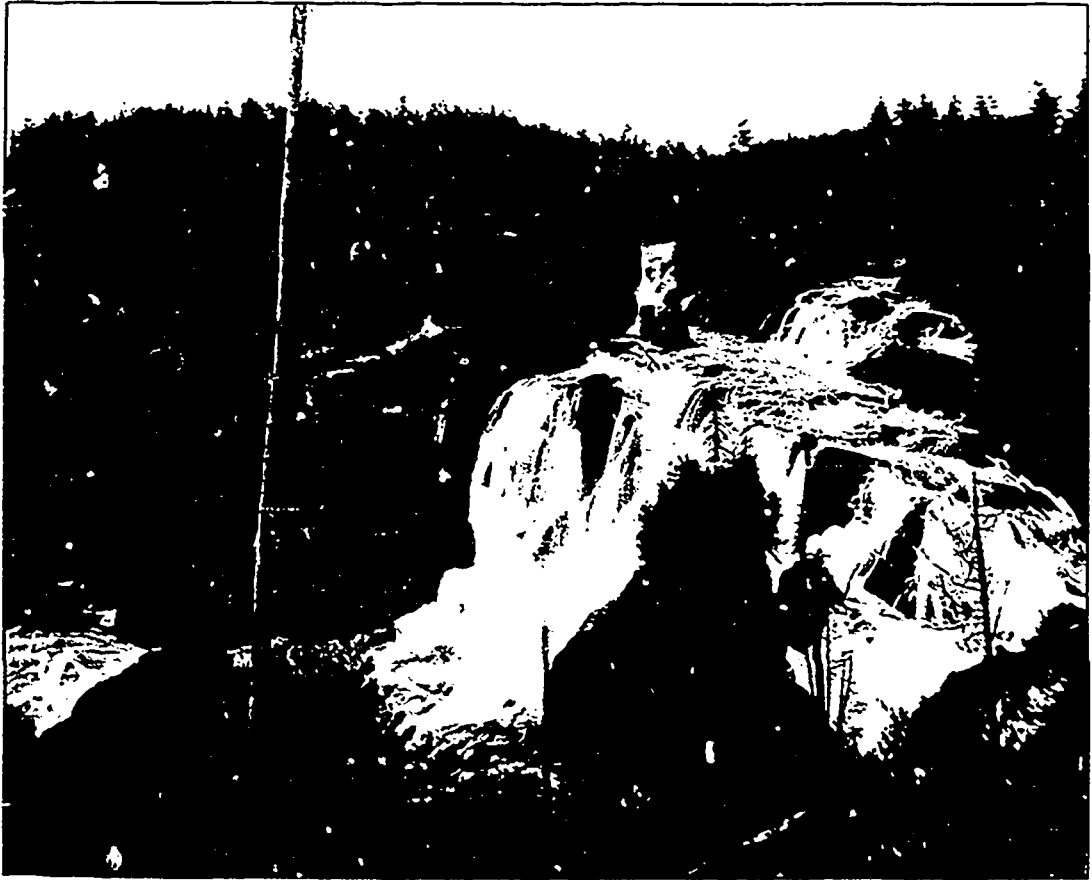


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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

Sylvain I. F. May '04  
Lib. of Parliament  
OTTAWA, ONT.



Aubrey Falls.

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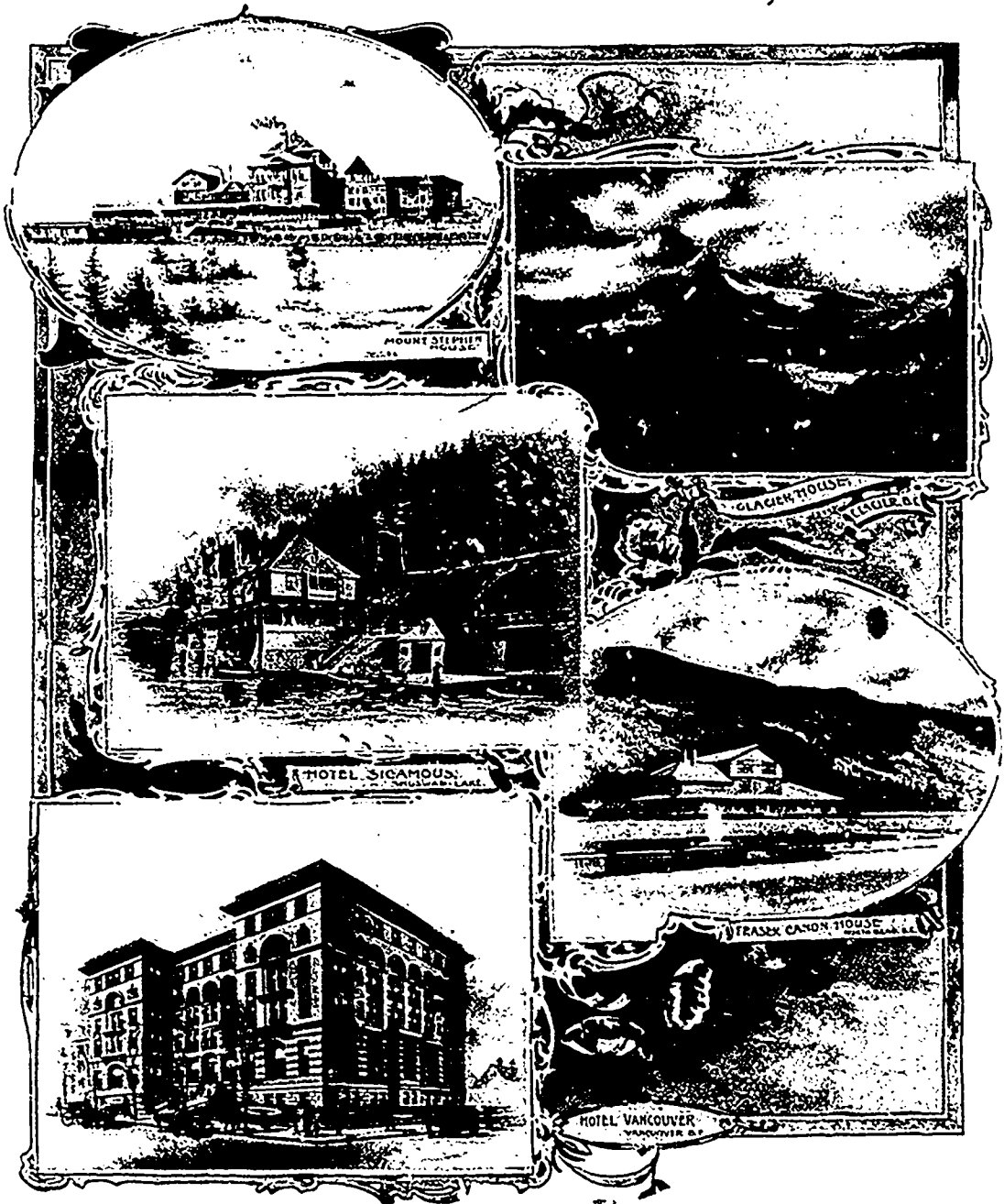
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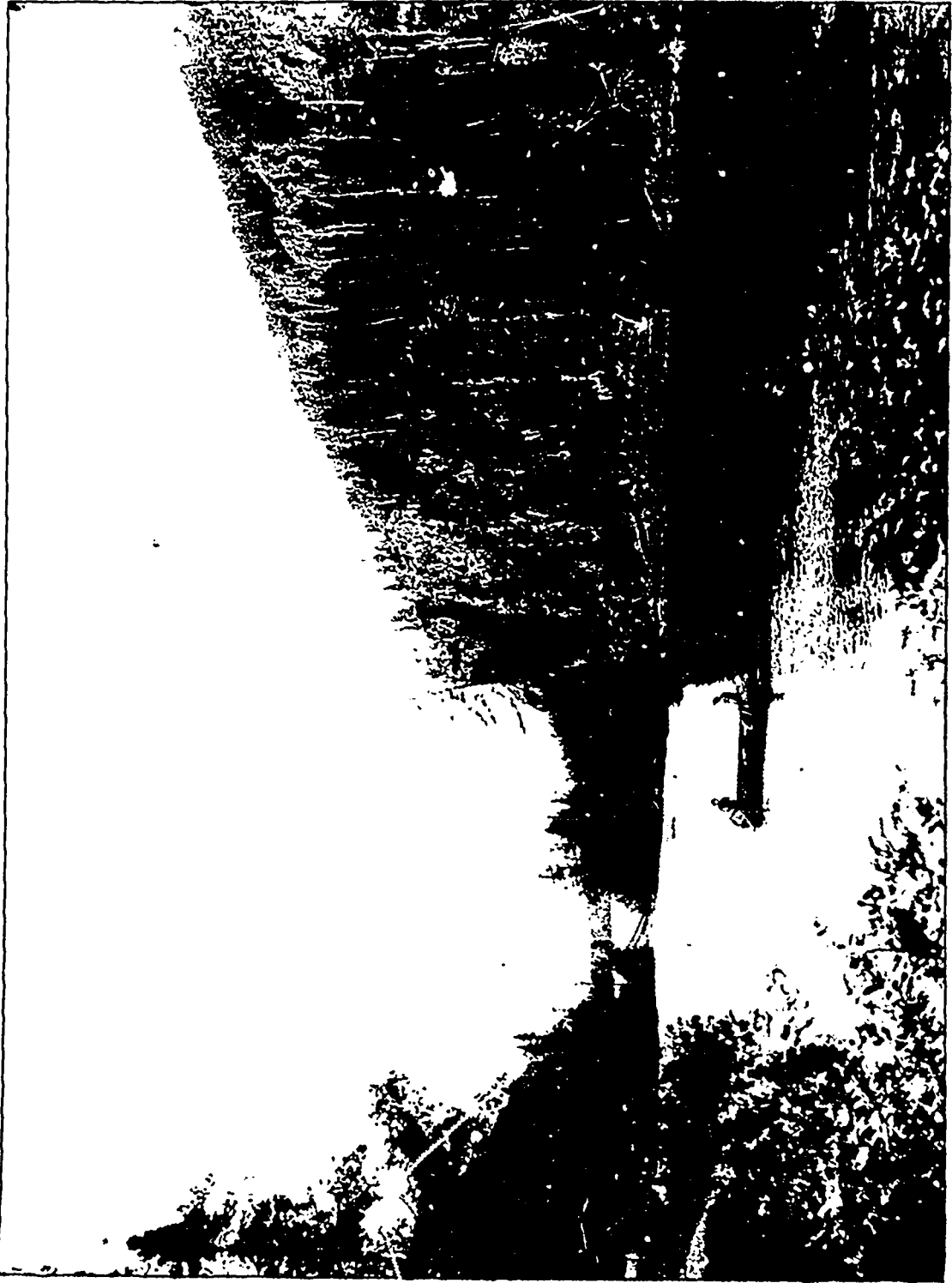
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# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1904

No. 5

## A Woman on the Mississaga.

By WAHNAPITAE.

Winnebago !

At this call from the conductor of the Canadian Pacific Railway our party of campers, consisting of three ladies, twenty three men and boys, and seven guides, alighted from the train at Winnebago, which is simply a name on the map, and even then not found on all maps, though the new Rand & McNally has given it a place. It is northwest of Sudbury Junction, Ontario, Canada, 130 miles.

Our first impression of the place was one of surprise, as we could see nothing there but a beautiful clear spring by the side of the track. There is also a railway siding, around which there will some day without doubt grow up a town of some kind.

After unloading numerous canoes and packs for the camp outfit, the train again started on its way to the Pacific coast. We all then began sorting our stuff, as six of us were to make a separate camp, twenty of the young men and boys having been up there since July 1st, before joining our party at Winnebago, to go down the Mississaga.

For a few moments the scene was rather a lively one, the guides and boys making themselves busy cutting tent poles and pegs, and pitching the tents, some of which were placed by the track, and others by the Winnebago river, which was but a short distance away. Soon the fires were going, the water boiling, and preparations for our first camp supper under way. Our dishes consisted of one enamelled plate,

cup, knife, fork and spoon, while for extra plates we had plain tin, which were used for serving plates, though most things were served right from the hot frying pan, or the boiling pail. For our first supper we had to eat some of the bulky things in order to lighten and lessen the size and bulk of the packs.

Upon our first evening nearly the entire party gathered round a big camp fire, telling stories and getting acquainted. It was all very jolly and we were sorry to break up. But knowing that there were other evenings before us, and also an early rising in the morning, we finally said "Good night." We three ladies occupied one tent, being most luxurious, we thought, with narrow mattresses of excelsior, laid on top of pine boughs. We had great fun preparing for bed, our quarters being smaller than usual, and most things were done on our knees. We each had a bag containing our outfit, which was composed of a pair of heavy blankets, one of light weight, a rubber pouch, and an entire change of clothing.

Our camp rig was an army blue flannel skirt (this being good on account of the two deep pockets) a heavy woollen skirt, heavy shoes or shoe packs, such as the Indians use, with woollen socks to wear over the stockings, a soft felt hat, and a sweater. We had extra long coats in case of cold or rain. However, I should never take a long coat again, as it was not once removed from my case and just made extra

and useless weight. A rubber coat, such as is used in automobiles, would be much better, taking small space, being light, and completely covering the skirt, either during walking or canoeing. A skirt four or five inches from the ground is about the right length, being short enough to avoid the bushes and much wet, and long enough to protect one from the mosquitoes, of which we had very few. Knitted socks for night wear are essential, as one is apt to unroll from the blankets. With all these, a Turkish towel, and a flannel wrapper, the outfit is about complete.

We were not long in getting to sleep and the first thing we knew again was in the morning hearing voices arousing the camp. To be sure it was only a little after five, but we were soon all up and out, as we were enthusiastic about our surroundings, and anxious to strike camp and be off up the river. This we accomplished about eleven, each of the girls giving a helping hand or rather head, having a pack on her back, suspended from her head by the use of the tump line stretched just above the forehead. This carrying is of course not compulsory, but if one is able and falls into the spirit of the thing, one wants to help. Take at first a light load and add a little each day. Our packs being loaded, the camp ground being carefully looked over, (always a most essential and important duty, so that nothing be left behind) "good-bye" is said to Division B., who were to follow a day later, we step into our canoes, and are actually off on our trip of 250 miles.

One tenderfoot on boarding her canoe slipped from a log and fell into the water, filling her moccasin. This caused a little amusement to her companions, but filled her with disgust, that she should so soon make such a blunder. These things are, however, part of the experience and one soon becomes accustomed to them and takes very little notice of them. The best thing to do in such a case is to remove the moccasin, pour out the water and replace it without any fuss, all the time looking pleasant. Shortly after leaving Winnebago, Joe Saugeen, one of our Indian guides, called our attention to an Indian grave on the shore. On a little knoll a square of about ten feet was enclosed by a

picket fence, in the centre of which was a tall wooden cross. The Indians have a great fear of death, burying their dead as soon as possible. The practical side also has to come into play, there being no easy way of carrying a body, so that it is generally buried wherever death claims it.

After paddling up stream through much burnt district for an hour and a half we came to our first rapid, which is crossed by a rough log bridge. Here we landed for lunch, the guides immediately preparing food, the men taking a swim, while the girls picked blueberries, of which there were a great quantity. Never before did I think that evaporated cream with water would be good on berries, but we all thought so that noon.

After luncheon we portaged all the things and started on, soon to come to two more rapids, around which some of the canoes were carried, while others were pulled over the rocks. From then on the river proved itself to be very snakelike in its build, twisting and turning many times, often so abruptly that though we could not see each other owing to the bush, we could speak across the stretch of land in the various ox-bows made by the river. This went on for an hour or more, everyone keeping up their hopes of getting to Lake Winnebago, the opening to which we could see far ahead of us. When we did reach the lake we were more than delighted with the sheet of water spread out before us, calm as a mirror, with its high banks reflecting the lights and shadows from the sun. We paddled about two miles up the lake, passing an Indian encampment, of which we afterwards discovered there were several on the lake.

Our camp that night was made in the thick bush, with a beautiful sandy beach just in front of us. While some set to work pitching tents and preparing camp, others of us went out fishing, having the good luck in a few minutes to catch enough for our supper and breakfast. These fish must have been decidedly hungry, as each one swallowed the hooks so far down its throat that it was difficult to extract them, until the jaw was pretty well cut to pieces, in a surgical operation. Here is one of the many times when the sheath knife worn in the belt comes into play. Do

not go on a canoe trip without one. These fish are much more firm and sweeter than those caught in more southerly waters. They certainly did taste good to us, as did all our meals. By going a little off our course we could have got bass and trout, the Indians told us, but our palates never tired of the fish we were catching. It was never difficult at any meal to get our party together, and no one was shy about letting his or her appetite show itself.

At this camp, Division A., as the college men called themselves, invited Division C., our party of six, to their camp fire, which was about one hundred yards or so from us. Here we had many songs, Division A. having composed several, with local hits on members of their party, touching on such subjects as growing beard, big appetites, misadventures, etc. The General here served out his last box of cigars, and the action met with a response in the form of the song: "For it was his last cigar."

On August 17th, our second morning, we were off at eight o'clock, this being our accustomed hour for breaking camp. Every one was fresh and ready for a long paddle, feeling no ill-effects from the work of the day before. It was a beautiful trip up the lake for two miles, everything looking so bright in the early sunlight. Passing a small island on our right, the General landed to blaze the canoe trail for Division B., which was following us. At the upper end of the lake we all noticed that our canoes suddenly dragged through the water, and we discovered that we were in such shallow muddy water that our canoes felt as heavy as lead.

The portage was in the left hand corner of a small inlet. Here we had to carry for three-quarters of a mile, over a hilly boggy portage, at the end of which we found quite a number of pitcher plants, from which the party refreshed themselves. We now came to a small mud lake, across which we paddled mud. It was rather shoving the canoe along, the bottom not being firm enough to even pole the canoe. This, however, lasted but a few minutes, and we then entered into a creek which seemed to be but the outlet of a large spring running through the tall grass. It was a queer but picturesque sight, looking

backwards and forwards to see the canoes winding through the tall grass, as the water was at times invisible, the men simply paddling the grass, while the canoes passed on. From this creek we emerged into another rather small lake, these two being the mother lakes of the Wennebegon River. We had no difficulty in finding the entrance to, or rather the outlet of, another stream.

Here our course changed and we began going down stream, heretofore having been paddling up stream on waters flowing down to Hudson Bay. I cannot be too positive, however, as some of the map-makers said we had only one short day up stream. We were now between 1400 and 1500 feet above sea level, this being of course a great height, considering that we were in about longitude 85.50 and latitude 45.40. We had about 800 feet to run down hill with the water before reaching Lake Huron. Again we entered a narrow stream, which was much overhung with bushes, so much so that in some places the General, who was still in the lead, had to chop a path through for us. It certainly was most picturesque to be winding our way among the alders, the bow paddle having to help a great deal, pushing the bow around the sharp turns. It was just such a place that if it were near home, a young suitor would like to take his sweet-art canoeing about the sunset hour, and the other party to the contract would like it too—that is after the first canoe, with the General in it, had been through and the hard work done. But even for the unattached the trip could be nothing but pleasant, and would make a lasting impression on their minds. Just as in life we turn the corners to find some obstacles facing us, which with thought and some exertion are soon overcome, leading us at last to the beautiful havens of 'accomplishment'; so we were now led to the beautiful Lake Kabushquashing, at which we arrived after a portage of one and a quarter miles.

We here saw "cached" a bag of flour, left by the Indians under a cover of bark until they could return from the woods for it. The Indians are very conscientious when finding a "cache" and very seldom is one touched except by the owner.

After a good luncheon of bacon, bread,

beans, and corn meal mush, with maple syrup, which was shared by both Divisions, we started on our way again, paddling but three miles, when we made a camp, Division A. on a rocky point jutting out into the lake; and Division C. in a sheltered little nook just beyond them. At this camp the boys very gallantly cut a trail from one Division to another, in the evening coming to escort the ladies to their beautiful big white-birch fire. To show our appreciation of their courtesy we named the place Mekaunce (Trail) camp. By this time we in Division C. were necessarily becoming quite well acquainted, as intimacy is inevitable with a party in camp. We were most fortunate in having a congenial party and one which took the good-natured side of everything. This means a great deal when added to the many pleasures of such a trip. These canoe trips have been organized for many years by our General and their growing popularity is largely due to the tact he displays, and the trouble he takes in organizing them. By his system the incongruous and the uncongenial cannot obtain.

We were also becoming quite attached to our guides, selected by the General, of whom two were Indians, and the third a white man, a trapper by trade. This was his first trip as a guide. He proved himself a good man, always ready to help with anything, was quite polite and attentive to the ladies and proved most excellent in running the rapids, as did also the Indians, of whom we thought a good deal, and in whom we learnt to place great confidence. Our permanent crew for each canoe was now made up and the canoes given names, each crew being anxious to have at the end of the trip the least mangled and injured canoe. We had three "Old-towns" from Maine, and one bark canoe. The former we liked immensely, and they proved very steady, good sea boats, easy to steer and paddle, and fast.

As we were about to leave camp on Thursday, the 18th, the General took photographs of both divisions in their canoes, making eight in all. It was an attractive scene, with the girls in their rough costumes, and the boys in khaki uniform with colored handkerchiefs tied round their necks. Shortly after leaving camp we

came to a fall of water, having to make a portage of half a mile, at the end of which we had our last luncheon with Division A. Our packs were getting into the habit of becoming very much mixed up at the end of a portage, which worked confusion and took extra time to sort. It was then that the Colonel of Division A. left a bark letter instructing Division B. not to hurry on, as they (Division A.) were having enough trouble on the portage. During the afternoon we had a very pretty winding course down the river, passing under many "natural bridges" formed by fallen trees, the canoes having just room to pass under and between the branches, which extended into the water.

That night Division A. camped a bit further down the stream than we did—at least they thought they were going to do so, but by the river making a sharp turn (an oxbow in shape) they paddled quite a distance before they were brought up on the shore almost opposite to us, causing much amusement on all sides. We were in an open blueberry patch that night, though closely surrounded by trees. For the first time we made use of our little camp stove which had bravely stood the jeers of many of our party. It did good service for us, as by it we were enabled to have hot biscuits and blueberry pie. Necessity is certainly the mother of invention, as the lime juice bottle might have groaned out when used as a rolling pin. Great was our consternation when we sat down to supper and discovered that the bag of bread was missing. For a time long sober faces were noticeable around the camp, as that was a serious matter. Joe then decided to make a trip to Division A. to see if by chance they had found it at the portage. What a cheer went up as he climbed the bank, a broad smile upon his face and the bag of bread in his arms.

In the evening having two callers, and Harris, the guide from Division A., we spent some time in making maps of the route, as we each thought it to be, and many were the ideas brought to light. It was comical to see the very various directions we had taken according to the different maps and minds.

On August 19th we were all up early in our efforts to get to the fire, which was



burning just between the two tents. We had had a very cold night, ice having formed in the water pails. This was our only experience of the kind. We were off as usual at eight, soon passing Division A., who had not then broken camp. In half an hour we came to a pretty steep rapid practically a fall. The canoes were all unpacked ready to carry when we found that Clement, the white guide, had taken the bark canoe through them. He was so pleased with himself, that quick as a flash he was back for one of the Oldtowns, urging one of the girls to go with him. We however, all thought discretion in this instance to be the better part of valour, and well it was in this case, as the canoe was half filled with water going down. It was too risky a place in which to take chances and one has to remember all the time how far away one is from civilization or help of any kind. "Save the canoes" is a good motto all through the trip. At 10.30 we had another portage to make, which all did save Shemangan, who "ran" one of the Oldtowns down the rapids. He was fairly successful, although by coming in contact with a rock the metal bow was sprung just a bit. Again caution was the higher virtue. As a contrast to this swift water we now came to a quiet part of the river, landing at a pretty mossy little spot in the woods for luncheon. While the guides were cleaning and packing the dishes the rest of us amused ourselves by having a shooting contest with the doctor's rifle, our target being a small stick floating in the river. The temptation for the guides to shoot was too strong for them to resist, so they also came to the front, the dishes being allowed to wait for a few minutes. It was amusing to see the expression on their faces when they failed to hit the mark, which the General and Clement had hit, and which the others missed, partly from being unused to the rifle.

The afternoon again gave us a great variety of scenery. First we came to a log jam, over which we all climbed, the canoes being also carried over. Next some very swift and rather long rapids put in an appearance. Our guide as usual ran his canoe alongside the shore and then went ahead to see if they were safe to "run." The question was decided in the affirmative, but

with no extra weight in the canoes. So there was another stage of unloading and carrying of packs. It is remarkable how soon one becomes used to this, and takes it as a most matter of course part of the trip. We had to climb over a rather high cliff, from which we had an excellent view of the canoes going through the rapids. At the end, as we supposed, there was a nice quiet little pool, but as we waded down to it we saw, in a sharp bend of the river another water fall, over which we had no desire to go, so we continued the portage to the foot of this second fall, where we again loaded and started on our way. Very many moose and deer tracks were seen on the shore, and one deer we saw swimming across the river.

We camped that night on a high sand bank, finding there the remains of a very recently deserted camp. Our "Sherlock Holmes" discovered this by the warm sand ashes. Fresh boughs were laid for two tents, wood piled up ready for the fire, and a crane, having the poles suspended on it from which to hang the kettles. I asked Joe the name in Indian for a crane of that kind, and to me the answer sounded like "Goat kick, why not." I will leave it to some one who knows the Ojibway language better than I do to put it into its correct spelling garb. Lighting a fire, cutting a few more boughs, and pitching the tents, which was also made easy, the tent poles being ready cut, we soon were very much at home. What a delightful feeling it is to sit out in the open around the big camp fire, and feel that we cannot be disturbed by any trolley cars, trains, or other signs of civilization! How much at home a fire makes us feel in a very few minutes! How little we miss the daily papers! Surely some of us are inoculated with the "call of the wild" and are happy in getting back to our original way of living!

After a delightfully "soft night", as the guides described it, August 20th found us breaking camp at 8.30, a little later than usual. Division A. was now left away in the rear, so a letter on a piece of cedar bark was suspended from a branch overhanging the river, this and birch bark being the stationery used in the woods. The post office is a split stick used to hold the bark, and then driven into the bank. At

nine o'clock a small log jam presented itself to us. The regular portage was on the right of the river, and this some of the party used, though it was a mean one, being of clayish formation and very slippery. One member of the party was helping very enthusiastically with the packs and getting them down the bank. In her enthusiasm she picked up her own case, and using too much energy, threw it into the river. Fortunately it was immediately rescued, but her thoughts might easily be imagined as to the condition of the contents. She was "game" for anything though, and laughed it off as a joke on herself. The occasional burnt timber was a new experience, as since leaving Winnebago the foliage had been very dense.

Great excitement was caused after we had been paddling for a while by the arrival of a bear into our everchanging river panorama. He was loping up the side of a rough rocky cliff. Two or three shots were fired, which quickly brought up the other canoes, so that the occupants could see what was going on. Several of the party landed and scaled the rock, declaring that they could see the wounded bear. "Mr. Bruin" however had no intention of being taken prisoner, and carried in pieces to the States. He very cautiously slipped behind a rock and probably had much fun in telling his associates about the party of "sports" whom he had seen and fooled. He must have been a hungry one, if his tracks were any proof, and his fondness of blue berries was only to be equalled by that of our party.

At 11.30 Joe brought us up alongside an insignificant little portage, at the same time saying "man tracks", showing that we were still in close pursuit of an unknown party. Here we had lunch in the hot sun, and here we said "good-bye" to the Winnebago River for two days; we were to see it again where it emptied into the main Mississaga. We tramped over a rather difficult portage of one mile, coming to a series of lakes through which we were to travel to Lake Minnesinqua.

After that luncheon in the hot sun (never take a meal in the hot sun) we started on our way across the portage to a small lake. Shemahgan had said it was about one half mile across, so we took fairly

heavy packs. However, that mark was soon passed, then the three-quarter mile mark, and finally we came to the end, reaching a pretty little lake of very clear water. Glad we were to get there, as we had had a hot walk. It is wonderful though how soon one forgets the difficulties of the trip in the beauties which are ever before the tourist and the wonderment of what is coming next. That was about the only hot day we had, and it was hot only on land.

A ten minutes paddle brought us across the lake to a short portage of three minutes walk. We had now arrived at Long Lake, or Goshabowigamon, as the Indians call it. But only one of our party had ever been over this part of the route. Twenty-two years ago Joe had come up the lakes with Hudson Bay supplies. At our place on Long Lake we asked him where the portage was. Thinking a moment, he answered, "there is a point of land on which are some tall pine trees with some shorter ones under them: the portage is around that point." And sure enough, there it was. Not once did he lead us astray, which to us, unaccustomed to wood craft, was very wonderful.

Goshabowigamon is seven and a half miles long with two narrows, making us think of a pillow made to represent a person, with a string tied around it to form the neck and another the waist.

About a mile from the lower narrows we turned to our right into a small bay, on the left of which we discovered the portage, but one quarter of a mile long. This led us to a tiny little lake, though ever so pretty, especially at that time of day; it was about five o'clock. The yellowish sunlight haze cast over everything was such an entirely different effect from what we had seen on the large lakes. We felt like throwing all the packs over to the other side, it seemed so almost useless to have to pack them all. I fear, though, had we employed this scheme, we would have been short of our entire outfit.

Another quarter of a mile portage and oh! such a glorious sight as was brought to our view. It is impossible to describe my feelings and true impressions of Wiya-

wiagamou (Round Lake). It silenced me in its grandeur rather than making me exclaim, except once in a while when I could not repress a word of admiration. A large round lake, with islands and bays, nestled down in a bowl of high green banked mountains, the blue haze of departing day, spread over it as a mantle, and just enough wind to ruffle the water a tiny bit. What could be more beautiful? It gave one the feeling of being utterly away from every one, and yet not a truly lonesome feeling. It made one feel as if she were as near the top of the world as one could be, and yet protected from tempests by the surrounding walls of green.

Never shall I forget that paddle across the lake. Just before reaching the farther side our sense of utter possession was taken away from us by the discovery of another camping party—three geological surveyors, who had been out since the first of May. After a short call, from our canoe, we proceeded on our way, as it was growing dark, and we were anxious to make a certain camp for Sunday.

Going through a small stream of swift water we, in the leading canoe, had a pretty surprise in waiting for us at the end. Not twenty feet from us stood a deer on the shore. He looked at us two or three seconds, I think, as much surprised as we were, then dashed off into the woods and whistled quite a number of times. As we looked back at the shore he appeared again and looked at us. This made five deer that we had seen during the afternoon.

Another half mile down stream and we arrived at the grand Lake Minnesinqua, which means "many points looking like islands." About a mile down from where the Mississaga River flows into the lake, on the south side of the lake, we found a beautiful camp ground with a long stretch of sandy beach for bathing, and a large rock on which we all thoroughly enjoyed a gorgeous moonlight evening.

It was on this lake two centuries ago that the Ojibway and Mohawk Indians had a great battle, the former completely wiping out the latter.

Fishing in this lake is excellent, pike and maskinonge being found in great abundance.

Minnesinqua is ten miles long and a

wonderfully grand lake, with its high mountains and cliffs on every side, and points jutting into the water from every direction, forming most attractive little harbors.

Four miles from the head of the lake we entered on Aug. 21st into the narrows, on one side of which there is a high cliff, but which is fairly easily climbed. From here one may get a magnificent view of the entire lake and surrounding country.

Many, many times on the trip one is forced to feel the insignificance of oneself amidst all the grandeur. It makes one look, as he paddles along in a canoe by one of these cliffs, like a very small and insignificant unit indeed as we explore this new and beautiful world.

Making only a short Sunday afternoon paddle, we struck another portage of one half mile, at the end of which we again made camp, when we had our first rain storm. The tents were hurriedly pitched, in order to get things under cover. The little water down the rushes. This very brella held over it, we had a very jolly time preparing dinner and "dining out" or rather in, as we were all invited to the Doctor's tent for dinner, this being the only time on the entire trip when we were unable to eat out of doors.

Monday, the 22nd. We were now on the Mississaga River and started the day with rapids, the first three of which we all run. The latter was a bit difficult, there being little water down the rushes. This very frequently has to be portaged. The fourth was shot by one of the guides only, and he had some difficulty, having to pull into a rock near the end, where he emptied his canoe of water before continuing his way. The party were all very glad of the portage, as they found such quantities of tremendous blue berries. No matter how heavy the pack one may be carrying, the temptation to stop and pick berries is too strong to be resisted.

At 10.30, just at the foot of this rapid, we passed the junction of the Wennebecgon and Mississaga Rivers, the former flowing into the latter at the right of the rapid.

We very shortly came to Aubrey Falls portage, in a bay at the left of the head of the Falls. It is one mile long, very hilly and stony, but one is able to take a

good rest half way over, leaving the packs on the trail and branching off to the right, where one gets a superb view of the Falls, 165 feet high. From the roar of the water as one approaches it some idea of its grandeur is obtained, but when the Fall is really in sight there is very little said at first until the realization of its beauty begins to sink into our minds. It is a broken ragged fall, with quiet little pools and narrow streams falling between crevices of the rocks. The great volume pours over the centre rocks to end in a pool of seething water at the bottom. One should really see it to know its beauties, as new features are forever bringing themselves to the fore. The resistless power of time and water are among the strong impressions received.

Two more rapids and much swift water were on our highway for the afternoon. As to scenery, it was very grand, the river running at times between high cliffs, then through rather an open country, where we could see the mountains in the distance, and finally into a white birch district, there being no evergreens on either shore.

Our camp "Wigwas" (white birch) was ever so pretty, but being at the head of a portage, we had some difficulty in finding dry wood. It is not really advisable to camp on a portage, as, being done so often, the dry wood in that vicinity has been pretty much burned. Of course, camping at a portage is a saving of time in packing and repacking.

Tuesday, the 23rd, was a day full of adventures, as from 8.30 until 12.00 we ran twenty-nine rapids, the water over the rocks averaging about ten inches. It was the most exciting morning we had had and all were hoping for more.

At luncheon time, there was a display of clothes on the stony beach in front of us, some of the hold-alls with their contents having gotten a bit wet going through the rapids. One heart was made sad by the wetting of a nice white shirt waist, which was being saved with great care for a grand and clean entry into Desbarats, where we intended to spend a week at the end of the trip. All hopes of this entry had to be abandoned and the camp outfit, in all its weatherwornness, made its appearance in Desbarats.

As we all settled ourselves again in the canoes our cry was "more rapids", and we got them. We were almost satiated with them during the afternoon, but not quite, having to run twenty-eight "horse races", as the Indians call swift water, and three rapids. The last one, being a drop of eight feet in a very short distance, made it quite thrilling. All the canoes but Joe's shot in safety. "Caution," as we often called him, was shy about taking two ladies down, as canoes had been swamped in the waves at the bottom. After much coaxing and promises to keep perfectly still, we ran through in safety, taking in but a tiny bit of water. We all had great confidence in our guides by now, or we would not have attempted it.

Camping time was with us once more, but Joe was anxious to push on two miles further, where he said we would find a potato patch. Tired though we were that sounded most attractive and on we pushed, arriving at Squaw Chute after a short portage. Two log cabins were in evidence and pansies and nasturtiums, and a hit to the left was the potato and cabbage patch: And a real mining prospector and his cat! We soon had the old man, Mr. Ripley by name, digging potatoes for us, and no one was shy that night about showing how fond they were of "new boiled potatoes." Hard tack and sugar were also brought forth, much to our delight, as our supply of sugar was fast growing small, indeed "ladies only" had had sugar for two meals.

Our tents were pitched just by the foot of the Chute and during the evening we had a most glorious fire on the rocks, using logs, fifteen feet or more in length. These logs had been jammed up on to the rocks during spring freshets. Mr. Ripley spent the evening with us, telling many yarns, one being the cause for the name of the Fall. Many years ago a young Indian girl was carried over the Falls and drowned. She is now buried in front of the old man's cabin, as is also a young Indian boy, who was drowned at the head of the Fall. The graves are covered with heavy strips of birch bark weighted down with stones. Around the graves had been made a fancy picket fence, but this has now fallen to pieces. Only traces of it may be seen now.



WINNEBAGO SIDING.  
"the scene was rather lively"



MISSISSAGA  
"We all had great confidence in our guides by now or we would not have attempted it."



WENEBEGON RIVER.  
A nasty little twister.



WENEBEGON RIVER.  
The twister mastered.

On Wednesday, the 24th, we had our last rapid on the trip during the morning, which is considered a mean and dangerous little one, because half way down it there is a sharp turn, where there is a strong current or eddy with scattered rocks, then continuing down over numerous rocks. In all, it is a drop of about twelve feet, and excitement is high while running it. The bark canoe, drawing more water than the Old-Towns, caused the men in it to step into the water occasionally, to ease it when following in our course. They would occasionally have to get out and lift it over the stones. This immensely amused the guides, especially Joe, who saw the funny side of all things and had a regular school-girl giggle, hard to stop when once started.

Our noon-day meal was at Tunnel Portage, which is a long one of three miles. By walking for two miles a team is secured for carrying the packs and canoes, three being carried over very easily in one load. While a guide has gone over for this (in our case the General did it, for which we had cause later to be very glad), an opportunity is given to visit the Falls and inspect an old mining camp, with the mill, etc. Then the walk across the portage is started. Members of the party may, of course, ride if they prefer it, but the road is really better for walking than driving. Half way across a break is made to the left, taking a path down, down, down to a view of the tunnel or gorge, where the river races, plunges, and races on again, between great solid walls of rock, not more than twenty-five feet apart. Two miles over the portage we came to a spring belonging to the farmer who owns the team. The spring was the springing of a surprise upon us in the shape of a bag of flour, two blueberry pies and a coffee pot full of milk put there by the thoughtful General. Right here let me give a piece of advice; and that is, if ever any one drinks from the side of a coffee pot let him first make sure that the spout is turned up, as while one member was drinking it was suddenly discovered that the milk was going to waist through a blue flannel pocket.

We camped but a short way below the tunnel, although we had hoped to reach Slate Falls two miles beyond. Seeing a

storm preparing to break over our heads, we thought it better to take the bull by the horns and make camp as soon as possible. We were in an open field, with nothing but burnt stumps around us. A farmer lived near by and he soon came to investigate his neighbors and see if he could be of any service. Great was our joy when he brought us a large pail of milk and one of cream, really, truly cream.

Supper over, we saw that everything was secure for the night, the tents having guy ropes put on them and everything in camp put under shelter. The precious cream and milk was covered and put into the river well weighted down with stones.

One member of the party proved that he had still some "tender-foot" in him. He thought he had found a beautiful spot for his tent in rather a protected little hollow, and was snug when he and the two other men turned in. About two o'clock his mind was changed, for everything in the tent was floating in seven or eight inches of water; the storm having finally arrived in all its fury, and the water pouring down from the field into this same "snug little harbor." "Quit wetting me, that's a mean trick" were the words in his mouth with which one of the party awakened, but he soon realized the trouble, and there was a great scramble for the guides' tent, where Joe was busily engaged holding on to his tent pole. We women were not so badly off, as Joe had placed our tent on higher ground, so that as the wind abated we were all right and only wet on one side of the tent, where the rain first came in under the flap. Again everybody was good-natured and laughing, and all were looking forward to drying time in the morning. Some of our cameras floated around in that tent, spoiling some exposed films, and that was a saddening incident, because we had views that we thought a great deal of. Slate Falls was our next point of interest, and there we arrived at noon on Thursday, the 25th.

The scenery on the river had greatly changed before reaching the grand feature. There were a few farms scattered along the banks; the high mountains had disappeared in the distance and instead of deer and bear we saw just every day cows and

sheep. At Slate Falls we had another glorious bit, however.

Our first portage, from a quarter to half a mile long, was very stony, and shoes with a firm sole are most acceptable, unless one's feet have become thoroughly hardened. I noticed that the guides changed from their moccasins to boots. Slate Falls has been well named, and the portage should have the same prefix—the whole thing is slated.

To see the Falls one has to leave the regular trail and bear off to the left, going toward the river, where the tourist is well repaid in seeing the water rush over the rocks into a large pool below, and away to the left he gets a glimpse of noble Waquokobing Lake. Here at our feet in the falls the logs are jammed into crevices of the rock by the awful power which has brought them thus far down stream, there to be left to be worn out and fall to pieces by the constant wear of the water, or hung up high and dry, until one wonders how they could have gotten so far above the river.

A short paddle (200 yards) brought us to Red Rock Falls, lower and much more broken than Slate Falls, but just as grand in a different way. At the foot of these we had to bid farewell to the Mississauga River, one of the grandest and most interesting rivers I ever expect or can hope to see, for the infinite variety of its scenery, and the swiftness of the water, which is as ever changing as its scenery.

Luncheon over, we took our packs for the last time and started over the portage to Lake Waquokobing, one short mile away. Here we took possession of a cabin, which has been built for a club-house, as the fishing and hunting in this section is most excellent.

There was a stiff wind blowing, causing a big sea on the lake and blowing down trees in the forest, three of which we saw

fall. The lake was too rough for us to attempt crossing with our laden canoes, so that the men stayed over night in the cabin, but we girls, as usual, sojourned in our tent.

How civilized we did feel as we sat eating our dinner at a table in that camp with benches on which to sit, instead of our usual fashion of squatting on the ground, and using a rubber blanket as a table cloth. The next morning we were up for a four o'clock breakfast, as we had to get across the lake, take a long drive, and catch the eight o'clock train for Desbarats at Dayton Station. The paddle across the lake was weird and most attractive, as we started in the moonlight, though by the time we had landed on the other side, two miles away, the sun was just ready to show itself above the hills. The air, just a bit crisp from the cold night, was delightful, and made us all anxious to keep on paddling. But there must be an end to all good things, and that was what happened to our canoe trip.

At Day Mills, on the southeastern side of Lake Waquokobing, we hired a team to carry the canoes and packs to the station at Dayton, five miles away, the girls driving over in a buckboard, and the men walking. As the train pulled into the station and we boarded it with all our stuff, and had to say good-bye to our guides, I for one was made to realize one great gift which has been given us by the Maker and Builder of man—that of memory. Many will be the pleasant moments and hours spent in going over in our grateful minds a trip which is filled with happy memories, with rich and deeply graven impressions; and at a high estimate we place the value of the friendships made during those eleven days spent in God's own country, where the hand of man has not yet done its destructive and beauty-marring work.

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## A Search for a Mountain Pass.

By C. L. THOMPSON

In the late afternoon of Thursday, August 16th, 1900, we were camped, looking

eastward, on the edge of a grassy pine covered bluff, well within the main range



of the Canadian Rockies. Across the wide gravel flood-bed of the glacial stream before us a long tree covered ridge rose on either hand to snow-covered peaks, one massive, suggesting an antiquated fortress, the other sharp like a pyramid. Higher up the valley—apparently closing it—three confluent glaciers \* dropped from steep rock walls that seemed through the magnifying mists of a preceding evening had several fairly Himalayan in magnificence. Northward, down the valley, could be seen the higher rock peaks of the outer eastern ranges of the Rockies. It was an afternoon conducive to contentment and somnolence. For the moment a week of almost continuous showers had yielded to the temperate warmth of a sunny mountain day.

On Tuesday of the preceding week, Frank McNichol, a lad from Western Ontario, who served as my cook and packer, had turned our horses' heads northwestward on the old trail that leads through an ever widening and narrowing valley, from Laggan on the railway to Howse Pass at the head waters of the North Saskatchewan River, and to the Athabasca Pass at the head waters of the river of the same name. In the impossibility of other plans for my summer outing, Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Banff, the well-known outfitter of exploring and hunting parties, had suggested that I endeavor to ascertain if there were a pass below timber line over the main range between the Howse and the Athabasca. The topographical survey at Ottawa knew nothing regarding it, and its existence was disputed by other authorities, but Wilson claimed that an Indian had told him there was such a pass over which horses could be taken provided the snow fall of the previous winter had not been heavy. Our journey had not been uneventful. I knew but the first twenty-five miles of the trail; Frank knew less—a matter of little consequence with abundant time, since the valley walls held the trail in a narrow grasp and a distant straying was impossible, but a matter of constant thought to one handicapped by a limited holiday in a country more or less tangled

with burnt fallen timber. Nor did the short holiday alone limit us. The first night out an inventory of our provisions showed that with the exception of a large margin of flour, we had hardly enough food for eighteen days—with three fords, two that the horses must swim; one dangerous from swift current over large boulders in its bed, at the forks of the North Saskatchewan — fords that in flood time might hold us for days, or stop us entirely. For the hot sunny days of July and August bring floods into the mountains.

So the contentment and somnolence of the late afternoon was joined to a satisfaction that on the morrow we would know definitely the secret of the pass. I have stated that the trackless side valley up which we had wandered was apparently blocked four miles above us by the wall of the continental watershed, with its three confluent glaciers. Two days before we had turned from the Athabasca trail into this valley, slowly pushing forward at first, through inexperience and fear of bogging our horses, far up on the hillside where fallen trees made our pathway a purgatorial labyrinth, later taking courage of necessity, in the very stream bed, constantly fording and refording horse belly deep. As the valley opened, the first view had been one of disappointment. At its head, if at all, must be the sought for pass, and the glacier covered rock wall of the watershed apparently closed all hopes; apparently—for while we looked a storm began moving over the range from the Pacific and a long row ribbon of mist floated slowly across the face of the closing rock wall through a hitherto unnoticed depression on the right. It was at the entrance of the depression that we had pitched this, our final camp.

Our satisfaction was not quite complete. On turning up the bluff from the river-bed, we had found a blazed trail not more than ten or twelve years old, as the condition of the scars showed. Had we travelled a hundred miles from Laggan to find a well marked trail across an unknown pass? A stroll up the valley in the long northern twilight after supper—not, how-

\* I erroneously supposed at the time that the peak above the central of those glaciers was Mount Lyell, and I called the glaciers the Lyell Glaciers. Mr. Outram who called my attention to my mistake stated that among other names suggested for the peak was Mount Alexandra. The glacial phenomena here are among the finest in the mountains and the whole mountain scenery is well worthy to bear the name. I have, therefore, called the peak Mount Alexandra and the glaciers the Alexandra Glaciers.

ever, along the trail—if it did not confirm at least did not remove the doubt. The valley floor and both sides for a very considerable elevation were densely covered with a luxuriant forest. The valley was drained by a very considerable mountain stream closely confined to its bed, which in the lowest half-mile was a deep, narrow rocky canyon, twenty feet broad, perhaps at most seventy feet deep, somewhat resembling the flume in the Franconia notch of the White Mountains, but narrower and with a vastly greater volume of water. At the head of the canyon an opening in the trees gave a limited view of the upper slopes of the valley. The northern side was a comparatively uninteresting stretch so far as could be seen of alp and broken rock; the southern, nearer at hand, was a pallsade of stone, somewhat resembling the Pallsades of the Hudson, but higher; This pallsade extended westward some miles, culminating in a sharp rocky peak.

(To be Continued.)

Beyond this peak there was certainly a depression, but the view point prevented any judgment of its nature, except that it was probably not less than fifteen hundred feet above the valley bottom, and its face, if not a pallsade, at least steep. Over it on the west towered a triple crowned peak that I knew must be Mount Bryce. Beyond Bryce there was a depression, seemingly much lower than the first, and then at the valley head a snow-covered glacier, slowly but interminably rising to a distant fore shortened cone of snow that I correctly guessed to be Mount Columbia, the highest known peak of the Canadian Rockies. I pulled up my sleeping sack that night with the thought that the pass probably lay between Bryce and Columbia, closely under the former, probably between it and the terminal moraine of the Columbia glacier, and that the chances were balanced whether the blazed trail indicated a trapper's cabin in the lower valley levels, or a way to the very foot of the pass.

## A Lady's Canoe Trip.

By MRS KNOX.

One of the interesting and diverting things to which tourists at Desbarats are directed is a canoe trip. There are several routes to choose from, all leading into wild forest country, by way of beautiful rivers and inland lakes. No one of these trips is prettier than the one which is most accessible of all, which starts at the village of Desbarats, or if one pleases, at Kensington Point. There are bark canoes of Indian make to be hired at Kensington Point, and guides to be found at Desbarats.

Birch bark canoes are better than cedar, being lighter for the portages and more capacious for the duffle. One birch bark and one cedar canoe did for a party of five that took the Desbarats lake trip recently. Two small tents, a few cooking dishes, an axe, a gun, provisions, with as little bulk as possible, and a blanket roll, made up the duffle of this party and it was none too light.

Desbarats river is a swift little stream, where it leaves the village and winds in

and around among the tall reeds for several miles. Low banks, which lead on to daisy flowered meadows, border the way, and overhanging raspberry bushes loaded with ripe fruit invite one to linger. We are rearing the woods, and a guard of high cat tails threatens our approach. The canoes are thrust through by sheer force, the crisp resisting stalks giving way, and the rampart is taken. The stream grows shallower, the channel narrower. If it is a hot day, the one who wades in the water while he guides the canoe with one hand will not trouble to remove his shoes, for they will dry quickly in the warm sun.

Now we are at the foot of the rapids, and the first portage. The bright shallow water runs swiftly over the huge boulders which block our way, making cool music. On either side are high trees, and the spot is very lovely. We are tired and hungry, and here is a capital place for our first camp meal. And while we dine, we plan what we will not bring next time. For even this short portage around these pret-

ty rapids is an argument in favor of "going light."

While we are resting and feasting and listening to the trickling sound of the water in the shadow of the great trees, some one told the story of the rapids, or as the Indians call them, the Wild Rose Maiden Falls.

"Once upon a time," the story runs, "there was an old chief who had become poor in worldly fortune. He had only a daughter, the beautiful O-ge-no-bo-go-quay, the lovely Wild Rose maiden. Two lovers wooed Wild Rose, one a sorcerer, rich and powerful, the other a handsome and stalwart youth. The heart of Wild Rose turned only to the youth, but the chief father remembered the riches of the sorcerer, and the poverty of the youth.

"Here by the rapids the lovers met, here by the sound of these waters they said farewell. And here they planned to meet again when the pink blossoms came again on the wild rose bush. While they talked together fondly, under a nearby bush, the old sorcerer lurked and listened, filled with anger and revenge. When the youth departed, and the maiden sat pensive and alone, the sorcerer approached her, and repeated his offers of love. O-ge-ne-bo-go-quay answered him with cold disdain, whereupon the wicked sorcerer cast a spell upon the frightened Indian maiden. Her little moccasined feet sank slowly into the earth and in another breath a wild rose bush grew where O-ge-ne-bo-go-quay had been. The seasons came and went until a year had gone, and the pink blossoms came out again.

"One day the stalwart youth came and sat down here beneath these trees, and waited for his loved one, listening to the waters as he waited. A long time he waited and she did not come. And while he sat here lonely and listening, he heard something say, "cut me out," "cut me out." He took his tomahawk and struck the boulders, and the waters splashed high, and still the voice said softly, "cut me out," "cut me out." Then the young man saw the rose bush, and with one blow severed it, and out stepped O-ge-ne-bo-go-quay, full of happiness and joy. Then the lovers were re-united."

If you will listen carefully you can still

hear the water whispering the maiden's call.

With new vigor we take to our canoes, and are again on the river. But now the banks are grown suddenly high and rocky. We gather some of the great white water lillies that float on the quiet water, and carry them in our laps as we paddle on. Great bushes of greenery mirror themselves in the clear water, and here and there wild rose bushes make a spot of tender loveliness among them.

The river winds and curves, with new beauty at each turn. The climax of view is the glimpse of the lake caught through the high rocky opening of the river. The irrepressible, inhospitable rock walls, and the bright fire weed grows on the narrow ledges.

Desbarats Lake is about four miles long and two miles wide, and is enclosed by high banks covered with dense forests of conifers and hardwood. There is one low bank, and here we pitch our tents, and hurry in doing it too, for a pattering of rain makes a shelter welcome. Soon the sun is out again, and we are out trolling. A good fish supper is the result. Then to bed, to "a couch of new pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces."

The next day we take the trip to the caves of Mutche Manitou. A short paddle across the lake brings us to the entrance of a blazed trail leading a mile and a half through the woods. Up a hill we go to a height of six hundred feet. Up and up we go, and by and by our laughter ceases, and the quiet hush of the great woods is upon us. Presently the guide points out a spring by the way, and we all lie down flat upon the ground and take a refreshing drink. The water is clear as crystal, and tastes of the sweet odors of the woods.

Here in our path is a fresh deer track in the damp springy mud. Under a bush at one side the guide calls our attention to a porcupine, and while he insists it would make a good breakfast, we decide to stick to fish, and let the "porky" go free.

We walk on for hours, we think, and to our query the guide replies he has been trying a new route, and thinks he is a little off. When the guide climbs a great pine tree to get his bearings, we conclude we are lost, but we are not far enough inland

to be frightened, and the woods are too full of interesting things for us to be cross, even if we are terribly tired and our feet go stumbling along.

The caves of Mutche Manitou are one hundred feet high. If you stick to the blazed trail you will not come out on top of them as we did. But you will not get the wonderful view of lake and forest and silvery wandering streams that stretched away for miles. It was well worth the hard climb.

We scrambled and slid down the steep rock sides, learning not to step on the treacherous moss for support, for it loosened its hold on the rocks easily, and was several degrees more slippery than the bare rock.

Here we are at the mouth of the largest of the three caves and we must climb up again to reach the dark entrance. The caves are huge and grandly beautiful. Inside, the damp, dripping walls are rose pink and opal, where the delicate green moss does not hide them. Our flaring birch bark torches gave out when we had gone one hundred and fifty feet, and we hastened back to the warmth and light of the outer world. We could have gone as much further.

Here dwelt old Mutche Manitou, the bad devil, who smote the rock with his magic mittens, and floods burst forth. If your guide is a pagan Indian, he will quietly burn a bit of tobacco, to appease the wrath of the great Mutche Manitou, and to insure safety from his wicked devices.

Diamond Lake is next in order, after Desbarats lake, and is reached by a long portage, broken at intervals by small

lakes, where the canoes are paddled. There is an unusually beautiful camp site at Diamond lake, and the fishing is excellent. There are bass beyond number, lake trout, pickerel and maskinonge.

Connected with Diamond lake by the Narrows is Bass Lake, and beyond that is Cloud lake, all beautiful and all full of fish. The Narrows is a shallow waterway, one dry land and filled with the whitened remains of pine trees. Here the moose love to come, standing head deep in the shallow water, where they are free from the tormenting flies. Here one morning we saw a great brown bull moose. He moved slowly off with ponderous splashings when he saw us, and stalked majestically into the woods.

That same morning we frightened a family of wild ducklings as we paddled along, and they skimmed off with surprising swiftness.

The woods about these lakes are full of the forest folk. Great eagles are there, and the noisy loons that go running across the placid surface of the lake, splashing water as they run, screaming and laughing in horrid derision. At night, when the camp fires are lighted, the quiet silence of the night is suddenly filled with the weird toot-to-hoo of the horned owl. There are moose and deer and bear, and the sight of these is reserved for the quiet camper. There is a dear little fat chipmunk waiting for you at the camp site, who will come out and trustingly eat the scraps you toss him from your dinner. If you go there, do not spoil his faith in humanity.

The trip is fascinating, health giving and wholly delightful.

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## The Llewelin Setter.

By L. H. SMITH.

The Llewelin setter, which has become so famous on this continent, was produced in England by the man whose name it bears. This breed is a cross between the Laverack and the Duke-Rhoebe strains of English setter.

The Laveracks were dogs bred for many

years by Mr. Edward Laverack, and claimed by him to have had no outside cross for more than fifty years; bred in and in, till they presented a type of symmetry and beauty to be found in no other breed. Mr. Llewelin improved their field qualities by crossing the best of them:

with the descendants of Duke and Rhoche, who were themselves dogs of most superior field merit. This cross proved such a great success, showing both beauty and field qualities, that dogs bred this way proved superior to either of the strains from which they came.

By this cross, Mr. Llewellyn established a new type, and so successful were its representatives at shows and trials, that his own name was given them; a name by which they will be known as long as an English setter is used by sportsmen in the field.

The first specimen of this breed was imported to this continent by Mr. L. H. Smith of Strathroy, Ontario, in 1871. When the superiority of this strain was seen by American sportsmen, other importations followed; the result has been that today, of all the English setters which run in our field trials and are exhibited at our bench shows, nearly every one is a straight or grade Llewellyn.

These dogs are of nearly all colors, but their peculiar, characteristic color is "Belton"—that is, a white ground with lemon ticks or black ticks, the latter showing through the white as blue ticks; the former is known as Lemon Belton, and the latter as Blue Belton. The Belton colors

were unknown here till the Laveracks and Llewellyns came.

In the early days here these dogs met with a great demand at good prices; but not more than superior specimens will bring now. Perhaps the most valuable domestic animal on the continent today is a straight-bred Llewellyn setter, with a good field trial record. Those not understanding such things would be astonished to learn how much money would be needed to purchase a first prize Llewellyn field trial setter.

Many of this breed have been kept quite pure; in-bred all the time on its own strain, no outside blood. One might think they would deteriorate and become weakly, or that those dogs of today are inferior to the first importations; but such is not the case. There are not so many handsome show dogs amongst them now as in their early career. This, perhaps, is because they have been bred for field trial qualities, and to the neglect of bench show beauty; but they are healthy and rugged; they have not lost size, and their field qualities are as good as they ever were. The field trial cracks amongst them today are superior to the early ones. The Llewellyn setter today is the king of all setters and bids fair to hold this record for a long time to come.

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## Sport in England.

By A. H. SMITH.

Sport in England is a large subject, and in the English sense is held to cover horse racing, which in that country, includes less of what is shady and low than elsewhere. But in this article sport is going to be considered in the Canadian sense of the word, and to be strictly confined to its amateur side. To sportsmen contrast between England and Canada is very great. To the Canadian, England looks like an enclosed garden, and Canada, outside the towns, appears to an Englishman like one vast trackless wilderness. Allowing for these contrasts there will be found a good deal of connection between the sports of

the two countries, widely different as the conditions are and must be.

To commence with big game. It may be said that big game is practically limited to the northern part of Great Britain. Here in the remote Highlands it is possible to find glens which even the Canadian would admit to be wild enough; here deer roam at their own sweet will and undisturbed, for the greater part of the year. It is only in the autumn that their peace is rudely broken into, and the rising of parliament is the general signal for a northern exodus although the smaller waves have set in for some weeks before.

The King often goes north, if he has not a continental visit on hand, and the members of the greatest families in the land are to be found treading the heather. Some noble stags are to be seen in the Highlands, and every season a number fall to the sportsmen's guns. Deer stalking is a sport which even the Canadian admits to be arduous enough, and success requires the very best traits of a sportsman's character. While Scotland has the undoubted supremacy in this class of sport, there are some good herds to be found in Wales, and in England too, one notable instance of the latter being at Nostell Priory, the seat of Lord St. Oswald, where almost within sight of busy manufacturing towns in Yorkshire, the deer can be seen peaceably feeding in the park. Deer hunting in England is a comparatively tame affair. The deer is carted to the meet, and the frightened animal sometimes refuses to go away and declines to provide sport. On the other hand, a spirited stag will give such good sport and be hunted so often that he comes to be looked upon as an old friend. He even appears to enter into the spirit of the performance and goes off across country with a swing and a determination that supplies sport for a whole day. In the event of an untoward accident happening to such an animal, the whole field mourn his loss as that of an old friend. Up to the last years of the late Queen's reign the Master of the Buckhounds was a political personage, who went out of office with a change of government, and it was part of his duty to provide sport in the districts round Windsor with a carted deer. The near neighborhood of London brought down so many undesirables to these gatherings that they became notorious, and after some struggling, parliament finally abolished both the hounds and the office, the latter of which had long fallen from its high estate. There is, however, still some good hunting in Wales, in various parts of the West of England, and particularly in Devonshire. Needless to say in such a country as England these herds of deer have to be carefully preserved in order to maintain them at all. In the winters they become very tame, and in severe winters they are often fed.

But when people talk about hunting in

England, it is fox hunting that is nearly always meant. There is fox hunting more or less all over the country, and even the great manufacturing towns are not exempt from the fever. Leicestershire is par excellence the hunting county in England, and the town of Melton Mowbray is its Mecca. From this centre the hunting radiates into the neighboring counties and thus spreads all over the country. Happy is the man (or woman) who can afford to occupy a hunting lodge in or near Melton Mowbray. The late Empress of Austria attended the meets here for several years before her death. It is the fashion in hunting circles for the several districts to be called "countries." A Master of the Hounds is elected by those who subscribe to the Hunt, and it is the duty of this gentleman to provide sport. In the season the hunting takes place on two or three days in each week, and it is a fine sight to see the huntsmen in their scarlet coats in charge of the hounds, the property of the hunt, and all the well dressed and well horsed throng that attends a fashionable meet. Proceedings used to commence with a generous, well served breakfast at some nobleman's or gentleman's house. The opening meet on the glorious first of November is still celebrated in this way, although the old-fashioned hunt breakfast, which used to mark every meeting, is now, like so many other pleasant things, but a memory. The invitations to the Hunt breakfast are never formal, but every member of the Hunt is included in the general invitation, and often indeed many outsiders partake of the host's hospitality. A move is made when the Master is ready and a fox having been found in some nearby wood, and got away, the whole field are soon in full pursuit. It must be remembered that England is a country where the fields are bounded by hedges and ditches and wherever the fox goes the hunt must follow. Spills are many, and the field generally gets thinned out, until very few are left at the death, if indeed the fox succumbs to his enemies and does not manage to evade his pursuers. Stories are told of old foxes that have been hunted often, and it is even alleged that they enjoy the experience—though to outsiders this may appear very doubtful. The farmers whose fields are ridden over,



RAPIDS AHEAD.  
On the Mississaga River.



RAPIDS PASSED.  
On the Mississaga River.

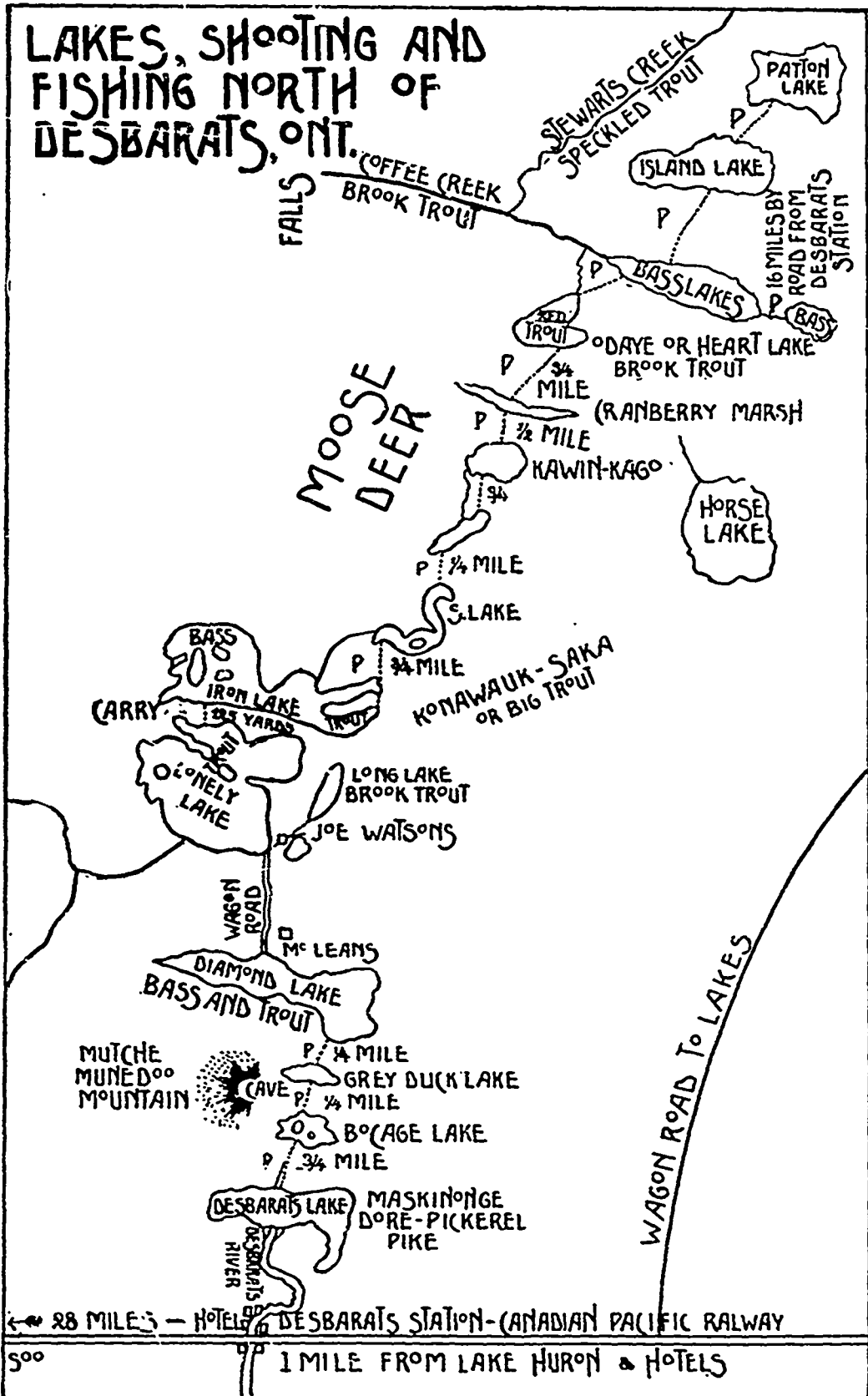


WENEBEGON  
"Goat Kick Why Not" Camp.



ON THE WENEBEGON.  
"We came to a log jam over which we all climbed, the  
canoes being also carried over."





whose hedges are broken down, and whose remaining crops are injured, are compensated from the Hunt's funds at the end of the season, while in the claims put forward are often included poultry, which have fallen victims to the depredations of Master Fox. Nothing but frost stops the hunting, and this healthful, hardening pastime is very generally and widely followed. Every one who can procure a horse and can ride has his day with the hounds, though needless to say, these do not all subscribe to the Hunt funds. In addition to fox hunting, men hunt hares, and some of these animals give good sport. A good hunter must be a first-class rider, and this sport develops not only men's muscles, but also their nerves, and enables them to think clearly in a difficulty and not get in a fluster. So general indeed is hunting over the whole country that considering the thickness of the population, it is surprising how much is done and how well the sport is maintained. Of course the supply of game is only kept up by strict preservation, and quite an army of men throughout the country find employment as game-keepers.

The bird shooting stands by itself, and gives sport of another kind. "The Twelfth" is a great day in England. This means the twelfth of August, and if parliament has not risen by that date, the government abandons all thought of controversial legislation, for the attendance of their followers cannot be reckoned upon in sufficient force, as that date approaches. The shooting season for grouse opens on that day, and people who own or can hire moors in Scotland or Yorkshire, or are invited by those in that happy position, look forward anxiously to the weather and scan the reports as to whether the birds are numerous and lively or not, or whether disease and hereditary enemies have played havoc amongst them. The sportsman who would shoot grouse must be a walker, and a good one. He ought, also, to be a decent shot and not endanger his friends who are with him on the beat. One of the mysteries of the restriction in the shooting season is to be found in the fact that quite early in the morning of the Twelfth grouse are displayed in the poulterers' shops in London. How this quick work is brought

about can only be known to insiders. To outsiders the fact is impossible if coupled with strict compliance with the law. On Sept. 1st it is lawful to shoot partridges, and another battle ensues. Great bags are made by successful sportsmen on well preserved estates. On Oct. 1st pheasant shooting begins and neither for partridges nor pheasants is it necessary to go to the north of England or to Scotland. Both these birds are raised very generally all through the country, and in the north, south, east, west, and middle of England, the guns of the sportsmen can be heard waking the echoes of the woods on Sept. 1st. To outsiders it may appear difficult to distinguish between the two birds. The golden pheasant is not at all like the plump partridge, but in the excitement of the moment it is not always easy to see the difference between the two. In nearly every shooting party there is some novice who starts out in the morning fully determined to keep cool, and not to lose his head. But with the first rise of the birds from amongst the stubble there is pretty certain to be a "squeaker" (as the young pheasants are termed) and off goes the gun of the tyro. If he knocks the bird over many and dire are the threats of vengeance held over his devoted head, and all the pains and penalties of the game laws are, in imagination, evoked for his punishment. It is a mighty relief to all young sportsmen when Oct. 1st dawns and pheasants may be shot. The partridge is a hardy bird and thrives in all parts of the country. But the pheasant is more delicate, and if required in any numbers artificial rearing and feeding is resorted to. This makes them delicate and with all care they are sometimes very scarce. The birds are generally "driven" towards the sportsmen by waters, though they are sometimes shot over dogs without beaters, and the latter is the true sportsmanlike way, and appeals to all who do not make a "bag" the be-all and end-all of their sport. The great advantage of shooting of this character is that it includes almost as many people as the hunting, and enables the benefit of outdoor exercise of the most healthful character to be enjoyed by thousands who would otherwise be strangers to it. Without doubt the English love of hunting

and shooting has hardened the race, and had much to do with the Englishman's love of enterprise and adventure, which in its turn has led to his colonization of the world.

There is a good deal of rabbit shooting yet, despite all the persecution of which this little animal has been the victim. Up to quite recent years tenant farmers—and the majority of farmers in England are tenant farmers—could not shoot the ground game on their own land, even when the rabbits were eating their young wheat. But the Ground Game Act has altered all that, and the farmer is now at liberty to shoot such game on the land he hires, and not at liberty to make any agreement with his landlord depriving himself of that right. It was argued at the time it was proposed to give this liberty that it would mean the extinction of the game entirely. But this dismal prophecy, like so many others of a like kind, has not proved true, although it is said that hares are less plentiful than they used to be, but rabbits can still be described as a pest.

Then each particular section of the country has its own attractions. There are for instance the Norfolk broads, the Essex marshes, the Surrey downs, the Yorkshire moors, the Welsh hills, and a long and rugged sea coast, presenting every variety imaginable—long stretches of cliff, crag, and rock, with bold headlands, and snug little bays, beloved of smugglers in the old days; inlets of the sea, estuaries, sluggish rivers, marshes, and even broadening lakes, like the Broads, which are a speciality of their own county and can be found nowhere else. There is a good deal of gull shooting round the coast, mainly by those who possess a gun of some kind and are not content to do without killing something. These people are referred to contemptuously as "Cockney sportsmen," and while the term "Cockney" originally applied only to Londoners, it is now so widened as to include all those townsmen who do not know how to behave themselves when let loose in the country. As sportsmen they kill everything within sight, exercise no discrimination, and know no mercy. There are too many of these in England to be agreeable to the real sportsman, but they are an affliction from which no country is free.

though they may be a little more troublesome in the old country, by reason of the density of the population, and the impossibility in many sections of the country of getting very far from one great town without coming near another. Indeed in the North, and also in the middle of England, the congestion is such that the stranger cannot tell when he leaves one town for another, and so closely do they run into each other that only experts in local boundaries can tell the distinctions. In severe weather there is wild duck shooting, but these birds are scarce and a good deal of patience and some hardening to the severities of the weather is needed for success in this sport.

Fishing is still widely followed, and though the Englishman is content with what the Canadian would think little of, the fact remains that on the whole the fishing is improving with the scientific methods of breeding and restocking which are now followed. This has no application to the manufacturing districts. Here the pollution of the streams and rivers has been carried so far that fish life is an impossibility in them. Of late years the public conscience has been so far aroused that what are called Rivers Boards have been appointed in South Lancashire and West Yorkshire. They found an appalling state of things prevailing, but notwithstanding the appointment of inspectors, and the giving of scientific advice for the treatment of refuse, very little improvement is to be seen by outsiders, and certainly fish are not likely in this generation to be again found in such rivers as the Aire, the Irwell, and the Medlock. But outside the manufacturing area a good deal has been done to improve the fishing and to cleanse and prevent pollution in the streams. Fishery Boards, whose duties are very different from the Rivers Boards mentioned above, are elected and engage in the work of restocking and preserving the fisheries. Good salmon rivers still are the Dee, the Wye, the Derwent, the Ouse, and many of the Scotch rivers and Lochs. But the majority have to be content with lesser fish, and the patient angler is satisfied with much less than would please his Canadian confrere. There is, nevertheless, good sport to be obtained all over the country. The

large towns of the north have made gigantic reservoirs in order to supply their inhabitants with water, and Manchester and Liverpool have gone so far as to adapt natural lakes for this purpose. Manchester, which set the example in this respect, went to Thirlmere in Westmoreland, and Liverpool went to Wales. Birmingham has now followed suit, and for a long time the London authorities have talked of doing the same thing. The advocates of latter day utilitarianism argue that they have made improvements upon nature, and that these lakes, while enlarged and deepened, are really made more beautiful than before. Other corporations have gone to the Yorkshire and Derbyshire hills for their gathering grounds and impounded the waters in great artificial lakes. The importance of these works to the fishermen is that the corporations allow local angling societies to stock these reservoirs with fish, and the members are then entitled to fish in what are really big lakes at certain seasons of the year for a nominal annual fee. The fish purify the water, while the public purse gains, and the delights of the pastime that Isaac Walton loved are thus opened to a very wide circle of lovers of fishing. It is a little pathetic to see in the neighborhood of the great towns many men and boys fishing in the dirty waters of the canals which pass through these places. This shows how universal is the love of the pastime. But with all the drawbacks mentioned, there are still many beautiful streams left in England, and fishing is one of the delights of the amateur sportsman.

Although the heading of this sketch is "Sport in England", it would not be complete without some reference to Ireland. Political agitation and agrarian crime have done much to prevent the average English sportsman from "discovering" Ireland. He has gone further afield and at times fared much worse. All that has been said of the delights of sport in England and Scotland applies to Ireland with tenfold force. The hunting is more exciting and of an altogether more reckless character, and with more than a spice of that personal danger which appeals to sportsmen. The scenery is wilder and grander, and the land more bare. The lakes are more beautiful, the fishing better, the riv-

ers less polluted, and the shooting, particularly in the West, is altogether of a superior character. Of late years efforts have been made, with a considerable amount of success to divert some portion of the great stream of traffic from England to the continent to Ireland. The railway companies have co-operated in this effort. Cleaner hotels and better accommodation have done much to attract a good class of tourists. But what has perhaps done more than anything else, the sunshine of Royal favour has shone upon unhappy Ireland, and in the wake of Royalty have followed many who otherwise would have remained at home or gone elsewhere. Even in the dark days of the Land League, when boycotting held its sway, the sporting instincts of the Irishmen found vent, and the agitators discovered that in some instances they would strain the loyalty of their followers to the breaking point if they ventured to prohibit the meets, and stop the sport of thousands. Reckless steps, like the wholesale poisoning of fish, were indeed taken, but the people speedily discovered that measures of this kind worked to their own injury, and soon stopped them. Now all this is of the past. The English, the Canadian, and the American tourists are welcomed to the country and made free of the best. There is a generous rollicking nature about the Irishman which makes him liked everywhere, but in no instance does he display this better part of his nature so freely as when at home.

The Briton, indeed, is at his best, whether English, Scot, Irish, or Welsh, in displaying what he can show of his native land and its characteristics, and sportsmen from this side if they can visit their fellows across the sea will find themselves heartily welcomed as members of a fraternity that knows no country, and recognizes no international boundary line. The true sportsman will find variety and pleasure in Great Britain, and although the country cannot compare with Canada for size and for abundance of game, yet the Canadian who visits the old country, without too strong prejudices in favor of his own land, will readily admit that while England has charms of its own, they may be emphasized in the matter of sport, and its

sportsmen are not to be outdone even by Canadians in the warmth of the welcome they extend to every colonial, and the

manner in which they at once make him free of their amateur sports.

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Mr. F. B. Hussey of Pittsburg, Pa., an old bear hunter in British Columbia, has had some great successes this year. Going out with James Brewster, of Banff, and C. P. Price, of Golden, he managed in a month's hunting to secure four black bears, two grizzlies and one cinnamon. The party sighted no less than twenty-five bears, and had one or two adventures which were quite exciting while they lasted. In several cases the bear was only wounded with the first fire, and a hand to hand fight with Mr. Bruin was narrowly averted. One silver tip gave a good deal of trouble and showed the fighting qualities of the Rocky grizzly to perfection. A shot from Mr. Hussey's Express rifle, fired at a distance

of eighty yards, broke her front leg. The hunters were behind a rock and the bear did not immediately sight them. But rising on her hind legs, she looked for the cause of her pain, and trees, stumps and gravel were thrown in all directions. At length seeing her foes she made towards them, and not until she was within twenty yards of them, and five bullets had been put into her, did she drop. One of these bullets went through her head, two through her shoulders and neck, and one through her heart. It was a pity that owing to a mangle the pelt was not any good. But the head will be mounted, and will remind Mr. Hussey and his friends all his life of this Rocky Mountain adventure.

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## Boredom and One of Its Antidotes.

By L. O. ARMSTRONG.

Energetic, self-reliant, inventive, living in a fast-developing and ever-changing country, the American, and even the Canadian, is sometimes bored—generally because of the monotony of his work. Relief has been found of late years in exploring the haunts of nature. The child finds infinite amusement in what the elders think trifling things, yet those elders should, and often do, envy the child's capacity for amusement. A good deal of wrong-headed amusement is pursued in the effort to drive off boredom—strong drink, tobacco, and cards, are excessively indulged in by the women of the present generation. Another class of women take their strong drink stimulants in tea, and coffee. Some men take to horse racing, stock gambling, and lower grades of sport. But the right thinking turn to Mother Nature, and she cures them of boredom. The love of country life is largely on the increase, and the taste for mechanics is growing. The best

cure of all is to be found in the woods and waters, in which the artificial life is cast off for a natural one. The incessant toil, the anxious thought, and the strenuous life of the dwellers in large cities can find real relief there. The woods also give relief in other directions. It is the present fashion to crowd the holidays into one short period of summer. But the woods are delightful in mid-winter. They have great charm in May, and are perhaps at their best in September and October. It was the fashion fifty years ago and in the last century to think the country an absolutely uninteresting wilderness, only fit for men and women of no mind, and a place to be shunned by the intellectual. Now, as Lady Frances Balfour well says in a recent contribution to the London "Morning Leader"—"The modern taste is to belaud the country, for unfortunately the amusements which are the products of cities are not restful, because they contain no change for

the eye, nor change of thought." This dislike of field and forest will wear away fast now. Many people have learnt of the delights of the lives of the aboriginal Indians, and live in tents, and move from place to place as their own sweet wills prompt them. They love the poetical motion of the canoe. They love the work of paddling and portaging. They go into the woods in a soft and weak condition with appetites palled and muscles shaken. They come out fit for their share in the work of the world, and with a little trouble and care this wholesome state of being can be kept up until the opportunity comes for the next outing in the woods. Those who are wise will maintain at home by means of a judicious use of physical culture the good they have gained from their outdoor experience. A good deal can be done in this way without boring one's friends by too much physical culture. A reasonable amount of walking, a little attention to muscular development, some study of nature, its fauna and its flora, (in which assistance can be found in many inexpensive publications) will, give healthy occupation to both mind and body. We should in addition cultivate hygiene in our food without becoming faddists. A sure and immediate result is a certain amount of strenuousness which develops itself within us. When to this incentive to physical well-being can be added the feeling that the nation demands of us, that we should be at our best both physically and mentally, a much higher ambition takes possession of our souls. We feel more enjoyment of our ordinary avocations in life, whatever they may be. Our sleep is sounder, and our tempers are infinitely better. New realms of pleasure brighten our horizon. These feelings are infectious. Where perhaps one could be induced to go into the woods a few years ago, ten are now clamouring to be of the party. In short life has new joys. Those who go through this experience are not only adding to the length of their days, but also to the intensely enjoyable relaxations of their life. One strongly accentuated benefit that the writer has received from his holidays in the woods is the great benefit that has resulted to his eyesight. He is fifty-two years of age, and has worn glasses to read and write for some

ten years. After two or three days in the woods, paddling during the day, carrying a small pack of from 25 to 100 pounds over portages, stopping both paddling and carrying when feeling tired, such is the relief to overstrained nerves obtained that for ordinary reading and letter writing the use of the glasses can be dispensed with in a way that would be quite impossible while in the city and at ordinary avocations. Another immediate benefit received from the exercise of all the muscles, which is involved in a canoe trip, has been to enable the writer to do certain little gymnastic feats of boyhood days, which for at least twenty years he had found quite impossible of performance.

For all who feel bored in mid-winter an effective means of dissipating the wretched feeling, and gaining much in return, is to indulge in a snow shoe tramp in Northern Canada. About the best place for such an experience the writer has found is on the north shores of Lake Huron. The reason for this is that the country is hilly and sheltered, and yet there are flats between the hills which make the work not too hard for beginners, while the hills afford shelter from the winds. Another advantage in that northern country, and a great one, is that the snow and the air are singularly dry throughout the winter. On the south shores of the great lakes there are heavy falls of wet snow, which make walking and camping disagreeable. The writer remembers taking a trip in mid-winter to cure an attack of black-laryngitis, acquired during a stormy, blustering stay in Chicago. The doctor wished the patient to go to bed for a week, and to take inhalers for the throat. The advice was only partially taken and that part carried out in the Indian fashion. The writer boiled balsam gum in the woods, and held his head over the steam, covering his throat carefully all the time with a blanket. No doubt the treatment was beneficial, but it was the tramping all day in the open air, and sleeping in an open shelter, with a big wood fire at one's feet, that worked the cure absolutely inside of a week.

To those who wish to try this health cure a little advice as to the proper food for the woods will not come amiss. Don't be persuaded to take rations and health

foods or condensed soups. They are all vanities. Take good breakfast bacon, and the fish and game you can procure. Shoot the partridges in the woods. Fish through the ice in winter. Take some whole-meal bread, of the kind that is better on the fourth day after it is made than the first, and is good for ten days, and have it wrapped in waxed-oiled or tissue paper, which almost hermetically seals it. You will find that these foods while light, easily digested, and slightly laxative, will give you all the strength that you need. Evaporated or

dried apricots are very good and easy to carry, but cook only enough for a meal, as the acid in them is liable to effect the tin vessel in which you are almost compelled to carry them. Add to this bill of fare any little things that can be packed with ease and do not materially add to the bulk or weight and see that everything that can spill is done up in cotton.

In conclusion we would emphasize our statement that air and duly apportioned exercise will cure almost all ills, and will kill the demon ennui.

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## The Old and the New.

By C. C. FARR.

(Continued from the August Issue.)

I am writing of the days that are not, of the past, and of the old, days that brought their cares, which are forgotten, and only the memory of that which was pleasant remains, for such is life. We linger lovingly upon the few bright spots of a toilsome, strenuous struggle.

The opening of the car door, by the conductor, who explains that the grade is too heavy to admit of the whole train being taken up at once, admits an icy breeze, which reminds me that this is winter, and the new, hence we do not run on to Timiskaming Station, but follow the branch leading to Kippewa Station, through the valley of the Gordon Creek.

This valley has a history; one almost legendary; the other, more recent, but still not of the immediate past.

In the prehistoric days, when the Iroquois hunted the Ojibewais, even as the Ojibewais hunted the lower animals, this valley saved the lives of many Indians, whose scalps, otherwise, would have decorated the belts of their inveterate foes, the Iroquois.

When hard pressed by the pursuing canoes of the enemy, and certain death would have been the result of capture, the Ojibwais would head for this way of safety, which leads straight to the intricacies of the mazes of Kippewa Lake, where even habitues can lose themselves,

for a while, so tortuous are the windings of this extraordinary lake.

As those who have seen it know, it is an octopus in water. The ramifications of its bays, and tributary lakes are endlessly confusing, and calculated to baffle the hottest pursuit, on the part of those who are not familiar with the topography. In some cases, when the more venturesome lacustrine pirates would be carried away by their greed and love of slaughter, for the primary object of these excursions were scalps and furs, they would fall into the pit that they had digged for others, being lured through some narrow, rock-bound inlet, the shores of which would be lined with the men whose scalps they were hunting, ready prepared, with bow and arrows, with stones, and all the primitive weapons of the age, watching for the chance to pour a murderous and unexpected 'fire' from their point of vantage. Tradition tells of many such encounters, in which the biters were bit, and unexpected retaliation overtook the confident pursuers. Of such historical importance, in the distant past, is the succession of small lakes and creeks now known as the Gordon Creek, the Indian name for which is "Kabastayguan", (the place where the water goes ashore), meaning that when the water was high on Lake Kippewa, the water would cross the barrier dividing this valley from the Kip-

pewa, and flow down to the outlet, which joins Lake Timiskaming, thirty-two miles further north. It was on this account that the idea struck some of the lumbermen of the Kippewa that this would be a more economic and quicker way of bringing timber from off the Kippewa lake than by the natural route, and results have proved that their ideas were correct.

I happened to have been present when the water was first turned on through the cut that had been made across the low rocky barrier, separating in low water the two systems, and the result was somewhat awe-inspiring. The slides that had been constructed in the bed of the small creek were smashed to pieces. In some cases, especially in that portion that intervenes between the site of Lumsden's mill and the Ottawa River, the water, when obstructed by portions of the broken slides, shot up over twenty feet in the air, and the roar of waters was deafening. Boulders of hundreds of pounds in weight were rolled along the bed of the creek, as if they were made of wood, but the rumbling of their passage betokened that they were composed of something more solid. It took some years to bring this creek to its present state of perfection, for Nature resented the innovation, having intended the channel for a far smaller body of water. To-day it is perfect, and an illustration of the ingenuity of man.

But I have been growing very hungry while all these thoughts have been surging through my brain, and am becoming convinced that one cannot live on reminiscences, no matter how classic they may be.

The conductor has disappeared, and I, instinctively, feel that he is filling the aching void, while I await his sweet pleasure to bring the remaining portion of the train up the grade, and by so doing bring me nearer to my dinner.

Now comes an illustration of the new, for an energetic looking little man, evidently divining my condition of semi-starvation, produces from various bags comestibles, which he sets before me, with the remark that he hopes I will pardon the liberty. No man ever received more full or swifter pardon than I accorded to this good Samaritan, for I was an hungered, and I fell upon the good things that he pro-

duced in a manner that emphasized the lines of care, already written upon the face of his good little wife. He was an intending settler, on his way to Timiskaming, and he had come thus early in the season in order to be in time. I thought that he was in time for much tribulation, for Kippewa station was fully eighty miles from his destination, and it was the railway terminus. The rest of the journey had to be performed by sleigh, over the frozen surface of Kippewa, with all its traditional "slush", and through bush roads that would be hard to follow, except for the ill-defined sleigh track, kept partly open by the tri-weekly passage of His Majesty's mail. He had with him his flocks and herds, even to his wife, and I admired his courage, for it is by such men that the bush is transformed into agricultural Edens.

The toot of the engine proclaims that we have not been entirely forgotten, and in a few minutes we are climbing up the gorge of the "Kahastayguan". The snow is very much in evidence, and were it not for the fact that in days gone by, I knew nearly every foot of this water-course, there would have been very little to interest me. As it is, I recognize spots where men were drowned in the early days of the inception of this scheme, and it used to amuse me when I would hear that such and such lumber firm had been very unlucky, they had lost so many men on the drive. I often used to wonder how about the men that were drowned, were they not unlucky also? A shriek of the whistle announces that we are at Kippewa, and there is a general hunt for impedimenta.

By this time, such is the appetite producing nature of the atmosphere, I am ready for another good meal, and I think that I must, in my thoughts, have malign-ed the conductor, for I see him make a meal that would have been an impossibility, if he had eaten when I was awaiting the engine to haul me up that steep grade.

It is pleasant to be travelling in such a country, for everybody seems so friendly. The officials of the railway, from top to bottom, fairly vie with each other in doing little kindnesses, and a civil question always receives a civil answer, which is somewhat rare on railroads.





DESBARATS ISLANDS.

The end of the Mississaga canoe trip at Desbarats.



MUTCHE MANITOU MOUNTAIN.

Looking at the Caves from Boeage Lake, Desbarats.



WHITE CEDAR.  
*Thuja Occidentalis.*

I am relieved to find the mail-carrier awaiting the arrival of the train, and better still, he has been expecting me, so my passage is secure, no mean thing in a country of chances, such as this is.

The sky is threatening, and after due consultation, we decide, as the train is late, to defer our start until the morning.

(To be continued.)

This gives a chance to look around me, and make some comparisons between the old and the new. Many changes are in evidence since I first stood upon these shores, and as my space is limited, it would be well for me to leave these matters until the next issue, which, if long experience counts, should be interesting.

## Forest Fires in British Columbia.\*

Some forest fires have occurred during the present summer in all parts of Canada, but they have on the whole been kept well in check except in British Columbia. The wealth of the forests of British Columbia is immense, the size and quality of the timber is unsurpassed; on the Pacific Coast are found to-day some of the greatest areas of virgin timber in any part of the world, and to them Eastern Canada and the farthest East is beginning to look as the most promising source of future supplies. The settlement and development of the western prairies, increasing at a phenomenal rate, is opening up a new market which will steadily and inevitably enhance the value of every tree standing in the forest. Every tree cut down and utilized in the ordinary processes of the lumber industry means business to the province, employment to the people, revenue to the government. Every tree burned means practically a dead loss with no hope of its repair in the present generation. The work of a century is destroyed in a few minutes and without any adequate purpose or end to justify the destruction.

Reports from almost all directions in British Columbia give notice of fires, but the most destructive so far are on Vancouver Island, and in the East and West Kootenay districts. In the vicinity of Nelson great damage has been done to mining and other property. One fire in East Kootenay is thus described by a local paper —

"The fire started at Skookum Chuck and is growing larger every day. It has spread

over a large area and is now travelling south at the rate of a mile every day. It has a width of from twelve to fifteen miles and has now reached a point about eighteen miles south of where it started. A large amount of fine timber has been destroyed. No one apparently is officially interested enough to stop this fire, which has already burned over an area twelve miles wide and eighteen miles in length. The area burned is estimated at 216 miles."

The causes of fires are various, but the part which natural forces, such as lightning, play in their outbreak is comparatively small. As a rule the action of man comes in as the chief cause contributing to the starting of forest fires. Carelessness on the part of hunters, prospectors and others, is frequently the occasion from which develop serious conflagrations. The disregard sometimes shown by prospectors for the interests of the lumber industry is such that if those engaged in that business were to have the power, and were to similarly use it, of injuring mining, it would raise such a storm of protest that the act would not soon be repeated. Fires break out with great frequency along the lines of railways. Probably there is some carelessness in regard to the equipment of locomotives. We have received a communication from a correspondent calling attention to the large number of fires starting along the railways and particularly during the present season in the Crow's Nest Pass, and urging the importance of the companies being required to use all preventive measures. It is of the utmost urgency that lo-

\*Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

comotives should be properly equipped, but even the best equipment possible will not prevent the escape of some sparks from engines using solid fuel, whether coal or wood, and protection is not complete without some plan of patrol or provision for extinguishing incipient fires. In this respect the railway companies may be fairly asked to take action and to impress upon their employees that preventive measures are necessary and should be taken immediately whenever the necessity arises.

A government system of fire ranging is an absolute necessity in all circumstances, and we endorse strongly the position taken by the British Columbia Lumberman in regard to the matter, as stated in the following paragraphs:—

“There should be a Provincial Fire Warden appointed for the Province, paid by the department—at a salary made worth his while in accepting the position—who shall be authorized by law to hold investigations and secure convictions, and who shall be furnished with deputies representing every fire district of the Province during the season when such are required, and whose sole duty shall be that of enforcing the provisions of the Bush Fire Act. He must

be a man of strong personality, free from prejudice one way or another, and must be allowed a free hand in the discharge of his duties. His office might be a sinecure some years, but in a season like the present he could have saved his salary to the Province for many years to come in avoiding much of the enormous damage which has already been done.

“It has been clearly demonstrated this season that the Bush Fire Act as it presently stands is of no force or effect, and though the Act in itself is fairly sound, until its provisions can be enforced it is worse than none at all. The first duty of the Government then is to see to its enforcement, and for that to be done a responsible staff of officers must be appointed, who will see that the provisions are carried out in every detail. There need not be a large staff of these, but a few, who were energetic would answer the purpose. They would be able to secure convictions, as their whole time for a period would be given up to the task, and after there were a few wholesome sentences administered to the careless or the criminal, the number of forest fires would soon materially decrease.”

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## The Red Cedar.\*

Though it may be asserted that the Red Cedar is more handled by people generally in Canada than is the wood of any other tree, yet it is one that is usually little known. It is not of common occurrence in the Dominion and the opportunities of becoming acquainted with it in the living state are not widespread, but every schoolboy and school girl requires it, no office is completely furnished without it, it is the *vade mecum* of the newspaper reporter, and the dependence of the man who has taken to heart Captain Cuttle's advice on the collection of information: “When found, make a note of.” The mystery in regard to it is easily solved when we learn that another name for this tree is the pencil cedar, and that at least 500,000 cubic feet of red cedar wood, the product of at

least 125,000 trees, are used annually in the manufacture of lead pencils in the United States. For this purpose a wood of great softness and firm, even grain is required, and these qualities are found most satisfactorily combined in the red cedar.

There is a southern species of red cedar, known as Florida Cedar (*Juniperus Barbardensis*), but its range does not extend far north of the State whose name it bears. The Red Cedar of Canada (*Juniperus Virginiana*) is found from the Southern States northward to the Province of Ontario, where its northern limit appears to be on a line from Ottawa to Parry Sound. In the State of Tennessee it is found abundantly, and there it reaches its best development. A diameter of as much as five

\*Contributed by the Officers of the Canadian Forestry Association.

feet has been known of good sound timber. In Alabama trees of two feet and more in diameter are frequent, with a height of from ninety to one-hundred feet, two-thirds of which is clear of branches. Many of these trees have become unsound at the base and have fallen to the ground, but the wood of such trees is considered to be softer than when standing, and is preferred for pencil making. In Canada this tree is of smaller size and is found growing scattered along rocky banks. It is most abundant in the Bay of Quinte district, and was evidently more so in early days, for in 1800 a vessel, the "Prince Edward," of sufficient capacity to hold 700 barrels of flour below the hatches, was built near Kingston of this wood. It is still used for naval construction, but more largely for telegraph poles, ties and other purposes, where a wood of lasting qualities is required. In Canada, however, it has

practically ceased to become a commercial commodity. The wood is red, compact, of a soft, even grain, and is very durable.

The foliage of the Red Cedar is a much darker green than that of the White Cedar, and the branchlets of the twigs are not so broad or flattened. The leaves are small and scale-like, so inconspicuous indeed that they are frequently overlooked as such by the common observer. The cones are represented by small berries, which contain one or two angular grooved seeds. They are dark purple in color when mature, but are covered by a white bloom, which shows out very distinctly in contrast to the dark foliage. As an ornamental tree, the red cedar fills a very useful place, especially in earlier years, when its pyramidal form is very regular and shapely. In later years it becomes rather irregular and broken, and loses some of the freshness of its foliage.

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## Our Medicine Bag.

Hotels in a new country may be anything from a sod shanty to an ambitious summer resort hotel. People going out fishing and shooting would do well to inquire from the railroad management as to the character of the so-called hotels in different localities.

The government of the Province of Quebec is moving in the direction of providing increased protection to the forests from fire by considerably enlarging the staff of fire rangers. The staff has certainly in the past been much too small for the vast area under its charge and any move to make the protection of the forests more effective should receive the hearty support of the public.

We commend to the perusal of those of our readers who would like an exciting canoe trip with fishing, and a good moose, deer, and bear hunting ground, the article entitled "A Woman on the Mississaga." This is par excellence the ladies' canoe

trip, for those of the fair sex who are not content with paddling about summer resorts through meadows and by farm houses, but who feel with them the "call of the wild."

The Canadian Pacific Railway Tourist Department reports among other departments in August that of Dr. Clifford Brookes, a member of the Badminton Club, London, England, on a tour in the Rockies; and Sir H. W. A. Riply, Bart., and his brother, a couple of young cavalry officers, going into the wilds of New Ontario on a fishing expedition. While American tourists have invaded Canada in considerable numbers, we have had fewer English visitors than we would like to have. The Badminton Club is one of the most aristocratic and exclusive of the swell London clubs, and all its members are enthusiastic amateur sportsmen.

New England Ferns and Their Common Allies is a guide to all the ferns of New

England and some of their allies—club-mosses, horsetails, etc., etc. It contains brief and untechnical descriptions of over sixty species or varieties of ferns with eleven of the allies, and points out more distinguishing marks of difference between species resembling each other than are found in any other work. The illustrations of which there are nearly fifty, are from direct prints of specimens on photographic paper, and are absolutely accurate. It is believed that they will prove more helpful to beginners than any series of fern pictures that has heretofore appeared. The book is provided with an index and a glossary, and also tables listing the species fruiting in each month of the season, and showing what species may be looked for in each particular kind of soil and environment. The publishers are Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and the price is \$1.25.

Northern New Brunswick must be a paradise for sportsmen, if one of the Yankee papers is to be believed. This is how the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram describes the recent experiences of a party of its citizens in New Brunswick, and as a descriptive piece of writing it is a distinctly fascinating picture:—

"Big bull moose swimming the sparkling Richibucto river, within plain sight of the sleepy little sawmill town of Rexton; 12-pound salmon trout flashing their golden scales in the sunshine and turning up their white bellies at the bottom of many dark and deep pools; oysters and clams so plentiful that the natives do not consider them good enough to eat; fishing or shooting every month of the year, and big game and small game of all sorts so plentiful that no one would go across the road to see a caribou or pay 25 cents for a venison dinner."

How to achieve success, continues to make reading in the daily papers. Fortunately for true sportsmen success is not measured by the quantity of game they slaughter, or the number of fish they catch. In either case too much simply means waste and spoils the harvest for those who come after.

Heavy reading is not in much favor with sportsmen and perhaps the success articles

are not very carefully studied by them. After all it is not possible to lay down any hard and fast rules to success. Those who accomplish this object are fortunate not merely in the chances coming their way, but in having the gifts of courage and determination which enable them to take advantage of the chances when they present themselves. If the philosophy of Shakespeare be correct, and we all have at least one chance of fortune, there are many who do not perceive when the tide runs in their favor, and consequently do not take it at the flood.

The Rev. C. F. Yates, of Golden, B. C., who takes a great deal of interest in the welfare of sportsmen, and who is himself in the highest sense of the term a sportsman, writes to "Rod and Gun":— "One quite large party, who camped near Carbonate and crossed the summit of the Selkirks going down the Beaver Valley to Glacier, enjoyed the trip exceedingly, so I am told, and quite unexpectedly (for they were not on a bear hunt, a number of ladies being in the party) shot a grizzly on the way." Mr. Yates also encloses a letter from Mr. J. W. Schultz, of Gaviota, Santa Barbara Co., California, stating that he wishes to change his hunting grounds to the Golden, B. C., country, as he has not the heart to disappoint the people, which he is obliged to do in asking them to come to his old hunting grounds. There is good country round Golden, which can be easily reached by steamer or rail without much packing, and Mr. Yates is always ready to tell bona fide sportsmen about it.

Writing in 1900, Mr. Abbott Kinney, of Los Angeles, California, gives the following comparison of the alteration of water flow caused by the burning of the watersheds:

The watershed fires affect the first tier of mountain springs disastrously. The reduction in permanent water flow from these springs by such fires is from one-quarter to three quarters of the regular supply. Comparing the flow from the Deer Creek Springs, with watershed unburned, with springs on each side of it, on burned districts for the past two years of light

rains, we find a slight shrinkage in the Deer Creek supply and a frightful shrinkage in the springs from the burned watersheds. The exact figures are: Burned watershed, Cucamonga Canyon—ordinary flow 210 miner's inches; after fire, reduced to 29 inches. Burnt over and second growth again burned on Alder Canyon—former flow 6 inches; after fire, absolutely nothing. Deer Creek Canyon, unburned—ordinary flow, 48 inches; in present dry year, 40 inches.



The following is an extract from a recent letter from a correspondent in Gravenhurst, Ontario:—

"A continuous residence in Muskoka of forty-three years—where I settled as a very young man—has convinced me that the future of Ontario depends very much on the judicious use of the timber resources of the great Laurentian country lying at the back of the older Ontario; where so much could be done at small cost in the preservation of country unfitted by nature for ordinary cultivation, but which is the home of the White Pine, and where the second growth timber is making a most vigorous and encouraging growth over rocky lands which have been fire swept in some cases two or three times, but which only needs protection—in the first place from fire and in the second from the injudicious and unscrupulous lumberman who cuts everything of value.

"The indiscriminate granting of lands to professed settlers, who strip the hemlock bark and logs off and leave the refuse to spread the forest fires, should be looked to by the province as soon as possible."



I have read a number of savage criticisms about English shooting and the very large bags of game that are made in that country. I have seen these criticisms in reference to the records of shooting of two or three thousands of birds by one party. I am thoroughly Canadian and thoroughly democratic, but nevertheless these tory Englishmen do not deserve the name of game hogs, which has been so frequently applied to them. The birds that they shoot are of their own raising, they shoot them on their own land, and therefore the public is not robbed of any of its rights, as they

would be in the States or Canada, where the fishing and shooting is more or less free to all. Then the Englishman shoots on the wing, and in this respect he is a good deal more of a sportsman than many of our people, who go into the woods and shoot the partridges on their roosts. The writer once raised a great many hundred chickens and instead of having them killed in the ordinary way, by wringing their necks or bleeding them, he kept his hand in by blowing their heads off with a gun. I can imagine someone who might have caught him at it, attacking him very fiercely for this action. But it was a successful arrangement, and much more pleasant for the chickens than being chased round first of all before being caught, and then having their heads sawn off with possibly a dull knife; or having their heads wrung off, after one or two excruciatingly cruel swings in the air. The gun did the business quickly and effectively.



There must be good fishing in B. C., to judge from a recent issue of the *Nelson Times*, in which the following items appeared:—

"The fishing was good on Sunday and some large strings were brought in by local fishermen. Joseph Bradshaw and H. Bush caught fifty-seven on Sunday between the city and Granite bridge. The largest fish weighing three pounds.

"Les McBeath fished in Cottonwood lake and brought home fifty-three fine brook trout.

"N. M. Cummins and five others went to Kokanee creek and the result of the combined endeavors was three hundred beautiful mountain trout.

"Clarence Zelazney, of the staff of the Hume hotel, was among the successful fishermen on Sunday. His catch was over seventy, many of them of very good size.

"E. Rinker, of the steamer *Kokanee*, reports the daily catching of leviathans, at Kaslo, salmon weighing from 30 to 40 pounds, are not uncommon, but the landing of such prizes requires unlimited patience, as well as skill and experience.

"E. E. Phair is perhaps the best local authority on the habits and haunts of fish near Nelson. Mr. Phair is not seeking fame as a fisherman, but those wishing a

day's sport and feel that they can't afford to waste time exploring, would do well to consult him as to locality and bait."

We have received a map from the Hudson's Bay Company with all their posts in Canada marked upon it. It is a most interesting map, for on it is outlined some of the finest canoe and hunting trips on earth. This map is difficult to reproduce, but we will be glad to give information to anybody making enquiries on the subject. The information furnished by the Hudson's Bay Co., together with what we have ourselves secured by experience and otherwise make us feel a little confident in our ability to lay out canoe trips for those who know what enjoyment is to be obtained from this form of recreation. To illustrate the information given in the map we might say that the distance from Athbasca Landing to Peel's River (Fort McPherson) is 1854 miles and the distance is covered by steamer, canoe, boat, road and Red-river cart. The freight is 13½ cents per lb. down and 21½ cents per pound up for 1854 miles. This is not too much for such a distance. It is two thousand miles in a northwesterly direction from Edmonton, the northernmost station of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Ft McPherson. Meals are charged at forty cents each. Lesser rates are charged to other points, the trip to Pelican Rapids being \$5.00 per head, with three-quarter of a cent per pound for freight, 150 pounds being allowed free. There are many other points that we would like to give, but space does not permit. We hope in some future number to return to the subject.

The map on page 237 shows how to get to the fishing and shooting north of Desbarats, 28 miles east of Sault Ste Marie. Really good fishing can be had all through the season.

On a canoe trip no fish should be wasted. The surplus which is too badly hurt to be returned to the water should be cleaned, salted slightly, and cured as supplies for the next day, when it will be found to be better flavoured than on the first day.

Moose, deer, and bear are plentiful in the country north of Desbarats. The fish and game are easily reached by driving north fifteen miles on a fairly good road to Bass

Lake. The liverymen at Desbarats have wagons specially constructed to carry canoes. Bass Lake is a fine place to camp. You can get good milk, butter, eggs, bread and potatoes half a mile away from the camp. Bass, speckled trout, and salmon trout can be caught close by, and north of Bass Lake, and southwest therefrom, along the canoe trip trail marked on the map, there is very good shooting. This is the first season that the country has been made known to the public, so that it is not shot out; indeed, it has never been shot over by sportsmen at all. Some of the carries are a little long, but they are through a good hunting country in primeval forest. The canoe route brings you back to the starting point at Desbarats. The trip can be made in three days, but three weeks can be spent pleasantly upon it. There is a nice little canoe trip of one day from Desbarats northward.

At Desbarats there is a good store at which to outfit, and a fairly comfortable country hotel. Write Cariboo Jack McLeod, Rydal Bank, Ont., or John Reid, Desbarats, Ont.

The creature without nerves exists, but the well nerved enjoy life at its very best. How can our nerves be made and kept well?

Almost anyone will tell you today, and rightly, that open air is the one great remedial agency for badly strung nerves. How can our nervous ones take the prescription?

I prescribe to the nervous of the kind that have the use of arms and legs, and who have hearts and lungs still capable of some action, and who yet think themselves ill; who are despondent, are absolutely indisposed to physical and mental exercise, and care little about their food; life and action in the open air.

So often and so successfully have I helped in improving such people into healthful, happy, energetic, hungry souls, that I cannot refrain from telling my fellows the secret of it all. It is "enjoyment" of open air. I emphasize and reiterate the word enjoyment. Open air without enjoyment is good, but to an infinitely less degree than when every moment of its breathing is made pleasurable.



It has been my good fortune for many years to cure myself and others of many of the ills that flesh is heir to by means of canoe trips, snow shoe trips, summer walking tours, sun baths on the plains and western deserts, long sailing cruises, long drives, and steamer journeys. Of all these, the best and easiest are canoe trips in summer and snow shoe tramps in winter—camping out every night in both cases, and for both amusements we must take to the woods. Most people grow to be, and to know themselves to be, fairly well in a very few days of this kind of life, but obstinate cases have taken a month or more before pronouncing themselves cured. The only medicine is work, and that is compulsory. It is wisely administered, sometimes in allopathic doses, but generally in homeopathic at the start. It is rarely unpleasant to take as prepared. It consists in walking, paddling, knapsack carrying, and swimming in summer; with a regimen of snow shoeing, ski, tobaggons, skates, chopping, and possibly a little driving in winter. The patients are subject to discipline—even the old.

I can treat a much larger number of patients than those now under my charge, as my establishment is some three thousand miles long and three hundred wide; it is situated in the great balsamiferous north-land, being mostly in the forest primeval.



Mr. and Mrs. E. Thompson Seton visited the Hiawatha Indian play on August 15th. They spent several days there and were very much interested in the Indian handicraft and in the Indian development that is going on at Desbarats. Mr. Seton drew some original designs for the Indians based upon Indian ideas. He made himself a very great favorite with the Indians during his stay. From Desbarats he went to Winnipeg, where he lectured to large audiences. After an extended trip through Manitoba, he has just returned to Winnipeg, and the "Free Press" of that city says:

"The visit, Mr. Seton told a representative, was made with the purpose of investigating the zoology of the Lake Winnipegosis region. A great many observations were made, a good deal of information col-

lected, and several specimens of various sorts secured.

The whole region Mr. Seton thinks a splendid one, the timber being especially fine. Elm trees were found as much as seven feet in circumference, which would be equal to a diameter of a little more than two feet. Not only is this timber valuable in itself; it shows the soil to be capable of the very best results in crop production.

"And the game," Mr. Seton said, "is even more plentiful than in the old days, thanks to excellent game laws. The people of Manitoba," he added, "do not realize how fine a game region their province is. It is one of the very richest, and that because it is in many ways a central point. It is midway between east and west, midway between north and south. It gives a home to the prairie animals, and to the forest animals as well. The mountains have not so abundant an animal life simply because they have nothing like such an ample supply of food."

At Winnipegosis, Mr. Seton had a surprise in store for him in finding that a genuine raccoon pelt had recently been brought in by the Indians from a point so far north as Waterhen river, the farthest north "coon" on record. The Indians had no idea what manner of animal they had secured.

"It is a common idea," Mr. Seton said, "that there are many varieties of snakes in Manitoba, as black snakes are said to be found here and there." As a matter of fact he has found only two varieties, both harmless, the green snake and the common garter snake.

"I was so much pleased with the country," Mr. Seton said, "that I determined to return next year in company with some scientific friends. We will, if we can secure a schooner, and if we cannot, will build a houseboat."

Asked with regard to the book he has in course of preparation upon the natural history of Manitoba, Mr. Seton said that the first volume covering the quadrupeds and fishes would be ready within a year. This will be profusely illustrated by Mr. Seton's own inimitable drawings. He has been accumulating material in this connection for the past two years."



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## CONTENTS

October, 1904

A Woman on the Mississaga. By Wahnapiatae . . . . .	217
A Search for a Mountain Pass. By C. L. Thompson . . . . .	228
A Lady's Canoe Trip. By Mrs. Knox. . . . .	230
The Llewellyn Setter. By L. H. Smith . . . . .	232
Sport in England. By A. H. Smith . . . . .	233
Boredom, and One of its Antidotes. By L. O. Armstrong . . . . .	241
The Old and The New. By C. C. Farr . . . . .	243
Forest Fires in British Columbia . . . . .	247
The Red Cedar . . . . .	248
Our Medicine Bag . . . . .	249
The Trap . . . . .	xli to lii

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

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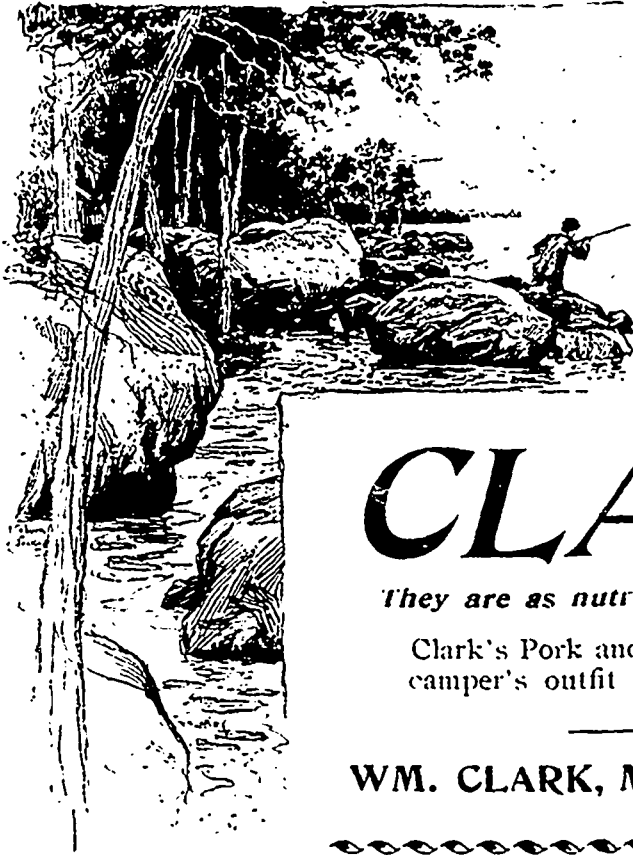
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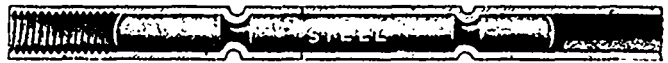
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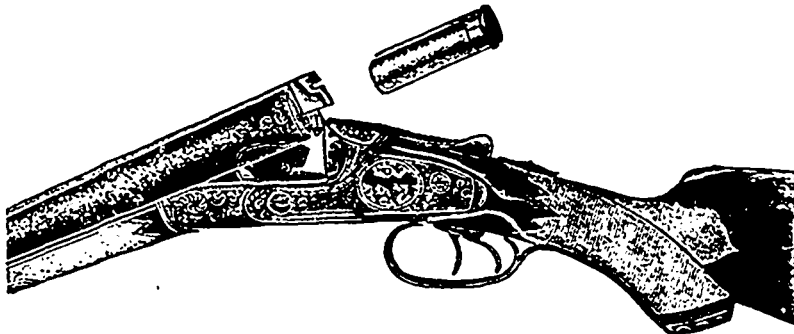
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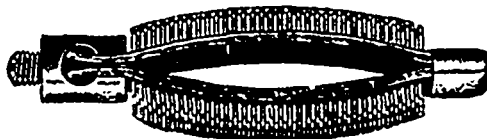
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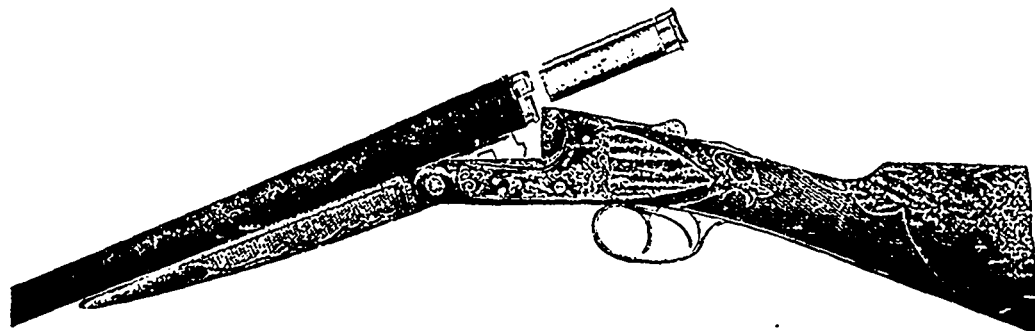
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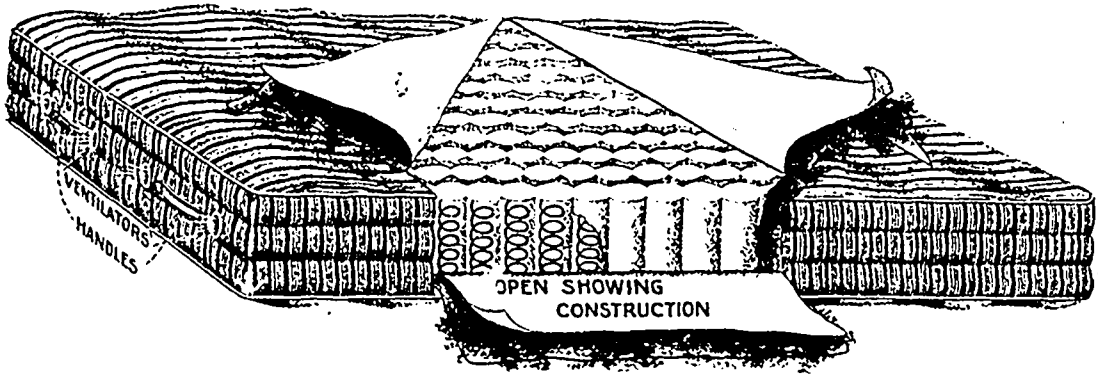
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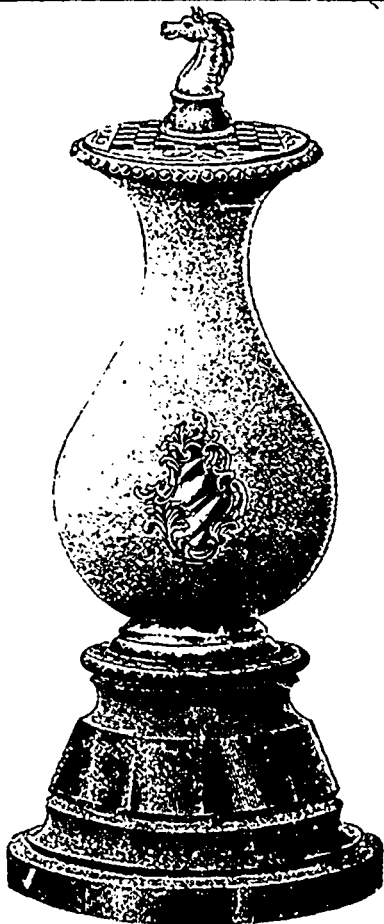
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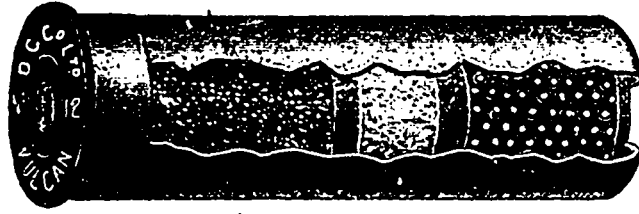
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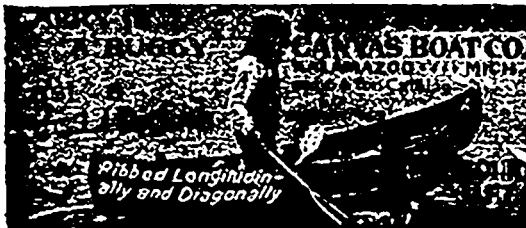
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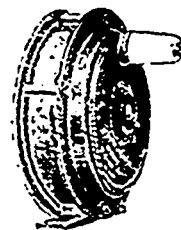
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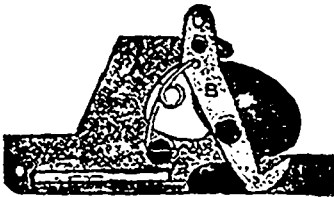
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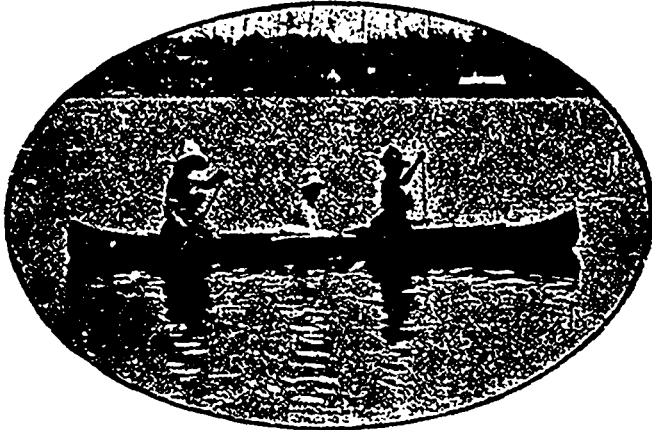
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