will in a few years be worth a good deal of money.

Then out from the town are many attractions. There are well macadamised roads leading to pretty lakes and charming views most suitable for summer outings. Some of these roads would suit automobiles very well. Bobcaygeon is one of the places where there is always a great deal of out door occupation, and from this standpoint alone it is bound to grow and become very popular indeed.

Sturgeon Point is a delightful steamboat journey from Bobcaygeon. It forms a natural park of oak, maple, and pine, and in

a most interesting country. There is a very large area of country wooded, with a sandy beach, and a dry soil, most suitable for summer cottages and camps. In fact there are several hundreds of miles of coast line.

It is an old Indian highway and there are portages into many of the interior lakes and along the river, making it most enjoyable territory for the canoeist and camper.

Shooting in the Rocky Mountains.

By C. G. COWAN

In the Rocky Mountains, between the Peace River and the head waters of the Smoky river, there lies a wide and beautiful valley, drained by the Wapiti river. Here on this wild outskirts of the Dominion, some four hundred miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, an old Indian, his boy and myself pitched our Tepee, glad to be isolated from all human interests, and free to hunt the valleys and mountains, until such time as the winter drove us into warmer quarters.

It was now the month of September, the leaves on the poplars had already turned a pale yellow, and the velvet had been rubbed from the horns of the Moose. Mountain sheep, goat and bears besides quantities of smaller mammals fed peaceably in their own particular ranges. This was indeed a veritable hunting ground, and although new to me, Simon, the old Indian, had trapped many a beaver by the waters of the Wapiti, and in the fall of each year, came here with his 44 Winchester, his lodge, and family in quest of their winter's meat; in fact it was only on such occasions, the animals were ever disturbed by human being, consequently they were far from being wild and offered magnificent sport. My first day out from camp was after sheep, we had seen them the day before, as we crossed over the summit coming from the Smoky river.

There was a band of about fifty, feeding low down on the south side of a well timbered mountain. The three of us left camp early, on ponies. The road was no other than an old caribou trail, it straggled onward towards our quarry, now through a dense undergrowth of willows, again, along the dry bed of some recent water-course, but more often through a dark forest of pines, which hemmed it in so narrowly, there was scarce room for our horses to squeeze between the trees.

On penetrating through just such a place as this we emerged suddenly into the open, in full view of doubtless, the same band of sheep as we had seen yesterday, though they had moved considerably, and were now feeding above the timber line. The ewes, ever on the watch, had evidently failed to notice us, so, we slid back into the timber, and took a circuitous route, until we arrived at a safe spot to leave our horses. Then we stalked on until within firing range of two old rams, perhaps, the only two good heads in the band, at any rate from my position I could not see more. I fired at the one nearest me, it bounded into the air, vitally struck, staggered and fell, the other made off, over a knoll, allowing no time for a shot. We returned to camp with my trophy, and found the horns to measure 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in circumference at the base.

The next day we rose early, eating our breakfast, with the stars still shining, and after Johnny, Simon's boy, had brought the ponies into camp, we were off on a two days' trip down the river, towards the Grand Prairie country. This was to be a moose hunt and promised to be successful, if all, Simon, had said, was correct. We had jogged along all day through clinging underbrush over fallen timber, and across many muskegs. When we arrived in the Moose country, Simon led the way, and kept pointing out fresh tracks of moose, until we halted our tired animals, on the banks of a small creek.

The Rockies and their foothills, we had left behind us, and, there, presented to view, was, an immense tract of level land, covered with standing dead timber, and a luxuriant undergrowth of willows and young poplars. This was our hunting ground for the morrow, and it was on the edge of this, under the green boughs of oak

or two fir trees, that we lay down to rest and sleep. The wind rose through the the night, and the forest of dead pines, shrieked, as each blast rushed through it, the green boughs of the living fir trees tossed and swayed above our heads, and one aged tree leaning against another, uncomfortably near us, groaned so dolefully as to make sleep impossible. It was a night I shall not forget, especially as it was followed by a grand day. Simon and the boy were up early. Coffee and bacon cooked and our meal over, the old man cried "make ready for we are to kill a moose before the sun sets!" I believed him, and for the occasion put a brand new pair of moccasins on my feet, strapped my belt and knife to my waist, placed a few cartridges in the pocket of my overalls, and without coat or waistcoat followed Simon, out into the dead timber. On and on we travelled, viewing keenly all tracks and droppings, until Simon suddenly turned, and excitedly whispered "peyatik, peyatik, no far, bull moose stop." Meaning, "be careful, be careful no far, bull moose stop." Keeping my eyes well open and treading lightly on the rotten twigs, I stuck close to Simon.

In this way we moved slowly on. In my enthusiasm I was expecting every moment to see the King of the Cervidae tribe crash forward through the fallen timber, but the old man knew better than this, for he whispered again and said "Him lie down." Systematically, Simon followed the moose for hours, leaving the track at intervals, until one time he left it for good; then he turned again, and said "Him lie there", pointing over a small hill not two hundred yards off. Cautiously I moved forward towards the knoll, and was peeping over, when the animal rose, and stood for a moment gazing at me a fatal moment, for I had time to shoot, and at the report of my rifle the moose fell, in a heap; struggled, rose, and fell again. Fixing another shot to hasten his end, I approached him and found he was an old bull, but unfortunately, carried a pair of poor horns. Yet, we took the scalp off, in fact the whole skin, as Simon wanted moccasins for winter use, and here was the leather to make them. We returned to our horses, brought them back to the dead animal, and camped for another night a-

mongst the weird sounds of the dead timber.

In the morning we loaded our horses with some meat and my trophy, and returned to the Wapiti. Here, I may mention, although this river is called after perhaps, the most noble of all American animals, there is not a Wapiti within two hundred miles of it. Before we left for our moose hunt, we had set two traps for beaver in a dam, near by the river, and on visiting these, we found they held a large beaver, and a baby one, the latter we turned loose, after hearing her human cry, the former was skinned, cooked and eaten.

The following morning Simon expressed a wish I should try for bears. "He knew where there were lots of grizzly and black bear too", and in consequence of this assertion, off we started on foot, as the old man with a wave of his hand and pointing to a mountain close by, said, "The bears were there." He was right for we had only moved as far as the mountain, when the fresh rooting of a grizzly appeared. It had been done that morning. Before us, was a patch of ground some four or five yards square, all rooted over, on top of the upturned soil were the fresh tracks of a full grown bear, but on the top of these, there was yet another track, as if there might be cubs, and until the sun was dropping over the horizon, we hunted the sides of this mountain for the animals that made those tracks, but without success. Berries of all kinds grew in abundance, roots and other vegetation, palatable to bears covered the ground we traversed, yet, the animals that lived amidst all this luxury failed to shew themselves, so, we returned to our camp, and took one more beaver from our traps, before we slept.

On the morning of the next day, and before it was yet light, we, were again on the Bear mountain, sitting in a position which commanded a favorable view of the likely places. Here we remained for some hours, when Simon exclaimed "me see em." Using my glasses and looking in the direction the old man indicated I saw a she grizzly and two cubs. They were at a great distance, but were feeding toward us, and bears often feed along at a good pace, so, we sat on, as we were, with the glasses glued on the animals whom, we occasionally lost sight of, for the moment, as

they passed through the many small patches of bush, that dotted the mountain side throughout. Suddenly, they veered round, and entered a small covering of alders from which they did not emerge until the middle of the afternoon. In the meantime, and whilst they were having their mid-day sleep, we crept stealthily on towards their den, and at last got into position about forty yards above it. Now it mattered little how they advanced for their evening meal; escape, without our seeing them was impossible.

It was as I said before, the middle of the afternoon when Mother Bruin left her den, and moved slowly from under the alders, into the open. She, was in full view, and stood broadside on. Raising my rifle I aimed, behind her shoulder, and pressed the trigger, with a dull roar, she went to the ground, but was up in a second and making for cover, I, again fired and she dropped instantly, as I afterwards found with a broken back. The cubs were now on the scene but we gave them, no time to lament their dying mother. Skinning the three animals, we returned to camp, and that evening, whilst staking out the skins to dry, Simon, pointed to another bear, far up on the mountain side near where the others died. With my glasses I could see, it, was of a colour like the dead. Perhaps it was the father of the cubs, and was abroad searching for them.

On waking up, on the morning of my seventh day in this vicinity, I found Simon anxious I should try my luck after Mountain Goat, and certainly it was tempting, as every mountain top within view, had its little white specks dotted about on it, all of which my glasses, showed to be goat. Having already shot one or two good specimens of this animal on my way into the country, I did not care to kill more, and thought it would be infinitely preferable to have a day amongst the beaver.

We had with us some No. 4 traps, which are those usually set for this animal, taking two each, and our rifles, we started out into the forest, a forest, quite unknown to me, yet, revealing so many forms of Nature, identical, with those in other parts where I had found beaver so plentiful. Noiselessly, we skirted the edge of the woods, passing alongside of what seemed to me an unending chain of sloughs, con-

nected one with the other, by a sluggish flow of water, hidden from the eye by long standing grasses, through which a perfect net work of beaver paths wended their way. Each slough had its little island home, its solid beaver house, all apparently occupied. I noticed one, in particular, which had on its roof, gathered together no less than seven of these melancholy creatures, as if, to have some quiet play. Watching them for some time with my glasses I could see they were bent on ducking one old beaver, and at last after many attempts succeeded in shoving him off a log into the water. There was a great splash for all had taken to the water after him, diving, coming up, and splashing about for some time, when all returned to the logs again.

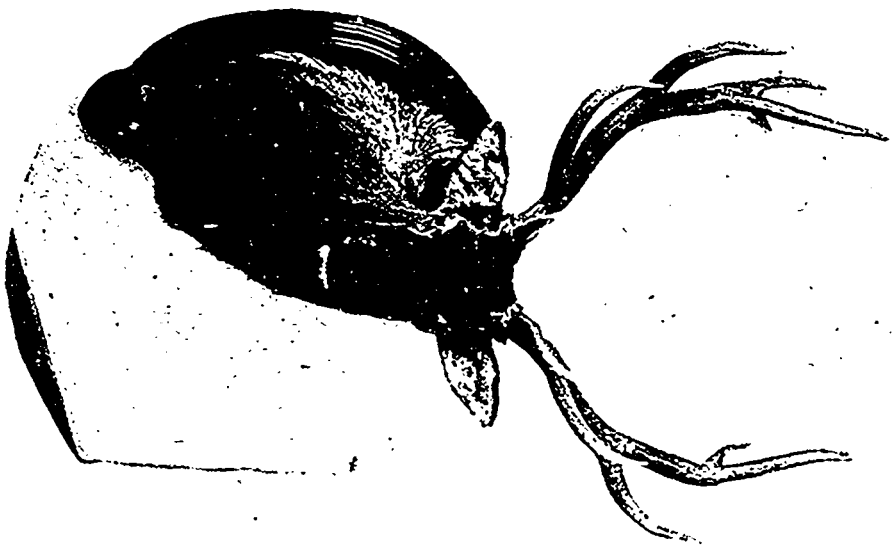
We left them undisturbed and proceeded to set our trap; a work that requires great experience, as the senses of the beaver are very keen, and enable him to detect the presence of the hunter by the slightest traces. Our traps we set without bait, and under the water, where the paths of the animal left the bank. On our return next day we found two beaver trapped, one while engaged carrying winter provisions from the woods to its house, for, there, beside the trap and the animal lay a poplar sapling freshly cut by the beaver. I was not sorry when I found we had only secured two, for at this season the fur is not at its best, and I had come here more to observe than to kill this animal.

It is now October, and we push back towards the Smoky river. The trail seems even wilder, and is certainly more strewn with natural obstacles, than when we last travelled it; yet, the ponies overcame all, and we arrive the evening of the second day on a flat, in the Canyon of the Smoky river. It is the only level bit of ground suitable for camping on, for miles around, and it is now dotted over with Indian wigwams. Mine was added to the lot, and here I remained for a day and two nights, shut in from view on either side purposely to please Simon. For he had told me a great Tea dance was to be held on the Smoky river before the Indians returned to winter quarters, and asked me to join in. I promised him I would, and now gave a supply of tea towards it.

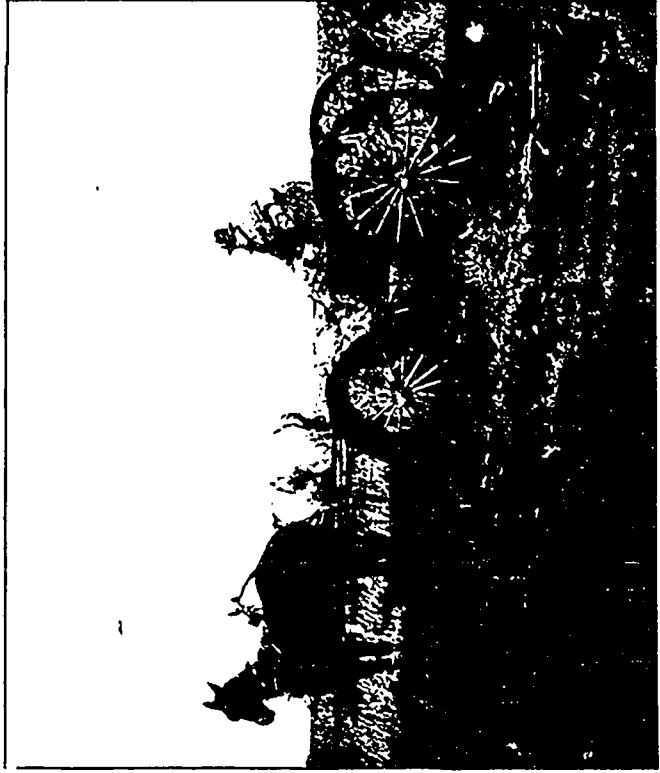
Poles were driven in the ground and the



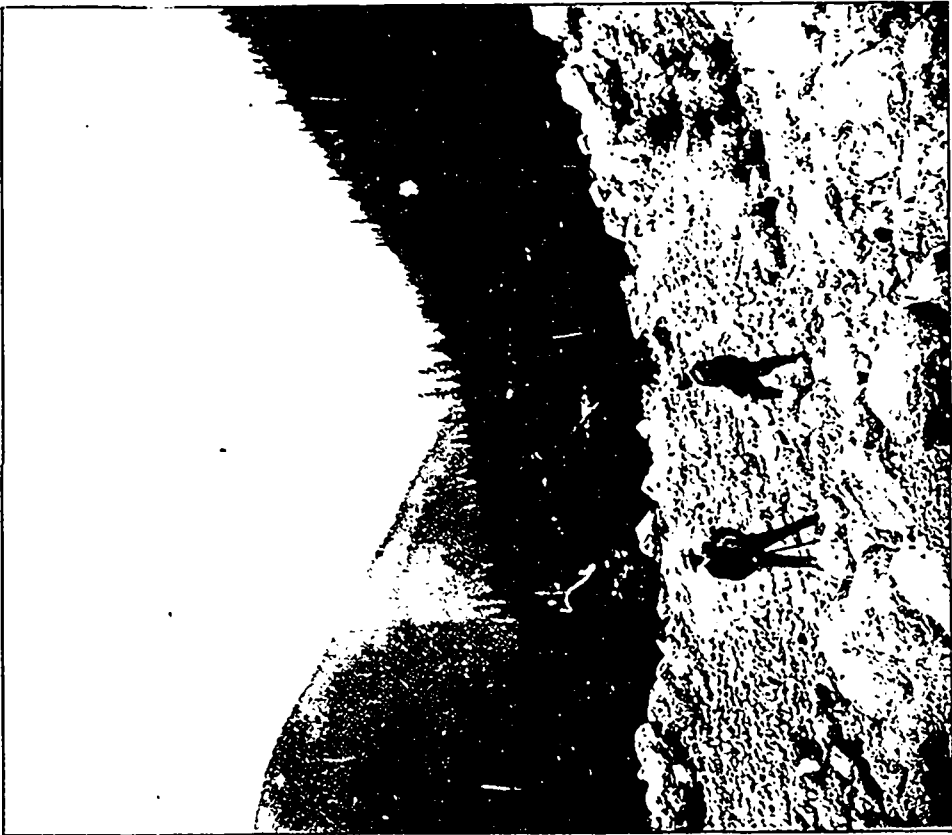
A HARD PADDLE
On Lake Cassette in a flow.



A MANITOBA BEAR
Length of beam 17 inches; shot near Souris.



ON THE TRAIL,
Manitoba. Mud of unequalled tenacity.



IN THE SELKIRKS
The moraine of the Illecillewaet Glacier (looking down the valley.)

canvas from various lodges spread carefully round, making one huge Tepee out of all, inside of which, fires burned down the centre, with all sizes of kettles containing the strongest black tea simmering over them. Cups in abundance, lay scattered by the fire, and each person that wanted to drink, approached without ceremony and did so. The ground at the end of the Tepee, (the place of honour), and opposite, from where you enter at the door, was covered with white goat skins, on which the beaters of the tom toms sat. The women lined one side of the tent, whilst the men took their position on the other, and seldom throughout the night did they mingle one with the other. All were beautifully dressed in their accustomed dancing finery, the Bucks wearing their gorgeously embroidered skin jackets, showy shaps and coloured belts, whilst beaded moccasins covered their feet and a generous supply

of red and yellow ochre their faces. The drums beat loudly and all within drank freely of the strong black tea until an excitement bordering on drunkenness overtook the young bucks. So the tea dance, went on, all through the night no one dancing, but everyone mournfully shaking themselves, to the weird and melancholy tune of the tom toms.

The next day there was a change in the weather. It was cold, bitterly cold. Heavy winds from the north blew steadily all day. Under the shelter of our tepee and away from the fire, the frost was hard in the ground. Great flocks of geese passing overhead 'honked' their cry of migration, whilst the whole wilderness its lakes, rivers and trees, and even its animals were undergoing a complete change. Snow is on the ground, winter has come. I must leave the mountains, for I have yet far to go, before I reach the railway.

Wolves Must Be Destroyed.

By L. O. A.

The writer on a recent trip down a most attractive river in Ontario saw a band of wolves on each side of that river. They are undoubtedly increasing in Ontario, although not so numerously as in Quebec, because whereas Ontario offers a bonus of \$15.00 per head Quebec offers only \$5.00. The effect naturally is to drive wolves from Ontario into Quebec. I enclose a copy of a letter written by Mr. E. H. Bronson, to Mr. N. E. Cormier, Provincial Game Warden, at Aylmer, Que., and to Mr. Bronson's I would add my own earnest appeal to the Quebec Government to make their bounty at least as high as that in Ontario. The effect of building the Grand Trunk Pacific through the far north will be to drive these wolves south, and settlers, railway men and travellers should all be incited to destroy them. The cleverness of wolves in avoiding traps, etc. is very great and is increasing, and \$5.00 is utterly insufficient to pay for a man's time to go and trap wolves. The following is the letter referred to:—

"I came down last night, and it may not be amiss to say to you what you have perhaps already learned from other sour-

ces, that our experience this year is to the effect that the number of wolves in the hunting territory is greatly increased since last year. Some of them were seen by some of our watchers and their tracks were very evident in a number of places on our territory. As you know unless something can be done to check these animals the results will be disastrous to the hunting interests, so much so as to ultimately compel some of the clubs to abandon their licenses, thus largely decreasing the revenue of the Government from that source as well as curtailing the expenditure in the country by hunters from abroad, which is a considerable item.

I feel that with your experience I need not attempt to furnish arguments towards the desirability of suppressing these wolves, but I would suggest that it might be well, if you think well of it, in making your reports from time to time to the Government, to mention this fact and press upon them the great necessity of re-enacting a liberal bounty for the destruction of these animals, as this would seem to be the only means by which they can be suppressed."

Our Medicine Bag.

Mr. W. T. McCulloch, an official of the New York Central Railway, took a hunting trip down the Mississaga River. His head guide says: "I had a fine trip with Mr. McCulloch's party, and they got game and could have got a car load of moose. Mr. McCulloch and I saw eight all told and the other canoes came across a lot more."

We are informed that Chief Game Warden Tinsley, of Ontario, has reported that the Canadian Express Company carried 2,522 deer, weighing 285,847 lbs. Last year the Company carried 2,950 deer, but it is only fair to say that last year was an exceptional year, having never been equalled.

Although the game protection of the Province of Quebec is far from ideal there is no doubt that things are not quite as bad as they used to be. One day last December Mr. D. G. O'Grady, a special officer connected with the Customs Prevention Service Branch, seized four barrels of partridges, three shipped to a man at Stottsville, which is a port of exit to the United States. It is no doubt these shipments of game were intended for the United States. The exertions of the special officers have obtained proof that the legal exports of game have been made on rather a large scale. Grouse have been shipped as hams, and a rich harvest has no doubt been reaped by those engaged in this illicit traffic. Let us hope that each of the law breakers will be caught and punished to the full extent of the law.

Sportsmen and others wishing to preserve their trophies now have an opportunity to learn taxidermy for themselves. The Northwestern School of Taxidermy, of Omaha, Neb., teaches this interesting art with complete success by mail. The school has thousands of students in Canada and the United States, and they speak very highly of the results attained by taking the course of lessons. Address the school for their new catalogue which is sent free. This announcement should be of interest to every true sportsman.

The third and concluding part of Professor John Macoun's catalogue of Canadian birds has just been issued by the Geological Survey Department. Though called a catalogue it is much more than that, as the very full notes on the breeding habits and distribution of Canadian birds constitute the greater part of the work. The first part of this catalogue was issued in 1900, the second part last year, and these, with the third just published, form a volume of 733 pages, exclusive of a very complete index. The material for this great work has come from a variety of sources, as in addition to his own observations, covering a period of twenty-five years, Professor Macoun has availed himself of all published lists, and ornithologists all over Canada have contributed notes and records. No similar work has ever been published in America before. The present publication, therefore, will be a great boon to Canadian ornithologists, and the fact that it has been appreciated by naturalists of the United States is shown in the many testimonials that the author has received. The book enables the ornithologist to see at a glance how much is known of the habits and distribution of any species.

Although the white man is netting the sockeye by the million, if he should succeed in preventing the fearful waste committed by the Indian in Northern British Columbia, he will have gone far toward atoning for his own ravages. It seems as if the Government is in earnest in its endeavors to prevent some of the reckless slaughter that has characterized Indian methods in the past. In a report submit-

We are advised by Mr. J. G. Ewing, manager of the Bureau of Advertising, of the E. I. DuPont Company, Wilmington, Delaware, that the demand for the 1905 calendars has been so unexpectedly large that the supply is exhausted.

The same may be said of the Laflin & Rand Powder Company's calendar, which is also issued by the E. I. DuPont Company. The shooting public evidently appreciates a good thing.

ted to the Department of Marine and Fisheries by Mr. John T. Williams, Fisheries Inspector for the Dominion Government in Northern British Columbia waters, it is shown that last fall Fishery Inspector Helgesen, in company with another officer, destroyed no less than six barricades and one dam, which had been thrown across northern streams to prevent the sockeyes reaching their spawning grounds. The Indians have been barricading the rivers for years and years without molestation, and the wonder is that the sockeye is not memorialized in the national museum as a plaster cast form of an extinct migratory fish once plentiful on this coast.

No less than 2,000,000 sockeyes, most of them females full of spawn, were killed in the Indian traps this year. That number of fish, if canned, would make about 142,857 cases, or 41,188 cases more than the total Skeena River pack of all classes of fish in 1903. The pack in that year was but 98,669 cases. The fish killed by the Indians this year would fill three large sailing vessels. If rated at a value of \$7 per case, which is a fair estimate, the fish taken by the Indians would be worth no less than \$1,000,000 in round numbers.

Officer Helgesen, who destroyed the Babine River dams, was threatened by the

The Knit-to-Fit Company started in Montreal, in 1900, on a very small and modest scale. At that time all high grade underwear or sweaters were imported. However, the superior qualities and improvements embodied in the Knit-to-Fit goods, which are protected by letters patent, in Canada, United States and England, appealed strongly to the buyers of most of the leading stores. Once the goods were introduced and brought before the consumers of high grade underwear and sweaters, the demand increased at a rapid rate, and out of the small factory with half a dozen employees, an establishment has grown, employing over 80 skilled operators, and the sale of their goods reaches through the Dominion, from Ocean to Ocean—more, for this fall a large export trade was established with some of the leading stores in England; and a permanent sales agent has been sent over with headquarters in London, England. For sportsmen, Knit-to-Fit Combination Suits and Sweaters are ideal wear.

owner that unless the Government recompensed him to the extent of \$600 the dams would be erected next year, if the Indian died in the attempt.

The Christmas number of the "Rod and Gun," a bright, readable magazine devoted to Canadian sport and exploration, should be of particular interest. Get the Christmas number of this excellent magazine (R. & G.) and read for yourself. I assure you everything found within its pages will delight you.—Hester Hope in Times-Journal, Ft. William, Ont.

In the United States House of Representatives, Mr. Shiras introduced a bill on December 5, that seems to us to be the most practical piece of game protective legislation yet proposed on this continent. It was worded as follows:—

"Whereas experience has shown that laws passed by the States and Territories of the United States to protect game birds within their respective limits have proved insufficient to protect those kinds and classes of said birds which are migratory in their habits and which nest and hatch their young in States other than those in which they pass the usual hunting season, and in some cases breed beyond the boundaries of the United States, and

"Whereas such local laws are also inapplicable and insufficient to protect such game birds as, in their migrations, are found in the public waters of the United

The Rambler automobiles are made by Thomas B. Jeffery & Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin. The head of that concern was formerly of Gormully and Jeffery Manufacturing Company, who won an enviable reputation through the reliability and popularity of the Rambler bicycle. Mr. Jeffery's experiences of over thirty years as a practical mechanic are, of course, of great value in his present connection.

The sales of Rambler automobiles in 1904 exceeded all expectations. Many hundred prospective buyers who wanted Ramlers were obliged to purchase other makes or wait until the season was nearly over; this in spite of the fact that the factory had been enlarged and the facilities greatly increased.

In 1904 the factory consisted of three buildings, one of which, doubling the form-

States, outside the limits and jurisdiction of the several States and Territories; and

"Whereas the absence of uniform and effective laws and regulations in such cases has resulted in the wholesale destruction and the threatened extermination of many valuable species of said game birds, which can not be practically restored or restocked under State laws applicable in the case of game birds having their permanent habitat within the respective States and Territories: Therefore,

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all wild geese, wild swans, brant, wild ducks, snipe, plover, woodcock, rail, wild pigeons, and all other migratory game birds which in their northern and southern migrations pass through or do not remain permanent-

ly the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory, shall hereafter be deemed to be within the custody and protection of the Government of the United States and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations hereinafter provided for.

"Sec.2. That the Department of Agriculture is hereby authorized to adopt suitable regulations to give effect to the previous section by prescribing and fixing closed seasons, having due regard to the zones of temperature, breeding habits and times and line of migratory flight, thereby enabling the Department to select and designate suitable districts for different portions of the country within which said closed seasons it shall not be lawful to shoot or by any device kill or seize and capture migratory birds within the protec-

er plant, had just been completed.

Two new buildings which are just being opened and a large addition to the foundry, and floor space equal to a city block. This makes a total floor space area equal to four city blocks. It will be understood, of course, that this does not include the testing track. Although it is an almost unparalleled plant, it will not be more than adequate to meet the probable demand for Rambler automobiles. With this enlargement of the space there naturally follows an increase in equipment.

A large part of one of the new buildings will be used as a blacksmith shop devoted largely to the manufacture of forgings, which form so important a part of Rambler construction. To operate the machinery in this building alone, a new three hundred power engine and boilers have been installed. The other new building, having a floor space of more than thirty thousand feet, will be devoted exclusively to testing. This should cause some thought of the care exercised in having Ramblers absolutely right in every detail before they are placed in the hands of the consumer.

It has always been a note-worthy fact that there is greater value in a Rambler automobile for the list price than is given in any competing machine, and the possibility of this condition is found in this immense factory and its equipment. New

machines lessening the cost of production are being continually installed, and, in making this last expansion, many more have been added making it possible to give still greater value in the 1905 models than has been offered heretofore.

Ramblers are essentially road machines, built for every-day use, running about town or for touring. It has, therefore, been a considerable surprise to the general public to note the success that has attended its few efforts at racing.

At Del Monte, California, on August 26th and 27th last, during the most notable automobile race meet of the season in the West, a Rambler machine was driven on a circular mile track a single mile in 1.08 3-5 and five miles in 5.54 3-5. In doing this it defeated cars selling up to \$2500 and of a much higher rated horse power.

During a less prominent event at Rockford, Illinois, an equally noteworthy performance was made when in a contest against time, a Rambler made a mile under unfavorable conditions in 1:17 3-5, defeating a four-cylinder racing machine of double its rated power and selling at nearly three times its list price. This latter machine after three attempts made its fastest mile in 1:19. Both of the Ramblers were from regular stock, the only change that was made for racing being the equipment of larger sprockets.

tion of this law, and by declaring penalties by fine or imprisonment, or both, for violations of such regulations.

"Sec. 3. That the Department of Agriculture, after the preparation of said regulations, shall cause the same to be made public and shall allow a period of three months in which said regulations may be examined and considered before final adoption, permitting, when deemed proper public hearings thereon, and after final adoption to cause same to be engrossed and submitted to the President of the United States for approval: Provided, however, That nothing herein contained shall be deemed to affect or interfere with the local laws of the States and Territories for the protection of game localized within their borders, nor to prevent the States and Territories from enacting laws and regulations to promote and render efficient the regulations of the Department of Agriculture provided under this statute."

The report of the 5th Annual Meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, held in Toronto, in March 1904, reached Rod and Gun a few days ago. It is well printed and well illustrated and contains a great amount of information upon live questions connected with the art and science of forestry. Readers of Rod and Gun will be particularly interested in pages 15 to 21.

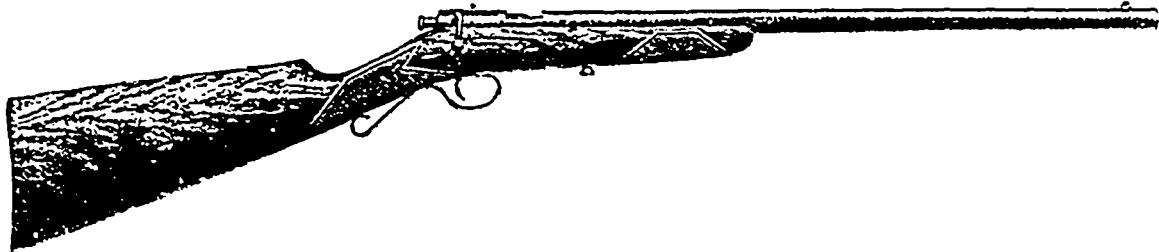
A correspondent writes: Years ago I heard that Caribou Lake, about four miles north from Desbarats, was a very good fishing lake for bass, maskinonge and pike—not too much pike—and had forgotten about it. I was recommended to go to some other lakes a long way beyond for trout and bass and happened to pass it by; and I made up my mind that I would take an-

other trip to Caribou Lake because it was so near the railway station of Desbarats and there was a good road leading to it. I went back to it and made the acquaintance of the Lake and of at least three very interesting people who live near it. One is Mr. T. W. Suddaby, who has a very pretty location with fine hard-wood points on the Lake. He is the nearest to the station and knows the holes pretty well where the bass and maskinonge are to be found. Another is Mr. Shuttleworth, a little further on, who is a famous moose hunter, and the country near is a good moose country. The third is an Englishman by the name of Salter—a type of the Englishman who succeeds in spite of many difficulties. Suddaby and Shuttleworth are the most easily accessible. This is a good territory for fishing and shooting for Chicago people.

I have heard of another new territory in the Lake Timiskaming country that would be convenient for New Yorkers and Bostonians. It is not far from the Lumsden Hotel at Timiskaming, Que., and is a phenomenally good brook-trout and moose country.

I shall in some future issue give you details of these two places that will be of interest to a great many people who are looking for this kind of fishing and shooting.

We have never seen a handsomer calendar than the one issued by the E. I. Dupont Company of Wilmington, Delaware. The artist, Mr. E. H. Osthaus, has depicted a water spaniel retrieving a dead mallard, and has succeeded so well that we think this lithograph would have a sale for framing purposes if put out without the calendar by its owners.



The above cut illustrates the "Special Junior Rifle" lately put on the market by the Savage Arms Company. It is the regular junior rifle equipped with a semi-fan-

cy American walnut stock, checked by hand and fitted with an Ivory Bead front sight. It is a handsome gun. The retail price is \$6.00.

"My Sporting Holidays" by Sir Henry Seton-Kerr, is a pleasant, chatty collection of sporting experiences in Norway, Scotland and Wyoming. The author's description of Wyoming does not, alas, fit today. For where are the great bands of Wapiti, and the "slathers" of bear that inhabited that favored land in the early eighties? Ask the skin hunter and the meat butcher, for they alone can answer of their own knowledge. Of Canadian sport the author saw but little, and it is, perhaps, as a record of Norwegian shooting and salmon fishing adventures that the book will be most widely read. This distinguished sportsman yet prefers a black-powder .500 express for big game and a .400 bore weapon of the same character for deer, though he confesses that were he beginning over again today he would select a double .375 or .400 nitro double, for forest work at least. The publisher is Mr. Edward Arnold, and the English price \$3.00.

Another volume has been added to the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Caspar Whitney. The latest volume deals with photography for the sportsman-naturalist, and Mr. L. W. Brownell is responsible for most of its contents.

It would be useless to expect anything strikingly original upon the art of open-air photography, so many voluminous and painstaking writers having described their triumphs, failures and investigations in print, but it may be said, without fear of contradiction that a very useful resume of present knowledge and practice will be found in the volume under consideration. A

Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine is now prescribed by hundreds of the leading physicians to their patients. The combination of Kola, Celery and Pepsin is pronounced to be the greatest tonic known. Kola makes you strong, Celery strengthens the nerves, and Pepsin aids digestion. It contains the pure extract of the wonderful Kola nut and celery and pepsin. Kola in itself is very invigorating, and Pepsin combined acts as a powerful tonic where the digestive organs are defective. The Celery, which is the second in importance in the great remedy, is pronounced by Dr. J. G.

very strong endorsement of the "Reflex" camera is given, and no doubt that instrument is best for purely naturalistic work, though the hunter of big game will usually have to be satisfied with a more portable if less efficient camera.

Messrs. Morang & Co., Toronto, are the Canadian agents of the publishers. The MacMillan Company of London and New York. The price of the work is \$2.00.

A band of elk was seen near the head of Cowichan Lake, B. C. It is evident these animals are by no means so scarce on the Island as has been supposed, but owing to the dense forest growth, they are only seen by very persevering hunters.

There is most excellent hunting to be had within a very few miles of some of our western Canadian cities, one of the most fortunate in this respect being Vancouver. As an instance in point, Messrs. Fred Madison and Charles Holland in two days' hunting last month shot four mountain goat on the slopes of Mount Crown. As the snow was three feet deep, at an altitude of 3,500 feet, the hunters had considerable difficulty in bringing their game out. One of the Vancouver papers had a fantastic account, by the bye, of an imaginary attack made upon one of these hunters by a goat. The animal was described by the reporter as having charged with the ferocity

Richardson, Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, that nothing better is known for the nerves and Rheumatism. Kola, Celery and Pepsin Tonic Wine is a sure and positive cure for Dyspepsia, Constipation, and Nervousness, and can be highly recommended for Asthma, Liver Complaint, Hay Fever, Insomnia and Rheumatism. Its use purifies the blood and enables the system to ward off fevers and bilious headaches; it contains no drugs, not intoxicating, and leaves no bad after effects. People grow skeptical reading so many fake cure-all advertisements, but Kola Celery and Pepsin is a genuine tonic that can be truly recommended. Sold all over the Dominion, and manufactured only by The Hygiene Kola Company, 84 Church Street, Toronto, sole proprietors. Phone Main 3560.

of a wild bull, which will seem irresistably funny to those who know the patient, meek long-suffering, white goat.

A press despatch from New Brunswick says. "The season for hunting big game has now closed. It has been the most successful in the history of the province. There was a greater number of sportsmen, larger and better games secured and the receipts for the licenses considerably augmented. Many sportsmen from the Eastern States and not a few from the West and several from England have hunted in New Brunswick forests the past season and but very few have failed to secure fine specimens of the big animals, while many have captured all three, notwithstanding that more game is killed each succeeding year than in the previous season. Game is on the increase. This is due to the very stringent restrictions under which hunting is permitted. In 1902 the total receipts at the Crown Lands Department for hunting licenses was \$10,355; in 1903, \$16,150; 1904 receipts will total \$20,000."

"Honest Goods at Honest Prices" is the motto of the Iver Johnston Arms & Cycle Works—a motto that is well deserved evidently, as this Company's products are most popular. As a New Year's gift to friends and patrons, the Company is sending out a most useful ash tray in burnished copper, something that we are sure will be fully appreciated by the recipients.

The art of bait casting for black bass and other game fishes, now being so widely adopted in the States, is growing so rapidly throughout the Dominion that Chas. Starke & Co. of Toronto have purchased a large stock of the Celebrated "Dowagiac" Artificial Casting Minnows and have been appointed exclusive distrib-

Maine moose heads must be very small when they brag about a 17 inch spread. We Canadians think a head has to be over 60 inches to be worth talking about. Of course a 17 inch head is a good head, but it would be very, very far from being a record head in any Canadian province.

Sportsmen who have been hunting in the Kipawa district are now returning. The sport has been very good and the hunters report that a large amount of luck has attended them. Many moose have fallen to the rifle—some of them approximating 64 inches spread. The caribou has also provided excellent sport, which, considering its wandering and uncertain habits, is satisfactory. The caribou at one time disappeared for some years, but since its subsequent materialization has multiplied considerably.

utors of these new goods in the Dominion.

The "Dowagiac" Minnows are very beautiful in design and color and the workmanship is perhaps the finest ever seen on an article of fishing tackle. They are said to be wonderfully attractive to game fishes of all species, being adapted to both casting and trolling.

The Stevens Arms & Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass., is quite famous for the originality and good taste of its advertising, and the New Year's gift that the Company is now sending out to its numerous friends and supporters is quite up to the level of the artistic presents of the past. A handsome aluminum frame surrounds a legend in three colors that states: "Stevens Firearms Give Universal Satisfaction." An excellent reproduction of the famous Stevens rifle Favorite model also appears. No doubt this very handsome hanger will be appreciated by the thousands of riflemen who swear by Stevens weapons.





BOVRIL

Is the most necessary article in the Camp Commissariat.

It is always ready and is appreciated by everyone in camp.

It relieves fatigue and refreshes and invigorates the system, ensuring against sudden chills and colds.

**WHEN GOING CAMPING
DON'T FORGET BOVRIL**

C O N T E N T S

January, 1905

"In the Indian Country." By G. M. Richards	411
Manitoban Duck Shooting. By A. R. Douglas	417
Indian New Year Calls. By Martin Hunter	418
How to Mount Plants. By W. T. Macoun	422
The Old and the New. By C. C. Farr (continued)	424
A Bear Hunt. By James Brewster	428
Winter Sports in Canada. By Straw Hat	432
The Kawartha Lakes. By L. O. A.	434
Shooting in the Rocky Mountains. By C. G. Cowan	436
Wolves Must Be Destroyed. By L. O. A.	441
Our Medicine Bag	442
The Trap	xliv to xlviii

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. ROD AND GUN IN CANADA does not assume any responsibility or, for necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

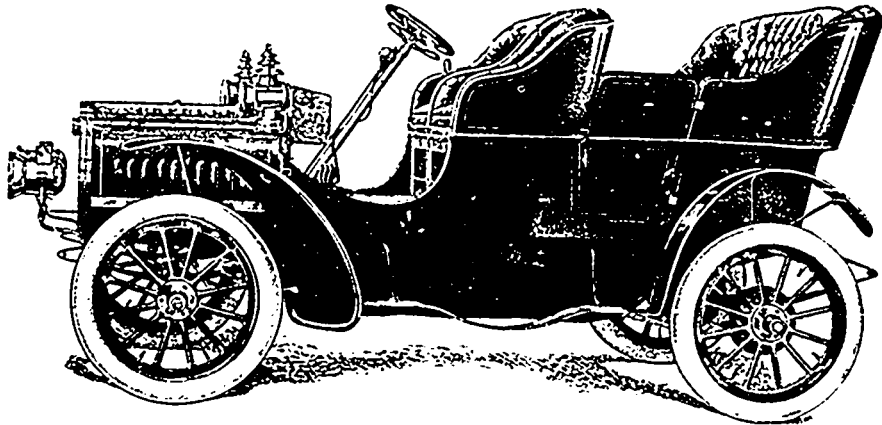
ROD AND GUN PUBLISHING CO, Montreal and Toronto

Price, 10 cents a Number. \$1.00 a year.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT,
603 Craig St., Montreal, P.Q.

SUBSCRIPTION and ADVERTISING DEPT'S,
414 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

Rambler



Rambler Surrey, Type One, 1905 Model
2 cylinders, 16 actual horse power, \$1350
Other models \$750, \$850, \$2000, \$3000

The throttle wheel which regulates the speed is immediately beneath the steering wheel so that both can be controlled with one hand. The timing of the spark being entirely automatic, once the machine is in motion, all is resolved into pleasure. Send for "The Rambler Magazine" and other printed matter

Thomas B. Jeffery & Company
Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin
Automobile & Supply Company, Toronto,
Ontario, Eastern Automobile Company,
Montreal, Quebec, Ketchum & Company,
Ottawa, Ontario.



Hooks Cannot Interlock

THE NEW "DOWAGIAC" MINNOW

in a multitude of colors, sizes, weights, etc., and at all prices. If "Dowagiac" Baits do not prove better than represented, and more successful than any other baits, you return the bait and we return your money. Write for free illustrated book of baits and a few hints on bait casting.

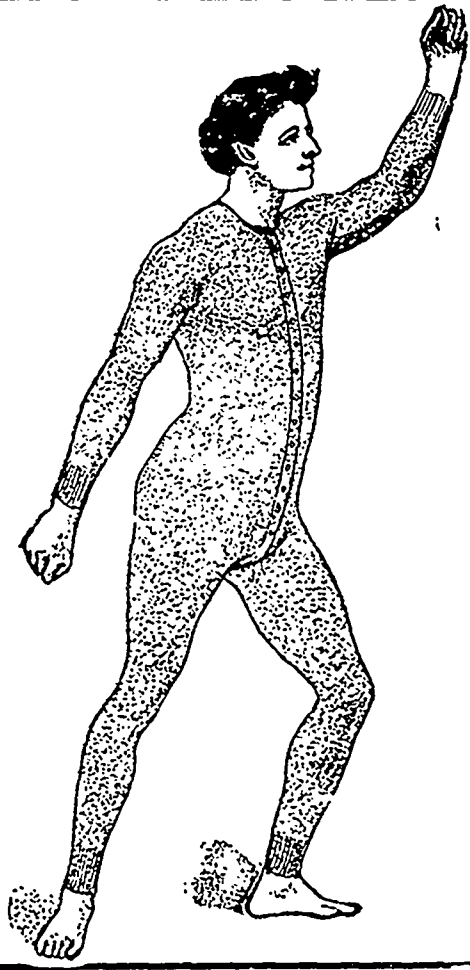
JAMES HEDDON & SON, Mfrs., Dowagiac, Mich., U.S.A.
 CHARLES STARKE & CO., Toronto, Can., exclusive Canadian distributors.

EVERY BAIT—CASTER
 AND THOSE WHO
 TROLL FOR

**Black Bass
 And All Game Fishes**

Should send at once for our free book of "Dowagiac" Baits.

We offer this season many newly perfected and successful floating and sinking lures.



Knit-to-fit
 REGISTERED & PATENTED

Perfect in make, perfect in fit.

OUR SPECIALTIES

High Grade Combinations

Pure Linen, Pure Wool,
 Pure Silk, Pure Cotton,

and any combination of these. Every person can select the material most suited to his wants.

High Grade Sweaters,

WESCUTS, TOQUES, SASHES,
 HOSE, MITTS

Knit-to-Fit Combination Suits follow every bend of the human body as if they were another skin, allowing perfect freedom to every movement.

The KNIT-TO-FIT M'F'G. CO.

613 LAGAUCHETIERE ST, MONTREAL

RETAIL BRANCH 2469 St. Catherine Street.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

FISHING. BLACK BASS AND SALMON TROUT Illustrated Guide with Maps of the RIDEAU, BEVERLEY and CHARLESTON LAKES, free. Apply to E. A. GEIGER, Supt. and G. P. A. Brockville, Westport & North Western Railway Co., Brockville, Ont.



See that "Patent Fold."

**UPTHEGROVE PATENT FOLD
 HUNTING & FISHING
 CLOTHES**

Made to your measure. Send for free illustrated Catalogue

**THE UPTHEGROVE
 SPORTING GOODS CO.,**
 Dept. S., 28 Monroe St
 VALPARAISO, IND.

HAMILTON POWDER CO.

Offers for critical comparison against imported brands, and at twenty per cent. lower prices on equal grades.

"SNAP SHOT"
"DUCKING"
"CARIBOU"

If willing to put up with the smoke, no nitro powder gives as HIGH or as UNIFORM velocity in game shooting as the best black.

Write No. 4 Hospital Street, Montreal, or apply at any local office.

Most of the opportunities for making mistakes are removed by the

KODAK SYSTEM

KODAKS, \$5.00 to \$97.00

HELPS FOR THE KODAKER

Book of the \$1,000,000 Kodak Exhibition containing 70 prize pictures, by mail or at the dealers. 25 cents.

"Home Portraiture," by F M Steadman, \$.25

"Amateur Portraiture" by Flashlight, by W. S. Ritch, .10

Kodak Catalogues free (All Dealers)

CANADIAN KODAK CO.
Limited,
Toronto, Canada.

IN THE HANDS OF BOTH EXPERTS AND AMATEURS

LEFEVER ARMS CO. GUNS



—Are—
Winning
Signal
Victories

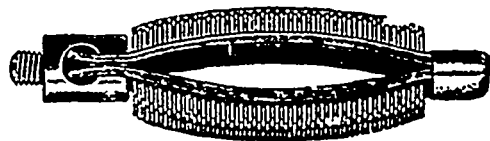
At all the prominent
Tournaments in
United States and
Canada

—No Guns built will out-shoot or out-wear them—

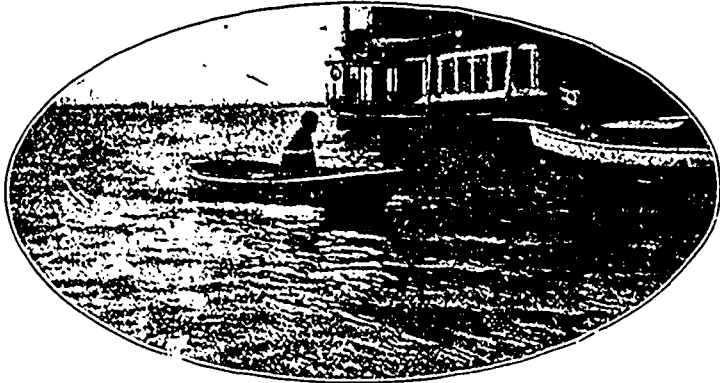
50c. Buys the Ideal Brass Wire Gun Cleaner. Guaranteed not to scratch the barrels.

Lefever Arms

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.



We will be pleased to mail our 1905 Catalogue and to answer inquiries Write us.



18 FOOT DORY { 2 H. P. \$200.00.
3 H. P. \$235 00.

CANADA LAUNCH WORKS Limited,
TORONTO, CANADA.

LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS IN CANADA

We are in a position to tender on Motor Boats of any size or power desired.

**"E. C." & "Schultze"
POWDERS**

Are making wins
and records daily

See what W. R. Crosby has been doing
and don't forget

That "SCHULTZE" won the PRELIM-
INARY and "E. C." won the
CONSOLATION

—at the—

Grand American Handicap

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.

Wm. E. Orr.

Edwin W. Smith.

WM. E. ORR & CO.

Furriers to the Hunter

93 Yonge Street,

Toronto, Ont

Mr. Hunter

If you are thinking of
a Fur Coat or a Fur Lined
Coat let us supply you.

**HOW ABOUT YOUR
RAW SKINS ?**

Let us have them. We
need them in our business
and will give you their full
value.

Try us once.

Do it now.





WEBBER'S HAND KNIT JACKETS

Webber's Hand-Knit Jackets, originally designed particularly for duck shooting, are now used in place of a sweater for nearly every purpose being so much more convenient. They are strictly **Hand Knit—Made to Fit and they do Fit.** The jackets are made in different weights and prices.

Write for Catalog and prices to Canadian customers.

GEO. F. WEBBER,

Station A, Detroit, Mich.

Manufacturer.



BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT.

Manufacturers to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales and His Majesty the King of Italy and patronized by the Leading Authorities in the Angling World.

The Field says: "It ought never to be forgotten that it is to Messrs. Hardy, of Alnwick, ... owe the supremacy we have achieved as rod makers. They have left all competitors hopelessly behind."

The World's renowned Rod and Tackle Makers were awarded the "Grand Prix" International Sports Exhibition Crystal Palace, 1904, making a grand total of 39 International Awards.



Extraordinary Success of Hardy's "PALAKONA" (Regd.) Cane Built Rods

**One Firm Bears
All Others**

Grand Tournament, Crystal Palace, July 22nd and 23rd, 1904. "HARDY" RODS won TEN championships against SEVEN by all the world.

Hardy's "SILEX" Reel won SIX championships against 4 by all the world.

CATALOGUE FREE! Over 300 Illustrations of Rods, Reels, Files, Tackle, Baskets, Bags, Books, &c., Free

HARDY BROS., ALNWICK, ENGLAND

Manufacturers of Rods, Reels, Lines, &c., for all kinds of Fishing in all parts of the World.

Retail Branches:—LONDON, 61, Pall Mall, S.W.; EDINBURGH, 5, S. St. David St. -et. MANCHESTER, 12 and 14, Monks Street.

More DuPont Smokeless

Was shot at the Grand American Handicap in 1904 than all other smokeless powders combined. Why?

More DuPont Smokeless

Is shot in America every year than all other smokeless powders combined. Why? Because it always gives satisfaction.

THEREFORE THE NAME AND FAME OF
DuPont Smokeless
IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE.

WESTLEY RICHARDS & CO.

GUN AND RIFLE MANUFACTURERS

Beg to draw attention to all sportsmen of their patent reliable one-trigger gun with hand detachable locks.

"It stands in a class by itself. The highest exponent of intellect, ingenuity and enterprise." From a writer in the American Field.

The latest Westley Richards hammerless ejector gun is equipped with hand-detachable locks, and reliable one-trigger mechanism. The locks of these guns can be instantly removed without taking out a single screw or pin. Duplicate locks can be ordered with any gun.

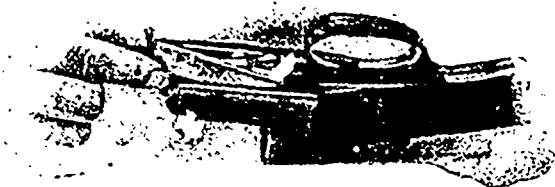


Fig. 1.

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

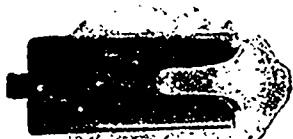


Fig. 2.

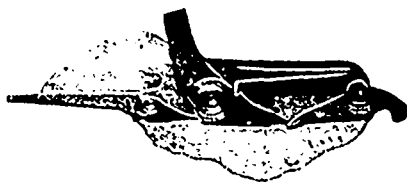


Fig. 3.

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

In every hammerless gun there are hammers, mainsprings, sears, sear springs, and cocking levers. Some of these are liable to go wrong. When attending a tournament, or starting on a three weeks' hunting trip, it makes you mighty comfortable and easy to know that in case of a mishap to your lock you have a duplicate which can be inserted in ten seconds.

If your gun gets wet or damp, you can remove the locks instantly, oil and clean them yourself before they rust. The gunsmith is dispensed with.

There are no pin or screw heads on the side of the gun to mar its appearance and finish.

This hand-detachable lock in conjunction with our reliable one trigger makes a most unique and modern gun.—

ONE JUST FIFTEEN YEARS AHEAD OF THE ORDINARY HAMMERLESS EJECTOR

A writer says: "I have fired 7,000 cartridges out of it this season and it has never failed."

Prices from \$235 up. Any weight. Any stock. Any barrels.

Remember our one-trigger mechanism is independent of recoil, and is NOT A FRICTIONAL ONE. It is guaranteed neither to double discharge nor hang when pulling to fire the second barrel. It is ABSOLUTELY free from the defects and objectionable features which generally characterize other systems—it is simply perfect. Order one of these guns now and

BE FIFTEEN YEARS AHEAD OF THE TIMES

Write for special pamphlet and prices direct to the

COMPANY'S FACTORY
BOURNBROOK, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.



SHOOTING
JACKET \$3.00

Guaranteed all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, but not binding, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all outdoor purposes. Must be seen to be appreciated. Made only in three colors—Dead Grass, Oxford Gray and Scarlet.

Send us your address for one of our Gun Catalogs.

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.,

523 Broadway, N. Y.

Out Door Life Lectures

Canoeing, Camping, Fishing, Shooting,
Snow Shoeing, Skiing, Tobogganing,
and other Winter Sports.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong, of Montreal, qualified by thirty years' experience of life in the woods, on the prairies, and in the Rockies, gives illustrated lectures on the above subjects to Clubs, Schools, and Societies of all kinds.

"It is an appeal, as eloquent as intelligent, to all Americans to practice that pleasantest kind of physical culture, viz., the canoe, camp and woodcrafts, with all their connected pleasures."

"Romantic and thrilling. The Lecturer was a thorough master. He had a theme, a message to carry to the audience and it came with all the freshness and invigorating qualities of the breeze from the ocean in the sultry heat of a great city. As entertaining and fascinating an illustrated lecture as has been heard at Chautauqua in several seasons." The Chautauqua, N. Y., Assembly Herald.

The Ideal Beverage

o o o

A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.

o o o

And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.

o o o

ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

Hotel Belleclaire

Broadway and 77th Street,
New York.



Seventh Avenue, Amsterdam Ave. and West 130th St. Cars pass the door.

Luxurious rooms for permanent and transient guests.

Restaurant a Feature.

Exquisite Palm Room. Art Nouveau Cafe.

Royal Hungarian Orchestra.

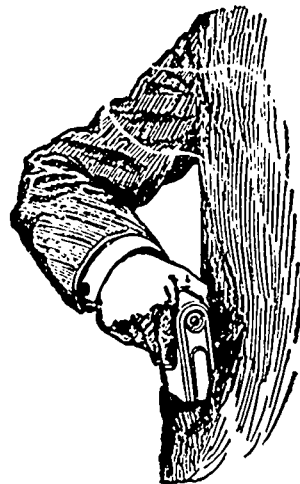
"Most Artistically Beautiful Hotel in the World." Can offer few single rooms, with bath, beautifully furnished, suitable for two people, \$60 per month.

TRANSIENT RATES:

One Room, with bath.....\$2.50 per day
Parlor, Bedroom, with bath, \$3 and \$5 per day
Parlor, 2 Bedrooms, with bath, \$5 and \$7 per day
Every improvement known to modern ingenuity.

Write for our magazine, "The Hotel Belleclaire World."

MILTON ROBLEE, Proprietor.



Take a
KODAK

WITH YOU

Supplies
Developing
Printing

KODAK DEVELOPING MACHINES

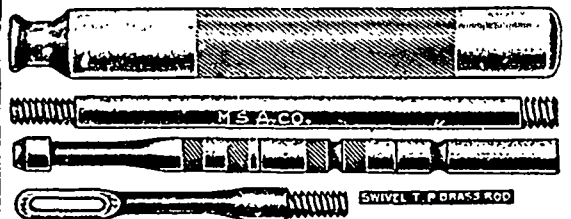
give better results, more convenient, and no dark room required.

CATALOGUE FOR THE ASKING

WM. F. J. HART,

561 St. James Street, Montreal, Quebec
(Opposite G. T. R. Depot)

MARBLE'S Revolver Rod



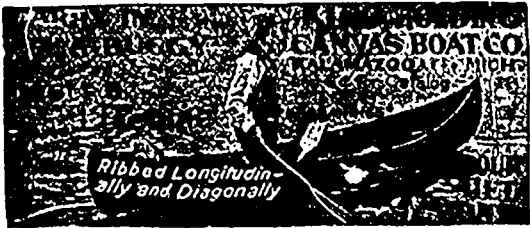
This handy little tool has our patented steel swivel and a hollow nicked handle For 7 1/2"; or 5 1/2" and under; choice of ends, \$1.00 postpaid.

Marble's Rifle Cleaner

(Garrison Patent)

The brass gauze washers on the SPIRAL spring steel wire follow the twist and rapidly remove every bit of burned smokeless powder or lead. Guaranteed not to harm any rifle and will last a man a lifetime. Price 50 cents postpaid. State caliber. Send for catalogue of extra quality specialties.

MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO.,
DEPT. U. GLADSTONE, MICH.



The "KING" is simply wonderful in construction. Puncture Proof Canvas. Equal in wearing strength and model to the best wooden boats, yet it folds in a small package to check as baggage or carry by hand. No repairs or cost for storage. Made non-sinkable and perfectly safe anywhere. The only patented canvas boat on the market. King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 667 N. St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.

HOTEL VICTORIA

Broadway, Fifth Ave. and 27th St.,
NEW YORK CITY.

Accommodation for 500 Guests.
150 Rooms with Bath European Plan
Hot and Cold Water and Telephone in every Room
GEO. W. SWEENEY, Prop.

HOTEL ALBERT

One Block West of Broadway, Corner of University
Place and 11th Street, New York, N.Y.

A moderate priced hotel of 300 rooms ranging from
one dollar per day upwards. Location central yet
quiet. Appointments and service liberal.
L. FRENKEL, Proprietor.



GLOVER'S IMPERIAL

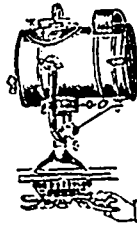
DOG REMEDIES.

The result of twenty-five years' experience
in the treatment of
SICK DOGS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN
SPORTING GOODS IN CANADA.

FREE BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED
On application to
H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S., 1278, Broadway, New York
U. S. A.

CLEAR VIEW Acetylene Search Light



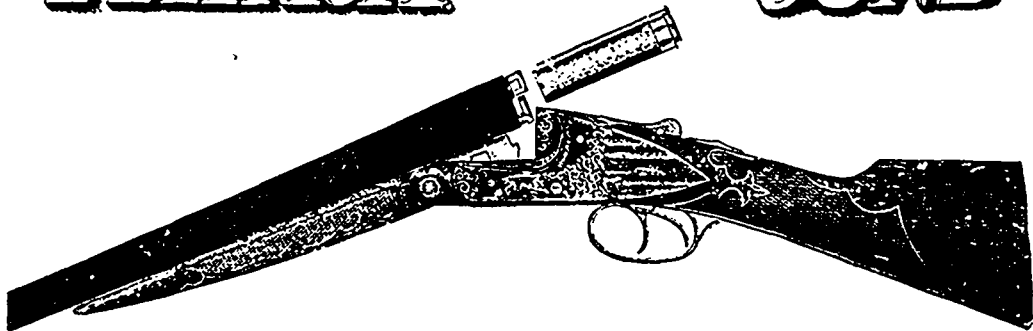
for Small Yachts, Launches and
Pleasure Boats of all kinds. Generates
its own gas. Projects a powerful light.
Entirely automatic. Indispensable for
night boating; making landings; de-
tecting obstructions; locating buoys
and penetrating fog &c.

Write for Catalogue.

AMERICAN ACETYLENE STOVE CO.,
502 Masonic Temple, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

ITHACA

GUNS



No. 4, List \$100.00.

If you don't know what gun to buy order an Ithaca and a gun of any other make, compare them, and if the Ithaca is not the best by all odds, return it. N.B.—The Ithaca Sticks.

Send for Art Catalog and Special Prices on 16 Grades.

GUNS \$17.75 to \$300

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N.Y.

EASY TO WEAR HUNTING BOOTS

are the first essential in every Sportsman's outfit. The Witch-Elk line of Sporting and Hunting Boots are acknowledged to be the BEST for comfort, durability and style. Ask your dealer about them, or write us for free catalogue.

WITCHELL SONS & CO.,
Limited,
DETROIT, MICH.

Manufacturers of Hunting Boots for Ladies and Gentlemen (all heights), Foot Ball, Base Ball, Bowling, Bicycle, Golf, Tennis, Yachting, Gymnasium, Sprinting, Jumping, Vaulting, Hockey, Skating and Foot Ball Shoes.



Orlan Clyde Cullen, C.E., LL.M.

Counsellor at Law U. S. Supreme Court.
Registered Attorney U. S. Patent Office.

U. S. and Foreign Patents, Caveats,
Trade Marks and Copyrights.

Military and Naval Inventions a Specialty.

Address **Box 264, Station G.,**

Washington, D.C., Gun Shop and Model Shop.

Warren White, Sulphur Springs, Totten, P.O., Virginia

EASTERN GUN WORKS

We have just received from England a shipment of finest Walnut for stocking high grade guns. Our work is done by an expert and guaranteed.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF GUN REPAIRING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

ALEX. JOHNSTON,

494 Eastern Avenue, Toronto

David Slater,

Wholesale, Retail and
Export Fishing Tackle
Manufacturer

Newark-on-Trent, Eng.

Manufacturer of SALMON & TROUT Rods in Built Cane, Greenheart, etc. Salmon and trout Reels, Sea Reels and Nottingham Reels in Aluminum, Gun Metal, Ebonite, and Wood, etc.

*Inventor and Patentee of the World
Renowned "Combination Reel."*

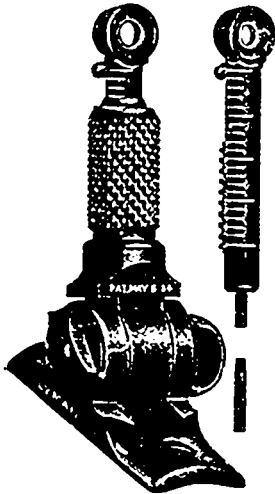
*Awarded 21 Prize Medals, Diplomas
and Special Money Prizes.*

Outfits for all parts of the world.

Agencies in France, Belgium, India, Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania
Largest manufacturer of Fishing Reels in the world. Catalogue Gratis.

LYMAN'S
PATENT RIFLE AND SHOTGUN

SIGHTS



No. 1.



No. 4.



No. 6.

An excellent combination of sights for a hunting rifle is here illustrated. Send for our new complete catalogue of 96 pages, illustrating our full line of sights for target and hunting rifles.

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation,
Middlefield, Connecticut. U.S.A.

The following dates
have been claimed by

The Hamilton Gun Club

For holding its

**Fifteenth Annual Live
BIRD and TARGET TOURNAMENT**

Jan. 17, 18, 19, 20, 1905

Programs may be had on application to
T. Birdsall, 54 James St., N.
Hamilton, after Nov. 1st

Herculean efforts are being made to make
this the best yet and ample provisions
will be made for the comfort
of all the shooters.



When you take
your next
**HUNTING, SHOOTING
OR
FISHING EXPEDITION**

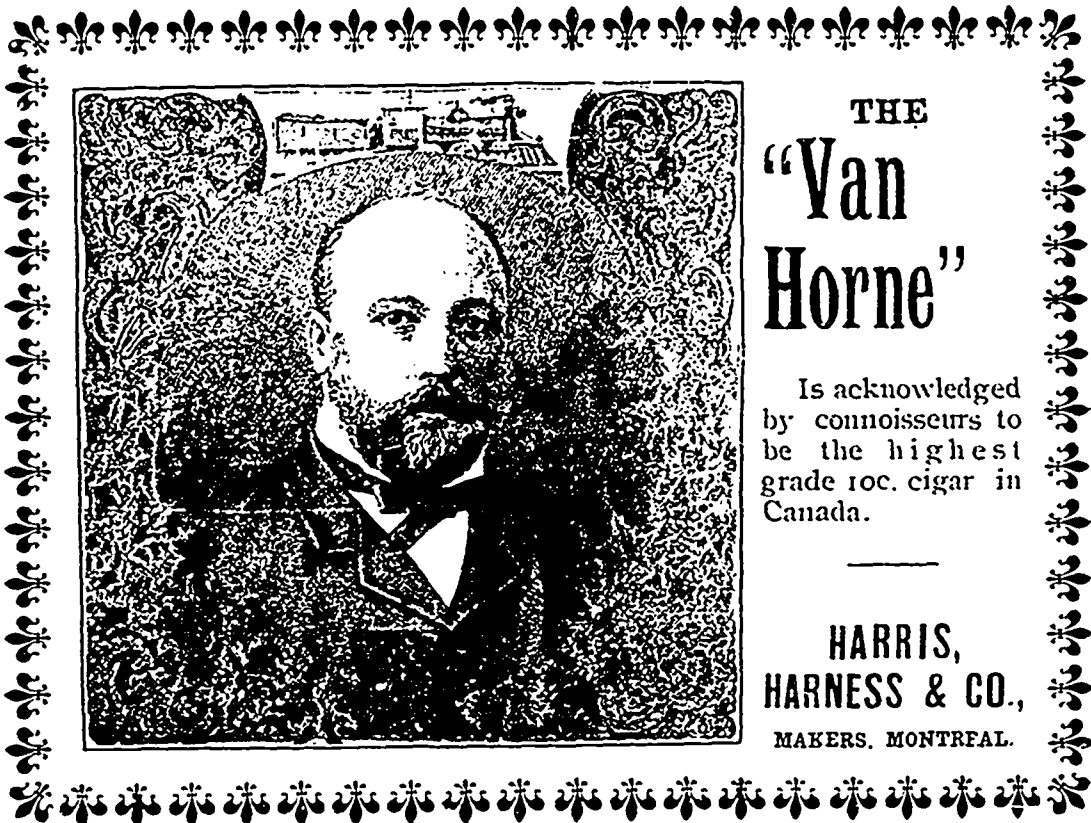
You will require a
First-class, Reliable
Canoe You can
depend upon us to
supply you with
one that will meet
your requirements.

The Peterborough Canoe Co., Limited
PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA.

**BEFORE PURCHASING, it will pay
you to obtain information
concerning our products.**

**THE LEADING Manufacturers of
Canoes, Skiffs, Launches, Yachts:
in fact everything that floats.**

SEND FOR OUR INTERESTING CATALOGUE.



THE
**“Van
 Horne”**

Is acknowledged
 by connoisseurs to
 be the highest
 grade 10c. cigar in
 Canada.

HARRIS,
 HARNESS & CO.,
 MAKERS. MONTREAL.

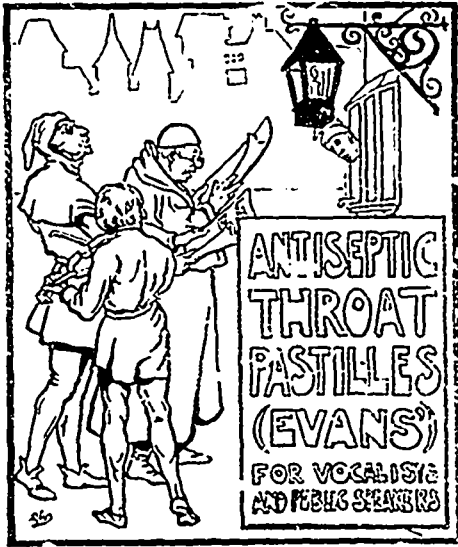
THE SOMERSET



BOSTON, MASS. ALFRED S. AMER
 Manager

There is no hotel quite like the SOMERSET — fastidiously appointed with every known requisite for comfort, safety, and enjoyment. Delightfully located in Boston's exclusive, residential Back Bay section, accessible to railway stations, places of amusement, shopping centers 10 minutes by electric, yet free from the noise and disagreeable features of city hotel life. "A dinner at the Somerset," while passing through Boston, will be found most enjoyable. Our beautiful illustrated booklet will be mailed free on request.

FOR SMOKERS' THROAT



Hoarseness, Voice Failures, Croup and
Bronchitis yield to the one infallible Specific
EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES
FROM ALL DRUGGISTS
EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED
Montreal, Toronto and New York

The New Vermifuge and
Conditioner for Dogs

**CHAMBER'S
"CASTRIQUE"**

Does not distress the
animal. No starving
required. Produces
healthy skin and
glossy coat. Enables
you to rear the most
delicate puppy or
kitten.

SEND FOR COPIES OF
TESTIMONIALS

PRICE 50c. AND \$1.00 PER BOTTLE

EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED
MONTREAL & 133 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK
Sole Manufacturing Agents for Canada and U. S.

**Electricity
is your
Opportunity**

There is no profession open to the average
young man that has a greater assured future
than Electricity. It is uncrowded and pays
very high salaries. We can qualify you for a
position as Electrician, Electric Railway, Elec-
tric Lighting or Dynamo Station Superintend-
ent, Wireman, etc. Write for free Electrical
Booklet, stating which position or positions in-
terest you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Box 1342 Scranton, Pa.

America Reels

- Take-Down*
- Ball-Bearing*
- Pivot Bearing*

Improved 1925 Models BALL-BEARING hard
ened steel click mechanism. JEWEL-BEARING,
spiral gears. ALUMINUM and GERMAN SILVER,
micrometer drag. LEVEL-WINDER, Ball Bearing,
automatic throw-out. AMERICA-MET-K, hand-made
best grade. Any size, any bearing. All reels TAKE-
DOWN. Write for prices.

America Co.

672 RACE ST., ROCKFORD, ILL.



The Lenox Hotel

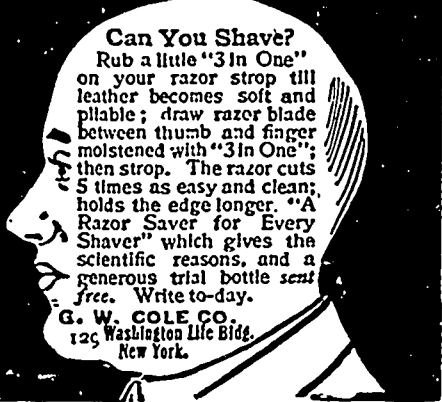
IN BUFFALO

North Street, at Delaware Avenue

High-Grade, Modern Construction,
Fire-proof throughout. European
plan. Rates \$1.50 per day and up-
ward. Room reservations can be
telegraphed at our expense.

George Duchscherer, Proprietor.

Can You Shave?
 Rub a little "3 in One" on your razor strop till leather becomes soft and pliable; draw razor blade between thumb and finger moistened with "3 in One"; then strop. The razor cuts 5 times as easy and clean; holds the edge longer. "A Razor Saver for Every Shaver" which gives the scientific reasons, and a generous trial bottle sent free. Write to-day.
G. W. COLE CO.
 125 Washington Life Bldg.
 New York.

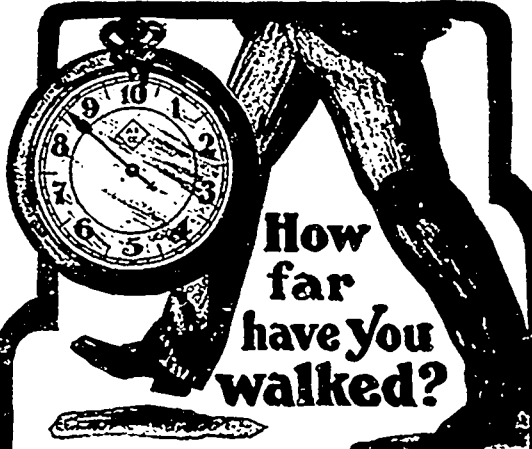


WAYNE HOTEL AND PAVILION

DETROIT, - MICHIGAN.

(American and European Plans.)
 Only first-class hotel in city overlooking the Detroit river :: ::
 European Plan, \$1 to \$3.
 American Plan, \$2.50 to \$4.50.

JAMES R. HAYES, - Proprietor.



How far have you walked?

THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER

WILL TELL YOU CARRIED LIKE A WATCH.

100 Mile Pedometer \$1.50 REGULATES TO
 10 Mile Pedometer \$1.00 STEP OF WEARER

Numbers on dial represent miles. Hand points out number of miles walked. Case of handsome nickel. If you play golf or hunt, walk for business or pleasure in search of health or recreation the WALKING IS MADE DOUBLY INTERESTING by carrying a Pedometer. At your dealer or by mail on receipt of price Fully guaranteed. Write for booklet

THE AMERICAN PEDOMETER CO.
 125 CHURCH ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

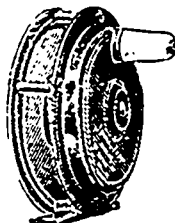
Canadian Selling Agents, E. & A. Gunther Co., Toronto

J. BERNARD & SON

45 Jermyn Street, St. James',
 LONDON, ENG.

Bernard's "Triumph" Dry Fly Reels

3 Inch
 21 / -



2 3-4 Inch
 19 / 6

This reel is made from our new metal. It does not rust or corrode as aluminium does and it is lighter and stronger than bronze or gun metal.

3 Inch "Triumph" Weighs about 5 1/2 oz.
 3 Inch Bronze Weighs about 10 oz.

It is also made very narrow (5/8 in.) between plates, and is fitted with large drum for winding in quickly.

WRITE FOR 1904 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Makers of First Class Fishing Rods, Reels, Tackle



Mounting a Wild-Cat. We can teach you how.

LEARN TAXIDERMY BY MAIL.

Sportsmen Save Your Fine Trophies.

We can teach you to mount Birds, Animals, Heads, etc., true to life, in your own home during your spare time Easily and quickly learned. More fascinating than the camera, more profitable than any other recreation.

The Shooting Season is Now Open. You will secure some fine specimens. Why not give them a place in your home, den or office? Why not make your gun pay its own expense, and more? Be Your Own Taxidermist. Here is an opportunity you have long waited for. Join our School for Sportsmen by Sportsmen and double your interest in sports. Endorsed by all leading magazines, and sportsmen. Thousands of delighted students. Expert instructors, standard methods, reasonable tuition. Our new illustrated catalog now ready. It will interest you. Sent Free on request, ask to-day.

The N. W. School of Taxidermy, Inc.
 Suite 10, Com. National Bank, Omaha, Neb.

We Mount Specimens RIGHT at RIGHT Prices.

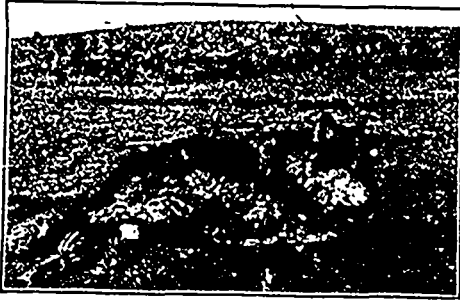
CANADA'S

Famous Shooting Resorts

- QUEBEC Within reach are moose, caribou, deer, salmon, land locked salmon, trout and wildfowl.
- LABELLE, P. Q. Deer, ruffed grouse, duck and trout.
- OTTAWA VALLEY Deer, duck, ruffed grouse, woodcock, trout and black bass.
- MATTAWA, ONT. Deer, black bass, and trout.
- KIPAWA, P. Q. Moose, deer, bear, duck, ruffed grouse, pike and dore.
- TIMISKAMING Moose, deer, bear, wildfowl, ruffed grouse, pike and dore.
- TIMAGAMING Moose, deer, bear, caribou, ruffed grouse, duck, lake trout, trout, black bass, pike and dore.
- DESBARATS, ONT. Deer, ruffed grouse, duck, lake trout, bass, pike and dore.
- NEPIGON Heavy brook trout, lake trout, black bass, duck, moose, caribou and deer.
- WINNIPEG Within reach are moose, elk, bear, mule, and whitetail deer, wolf, wildfowl and chicken.
- QU'APPELLE Unrivalled goose, duck and chicken shooting.
- BANFF SPRINGS In the Canadian National Park, trout fishing, mountain climbing, sulphur baths ; and outfitting point for Rocky Mountain sport, travel and exploration. Bear, deer, sheep and goat.
- GLACIER HOTEL In the wild Selkirk range near the Great Glacier. Mountain climbing, bear, caribou, and goat shooting.
- SICAMOUS On the great Shuswap Lake. Bear, deer, goat, trout and wildfowl.
- VANCOUVER Within reach are deer, bear, goat, Mongolian pheasant, grouse, wildfowl, salmon and trout.
-

Sportsmen will find in Canada an unrivalled field.

NEWHOUSE TRAPS



LOBO, THE KING WOLF OF CORRUPAW, CAUGHT IN FOUR TRAPS
THE BEST TRAP IS THE CHEAPEST
Send 25c. in stamps for the Illustrated Trappers' Guide, telling all about wild animals and how to catch them, with stories of Life in the Wood.
Illustrated Catalogue mailed free.
ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Established 1855.

Bell & Prichard
SPORTING
TAILORS

Fishing and Shooting Suits a Specialty.
2 LUDGATE CIRCUS,
Opposite Cook's 'Tourists' Office) LONDON, ENG.

English Manufacture Throughout.



Nitro Proof.

**JOHN BLANCH
& SON**

29 Gracechurch St. London, E. C.

Hammerless Ejector
Guns, \$105

Hammerless
Guns, \$60



**“DOMINION”
Ammunition**

A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE :

Use Ammunition made in Canada. The imported costs more because of the duty, and is no better. Encourage your own industries.

Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited
Manufacturers, MONTREAL

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS

And No Discharge

Bang the hammer of a loaded Iver Johnson against the table; throw the revolver around as carelessly as you would a handkerchief; handle it as roughly as you may, and there can be positively no discharge—don't do this with *any other make of revolver* if you value your life.

IVER JOHNSON

REVOLVERS

are the *only* revolvers absolutely safe from accidental discharge—as safe in the home as the kitchen stove. The reason lies in the fact that the hammer *never* touches the firing pin, and the firing pin never comes in contact with the cartridge except when the trigger is pulled *all the way back*.

OUR BOOKLET, "SHOTS," mailed free with our descriptive catalogue, *proves* these claims and describes Iver Johnsons with complete illustrations. May we send it to you?

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC

Price: Hammer, \$5.00; Hammerless, \$6.00

Iver Johnsons are sold by dealers the world over, or direct from us if your dealer won't supply you.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, FITCHBURG, MASS.



You can't
fire it
unless you
pull the
Trigger

JAEGER

PURE WOOL

UNDERWEAR

in all weights and sizes

GLOVES, MITTS, TUQUES,
SASHES, OVERSTOCKINGS and
SWEATERS FOR ALL.

SNOW SPORTS

TRAVELLING RUGS

Camelhair Fleece

SLEEPING BAGS and FOOT BAGS
for Camping and Sleeping.

*Our Illustrated Catalogue No. 1, containing samples
Jaeger pure woollen underwear materials, Free
on application to*

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM COMPANY LIMITED
2206 St. Catharine Street, Montreal



STEVENS



The tried and trusty STEVENS speak of outdoor life—the joys of shooting—getting near to nature. A STEVENS is the most logical arm for SHOOTERS and cannot be improved upon. Everybody knows what our famous RIFLES, PISTOLS and SHOTGUNS have accomplished in the past half century—STEVENS ARMS will always render a splendid account of themselves as long as we make them. Ask your dealer and insist on the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain them, we will ship direct, upon receipt of price.

Our 140 page illustrated STEVENS BOOK embodies a most complete and varied number of models, and is an invaluable manual of ready reference for all who are interested in shooting. Mailed for four cents in stamps to cover postage. OUR RIFLE PUZZLE is an excellent novelty. Will be sent to anyone upon request. SEND FOR IT.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.,
365 MAIN STREET,
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.